

on the part of Mr. C. went his way, and, no doubt, soon found his consignee, who, you may be sure, paid him well for his cargo.

SMOKE-EM.

SIR,

I think it was about the festival of St. Andrew, that I witnessed a scene that I think may make a figure in your paper. It was in Notre Dame street, along which I was leisurely walking, when I saw a gentleman brandishing a cane with remarkable dexterity, and following another *à grands pas*. The first, I perceived, was Mr. Nabob Rivers, who I am convinced has long been ambitious of being immortalised by you, at least if excentricity of conduct is a sign of it. To great talents he unites more *ctourderies*, with a character of perfect good nature, he indulges in ebullitions of passion; & his natural good sense, is obscured by his follies, which have in fact lifted him into notice. As I was saying, he brandished his cane over the head of one of his fellow lawyers, Mr. Rebours, who, more dead than alive, used the utmost speed his legs could give, in order to escape. Intent upon his sport, which I am told had only for its object, to ascertain the strength of his antagonist's nerves, Mr. Nabob, pursued him with as much celerity as he fled, even into his own dwelling, exhorting him as they ran, not to display so publicly his want of firmness. Although the rencontre has been represented as being merely a sportive sally of Mr. Nabob's manual wit, I can not avoid conjecturing that it may have had its origin in some of those elegant compliments, and polite innuendos, with which the gentlemen of the bar in this place, are occasionally in the habit of tickling each other in court.

CANDIDE.