

taste he had, poor man! This place was quite thrown away upon him; he had no idea of its capabilities.

'No,' replied a gentleman to whom I had bequeathed a legacy—'with the best intentions in the world, Smith was really a very odd man.'

'His house,' added another, who used to dine with me three times a week, 'was never thoroughly agreeable;—it was not his fault, poor fellow!'

'No, no,' said a very old friend of mine, at the same time taking a snuff from a gold box which had been my gift, he did every thing for the best; but between ourselves, Smith was a bore.'

'It is well,' said Mr Mitts, 'that talking of him has not the effect which is attributed to talking of another invisible personage! Let him rest in peace; for if it were possible that he could be reanimated, his reappearance here to claim his goods and chattels, and above all, his wife, would be attended with rather awkward consequences.'

'So much for my posthumous curiosity! Vain mortal that I was, to suppose that after a dreamless sleep of ten long years, I could return to the land of the living, and find the place and the hearts that I once filled, still unoccupied! In the very handsome frame of my own picture, was now placed a portrait of John Mitts, Esq.; mine was thrown aside in an old lumber room, where the sportive children of my widow had recently discovered it, and with their mimic swords had innocently poked out the eyes of what they were pleased to denominate 'the dirty picture of the ugly man.' My presumption has been properly rewarded: let no one who is called to his last account, wish, like me, to be permitted to revisit earth. If such a visit were granted, and like me he returned invisible, all that he would see and hear would wound his spirit: but were he permitted to reappear visibly in propria persona, mortifying indeed would be his welcome.

HARD TIMES.

ALL trades, professions, callings, and avocations, loudly complain of the dullness of trade—that every thing is at a stand-still—that there is nothing 'moving'—with the solitary exception of the landlord, who declares that all his tenants are 'moving.'

The fishmonger is obliged to give his maid notice to seek another place; asserting, while the muscles of his physiognomy are wefully relaxed, that scarcely a soul is now seen in his once well-attended shop, and that he shall certainly flounder if things go on at this lamentable rate.

The spruce footmen, who were nightly wont to arouse and startle the peaceful inhabitants of the quiet streets with their annunciatory rat-tat-tat, are now in tatters, and have not a 'single rap' to bless themselves withal.

The tailor retrenches his 'establishment,' and speaks seriously of 'cutting his coat according to his cloth,' as if his conscience had really risen up against him for his *cadbaging* propensities. He talks, too, of taking other 'measures,' and finds that the 'art of cutting,' which he professes, is unhappily useful to him only when he 'spies a dun or a creditor.'

The poor washerwomen are most paradoxically situated, having nothing to do—and yet declare that they 'are all in the suds,' and vow they have not touched a 'copper,' the Lord knows when!

No carrier has a 'tanner' wherewith to help himself. The linen-drafter sticks up his tempting announcement of 'An Immense Sacrifice' and tickets his decoy-patterns in vain, busily bustling behind his counter, and looking for a 'counter action' with a hopeless sigh. And he may now confidently warrant his cheapest prints not to run, for they will not go at any rate.

The plumber is all in the dumps, and gives it as his opinion that all trade is at an end; at least he is led to conclude so.

The paper-maker says trade is stationary.

The milliner—very so-so indeed.

The porter—flat.

The gardener—that his time hangs upon his hands.

The shoe-maker (with a yawn)—that he never knew such long quarters—although he can't pay his rent when it becomes due.

The cats'-meat'-woman—that her business has 'gone to the dogs.'

While the rabbit merchant (if he be a tory) avers, that it is to be attributed to throwing open the close boroughs!

These are complaints that, I am afraid, all the politico-economical doctors, who pretend to understand the 'Constitution,' feel the 'pulse of the times,' and sagely shake their heads, have not the skill to cure.

The tories say there is something 'radically wrong.'

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

A young attorney in one of the western counties of this State had volunteered his services in behalf of a man accused for murder. He arose and addressed the jury as follows:—'Gentlemen of the jury, in this town I have passed some of the happiest days of my existence; it is the scene of my childhood; I have pursued the rural walks and sylvan scenes of this delightful place—I have watched the sylph-like form of beauty as she glided through the mazy dance! All my earliest

recollections and fondest hopes are clustered here. In throwing my eyes around this delightful apartment, I behold some of the earliest friends of my father—his dearest, fondest associates. Oh! how my throbbing bosom beats with gratitude to the great Dispenser of all good, that he has enabled me to return once more to this delightful village—to end my days amidst its enchanting pleasures.' He proceeded thus far, and stopped for want of breath—stood a few moments viewing the audience, as if conscious of a mighty effort, and again commenced with these words: 'Gentlemen of the jury, it is a pretty tough case—I don't exactly know what to think of it—you must use your own judgment about it.'

FROM TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger,
Her lips have breath'd the marriage vow,
Why should she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade,
Why dim her eye, when doubt is over,
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret,
For solemn vows so lately spoken?
Is it a fear, scarce own'd as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken?

Oh no! such causes darken not
The cloud that's swiftly passing o'er her,
Her's is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given
To him who now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years
That, to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eye with tears,
And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new;
Of wishes that may prove deceiving—
Of all she hopes, yet fears to do,
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving:

It is the thought of bygone days,
Of them, the fond, the gentle hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze,
The dear, the absent, the departed.

Oh! who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping;
Or who should seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping.

Not he who, with a lover's care,
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps: for he can share
The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles re-light her eye with gladness,
And none will blame, who truly trace,
To its pure source, her transient sadness.

FROM TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR.

The following is the conclusion of an article in this Magazine, under the above title:—

'We have shown some faint picture of what war is in itself, and in its consequences; the natural disposition there is in men of war, and particularly among kings, who are its practical promoters and conductors; and we have also given a very feasible view of the cause the latter have to exert themselves to the utmost in the breeding of disastrous contentions and conflicts. Destructiveness is natural to man; but the growing intelligence of the mass, which is so rapidly inducing a home-felt sense of the welfare of each being centred in all, will eventually supersede the indulgence of such evil inclinations. Other evil passions are superseded in their general effects, though not eradicated from the mind and temperament; and so it will be with regard to war. 'Plague, pestilence, and famine,' are evils we cannot avoid; they may be called the bad passions of the physical elements; but battles, murders, and wholesale sudden deaths, are voluntary evils, originating in the bad passions of kings and their counsellors, and acting upon the bad passions of the people through their ignorance. But this ignorance is being fast dispelled.

'To force a sensitive and minute comprehension upon mankind, as to the actual horrors of war, is impossible. A few words are all we shall offer. What is a single murder, about which we are all so excited—a man stabbed in a back kitchen, or knocked on the head

in a barn—compared to the carnage of a field of battle? Almost every soldier who falls, dies a much worse death, as far as the actual butchery is concerned. Bayoneted through the bowels—sabred across the face—shot through both thighs—and trampled under foot by men and horses, like a worm, after lying there in momentary expectation of it, perhaps half an hour! And all for what?—most probably for a cause in which both parties are wrong! Armies are composed from the people; twenty or fifty thousand of you being slain, as described, only serves for a few days' talk at home. Nobody feels for you at all, except a few near relations; be sure of that fact. The sympathy of your countrymen is too diffused and vague; all chance of commiseration is lost in the excitement of the battle and its political consequences. Think, therefore, of yourselves; feel for your own position distinctly; and do not be cajoled and drawn off, as heretofore, by the insidious pretence and *sovereign hoax* of aiding the cause of liberty in some other quarter of Europe, to forget your own.'

A MAN OVERBOARD!

The ship was instantly luffed to the wind, her way through the water deadened, the heavy courses rapidly raised, the main-topsail hove to the mast, the ship rendered stationary, the grating hove over, the plank plunged from the port, the life-buoy cut away, the lee quarter-boat lowered, and disengaged from its tackles, and the coxswain seen standing erect in the stern-sheets, guiding his steerage by the directing voice and waving hand of the first lieutenant, elevated on the taffrail. 'Pull more to starboard—pull, pull, my lads! larboard oars best. Now right as you go, right as you go; who is he? Who is he?' 'Bill Thompson, Sir, the captain of the folks!' 'Poor fellow! The best man in the ship. They don't see him in the boat. A little to leeward of the life-buoy. He's nearly at his last gasp. Another fathom and he fetches the plank. No, that, that's his hat, that's not the man. Good God! he's gone.'

'Tranquility was again restored, the hammocks below retentented, the seats in the waists resumed, whilst some few of the more mournful of Thompson's messmates occupied the coaming of the fore-hatchway, deploring their recent loss. 'Poor Bet! it'll be the breaking of her heart,' said one of the sympathizing group, affecting to search for his quondam quid within the lining of his little low tarpauling hat—a movement evidently adopted to conceal from his companions symptoms of emotion, 'it'll be the breakin' of her heart, I'm sartin sure—Never, never was woman fonder o' man, and, no wonder; for Bill was regularly born'd for Bet.' 'And yet, Tom,' interposed an equally sensitive topman, 'no one never can say as Bill, poor Bill! was ever the man as liked to his liking.' 'Sartinly not, he was none o' your capstruck chaps, for Bet aboard, or Bet ashore, Bill was still the same, work! work! work! and always willin'.—Nothin', no nothin', but the sein' of another in trouble, ever seemed to give trouble to Bill.' 'Poor Bill!—what a chap in the chains.' 'Ay, Tom! and such a song!' 'He'd bunt a foreisle himself, wou'dn't he, Tom?' 'Ay, Bob! we as know'd him, know'd well his worth. Well might the first-lieutenant say he was the best aboard. Poor Bet!—I think I see her in the berth below in her usual, nice, natty, tidy trim, head-geer all in order (and a nicer head o' hair I never seed with a wench.) clean cap, and white apron, overhaulin' poor Bill's chest and bag; I think I sees her afore me counting his traps on the mess-table, folding his shirts afresh, and clapper'em atwix her tidy hands, I think I sees her taking the creases out o' his musterin'-trousers, wipin' the mildew of the buttons of his jacket, and cleanin' his combs ready for a Sunday tye.—Poor soul! I has her afore me as plain as the living light.'—*Naval Sketch Book.*

IMPORTANCE OF GEOLOGY.

By the discoveries of a few science (the very name of which has been but a few years engrafted on our language) we learn that the manifestations of God's power on earth have not been limited to the few thousand years of man's existence. The geologists tells us, by the clearest interpretation of the phenomena which his labours have brought to light, that our globe has been subject to vast physical revolutions. He counts his time not by celestial cycles, but by an index he has found in the solid framework of the globe itself. He sees a long succession of monuments, each of which may have acquired a thousand ages for its elaboration. He arranges them in chronological order; observes on them the marks of skill and wisdom, and finds within them the ancient inhabitants of the earth. He finds strange and unlooked-for changes in the forms and fashions of organic life during each of the long periods he thus contemplates. He traces these changes backwards through each successive era, till he reaches a time when the monuments lose all symmetry, and the types of organic life are no longer seen. He has then entered on the