

in the quadrille-parties, as he has always been punctual at drill, and with the assistance of a remarkably long pair of legs, equally adapted for mounting a coach-box and dancing quadrilles, has acquired an almost unrivalled proficiency. Your reporter can not excuse himself for his neglect by alleging a want of conspicuousness on the part of Mr. Coachee, for I will vouch that he can not name a more conspicuous commissary amongst the whole battallion. Let him but look out for a figure a little shorter than Nelson's pillar\*, as stiff as if he had swallowed the pole of a coach, and hair combed the exact reverse way to that which nature designed, so as to appear "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and he can not avoid recognising the gentleman. By inserting this you will not fail to effect a reconciliation with Mr. Coachee, and will oblige your obedient servant,

NOBODY.

The fair writer of the letter that follows has paid me a compliment on my descriptive abilities which my modesty suppresses, but I beg to assure her that her own powers in that line are such as to incline me to hope she will often favour me in a similar way.

To L. L. MACCULLOH, ESQUIRE.

As your paper is becoming quite the go, permit me to furnish you with the materials for a paragraph every way worthy of your miscellany. Being the other day on a visit to congratulate a young friend of mine on her good fortune in hav-

\* For the information of my readers who are not locally acquainted with Montreal, Nelson's pillar is a handsome column, surmounted by a statue of the hero of Trafalgar, erected at the top of the New Market, directly facing one of the most frequented hotels kept by Mr. Sheriff Brute, who entertains his guests with all that urbanity, politeness, and humanity, for which his character is so well known, as he himself says.