

And all this elegant display,
 But shews what fools we be,
 Sing rantum scantum fools all, fools all,
 And scantum rantum fools all.

*They then all set to dancing Scotch reels, dance off
 the stage, and so* EXEUNT OMNES.

I fear there is too much truth in what is represented in the following; Answer to Mr. Macculloh's request to the students at law for reports.

Dear Sir, To gratify your request is utterly impossible, as we are employed from morning to night, literally, as limbs of the law; for, devil take it, we do nothing else but run of messages, carry notes, take out invitations to dinner, etc. and when our patron comes into the office, it is only to say, Tim run here, Toby run there; and when we get a respite from servant's work, we have to set to quilldriving, (I wish you could teach me to drive four in hand,) most unmercifully; so that, instead of being students at law, as you had the politeness to call us, we are nothing but scrivener's slinks; and what is the reason of this degradation? it is because the lawyers at the Montreal bar take indiscriminately turned off carpenters, shoeblacks, broken down old market trash-sellers, etc. as students, and the only qualification required is to be able to write, and hence they think their clerks are only to be used as errand-boys. We might have a decent bar, and the students would be able to furnish you with reports, if, as at home, no lawyer were to take a student without an adequate premium.— I should be glad, sir, if you could suggest the means by which we may get rid of these meanesses, that put us upon a level with stable-boys; and then, I assure you, we will, with gratitude and pleasure, send you as many reports, as in