

**CONTENTMENT.**—In Vienna, a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which is a stone, with this inscription—"This house was erected by Count D——, to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, "to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now, I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath; you will, therefore, please, sir, to give me immediate possession." The count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "you are quite right, sir, with respect to my intentions, but as I do not discover the least pretension you have to the character of a contented man, I beg you will retire. *If you were quite contented, you would not want my house!*"

A LADY at Macao put into the hands of a Chinese tailor materials, valued at forty dollars, to be made into a garment. At the appointed time it was brought home; but, to her mortification, the material had been completely spoiled, and the habit was not fit to wear. It was returned upon the workman's hands, and the husband of the lady applied to the Portuguese authorities for redress, but was put off, under one pretext or another, from time to time, till his patience was exhausted. He now applied to a Mandarin, and offered to give him the material in the tailor's hands, provided he should succeed in making him pay twenty dollars as damages, which were also to belong to the officer of justice. The Chinese officer willingly undertook the case and in a day or two, reported somewhat in the following manner: "Me have squeezey that tailor-man that silk, and that twenty dollar; me thinkey you one very good man, one man what know justice and law; me likey you; suppose you please, me give you my son for one servant, so he learn justice all same from you.—

*Ruschenberger.*

**ODD OBLIGATION.**—The Duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigne says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the duke presented him to the king, and urged his request, saying, he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The king granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations? "Ah! sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good sense, affected not to hear it.—*Walpole.*

**LEMONS.**—The lemon tree is a native of Assyria and Persia, whence it was brought into Europe; first to Greece and afterwards to Italy. It is now cultivated in Spain, Portugal and France, and is not uncommon in English green-houses. It was first cultivated in Britain in the Oxford garden, about the year 1648, and is a beautiful ever-green of small growth, but sending off numerous branches. The fertility of the lemon-tree is proverbial in Italy. A wager was laid in 1812, by Signor Antonio Georgeri of Massa, with Marchese Calani of Spezia, that at Cresullo, half a mile from Massa, there was a lemon-tree which would mature, that year, fourteen thousand lemons. It exceeded the quantity. Lemons are brought to England from Spain and Portugal packed in chests, and each lemon separately rolled in paper. The Spanish lemons are most esteemed.

**PALM WINE.**—This beverage, which is often mentioned by the ancients, is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the palm-tree, and inserting a quill or reed, through which the juice exudes. It is very pleasant to the taste, but powerfully intoxicating; and people in the East are frequently much amused by observing its effects on lizards, which, as soon as the tree is left by those who have been extracting the liquor, run up and suck it with eager delight. They soon become intoxicated, and in that state lie listless, looking up in the face of the spectator with a stupid stare. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but they seem proof against its effects, or else they are seasoned toppers, for none have ever been observed to be the worse for it.

**SCOTCH DEGREES.**—When the University of St. Andrew's sold her honours—a proceeding which provoked Dr. Johnson to tell the heads of the college that they would get rich by degrees, and which has long since been abandoned—a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful if he possessed what the Germans call the doctor-hat, put 15*l.* in his purse, and went to St. Andrews "to purchase for himself a good degree." His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honour. On his return, "the doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him somewhat as follows:—"Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor, and gin ony body spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see you in a crack." "That a' depends," was the reply, "upon whether ye'll ca' me doctor too." The reverend doctor stared. "Ay, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I fand that it cost sae little, I e'en got a diploma myself; sae ye'll just be good enough to say—doctor, put on some coals; or, doctor, bring me some whisky and hot water; and gin ony body spiers at ye about me ye'll be aye sure to say, the doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's in the pantry, or, the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be.—*Church of England Review.*

**DEPTH OF WELLS NEAR LONDON.**—Wells 700 feet deep have been dug at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and several in London are between 200 and 300 feet deep; at other places on rising grounds the thickness of the stratum is much greater. In digging a well at Wimbledon for Lord Spencer, the workmen were obliged to go 530 feet before they came to the sand and gravel containing water. At Primrose Hill, near the Regent's Park, some years ago, the ground was bored to the depth of 500 feet without success. One mile east of London, the clay is only 77 feet thick; at a well in St. James's Street it is 235 feet, and at High Beach 700 feet thick. In the spring of 1834 a water company sank a well on the lower heath at Hampstead, below the ponds, which was dry to the depth of 350 feet before reaching a supply of water, and even then the sand ran with the water in such a way as to make the steam-pump machinery nearly useless.—

*London as it is.*

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