

was rather surprised at seeing the little barber-surgeon Per-annum, and his Esquimaux wife amongst the crowd: the lady had her delicate brown fingers, and alabaster-neck loaded with rings and trinkets; she was doomed to sit in a corner, and be only a looker-on the whole evening; and it is said that, on their return home, the fair lady shaved her *bon homme* with a blunt razor, for not having procured her a partner to dance a quadrille. Another subject of astonishment, was that lady Viceroy had condescended to send a card of invitation to Mr. Francois Le Blanc, a collecting clerk in a brewery, whilst the chief of the establishment, and an M. P. into the bargain, was mortifyingly left at home to warm his knees behind the stove. The school-mistress's daughter too, with her *good man* whose best company never before soared higher than the character of ale-house frequenters, were there, and excited enquiry how they could have gained admittance. Upon the whole, the right honourable hostess, I am afraid, has not made herself sufficiently acquainted with the different *assortments* (to employ a trader's term) that exist in society here, to use a due discretion and selection in her invitations. I will not here enquire into the origin of Mad. De la Chataige, whom I have before mentioned, or in what character she first came to this country, for her husband's rank and station entitle her to admittance at the chateau; but others, who have not such claims, might be pointed out; and it is the general opinion here, that lady Viceroy would gain more popularity, were she to exercise her own judgement in her invitations, and not wholly rely upon the recommendations of intriguers and favourites.

I have a few characters in my eye, whom I mean to bring to your notice another time, and remain,
 Your's &c,
 ÆGON.