

set his customers down as sharpers; "and that noodle yonder, is no doubt the King of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome; "I am the King of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but you shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise; since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill," at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the Emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter recognising the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect. The prefect flew with it to the minister of the interior. The minister to the Emperor, who was at St Cloud. The result of the whole was, that on the following morning, the Moniteur contained an ordonnance, in which the king of Westphalia was enjoined to his government forthwith, and prohibited from conferring any appointments till his arrival in his capital.—*Translated from a recent French publication.*

A PRACTICAL JOKE PUNISHED.—An old coal-dealer who had made a great deal of money by retailing coals, and living in a very penurious way, conceiving that he had at last sufficient to enable him to leave off business, and live like a gentleman, built himself a neat villa in the country, to which he retired. But such is the force of habit, that (to the great annoyance of his family, who wished him to "sink the shop") he was always unhappy unless in the cellar measuring his coals. Among others who often had expostulated with him on the impropriety of so doing, was a favorite nephew, to whom he had given a good education, and supported in the first style. One morning, walking in his garden with his nephew, he said to him, "Henry, I want a motto, or something of that kind, to put up in front of my house; but I don't like your Grove House—Prospect Palace—this Villa, and t'other Lodge. Come you are a scholar, give me one, and let it be in Latin." "Well," replied the nephew, "what think you of—*Thus is industry rewarded!*" "The very thing," says the uncle, "if you'll only put it into Latin." The nephew, then taking out a pencil, wrote on a slip of paper, *Oium sine dignitate* (Ease without dignity), which he gave his uncle, who read it thus:—*Hottum sinne dignitate.* "Ay, Henry," said the old man, "that'll do famously!" The next day he sent for a painter, who happened to know as little of the dead languages as himself, and the words were painted in large characters on a conspicuous part of the house. On the Sunday following, he happened to have a large party; and after dinner, as the company was strolling about the garden to view his improvements, some read the words, but said nothing, (not wishing, probably, to show their ignorance),—some said they were prodigiously

fine"—"so novel"—"so appropriate;" and to those who did not exactly happen to observe them, he was kind enough to point them out, and to explain the meaning, saying, "Thus is industry rewarded," and that he was not ashamed of having gained a competency in trade." However among the company there happened to be a charter-house boy, who told the old gentleman that there must be some mistake, for they were the last words he should like to put upon a house of his. This brought about an explanation; and the poor coal-dealer was so struck with the malice and ingratitude of his nephew, that he instantly destroyed a codicil to his will, in which he had left him £500, took to his bed, and died in a fortnight!—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

MAHOGANY is of universal use for furniture, from the common tables of a village inn to the splendid cabinets of a regal palace. But the general adoption of this wood renders a nice selection necessary for those articles which are costly and fashionable. The extensive manufacture of piano-fortes has much increased the demand for mahogany. This musical instrument, as made in England, is superior to that of any other part of Europe; and English piano-fortes are largely exported. The beauty of the case forms a point of great importance to the manufacturer. This circumstance adds nothing, of course, to the intrinsic value of the instrument; but it is of consequence to the maker, in giving an adventitious quality to the article in which he deals. Spanish mahogany is decidedly the most beautiful; but occasionally, yet not very often, the Honduras wood is of singular brilliancy; and it is then eagerly sought for, to be employed in the most expensive cabinet-work. A short time ago, Messrs. Broadwood, who have long been distinguished as makers of piano-fortes, gave the enormous sum of 3,000*l.* for three logs of mahogany. These logs, the produce of one tree, were each about fifteen feet long and thirty-eight inches wide. They were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood, of which we have seen a specimen, was peculiarly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish; and, when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal; and, from the wavy form of the fibres, offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed. A new species of mahogany has been lately introduced in cabinet-work, which is commonly called Gambia. As its name imports, it comes from Africa. It is of a beautiful colour, but does not retain it so long as the Spanish and Honduras woods.

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