

losophically speaking, what is life but an intermitted pool at quadrille?

I am interrupted by a divine colonel in the guards.

Adieu! Your faithful

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CCXXVL

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Tuesday.

I ACCEPT your challenge, Bell; and am greatly mistaken if you find me so very insipid as you are pleased to suppose.

Have no fear of falling into vegetation; not one amongst us has the least vegetative quality.

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I have.