

knowledge I have never addressed her in prose, and certainly not in poetry; that my heart is, as yet, cold and hard as the marble that formed Pygmalion's statue, and moreover, that I trust I shall respect the being who animates my bosom with the genial warmth of love, too highly, to wish to draw her into the impropriety of a private correspondence.

*foolish in
any one
to correspond
to —*

— P.
Montreal, Oct. —33.



Since the last number of the MUSEUM appeared before the public, an article has been published in the *Montreal Herald*, which places the editor of the former in a position she certainly never expected to occupy, that of being under a necessity of defending herself against an accusation of personality and detraction; being there however, she esteems it her duty to herself and any individuals, who, by the officious interference of her affectedly moderate adviser, may imagine themselves pointed out in the Museum, to give the most decided contradiction to the insinuation. A resident in Montreal but for the last two or three years, and having moreover, during that space, from choice and circumstance, lived entirely isolated from society, it is natural that the editor of the Museum should be ignorant of the private affairs of the families composing that society. Aware of this, and fearful of having unintentionally erred, on the first mention of this affair, she anxiously looked over the Museum to detect, if possible, the offending pages; one article, from its title might be suspected as that in question; witty, well written, and containing bursts of moral eloquence that would do credit to any publication; but if grey-beards speak true, only delineating character as it is found in every country and age; on re-perusing it, the editor felt relieved, when a note from the author of the sketch came to dispel any remaining doubts. The person not only utterly disclaims all intention of personality, but also, all acquaintance with the distinguished and most res-