

MAISTER MAC,

Ye maun ken I ha' just cumm'd fra' the land o' cakes, and am queet a stranger in these foreign parts, whilk induces me to speer at you for a wee bit counsel. Ye see I left my ain country an her bannocks an kail, to be a gentleman, or sic like in this, as many a score o' ma countrymen ha' dune afore me, some o' whilk wha had scarce a tatter'd breeken to their hurdies, or a plack in their pouch when they landed, but now fashmagary about the streets like so many lairds, and wad turn up their noses at a cog o' sowens, or a bicker of ait-meal porritch, or sic like bra' spoon-meat they feeded on in their ain country, gin they were offer'd them. Now, my dear fren' gin ye cude direc' mein the preeces gait these chiels tuke to be great men, ye wad confer a favor on Yourstillcommand,

SAWNEY BEAN.

Boo, mon, boo! ye maun boo! it's aw dune by booing, Sawney!

L. L. M.

Montreal, 8th July.

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

There is a lady in this town who seems to possess such a fund of good humour and risibility particularly when there is a *cue* for it, that it is not to be restrained even in church. Being in the English church the other day, and seeing an elderly gentleman coming up the aisle who wore a wig with a bob-tail, or rather a bob-wig with a tail to it, my attention was attracted by a giggling behind me, which, upon looking round, I found proceeded from the accomplished Mrs. _____ (but never mind her name, she will take the hint,) and was occasioned by the said gentleman's *queue*.

PASSETT MS.

N. B. There are some ladies who might take warning by this, and no giggle at church when they chance to see a long nose. All these gig-