

the Honourable George, who helped, him to decipher the note,

"*Satisfaction!* why the fallow! who the devil is he? Satisfaction for what?—(Allspice chuckled)—dem me, but the fallow's cracked."

He accepted the challenge, more through amusement than any thing else, as the tenor of his answer led us to suppose—for part of it ran thus :

"As *game* is rather scarce, in this Province, Lieut. Poppinjay has not the least objection to take a shot at the first *bird* that comes along."

Besides, they deputed a private soldier to act as a mock parson, and Caleb to carry a coffin, in order to strike terror into the civilian, on the duel ground. On leaving the ground it will be remembered, that Poppinjay was still involved in mystery, concerning the cause of the duel.

"Dem me" said he, if I know yet what I faught the fallow for—it appears, however, there was a *geyrl* in the way."

"O—you'll find that out after awhile—you was'nt challenged for nothing, depend upon't"—said Allspice, and he looked very cunning.

Poppinjay did find it out, but not until it was explained to him by Allspice, on the day preceding the wedding. The Honourable George, we have seen, was very attentive at the house of the Consequences; but we are not aware that he was more so than any of his brother officers. It was more the *cheer* than the *daughter*, that took him there.

"At length he became less attentive in paying his visits, and finely forsook the house altogether. There was a cause for it, and a very good one too, which shall be explained hereafter."

It was because he was about being married!

With these explanations, we now conclude our story, and we trust it will be received by the reader in the same spirit it was conceived by the author—that of good nature. It being his first effort of the kind, and written at intervals, during his leisure moments—which were few—and amidst the turmoil of a printing office, he trusts that due allowance will be made for any discrepancies that may appear. In taking a "Peep at Fashionable Folly," it was not ill-nature that prompted the author to write; it was *pity* for the *vanity* which characterizes a large number of persons living in this city; or such as imagine that they are *something*, because they possess a little, when in reality they have very little to boast of. The Almighty does not classify men, or endow one portion of the human family with brighter intellects than another. He creates all equal in this respect; and since he displays his Providence in his works, man ought to regard his fellow man according to his *merits*, and not according to his rank. Let a man be estimated by his qualities; not his wealth. Let his *works* praise him.