

ciate with the Scotch, nor the English with the English, nor the Irish with the Irish, but there are certain sets of people, who look upon the touch or conversation of all who are not within their particular coterie, as contamination. It is not family-connection, it is not party-spirit, it is not religious conformity, that produce these coteries, nor have I been able as yet to dive into what it is; but the fact is so, as I, and many other young men, who are in the same predicament with myself, have experienced. About three years ago I came out from home with numerous letters of recommendation, some to the great people, or those who are called Dons, others to respectable persons in the middle classes, and having besides some acquaintance with the military gentlemen quartered in Canada, I flattered myself I should not want opportunities for indulging in a sociality of disposition for which I was always considered remarkable, and for paying my devoirs to the fair sex. I verily believe that had I come out with only one letter of introduction, I should have been better off, and should have been admitted without difficulty into the select parties of my patron, for you must be aware, Mr. Scribbler, that the affectation of patronage is very fashionable in this little place; but it was soon found I was willing to associate with all to whom I had been introduced, and with more too; and, after a routine of set invitations to dinner and a few more civilities of course, I was dropped on all sides, otherwise than as a common acquaintance, to whom one nods in the street; and it has only been amongst the married officers in garrison, who, in Canada, as every where else, are true gentlemen, that I have found any domestic circles open to my unpremeditated visits. Though I have too much diffidence to intrude, I have too