

care. Instead of rouge, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom in their cheeks, imitable by art. Ingenious and unaffected good humour will give an openness to their countenance, that will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add a fire to their eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give their lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they now possess, may be happily heightened and preserved if they avoid late hours and card playing, as well as novel reading by candlelight, but not otherwise; for the first gives the face a drowsy, disagreeable aspect; the second, is a mother of wrinkles; and the third is a fruitful source of weak eyes and sallow complexion. A white hand is a very desirable ornament, and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young beauty would excite her companions in this respect she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brushing up the house and twisting the distaff."

THE COTTAGE CONTRAST.

*Nalla est sincera voluptas
Solicitumque aliquid læti intervenit.*

Had I the least of little farms,
A chatty wife to bless my arms,
A chubby child to frisk and play,
To sleep all night and romp all day,
A snug thatched house, though small, yet warm,
A dog to bark in ease of harm,
A sturdy horse, a good fat cow,
The last to milk, the first to plough,
A fine fat pig, a pleasing book,
An honest friend, a babbling brook,
A distant church its chimies to ring,
A neighbouring wood for birds to sing,
A garden gay, a swarm of bees,
A dabbling duck, some gabbling geese,
A cackling hen, a crowing cock,
A cask of ale, a kitchen clock,—
Had I but these, then, free from cares,
I'd laugh, and sing, and say my prayers;
Happy to live, content to die,
What prince more truly blest than I?

Then grant, kind Fortune, if you please,
I may be gratified with these;
Man wants but little more, I guess,
Nor should he be content with less.
Unhappy man! 'tis sad to see
Thy various turns of destiny!
'Twixt good and ill for ever lost,
From pleasure still to misery tost;
Through life's dark wilderness we grope,
Depressed by fear, revived by hope;
Still pouring o'er the text we look,
Till death steps in and shuts the book.
Thrice blest, indeed, had mortals been,
If friends forever might remain;
If kindred and parents dear
Did multiply from year to year;
The old remain the young increase,
In circling harmony and peace.

The lots of man two pitchers fill;

One holds the good, and one the ill?
No mortal yet could ever drain
The cup of pleasure free from pain;
Nor ever pain fill up the measure
Without some corresponding pleasure—
The wisest sense content to quaff
A mixture fair of half and half.

As precious gems, opaque and dark,
Condensed retain their native spark,
To science points the artful way
To liberate the slum'ring ray,
Then, sparkling o'er some sordid foil,
Its beaming splendors gaily smile;
So to comparison we owe
This half our sense of weal and woe,
Thus sun and rain, thus heat and fears,
Alternate fill the circling years.
Thus youth and age, thus strength, disease,
With smiles and tears, and toil and ease
Together mixed, combine, compound,
Connect and fill the mortal round;
And on their systematic strife
Depends the balanced beam of life,
Content and health, two standing dishes,
Compose the best of human wishes.
This happy medium understood
Leads in its train each earthly good;
For sweet content, where'er she goes,
Brings peace of mind and sound repose,
And health attends on every station,
With exercise and moderation;
And best are those that early find
This equal balance of the mind,
Nor high, nor low, nor rich, nor poor,
In worth and innocence secure!
But wit 'tis said when best is brief:
'Tis very true—so turn the leaf,
Now we'll proceed the scene to vary,
To view my life when quite contrary.

My barking dog begins to bite;
My chubby child cries all the night;
My sturdy horse has got the glanders;
The fox devours my geese and ganders;
My fine fat pig has got the measles;
My hens are worried by the weasels;
The ducks destroy my garden seeds,
And all my flowers are choked with weeds;
My cackling cock forgets to crow;
My kitchen clock forgets to go;
Incessant rains drown all my wheat;
My honest friend turns out a cheat;
My chatty wife begins to rail;

The thunder sours my cask of ale;
My cow, unconscious, gravely stalks
And—along my gravel walks;
My pig, to scratch his mealy rump,
Mistakes my beehive for a stump,
And when the indignant realm rebels,
Continues—in their cells;
The jarring screams of birds attest
Some treant schoolboy robs their nest;
My distant chimies nocturnal toll
A requiem to some rustic soul;
My snug thatched house, oh! sad to tell,
Instead of home, is grown a hell;
And discord dire and worse alarms

Assail the worst of wretched farms.
Despair ensues, and mental ease
And health gives place to slow disease;
Condemned to live, afraid to die,
What mortal half so cursed as I!

Like learned judge, with serious face,
The moral now sums up the case,
And calls on wisdom to decide
From counsel heard on either side,
Wisdom attends, but first with awe,
Adjusts his wig, then gives the law;
Let reason early take the rein,
And over Sense its sway maintain;
For, if too close your joys you cluster,
You'll find they'll lose their wondrous lustre,
Leaving behind the sad remains
Of galling grief and endless pains.

Columbian Centinel.

RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of the Swiss doctor, Michael Schuppach, of Lenguan, in the Emmenthal, who was highly celebrated and much in vogue in the last century. He is mentioned by Archdeacon Doxe, in his travels to Switzerland, who himself consulted him. This was a time when people of distinction and fortune came to him, particularly from France and Germany, and even from some distant countries; and innumerable are the cures which he performed upon patients given up by the regular physicians. There were once assembled in Mr. Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him, and partly out of curiosity; and among them many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian Prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis attempted for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous doctor: but the latter though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquis had the laugh on his side. During this conversation an old peasant entered, meanly dressed with a snow white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach's. Schuppach directly turned away from his great company to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose for his butt the old man, who was sitting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly jokes on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis' d'ors, that none of the ladies would kiss the old dirty looking fellow. The Russian Princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis' d'ors on it, and had it carried to the marquis, who of course could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, "permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country." Saying this, embraced him and gave him a kiss. She then presented him with the gold which was on the plate, with these words, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age."

Anecdote.—An Irish paper gives the following