

"ever bore a fair fame, and I will never submit to this insolent aspersion, without having due and gentlemanly satisfaction." "And (retorted Tim) *Twilight* is an honourable man, as well as name, and I as strenuously demand reparation for this insult as thou."—In the bosoms of rogues, &c. honor is not simply a *flame*; it is a *conflagration*—and devours every honest principle within them, if nature ever gave them any.—These *gentlemen fruiterers* chose two *noncoms*, belonging to the same heroic corps, for their seconds, and agreed to meet the next evening, with pistols, if they could *light upon* them, just before sunset, so that, if neither should be greatly harmed, they might proceed from the *arena* upon another evening excursion of duty. "Now came still evening on"—The rogues in fruit intent on dire revenge, appeared. The seconds measured off the ground, and gave them the weapons they *coveted*. "All is ready," said the seconds. "O for one sip, or one *wash* of *eau de cologne*," exclaimed both heroes in the same breath, "to nerve my arm in this just cause; it trembles with eagerness!" The seconds gave them something better, a junk bottle of cognac, or true essence of courage, which they had *picked up* in their *sorties*. Each drank thirstily, to the tune of a half pint; reeled and *did* the evolutions and exercise. Both fell (how could they help it?); "yo've done me man," cried Tim; "I'm dead as a dumpling." "So you have me, boy," said Miah; "I'm full of holes as a riddle; but we die in *honor*."

NOVEMBER.—"And what is friendship but a name—

"A charm that lulls to sleep—

"A shade that follows wealth and fame,

"And leaves the wretch—to weep,"

as poor Dryden feelingly sings, who, in his old age, pined with want, and found a garret his last asylum, while living,' remarked my aunt Dinah; 'endeavour my dear, to keep all the friends you have, and to make as many more as you can. Aim less to acquire them in the ranks of wealth and power, than in the quiet circle of modest merit, unobtrusive wisdom, and unpretending virtue, though poverty may have enveloped it in her gloomiest mantle. As the great are seldom real friends, so neither *have* they, often, any; sycophants they may have, but not friends.—Among my own sex, (I grieve to say it,) though friendship may bud and blossom, it rarely produces abundant or wholesome fruit. Scandal, like a frost or a blight, passes over the opening flower, and it droops in hopeless decay.—As they sip the fragrant beverage which far-off China furnishes, the *steam* of the tea-urn sets too often their tongues in motion, with a next-door acquaintance, for whom but yesterday, they professed *eternal* friendship.—The tea-pot is a steam-engine of no diminutive powers. It would, certainly, not be beneath the genius of a Watts, to task his invention, in giving it so different a modification, as to produce a contrary result, to what it now too frequently does: and instead of propelling the most unruly member to scarify absent characters, only move the heart to think no evil, and the hands to unostentatious charity. Alas! some there are, who go about, like the prince of the power of the air, seeking whose characters they may devour, and popping their heads into every house, with their faces dressed in the smiles of benevolence and heaven. While demon malice lies in ambush at their hearts. God knows, I am not censorious, though it is the imputation on old maids, but thus it is.'

DECEMBER.—

as Louis the ele general, after he the Granicus, an proposals of mar the twelfth of S me," was uncle 2 sed in *st ilu quo*, market, Timmy, reason ble price too busy for the stirring, thinking ulcers, and cance he shall be rewar the sky falls, and and Eve in Eden ment advance ar rules. What ye then, against ne ere you condemn conducted; perm business or house Frost and snow I want innocent ar that they do not or thanks for the ven fill your hear

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