

exhale, and leave the salt crystallized. The other is, by boiling down the solution, till, on dropping a little of it on a cold glass plate, crystalline filaments appear; then covering the vessel, and suffering it to cool very slowly: Some of the difficultly crystallizable salts are made to shoot more freely, by adding, after sufficient evaporation, a small proportion of rectified spirit of wine, which weakens the dissolving power of water on most kinds of sa-

line bodies.—As different salts require different quantities of water to keep them suspended; when two or more are dissolved together, they begin to concrete at different periods of the evaporation, that which requires most water for its dissolution, shooting first, and leaving the more soluble dissolved: On this foundation, salts are purified, by crystallization, from admixtures of one another.

INCONVENIENCES FROM A TOO LOVING WIFE.

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

MART.

HARD is the lot of that man who is plagued with a wanton wife, a jealous wife, a drunken wife, or a scolding wife, but it is better to have a wanton, jealous, drunken, or scolding wife, nay, I may say all together, than to be yoked to a loving wife. The wanton wife will let the poor man wear his horns on his head with peace and quiet, if he will give her no interruption in planting them there. The jealous wife will cease upbraiding, while her deary is fixt to her apron string. The drunken wife is at least sober when she wakes in the morning; and the scolding wife, we may suppose, is quiet when she is asleep. But the loving wife torments her unfortunate helpmate, morning, noon, and night, and all night too.

When my dear partner, who, I may say, is the most loving of her sex, first wakes in the morning, if she finds me asleep, seldom fails of letting me know that she thinks I have had rest enough, and that to sleep much is not good for me. If I happen to be awake when she first opens her eyes, she will not suffer me to get up, insisting I must take another nap, for she is sure I have had but an indifferent night. When we get to breakfast, if I choose toast, it is ten to one but she finds it gave me the headache the day before, and then I must eat bread and butter; if I chose the latter, it is the same odds but I am obliged to eat Yorkshire muffin, because she knew I was fond of it. Sometimes she turns down my cup herself, after the first dish, because she fancies my hand shakes, and tea is nervous. At other times I am swilled with half pint after half pint, as she conceives I ate too much supper over night, and tea is good for digestion. One time I am poisoned with brandy in my dish, at another with sal-

mon, though she knows I detest them both;—but it is good for me, she says.

If I happen to come home any short time before dinner, I am obliged to swallow down a large dish of chocolate, and to eat a saucer of dry toast, though perhaps I was just come from the coffee-house, to keep the wind off my stomach; and I am in great luck that a pint basin of pease soup, in which a spoon will stand upright is not set before me, by way of whet to my appetite. Though my loving torment, may have thus crammed me like a turkey, till the dinner makes its appearance upon the table, I am obliged to eat whatever she puts on my plate, or she is otherwise the most miserable creature alive, and is sure I am not well, which never fails of introducing the apothecary into the house, almost as soon as the cloth is taken away. And I have more than once, on such an occasion, suffered myself, to be drenched with gallons of camomile tea, because no remonstrances could satisfy her but my stomach was out of order. If I presume to help myself at table, my female Sancho Panza physician is ready with her interdict to restrain me. If I call for small-beer, perhaps my sweet loving wife thinks water better for me; and should this have been my choice, it is great odds but she orders wine to be mixt with it, as it is too cold for my stomach alone. Do I go to hob or nob in white wine, I am probably told red is better for my nerves; and should I mention red, she would insist white is better for my cold. When the desert appears, though I am in general fond of fruit and sweet-meats, I almost tremble at the sight of it, for as the dear loving soul is fond of these things herself, she thinks she cannot give a stronger proof of her regard for me, than in making me eat what she likes best. Accordingly, if