

THE NEWSPAPER.

In gown and slippers loosely dressed,
And breakfast brought—a welcome guest—
What is it gives the real zest?—The paper.

When new laid eggs the table grace,
And smoking rolls are in their place,
Say, what enlivens every face?—The paper.

In vain the urn is hissing hot,
In vain the hyson stores the pot,
If the vile newsmen his not brought—The paper.

What it attracts the optic powers
Of ensign gay, when fortune showers
Down prospects of a "step" in "ours"?—The paper.

What it can make the man of law
Neglect the deed or plea, to draw
On sacra—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

What speaks of thieves and purses taken,
And murders done and misdeeds forsaken,
And average price of Yorkshire bacon?—The paper.

What it tells the dreadful state
That Ireland's in, and now of late
How D. O. C. tries to aggravate?—The paper.

What it tells the price of wool,
And how the market rise and fall,
With what is taught in church and school?—The paper.

Around, at home, in firm, or stout,
In health, or raving with the gout,
Who can possibly do without?—The paper.

Court Gazette

DEATH OF LORD LYNEDOCH.

The month of December, 1843, proved fatal to one of the illustrious men who led our armies during the peninsular war, and in the corresponding period of the present winter another and scarcely less distinguished soldier has been "gathered to his fathers." Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, has paid the debt of nature. His lordship expired on Monday night, a few minutes before 11 o'clock, at his town residence, Stratton-street, having for several days been seriously and alarmingly ill.

The early life of this eminent man was that of a private country gentleman, but one whose mind had been cultivated in no ordinary degree. The classical attainments of his father, and the many elegant accomplishments of his mother, were directed to that which formed with them a never-ceasing object, namely, the education of their son, who, owing to the death of both his elder brothers, had become heir to the family estate. The judicious and careful education which he had received produced in him an extraordinary aptitude for study, and in his mind faculties early developed were fully matured by an extensive European tour. He was born at Balgowan, Perthshire, in the year 1750. In the year 1774 his father died, and in the same year, he married Hon. Mary Cathcart, one of the daughters of the ninth Lord Cathcart, and it is a remarkable fact that two other daughters of the same noble lord were married on the same day. Thus we find Mr. Graham apparently settled down for life in the quiet, unobtrusive, happy condition of an independent country gentleman, and he continued in the enjoyment of great domestic felicity, surrounded by many estimable and attached friends for a period of nearly twenty years. He had by this time attained the mature age of forty-two, and to all external seeming was one of the last men in the world likely to enter upon a military life.

In the year 1792, however, his domestic happiness was brought to a termination by the death of his wife, to whom he had not been blessed by any children, but their mutual affection appeared to be too strong to need that additional bond. The effect of this melancholy event proved sufficient almost to unsettle the mind of Sir Thomas Graham, and his case added one to the instances that might be adduced, in which domestic calamities have procured for the estate services of the highest order in the field and the cabinet. It may be said that this change in his condition and prospects imparted almost a romantic character to the tenor of his life. His grief was so deep and lasting as greatly to injure his health, and he was recommended to travel, with a view of alleviating the one and restoring the other by change of scene and variety of objects. At Gibraltar he fell into military society, and there he first conceived the possibility of obtaining some respite from his sorrows by devoting himself to the profession of arms.

Lord Hood was then about to sail for the South of France, and Mr. Graham had recently been a traveller in that country. He therefore gladly acceded to his proposition to accompany him as a volunteer. We accordingly find him, in the year 1793, landing with the British troops at Toulon, and serving as extra aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave (father to the present Marquis of Normanby), who was the general commanding in chief, and who marked by his particular thanks the gallant and able services of the elderly gentleman who had thus volunteered to be his aide-de-camp. We need scarcely remind the reader that the events of that period gave Mr. Graham ample means of indulging the passion which impelled him to a military life. Nor did he neglect any opportunity which circumstances presented. He was always foremost in the attack, and on one occasion, at the head of a column, when a private soldier fell, Mr. Graham took up his musket and supplied his place in the front rank.

On returning to this country, he raised the first battalion of the 90th regiment, of which he was appointed Colonel-Commandant on the 10th of February, 1794. This regiment formed part of the army under the command of Lord Moira, (afterwards Marquis of Hastings.) It passed the summer of 1795 at Isle Dieu, whence it proceeded to Gibraltar. On the 23d of July 1795, the rank of Colonel in the army was conferred upon Mr. Graham.

At Gibraltar, he endured for a short time the idleness inseparable from garrison duty in so strong a place; but a continuance of such a life proved intolerable to such a mind as his, and he, therefore, obtained permission to join the Austrian army. His connexion with that service continued during the summer of seventeen hundred and ninety six, taking the opportunity which his position presented him, of sending to the British Government intelligence of the military operations, and diplomatic measures adopted by the commanders and sovereigns of the continent. It is well known that his despatches at this period evinced, in a remarkable degree, the great talents and characteristic energy of the writer.

During the investment of the city of Mantua, he was shut up there for some time with general Wurmsler, but, incapable of continuing unemployed, he made his escape under cover of night, but not without encountering great difficulties and imminent hazard. Early in the year 1797 he returned to England, but in the following autumn joined his regiment at Gibraltar, whence he proceeded to the attack of Minorca with Sir Charles Stuart, who bestowed the warmest eulogiums on the skill and valour displayed by Colonel Graham. The part which he took in the reduction of Minorca is thus described in a work published some years ago detailing those transactions:—"After the debarkation of the troops innumerable difficulties opposed themselves to their operations. There is not in any part of Europe to be found a greater variety of natural obstacles to an invading army than in this island. Reports from deserters and others, contradictory in their purport, rendered General Stuart for a short time irresolute what course to pursue. He, however, resolved to proceed by a forced march to Mercader, and, by possessing that essential post, to separate the enemy's force. To effect this Colonel Graham was sent with 600 men and by dint of the utmost effort arrived at Mercader, a very few hours after the main body of the enemy marched towards Candarillo. Here he made a considerable number of prisoners, seized several depots of ammunition, &c., and established his corps in the front of the village. The reduction of Minorca being completed Colonel Graham repaired to Sicily, where he employed himself in the service and for the assistance of his legitimate monarch; and such were his exertions, that he received repeated acknowledgements and tributes of gratitude and esteem from the King and Queen of Naples."

Not long after this, the colonel with the local rank of Brigadier, besieged the island of Malta, having under his command the 30th and 89th regiments, and some corps embodied under his immediate direction. Brigadier General Graham, aware of the prodigious strength of the place, resorted to a blockade, and the French held out till September, 1800, when, after a resistance of two years' duration, the place surrendered. On the completion of this service, General Graham came home for a few months, and again anxious for active service, proceeded to Egypt, but before his arrival, that country had been completely conquered. He returned through Turkey, making some stay at Constantinople, and during the peace of Amiens resided for a short time at Paris. His active and enterprising spirit had now to endure a period of repose. In 1808, however, he proceeded with Sir John Moore to Sweden, where he availed himself of that opportunity to traverse the country in all directions. Shortly afterwards Sir John Moore was ordered to Spain, and General Graham served there during the whole campaign of 1808. On his return to England he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and appointed to command a division in the expedition to Malta, but having been attacked with fever he was obliged to come home. In February, 1811, having been previously raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, he took the command of an expedition to attack the rear of the French army that was then blockading Cadix, an operation which led to the memorable battle of Barossa, the military details of which would much exceed the limits assignable to such an outline of Lord Lynedoch's brilliant career as it is now intended to present. The thanks of parliament were voted to Lieut. General Graham and the brave force under his command, and never were thanks more nobly earned or bestowed in a manner more honorable to those who offered and those who received them. He was at that time a member of the House of Commons, and in his place in parliament he received that mark of a nation's gratitude. In acknowledging the honour thus conferred on him, General Graham spoke as follows:—"I have formerly often heard your thanks of the house to officers present, and never without an anxious wish that I might one day receive this most enviable mark of my country's regard. This honest ambition is now fully gratified, and I am more than ever bound to try to merit the good opinion of the House." Barossa was to Lord Lynedoch what Almaraz was to Lord Hill, and Albuera to Lord Beresford. Belonged and outnumbered as these victories had been by those which the great duke achieved, yet were still to the commanders who led our forces on those memorable occasions the greatest events of their lives, and the sources of the most signal triumphs. To

do justice to achievements so glorious and decisive; are amongst the most difficult tasks which the historians of the 19th century will feel themselves called on to encounter. After this series of events, General Graham joined the army under the Duke of Wellington; but from ill health was obliged to revisit England for a short period. Early in 1813, however, he returned to the Peninsula, and commanded the left wing of the British army at the ever memorable battle of Vittoria. Mr. Abbott, then speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards Lord Colchester, in alluding to General Graham's distinguished career at this period, stated that his was "a name never to be mentioned in our military annals without the strongest expressions of respect and admiration;" and Mr. Sheridan, speaking of the various excellencies, personal and professional, which adorned his character said:—"I have known him in private life; and never was there seated a loftier spirit in a braver heart." Alluding to his services in the retreat of the British army to Corunna—in which Sir John Moore, the general in command, was killed—he continued, "In the hour of peril, Graham was their best adviser; in the hour of disaster Graham was their best consolation." Sir Walter Scott has also made him the subject of eulogium in his "Vision of Don Roderic," the concluding stanzas to which are dedicated to his lordship's fame.

Very little more now remains to be said in concluding the outline of his career. He commanded the army employed in the memorable siege of the town and citadel of St. Sebastian. He commanded also the left wing of the British army at the passage of Bidassoa, but soon after, in consequence of ill health, he was obliged to resign his command to Sir John Hope. In 1814 he was appointed to a command in Holland, and on the 3rd of May in the same year he again received the thanks of parliament, and was raised to the peerage, having previously been created a knight grand cross of the order of the Bath, and subsequently a knight grand cross of the order of St. Michael and St. George. He was likewise a knight of the Tower and Sword in Portugal. For many years he represented his native country in parliament; and he had, therefore, the gratification, as already stated, of receiving the thanks of the house of Commons in his place as a member. In 1821 he received the rank of General, and Governorship of Dunbarton castle.

As years advanced, and the infirmities of age began to accumulate, Lord Lynedoch found the climate of Italy better calculated to sustain his declining energies, than the atmosphere and temperature of his own country; he therefore spent much time on the continent; but on a recent occasion, so anxious was he to manifest his sense of loyalty and personal attachment to the Queen, that when Her Majesty visited Scotland, he came home from Switzerland, for the express purpose of paying his duty to her Majesty in the metropolis of his native land. Her Majesty's visit to Scotland, and especially to the neighbourhood of his seat, afforded the venerable peer much delight; it seemed to rekindle the animation of youth, and to call up the fast decaying energies of the old man's powers.

There are few pursuits which so much demand the enterprise, energy, and vigour of youth, as the profession of arms, and few commanders attain eminence except those who have the good fortune to do so at an early period of life.

We regret to state that the titles of this great man are extinct. He leaves behind him no descendants to be stimulated by his example, or to derive honour from his fame.

The family from which he is descended is a branch of that from which the Dukes of Montrose trace their origin. His father was Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, and his mother was Christian, 4th daughter of the first Earl of Hopetoun. He was born, as already stated, more than ninety three years ago, and lived under five several sovereigns, leaving behind him a name which will be held in honoured remembrance, while loyalty is considered to be a virtue, or military renown a passport to fame.

In politics Lord Lynedoch was a Whig. Although his extreme age and enfeebled health long unfitted him for taking an active part in the turmoil of politics, he was by no means an unconcerned spectator of the conflict of principles which has been going on during the last years of his unusually protracted life; and his vote—personal or by proxy—was recorded in favour of liberal measures. By Lord Lynedoch's death, many Scotch families will be placed in mourning. His tomb will be hallowed by the reverential homage of his countrymen. We understand that some time previous to the demise of the venerable and gallant nobleman, his lordship expressed a desire that his remains should be deposited in Perthshire; and that in accordance with his Lordship's wish, his remains will be placed on board a steamship for Dundee, and be then removed for interment in Perthshire.—*Weekly Chron.*

BEAUTY AND BAYONETS.—The following paragraph has been going the round of the papers:—"WOMEN OF WAR."—The militia law of Rhode Island does not exempt females from performing military duty; and several have been arrested and confined for disobeying the said law."

Now this is a regular Yankee trick. "The man who," as Lord William would say, "would impose his palm on a female unless in the expression of cordiality, is a wretch." It is evidently, therefore, Jonathan's idea, that a corps of American Amazons, in the event of a conflict with

British troops would be sure to carry all before them. He calculates our gallant Soldiers would scorn to strike a woman.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington, however, will prove more than a match for Jonathan. Steps we understand have already been taken for the formation of a female battalion auxiliary to the line; and more than one fair sergeant of a dashing appearance, and in a white uniform, has been seen in various country towns beating up for recruits. Nay, a very buxom young girl, apparently a mantuamaker, thus attired, passed *Punch's* Office yesterday with a drum, followed by a long posse of servant maids with their bonnets dressed with ribbons, indicative of enlistment. The uniform of these female regiments is to be of a showy character; it being reasonably supposed that this circumstance will facilitate their formation. That of the young ladies in the *Revolt of the Harem* has been judiciously selected by the Commander in Chief, and Prince Albert we are informed is devising a new cap to complete it.

The battalion is to consist of 800; the ranks to be filled principally from single ladies. The married, however, will not be excluded if their husbands will allow them to enlist; which too many, perhaps, will be ready to do. The whole force is to be commanded by Mrs. Major-General Smith; and at the head of the first company will be Mrs. Col. Jones. One regiment is to consist of light cavalry, under Colonel lady Tomkins; and among the names of other officers, we may confidently announce that of Miss Cornet Brown.

We ought not, perhaps, to publish this information, as *Punch* circulates on the other side of the Atlantic; but we do so, to let Jonathan see that we are prepared for him, and we hope that he will take the hint, and not presuming on this new stratagem of his, plunge the world in war. When far meets far, then will come the *et cetera*, and if our country-women are not victorious any way.—*Punch* has no nose, and will forfeit his cudgel.—*Punch.*

IMPORTANT SEIZURE OF SOLDIERS.—The other day, as coast-guard policeman J was doing duty on the Battersea shore, preventing the smuggling of penny Cubas from the adjoining cabbage gardens his attention was attracted by seeing an individual watching the arrival of the *Lily*, and winking violently at the captain, who was making motions with his hand to the man at the wheel of the vessel. Policeman J, knowing the efforts that have been made for repealing the Battersea union, was instantly on the alert; and seeing a barrel put on shore, he felt under his coat to see that his truncheon was all right, and determined to meet the worst, which policemen always lo, instead of making the best of it. The late seizure at Dublin of a puncher, containing six pistols and twelve swords with old blades—intended, no doubt, to cut the connexion between England and Ireland, has thrown a suspicion upon tubs of every description, and it is considered a mark of disaffection to keep a water-tub. Policeman J, having noticed that the individual took possession of the barrel, and was going to carry it away, instantly came forward, and read the Riot Act, after which he quoted a few clauses from a recent statute, in order that he might not outstep the bounds of the constitution. The individual with the barrel was proceeding to try and laugh the matter off; but policeman J with extreme caution, requested him to open it, when it was found to be crammed to the very lid—with soldiers!!

The report was instantly spread that the military had become the tools of the revolutionary party, and that twenty score of soldiers had been taken in the very act of landing. We instantly sent our own reporter to the spot, and found that the soldiers alluded to were—red herrings!!—*Punch.*

THE MISERIES OF BEING A MINISTER.—I could tell of the prerogatives, not so very high—the enjoyments, none of the sweetest—which he loses who surrenders place, oftentimes misnamed power. To be responsible for measures which others control, perchance contrive; to be chargeable with leaving things undone which he ought to have done, and had all the desire to do, without the power of doing; to be compelled to trust these whom he knew to be utterly unworthy; and on the most momentous occasion, involving the interest of millions; implicitly to confide in quarters where common prudence forbade reposing a common confidence; to have schemes of the wisest, the most profound policy, judged and decided on by the meanest and the most frivolous of human beings, and the most generous aspirations of the human heart for the happiness of his species chilled by frowns of the most selfish and sordid of his race—these are among the unenviable prerogatives of place—of what is falsely called power in this country. And yet I doubt if there be not others less enviable still. To be planted upon the eminence from whence he must see the baser features of human nature uncovered and deformed; witness the attitude of climbing ambition from a point whence it is only viewed as creeping and crawling, tortuous and venomous, in its hateful path; to be forced to see the hideous sight of a naked human heart, whether throbbing in the bosom of the great vulgar or the little, is not a very pleasing occupation for one who loves his fellow-creatures, and would fain esteem them. And trust me, that he who wields power and patronage for but a little month, shall find the many he may try to serve furiously hating him for involuntary failure—while the few, whom he may succeed in helping to the object of all their wishes, shall, with a propos-

terous pride (the most unamiable part of the British character) seek to prove their independence by showing their ingratitude, if they do not try to conceal the obligation by fastening a quarrel upon him. But worse to be endured than all, is the fetter and the cramp imposed on one used to independence—the being buried while yet alive to the people's condition and claims—buried in the house of power and etiquette appointed for all ministers.—*Lord Brongham.*

THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE: EDITED BY DOUGLAS JERROLD. December, 1843.—This number is full of interesting articles—sketches of men and manners, with "a few words on fairy tales;" "the last glass;" "the fairy's foster mother," a legend of Ireland;" "a Christmas canticle;" and the "adventure of a broadsword petticoat," all of which have afforded us more or less pleasure. Roden's sketches of "England sixty years ago" are very rare. The description of the Mountbank Doctor, whose occupation has been superseded by the facilities afforded by the newspaper for making known nostrums of all kinds, seems a sketch from life. The Doctor, it appears, made his regular visits at stated seasons, especially at wakes and fairs, by a Jack Pudding; exactly in dress, manners, and language, the clown at a circus. These worthies cracked their jokes, and deluded the crowds in the most free and easy manner imaginable. The following is a good anecdote.—*Falmouth Packet.*

On one occasion, a great gawky lumbering cloth-hopper thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the Doctor. He mounted the stage, and on being questioned as to his disorder, said, very gravely, "Why, I'm a liar!" "Sad disorder, Sir, but perfectly curable," said the Doctor—"Well, but (said the man), I've a worse one than that, I've lost my memory."—"Quite curable also," added the Doctor. "But I must make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but pay down five shillings." The man, who intended to have his fun gratis, resisted, but the doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something. "Besides (said the Doctor), how can I trust you? you say you are a liar, and have no memory; so you will either break your word, or forget all about it." A loud laugh from the crowd expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor devil, *volens volens*, was compelled to lay down the cash. No one supposed he would come back again, but the fool still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour.

The Doctor received him with great gravity, and addressing the audience, said, "Gentlemen may think it a joke but I assure them, on the honour of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the bystanders do not acknowledge the cure, and that I am fairly entitled to the reward." The man sat down—was furnished with a glass of water—the Doctor produced a box of flattened black pills; and to show that they were innocent, affected to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one to the man, who after many dry faces, bit into it—started up, spitting and spluttering, and exclaiming, "Why, hang me, if it isn't a cobbler's wax!" "Yes, it is true that the Doctor had procured his pills at a neighbouring cobbler's stall!"

"There," said the Doctor, lifting up both hands, "Did anybody ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a recovery? He's evidently cured of lying, for he has told the truth instantly; and as to memory! my good fellow, say he, (putting him on the back,) if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return you the money."

THE SUBSCRIBER beg to announce to the public that he has become proprietor of the *FAIRFAX* LONDON AND NEWSPAPER, having purchased that establishment from Mr. George Woods, the late proprietor. They have also leased the splendid room in Mr. J. L. Marsh's building (formerly occupied for the same purpose) into which the establishment is already removed.

As they will undertake to furnish at least thirty papers or upwards per week (exclusive of several magazines) embracing the leading papers of Great Britain, the United States, and Canada, and nearly all the journals published in this Province, and a Scotch and as they have taken care that their selection should in reference to party politics be as equally divided as possible, and are determined that their own political bias shall never induce them to make the "READING ROOM" a party affair—they hope that a discerning public who must be interested in an establishment of so much utility being kept up in Fredericton, will come forward and afford them that support their exertions shall appear to merit.—*Terms*—(as heretofore) £1. per annum. Advance, £5. 10s. per quarter. D. B. & HILL.