

So Folly begets Satire, Satire begets Fear, Fear Amendment, Amendment Indulgence, Indulgence Folly, and Folly Satire again; yet Lewis Luke Macculloh, Esquire, would, in the meantime, have to look out for another trade, and turn missionary, pedlar, sonneteer, almanack-maker, or spelling book-manufacturer.

On the occasion of the New Year's day, I have one thing to repeat my exhortations about. I find the exotics who come from Europe and the States, persist in decrying the old Canadian custom of *kissing* the ladies (I am not finical enough to call it *saluting*,) on wishing them a happy New Year; and many affected pieces of proud flesh coincide with them, especially amongst the purse-aristocracy of Montreal and Quebec, by which other more affable and kindly natured women, are led to belie their own sentiments and wishes, and also pretend to dislike the custom. The French Canadians, who are, in good truth, almost the only real ladies and gentlemen, to be met with in society here, are above being swayed by the example of Thames Street, and Mark Lane gentility, and, in general, abide by their own good old customs. I would thus admonish the young ladies of foreign extraction, who act the prim and stiff-laced part their affected mothers have instilled into them, to imitate the frank and cordial greeting of the Canadian lasses, who, with bright and glistening eyes, and friendly hands, are ready to receive on their roseate cheeks the homage of sincere well wishers, and return the heartfelt pressure of a friend's palm, without fearing or feeling that such an innocent liberty need awaken any warmer or wanton sensation.

Be it therefore ordained, *in curia Scribleri*, that henceforward no Mrs. or Miss, neither *Wife*, *Wid-*