

faults as my house. Carlton Palace, if it were to be "let" to-morrow, would be objected to by a tailor. One man found my rooms "too small;" another thought them rather "too large;" a third wished they had been loftier; a fourth, that there had been more of them. One lady hinted a sort of doubt, "whether the neighborhood was quite respectable;" another asked, "if I had any children;" and, then, "whether I would bind myself not to have any during her stay!" Two hundred, after detaining me an hour, had called only "for friends." Ten thousand went through all the particulars, and would "call again to-morrow." At last there came a lady who gave the *coup-de-grace* to my "housekeeping;" she was a clergyman's widow, she said from Somersetshire—if she had been an "officer's," I had suspected her; but in an evil hour, I let her in; and—she had come for the express purpose of marrying me! The reader who has bowels, they will yearn for my situation.

Nolo conjugari!*

I exclaimed in agony; but what could serve against the ingenuity of woman? She seduced me—escape was hopeless—morning, noon, and night! She heard a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was called in to scare it. Her canary bird got loose—would I be so good as to catch it? I fell sick, but was soon glad to get well again; for she sent five times a day to ask if I was better, besides pouring in plates of *blanc mange*, jellies, cordials, raspberry vinegars, fruits fresh from the country, and hasty-puddings made by her own hand. And, at last, after I had resisted all the constant borrowing of books, the eternal interchange of newspapers, and the daily repair of crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, the corrections of hackney coachmen, and the recommendation of a barber to a poodle dog;—at last—Oh! the devil take all wrinkled stair-carpets, stray pattens, and bits of orange-peel dropped upon the ground! Mrs. F—sprained her ankle, and fell down at my very drawing-room door!

All the women in the house were bribed—there was not one of them in the way! My footman, my only safeguard, was sent off that minute for a doctor!—I was *not* married; for so much, let providence be praised!

Animus meminisse horret.

I can't go through the affair! But, about six months after, I presented Mrs. F.—with my house, and every thing in it, and determined never again—as a man's only protection against female cupidity—to possess even a pair of small clothes that I could legally call my own.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ABSURDITIES.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make your-

* Was this Latin or Yorkshire.

self generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings on liquor and wonder that you are ragged. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed time." To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it. To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital. To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance and complain of its being a thief. To praise the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to somebody else. To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity their fellow-creatures may be guilty of.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—Take another story of this noble animal, which I know to be founded on fact:—A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously; eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into its mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.—*Youatt.*

One may be in solitude amongst all the tumults of life and this world.

Vacant souls are a burthen to themselves, and are therefore engaged in a continual round of dissipation.

We should have time for everything did we not wilfully mis-spend it,

He who is contented with himself must certainly have a bad taste.

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