

other, in this gay place—If therefore I either give short notices of some, or wholly pass by others; do, pray, gentle, courteous, readers, and, ye, the givers and promoters of such parties, more immediately interested in having your high deeds, chronicled, and handed down to generations yet to come—do—one, and all,—I pray you, attribute it to want of space, want of reporters, want of leisure,—or even want of ability—rather, than to want of inclination, to oblige you.

In my last the account of the garrison-ball, gave, I believe, general satisfaction. I was glad to find my new correspondent Reginald Fitz-Halderkin, (who, by the bye, I am pretty well convinced is an old one, with a new face,) so accurate, and interesting in his details. But, to go on, in the same line, I first, with much pleasure, begin with my old friend Mr. Random, who has sent me the following epistle.

Mount Royal, 10th January, 1824.

DEAR SCRIB,

As an interregnum, in all countries, causes the greatest consternation and anxiety, so was even such the case here, during that of the Scrib-
bler; but since we find you had no intention of abdicating your throne, and have of your own will, and upon your own authority, *ex mero motu*, as the lawyers say, restored yourself to your ancient crown and dignity; I, as I hope my other brethren of the quill, will do, come back to our allegiance,—and

———“like truant boys, return to ask
Your worship's pardon, and resume our task.”

Which I do, with Mr. MacHatchin's ball, given on the 29th ultimo, and, which some say was for the express purpose of enjoying the agreeable