

dear Bob, is filled with the credulous,—the unthinking; men who in their wrath, will tell you the very secret that exposes those, even bound to them by the ties of consanguinity, why the veriest trifle sir, such as a *present* to my own sister, and *none* to me, will cause anger enough to destroy a character, and then again, the overbounding love of confidence, which is the strongest characteristic of some, will in their moments of *particular friendship* tell you of the shameful conduct of one, who wrote impertinent letters, and insulted the family of Mr. Such a one, and almost broke the heart of Miss Such a one, and me sir, I sir, that did sir, every thing a man could do in his hour of need sir, (you see my dear Bob self again was the secret,) I got at the whole story of Mr. Such a one, because *I sir* was offended. Mind Bob, never buy presents for any member of a large family, unless you have *rich enough* to tip each a bauble, or look to your character sir. I never make presents said Bob. You'll be a rich man then,—and if you should ever change your mind and feel inclined to lavish your superfluous cash on some sweet object of your admiration, see that she understands the value and don't take a *paste-face* for a cameo of price; or a carved *cornelian* for an *antique*; for the pure and impure are to be found in Rome as well as in Broadway.—(Several lines illegible.)

Such is the world, my friend, and when you live to my age and study its deceit as I have done, you will find disgust your sole feeling; and believe the only pursuit in this world, is in striving for a better, which through the intercession of our blessed Redeemer we may hope to gain.

D. S.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL MUSEUM.

Madam,

Having received a note in an unknown hand, in answer to some verses supposed to have been sent by me to the writer, I wish, through the medium of your Magazine, to inform my fair correspondent, whoever she may be, that to the best of my