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THE GARLAND.

From the Boston Courier.

"*What a piece of work is Man.*"

Our hopes are a cheat and our joys are a dream,
We are dew on the flowers, we are flies on the stream,
And downward we float, without caution or fear,
For the current is smooth, and the cataract near.

And sooner with evil, than good, we comply,
For we love for a season, but hate till we die;
We forgive in our foes any injury past,
But those that we injure, we pardon the last.

What is Friendship?—a wish to make use of our friends?
Ambition?—bad means to accomplish worse ends.
What is Love?—he will find in his bosom who delves,
'Tis that ardent affection we feel for ourselves.

Our Love is all selfish; our Honor is pride—
For many a wretch like a hero has died.
Our Wit is but Malice, and who tries to smother
The laugh it excites at the cost of another?

Our reason, what is 't? I am blushing for mine,
It has led me in many a devour line.
Or, if Reason and Passion blow contrary ways,
Which, pray, is the impulse the vessel obeys?

Yet high are the hopes of a being so frail.
When his eye becomes dim and his cheek waxes pale,
That his Spirit will rise when the struggle is o'er,
Where love is eternal, and sin is no more.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boys!
While like an eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
The land upon our lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And white waves heaving high:
And white waves heaving high, my boys!
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And hark! the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud:
The wind is piping loud, my boys!
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea. [*English paper.*

GOING TO LAW.

An Upper and a Lower Mill
Fell out about their water;
To war they went, that is, to law,
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged;
And hotly they contended;
When fees grew slack, the war they waged,
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled without pother—
One Lawyer took the Upper Mill,
The Lower Mill, the other. [*N. Eng. Farmer.*

THE MISCELLANIST.

THE WIG.

(FROM THE MORNING HERALD.)

It is a lamentable feature in this age of intellect and innovation, that the wig—that venerable appendage of Bench and Bar—is looked on with an evil eye by many eminent members of the Bar itself, and by none of them more than by his Majesty's present Attorney General, who, on divers occasions lately, has manifested a feeling, towards the wig, which some people might denominate "an ignorant impatience of the wig"—albeit he hath himself the reputation of being strongly addicted to Whiggism. Whether this impatience—this dislike of the wig, arises from the original cost of the wig—yet that's not much; or from the expense of keeping the wig in order—yet that's not much; or from the tendency of the wig to derange a natural and fashionably-arranged crop—which certainly is something; or whether they are anxious to do away with the prevailing notion, that the wisdom lieth in the *wig* instead of the *wearer* thereof; certain it is that the *fall of the wig* is contemplated as a consummation almost devoutly to be wished.

Now all this is extremely ungrateful and injudicious—ungrateful in the elderly members of the profession, and injudicious in the younger ones; for the wig has done, is doing, and will continue to do, good service to all of them; provided they will but retain it. The wig giveth dignity to countenances in which dignity doth not naturally abide. The wig giveth an appearance of wisdom and learning to heads in which wisdom never dwelt and into which learning could never gain admittance. The wig giveth to unfledged youth the semblance of maturity; and moreover, the wig covereth a multitude of organic craniological malformations which, if left uncovered, would inevitably keep their owners *briefless*—now that almost every attorney in the land is skilled in craniology.—(This is a great point in favour of the wig, and ought to be *saved*, if all the others fail.)—The wig also preventeth the undue evaporation of learning; which, but for the wig, might go off insensibly by a thousand nameless pores, instead of being ready for delivery through the proper aperture when wanted. Moreover the wig, being always ready, it giveth the young Barrister time for the study of the law: which time, if wigs were not, would be spent in the application of bears' grease and curling fluids to the hairs which *nature* had given him:—In reference to which application of bears' grease, &c. it may be as well to quote a case in point, as we find it laid down in *North's Translation* of the *Apxontopoanotion*, vol. 1, folio 875.

"Plutarch, in his Apothegmes, saieth that Phylippe, Kynge of Macedony created for Judge of a province a frende of hys; who, after he saw hym selfe in such office, occupyed hym selfe more in Kemipynge hys heade, than in workinge or studyinge hys bookes. Kynge Phylippe being informed of the vanytye and insodencye of this Judge, revoked ye power which he had given hym; and when the Judge complayned to all of the wronge and grefe which was done unto hym, Kynge Phylippe sayed unto him—'I gave thee that office, thinkynge that thou wert vertous, sage, honest, and also a man well occupied; and me thinketh thou rather occupiest thyselfe in beholdynge thy persone, than in governynge wel my commonwealthe, for the Judge outhe to be so occupyed in the admynistration of the commonwealthe that he shoulde have no leisure, at any time to Keame hys heade.'—These wordes the good Kynge Phylippe spake unto ye Judge whom he dysplaced of hys office for being too fyne and dylygeute in Keameynge hys head and trimmynge hys persone."

Thus we see, that in the days of good King Philip, more than two thousand years ago, a fine fat Judgeship was irrevocably lost for the want of that very thing which the *incipient* Judges of the present day are so anxious—so blindly anxious to get rid of:—to wit, the *Wig*, for there can be no question that had wigs been worn in the Macedonian Courts, this particular Judge would have worn a wig likewise:—consequently he would have had no inducement to spend time in combing his hair: consequently he would have had more time to attend to the duties of his Judgeship:—consequently he would have retained Judgeship:—instead of which he lost his Judgeship, and the emoluments thereupon accruing were lost to his heirs, administrators, and executors for ever—and all for the lack of a Wig!—We, therefore, in the expressive language of Thomson, conclude and say:—

Ye learned Lawyers, *venerate* the WIG!
And o'er your heads, and long descending necks,
Let horse hair spread its glory to our gaze,
Luxuriant and well-powder'd!—and as strife,
Far through its stupid turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and by a thousand ways,
Sends all the cash of life into your chests;
So with superior boon, may your great skill,
Exuberant, the Law's dear blessings pour,
O'er every land; your well-breech'd clients strip;
And be the absorbing *drainery* of a world!

The Fall of Jotapata.—The seige of Jotapata called forth the most extraordinary acts of valour on the parts of the combatants; but notwithstanding the prodigies of valour which were performed by the Jews during its investment, "the end of Jotapata drew near. For forty-seven days its gallant inhabitants had resisted all the discipline and courage of the Roman army, under their most skilful general; they had confronted bravery with bravery, and stratagem with stratagem. They were now worn out with watching and fatigue, and wounds, and thirst. Their ranks were dreadfully thinned; and the over-wearied survivors had to fight all day and watch all night. A deserter found his way to the camp of Vespasian, and gave intelligence of the enfeebled state of the garrison, urging him to make an assault at the early dawn of morning, when the centinels were apt to be found sleeping on their posts. Vespasian suspected the traitor, for nothing had been more striking during the seige than the fidelity of the Jews to their cause. One man who had been taken had endured the most horrible torments, and, though burnt in many parts of his body, steadily refused to betray the state of the town, till at length he was crucified. Still the story bore marks of probability; and Vespasian thinking that no stratagem could inflict great injury on his powerful army, prepared for the assault. A thick morning mist enveloped the whole city, as at the appointed hour the Romans, with silent step, approached the walls. Titus was the first to mount, with Domitius Sabinus, a tribune, and a few soldiers of the fifteenth legion. They killed the centinels and stole quietly down into the city. Sextus Cerealis and Placidus followed with their troops. The citadel was surprised; it was broad day, yet the besieged, in the heavy sleep of fatigue, had not discovered that the enemy was within the walls; and even now, those who awoke saw nothing but the dim and blinding mist.—But by this time the whole army was within the gates, and they were awakened to a horrible sense of their situation, by the commencement of the slaughter. The Romans remembered what they had suffered during the seige, and it was not a time when mercy and compassion, foreign to their usual character, could arrest the arm of vengeance. They charged furiously down from the citadel, hewing their way through the multitude, who, unable to defend themselves, stumbled, and were crushed in the uneven ways, or were suffocated in the narrow lanes, or rolled headlong down the precipices. Nothing was to be seen but slaughter; nothing heard but the shrieks of the dying, and the shouts of the conquerors. A few of the most hardy had gathered round Josephus, and mutually exhorted each other to self destruction. As they could not slay the enemy, they would not be tamely slain by them. A great number fell by each other's hands. A few of the guard, who had been at first surprised, fled to a tower on the northern part of the wall, and made some resistance. At length they were surrounded, and gave themselves up to be quietly butchered. The Romans might have boasted that they had taken the city without the loss of a man, had not a centurion, named Antonius, been slain by a stratagem. There were a great number of deep caverns under the city, in which many took refuge; one of these being hotly pursued, entreated Antonius to reach his hand to him, as a pledge of accepting his surrender, as well as to help him to clamber out. The incautious Roman stretched out his hand, the Jew instantly pierced him in the groin with a lance, and killed him. That day all were put to the sword who appeared in the streets and houses; the next, the conquerors set themselves to search the caverns and underground passages, still slaughtering all the men, and sparing none but infants and women; 1200 captives were taken. During the seige and capture 40,000 men fell. Vespasian gave orders that the city should be razed to the ground, and all the defences burnt. Thus fell Jotapata, on the 1st day of Panemus (July.")—*History of the Jews, vol. 2.*

Horne Tooke, says Lady Morgan, used to tell a juvenile story to my husband (who in his boyhood partook of the "Diversions of Purley") very illustrative of the narrater. Horne when at Eton, was one day asked by the master why a certain verb governed a particular case? He answered, "I don't know."—"That's impossible," said the master: "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate." Horne however persisted, and the master flogged. After punishment, the pedagogue quoted the rule of grammar; Horne instantly replied, "I know that very well; but you did not ask for the rule, you demanded the reason." Here we have the perspicuity of the mature dialectician, and the drogged obstidacy which would not yield a step to authority, and could purchase a victory at any expense of suffering. Opinions may change, but the man in his leading characteristics, is at fifty what he is at thirteen.

A Liberal Proposal.—A short time since, a prisoner in the Fleet sent to his creditor to inform him that he had a proposal to make. On his arrival the prisoner observed, "I have been thinking it a very foolish thing for me to lie here, and put you to the expense of 2s. 4d. a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness, and God knows what it may cost you in the end. Therefore, what I propose in this: you shall let me out of prison, and instead of 2. 4d. you shall allow me 1s. 6d. a week, and the other 10d. shall go to the discharge of the debt."

Dr. Macullock's ideal history of the origin of a Town.—In the case of country towns, where a Highland laird or a speculating society has not interfered, it is a matter of analysis, for the fashionable science of political economy, to discover how one of them has grown, or by what cement it is united. There is a church; that is the ordinary foundation. Where there is a church there must be a parson, a clerk, a sexton, and a midwife. Thus we account for four houses. An inn is required on the road. This produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the midwife, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plumb-puddings, and a grocer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority in dress, whence flows a milliner, and mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig, and to shave the smith on Saturday nights, and a stationer to furnish the ladies with paper for their sentimental correspondence; an excisemen is sent to guage the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies cannot spell. A hatter, a hosier, and a linen draper follow by degrees; and as children come into the world, they begin to cry out for rattles and gingerbread. The parson becomes idle and gouty and gets a curate, and the curate gets a wife and 20 children; thus it becomes necessary to have more shoemakers, and tailors, and grocers. Alas! too happy people! for in the meanwhile a neighbouring apothecary, hearing with indignation that there is a community living without physic, places three blue bottles in a window, when on a sudden, the parson, the butcher, the innkeeper, the parson's wife, and the grocer's wife, become billious and find that they have got nerves, and their children get water in the head, teeth, and convulsions. They are bled and blistered till a physician finds it convenient to settle: the inhabitants become worse and worse every day, and an undertaker is established. The butcher having called the tailor pricklouse over a pot of ale, Snip, to prove his manhood, knocks him down with the goose. Upon this plea an action of assault is brought at the next sessions. An attorney sends his clerk over to take depositions and collect evidence: the clerk, finding a good opening, sets all the people by the ears, becomes a pettyfogging attorney, and peace flies the village for ever. But the village becomes a town, acquires a bank, a mechanic's institute, a circulating library, and a coterie of old maids;—and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter sessions of its own, a county assembly, the assizes, and the gallows.

Prototype of Dominie Sampson.—From the tale of Guy Mannering we extract the following outline of the story of Dominie Sampson, by which it appears, that the character of the worthy Dominie is not altogether so fictitious as may have been imagined, and which, from the rectitude and simplicity of character evinced by the individual, will, to many readers, prove highly interesting:—"Such a preceptor as Mr. Sampson is supposed to have been, was actually tutor in the family of a gentleman of considerable property. The young lads, his pupils, grew up and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, no uncommon circumstance in Scotland, (in former days,) where food and shelter were readily afforded to humble friends and dependents. The laird's predecessors had been imprudent, he himself was passive and unfortunate. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and incapacity. Debts increased and funds diminished, until ruin came. The estate was sold; and the old man was about to remove from the house of his fathers, to go he knew not whither, when, like an old piece of furniture, which, left alone in its wonted corner, may hold together for a long while, but breaks to pieces on an attempt to move it, he fell down on his old threshold under a paralytic affection. The tutor awakened as from a dream. He saw his patron dead, and that his patron's only remaining child, an elderly woman, now neither graceful nor beautiful, if she had ever been either the one or the other, had by this calamity become a homeless and penniless orphan. He addressed her nearly in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Bertram, and professed his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, roused to the exercise of talents which had long slumbered, he opened a little school, and supported his patron's child for the rest of her life, treating her with the same humble observance and devoted attention which he had used towards her in the days of her prosperity.—*Liverpool Courier.*

Marriage.—Look at the great mass of marriages which takes place over the whole world, what poor contemptible, common place affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling about on each other's arm, looking at waterfalls or making morning calls and guzzling wine and cake; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine: The wife sits on one side of the hearth, the husband at the other, and little quarrels, little pleasure, little cares, and little children, gradually gather round them. This is what ninety nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

A gentleman, just recovering from the fit of the gout, received from an illiterate friend a letter, commencing—"this leaves me *hopping*." In his reply, he drily observed—"Your letter found me *just as it left you—hopping*."

The Cultivation of Tobacco in Great Britain.—That the tobacco plant may be produced to any extent in the British Islands is beyond a question. It grows in all the temperate zones to a high latitude. It is cultivated extensively in Germany and the Low Countries, and even in Sweden. It required all the intemperate laws of King James and his successors to repress its progress in England. During the American war, and previous to the application to Scotland of the prohibitory laws by the act of 1782, it was cultivated on the banks of the Tweed and Teviot with the most promising results. This act overtook the planters in the midst of their labours, and compelled them to root up their plantations, and dispose of the produce to Government at a third part of its market price. But this is not all. The plant had, at length, taken root in Ireland, notwithstanding the absurd anomaly in the law, which allowed the cultivation of the plant, but not its manufacture afterwards. Suited, in a remarkable manner, to cottage culture, and the state of small possessions existing in that country, there cannot be a doubt that the cultivation required only a beginning, to extend itself over the whole of the island. But the progress was proposed to be arrested in the very last session of Parliament, by another of those tobacco acts, as unjustifiable, we conceive, as any that had preceded it. The argument by which this measure has been sought to be defended is, that the law of Ireland cannot be kept different, in this respect, from the law of England. This may be conceded, but not the conclusion that is attempted to be drawn. The law of Ireland ought not to be made worse, but the law of England better; and the argument can be held in nothing satisfactory which would justify the extension of a law, not because it diffuses a good, but because it produces an uniformity of evil. The duty upon this commodity is plainly extended far beyond the limits which admit of a free consumption. Were the duty upon it reduced one-half or more, all analogy would lead us to infer a more than corresponding increase of demand; and if, coupled with this, the power of cultivating it were freely given, not only would an odious tax on the social comforts of the people be lessened, but a new channel would be opened for the employment of their industry. At a time when complaints are everywhere loud of want of employment, and an excess of labourers, it surely cannot be wise to persist, by a series of laws more harsh and barbarous than any other upon the same subject in Europe, in shutting out thousands of our countrymen from the means of employment in their own country. But the public attention, we believe, is now well awake to this question; and we do anticipate, with confidence, a speedy revision of the whole system, which is plainly at entire variance with all the principles which have been so recently recognised and acted on with regard to the commerce of the country.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

A Tree of Life!—The *Algarrova tree*, the growth of the Pampas and other provinces in South America, seems to have been expressly provided by Providence for the sustenance of the rude inhabitants of these districts, and, if it were by any accident to be exterminated, it is scarcely too much to say that the population would follow it! It is the universal sustenance of the poor, the idle and the destitute; there is a drink made from its bean-like pod, which is really excellent—its seeds are ground into palatable and nutritious flour—its leaves are used as the general food for cattle—and its branches, which are studded with sharp-pointed thorns, are stuck into the earth and wattled together into a sort of palisade, which even a starving bull will not attempt to break through, though he see the tempting pasture on the other side.—The wood, too, is not only excellent for all agricultural and architectural purposes, but is, from its hard and solid texture, almost as durable as coals, for fuel. Finally, even dogs are fond of the pod, and pigs fatten on it better than on any other food. The former will often leave their homes and live in the algarrova woods as long as the pod is in season; and the poor inhabitants will none of them work—nor need they—while that portion of the algarrova tree lasts.

A short time since there died at a village, a few miles from London, Mr. G. P——, a native of Yorkshire. His history is a warning to gamblers on the Stock Exchange. His parents had given him an education sufficient to qualify him for a situation in the office of a first-rate army agent, with whom, by his integrity and attention to business, he advanced himself to the station of principal clerk, at a salary of £1,500 per annum. During the war, his intercourse with military men and politicians afforded him early information of movements in state affairs, and induced him to try his hand on the Stock Exchange, where he realized at one time from £100,000 to £500,000. He then built an elegant mansion at C——n, kept horses, carriages, and a large establishment. His acquaintances (who then called themselves his friends) visited him regularly, and were always received with great hospitality. He purchased also a large estate in Hampshire, and another in Sussex, to the latter of which was attached a rotten borough, by means of which he proposed to become a legislator. In 1819, however, the scale turned against him, but still hoping for better luck he continued a stock-jobber, until at length his money being gone, there were no more time-bargains, and he retired to a furnished lodging, with two old and faithful servants, a man and his wife, who expended all the savings of their industry (several hundred pounds) in the support of their master. In August last the poor man died, at the age of 68 years, without apparent disease, but broken hearted by misfortune and neglect. The faithful servant applied to several gentlemen who had been in habits of intimacy with his master when he was in prosperity, to enable him to bury the corpse in a descent manner but in vain. To prevent, however, the remains of one to whom he was devoted being carried to the grave as a pauper, the poor man literally pawned his industry, by contracting a debt of £10, to secure what he called a decent interment, for one whose adversity he had cheered by constant assiduity and attention.—*World.*

Anecdote.—A young lawyer, boasting of his readiness to undertake the defence of any person accused of crime, declared he would as soon undertake the cause of a man whom he knew to be guilty, as one whom he believed to be innocent. An aged Quaker being present, he appealed to him for the correctness of his views—"What say you to that, old gentleman?" "Why, I say," replied the Quaker, "that if thee lived in my neighborhood, *I should keep my stable locked*—that's all."—*Berkshire American.*

Singular Misanthropy.—The Correctional Court of Versailles has recently been occupied with the trial of a man named Broguerot, who is afflicted with a very remarkable disease. At three years of age, his form was contracted by a stroke of paralysis. His quickness obtained him employment under a notary for many years. At length, he was deprived of it; and his disposition at once changed. He abandoned himself to excesses and crimes, and his punishment for one offence was immediately succeeded by the commission of another. This extraordinary criminal, in the course of his address to the court, thus explained the motives of his strange conduct:—"A burden to my parents, dangerous to society, held in horror by all mankind, though even by them less than by myself—what can I do in the world? I have no refuge but in prisons, where all is in harmony with my sorrows, and with the species of melancholy, and sometimes delirious monomania, to which I am a prey. - - - - Liberty and life are equally a burden to me. The sight of happiness in another is a real torment to me. In prison, I am in a place congenial to the sadness of my thoughts; I prefer it to the mild tranquillity of my paternal home, where I might have been happy, if the sight of a felicity of which I could never partake, and the singular and miserable imagination with which nature has gifted me, did not transform in me into a frightful punishment that which would have constituted the happiness of all others. Singular mania say you. Yes; I had the infamy to avow it to my parents; I was more happy at Poissy during my year of imprisonment than I ever was all my life before, unless, perhaps, during the peaceful days of my infancy. If the judges at Etanpes had inflicted on me the maximum of punishment for my crime, they would have saved me the pain of re-committing a disgraceful action; for it cost me many terrible struggles to make up my mind to do it."

Spanish Politeness.—The Duke of Albuquerque, when he visited the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, the British Ambassador at Madrid, in the reign of Charles the Second, said, "Madam, I am Don Juan de la Cueva, Duke of Albuquerque, Viceroy of Milan, of his Majesty's Privy Council, General of the Galleys, twice Grandee, the First Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, and a near kinsman to his Catholic Majesty, whom God long preserve;" and then rising up, and making a low reverence with his hat off, said, "These, with my family and life, I lay at your Excellency's feet."—*Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.*

The Mystic Number.—At least half of all known plants have the parts of fructification in fives, or in a number which is the product of five. The radiated division of animals, such as the sea-star, Medusa's head, and every species of coral rock, have their rays in fives, or in a number produced by some product of five. Throughout the whole vertebral division of Cuvier five is the leading number. We have five fingers to the hand, and five toes to the foot, in common with most animals which are provided with organs for suckling their young. We have five senses—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling: and Professor Eaton further says, there are five principles constituting the highest vertebral animal, to wit, man. 1. Inert matter. 2. The attractive principle. 3. The living principle. 4. The sentient principle. 5. The intellectual principle.—*Silliman's Journal of Science.*

At one of our recent convivial parties, the gudewife had invited a considerable number more of guests than squared with the gudeman's ideas of prudence and economy. On entering the house, it was discovered that there was not sufficient accommodation for "the friends." One of the party good-naturedly remarked to mine host, that there was not enough of chairs for the company, "Hoot toot," exclaimed the gudeman, who had been lost in a calculation of the probable expenses of the night's entertainment, "Hoot toot, there's plenty of chairs; but there's o'er mony folk!"—*Elgin Courier.*

Judicial Dignity.—The following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding judge of the state of Ohio. The judge was supported on the right and on the left by humble associates, and the old lady was called to give evidence.

President Judge.—Take off your bonnet, madam.

Lady.—I would rather not, sir.

P. J.—I desire you to put off your bonnet.

L.—I am informed, that in public assemblies the women should cover the head; such is the custom—and of course I will not take off my bonnet.

P. J.—Why, you are a pretty woman indeed! I think you had better come and take a seat on the bench.

L.—I thank you kindly, sir—but I really think *there are old women enough there already.*—*American paper.*

Power of the Press.—The following is the motto of a late number of the London Mechanic's Magazine: "One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them is obliterated; and like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations."

EXCERPTS.

"The world is a great book, of which they that never stir from home read only a page.—*Augustine.*

"A fu' purse never lacks friends."—*Scotch.*

"Too much diffidence, as well as too forward a disposition, may impede a man's fortune."

"He that spares when he is young, may spend when he is old."

"It is a miserable hospitality to open your doors and shut your countenance."

"Men, apt to promise, are apt to forget."

"Quick returns make rich merchants."

"Love is a sweet tyranny, because the lover endureth his torments willingly."—*Nephas.*

"If rich, be not elated; if poor, be not dejected."—*Socrates.*

"Depend not on fortune, but conduct."—*Pub. Cyrus.*