

therefore, I will come to my heroes, saying, in the words of a French writer,

*Agreaté qu'aver uno moto
Pro toto remerciamento
Randam gratiam corpori tam docto.*

The first is one whom I should term the lord Goddamnhim of Government City, were it not that the gentlefolks of this place have already, very appropriately, named him, Old Bachelor Tom the Milksop. This gentleman, Sir, in his younger days, was a celebrated debauchee, and, if I am rightly informed, the collegiates of a certain university, a little distant from the place you reside in, have preserved inviolate the edifying history of the carnival he there passed. Since his return, however, to his native country, he has had the good luck, in common with a great many other hypocrites, to impose upon a certain number, by renouncing "the devil, and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, and the carnal desires of the flesh." No longer does the familiar nod of the courtezan recognize, or the inviting courtesy welcome, Old Tom, formerly looked on as the friend and protector of the whole race; pomp and vanity, with lust, lewdness, and dissipation, are banished from his dwelling, and, though some stray harlots may remain so as not to leave the demesne wholly unstocked with game, we are in justice bound to say that the lord of the manor is indulgent to poachers, and never found fault with the ladies for letting out their leisure-hours to the officers of the garrison, some of whom reside opposite to our bachelor's hermitage.

It was when he was no longer able to indulge in his former debaucheries, and when he was under the disagreeable necessity of abstaining from all food or liquor that might cause an irritation of the blood, that he, like the fox of old, who had