

*equivalent.* And moreover, he could shew his red ribbon, and pretend to trace his descent from "Jingling Geordie," who was an honest man, and an honour to his country.

*L. L. M.*—Which is more than his pretended descendant can boast of being.

*Somebody.*—Full of doubt, yet big with consequence, he posted to Castle Antoine; and, if my information is correct, was kindly received by the fair Annie; who, blushing and hesitatingly, presented him to uncle Plausible. But alas, how crestfallen stood the colonel. Sir Pompous is fashionably blind, and wears spectacles; moreover he can be conveniently deaf. He saw not, he heard not; and having been lately fairly *rumped* the colonel. What a mortification!

*L. L. M.*—He deserved it, for aspiring so far beyond his merits

*Somebody.*—This said egoistical colonel, cold blooded, and calculating, who thinks and talks of nothing but himself, and his convenient, double faced, oily tongued, friend the major, with his undertoned "how d' ye does?" and "good mornings to ye," and jesuitical smiles; have long since laid their heads together, to try to entrap the affections of those two fine girls the Miss McKillaways; who, poor, innocent, inexperienced, young things! may feel flattered by the attentions of two old self interested, field-officers, fancying all the time, it is for themselves they are so attended to; while their would-be lovers are only thinking, if they succeed, how the old gentleman will *cut up*, who, by the bye, has been pretty well hacked of late.

*L. L. M.*—Well I can't say, Sir Pompous appears to have been to blame at all.

*Somebody.*—I don't say he is. But, Luke, don't you think the lady of a certain chief justice should give her nieces a little sage advice; for she is able to do it, and knows what's what. It could not be very gratifying to her feelings to see