

his own lady should discover it; as well as that his other lady, over the bridge, was once a servant that lived in her house. If he won't take this hint, there is more a brewing.

*A certain young crockery-merchant (lack-a-daisy! we are all merchants now adays,) will oblige all persons concerned by being less solicitous to misconstrue the meaning of published pieces. He had better too, perhaps, not frequent the little tavern in the Old market quite so often; as people are beginning to ask one another whether he visits it for bitters from the landlord, or for sweets from the fille de chambre.*

A traveller has given us the following account of a ball at South Cumberland, which was held on the anniversary of the birth of the illustrious George Washington.

“At early candlelight, an elegant transparency, representing that distinguished warrior and statesman, was illuminated, in front of the house, Mr. Negre's; and the company, being assembled in a well lighted ballroom, the walls of which were elegantly decorated with roses &c done by the hands of many a beauteous damsel, dancing commenced at an early hour; the music was excellent, and the company, free and social, seemed to have waived all distinctions of pride, place, or pelf; all intermixed with all, and I saw nothing of those looks of disdain, those whispers in sets, that sideling away from each other, none of that rascally formality and petty pride, which are so justly complained of, in similar circles, at Mount Royal. The ladies, dear creatures, looked bewitchingly beautiful, and though their dresses were all elegant, and some superb, they scarcely drew attention, amidst the blaze of charms they were adapted to embellish. Being a stranger, I can not be expected to enumerate them, and must content myself with naming those I knew. Mrs. Trader shone to great advantage, and seemed as if the goddess Hebe had descended with her roseate cheeks, her beautiful eyes, and auburn locks, to join the joyous throng. A young lady from Campbeltown, Miss Belcamp, commanded the attention of most of the young gentlemen, and my friend Frederick Discount was so enraptured with her charms, (in the display of which the lady was not niggardly, and might suit the taste of some people, though not mine, to a hair,) that he now dreams every night of the happy hours he passed