

found in the multifarious reading of the advertising columns : that wives are tempted to extravagance at "*Le Magazin des Modes* ;" that "*The curious in fish-sauce*" are seduced to gourmandise by Mr. Burgess ; and that "*real old port at forty-two shillings per dozen*," lays the foundation of many a head-ache and bilious fever. But this is the nature of things. "*Corruptio optimi pessima* ;" and use and abuse, by the fatality of man's disposition, go hand in hand. However, like the viper, the newspaper carries with it the remedy for it's own poison. The "*Eau medicinale*" is found in juxtaposition with "*Fresh turtle every day* ;" and the "*New invented essence of shrimps*" serves but as an index to—" *Barclay's antibilious pills*."

To the Philanthropist, the first and last pages of a newspaper are a perpetual feast. How must the humane and generous heart glow with delight at each fresh proof of the enterprise and ingenuity of the species ; and at each new triumph over Nature and Time. What food for self-congratulation at being born in an age and nation, to which no obstacle is invincible, and each new want becomes the source of abundant gratification. On one side we have a pomade to make the hair grow, and on the other an ointment to check it's exuberance, when we have the misfortune to apply the pomade in a wrong place. In the same page we find washes to preserve the gums, and in the next, indestructible teeth to fit into them. The successes of our tradesmen in this department are most consoling ; and we cannot conceal our hopes, that those who sweeten the breath, and check the progress of decay in our teeth, may produce a Reform in Parliament ; that the "*most sweet voices*" of the Senators may become as wholesome as their kisses ; that the incorruptibility of their grinders may pass to their votes ; that journalists may cease to be foul-mouthed, and that the spirit of purity may pass from the persons to the minds of our representatives.

What a pleasing reflection it must afford too, in reading the journals, to pass from disease to disease, from deformity to deformity, and behold science and ingenuity triumphing over all. Our medical writers, like so many St. Georges, with each a dragon prostrate at his feet, restoring their fellow creatures from conditions too loathsome to behold, and from maladies "*universally deemed incurable*," to the plentitude of youthful vigour and soundness of constitution. Then how delightful to know that stays may be had which remedy the worst deformity, and that when the "*Macassar oil*" has lost it's power, wigs are made that put Nature to the blush ; that whiskers are manufactured that would deceive the lynx-like glasses of a drill-serjeant, and that eyes are fabricated so very cleverly that they do every thing but see.