

I am bad enough; and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of every thing in general. That's what finishes our folks.

But as Tribulation Trepid has now got under way in reference to his bodily health, it may be as well to suffer him to explain himself in the matter of his pecuniary relations, which are in quite as bad a condition.

'Well but, Trepid how do you come on otherwise? Why don't you go into some sort of business and keep a shop.'

'Keep a shop!—what's the use of my keeping a shop? If I keep a shop nobody will ever come into it, and if they did come in they wouldn't buy anything. Didn't I try once, and nobody came, because they said I had'n't enough of an assortment? Ketch me! Why did they not buy what I had, instead of trying to coax me to get things which they would not have bought after all? Me keep a shop! yes, to be sold out by the Sheriff—I'm always sold out—don't I know it beforehand.

'Apply for a situation did you say? Nonsense! Ain't they always very sorry—if I had only come sooner, or if they had only know'd it before—isn't that always the answer? could I ever get anywhere soon enough, or before somebody else had been there, and had gathered up all the good things that were going? Don't talk to me about applying for a situation? It's almost as bad as trotting about to get an office. 'Bring your recommendations,' say they; and by the time you've got your recommendations, oh, how sorry they are for such a nice man as you, only the place is filled already.

'I've a great mind never to try any more about situations,—somebody must sleep there all night; for however bright and early I get up of a morning, there he is; and I might have had the place if I had been in time, as if that was any comfort.

'And as for trying to borrow money of people which is a nice easy way of getting a living as a gentleman could desire, if you've a pretty good run of business in that line, I never could do much at it somehow or other. I never could take the money people by surprise they seemed to know what I wanted as soon as I looked at them, and they were always very sorry, too—everybody is very sorry to me—but they had no cash to spare just now, and just now is all the time when people do not want to lend. No—nothing is to be done in that line unless you can take them by surprise, like a steel trap and I'm not quick enough for that operation. There's never any money when I'm coming.

'I'll give up—yes, if nobody will leave me a fortune, and no rich widow will marry me, I've a great mind to give up, and see what will become of me then. I suppose something must become of me; though I hardly believe it will, for nothing ever become of me yet. But of this I'm sure, there's no use of me trying to get along by myself; and I'll just sit down by the side of life's turnpike and wait till something goes travelling by to get me along. But I guess I'll have to wait a good while; for the place will be occupied—they'll be very sorry, to be sure, and they'll wish they had know'd it in time; but there's no room left.'

It will thus be seen that Tribulation Trepid adopts the expectant method of treatment, as the course of practice best adapted to the peculiarities of his case. He waits for something to 'turn up' in favor because he lacks force, faith and hope to urge him onward to energetic effort—fer, in the collapsed recesses of his trembling heart, he does not really believe that any thing favorable will 'turn up' for him. Such never have occurred for his special benefit. All his turnings have been turnings down; as the turnings of this world generally prove to be, unless our own shoulder is so applied to the turning as to induce it to turn in the proper direction. And this brings us to the great query of all queries—the unsolved problem in our social theory—what is to be done to help him who, by nature or by education, proves to be unable to help himself—what measures of relief is to be passed for the benefit of the sinking family of the Trepids, as they stumble down the depths of disaster?—Gentle reader, and most sagacious friend, if you should think of any, pray announce it betimes; and in return receive a position among the most distinguished of the benefactors of the human race, Cheer, if thou canst—

THE MAN WITHOUT A HOPE.

From the Columbian Magazine.

DEATH UNDER THE LAW.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY AN EXECUTION.

By John Inman.

This day, in the heart of our city, a human being has been put to death. Not suddenly, not in the hurry and heat of strife, not with anger, not for personal revenge, but deliberately, even sorrowfully, and by the hands of other men who, so far from being inflamed by any vindictive feelings against their passive victim, would rather have made some personal sacrifice that he might live if justice had not exacted his death. The scene as we can imagine it, has been awful, terrible. A man—one of those wondrous creatures made in the image of God—in the maturity of health and vigor, with all his capacities for action and enjoyment unimpaired by disease or age, with all his sensibilities to the blessing of existence unblunted—is brought forth from the seclusion and silence of the prison

cell that has been his home for many days, to breathe the free air of heaven, to look upon the clear blue sky above him, to feel the warm invigorating touch of the blessed sunshine for a few brief minutes, and for the last time. There is nothing around him to stir up his blood, to give him the temporary courage or recklessness of excitement, all is calm, saddening, solemn; he is brought face to face with a dreadful and fatal danger, but it has no form with which he can grapple, in the struggle with which, however vain, he may gather heat for his chilled blood and stir up his fainting spirit; helpless, powerless, he remains passive in the hands of the grave compassionate men, whose very gravity and compassion are to him the evidences of an inevitable doom, which it is theirs to inflict, his alone to suffer. In the little company by which he is surrounded, though there are no deadly weapons in their hands though their movements are quiet and even gentle, he sees the congregated power of thousands and tens of thousands, bearing with a silent but crushing force upon him, the single anresisting victim. The unseen, intangible, inscrutable might of that tremendous agent, which we call law is arrayed against him, his heart feels it, though his eyes seek for it in vain; and the purpose of its exercise, is his present speedy death. He gazes with the intense earnestness of despair upon the face of one and another and another of those silent ministers, and in every face he reads pity, but help or rescue in not one. His doom is written and must be fulfilled.

Society has condemned this man to die and it has put its decree in execution. The life given by the Almighty maker it has taken away. This is an awful function which society is called on to perform. It ought to be assumed with strict Justice—with perfect equity. The criminal has transgressed a just, a wholesome and indispensable law; he had been amply warned that his transgression of that law would be visited with the punishment of death. Are we sure of that? Has the warning indeed been ample? It is very true that the law is recorded on the pages of the statute book, and that a vast and expensive and imposing machinery has been arranged to make it impressively known. There are courts for the trial of offenders, with prosecuting officers to labor for conviction, and jurors to pronounce a righteous verdict, and behind them in the distance looms the dim but terrible shadow of the gallows. But all this is not enough; it is useless, and worse than useless, if crime had been suffered many times to go unpunished; if the working of machinery has been frequently made of none effect, no matter by what cause.

Now can we say, before the cold dead body of this man whom we have just put to death, that he in his ignorance, with his limited range of understanding, had not a right to suppose that the law which we bring up against him was a mere dead letter, or at least that he would have no great difficulty in escaping its award—that the warning in defiance of which we say he has committed crime, was a mere sound without force or meaning? If he was able to read, he had often seen in the newspapers—and if he could not read he doubtless heard in gossips with friends or companion, at the market place or the tavern—accounts of men transgressing that law, putting at defiance that warning, and though brought to trial with all due formality, going forth from the court room at last unharmed; nay sometimes welcomed with rejoicing shouts and other demonstrations of popular delight, as though they had been champions of some noble cause, the right of which had triumphed over tyranny and fraud. He had heard no doubt of the murder of a watchman by a young profligate and ruffian—a murder deliberate, unprovoked, committed with the deadliest coolness of malignity—and how this young assassin finally, by the aid of astute and persevering counsel, succeeded in baffling the pursuit of law, which in vain demanded the forfeit of his life.

He had heard, we may well suppose, how in a neighbouring city the throat of a beautiful but abandoned woman was cut in the dead of the night, as she lay asleep by the side of her paramour—cut by the same paramour, who, whatever her misdeeds, should have been the last to turn his hand against her—and how the murderer was acquitted on the idlest of all pretences.

We can scarcely doubt that he had knowledge of the murder committed in the adjoining state, the murder of a young and lovely, though perhaps imprudent and possibly unfaithful wife, by the husband who had vowed to take her 'for better or worse,' to cherish and protect her as long as they both should live; and he could not well be ignorant of the fact that the murdering husband also was acquitted, was set free unharmed, no victim to the outraged law, as example of the solemn warning. And in a state more distant a great crime was committed—the cool assassination of an unarmed, sleeping man, by three assassins who made their way into his bed-chamber and shot him through the head so that he died after some days of agony—and the perpetrators of this crime, being arrested and brought for examination before a tribunal appointed to administer the law, were not merely suffered to escape, but pronounced guiltless—with the blood of their victim almost red upon their hands. And the people, when the award of the tribunal was pronounced, that these men had not violated the law, the people set up a great shout of gladness and the murderers became the heroes of a popular ovation!

Can we suppose that the man whom we

have put to death had no knowledge of these things? These and many others, like unto them in principle and effect? And can we say that, with knowledge of these things, he had such warning as removed from him all claim to excuse for believing that this crime also would not be punished? The only question is whether society does justice to criminals and to itself when it awards the penalty crime with such capricious inconsistency. It is a great, a solemn question—and should not go without an answer.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY J. HAGEN.

RECLINING in the cooling shade,  
By spreading elms and lindens made,  
A pleasing rapture o'er me stole,  
Which freed awhile my shackled soul,  
Until I could communion hold  
With nature as a man of old,  
Ere he the things of heavenly birth  
Exchanged for grosser things of earth,  
Which made his senses dull and dim,  
Till nature was shut out from him.

The birds whose warbling filled the grove,  
The flowers beneath, the clouds above,  
The stream that rippled at my feet,  
The browsing herd, the wild deer fleet,  
The insect tribe on glittering wing,  
Each plant, each tree, each breathing thing,  
A music made so soft, so clear,  
As seldom falls on mortal's ear,  
I felt the voice was nature's own,  
Such music nature breathes alone,  
And this its burden seemed to be—  
'Return, return, return to me.

'Oh man, my last, my favorite child,  
Thou on whose birth creation smiled,  
And I, of mine own offspring proud,  
Thee with my richest gifts endowed,  
While heaven immortal life bestowed,  
And powers well worthy of a God,  
Ah! who is he that thou shouldst fall,  
Thou only of my children all,  
Thou only couldst ungrateful be—  
Return my erring child to me.

'Bright was the path for thee I spread,  
To endless happiness it led;  
A pathway strewn with every good,  
Nor sin, nor sorrow might intrude,  
But thou hast left my simple way,  
Through error's devious paths to stray,  
The paths of darkness, doubt, and fear,  
Ah! hear me while thou still may'st hear,  
Still would I thy protector be,  
Return my erring child to me.'

The sun the stars sunk below,  
The sky with stars began to glow,  
The rising moon has silvered o'er,  
The scene the sun had lit before,  
And all the voices of the night,  
From snadowy dell and moon lit high,  
Took up the chorus I had heard,  
From tree, and flower, and stream, and bird,  
And borne upon the zephyrs free,  
'Return' it said 'return to me.'

The Politician.

The British Press.

London Pictorial Times, February 27.

THE CIVIL WAR IN PORTUGAL.

The weary contests between the Queen of Portugal and her rebel subjects continues. The "thirsty Erinnyes of the soil" still daubs her lips with her own children's blood; and brave men fall unhoored and almost unnoticed, because the cause has not the sympathy of the civilized world, nor even the more limited sympathy of the Portuguese nation at large. In the resistance of a noble and intelligent race to the oppression of a foreign government every generous mind must take a lively interest. Poland endeavouring to throw off the yoke of Russia; Greece emancipating herself from Turkish thralldom; America asserting her independence of Great Britain; Mexico taking up arms against the United States; South America overthrowing Spanish domination; Switzerland ridding herself of the tyranny of Austria; and Algeria holding out against the legions of France, are spectacles that cannot be contemplated with indifference. We give them our good will, and when practicable, or comfortable to sound policy and due consideration for national interests, give them our aid. But a strife between two sections of a nation, the one instigated by the ambition or the intrigues of parties seeking power, and the other by the despotism exercising it de jure, commands neither the respect nor the concurrence of enlightened people. It is a domestic quarrel, which every one gifted with common sense is inclined to look upon with indifference. When Portugal was in peril from the French invaders, and her seas demonstrated

that the heroism transmitted by the martial spirits of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was not extinct, England sent her gallant Wellesley to drive the foreign hosts from the Lusitanian soil, and history tells with what results the enterprize was attended. Soul lives to recount how he was driven from Oporto, and the field of Busaco will ever be numbered among the greatest exploits during the Peninsular War. True, the great efforts then made by England to serve her old ally, were but ill-requited. Bigotry and vanity interposed to prevent a free expression of acknowledgment, and the greatest of our modern poets found few persons to denounce as calumny the stinging lines quoted by us three months ago—

A nation swola with ignorance and pride,  
Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves the sword  
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparring lord.

But England does not happily measure her respect for treaties, and her attachment to the vines of Portugal, by the conduct of those with whom she holds relations. In spite of her convictions, that any aid offered by her diplomatists and arms will scarcely content one half the Portuguese nation, and is sure to be very offensive to the other, she answers the appeal of the hapless Queen and sends her fleets to the Tagus. There they ride in all their silent majesty, terrific even in their neutrality; for, as was justly said by Lord Ellenborough a few nights since in the House of Lords, "but for the presence of that squadron the Queen of Portugal would have met Don Miguel in London." That they will depart from their tranquil but awful attitude must materially depend upon circumstances; but sure we are, that with all the just horror entertained by Englishmen of the result that must ensue from Don Miguel's restoration to power, there is not a man in this country who could wish a shot to be fired for the maintenance of a dynasty that encourages a corrupt ministry in impeding the success of liberal institutions. If we uphold the daughter of Don Pedro we should at least insist, as a condition of our interference, upon the adoption of the enlightened principles of Don Pedro in the civil government of the country.

The death of General Macdonnell, lamentable as it is to see a good soldier fall in intestinal war, will, it seems, alter the aspect of the contest, and render vigorous measures essential to preserve the crown of Dona Maria. We gather the following facts from the correspondent of a morning paper, accepting them as truths because their concurrence with the statements of other writers upon the spot. It is important that the reader should make himself acquainted with them, as they form a starting point for a portion of the history of the civil war, which will soon become interesting.

Lisbon Feb 15.—The death of Macdonnell has wrought a wonderful change in the state of affairs. While he lived the complete fusion of the two insurgent parties were next to an impossibility; that obstacle now removed the Miguelites are by the force of circumstances, naturally impelled towards the Septembrists. The distinction of Miguelites and Septembrists in fact, has ceased, and the two together may now be regarded as forming the country or popular party. The evaporation of Miguelism may still leave a caput mortuum of seagenaries sighing for the old regina; but from all I see and hear, I am convinced that that is all that will be left of it. The winning of poor Macdonnell's spolia opima is therefore, likely to prove as fatal to the Queen's cause as a second victory, following close upon the heels of the first, would have been to Pyrrhus.

The packet from Southampton arrived here on the 13th, having called off Oporto on her way. The intelligence she brought from that quarter was that count das Antas had marched northward with 3500 men to attack Casal and that news of a battle was every moment expected. Antas' advanced guard under Baron Almagem, was at Braga. Another division of insurgents under Baron Fornos, had taken the direction of Barca'd Alva, and Cesar de Vasconcellos with 2500 men was at Panafiel to prevent Saldanha from crossing the Douro, should he attempt it. The whole of the Miguelite force under Bernardino 500 strong, had joined Cesar d Vasconcellos; and several hundred Miguelites, the debris of Macdonnell's band, had found their way to Antas camp, where they had met with a cordial reception. A good many deserters from Saldanha's army had presented themselves at Oporto.

I have been two letters of the same date (3d inst.), from different parts of the Algrave, the statements in which agree so perfectly, that there can be no doubt of their correctness. According to their concurrent testimony, the insurgents in that province are very strong, and the feelings against the Lisbon government is universal. Battalions of popular volunteers have been raised in every town, and a great number of horse have been laid under requisition for their cavalry. Faro has been fortified with artillery collected from different places, and within the district of that city alone there are three battalions of volunteers besides one of regular soldiers, the 5th Cacadores.

Saldanha's head quarters are still at Agnado. One of his columns 1600 men strong is in pursuit of old Poveas, who is leading them on up hill and down dale chase in the Estrella mountains. A good deal will depend upon the issue of this portion of the military operations now going on. The capture of Poveas should be a severe blow to the insurrection; but if he can hold out three weeks