

RANDOM READINGS.—"I wish you had been Eve," said an archin to a stingy old aunt, proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because (said he) you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

AN OLD COACHMAN.—A Devizes stage-coachman remarked, that he had been driving just two centuries and a half. Some bystanders, reasonably doubting the assertion, the coachman added, "Gentlemen, my fare consisted of four persons, whose united ages amounted to the exact number of two hundred and fifty years."

The celebrated Whiston was asked by a lady why woman was made out of the rib? After reflecting a moment, the philosopher replied, "Indeed, my lady, I don't know, except it was because the rib is the crookedest part of the body."

A Yankee love-letter, breathing flames, darts, and extasies inexpressible, ends in these terms—Oh, come, my delight, and breathe upon me with seraphic breath! When you do come, be sure and bring that 30 cents which you borrowed of me, as I want to buy some 'backer.

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion; when the lawyer observed, "that those who lived by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," replied the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

A gentleman meeting a friend who was involved, expressed regret for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply, "It's not I, but my creditors who are embarrassed."

PAT AND THE DOCTOR.—Abernethy, the celebrated surgeon, finding a large pile of paving stones opposite his door, on his return home one afternoon in his carriage, swore hastily at

Time.—Whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posteth and the sand runs. In all the actions that man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue; but the indifference which follows upon good actions is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminishes our time here, yet it lays up a pleasure for eternity, and will recompense what it taketh away with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do not buy pleasure with expense of time; so it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. Time is a ship which never anchors; while abroad, I had better do those things that

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