

he saw a light thin vapour, like a filmy veil, rise from the surface of the sea, and gradually approach the town, which it finally enveloped, completely hiding it from his view.

"The Springside Murder.—Strong rumours are prevalent of testimony conclusive as to the innocence of accused Mr. L. Moss is here, engaged for the defence. The housekeeper has recovered, and will give evidence."

"As Philip Vane's eyes lighted on these last words, the writing became indistinct; he reeled heavily to one side, and would have fallen, but for the strong arm of a friendly boatman, who caught him of him, propped him up, and asked him what was the matter."

"No harm in that, master," said the boatman. "It is but a sea fog; gets down your throat and makes all damp and uncomfortable, but no real harm in it. Coming on thick though now, ain't it? Won't be able to see your hands before your face soon—getting pluck dark, that it is; and yet belike three mile out at sea it is as clear as noon-day."

"Let us clear it out of our throats with a dram," said Vane, for he felt the necessity of some such support; and he and the boatman went into the nearest tavern, and swallowed each a glass of brandy.

When they came out the boatman made his companion good-bay, avowing that the darkness of the fog had spoiled any chance of his getting a job, and that he should go home; while Vane made his way towards the pier. In the broad open space before him, just by the commencement of the pier, the air was lighter, and it seemed as though the mist were clearing off; this effect, however, was but momentary, and as Vane ascended the steps a black mass of vapour, thicker and denser than ever, came stealing silently from the sea like a moving wall.

"The half-dozen promenadees who had been tempted out again by the momentary gleam of sunlight, and were now hurrying back, gazed with curiosity at the man about to face such weather, and some of the young ladies uttered as Philip passed. Black and blacker still. He heard the rough voice of the coast-guardman, addressing him as 'mate,' and bid him be careful how he stepped, but he could not distinguish his frame. Below him he heard the voices of two or three sailors in the steamer alongside the pier, and could just make out the outline of the middle-box and her funnel; still he pressed on."

"The housekeeper has recovered and will give evidence." That must be Mudge, he thought, that must be the position she was filling at Wheateroff, that was how she was brought into frequent communication with Drago, the parson. "Would recover and give evidence." Recover! then she must have been ill, or hurt, or frightened, and that was how the dead man's son had been given into custody unknown to her. "Would give evidence!" That connected with the rumour of testimony to establish the innocence of the accused, means that Mudge will state what she was, and give the name of the man whom she recognized as the murderer. No time to be lost, then. This interview with Esther Bendken once rightly settled—What's that? A huge block of stone, an iron crane, a windlass and—gently now, this must be the end of the pier where the works are yet in progress. Dark just here; let him creep along the side of the wall, let him—The next instant he had caught his foot and stumbled, and was fighting with the calm placid water below. He was swimming, and coming to the surface again, had but little fear; three strokes brought him to the great wall of masonry sunk in the sea, but it was cold, and smooth, and slippery, with shining weeds which broke away under his hands. No chance for hand-hold or foot-hold either, no power of seeing aught more than half-dozen feet in front of him. He shouted, but his voice fell flat and muffled on the heavy air, and he knew that his shouts could not be heard. He struggled again, but he was overweighed with his clothes, and his strength was falling. Let him keep his head now and make one more trial; again the cold smooth wall and the trailing yielding seaweed; then a conviction of the impossibility to fight much more, a few struggles, and one piercing cry.

CHAPTER XIV

AT LAST.

Two months have elapsed since the date of the preceding last recorded, and the newspapers, for lack of something more exciting, have begun to chronicle the movements of the barometer, and the prospects of a severe winter. If, however, throughout England the elements were as it is, Torrey's bright and sunny morning, the weather prophets would be considerably off in their calculations, and the disappointment of the school-boys and the outlaws, who were looking forward to a three weeks' skating season, would be intense, for here the air is soft and balmy, the sun bright and hot—so hot, that the gentleman toiling slowly up the hill stops just opposite the club, and unbuckles his long great coat, and lifts his hat to let the sea-breeze cool his forehead. Then reinvigorated, he proceeds, though his step is still slow, and his breathing somewhat laboured; his destination is, however, close at hand. Through the trim and pretty garden he approaches a willow-bordered green mound and overhanging the sea, and a young lady, who has been apparently watching for his arrival from the window, meets him at the hall with outstretched hands, and with a face bright with pleasure.

"You are come at last, Mr. Drago," she said. "You may be certain I come as soon as I could," said the rector, bending down, and kissing her forehead; "but it took some time to settle my father's affairs, and put matters in train for disposing of his share of the business to his partner. However, all that required my personal superintendence is now at an end, and I have escaped from London. And Margaret?"

"Still progressing slowly, but surely. You will find her greatly changed in appearance, dear Mr. Drago; she is still very weak and very thin, but she has improved wonderfully since she came to this place, and day by day we see a happy difference in her."

speaks frequently of Gerald, and seems anxious that we should be married as soon as possible; but sometimes she will lie for hours without speaking, and when I steal quietly up to her, I find the traces of tears upon her cheeks."

"Poor dear Margaret! She knows I am coming?"

"Oh, yes; and has been expecting you very anxiously. If you like I will take you to her now."

Mr. Drago left his hat and coat in the pretty little hall where this conversation took place, and followed Rose Pierpoint into the drawing-room. On a couch before the window overlooking the sea lay Mudge, looking very pale and very delicate, but, as the rector thought, wonderfully beautiful, looking, as the rector also thought, more like a pictured saint than a human being; with her long brown hair hanging over her shoulders, and her white hands clasped in front of her. Her eyes were closed, and she did not open them until Rose said, "Mudge, darling, here is our best friend!" then she looked up, and a bright burning flush overspread her face, as she partially raised herself on one arm, and stretched out the other hand. The rector took the hand, and lifted it to his lips, dropping into the easy-chair placed by the sofa as Rose left the room.

Margaret was the first to speak. "Do you find me much changed?" she said.

"No," said the rector brightly, "nothing like so much as I had anticipated. You have had a severe illness, and you are still very weak, but your eyes are bright, and your voice is clear, as it was in the old days."

"The old days," echoed Mudge, "how far off they seem! I part and parcel of another life almost, so indistinct are they to me. Do you know that up to this hour my ideas of what happened at that fearful time are dim and blurred? Do you know that I have asked no one, not even Gerald, not even Rose, for any details of those events? Do you know why I have been so silent?"

"The rector bent his head. "Because," she continued, "I was waiting for you, to whom I have given my utmost confidence, to tell me all that has occurred. I could not trust myself to talk on the subject with them; I can with you."

"Margaret," said the rector, gently, "you have just allowed that you are still very weak; don't you think that any conversation of this kind had better be postponed?"

"Not for one moment," she said; "I am strong enough to hear anything, and shall merely be restive and uneasy until I know how much of what is constantly recurring in my mind is true, and how much false. Tell me, then, at once. I remember nothing after fainting in the court. 'Stay,' she said, seeing him hesitate, 'you fear to distress me. But I already know that Philip Vane is dead. Did he die by his own hand?"

"That is not positively known," said the rector, but it is believed that he accidentally fell from the pier at Dover. The body was found two days afterwards off St. Margaret's, and was recognised as that of a man who had left a portmanteau in the cloak-room at the railway. On being opened the portmanteau was found to contain a shirt with blood-stained wrists, and heavily-mutilated trousers and boots; the latter corresponding exactly with the foot marks on Wheateroff's lawn. Further inquiry proved that he had been in Springside on that dreadful day, having actually called at my house and spoken to my servant; and all these circumstances, corroborated with your evidence, left no doubt on the minds of the magistrates, who discharged Mr. Heriot; while the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Philip Vane. You are distressed, Margaret, I had better stop?"

"No; pray go on. And Gerald was liberated at once?"

"Not merely liberated, but became the idol of the hour. The revulsion of popular feeling was extraordinary. Nothing, however, not even his restoration to Rose's arms, I think, gave him so much joy as my discovery of a letter amongst poor Sir Geoffrey's papers, written two days before his death, a letter addressed to George, in which he confessed his harsh treatment of him, and implored him to return to his position and his home. You are crying, Margaret?"

"They are tears of joy, dear friend. I had no idea that letter had been written, though Sir Geoffrey had spoken of his intention of writing it. Thank God he lived to carry that intention into effect. And Gerald—George—is now happy?"

"Intensely happy. I know not which is the happier, he or Rose. Your illness has been the only blot on their felicity."

"I suppose they will be married at once?" asked Mudge.

"Now that you are convalescent, there is no occasion for any further delay. Sir Geoffrey died intestate, and Gerald is consequently sole heir. He is going to sell Wheateroff, and, for some time at least, travel abroad. So soon as you are able to bear the fatigue of the journey, they will be married and start."

"Did they purpose taking me with them?"

"They did; they have talked of it often. George Heriot was only speaking to me about it two days ago in London."

"I shall relieve them of that responsibility," said Mudge, with a smile; "they shall have no querulous invalid to destroy the happiness of their bridal tour."

to Havre, and then took ship for America. Mr. Delabole, being possessed of a large sum of money and great business talents, found admirable scope for financing operations in the United States, and is now one of the leading lights of Wall-street.

Mrs. Bendken never received the letter which Philip Vane addressed to her on the morning of his flight, and knew nothing of her intended husband's crime and fate until she read of both in a newspaper. The shock sobered her for a time, and she disappeared from society. There are rumours, however, that she has seen sufficient of the charms of solitude, and intends reappearing this season with an addition to her establishment, in the person of a husband—a German tenor of military appearance and a flute-like voice.

George Heriot and Rose have their home in Florence; the artistic society of which pleasiest of cities delights both of them.

Last autumn, while the Triennial Musical Festival was being held at Wexeter, a lady suddenly detached herself from a large party, which was crossing the cathedral yard, and running up to old Miss Cave, who was standing looking on in admiration, seized her by both hands and kissed her on the cheek. They had a short but animated conversation, then the lady hurried off to rejoice her friends.

"More friends among the quality, Susan?" said Susan Cave, as he landed into her. "Who was that lady just now—the bishop's wife or the new deacon's daughter?"

"Neither one nor the other, Sam," said old Miss Cave, half laughing, half crying. "You have seen that lady often before. She is staying at the Beauvoir now with her husband, who is a clergyman; but you recollect her when she was our leading lady, and was called Mudge Pierpoint."

THE END.

MY FIRST LECTURE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I was home again in San Francisco without means and without employment. I turned my brain for a saving scheme of some kind, and at last a public lecture occurred to me. I sat down and wrote one in a fever of anticipation. I showed it to several friends, but they all shook their heads. They said nobody would come to hear me, and I would make a humiliating failure of it. They said that as I had never spoken in public I would break down in the delivery, anyhow. I was disconsolate now. But at last an editor slipped me on the back and told me to go on.

"Take the lecture," he said, "and charge a dollar a ticket. The audacity of the proposition was alarming; it seemed fraught with uncalculated worldly wisdom. However, the proprietors of the several theatres endorsed the advice and said I might have their handsome new opera house at half price—fifty dollars. In sheer desperation I took it—an credit for sufficient reasons. In three days I did a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of printing and advertising, and was the most distressed and frightened creature on the Pacific coast. I could not sleep; who could understand circumstances? For another week there was futurity in the line of my posters, but to me it was plaintive with a pang when I wrote it—

"Doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock. The trouble will begin at 8."

That line has done good service since. I have seen it appended to a newspaper advertisement, reminding school pupils in vacation what time next term would begin. As those three days of suspense dragged by I grew more and more unhappy. I had sold two hundred tickets among my personal friends, but I feared they might not come. My lecture, which had seemed "impossible" to me first, now steadily grew more dreary, till not a vestige of fun remained left, and I believed that I could not bring a coffin on the stage and turn the thing into a funeral. I was so panic-stricken at last that I went to three old friends, giants in stature, cordial by nature, and stormy-voiced, and said:

"This thing is going to be a failure; the joke is in it as you do that nobody will ever see them. I would like to have you sit in the parquette and help me through."

"They said they would. Then I went to the wife of a popular citizen, and said that if she was willing to do me a very great kindness, I would be glad if she and her husband would sit prominently in the left-hand stage box, where the whole house could see them. I explained that I should need help, and would turn towards her and smile, as a signal, when I had been delivered of an obscene joke—and then," I answered, "don't wait to investigate, but respond!"

She promised. Down the street I met a man I had never seen before. He had been drinking, and was benumbing with smiles and good nature. He said:

"My name is Sawyer. You don't know me, but that don't matter. I haven't got a cent, but if you know how best to get a ticket, you'd give me a ticket. Come now, what do you say?"

"Is your lung hung on a half-trigger?—that is, is it critical, or can you get it off easy?"

"My drawing inability of speech so affected him that he laughed at a specimen or two that struck me as being about the article I wanted, and I gave him a ticket, and appointed him to sit in the second circle in the centre, and be responsible for that division of the house. I gave him minute instructions about how to detect indistinct jokes, and then went away and left him chuckling over the novelty of the event."

command over myself. Then I recognised the charity and the friendliness in the faces before me, and little by little my fright melted away; and I began to talk. Within three or four minutes I was comfortable and even content. My three chorales, with three auxiliaries, were on hand, in the parquette, all sitting together, all armed with bludgeons, and already to make an onslaught upon the feeblest joke that might show its head. And whenever a joke did fall, their bludgeons came down and their faces seemed to split from ear to ear. Sawyer, whose hearty countenance was seen looking rosy in the centre of the second circle, took it up, and the house was carried handsomely. Inferior jokes never fired so royally before. Presently I delivered a bit of serious matter with impressive unctious (it was my pet), and the audience listened with an absorbed hush that gratified me more than any applause; and as I dropped the last word of the clause, I happened to turn and catch Mrs. Bendken's intent and wailing eyes; my own complexion with her flushed upon me, and an exclamation I could do I smiled. She took it for the signal, and promptly delivered a mellow haunch that touched of the whole audience, and the explosion that followed was the triumph of the evening. I thought that the honest man Sawyer would choke himself; and as for the bludgeons, they performed like pile-drivers. But my poor little morsel of pathos was ruined. It was taken in good faith as an intentional joke, and the prize one of the entertainment, and I wisely let it go at that.

All the papers were kind in the morning; my appetite returned; I had abundance of money. "All's well that ends well."

PLAYING-CARDS.

Five who sit down to a pleasant game at whist or piquet have many ideas how many countries these painted bits of card have furnished amusement to the human race. Far away into the times of unwritten history the Chinese, Hindus, and Arabs were making their different combinations of a warlike game, bearing many relations to their sister chess. On thin slips of ivory, mother-of-pearl, or wood, the devices were painted for the hands of Oriental despots; no less than eight armies and eight players struggled for the victory, under the command of a king, a vizier, and an elephant. China seems to have been the home of their invention; from thence they passed on to India about 1520, and were soon adopted by the Arabs. The Crusades in their turn learned the game of their foes; and from the number of decrees forbidding their use issued by the Church, we may believe that they were soon spread all over Europe. The first authentic mention that occurs of them is in a chronicle of Nicolas de Convelleur, a native of Viterbo, which says: "In 1379 the game of cards was introduced at Viterbo, from the land of the Saracens, and which is called by them 'milk'."

Now can we suppose, with some learned critics, that the cards were but the amusement of a few idle men of Sicily and Spain, and that they would scarcely have used such strong language against their use had it been so, on the 4th of May, 1423, the former, standing on the steps of the Church of St. Petrus, spoke to an immense crowd assembled round him, poured forth his fulminations against games of chance, and exercised so much power over his audience that every one ran to fetch his cards, dice, and chess, and having brought them to this public place, burned them with his own hand, in the presence of the chief of the republic. This terrible *auto-da-fé* brought a card-matter, which was settled by St. Bernard's sermon, to the holy man, saying with tears, "Father, I am a manufacturer of cards; I have no other trade by which I can live; by hindering me from doing my work you condemn me to die of hunger." "If you know how to paint," was the reply, "copy this image." And he showed him a sun surrounded by rays of glory, in the centre of which was the monogram of Christ—I. H. S. The card-maker followed his advice, and soon enriched himself by this painting, which St. Bernard adopted for his symbol.

The first printed cards probably came from Germany. A pack of these are still in existence, engraved with the burin, which are supposed to be the work of Finetucera or Mantegna, and at any rate belong to this period of Italian art. The design is at once simple and good in outline, the engraving fine and harmonious; they are divided into five series, each of ten cards, and bear the names of the muses, sciences, the heavenly bodies, and the virtues. The so-called cards of Charles VI. of France, which are now in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in Paris, are probably the most ancient of any that are preserved in the various public collections of Europe. There are but seventeen, painted with all the beauty of the period, in the illuminated manuscripts of the period on a gold ground, and surrounded by a silver border, in which is a ribbon rolled spirally round, done in points. There is the emperor in silver armour, a diadem of fleurs-de-lis on his head, and holding a globe and a sceptre; the pope with his triple crown, the Gospels and keys of St. Peter in his hands, and seated between two cardinals; the crescent moon rises above two astrologers in long furrowed robes, who are measuring the conjunctions of the planets with compasses; the fool wearing a cap with asses' ears, and a deep-pointed ruff round his neck, while four children are throwing stones at him; Death, mounted on a white horse, is growing down kings, popes, and bishops; the House of God seems half devoured by flames; and finally, the last Judgment shows us the dead rising from their tombs to the sound of trumpets.

As time passed on the figures on the cards changed with the costumes of the time, according to the caprices of the court or the imagination of the maker. The pointed beard, heavy collar, and plumed hat appeared as the dress of the kings; the hair turned back and crimped, the lace collar, and the farthingale as that of the queens.

As regards England, though it received the game from a very early period, through the trade it carried on with the Hanseatic and Dutch towns, yet it does not appear that any cards were manufactured there before the end of the sixteenth century, since, under the reign of Elizabeth, the government reserved to itself the monopoly of playing-cards imported from abroad. The oldest which are known, and which closely approach the early Italian packs, were discovered by Dr. Stukely in the binding of a book. They mark a very early period, when the arts of drawing, engraving, and printing were in their infancy. Spain received from the Arabs and the Moors the Eastern game of *nab* long before cards were made at Viterbo; but when the latter were introduced they excited the utmost enthusiasm in the country, and a passion for the play became general; so much so that when the companions of Christopher Columbus, after their discovery of America, formed the first establishment in the Island of San Domingo, they found nothing better to do than at once to manufacture cards from the leaves of trees.

Beware for in gaining wisdom you also gain an eminence from which no shaft of malice can hurt you.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

YFUSIUS is beginning again to exhibit signs of activity, and to show symptoms of an approaching eruption. Smoke in great volumes and ashes are emitted from the crater, and even in Naples flames can be seen during the night, so that visitors to that city may be treated to a grand spectacle before long.

A MONSTER of the deep, neither whale nor shark, has been discovered off the coast of Brazil. The report is that his body is over fifty feet long and seven ft. in diameter, and that he breathes large enough to allow a person to stand upright between the jaws when they are open, or to sit comfortably in the cavity when they are closed. No mention is made, however, of the Jaws who has tested the creature's capacities.

An investigation made by two eminent French physicists into the sanitary effects produced by the use of iron stoves, shows that both wrought iron and cast-iron, when heated to a certain degree, become poisonous to the presence of gas, and that a hot cast-iron stove absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid gas. This discovery shows how prejudicial to health is the use of such stoves. Wrought iron was found to be less poisonous than cast-iron.

A PRIZE for the invention of a method to protect mill-wheels and other machinery from their work, which produces serious affections of the lungs, was recently offered by a French industrial society. It has been awarded to the contriver of an exceedingly simple but effective arrangement, which consists merely of a large fire and a full chimney, whereby a current is created which sweeps through the establishment at a speed of ten feet per second, thus removing every particle of the injurious dust in its passage.

SNOW AT LOW TEMPERATURES.—The *Scientific American* mentions the fact, as recorded by the Arctic explorer, that at a low temperature snow loses its anti-frictional quality, and slides are drawn upon it with difficulty. This fact is well known amongst mountain lumbermen and miners, who have shores of Lake Superior, and in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. It is quite common there for sleds to sink so much on the snow roads during intensely cold weather that they are unable to move forward, by the friction may be heard through the still atmosphere for a mile or two.

UPWARDS of seventy five thousand dollars will be required to defray the expense of the scientific expeditions which the British Government has determined to send to the north of the continent of Europe, to observe the next transit of Venus, which will occur in 1874. The whole of this sum has already been granted, on the application of the Astronomer Royal, who has decided that the equipment of apparatus for the purpose should be sent to the continent, to the value of five thousand dollars. The German astronomer has taken measures for dispatching observers to point in China and Persia.

ACCORDING to the Editor of the *Journal of Geology*, at Paris, the Paris Museum received twenty-three shells from various parts of the world, the course of the sea, destroying many of the plant-houses. Two of these shells, exploded in the geological laboratory, in the case of Professor Delescluse, causing great injury to the specimens, and the *Spirifer* in the general collection were broken to powder. The large collection of shells of the lower geology of the Paris basin was entirely destroyed. This is not to be lamented, as the collection, as a whole, is a very valuable one. A half-dozen passed through a glass case containing the same and a solution.

SEVERAL years ago a royal commission was appointed in Great Britain to inquire into the present duration of the supply of coal in the British Islands. In view of the depth to which the coal has been extended, it was of course necessary to fix an estimated limit to which mining operations could be carried out, and, after the inquiry, this was fixed at 4000 feet, although in some cases it is expected to extend, and extending all seams less than one foot in thickness, it is estimated by the committee that there exist in the several coal fields of Great Britain upwards of 700,000,000 tons in addition to which there are vast tracts of coal lying beneath the permin, new rock, and more recent strata. These are estimated at not less than 600,000,000,000 tons, making an aggregate of 1,300,000,000 tons as amount available in the British Islands. Assuming that the present rate of consumption—15,000,000 tons—remains constant, this amount of coal will last 127 years. But should the rate of consumption increase as predicted by Professor Joules, the supply will be exhausted in 110 years. Applying, however, a reasonable correction to Professor Joules's estimate, it is thought that the quantity mentioned will last for 270 years.

YOU NOW CAN KNOW THE REASONS.—*Pulphophyllin* (May Apple or Monarda) has long been known as an active purgative, and has been much used in some parts of our country. (and is now very generally administered by physicians in the place of Calomel or Blue Pill for liver complaints, &c.) *Compound Extract of Colophony* is considered by Dr. Nozian, of Philadelphia, as one of the most generally employed and powerful cathartics in the world. The *Extract of Hippocistis* given in combination with active cathartics (such as above) corrects their gripping qualities without diminishing their activity. *Lot's Wife's Atrophic Extract*. All the most valuable remedial elements are with others largely used in the manufacture of the *Nocturnal (Indian) Vegetable Restorative Pills*. No wonder they are ahead of all other Pills, as a family medicine.

ONCE IN TEN YEARS, the eagle loses his plumage, and during this period, much debilitated, he sits quietly on some rocky shelf until his feathers are sufficiently grown to enable him to cleave the air again. Mark this fact, and you will find it a very general one—some say as he approaches the age of twenty, forty, sixty, etc., while others place it earlier; but, owing to his artificial mode of living, he cannot, like the eagle, submit his case to a natural and successful treatment, and it generally requires great care to enable the subject to pass safely through the critical periods. Follows Compound Syrup of Hypocistis, by the great tonic, and health-renewing properties, will restore you more quickly than any other preparation known. It being the surest remedy for all debilitating maladies.

CHOLERA MORBUS, *Infantum* and *Dysentery* cured by *Johnson's Anodyne Linctus*, used internally.

THE THREE COACHMEN.

I heard the story a long time ago, and think it good enough to tell—and not only good, but pointing a lesson which the wise may heed. A certain gentleman advertised for a coachman, and among the numerous applicants who answered the call he found three who evinced a sufficient knowledge of their business to suit him, and from these three he would select his man. For this purpose he took them to a point on his premises where a broad table of rock overlooked a deep chasm.

"How near," said he, to Sawyer McLean, "could you come within four feet of the edge of that precipice without the danger of going off?"

Sawyer measured the table with his eye, and looked down into the deep chasm undimmed. "Three he would select his man," he said with a confident answer.

He next put the same question to John York. "John looked, and answered, with prompt assurance—"I could drive within ten inches of it, sir."

Next came Barney O'Tool, and he was asked how near he could drive a steady double-span to the edge of the precipice with assurance. "I could," he said, "if I had, yer honor," said Barney, after due consideration, "then fellows, but me intirely. I should kapp me horses as far from such a place as possible."

It may be needless to add that Barney O'Tool was the chosen coachman.

NEVER quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. Hope is often the cause as well as the effect of youth. It is certainly a very pleasant and healthy passion. A hopeless person is deserted by himself; and he who forsakes himself is soon forsaken by friends and fortune.

As no man can tell where a rhos pinches better than he that would tell, so no man can tell a woman's disposition better than he that hath wedded her.

We must not speak all that we know (says Montaigne), that were it folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is a mockery.