

eyes. Look with
ief. Hark, in thine
ustice, which is the
? and the creature
eat image of anthro-
cozener. Through
ed gowns hide all.
less breaks: arm it
yes if thou art blind,
y politician oft will
s preservation from
ther of the various
st the assaults of
lphur, and plant it
means so efficacious
being soaked some
f this application on
the largest and best
Break off the most
e shoots out as you
es: break them from
ill the more readily
planting deprives it
nd exposes it to a
and that becomes
ting to the surface.
y your gardens sho-

were all alive; no
go through; where
ial crew, to treat
neath the *sycamore*,
w should be begun.
edence take the les-
yield. Before the
ey work it who are
in the cool of the
the sun's scorching
il, and repose you
before, till the heat
e shun cold water's
don't wish yourself
ard in a glow, lest

ee;
ase."

So said Alexander the great. But all seek pleasure in one mode or another, and fancy they obtain it, while few look for contentment, or, if they do, ever think they find it. All, then, should be in action, since they wish for pleasure. To action, too, should all resort, if they wish for health, without which no pleasure can be enjoyed. Exercise is the true elixir of life, so long sought for in vain by the ancient alchemists, while sweating at midnight over their crucibles, and watching the birth of the *grand arcanum*. The Persian physician was well aware of this, who ordered a hollow battle-door to be made, in which he enclosed his medicines, and requested his king, on whom luxury and indolence had fastened a complication of disorders, to play daily with the instrument at shuttlecock.—Hear what the famous German doctor Siegfried Schroeder Schoenderbrohgendostruger, says to this very point, in the 999th page of the 222d fol. vol. of his immortal work, entitled, "Ich Den Eifrigen Lehrer Der Warheit Beit Der Froh Die Hand," or, Physic brought home to every one's business and *bosom*; the idea is no less grand than original.—'Keep no more cats than will catch mice; if you do, my word for it, you will have a sickly house, overrun, not only with the mice aforesaid, but, what is much more to the purpose, with as many powders, and drops, and pills, and boluses, and nostrums, as if pomp itself had determined to listen to poor king Lear, and take physic in earnest. No; and if they won't *rat* it nor *mouse* it, I would join issue with my brother San-grago of Spain, and prescribe warm water, till the house became too hot to hold them.' Perhaps, had this celebrated *Æsculapius* lived in our day, when *steam* is applied to so many and various uses, he might have ordered them to be got *steamy*, and then sent packing.

Dig ripe potatoes, and such as have dead vines. Inoculate fruit trees. Pull flax.—Drain marshes. Be not too fond of finery.

SEPTEMBER.—"Cassius is a-weary of the world!" cries Peter Piper; "ay? why so, Cassius?" questions uncle Rubby, "*becayse* I've nothing to wet my whistle, and 'tis pugnacious hard work to beat Nicky's tattoo along these dusty by-paths, with not a tester in one's pouch; I'm every moment ready to exclaim, somewhat in king Richard the hunchback's despairing note, my kingdom for a—dram!—Archimedes or Pythagoras was a *pinguidacious* dolt to horrah, and cry *cureka*, only for having, like a simple school-boy, figured out a sorry problem; had it been a toss of whiskey that he had clutched, he had had reason to cry, "I have found it." And I submit it to the great belligerents of Congress, whether gin, whiskey, brandy, and porter ought not to be considered articles contraband of war, and may not be lawfully seized as such on the grand highway to the several territories of the high contending powers; and whether such matters and things ought not specially to be reserved for the aid, comfort, and sustentation of us, the busy yeomanry, who are plodding our weary way on the neutral ground of our own fields and forests, peaceful and temperate as cows on a common, or geese on a green.—I, one of the sovereign people, want whiskey, and will have it, peacefully if I can, forcibly if I must." "Here, take this fourpence," says Rubby; "cease your rant and cant, get your morning, and guzzle it; and