

# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL. THURSDAY, 12<sup>th</sup> JULY, 1821.

No. III.

.....Thou shalt stand  
A Deity, sweet WOMAN, and be worship'd. —FORD.

*Liber enim, servus, plebs, princeps, dives, egenus,  
Junior atque senex, seu mas, seu femina, —  
Nullus abit venia.* —GRECURTIUS.

Freedman and Slave, Prince, People, Pauper, all,  
The wealthy, and the abject, young and old,  
All ranks and sexes, ages and degrees,  
None are excused. —

THE same thought that constitutes the point of the verse with which my last number concluded, but imaged in a nobler and more extended form, appears in the following imitation of Me-leager.

## TO WOMAN.

Oh! Thou by Heaven ordain'd to be  
Arbitress of man's destiny!  
From thy dear breast one tender sigh—  
One glance from thine approving eye—  
Can raise or bend him at thy will,  
To virtue's noblest flights, or worst extremes of ill.

Woman! 'tis thine to cleanse his heart  
From every gross, unholy part;  
Thine, in domestic solitude,  
To win him to be wise and good;  
His pattern, guide, and friend to be,  
And give him back the Heaven he forfeited for thee.

'Tis not the paradise of Mahomet that is alone to be found in woman, but, added to the intoxicating