

St. Paul Street. It is reported that at a party lately held in this neighbourhood, several ladies were looed, and rose considerably minus from the card-table. It was much regretted that quadrilling, or rather drilling for quadrilles, could not be practised, as the drill-sergeant, though sent for, could not attend, being engaged that night to teach the figures to seven misses, three married ladies, and four widows.

Pro bono publico; for the benefit of *the public.* As a recipe against the ennui of winter-evenings, at the same time that they promote that intermixture of society which is so desirable an object in this place, we recommend the balls that are given by Mr. Vestris Altior. Last Thursday's was opened by that elegant young couple, Miss Reaper and Mr. Falcon, with the country-dance of "the West end of the Town." The set was shortly reinforced by baron Loftystone, captain Coldspring, and several other officers. Mrs. Col. And. Merry made a great display, and looked like a gallant seventy four amidst a fleet of frigates, luggers and bum-boats. Her tasteful crimson dress, and magnificent sable plumes, recalled the days of chivalry tournament and Otranto. At twelve God save the King was sounded as a retreat, and the company retired to take their suppers at home. All was harmony and decorum, save that one gentleman after staggering through one dance, fell most comfortably asleep, under the joint influence of Bacchus and Morpheus. *Communicated.*

POET'S CORNER.

The Tandem, or a turn out not to be sneezed at.
 A patch'd up sleigh, its make of date not recent,
 And which, in truth, looks any thing but decent,
 Drawn by a pair of titivating blacks,
 Quite comfortable easy-going backs,
 That ne'er about precedence disagree,