

or misfelt and Master Tommy muttered the word vixen, and took a year of his precious speech from her, by the calender of spite. As a tribute to the memory of the dead a monument of stupendous size was raised with an epitaph a folio long, commemorating virtues, we all must die to have discovered.—Wealth to the virtuous, brings happiness—to the frivolous, depravity—and thus it is when I look around me and see those towering in purse pride for whom near and dear friends have benefited in their hour of need, forgetful of the *past*; but why dwell on the world's ingratitude! is it not proverbial?—do we not daily see *grey heads* scorned; *ties* which God has put upon us of *kindred* rent asunder, and the beings that have received our bounty from their very birth *sting* the hand that fostered them? Oh! do we not live in an unsympathetic world; where years only will bring the knowledge, that our pilgrimage in this, is but to purify us for a better? but I digress.

To me years had elapsed since my Uncle Toby's death, but with it "not forgetfulness" here have we evidences of the value of "riches" in cut stone fronts, "washing tub societies," gas companies, continental tours with their usual accompaniments of descriptions of Herculaneum, Carnival and its ceremonies, the Pope's big toe, and the Priest's little one; Paris and its pick-pocket fascinations, and London with its Westminster, St. Paul's, Horse Guards, House of Lords, House of Commons, and lord knows how many other houses, and then he must not forget Lord Powder Puff's dinner the last he was at, there I mean (and first too by the bye) and all the airs and elegancies appertaining to such great people, and in fact relating so many things, and grasping at so much, for the benefit of his wonder-struck auditors, that he reminds one "of a tree too crowded with blossoms, ever to ripen into sound fruit," but such must be the case in a bird's eye view of every thing, and a stock of knowledge, accumulated during a tour of a few months; by persons fancying, that this is sufficient for a traveller's name, and the world's wisdom, while they have yet to learn, that is gathered from *thorns* not flowers. Giving a just tribute to the