

pensity, that where nature is generally most liberal in the full development of the curve of beauty, art pertinaciously persists in amplifying and rounding, until a full-dressed lady approximates more closely to a balloon, or to the figure 8, than to anything else in air, earth, or water. Humbug, which follows us in every object intended for seduction or gratification, entraps each of the five senses by a peculiar and appropriate deception applicable to each. The touch is deceived by borrowed forms; the smell by fictitious perfumes; the sight by false colours; our ears are imposed upon by the false notes into which the majority of public singers distort their voices, while the palate is pleased by every variety, combination, and accessory of luxury with which that "*magister artium* the stomach requires to be pampered, and which the science of cookery boasts as the *ne plus ultra* of human refinement. In the different qualities and characters of wine no little humbug is practised; and heaven knows that we too frequently swallow glass after glass of a decoction of liquorice root scented with the essence of violets, when we fondly fancy that we are enjoying the choicest of Bourdeaux Lafitte; and nobody knows the gallons of logwood wash, rendered astringent by alum, that pass down our throats as veritable Port or Burgundy? When an over-dressed *habitué* of Regent-street smartly strikes his glass through his fore-finger and thumb to make his Champagne sparkle and rush upward, like the creamy foam on the crest of a small wave, he has no suspicion that he is only drinking some fine extract of apples or gooseberries, where the crystals of sugar and the pungent alkaline particles are in solution. This deception, by which the choicest wines of France are falsified and adulterated, must necessarily have been greatly developed during the last year, as the dreadful winter of 1837, which was felt so severely everywhere else, had not spared the favourite vineyards of France. The storm passed over the vines, and the hail bruised the tendrils of Médoc and Vougeot! "Adieu, baskets, the hope of the vintage is withered."

M. De Talleyrand was the first who had the audacity to deify falsehood by his notorious maxim, that "speech was only given to man as a means of enabling him to disguise his thoughts;" but it was not him who invented it. In all times and countries falsehood and hypocrisy have been current; and this not only in diplomacy and politics, but in every thing in which the tongue is the organ of communication. False speeches by a necessary and obvious inducement, led to false oaths, swindling of every kind, false faces, masks, and all the artillery and munitions of imposture. Formerly false devotees existed, but none such are known now-a-days, and religious hypocrisy is every where scouted. It may, perhaps, revive again. In the meantime, we have lots of false braves and sham heroes, false calves, counterfeit notes, base money, and mock auctions. There

is, however, one class of conspicuous personages in this famous town, who, we freely admit, are not counterfeits—we mean the mustachioed couriers and swaggering gamblers who may be seen under the Quadrant any day after two o'clock. They look the incarnation of viciousness and audacity, and they are so; our only wonder is that the very stones do not rise in judgment against their ineffectuality.

The theatre, which first introduced false complexions, false daggers, and the "false friends," has been singularly outdone in all these matters by society. Everything has become false in the world, and they have even gone the length of falsifying death. You cannot even believe the obituaries in a public newspaper, and may reasonably expect the funeral announcements of this evening to be contradicted by the marriage advertisement of the party in Monday morning's paper. After all this, why punish with death (as in France and some other countries) the forgers of bank-notes and five frank pieces? Since everything here below is false and spurious, there seems something retributive in paying sham and imitation merchandise with imitation money. All these are merely superficial instances of seeming and pretence, obvious to every one who has been at all in the world, and floating on the surface of society like straws without weight or substance. But for the deeper scrutiny of the heart, and the tearing away of fold after fold, and of the hypocrisy and counterfeit presentment with which its core is surrounded, study La Rochefoucauld as your text, La Bruyere for your commentary, and the artless children of this generation as examples.—*London Atlas*.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON THE VOICE.

THE influence of temper on tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill nature will infallibly communicate a like quality to the voice. That there really exist amiable tones, is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low soft tones of gentle amiable beings, seldom fail to please.

FAITH.

THE human mind is so mutable, that no individual can fix a standard of his own faith; much less can he commission another to establish one for him and his posterity. And this power would in no hands be so dangerous as in those of the statesman or priest who has the folly and presumption to think himself qualified to exercise it.—*Percival*.

WORSHIP.

THE true worship of God does not consist in words (as many think) but in deeds.—*Turkish Spy*.