

mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honor, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connection of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before anything great and admirable.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he find his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

THE GREAT CALAMITY.

The common calamities of life may be endured—poverty, sickness and even death may be met; but there is that which, while it brings all these with it, is worse than all these together. When the husband or the father forgets the duties he once delighted to fulfil, and by slow degrees becomes the creature of intemperance, there enters into his home the sorrow that rends the spirit, that will not be comforted.—It is here above all, where she who has ventured every thing is lost. Woman, suffering woman! here bends to her direst affliction. The measure of her wo, in truth, is full, whose husband is a drunkard. Who shall protect her when he is her insulter, her oppressor? What shall delight her when she shrinks from the sight of his face and trembles at the sound of his voice? The heart is indeed dark that he has made desolate. In the dull hour of midnight, she weeps; her griefs are known only to herself, her bruised heart bleeds in secret—while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return, that will only wring from her by his unkindness, tears even more scalding than those shed over his transgressions. They fling a deeper gloom across the present; memory turns back and broods upon the past. Like the recollections of the sun-stricken pilgrim, other days come over her as if only to mock her parched and weary spirit—She recollects the ardent lover whose graces won her from the home of her infancy, the enraptured father who bent with such delight over her new born children; asks if this can really be him; this sunken being who has nothing for her but a sot's disgusting brutality; nothing for these abashed and trembling children, but the sot's disgusting example? Can we wonder that amidst these agonizing moments the tender cords of violated affection should burst asunder? That the scorned and deserted wife should confess, "there is no killing like that which kills the heart?" That though it would have been hard for her to kiss for the last time the cold lips of her dear husband, and lay his body for ever in the dust, it is harder to behold him so debased in life, that even his death would seem a mercy? Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name, the example of virtues that should blossom for his

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