

## TO A LADY.

If like Diana, fair and light,  
 You shine in lustre not your own,  
 I'll leave you, and annul the plight  
 Which I thought worthy you alone.  
 But if that white, which charms the view,  
 And that sweet rosy red be thine,  
 I'll kiss your hand, the plight renew,  
 And call thee, love, for ever mine.  
 A heart I have that loves, you know,  
 But truth must out, and it is this;  
 Nature I love, not artful show,—  
 For I do hate a painted phiz.

PARIS.

Quebec, March 1823.

*The actresses request the acting manager and treasurer of the late Garrison amateur-company to fulfil his engagements to them, which have been due since the first of last April. His last advertisement requesting payment for admission-tickets having been in August, the lapse of seven months time is quite sufficient to liquidate a debt of a few pounds, that would be highly welcome to the sollicitrixes.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS. RODERICK RANDOM will receive attention the first opportunity; so also A JACKASS. NED COLLINS' anecdotes, with several others, in next Domestic Intelligencer. N. INFELIX & DIBS will appear, JENNY TURNPOT'S scrawl is nearly unintelligible. I can not encourage SCRUTATOR from Chambly to continue courting the muses.— POWDER and BALL, notwithstanding it is dangerous to provoke the irascibility of such flashing blades, must excuse me for declining to insert their communication: the male-delinquent may perhaps be deserving of censure, but it could not be bestowed without involving the female, for whom Powder and Ball express so much respect, in a most unpleasant manner: besides there seems some lurking jealousy in the case, since envy is avowed at the gentleman "basking in the sun."