

That sing one note just ere they die  
 Beneath thy gripe : or near thee sigh.  
 But other notes yet sing shall I.

Snarl, Mercury !

Tongues we will offer 'gain to thee ;  
 To feed thy soulless, flick'ring fire,  
 That on thy gelid altar glares.

Genius immortal wont expire

With Mercury !

To whose representative, a thing dress'd in men's  
 clothes, a breathing, half animated clay-clod from the  
 valley of dry bones, the aforegoing "namby-pamby"—  
 in commemoration of very editorial conduct, in  
 respect to the unwarrantable liberty taken with an  
 honest name, without consenting after being thrice  
 requested, to publish a reply,—is, by advice of friends,  
 who have recently stated, that the article alluded to had  
 the effect of subjecting the subscriber to the contempt  
 of unreflecting men,—gratefully inscribed by

ALFRED TOBIAS JOHN MARTIN.

Quebec 31st August 1837.

P. S.—*Extract.* "What presumption in parents  
 to give names to their children, without first, permit-  
 ting the unfeeling hypercritic in his dark den on his  
 soul-icing altar, to scratch with the tips of his icicled  
 fingers in sanguinary characters of blood, freezing as  
 he writes, "Hard Frost" on the infantile breasts, as a  
 certificate of the august sanction of the Registrar Gene-  
 ral of both the Canadas !"

A. T. J. M.

