

count of a grand Fête that took place last Tuesday, drawn up in the style of the London Morning Post, which I take to be the true pattern for all such compositions. The *Beau monde* can not but be highly pleased with the prospect of having their splendid doings thus blazoned in print, and must feel grateful to you for beginning so useful a practice. In London, next to giving a party, the highest gratification is to have it known; this is doubtless also the feeling here.

I am, Sir, your obdt. servant.

AN AMATEUR OF FASHION.

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*THE COUNTESS OF OLDJOSEPH STAREWELL'S  
GRAND FETE.*

This fashionable lady last night opened her splendid mansion in the worst part of St. Paul's Street, to all the leaders of *ton* in Montreal. It is not within the compass of language to convey by description any idea of this sumptuous entertainment—the very acme of elegance and taste. That magnificent suite of apartments on the *ground floor*, where art has exhausted itself in embellishment, was thrown open for the reception of company. The grand entrance, stair-case, and ball-room, were decorated by a profusion of shrubs and evergreens, giving them the appearance, and shedding the fragrance, of an Eastern grove; at the same time diffusing a coolness inconceivably pleasant at this season of the year, when the ground is covered with snow two feet deep, and the thermometer several degrees below the freezing point. The supper consisted of every delicacy in and out of season, catered in the market by the munificent host himself, and it is even said, though we will not vouch for its truth, that he gave last Friday morning 4s. 6d. for a cou-