

the grain: and old Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "gets a
s of wheat, wild, it will never likely have a good brain."—"It is
es, it would either be remarkable," says Darwin, "that all the diseases from
of vermin, or drinking spirituous or fermented liquors, are liable to be-

We have become hereditary, even to the third and fourth generation,
an excellent gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, till the
gentleman stately becomes extinct." Only think of a drunken bride-
quick lime into him! a beast that swills during the honey-moon!—
bushel of wheat, insensible by the side of a sweet, delicate, loving,
to remain above an even loving creature, yet in her teens! An old, useless,
and the temperate bachelor may drink till he dies—little harm can
the wheat become to any body but himself, though to be sure he may
never, it sproutedly distress his old maiden sister and house-keeper
remarkably, amozzy, and break the affectionate and faithful creature's
y free from anast. But a married man, a father of sons and daughters,
has been recommending, or willing to smile, round his board, to be a
My method is this: kard! He deserves that death should come stealth-
to each bushel of grain, once a month, like an unseen tiger at midnight,
of wheat, and carry them all off, one by one, to his den, the grave.
in water, till it is Nature will not endure to see her holy gifts so pro-
and from two had; sooner or later, she will show herself revenger
and the morning avenger; and the drunkard will be forced to feel
rel and draw of a very man at last, when his little Benjamin, the
e survivor of all the many, whose mother died that
following recipe might be born, is buried with the rest; and the bro-
gly recommends the hearty wretch's town house and country house, each
ef and pork for sale, four stories above ground, besides two sunken ones,
ne name of *Knickerbocker*, commodious garrets, have emptied themselves,
ater, 9 lbs. salting room, drawing room, parlours, libraries, and bed
ances of saltpetres, into the church yard!—*Blackwood's Mag.*

es to every suit the Assizes at Horsham, a clodhopper of the real
sex breed, underwent a sharp cross examination by one
sentary. By the Learned Counsel, in the course of which he was
n vinegar as mused, who his sleeping partner in business was? "My
to an open bottling partner," replies Hodge, scratching his head,
bottle should be giving his hat, which he held by the band in his
foam; this done, another turn, and staring at the same time
ted take a large interlocutor, as much as to say, "I wonder what
of boiling water devil's coming next," my "sleeping partner? dang it,
he finds relief got noa sleeping partner, but Mary." The Court
says the recipe convulsed with laughter; when it had somewhat
axed and exhausted, the Counsel resumed—"You say your sleep-
ne remedy is a partner is Mary, pray who is Mary?" "Why doesn't
know Mary?" rejoined Hodge, grinning till his fat
sin for a virtuous cheeks almost closed his eyes, "Why she is my
drunken maister, to be sure!!