

A blackeyed beauty, and black brow'd,  
 She was I ween, and full as fine a  
 Girl as seen in any crowd,  
 Of whom the loveliest is Martina.

Sprightly and gay with virtues plenty  
 If I had not a mistress mine, (a  
 Lady I'd not give for twenty  
 Millions,) I'd sure have you, Martina.

Happy I wish you, ladies dear,  
 And hope that at your every shrine, a  
 Host of sweethearts may appear,  
 And each invoke his Saint Martina. L. L. M.

In pursuance of my determination to expose those stage-drivers and stage-owners, who lend themselves to be tools of the vindictive meanness of Mr. Sutherland and his crew, I have endeavoured to fix the blame upon different individuals: but the drivers names, are Tom, Dick, and Harry, and most of them who refuse, are ashamed or afraid to own their own names. As to the proprietors, at present I am only able to print one:

Mr. *HORACE DICKENSON*, of MONTREAL, whom I denounce as one of the COWARDLY SLAVES OF ARBITRARY POWER, as he has with a meanness of spirit, little becoming his country, for he is an American, I believe, by birth, and as such, might have been expected to be an hereditary resister and contemner of all tyranny and oppression, refused to allow any parcels in which he suspects Scribblers are contained to be forwarded by his stages. More will appear as I find them out.  
 L. L. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Time will only allow of the acknowledgement of the following; ROWLEY, MONTEZUMA, SQUINTUM, PLAUTUS, A READER, A. B. M. G., SOL SNEER, A STRANGER, MARIA, M., SAM. TINKER, PETER GRINDSTONE, PARIS, HELL MOLLY and NUDA VERITAS. If any are wholly rejected, it will be mentioned in next number.