

long and anxiously expected, the smooth-faced little major Nigler, (or Niggler, for the exact orthography of his name is in dispute.) dispatched, it is said, a trusty messenger to his friend and fellow-adventurer in the same speculation, Colonel Drummondville——

*L. L. M.*—By the powers, that's a fine high sounding name you have given him.

*Somebody.*—O, he blows his own trumpet, you know.—The major wrote to him to come up to Mount Royal immediately, as the Lord High Commissioner did not intend to stop long. When the messenger reached Theori-park, the gallant colonel had just finished his supper of Indian meat porridge, and was preparing to solace himself in the arms of a certain wood-nymph, whom he keeps, for his own convenience in those wild parts, and for the use of his friends, in his absence.——

*L. L. M.*—As many others do, whom you and I know.

*Somebody.*—Although, at the moment, on mighty things intent, the colonel resolved instantly to obey the summons of his friend: and came up, with incredible speed, having ruined three horses, and almost dislocated every joint in his body, by dashing over the cahots. The world, that is, the *beau monde*, expected, and, no doubt, the colonel did so too, that every thing relative to a certain "contrat de mariage," was to be settled on the arrival of sir Pompous. The colonel could not anticipate any objections that would be made to his blood flowing in the same stream with the ancient blood of the McKillaways. He came prepared to negotiate on the principles of reciprocity—he was ready to settle on the fair-niece, his pine-groves, and elm-swamps, saw-mills, and grist-mills, and the savings of his half-pay.

*L. L. M.*—Probably enough to buy the lady a pair of garters.

*Somebody.*—But all this, for an *equivalent*, mind you, an