

some of the old ewes, upon any terms that may be offered.

RUE ST. PIERRE.

Mr. Kill-her has sworn by the "north star of his affections" that he has received a mortal wound from Miss Wasp, and that if she refuses to grant the healing honey of her kindness, he will agree with the public, and term her a wasp indeed. We have to advise him, and another young gallant, to pay more attention to the discourses at the chapel, and look less languishingly upon this beautiful Kitty of the Clyde; who, if she accepts Mr. K's offer, is requested to purchase an amethyst, and exchange it for his wedding-ring.

Captivating Eve has concluded to imitate her ancient namesake, and eat the apple with Dr. Marrowbones, who it was supposed would have shrunk from the undertaking with a greater degree of perturbation than from the queries of the medical board *at ome!* It is a pity, says our reporter, to see so much loveliness and real merit thrown away upon such a figure of nought.

The fair maid of the Inn, (but whether it is at the sign of the *bull's head*, or the *pin-cushion*, no authentic account has been received,) it is said is getting *Thomson's* seasons by heart, set to the tune of the old hundredth.

One of the merchants (we beg pardon, we mean *chapmanes*.) of Mount-Royal, not so fastidious or virtuous as *Joseph* of old, it is said, has thrust a bodkin at a wrinkled disciple of Noah Webster, fancying her surrounded by her motley group of pupils, a *Venus* with her attendant cupids. She proves the polar star that draws the *needle* of his affections. Backstitching and spelling will give them full employment during the honeymoon.

MR. GOSSIP,

The other Sunday night I saw a friend of mine, who said he was going to the methodist chapel for the laudable purpose of giving a *bawbee* towards the support of the Mount-Royal general hospital, and to hear a good *Sarmont*. On Monday morning, I met him, and asked him how he felt. "I'm unco well," says he, "but, lord, mon, your's unco droll folk, altho'" says he, "there vara considerate of the purses of their hearers, and I wish the folk in the Scots Kirk were only in the same way of thinking." What's that you have hav, now to say," says I, "about the