

Published by request of a Subscriber.

A LETTER.

The following is a Copy of the most curious, singular, and interesting Letter, that ever appeared in print, from an Aberdonian to his sulky wife in Edinburgh, who left him and her family in one of her stubborn fits, a few weeks ago, without giving due notice that she was going to leave his bed and board. This Letter should be in the possession of every male and every female in the three kingdoms, and ought to serve as a warning to all who are living in the marriage state, as well as to all those who have any intention of entering into the bonds of matrimony. To which is added a description of a good wife, and what every wife ought and ought not to be; and also the minister's advice to the Aberdonian what steps he was to take in order to convince his wife of the error of her ways, so as to convert her, and bring her back to her bairns:—

MARY.—I am happy to hear that you are coming so well on in your millinery business; your sister Nell told Davie that you had plenty of work, and that you was well paid. We are all well here and happy; business is always going on the same in your absence as when present. None of the children ever mentioned your name in my hearing since you went away, except Jean, who sometimes says, 'I would like to see my mither.' I am sole master of the house at present; every thing is done according to my order. We have no time for fine living—porridge in the morning; and for dinner potatoes and herrings, potatoes and butter, time about, and kail and beef on Sundays. Sometimes the children go to bed with their clothes on, and sometimes off, just as we have time; and you know whether I have time to take off mine or not, is a matter of no consequence; so, thank God, there is no grumbling here since you left us; if you be happy so are we. Do not think, Mary, that I am angry at your going to Edinburgh—a woman, with such a proud spirit as you have, should seldom be at home. This is the fifth time you have run away in seventeen years, and the tenth or twelfth time you have taken your dure, speechless, sulky turns—sometimes three weeks, sometimes a month, but I never shall forget that time when you was possessed of that stubborn sulky devil for nine months without interruption. Like good Socrates of old, I waited patiently until the storm was over, and you had not mentioned your desire for peace two minutes until all was settled. I never retorted, I never retailed, I always considered you the weaker vessel, and acted accordingly. Be very thankful that ever you got me for a husband: for, if you had been married to any other man in Aberdeen, you would have been murdered by this time, and he would have been hanged, and his body given for dissection. By advice of a friend I have inclosed a one pound note for he told me he would give his wife 5s. every week, rather than be tormented the way he was; for when drunk she vexed him, and when sober, she was eternally reading her Bible, and tormenting him about his ill principles. I have no fault with you with regard to drinking, nor on the score of religion; these faults you never laid to my charge, and I never had occasion to lay them to yours. The only fault I ever had to you in my life, was your dure, sulky, speechless turns, and your wishing always by these means to gain the mastery and the casting vote in all family transactions; but I have told you often, and now I tell you once for all, that I shall keep the mastery of my own house to myself, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh. I have no objection that you wear a pair of drawers under your petticoats, but, remember I wore the breeches when I got you, and hang me if I don't do so as long as I am able to crawl. However, thou shalt be next in command, and, as Pharaoh said to Joseph, 'only I myself on the throne shall be greater than thou.'

Old Auntie, I understand, is going about saying all the ill of me she possibly can in Edinburgh; but as Socrates says, let her kick me too in my absence if she pleases—About eight days ago, I had a cord put into my neck for my ill humours; it has had a wonderful effect on my eyes at any rate, for they are whole. I seriously advise you to get one instantly into your neck, and when we do meet, if it should ever happen, our trifling childish differences will be easily adjusted. I have got the house hauried, and the doors and windows painted; people are saying that you are dead, and that I have begun to look after another wife, but I have no such idea yet, being fully persuaded that the companion of my youth, and the mother of my children, will return; and when she does return, and all our little differences are adjusted, then, like the Father in the Prodigal Son, I will kill for her the fatted calf and for her make merry with my friends. But for God's sake, Mary do not come here until once you see your error in leaving me and your children, and be disposed to speak when I require you—if you come sooner, the last error will be greater than the first; and do not make want of money a pretence for coming north; send for money as soon as you want it: you shall have pound after pound as long as I have any; but by no means contract debts in my name in Edinburgh; for that fault, recollect, I will never pardon. At the time you left us, six wives in Aberdeen ran off from their husbands, four of whom have returned; but let them be no example for your coming, until once you are ready, for I candidly assure you that I feel your want less and less every day, and before many months elapse you shall in my mind be numbered among those who cease from troubling, and

who are where the weary are at rest. I never will ask you to come home, I never will go to Edinburgh for you, and depend upon it this is the last letter you will receive from him who knows your virtues, who is willing to pass by your transgressions, and live in comfort until the grim messenger arrives who will finally separate the one from the other, and then you know all our jarrings will for ever cease. Farewell, &c."

P. S.—By the by, before I conclude, for your better information and frequent meditation, I may tell you what a good wife should be like, and I hope you will try to mak' yourself like her before you come to me again:—

A good wife should be like three things, and the same three things she should not be like

1.—She should be like a snail, always keep within her house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back.

2.—She should be like an echo, and speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word.

3.—She should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

Wishing you as much happiness in Auld Reekie as I enjoy in Aberdeen,—I remain yours, &c.

Communications.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING!"

Shakspeare.

Quoted by the Editor of the Gleaner.

Mr. Pierce,

Some time back, I think in the early part of December, I read the communication of "Castigator" in your paper, and awaited the reply of the Secretary of St. Andrew's Church, which appeared in your next succeeding paper, the date of which I have discovered to be the 13th December; since when, until the issue of your last week's paper the matter, so far as the public are concerned, has been suffered to rest. But lo! what does the last week's paper furnish? why only that since the 13th ult. a mountain has laboured and brought forth—what? why not exactly a mouse, so far as the length of the article subtitled "Hazeltwig" is concerned, but so far as matter of fact is concerned, I think your readers generally, will tell you, sir, that if it is not a mouse, it at least is like a mouse. When Castigator was applied to for a subscription for the purchase of a Pall-Cloth, and replied that he thought one was sufficient; and when that reply, as he states, was met with the statement, that the use of the Pall-Cloth, to which he had reference, was charged such extravagantly high prices for, what could have been more natural than that he should have made enquiry, whether a member of the Church to which it belonged or not, of some of its members capable of affording information, as to the whether and the way, such charges were made. And supposing him to have made such enquiry, and in such manner; or supposing his information upon the subject to have been obtained in what manner soever, so far as the public are concerned, is indifferent, was he not at liberty to suppose, and was it not perfectly natural for him so to do, that the argument which was used with himself, in soliciting subscriptions, was also used with others; and having proved that argument and the statements of others to be at variance, what more consistent or proper course could he have pursued in order to obtain the necessary information, and elicit the truth? Was he requested by the applicant to him (he does not say whether there was more than one, nor does he say whether male or female) to preserve secrecy in the matter? and even had he been, and that he upon enquiry acquired such information as to satisfy his mind that truth of the statement made to him in the first instance, was doubtful, can, or will the public join Hazeltwig in his censure of him for exposing an imposition, if practised, no matter by whom? Does Hazeltwig say that the statements in reference to Captain H. and Mrs. J. are incorrect? even after he has taken all the time from the 13th to the 27th December to concoct and contrive his defence of the Collector.

He charges Castigator with having thrown out 'groundless,' and ungallant insinuations against the veracity of two ladies.' How did the public know against whom Castigator's statements were directed? whether Ladies or Gentlemen? whether one or more?—until Mr. Hazeltwig's defence came out. As to the insinuations being groundless, that is mere matter of opinion. The public have Castigator's Letter and the Reply of the Secretary of Saint Andrew's Church before them, and it

appears to me, they derive no new light upon the subject from Mr. Hazeltwig, further than that the two Collectors were Ladies. And as to Castigator's charges or 'insinuations' having been 'ungallant,' I think the public will think with me, that Ladies as well as Gentlemen, or rather that women as well as men should never attempt to accomplish any object, no matter how 'praiseworthy,' upon misstatement or misrepresentation.

One question to Mr. Hazeltwig—did he ever notice a gentleman walking through the streets of Chatham, accompanied by two ladies, while the Gentleman smoked a Cigar? One question more—will he defend the conduct of that gentleman by stating for the information of the public, that such conduct, in the public streets while walking between two ladies, was a 'gallant' act? Another little question—in referring Castigator to William Garman, Jun. Esq. did he not travel out of the record? and did he not know it?

NOBODY.

Glendower—Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the Devil.

Hotspur—And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,

By telling truth; tell truth, and shame the devil. If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Shakspeare.

Mr. Pierce,

Among all the writings of this great man, there are few passages "more strikingly characteristic," than the above quotation. We have all seen, and often with wonder, the amazing power and importance of truth. It is the house built upon a rock, against which the winds may howl, the rains descend, and the floods beat, but without effect. It is the fortress and defence, the sure abiding place of honesty, when all the powers of darkness threaten or assail. It is the keystone of Morality, Justice, and Religion. It is the moral Rabin, which once passed, renders return to confidence, or respect, impossible. It is at once, the shield of innocence, and the sword of Justice; "the terror to evil doers, and the praise to them that do well." It is the "sine qua non" and the "ne plus ultra" of honest men.

On the other hand, did we visit the haunts of vice, or enter the dungeons of the condemned, and ask for a narrative of each offender's life, what a majority of cases would we find, where the departure from truth had been the entrance upon crime. It is heart-rending to think of the amount of human blood, which this detestable vice has shed; and yet how often do we find those who "carry high heads," and hold themselves up as a pattern to the public, and in their families, dressing up the most specious falsehoods, in all the tinsel of fine language, and publishing to the world in vain boast of their inventive genius, and powerful imaginations. How often do we see this demon falsehood, the would-be thief of our reputation, and destroyer of our peace, prowling in the assumed garb of offended justice, or pretending "to place the saddle on the back of the guilty party;" but

"Magna est veritas, et prevalebit."

I have given the above remarks, out of regard to Castigator's love for exordium and Shakspeare, hoping he will find them almost as pertinent as his own; and shall now proceed in my own plain way to "string together a few scrawled pothooks," in reply to his very elegant letter, expecting not to attain his loftiness of sentiment, or sublimity of style; but begging him to be lenient in his criticism, as I have no person at hand, to correct my orthography, or settle the etymology.

Puffing away the smoke which Castigator has endeavoured to raise around the question, I will, in spite of himself, bring him back to the point, viz: The charge sought to be brought against the collectors. And in doing this, I wish to be understood as making no allusion to any Church, or religious sect. My reason for shewing Castigator and the Secretary to be the same person, is merely to prove his first letter to be unfounded. 1st—Because the conversation which he says he had with the collectors, never took place; and 2nd—Because, if it did, it would not support the accusation. I have in vain sought for a denial of either of these positions, in his last letter. It manifests a desire to shirk the question; it is a mist, behind which he hopes to retreat unseen. This, I assure him, he shall not do; but by his own

words, or the more modest proof—his silence—will I shew that he is wrong. Ambiguity shall not shield him. 1st, then, I assert that Castigator was never called upon to subscribe to the Pall. 2nd, that the collectors never had the alleged conversation with him. 3rd, that he did not subscribe.

He strongly insinuates that he did not know who the collectors were, until Hazeltwig informed him, (see note to his last letter.) How then can his statement in the first be true? Does he deny that the Secretary and he are one and the same person? he indeed says he is a member of the Church, but of what Church? Will he assert that he is an Episcopalian? In what does subterfuge differ from falsehood? surely in nothing but its cowardice. Let him make the assertion, and I will tell him, not only who wrote, but who copied his first letter for the press. Did he not say on the Saturday after the first letter appeared, that he had not seen the Gleaner until late that day? Had he not read it to a person in the Reading Room on the Friday evening previous? Did he not then name another person as the author? tho' he then pointed out some mistakes in the publishing. Did he not state that he did not know who the collectors were, until after that letter appeared? Did he not say to a person last week, that he would not write in reply? Had he not a part of the last letter written at the time? and did he not that day read a part of it to another person? These questions answered or unanswered will prove my case. What then follows? why, that he either fabricated this story, in consequence of an itch for writing, or that having for the last year "nursed his wrath to keep it warm" against the undertaker, that "flings with deadly intent, a missile at the head of his unsuspecting neighbour."

"Men should be what they seem, &c."

He has drawn a beautiful picture of the "midnight assassin," "the hidden cut throat," &c. &c., and I can fancy him sitting before a mirror while sketching the very partial outline.

"So close on each pathetic part, he dwells; And each adventure so sublimely tells, That all who view the Idiot in his glory, Conceive the Bard, the hero of the story."

Nor will it require a great stretch of the imagination, to fancy him addressing to his own shadow, his friendly "benediction," with the letter received by the Secretary last week, from the Chairman of Trustees, in his hand, from which "mind your own business" may be a quotation, with the name of another place substituted for Havana.

And now I shall give him my parting admonition:—Dear Granny —, as this is not the first, pray let it be the last time you write on both sides. It is unnatural thus to place your offspring in hostile array, till, like "the Kilkenny cats, they eat each other up." Let me remind you of the other "old woman who ran a race against herself and lost." Attend to your banlings; see that the males are more regular. Watch their incomings and outgoing more closely. You don't want Mrs Caudle, but read "The Letter Bag." Don't call the divine powers of the Hazeltwig into further operation;—he may next time prove a less merciful "Castigator." Go home, and if you can lie all night on one side, it may remove this Inky-buss.

Yours, &c.,

HAZELTWIG.

COUNTY OF KENT.

Mr. Pierce,

Although personally a stranger to you, yet I am a regular reader of your paper, and an admirer of the manner in which it is generally conducted; and my observation of the readiness with which you at all times open your columns to the admission of any article in which the public is concerned, has induced me with some degree of confidence, to approach you with a complaint, which, not only myself, as a member of the little community at Kou-chibouguac, but the whole of this community have to make against some of the Public Functionaries of the parish in which you reside. With this simple introduction for my story, I intend to be a short and simple one, and does not require a lengthy introduction, I now proceed to state, that on the evening of New Year's Day, a few members of our community assembled at a private house in the settlement, for the purpose of enjoying themselves as they thought best—that one of the party, at what might have been considered an early hour—not later than eleven o'clock, left the party with the intention of returning to his lodgings—and having partaken of a glass or two of spirits, and having been subject, occasionally, for some time, to fainting fits,