

his female friends: he has apples or peaches for little people. nay, perhaps in the course of years, he at length achieves the highest act of generosity.—he bestows on some friendly rival a portion of his rarest seed, a shoot from his most precious root! Such deeds are done by gardeners.—*Miss Cooper.*

Oriental Sayings.

A certain King under the impulse of anger formed the hasty resolution, to invade the dominions of a mighty monarch, who had in some way offended him. He made his purpose at once known throughout his kingdom, by a royal proclamation, setting forth at the same time, that if any one shall venture to remonstrate with him, in order to dissuade him from his design, he shall suffer immediate death. A faithful and engaging minister, who foresaw the imminent danger of this undertaking, and yet fearing lest he should lose his life by boldly representing it to the king, thought of a stratagem by which means he might show the absurdity and risk of the enterprise to his royal master. For this purpose the sagacious minister sallied forth one morning early, with his bow in his hand, into the royal garden, the dew was heavily falling, so that his official garments which he on purpose had put on, were dripping with wet, and as the time arrived, when he was to appear before the king with the other ministers, he purposely presented himself in that state before the Monarch. The King soon perceived the wet state of the minister's garments, and asked him from whence he came, that he was so wet. Your Majesty, replied the minister, I have just come from the royal garden, where I have witnessed something very remarkable. Indeed! said the king, and what was that, relate it? A grasshopper was stung upon a plant singing merrily, whilst it was refreshing itself in the morning dew. Not far from it, sat a bird, an enemy of grasshoppers, but which the insect had not perceived or else it would not have sung so quietly. I watched them for sometimes attentively, when I beheld the bird slowly drawing nearer and nearer, and no doubt felt almost sure of its prey. At the same time, a bird of prey was making swiftly down upon the bird, which did not perceive its adversary in the rear of it, already it lengthened its neck to seize the bird, it did not perceive me standing beneath the tree, just ready to let the mortal arrow fly at its breast. Now, Your Majesty, whilst I viewed all that was passing before me I thought, poor creatures, all busy and sure to catch the prey, ye see not the dagger which impends over you, but if ye once perceive it, how soon you forget your longed for prey, and hasten to save your own life.—I know what you wish to say, said the King, the purposed warfare shall be relinquished, we have more than enough to do at home.

Miscellaneous.

LUCKY JONES, was married to a wife with £300 a-year, but then she is a sad muddle. Miserable Jones! do you know what you have done? Muddle would be dear at double the money. Muddle will provide for you up home to rest in, no sympathising comforter to advise. In the temple where Muddle reigns there will be found no peace, no beauty, no good. Against Muddle the dower weighs not. An observing eye, a calculating head, a ready hand, a gentle stop, a loving heart, external neatness, internal purity are more to be considered than hundreds a-year,

trash accomplishments, lofty connections, and unhealthy apings of the class above. Mothers, be wise; make your daughters able women, real help-mates; not useless toys, joy-destroying Muddles.—*Hans Trunks for Home Peace.*

DRESS AND MERIT.—Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold, but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais anticipating the enquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

DANGER OF CANDLE GREASE; MARROW, &c.—It is commonly believed that disease has been introduced into the human system by the mere application or use of common "candle grease" in cases of chapped hands or lips. Candles are often made of tallow, taken from animals that have died of some foul disease, by which it is rendered unfit for using in this way. A little marrow taken from the bone of a healthy cow or bullock, and melted in a cup is excellent for chapped hands. Making a profuse lather of Castile soap on the hand, and rubbing them gently until the lather is absorbed and nearly dried up, is good to soften the skin that inclines to be husky.

Varieties.

FACTS are the materials of which Science is the architect.

NOBODY ever sees an action as very wrong when under the excitement of doing it.

MANY A MAN has lost being a great man by splitting into two middling ones.

WHEN our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected!

DEATH is the only subject upon which everybody speaks and writes without a possibility of having experienced what he undertakes to discuss.

OF ALL LEARNING the most difficult department is to unlearn, drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.

IN THE NATURE OF MAN, the humblest or hardest, there is a something that lives in all of the Beautiful or the Fortunate, which hope and desire have appropriated, even in the vanities of childish dreams.

THE INDIVIDUAL, in relation to the multitude of human influences that act upon him, is as a spring to many rain-drops; but in relation to another individual mind, as a rain-drop to a spring.

AS THAT GALLANT can best affect a pretended passion for one woman who has no true love for another, so he that has no real esteem for any of the virtues can best assume the appearance of them all.

ONE OF THE most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is to be its own master; a pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

WITH A DOUBLE vigilance should we watch our actions when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless, and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent, every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

A BRAGGART AND HIS BRASS.—One of those devotees to Mammon once received a lesson from an humble follower, who did not seem to pay him, the possessor of the purse, sufficient homage. The latter said, "Do you know, sir, that I am worth a hundred thousand pounds?" "Yes," said the irritated but not broken-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is all you are worth."—*The Stomach and its Difficulties* (by Sir James Esqre).

Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.	
Aug. 8	1827	Hon. George Canning, died.
	1836	Nathan Rothschild, died.
" 9	1503	Isaak Walton, born.
	1631	John Dryden, born.
	1819	Captain Murray, died.
" 10	1653	Admiral Martin Tromp, killed.
	1850	Sir Lancelot Shadwell, died.
" 11	1730	Charles Bossut, born.
	1772	General, Lord Hill, born.
	1851	Sir H. Jardine, died.
" 12	1753	Thomas Bewick, born.
	1769	George IV., born.
	1774	Robert Southey, born.
	1822	Matquils of Londonderry, (Castle-reeagh) committed suicide.
" 13	1667	Jeremy Taylor, died.
	1792	Queen Adelaide, born.
" 14	1737	Charles Hutton, born.
	1802	Lettitia E. Landon, born.

John Dryden, a celebrated English poet, was born in the parish of Oldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1631. His father, who, it is supposed, was a presbyterian, possessed a small estate, and sent his son John, first to Westminster School, and afterwards, in 1650, to Trinity College, Cambridge. In the latter he took his degree, but was in no way distinguished above his fellows. In 1651 his father died, and as there were several children, Dryden, to eke out a living, had to accept a secretaryship from Sir Gilbert Pickering, one of Cromwell's adherents. On Cromwell's death, Dryden celebrated his memory in heroic stanzas, which did not hinder him from writing, after the restoration of Charles II., a "Panegyric on the Coronation." In 1663, having written some verses on modern improvements in philomophy, he was elected a member of the Royal Society. About the same time he wrote his first play, entitled "The Wild Gallant," which was acted in February, 1663. This was followed by "The Rival Ladies" and "The Indian Emperor," and an "Essay on dramatic Poesy" written in prose. About 1665 he married Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. In 1667, he engaged to furnish the king's theatre with three plays annually, which produced him £400 a year. On the death of Sir William Davenant, in 1668, Dryden was made poet-laureate. In 1679, having satirized Lord Rochester, he was beaten by hired ruffians on the street. In 1681 appeared "Absalom and Achitophel," and "The Medal; a satire on sedition," both having allusion to political events. "MacFlecknoe," his next piece, was a satire on Shadwell, a rival poet, who succeeded Dryden in the laureateship at the revolution. On the accession of James II., Dryden became Roman Catholic, no doubt to ingratiate himself with that monarch. This obtained him a pension of £100, which, however, stopped with James's abdication. He was now advanced in life, and had to write for subsistence, and it was now that his translations of Juvenal, Persius and Virgil appeared. "Alexander's Feast," the most popular of all his compositions, was one of his last productions. It is thought by many to be the finest lyric in the English language. Dryden died on the 1st May, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.