THE Weekly Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNCAN & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Nov.	R. Sun.	S. Sun.	Moon.	H. W.
4 Saturday,	6 42	4 45	4 12	9 37
5 Sunday,	6 43	4 43	5 13	10 15
6 Monday,	6 45	4 42	6 14	10 48
7 Tuesday,	6 46	4 41	rises.	11 23
8 Wednesday,	6 47	4 40	5 23	11 59
9 Thursday,	6 49	4 39	6 10	morn
10 Friday,	6 50	4 37	7 3	0 31

Full Moon 7th, 0h. 34m. morning.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the discount days. Director next week: Geo. Swinney, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Hon. R. L. Hazen.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. (St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Wm. Walker, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esq., President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock. (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Business at present conducted under the Firm of ROBERTSON & MARSHALL, as Blacksmiths, dissolves by mutual consent on the First day of May next. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm, will be closed by JOHN R. MARSHALL, who is duly authorised to perform the same.

DAVID M. ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. MARSHALL.

St. John, April 27, 1843.

THE Business formerly conducted under the Firm of Robertson & Marshall, as Blacksmiths, &c., will be continued by the subscriber on his own account, at the old stand South side North Slip.

JOHN R. MARSHALL.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE—

60 ASSORTED ANCHORS; Edge Tools of all descriptions constantly on hand. *Also, to Let for One or Three Years*—The TANNERY establishment in Union street, formerly occupied by George Whittekir, junr., apply as above. April 28.

Dissolution!

THE Business heretofore carried on by the Subscribers under the Firm of SANCTON & CROOKSHANK, is this day Dissolved;—all unsettled accounts they request may be arranged as speedily as possible with GEORGE P. SANCTON, at the *old stand*—York Point, at which place only all applications on business must be made to him.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

May 17, 1843.

☞ NOTICE.

THE differences between the undersigned John Kerr, Edmund Kaye, and James R. Crane, having been amicably arranged, and the dissolution of the Partnership between them, under the firm of JOHN KERR & CO., mutually resolved on.—Notice is hereby given, That all debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to, and those due from the same, discharged by the said John Kerr and Edmund Kaye.

JOHN KERR,
EDMUND KAYE,
JAMES R. CRANE.

20th April.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of WILLIAM & JOSEPH SCAMMELL having expired on the 20th instant, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm will be closed by JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

W. SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

Saint John Hotel, 20th May, 1843.

THE SUBSCRIBER returns his thanks for the liberal patronage given by the Public to the *St. John Hotel*, under the firm of WM. & J. SCAMMELL, and begs to inform the Public that he continues the House on his own account, and every thing will be done to continue to give the fullest satisfaction.

JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

May 20, 1843.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having retired from the firm of J. JOHN KERR & Co., and having taken that commodious Fire-proof BRICK BUILDING on the North Market Wharf, formerly occupied by Messrs. JAMES LOCKWOOD & Co., where he intends carrying on the business of *Commission Merchant and General Agent*, offers his services to his friends and the Public in that capacity with the assurance that the facilities he proposes will enable him to give satisfaction to them who may entrust him with their business.

May 5 1843. JAMES R. CRANE.

NOTICE.

THE business of the Firm of John Kerr & Co. will in future be continued by the subscribers under the same Firm. JOHN KERR,

28th April. EDMUND KAYE.

THE FIRST PRODUCTIONS IN THE WORLD FOR

The Hair! the Skin!! and the Teeth!!

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Is universally acknowledged to be the ONLY ARTICLE that will effectually *produce* and *restore* Hair, (including WHISKERS, MUSTACHIOS, and EYEBROWS,) prevent it from falling off or turning grey, free it from scurf and dandriff, and render it delightfully soft, silky, curly and glossy.

Caution!—Numerous *pernicious* compounds are universally sold as "MACASSAR OIL." To ensure the real article, see that the bottle is enclosed in a wrapper, (a steel engraving of exquisite workmanship) on which are engraved "*ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL*," in two lines.

*** To further insure the genuine article, see that the words "*Rowland's Macassar Oil*" are engraved on the back of the envelope nearly 1,500 times, containing 29,028 letters,—WITHOUT THIS NONE ARE GENUINE.

Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small) 10s. 6d., and double that size 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

This elegant and fragrant preparation thoroughly eradicates all *Pimples, Spots, Blotches, Redness, Tan, Freckles, and other defects of the skin; heals Sunburns, Stings of Insects*, and reduces inflammation. It imparts a youthful roseate hue to the most bilious complexion, and renders the Arms, Hands, and Neck, transparently fair and delightfully soft and smooth.

It is invaluable as a renovating and refreshing Wash, *during travelling, or exposure to the sun, dust, or dry piercing winds; and after the heated atmosphere of crowded assemblies.* Gentlemen will find it peculiarly grateful after shaving in allaying the irritation of the skin.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

OR, PEARL DENTIFRICE,

A FRAGRANT WHITE POWDER of Oriental Herbs. Eradicates Tartar and decayed spots from the Teeth, preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a Pearl-like whiteness, and fixes the teeth firmly in the gums. Being an Anti-scorbutic, it eradicates the scurvy from the Gums; strengthens, braces, and renders them of a healthy red. It removes unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which often remain after fevers, taking medicine, &c. and imparts *sweetness and perfume* to the breath.

Price 2s. 9d. per box, duty included.

Rowland's

ESSENCE OF TYNE,

Or, IMPERIAL DYE,

Changes Red or Grey Hair, Whiskers, Eyebrows, &c. to a beautiful Brown or Black.

Price 4s.; 7s. 6d.; 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle.

Rowland's Alsana Extract,

Immediately relieves the most violent *Tooth ache, Gum-biles, and Swelled Face.*

Price 2s. 9d.; 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

Observe! To protect the public from fraud, the Hon. Commissioners of her Majesty's stamps have authorised the Proprietor's signature to be engraved on the Government stamp, thus—

A. Rowland & Son, 20, *Hatton Garden*,

Which is affixed to the Kalydor, Odonto, and Alsana. None of these are genuine without the stamp.

Beware of Imitations! composed of the most pernicious and trashy ingredients, and which are frequently pressed upon the unwary as "GENUINE," and under the lure of *being cheap.* Be sure to ask for "Rowland's Articles."

☞ Sold by Dr. W. LIVINGSTONE, *St. John, N. B.*, and by every Perfumer and Chemist throughout the civilized world. *June* 9, 1843.

NEW ARRIVALS.

per ship *Glasgow*, from Liverpool, comprising as follows:

4 BALES Grey Shirting *COTTONS;*
3 " White do. do.
2 bales Twill'd Striped do.
1 " Printed *COTTONS;*
1 " FLANNELS,
1 " Moleskins, & Fancy TROWSERING,
1 " Cotton HANDKERCHIEFS,
1 " Lining Cottons:
2 " Cheap Orleans & SAXONY.

Which together with a large stock of Gents. Hats, Ladies BOOTS & SHOES, &c. &c., are selling at very reduced Prices for Cash, by

July 24 W. G. LAWTON.

Mechanics' Institute.

THE GESNER MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY having been purchased of the late Proprietor, Dr. Gesner, by a number of gentlemen, and by them placed in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, it will henceforth be open to the public under direction of the Institute, on the following terms:—

Admission for one year, to Members of the Institute, with or without family, - - 5s.
Ditto to non-members, do. - - 7s. 6d.

not transferable;

Single Admission, - - - - 7½d

The Museum will be open on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week, commencing on Monday next, 31st July, from 2 to 4 *p. m.*

☞ Tickets and Catalogues (if required), may be obtained of the Clerk of the Institute, at the Hall, on the days above named.

By order of the President,

July 29. H. J. CHUBB, *R. Sec'y*

Miscellany.

ANECDOTES OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE

The following little incident occurred at the Chateau on Saturday. Among the personages assembled to greet her Majesty on her arrival were the clergy of Eu. The curé entered into conversation with one of the gentlemen of her Majesty's suite, who asked, "Were there any English clergymen in the town?" "No," said the curé, with much *naiveté*, "but we boast, an Irish saint, St Laurent de Dublin (St. Lawrence O'Toole). Our principle church is dedicated to him."

We must not omit to state a little trait of the condescension and affability of Prince Albert on this occasion (the review). Seeing the *cantonier* (canteneer, if there be such an English word), or woman who in the French service is attached to each regiment to supply refreshments to the troops, and who receives regular pay and rations, His Royal Highness resolved to partake of the good things of her canteen, and was accordingly supplied with a small glass of *eau de vie* by the hands of the military Hebe of the Carbineers whose attention to his wants was rewarded by a golden offering from the pocket of the Prince. The lady was, of course, highly delighted at the adventure, and expressed her gratitude in a very becoming manner.

After visiting the Eglise St. Laurent on Tuesday, the illustrious party proceeded to Treport for a drive. When her Majesty had taken her place in the *char-a-banc*, King Louis Philippe pushed Prince Albert forward, who said "he could not precede his Majesty." "Ah! there is nothing of Majesty necessary here," replied the good-natured Monarch, "get up." "But your Majesty will not have room beside the Queen." "True, true," said the King. "I am a little stout, but I will sit sideways."

The *Times* correspondent gives the following amusing anecdote of Louis Philippe and his composer Auber:—On Monday morning the King sent for M. Auber, and received him with his usual affability, and said—"*Eh bien!* M. Auber. We must have by to-morrow night, or Wednesday morning at the farthest, an ode (His Majesty's exact words were *une Cantate*) to celebrate and commemorate the auspicious visit of Her Britanic Majesty to Eu." "Sire, it is impossible," replied M. Auber, astounded. "Why?" "The time is so short." "Ah! you are always thinking of time. *Au reste*, it must be done." "But I have no theme." "Pooh! pooh! you have her Majesty. You will set under positive inspiration." "I mean, Sire, that I have no poem." "No poem. *A la bonne heure.* Let us have a post forthwith." A post was sought for and found, and is now safe under lock and key, having been shut up in a very comfortable apartment, with all requisite historical documents, and out of which he will not issue till his work is complete. M. Auber is equally *en loge*. I hope to be able to furnish you an early copy of the fruits of their labours.

We are informed by an eye witness that, when the King of the French led the Queen of England to the front of the balcony of the chateau, in order to present her to his people, there was an exchange of national customs between the Royal pair: for whilst her Majesty saluted the people *a la Francaise* by kissing her hand, his Majesty led off the cheers by a hearty English "hip, hip, hurrah!"

The visit of the Queen of England to France is considered as a most glorious event by the Royal party in that country, and it is accordingly to be recorded and brought before the world in every shape and form. Odes are to be composed, medals engraved, pictures painted. The gallery at the Versailles, as well as the Chateau of Eu, are to be embellished with paintings by the best living artists, of "The Landing at Treport," "The Arrival at the Chateau d'Eu," "The Fete Champetre in the Forest," "The Review by Prince Albert," "The Departure," and as many more subjects as the ingenuity of artists can make out of the affair. Ever since her Majesty's arrival artists from Paris have been at Eu for the purpose, and, if I may judge of the number of sketches taken, the result will be no trifle. The sketch of the arrival is already finished, and was submitted to his Majesty. No doubt the whole will speedily adorn the royal galleries of France, as depicting what it really is—a glorious incident in the reign of Louis Phillipe.

THE CITY OF KILKENNY.—Thorlow Weed, in one of his letters from Ireland, says:—We approached the city of Kilkenny just as the sun cast its morning beams upon the massive, but exquisite masonry of her numerous public edifices. I had heard much of Kilkenny, but from some delusion, growing, I suppose, out of popular catch-words about "the Kilkenny cats," &c., I was surprised to find it one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It rests upon two hills, and is seen most advantageously. Several fine bridges, of hewn stone, stretch across the river Nore. Its College, Free Schools, Female Asylum, Cathedral, Bishop's Palace, Court House, &c., are noble structures. The Priory of St. John and the Black Abbey, founded by the earl of Pembroke, are magnificent ruins. There is a proverb, which claims for Kilkenny, the luxuries of "fires without smoke, air without fog, water without mud, and streets paved with marble." One of the streets, for nearly a mile in length, is built up entirely with fine marble mansions, hewn from her own quarries. The city is also supplied with coal from her own collieries. The Earl of Ormond resides here, in the castle erected by his ancestors, in 1192. Kilkenny has a population of nearly 30,000.

CHEESE MAKING.—In Switzerland, until of late years the making of Gruyere cheese was limited to a few wealthy persons; for as it was necessary for the quality of the article that the cheese should be very large, and that the milk should be coagulated on the day of its being taken from the cow, it was only by keeping a large number of cows, that the manufacture of Gruyere cheese could be carried on. The owner of one, two, or three cows was, therefore, unable to profit by the demand for this particular kind of cheese in foreign countries. At length, however, an ingenous mode of enabling the poor pessantry to compete with the more wealthy was hit upon. It was proposed to establish a cheese-dairy upon a joint stock principle: to keep an account of the quantity of milk delivered by each person, and to apportion the profits arising from the sale of the cheese, to the different contributions.—The idea was carried into execution, and has become general in Switzerland.

A FIRE-PROOF POWDER MAGAZINE.

A very interesting experiment took place on Wednesday at Paine's wharf, Cannon-row, Westminster, in the presence of several distinguished naval and military officers, and other scientific gentlemen, or the purpose of testing the capabilities of a magazine to contain powder in ships of war, recently patented by Mr. J. A. Houldsworth of Dartmouth, as being impervious to fire though subjected on all sides to the greatest possible degree of heat. A model of a magazine, about nine feet square, was placed on the wharf a few feet from the water's edge. This model is formed of a double set of thin iron plates rivitted together at about two inches and a half asunder, the hollow being filled with water supplied from a vat placed somewhat above the level of the magazine, and entering it through a pipe inserted in the lower part of the model. A channel of communication exists through every side as well as the top and bottom, and from the upper surface a second pipe conveys the stream of water back to the vat from which it is supplied. The door of the magazine is hung on hinges made hollow, and guarded from leaking by stuffing boxes so that the water flows into the door through one hinge, and out through the other. This appears to be the principle of its construction, and it is alleged that it will be as impervious to fire as an iron kettle containing water. The more violently the fire impinges against its side the more rapidly the water within the hollow circulates, but it cannot flow more rapidly out of the upper pipe, through the action of the fire, than it will be refilled below if the supply of water be properly arranged, and so long as the hollows contain water the metal plates cannot become red-hot. The patentee having explained this much of his invention, placed a quantity of combustible matter within the model, over which some gunpowder was laid on a sheet of paper. A self-regulating thermometer having been placed inside, the door was closed and a stack of dried timber deposited on every side of the model, which on being ignited, burnt with the greatest rapidity. The fire was kept up more than half an hour, and the water rose to very nearly boiling heat, continually passing in a stream through the upper pipe into the reservoir containing cold water. On the door being opened, the combustible matters and powder were found to be perfectly unimjured, and the highest point to which the mercury had risen within the model was marked at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit. Great satisfaction was expressed by the gentlemen present at the successful result of the trial, and the inventor explained to those present that the position of the pipes in the side of the ship of war might be varied in any way to suit the convenience of the ship, care being taken that each was below the surface of the sea, or so arranged that the top of the magazine, when exposed to a fire, might be always filled with water. A somewhat similar principle has been applied to the stoker's room in the Victoria and Albert royal steam yacht, where the bulkheads have been constructed of two plates of sheet iron instead of wood faced with iron, a stream of water constantly flowing between, by which means the temperature of the engine room is kept perfectly cool. By this contrivance it is anticipated that great advantage will arise to war steamers on the tropical stations, where the excessive heat of this part of the vessel is a fruitful source of sickness among that class of men.—*Times.*

HINTS TO A COLONIAL SECRETARY AT DOWNING-STREET.—"Your long acquaintances with the provinces, and familiar intercourse with the people," said he, "must have made you quite at home on all colonial topics." "I thought so once," said I "but I don't think so now no more, sir." "Why, how is that?" asis he. "Why, sir," asis I, "you can hold a book so near your eyes as not to be able to read a word of it; hold it off further, and get the right focus, and you can read beautiful. Now, the right distance to see a colony, and know all about it is England." Three thousand miles is the right focus for a political spy-glass. A man livin' here, and who never was out of England, knows twice as much about the provinces as I do." "Oh, you are joking," asis he. "Not a bit," asis I. "I find folks here, that not only know every-thing about them countries, but have no doubts upon any matter, and ask no questions: in fact, they not only know more than me, but more than the people themselves do, what they want. It's curious, but it's a fact."—*Sam Slick in England.*

A CONJUGAL DISAGREEMENT.—BERLIN.—The unfortunate differences between Prince Albert of Prussia and his consort, Princess Marianna of the Netherlands, sister of the reigning King of Holland, form the general topic of conversation. Domestic disagreements of the most serious nature rendered it expedient than there should be a separation, though not a formal divorce. With this view the Princess was recommended to go to reside with her father, the Ex King of the Netherlands, who was then at the Hague, and it was then determined that she should not return to Berlin until after Prince Albert's departure for his journey into the East, which was expected to occupy at least two years. The Princess did not return to Berlin until after the departure of the Prince, her husband, whose travels in Syria and Palestine, and visit to the Court of the Sultan, have recently been reported in the journals. It would seem, however, that these travels and receptions have not afforded the illustrious Prince so much gratification as might have been expected, for it is understood that he is preparing to return to Berlin. No sooner was the intended return of the Prince made known here, than preparation for the departure of the Princess was immediately set on foot. It is the intention of her Royal Highness to proceed with her two children to Italy.

WHERE IS TRUTH?

There is no truth in the world! Alas, none!—Truth is strange indeed! "stranger than fiction." Spirit of Truth where art thou? We have wandered far and wide amidst the busy haunts of men, and in the remote and pastoral scenes of rural simplicity, where, as poets sing, "reign truth and innocence;" but alas! even there we found thee not.—It is said "Truth lies hid in a well." Even there we looked but saw nothing in its lucid stream, but our own sweet face reflected in its waters; and as we stopped and gazed, Narcissus-like, upon our bright form, we deemed that the long lost treasure was found; and as we tried to grasp it from its watery-bed, we found it was but a shadow, unsubstantial, nothing; we uprose, and smiled at our own conceit, and we thought the shadow in the bright waters smiled at us in scornful dignity, and vanished away.

We have heard from the old Latin authors that it was found in *vino*; but, although we have industriously got drunk upon all sorts of wines, from one-and sixpenny grape to the choicest claret; yet, despite of our exertions, we are as far from thee as ever.

We searched for it at the abode of aristocracy.—At its very entrance we found a porter, upon whose well-fed, ruddy face, truth seemed to be enshrined. Here, said we, is truth! but no the poet is right *fronti nulla fides*. Would you believe it, reader? the sole business of that very full, round faced, honest-looking man, that sat at the theshold, enthroned in the easiest of easy chairs, was to tell lies. He was indeed a villanous-liveried falsehood! and he had been for so long a period accustomed to lie, that he ultimately entirely lost all conception of the truth. We innocently asked "Thomas what is truth?" when he mournfully shook his head! Talk about, "What is takes, Thomas," after this?

Come we to the fashionable lady; why, she would die if her pasteboard acquaintance were less than her dear friend, the countess. Oh, the delight of giving and receiving those cards which are meant to express love, anxiety, condolence and friendship; but which, in reality, express nothing less than a downright, highly-glazed fib! When she visits her noble friend, the card is delivered and the noble hostess receives her fashionable guest in a manner so characteristic of dignity and sincerity, that you can scarcely think it possible that each is as careless of the other's welfare as an entire stranger. See with what a sincere smile each greets the other! Mark, they kiss; but what a kiss! Why, there is neither health nor warmth in it! "How well you look!" rebounds as it were, from one to the other, whilst each think the other very faded; each directs her envious eyes over the other's dress, seeking, like a foeman to find a vulnerable place in his antagonist's armory; but still, however, the "loves" and "dears" roll fluently on, and smile follows smile as unerringly as one wave followeth the other. Again the frigid kiss is given and they seperate with apparent regret, or in fashionable parlance, "tear themselves away from each other's delightful society. Strange infatuation!

The greatest of men-liars are to be found among parliamentary speakers, who embrace the unwashed mechanic before an election, and who promise to keep an eye on his and his family's future welfare. The mechanic shuts one eye, opens his palm, and rushes to the poll to register himself a liar, and a free and unbribed voter.

The forensic he is, of all lies, the most difficult, being continually open to contradiction and glaring exposure; yet do we see men of learning and repute get up and advocate the cause of one whose only strength of argument is in those ridiculous lies called "legal fictions." Another equally-gifted individual rises, and covers over with a flood of eloquence the black character of the prisoner, whom he pronounces a wronged and innocent man; and he calls upon the jury, accordingly, to acquit his injured and immaculate client, knowing at the same time he is the greatest villain unhanged; still do the serious and solemn looking jurymen, and the magnificent and attentive judge, sedulously take notes of the eloquent falsehoods, and the usher cries out "silence," that the lie may be more distinctly heard.

The next most peculiar race of men are men of imagination, who possess horses out at grass and rifles of unerring quality, which are gone to Twigg's to be greased; men wearing real shooting jackets, and who go to Gravesend in the shooting season to buy game, and bring it to town by a long coach. They give a dinner, and in their glory; every bird has an ornamental as well as a natural tail tacked to it; and, as the shots roll out on the plate of their guests, they remember the deceased as one of ten brought down in as many minutes, with their friend, Lord T. or G., who has a place in the country, and who never come to town, and to whom, if he did, they would introduce you. They lie until they deceive themselves, but no one else.

Your auctioneer, perhaps, of all liars, is the most inventive. With what fervse air will he turn a ditch and a few impeding brooks into running waters and a waterfall, a grazed wash-house and a few flower-pots into a conservatory, a lark's turf into a lawn, a few sickly trees, strengthened by three extra legs, into a wood! What a view of the surrounding country, does he promise you if you only go and see it!—but he never says how far from home. With what lithographic lies does he delude you out of town! and how foolish you look, as you try to find in the reality the pictured paradise you hold in your hand! Why, the lake wouldn't float a washing-tub; yet there is a party of pleasure sailing on it in the picture. The man lies usually, you think?—he does not—he has always fish to nibble at his poetical lies—he sells the reality, and gives the purchaser the remaining pictures to send to his friends.

The lies of trade are multifarious; thousands does the tradesman utter in the course of the day; black and white lies jostle each other in his windows. Lies stand in gigantic letters at his door-posts—he pays men a shilling-a-day to convey his lies on their shoulders. While a shopman has the power of persuading the public that a base fabric, filled with gum and other glutinous matter, is stout, everlasting piece of clothing for that dogs' hair and rabbits' skins are beaver; or is it not blessed with the fine perception of selling the faded and shop-stained articles at gas light, he is esteemed totally unfit for his situation, and is discharged accordingly,—because, in fact, he is not a good liar.

The lover is perhaps the most excusable of all for his delinquencies,—lunatics not being answerable for their actions; for philosophers have declared that nothing short of absolute insanity could possibly prompt a man to write and rant such rhapsodies as are given vent to during the full moon of his monomania; about his love lasting as long as the ocean shall roll, or as long as stars shine in the firmament, &c. &c. &c. The object, the cause of these lies, he clothes with attributes that would be anything but agreeable in possession, such as eyes of fire, marble forehead, pearly teeth, coral lips, honey tongue, voice of the nightingale, &c. Now, to bring a wife home made up of such materials would be somewhat inconvenient.

In finishing the paper, it behoves us to give a thumping example of deliberate and unnecessary lying. To bring this properly before the reader, we must go as far as Rome, to the holiest city, and to the holiest man in the city. This may appear startling at first sight, but it is true. No pope ever sat upon the papal throne without uttering a deliberate lie, which is known to be so by the devout and worshipping multitude; and every expectant cardinal longs only to have the same opportunity of proving himself a most religious liar.

Before the pope is invested with the triple crown, for which he has passed a life of watchful ambition, privation, and heartburnings, he must be apparently forced by his brethern to accept of that greatness, which his profession of humbleness and piety should make him reject, he is pressed by surrounding hands to hold that power which had been the great object of his life to gain, and utters this deliberate falsehood at the foot of the alter, "*Nolo*,"—I am unwilling. The world is a round Lie.

CURIOUS CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.—A few days ago the mistress of a respectable house in the Vauxhall road, was disturbed during the night by scratching and noise made at the bed-room door on the second floor by a favourite dog, whose general place of repose was in the kitchen. The mistress at first imagined that the dog made the noise merely to get into the room, and rose from her bed to admit him; but on lying down again the dog jumped upon the bed, and by pulling at her sleeve, and using every means available to a dumb animal, endeavoured to show that he wanted her to follow him. On pushing the dog down from the bed she found that he was wet all over, and being fearful that some accident had happened below, she arose from her bed and descended the stairs with the faithful animal, and after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining a light in the kitchen. The first place the mistress examined was her servant's bed, to ascertain from her if she had heard any noise or could account for the conduct of the dog, when to her astonishment she found the bed empty. Naturally alarmed at the absence of the servant, she listened for some time in a state of great suspense, fearing that other parties might have entered the house, and at last heard a noise in the back kitchen as of some person cleaning knives or forks, and the dog beckoning her in that direction, the place having been previously quite dark, to her great surprise she saw her servant standing in her night clothes, and without shoes or stockings, cleaning forks with her eyes shut, and evidently in a deep sleep. The mistress, after in some degree recovering from her surprise, passed the candle two or three times across the servant's face, but the girl continued her work with her eyes shut unconscious of any other person being present, and after rubbing the fork in her hand on the board, held it up to her shut eyes as if examining that it was sufficiently polished, then took the leather to wipe the dust off, and passed it carefully and correctly between every prong as if she had been wide awake. The mistress, on examining what had been done by her servant in a state of somnambulism, found by a tub of water on the floor that she had washed the dog, her usual task and had cleaned a dozen of knives and seven forks, and was proceeding to clean the others, when the unusual motions of the dog attracted his mistress to the spot where the servant was at work. The mistress removed the uncleaned forks out of the reach of the servant, and taking hold of the sleeve of her night gown gently moved her towards her bed, but, whether from an internal sense of the work she was engaged in not being finished, or the action of the light of the candle on her eyelids, she awoke on the floor, but was quite unconscious of what had taken place. The mistress put the girl to bed, concealing from her what had been done, and, at an after period of the night, visited her bed, but it did not appear that she had again got up in her sleep.

AUTUMN.

On woodland and on mountain side
Rich varied tints appear;
By mossy stone and wandering wave
Pale leaves are falling here;
The garden flowers all scattered lie,
In sorrowful decay,
And the greenness of the valley slope
Is fading fast away.

And are the verdure and the bloom
In their fresh prime so dear,
That thus the spirit mourneth o'er
The ruin of the year?
No! 'tis because true types are they
Of lovelier, better things;
Hopes, joys and transports, unto which
The heart so fondly clings.

There is a moral in each leaf
That droppeth from the tree;
In each lone, tatter bough that points
To heaven so mournfully;
Mute Nature, in her silent way,
A mystic lesson tells;
And they who watch the Sybil well
May profit by her spells.

A clergyman who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, happened to be at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in an honest man, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse, for a sound one. The person knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed,

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than see you interfering in bargains between man and man, in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the States prison," returned the clergyman.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—Read the life of Sir James Mackintosh. It is a melancholy picture of talents not misapplied, for he did good—but failing to produce the effect they ought, either for the public or their possessor. With all his powers he never achieved eminence—for want of perseverance—What a lesson! My recollection of him certainly does not justify the high reputation which he seems to have had among distinguished men who were his immediate contemporaries. But life, and especially the life of public men, has been far more active of late years; and his character was not that of an active man. He was more fitted to embellish society at Holland House; when there was time for literary and philosophical discussion, than for the duties of an active statesman in those latter days, or even for the conversation of those who new form society in the political circles in which I move, and which he then moved in. It is strange, though, that I who never had half his recommendations to the Whig aristocracy, and not a tithe of his talent, nor a hundreth part of his information, should have been in office with him as his superior, and for five years a Cabinet Minister. I believe that the cause of this is to be found in the dependence of one and the independence of the other. The knowledge that I wanted not office for the sake of money, nor patronage to procure me a seat, has done for me that which his superior talents and knowledge wanting both, could not do.—*Life of Lord Sydenham.*

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.—We suspect that the lady editress of the Boston Transcript said that "many of our married lady readers are not aware how a good husband ought to be cooked, so as to make a good dish of him." We have lately seen a recipe in an English paper, contributed by one "Mary," which points out the modus operandi of preparing and cooking husbands. Mary states that many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about as if there lords were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in the hottest beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives.—These women always serve them up in sauce. Now it cannot be supposed, that husbands will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are, on the contrary, quite delicious when preserved.—Mary points out her manner thus; "Get a large jar, called the jar of cheerfulness, (which by the bye, all good wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, let the heat be regular and constant. Cover him over with quantities of affection, kindness and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest becoming familiarity, and innocent pleasantry, and if you add a few kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient secrecy, and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation.

A French author says, "When I lost my wife, every family in the town offered me another; but when I lost my horse nobody offered to make him good."

Young people invariably wish to be thought older than they are. In a few years they are cured of this penchant, and run into the opposite extreme.