

Mount-Royal, 1st. March.

MR. GOSSIP,

The neighbourhood of the New Market has of late become memorable for the many hops in its vicinity. The general inducement of shewing off is not altogether the cause of those meetings; no, sir, many of the members are cool calculating Scotchmen, who having nieces, sisters, and sisters-in-law to dispose of to the *well-doing* (as they are called) members of the meeting; and on the other hand, there are a number of widowers, who omit the quality of beauty in their catalogue of those required in their future mates, and substitute, gold, in its place, which is to make up for all defects, and avert all future crosses. The ladies, one would have supposed, would have had nothing to fear from depression of *spirits*, for the candidates are mostly all large dealers in that article; yet I do not know how to account for it, but at the first meeting of those parties a death-like silence prevailed, until it was found necessary to be removed by a whole fry of young hammermen, and a few quilldrivers, whose introduction has restored the lower parts of the ladies faces to their natural state of

“Smiles, dimples, prattle, and all that,”

so that, at present, a locked jaw is not in the least to be feared.

A poor threadbare Yorkshire song has lately made its appearance with a new face, in which some reflections are thrown on your blue book.\* Now, my dear man, I would recommend whoever sings the same song more than ninety-nine times in the same company, shall be obliged to furnish those of the company who are not al-

---

\* This was the song I requested a copy of in my last number; if Mrs. M'E. or any one else, will favour me with a copy I will publish it, as I like to extend my own fame, good or ill.