

If it rested with us, 'twould be very soon done; 'Tis a terrible thing that men won't understand, They are really the plague and pest of the land. Our Dadda's and Mamma's get cross and look grim, As much as to say, you've been too long at home; We're ready—we're ready—will no body try!—

titoes, nor British appetites, would ever greet our keen set appetites; and the Christmas chine, the harslet, and the crackling, grissins, cruebeens, and spare-ribs, would be keen no more; peas-pudding, apple-sauce, and savoury sage would partake in the disgrace; and sucking pigs and the jolly pig's ease would cease to smile on our boards.

These few traits of his numerous excellencies, we have mentioned from the same feeling that would lead us to rescue the character of a valued friend from unmerited obloquy; and we trust that the slanderers of this truly respectable animal will in future admit—"that they have taken the wrong sow by the ear."

Naturalists may say what they please of the lion; the wild boar is the real monarch of the forest; and no one who has seen him cowering at the head of the table, in proud pre-eminence above all inferior game, could doubt for a moment of his rank; indeed few potentates can vie with him in the love and admiration which he commands; for there are none whose head is so well spoken of. We presume that no one will be either so simple or so unjust as to confound this noble animal with the common bores to be met with every day at the best tables in this country.

With regard to the nephew of this prince of the forest, the gentle sucking-pig, we have merely to recommend that he be treated as a tender mother does her darling infant—that is to say, that he be well stuffed, and, while dressing, let him be watched like a miser's gold: above all, let him be well done, for as to under roasted-pig, a man might just as well eat a raw child.

The very fact, that pork is not fit for the weak, but is best adapted to the strong and robust, shews its superiority—a circumstance remarked from the time of Hippocrates. "Suppose two champions," says the famous Galen, "of the same strength, to use the same exercise, and feed on pork; if either of them shall change his diet, and live on an equal quantity of any other sort of meat for but one day, he will immediately find himself weaker; and for several days, he will not only grow feeble, but meagre also, for want of his proper sustenance." What will Messrs. Jackson, Barclay, and John Smith, say to this? Some—Was it the Menozzas, and other Israelitish fancy men, who introduced the prohibition of pork into the art of training? If so, we would recommend the immediate application of Mr. Lewis Way, or to the blessed Emperor of all the Russias.

*A Temperance Anecdote.*—A few weeks since, while riding in the coach between Boston and Gloucester, the conversation of the passengers turned upon the subject of temperance. A sailor, who had followed the seas for thirty or forty years, observed that he belonged to a temperance socie-

ty; upon hearing this the other passengers were surprised, perceiving that he was then about half seas over. He was asked why he still continued to drink, if he belonged to such a society. O, said he, I did not join it with the intention of stopping myself,—it does me good and I will drink. He was asked, "If you are still determined to drink, why did you sign the constitution which requires abstinence?" O, said he, I did it to set a good example to the rising generation.

*Loss and Gain.*—A man of wit once said, rightly enough, "He who finds a good son-in-law gains a son—he who finds a bad one loses a daughter."

Dissembled holiness is double iniquity. Disputations have truth in the middle and party at both ends.

Those who bequeath unto themselves pompous funeral, are at just so much expense to inform the world something that had much better been concealed, viz.: their vanity has survived themselves.

*Ancient Roman Empire.*—The ancient magnitude of the Roman Empire might well have justified the Roman pride.

It covered a million and a half of square miles of the finest portion of the globe. Stretching three thousand miles, from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, and two thousand from the northern borders of Dacia to the tropic of Cancer, it was the seat of all the choicest fertility, beauty and wealth in the world. Imagination sinks under the idea of this prodigious power in the hands of a single nation, and that nation in the hands of a single man.—*Croly's Life and Times of Geo. 4.*

#### A WISH.

If I could breathe a wish and know,  
That wish were not in vain,  
That Heaven upon me would bestow,  
What I should ask him then:

What would I ask? not for a crown  
To settle on my head,  
I'd cast the splendid garland down,  
And look on it with dread.

But I would ask some shady spot,  
By some fast murr'ring brook,  
Some little humble unknown cot,  
Where angels' eyes might look.

And I would ask for one I love,  
With me to call it "Home,"  
So near 'twould rival bliss above,  
I could not want to roam.

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*Eulogium on Pork.*—The ingratitude of the world is in no instance more strongly displayed, than in the terms of contempt and reproach which are so liberally bestowed on the prince of all animals that "chew not the cud," who, though thus described and despised, is, in fact, one of the most estimable members of society; and though the majority of Christians of the present day are as great Jews as ever lived, yet there are few of them that do not break the Levitical law for his sake. Nature, indeed, has been so very bountiful to this her favored child, that every part of him is equally valuable. Arms and the arts contend with the kitchen for his spoils; and if the fame and fortune of many a pork-butcher is due to his flesh, his bristles have been the instrument of glory to many a celebrated painter, as his hide is ever the seat of honor to the warrior. Were this noble but much libelled animal banished from our tables, neither ham, nor brawn, nor bacon, nor smoked chops, nor Brunswick or Bologna sausages, nor forced-meat, nor black-pudding; nor pickled pe-