

Miss Figson, Miss Bristle, Miss Eve, Mr. W. Cursewell, Mr. H. Share, Mr. Paint, &c. and who have been disappointed in their expectations of having a great band, and tuning their voices to psalmody, will do well to attend in order to acquire the proper monotony, and harmonious nasal twang, so much admired in the Kirk.

POET'S CORNER.

To Miss A. T.

To me how lovely, how divine,
Appears that graceful form of thine,
Upon thy cheek, with heavenly glow.
Roses, with fairy colours, blow :
Thy brow like polish'd ivory shines,
Which ivy clustering dark entwines :
Thy smiles are such the gods would share,
Thy form like that which angels wear ;
Tis in such forms we angels draw,
Fairer on earth none ever saw :
Angels, however, can't relieve a lover's pain ;
But, mortal as thou art, I can't from love refrain.

THISTOR.

As you turn the corner, going towards the Scotch church, not a hundred miles from the newspaper-office, there is to be seen, every day of the week, during the summer and winter, a fine litter of changelings, counting the passers-by.

MR. GOSSIP,

I wish you would be so good as to reprimand some of the young ladies of Mount Royal, who, in the forenoon, go so slovenly about the house, and will not dress until they are compelled by the visits of their friends.

Q. IN THE CORNER.

For the instruction of such ladies in Mount Royal, as are candidates for the distinction of being considered as real well-bred ladies, they will please to observe that it is essential to that distinction to return the salute of gentlemen who meet them in the street. It is requisite also to show some slight token of a sense of civility when way is given to them in their walks. On all occasions they should keep in mind that neither