

Literary and Miscellaneous.

From The New York American.

"BOLLINGBROKE."

"But the star of Lord Bollingbroke was no longer in the ascendant. He could not mingle in public life, and in the sterner of festivity around which his presence once shed a fascinating charm, he passed almost unnoticed. He was emphatically alone, and had he not at length found a holier source of happiness, would have gone down to the grave a gloomy and disappointed man."

He stood alone—where bright eyes shone,
Within the lighted hall,
And there no long remembered tone,
Did on his spirit fall.
The idolized of other days,
Swept by him in the dance;
But not for him were words of praise,
Or Beauty's thrilling glance.

He walked alone—the path he trod,
Was shunned as if a spell,
Rested upon the very sod,
On which his footsteps fell.
No hand was there to scatter flowers
Upon his lonely way:
Those he had loved in boyhood's hours—
They, too, had shrunk away.

He wept alone! No voice was near
To bid his sorrow cease,
To dry the mourner's bitter tear,
And whisper hope and peace;
He asked it not: there is a pride
Within the wounded heart,
That, like the dying dove, would hide
The keen and poison'd dart.

He knelt alone! What then to him
Were all the scoffs of men?
The star of faith no more was dim,
And little reck'd he then
Of aught save that bright world above,
Beyond the clear blue sky,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love—
His better home on high.

Oh, not alone, are those who find
That gift of purest worth,
The gems of the immortal mind,
Can meet no home on earth!
Why should the gifted ever bend
Before Ambition's throne—
And find, when life's vain changes end,
Themselves indeed alone?

Y. Z. A.

THE PILL-TAKER.

Whether it was in consequence of an epidemic prevailing, or of the season, which was Christmas, and the consequent repletion attendant on it, that had caused such an unusual influx of customers to the shop of Andrew, Chemist and Druggist in the town of Fife, certain it is that he and his boy had been more than usually employed in compounding aperients and emetics for the inhabitants of the good city; never before had such a demand on his gallies and bottles been made—never before had blue pill and jalap been used in such profusion, and never before had Andrew felt more sincere pleasure than he derived that evening, from the market-house clock striking eleven, his signal for closing. With alacrity his boy accepted his permission to depart and left his master to enjoy solitude for the first time during that day; and to calculate the quantity of drugs made use of during it. This was not small—14½ oz. blue pill, 4 lb. jalap, besides colocyth, senna and rhubarb, at the lowest computation, had he prepared for the good townfolk of Fife; innumerable had been the cases of cholera morbus, and plumb pudding surfeits he had relieved that day, and the recollection of the proportion of evil he had been the means of alleviating, gave him the most pleasing sensations. The profit also accruing from his day's labor, contributed no small share of pleasing thoughts, and one half hour more had passed, ere it entered his mind the time for closing had more than arrived; he had, however, just risen for the purpose, when a stranger entered. Now, Andrew, though an industrious man, would willingly have dispensed with any other call for his services that evening, and not altogether so obligingly as usual did he welcome his customer, but awaited his commands without deigning a question.

The stranger was not, however, long in opening his commission, neither did he appear to take Andrew's inattention at all amiss; he seemed one of those happy beings upon whom outward circumstances make little or no impression, who could be either civil or otherwise, as should happen to suit his humor, and who cared little for any opinion but his own. His broad and ample shoulders, over which were cast a large cochineal coat, with its innumerable capes, and his hands thrust into the pockets, and his round, ruddy, good humoured face, showed that the cares and troubles of the world had made but little impression upon him. Andrew had seen many a wild Highlander in his time; but either there was something peculiar in his customer, or his nerves were a little deranged by his exertions during the day; an indefinite sensation of fear came over him, for which he could not account, and his first impulse was to run to the door for assistance. But then he bethought himself he might, perchance, fall into the hands of some of those night prowlers, who report says, make no scruple of supplying medical students with living subjects if they cannot procure dead ones. And more, did he leave his shop, his till would be left to the tender mercies of the stranger; he was, therefore, compelled to summon courage, and demand the stranger's business. This was not so difficult to him, perhaps, as we may imagine, Andrew having formerly served in the militia; but it appeared that his fears had alarmed him far more than there was any occasion, for on asking the stranger's business, he in the most polite manner only requested him to prepare a box of moderately strong aperient pills. This at once relieved his fears, though it did not entirely remove them, and Andrew quickly set about the necessary preliminaries. Blue pills and jalap once more were in request, but so much had the stranger's sudden appearance agitated him he could not recollect their places so readily as usual, and he was more than once on the point of mixing quite the reverse of what he intended.

The stranger observed to him he appeared agitated, and politely begged he would wait a little and compose himself, as he was in no hurry. Here all Andrew's fears returned, and in spite of all his efforts his hands shook as though he had the palsy, and never had the preparation of a box of pills appeared so irksome to him. It seemed as though the very medicine itself had this evening conspired to torment him; three times longer than it usually took him had already told the hour of midnight, still Andrew was delayed for a moment through mere inability to proceed, the stranger politely besought him to rest a few minutes and compose himself, and Andrew, for very shame was compelled to resume his occupation. At length his labours drew to an end, he prepared the label, pasted it on, neatly covered the box with blue paper, and presented it to the stranger.

"I will thank you for a glass of water," said he, as he bowed to Andrew on receiving the box, "and I see, sir, you have given me a smartish dose. All these pills to be taken at bed time: but so much the better, they will perform their required duty sooner. I have ere now, mastered a leg of mutton; and some writer affirms the human stomach can digest a ten-penny tail, so here goes."

It was in vain Andrew assured him he had made a mistake in the directions, and that one pill was sufficient; in vain he remonstrated with him on the danger of taking a larger dose; pill after pill disap-

peared from his alarmed view, while between every three or four, in the same equable and polite tone came, "I will thank you to prepare me another box, and compose yourself, Sir; I'm in no hurry." Who could the stranger be? Andrew was now at the very climax of alarm; the perspiration stood on his brow, and his hands trembled so as to render it almost impossible to reach down his jars without damaging them. Strong doses he had certainly often prepared after a city feast, for the attendants on it; but this outdid them all. A man that could devour a leg of mutton, digest a ten-penny nail, and take a box of blue pills at a mouthful, had never entered his imagination, much less did he ever expect to see such a being in person: but he who he might, he was again obliged to commence his labour. The stranger had now finished his box, and Andrew had no alternative but to commence again, or stare him in the face; the latter he could not do, as his imagination had now metamorphosed him into something more or less than man. Once more, therefore, did Andrew ply at the pestle, while the stranger, as if to beguile the tedium of waiting, began to grow more loquacious. Had Andrew ever sought after the Philosopher's Stone, the Universal Solvent, or Elixir of Life? Did he put much faith in Solomon's Balm of Gilead, or Carrington's Pills, or did he believe in the Metempsychosis? In vain he assured him he studied nothing but the Edinburgh Dispensatory, that his shop bounded his researches; the stranger took for granted he must be able to give or receive information, and question after question did he put, to which Andrew assented without knowing their purport.

At length he seemed to have exhausted all his subjects, sat himself on the chair, as if to compose himself to sleep, and in a short time gave unequivocal proof of it. Andrew now began to breathe more freely, and ventured to cast his eyes towards his strange customer; and, after all, there was nothing to be alarmed at in his appearance, except he noticed the breath from his nostrils appeared more like the steam of a tea-kettle than the breath of a human being. Still there was nothing extraordinary in his appearance; he had a good jovial English farmer's face; and a dress that well suited it; to be sure a smile or rather grin, lurked in the corner of his mouth, even while asleep, as if he mocked poor Andrew's perplexity. He did not, however, allow much time for observation—he seemed to be intuitively aware, Andrew had ceased his usual polite manner. "Oh, I see you have finished; have the goodness to prepare me one box more; but let me pray you to take your leisure, and compose yourself, for I am in no hurry." Andrew, who had fondly hoped his labour was at an end, now found himself obliged to renew it again with vigor, while the stranger aroused himself, rose from his chair, yawned and shook himself—spoke of the comfortable nap he had enjoyed—was sorry he had kept Andrew up so late, or early rather, for it was now morning.

Andrew, though internally wishing him any where but in his shop, yet constrained himself politely to answer, that his commands gave him much pleasure. Again he renewed his toil. Box after box did he prepare without intermission, and the hours of one, two, and three, had been told in succession, by the market clock. Bitterly did he lament his destiny; long before this he ought to have been snug and comfortable in his warm bed. Anger now began to assume the place of fear, as he grew more accustomed to his visitor's company, and often did he determine in himself to refuse preparing any more. Still his courage was not at that pitch; probably his exertions, as I said before, may have injured his nerves; however, he could not rally himself enough to do it. The stranger, with his usual smile or grin, stood looking on, employing his time by beating the devil's tattoo on his boot, while at intervals came forth the usual phrase, "Another box, but don't hurry yourself." At length, mere inability to proceed any further supplied the place of courage; his arms and sides ached to such a degree with his labour, as to cause the perspiration to stand on his brow in great drops, and he declared he could proceed no further.

The alteration in the stranger's countenance told him he had better left it unsaid, and his hands instinctively grasped the pestle with renewed vigour, but his repentance came too late; the stranger's hand was already across the counter, and in a second more had grasped Andrew's nose as firmly as if it had been in a vice. Andrew strove in vain to release himself—the stranger held him with more than human grasp; and his voice, instead of the polite tone he had before used, now sounded to his terrified ears what his imagination had pictured of the Indian yell. The pain of the gripe deprived him of voice to assure his tormentor he would compound for him as long as he would wish; still he contrived to make signs to that effect, by stretching his hands towards his mortar, and imitating the action of grinding; but his tyrant was relentless—firmer did he close his forefinger and thumb. Andrew could not shake him off; like a person afflicted with night mare, he in vain assayed his strength, though agonized with fear of losing his prominent feature in the struggle. The stranger at length as if endowed with supernatural strength, lifted him from the ground, balanced him in the air for a moment, gave him a three-fold twitch, drew him head foremost over the counter, and let him fall. When he came to his senses he found himself lying outside his bed, the only injury from his fall being a broken nose.

CINCINNATI IN 1830.

Cincinnati is built upon a plain of about twelve miles in circumference. The spot is in every respect well calculated for commercial purposes, and appears to have been designed by Nature for the use to which it has been appropriated. The limits of this beautiful amphitheatre are formed by the elevation of the country rising into mountains and cliffs, and extending in a band round the city. The hills to the N. E. resemble, somewhat, the romantic scenery about the suburbs of Georgetown. The city commences immediately on the margin of the Ohio, and the communication with the numerous boats constantly crowding the shore, is by an inclined plane, paved with large and substantial rocks and forming one of the most convenient harbors in the world. The trade here is so extensive, that there are frequently twelve and fourteen large boats, awaiting their despatches, and thronging the shore at the same time. Immediately on the banks of the river are the warehouses, some of which are commodious buildings. The main street commences as you ascend the wharf; its direction is due north and south, and the industry of the citizens engaged in their active pursuits, gives it a most cheerful and animating appearance. At the extreme end of this street, the Miami Canal enters the city, striking it at right angles, and winding off in the direction of the hills. The private dwellings, in many parts of the city, are very magnificent, some of them indicating great architectural beauty. One is surprised to find, in a settlement so recent, and a population so exclusively devoted to commercial pursuits, a taste so refined and accurate. The buildings, both public and private, appear to have been constructed with a view to ornament, as well as convenience: and all contribute to the impression which the whole prospect is calculated to leave upon the mind of the visitor. On entering Cincinnati, I found my enthusiasm elevated to a pitch, which nothing but national pride, and the deep interest I take, in all that concerns the welfare of the country, could have inspired. I found in this distant land, which had always been repre-

sented as a wilderness, the bustle of activity, and enterprise. I saw here a population advancing in wealth, emulating each other in industry, and presenting indications of contentment seldom witnessed in any part of the country. It seemed as though, in this hitherto neglected obscure region, they had planted the standard of rivalry with the North and East, and were fighting the good cause of a liberal and exalted competition.

The trade carried on with the towns and villages on the range of the Ohio, is very extensive; and for this purpose no place could be more favorably situated than Cincinnati. Immediately on the banks of the river, it commands the advantage of steam boat transportation, which, from the rivalry that every where exists on the Western waters, is found to be the cheapest that can be resorted to, as it is decidedly the most expeditious. The Miami Canal, which is now in full operation, and extends to Dayton, gives it the benefit of all the inland produce, without the expense of wagon carriages. The soil of Ohio is well adapted to the purposes of agriculture, and the products of the interior contribute no small share to the prosperity of the city. The canal has already been productive of the most substantial rewards, and promises much more when the population of the State shall have advanced, and the march of improvement, increased the facilities of agricultural speculations. The produce already realized by this canal is immense. The city has extended itself for some distance along its banks, and extensive warehouses have sprung up within two years past, for the reception of the produce as it is landed. This has given so violent an impetus to the enterprise of active adventurers, that the trade at the north of the city, where the canal enters, appears almost to vie with that of the South: and the transient visitor is at a loss to determine, whence the greatest revenue is derived. Such is an imperfect sketch of Cincinnati. When we look back upon the State of Ohio a few years since, and compare it with its present flourishing condition, we may calculate on a population, in a very short time to come, inferior in the means of wealth to none at present existing on the civilized globe. We saw her not a great while ago, admitted into the Confederacy of States. She was then in the first stage of her infancy, her advantages unknown, and the whole face of her extensive and fertile territory, buried beneath the shade of the forest. The effects of civilization have been wonderful.—The wilderness has been levelled, as by a hurricane: canals have been cut, and the proud city of Cincinnati, which not long since shared the common obscurity, has grown in strength till it has attained a population of 26,000 inhabitants, and a trade threatening to surpass that of New Orleans. The march of improvement is advancing with the most rapid strides. No one who visits this happy region, can leave it, without increased convictions of the incalculable resources of our Union; and this spirit is not confined to Ohio alone; it has penetrated into remote lands, and is now infusing itself into the whole population of the West.

The Second Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, extending twelve miles above Endicott's Mills, is now open, and the cars have travelled the whole distance. As the stone for the second tract of this division is prepared, and is to be immediately conveyed along the line, passengers, for the present, can be accommodated only on those days when the working cars do not occupy the track already finished. We rode to the upper end of this division last Friday. Along the whole line, with the exception of a few yards on embankments, a stone rail is laid, apparently in the most perfect manner, forming certainly as beautiful a road to the eye, and as convenient for the purposes of transportation, as can well be imagined. The embankments mentioned, according to the plan judiciously pursued, are laid for the present with wooden rails, as they can be more conveniently taken up and replaced when this is necessary from any slight sinking of the embankments. Those, however, being few in number, and not extensive, nearly the whole distance is laid with the stone rail, which gives an admirable impression of nice work and durability. This division of the road will be seen by those interested with much satisfaction, not only from its fine execution, but from the conclusions that may be drawn from it respecting the future progress of the work. The road still pursuing the ravine of the Patapsco, of course traverses a granitic district of great ruggedness, presenting pretty much such obstacles as may be expected to be encountered in the region of the Alleghany. Yet it is curious to see with what comparative facility it is carried along. Almost the whole way, it is a shelf cut out of the bank of the stream, there being, as we have said, but inconceivable embankments, and very few thorough-cuts; and the curves though perpetual, appear no where abrupt. The structures on this part, such as bridges and culverts, though extremely substantial, appear to be finished with less cost. The second track, also of stone, is likewise in progress. Thus twenty six miles of the road are now open. The proprietors along the route already perceive the vast advantages it will afford them. To many it will be a saving of many hundred dollars in the year, on articles which they are in the habit of sending to our market, not to speak of the additional transportation of commodities whose bulk has hitherto rendered them wholly valueless in exchange.

We are strongly impressed with the belief that, by the time this road reaches its western terminus, it will have created in the intermediate region an amount of trade as great as that which was originally assumed as the basis for computing its returns to the stockholders. It is impossible to see this noble road ascending insensibly the rocky fastnesses of the interior, preserving its apparent level in the most precipitous tracks, without being struck at once with a pleasing wonder, and an entire conviction of its vast effects on trade. At the Forks of Patapsco, the termination of the Second Division, the road has reached an elevation of nearly three hundred feet above tide. Yet the traveller over these twenty six miles, fancies himself all the while on a dead level, as in fact it is, for all the purposes of transportation.

The scenery in this upper part of the ravine of the Patapsco is not inferior to that with which we are familiar in the lower part. Rock and water, hill and wood are grouped with perpetual variety. The freshness of the scene is

delightful. There are few regions better watered, and rivulets and brooks descend in great abundance from "the Ridge." For the distance of nineteen miles, the valley of the Patapsco is capable of being transformed by the hand of industry into as romantic and picturesque a spot as painter could wish to paint, or poet to sing.—*Balt American.*

From a London paper.

We were present last Wednesday at the Argyle Rooms, to witness a private rehearsal of "a musical performance of a peculiar nature," as it was described on the tickets of admission. A rather intellectual looking personage, whom we afterwards understood to be a Bavarian of the name of Vernon, made his appearance, wearing dark green spectacles, and being nevertheless apparently blind. On a table before him, placed a guitar of a new construction, the finger board being formed on the body of the instrument, which rested horizontally on the table. After a short prelude, a very extraordinary tone, resembling that of a bassoon, and proceeding from the musician's mouth, was heard; and from these materials, varied occasionally by a peculiar whistle of great brilliancy and sweetness, the artist contrived to extract some very pleasing melodies. So far, however, we discovered nothing intensely marvellous, but suddenly the cooing of doves, the twittering of birds, the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks, the bleating of sheep, and more especially the short half-stifled breathing and querulous barking of a fat overgrown lap-dog, wheezing, panting, and choking with rage and obesity—all given with the most astonishing truth, distinctness, and rapidity, and withal, set to music, and skillfully blended with a pleasing accompaniment, convulsed the audience with laughter, and elicited repeated bursts of applause.

It is rumored that the bounty of one dollar offered by the New York city authorities for every dog killed while running at large, has induced many people to kill and bring dogs from the State of New Jersey! A brisk trade in dog flesh has been kept up since the promulgation of the city ordinance. One of the New York Editors is said to have killed three dogs on Friday, with his own hands, for which he received three dollars out of the public chest.—*Boston Com. Gaz.*

Mrs. Willard's History of America.—Mrs. Willard, Principal of the Troy Female Seminary, has lately published a history of our country from its first discovery till 4th July 1826, accompanied with explanatory Maps. This work has met with much favour from many of our first teachers, and has been very generally adopted by them. An abridgement of this history has just been prepared by the author, at the request of several teachers, who considered the price of the larger work as an obstacle to its introduction into their schools—it contains rather a connected view of the principal events of American history than a detailed account of them.—*N. Y. Mer. Adv.*

THE SHIP OF THE STATE.—Fancy is one of Feeling's best allies; and reason is never so strong as when backed by imagination. Therefore, we are partial to that image, though it be as old as the island. The ship of the state!—It is an image that presents itself in many lights and shadows. See the ship of the state how she strains—and how her seams appear to open as she pitches! Land lubbers looking at her from the shore, swear she is about to go down. (O! my Lords Lyndhurst, Mansfield and Londonderry!) But an old tar, like Christopher, gives her three cheers as she sweeps along with all her streamers. Aye, while her hull is hid in the hollow, he sees the "meteor flag of England" aloft in heaven; and to his excited spirit, those ups and downs are full of power and glory! See the ship of the state in a storm, close-reefed and close-hauled—yet with more than an inch of canvass—for she has not taken in every rag—not she, indeed—of her weather-beaten Russia duck—but wings her way exultingly against the wildest wind.—The shore shrieks—"She will founder!" But lo! the Queen of Ocean has beaten for herself a foamy path out of the wind's eye, even past the surges roaring along that range of cliffs, and having a free offing now—lo! how she whitens as she stands out to sea, herself her own sunshine in the storm she loves. See the ship of the state scudding under bare poles, and her poop pursued by mountains. Let but one overtake her, and down she goes to Davy's Locker. But her wheel is instinct with spirit, and sullenly she swings and sways along the snow crested pitchiness of her rolling path—most majestically as becomes her who holds in fee the roarings of the Atlantic. See the ship of the state on a lee shore, close in among the breakers. She must go to stick now—"Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore!" No! she must not, for who ever saw her, even when taken aback in the trough of the sea, miss stays! Her jib falls—and now her foresail—there she has it—and away she moves on another tack along with the sea-mew, as fair and fearless, while the very air is black as the sea, and the sea, but for catheads, as black as Erebus. See the ship of the state with all her masts gone by the board.—Now she must settle down into death! No! she is brought up by her sheet anchor, and shall ride out the storm all night—while stretch and spring her cable. Still Neptune lays his head on Thetis' bosom, and at morning the bay shall be bright with boats, gliding all round her steadfast shadows. Or see her, when the worst will come to the worst, driven ashore! The crews of the whole fleet have got her off again, (Alas! Christopher! what fleet?) She floats—she floats—for what signifies the bruise in her bottom, and a few hundred tons of bilge water? (rotten boroughs to wit.) Taken into dock and laid down for repairs, like a hill side in the sun, soon shall her fore-foot be again in the foam—

Her march upon the mountain wave,
Her home upon the deep.—*Blackwood's Magazine*

The Grave.—"Why," says Ossian, "should'st thou build thy hall, son of the winged days? thou lookest from the towers to-day; yet a few years, and the black blast of the desert comes—it howls in the empty court, and whistles around the half worn shield!" Then why should man look forth as he fondly hopes, upon the sunny future with the eye of fancy, and lay up the golden visions, which have passed like sun beams in his pilgrimage, in the hope of brighter ones yet to come, when to-morrow the clouds may be heaped on his coffin, and above his quiet rest the sepulchral views tremble in the wind! Alas! if there is aught on earth which should subdue pride—which should make men feel that "the rich and the poor meet together, and that the Lord is maker of them all!"—it is the Grave! It is there resentment dies—revenge and ambition are satiated: it is there, above the urn of sorrow, man must learn that

"Life is a torrid day;
Parch'd by the wind and sun—
And death, the calm, cool night,
When the weary day is done!"

Origin of News Papers.—After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, intended by Philip 2d of Spain, for the invasion of England, great interest being excited in every class, gave rise to a very important invention—that of news papers. Previous to this period, all articles of intelligence had been circulated in manuscript, and all political remarks which the government found itself interested in addressing the people, had issued in the shape of pamphlets. But the peculiar convenience at such a juncture, of uniting these two objects, in a periodical publication, becoming obvious to the ministry, there appeared sometime in the month of April, 1688, the first number of the English Mercury, a paper resembling the present English Gazette, which must have come out almost daily, since No. 50, the earliest specimen of the work now extant is dated July 23d, of the same year. This interesting memorial is preserved in the British Museum.

By this statement it appears that it is now 240 years since the first newspaper was published in England. This was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Newspapers.—It was Bishop Horne's opinion that there is no better moralist than a news paper.—He says—

"The follies, vices and consequent miseries of multitudes displayed in newspapers are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacon lights, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuative from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel! What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of an execution; or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than an auction of estates, houses and furniture? "Talk they of morals! There is no need of Hutchinson, Smith or Paley. Only take a newspaper, and consider it well; read it, and it will instruct thee: "plenius est melius Chrysippo et Crantore."

Our state in this vale of tears is a mixed one. Life may be likened to the winds; ever shifting and never alike.—Sometimes it appears as calm as summer evenings, and again storms and tempests chequer its even surface, darkening every prospect; and rendering scenes once bright and joyous, gloomy and bleak as the caverns of death.—But even over all these scenes there is one star that seems to brighten. In the absence of all that renders life tolerable, in weal or woe, in joy or sorrow, it still beams out alone, unchanged, undimmed, as though it had found its way from the third heavens. It stands out in peerless beauty, dispensing its blessed light at all times and all seasons, flinging its hallowed though not brilliant rays across the path of the wilderness; and even in our sunniest moments when it is forgotten, and we steer wide of its heavenly direction, still it seems to twinkle near the blazing orb that burns when prosperity rules at the destiny of an hour. This is the star of Bethlehem.

Parents who are ignorant of their duty, will be taught by the misconduct of their children what they ought to have done.

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Johnson*

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other peoples ill manners.—*Chesterfield.*

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honor and put an end to so absurd a practice.—*Addison.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits, Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. Teach thy virtue to reason thus: There is no virtue like necessity.—*Shakespeare.*

Correction may reform negligent boys, but not amend those who are insensibly dull. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it.

Fuller.
It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, upon the score of prudence,) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place; and this may be the best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having the same number of friends at least, if not an enemy the less. Such a method of proceeding should, I think, be as regularly observed, as the distribution of vacant riband, upon the death of the knights of the garter.—*Shenstone.*

That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and should incline us to bring our proportion of good will or good humor among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, uneasiness, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends, than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves until the meeting breaks up.—*Addison.*

William Penn on Marriage.—Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely. If love be not thy chief motive, thou wilt soon grow weary of a marriage state, and stray from thy promise, to search out pleasure in forbidden places. It is the difference between love and passion that this is fixed, that is volatile. They that marry for money, cannot have the true satisfaction of marriage, the requisite means being wanting. O how sorrowful is man grown! Man, the noblest creature in the world! As a god on earth, and the image of Him that made us; thus mistake earth for heaven, and worship gold for God.

"The folly of fools," that is, the most egregious piece of folly that any man can be guilty of, is to play the knave. The vulgar translation renders this clause a little otherwise, the fool turns aside to tricks; to make use of them is a sign that the man sees not the direct way to his end.—*Tillotson.*