

Mr. Editor,

I am an old widower, turned of sixty, and like many hundreds about me, can still distinguish charms in the fair, which I am not willing yet totally to relinquish. I am rich, or at least was lately, when I took a liking to a lovely damsel of two-and-twenty. Love, prudence, and sincerity seemed to be engraved on her countenance, and I thought myself happier than King David in the evening of his life. In compliance to her fond intreaties, my old Gothic dress was changed into one adapted to the modern taste; and I could not help thinking, that I had cut off at least twenty years from the past roll of my life. I accompanied my angel to all the visiting places, lived high, and seldom went to bed till the morning; but, all on a sudden, the Gout (as they tell me) confined me at home, and brought me to repentance. To add to my misfortune, my sweet partner decamped, taking with her all my cash and my notes, and left me only the following billet.

“As Spring and Winter cannot be united, so neither can youth and old age. I quit you to fly to the arms of youth, with whom I shall enjoy the fruits of your folly. Love is not to be purchased by money: old men should take care of the latter, and give over all thoughts of the former; for, take this as a certain rule, a young girl may flatter an old man, but she can never love him. This is the last and best advice you ever will receive from a woman of pleasure.”

Let this be a useful admonition to others, as well as myself.

THE SWEETS OF CONJUGAL ENDEARMENTS.

Matrimony presupposes a state of unanimity; how then can mutual altercation expect any but a state of discord:

Mr. and Mrs. Snappish are illustrations of this. They came down to breakfast the other morning in perfect placidity, as if the compliments that passed above stairs were to ensure felicity below. “Lord,” cries Mrs. Snappish, “this is odd tasted tea!” “Do you think so my love?” replied the husband “perhaps your mouth is not in taste: now to me it seems very finely flavoured,” “Oh, execrable,” rejoins the wife “tis quite musty.” “Musky, you mean,” answered the husband “for I’m sure it is a perfect perfume, as to the smell.” “It stinks!” exclaimed the lady. “Tis as sweet as a nut,” cries the husband. “Don’t provoke me,” says she. “Don’t put me in a passion,” says he. “Do you threaten, sir?” retorted the lady “take that for your pains,” tossing the tea-cup in his face. “D——n!” replies the gentleman, dispatching the cream-pot at her bosom. “I can