

much "amour propre" to believe myself excluded from any other cause than the above, the more as I see so many who have equal or superior pretensions to myself, obliged to enlist in our corps. The ladies, taking the tone, no doubt, from what they see is agreeable to the male part of society here, are of course still more strange and inaccessible to all but those who are of their own particular privileged set. Those to whom I have in the outset been introduced at dinner parties, &c. I soon found did not know me in the streets, and to have offered an arm to a lady in public, or even begged her to take the protection of my umbrella, when overtaken by a shower of rain, has been looked upon as an offence against the starchness of coterie-regulations. At assemblies, unless a partner offers that belongs to the lodge, they are always previously engaged. At theatres, no parley is admitted beyond the pale of their own party. In short, no bachelor has a chance to render himself agreeable to the ladies, unless he sacrifices all his other acquaintance at the shrine of the prejudices or partiality of their male coterie leaders. Hence, Mr. Scribbler, as we have no ladies to parade arm and arm with, we are obliged to do so by ourselves; and we have the mortification to see, what, to tell you the truth, I believe is also a great mortification to the dear girls themselves, seven or eight ladies hanging together, with one beau, always either an accepted lover or a brother of one of them, stuck in the middle (like a pair of inexpressibles hanging to dry on a line amidst the fluttering of white undergarments,) and performing their marches and countermarches, upon the same field of exercise with, Mr. Scribbler, Your's, &c.

JACK SAUNTER.

*Pivot-man to the first company?
of Independent Loungers.* 5