

ed. its dangerous speed gradually slackened, and it finally stood still in the Milford cutting, a distance of 12 miles from Leeds.

## POLITICAL ECONOMY.

### POVERTY.

On stepping into a jeweller's shop, a few days since, we heard an inquiry for the price of some breast pins, with the answer of seven cents. Being a little surprized at that price for an article which we should have supposed must be fifty cents, we inquired if they could be made for that sum? The answer was, Yes, with a large profit.

This incident immediately suggested two principles in political economy. The first is, that the power and the fruits of productive industry are greatly increased by improvements in the arts, the division of labour, &c., arising in some measure at least from a dense population. The second is, that a great increase of power in productive labor, and the great abundance of the fruits of industry arising from this increased power, leads to a misapplication, both of the power and the fruits which it produces.—From these principles we learn what is not, and what is, the cause of poverty. We see that it is not a too great population for the power and the means of sustenance; and that it is a misapplication of labor and the fruits of labor.

The small portion of time it takes to furnish a supply of food and clothing, with every thing else which can be considered necessary for our physical wants, under an improved state of the arts, is so exceedingly small, that much the greatest portion is appropriated to articles of luxury. While the population is spare, and the arts in their infancy, most of the time is appropriated to the articles of necessity or comfort; and though these articles may not be produced in greater abundance, they are more equally distributed, and the wants are hence more fully supplied.

The principle we wish to advance is, that poverty is produced by a misapplication of industry and the fruits of industry; in other words, by extravagance. The work which is expended upon a piece of broad-cloth to make it sell for six dollars instead of three dollars, cuts away about one third of the material of which the cloth is made, and more than one half of the wear, while it becomes a less security against frost and rain. If all the labor which is expended upon watch-seals was applied to necessary articles of food and clothing, it would probably be sufficient to feed the hungry and clothe the naked in every civilized country upon the globe. If all the corn, rye, and other nutritious vegetables, which are converted into whiskey, gin, brandy, and other poisons, was distributed among the poor, every mother upon the face of the globe might have a supply of bread for her children, and there need not be a hungry person in the world. It is the time, labor, and science, which have

some new tombs were constructing, and had been expended in war in Europe within two centuries past, had been expended on internal improvements, it might have changed the whole of that quarter of the globe into a garden, and intersected it with railways within ten miles of each other, from one extremity to another.

These are a few facts among many thousands scattered around us, to prove that poverty is not produced by want of time, power, or materials to supply our wants, but by so great an abundance of them, as to lead to waste, misapplication, and perversion. But more hereafter.

## ORIGINAL.

### FOR THE MIRROR.

#### A TALE.

Some years ago, I was present at an argument which occurred between two fellow students, one, Mr. A., was imbued with those doctrines, which at that time occupied the attention of all classes, both in Europe and America. Opinions, which by their influence on the minds of men, operated with such force as to overthrow the long established government of the old world, and to throw into anarchy and confusion, the ancient order of kingdoms; to be followed by a tyranny and despotism which effected the downfall of rational liberty in Continental Europe, and restored Monarchy with the high sounding title of Empire.—Mr. B. on the contrary, felt as a Christian, and founded his faith on the "Rock of Ages." He was humble in deportment, but rich in every talent which can ennoble the human mind. He had studied the *Scriptures*—his hope of Salvation rested upon a sure foundation, and the "stone which the builders refused" had through Divine Grace, "become the corner stone of his Faith."

When he heard the opinions and assertions of those around him, he could not comprehend, how any one endued with reasoning faculties, could disbelieve the doctrines of our Holy Religion, or in the existence and supremacy of God. In fact, his strong mind, was unable to conceive such a being to exist as a "Materialist." With him, every flower of the field, served as a proof of another world. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." I Cor. xv. 36.

The conversation as usual became warm, and A. with much apparent contempt for his friend's sense, took a lighted candle from his table, and with a puff of his breath, extinguished the light.—"Thus it is with our existence."—Comment is unnecessary. The party separated—B. to lament over the infidelity of his former friend, A. to exult over his imaginary conquest. B. retired to his room—A. sought the dissipated companions of his Atheistical tenets, and to them he de-

tailed his recent conversation, with them he enjoyed the superiority of intellect, he had displayed; together they ridiculed the fears of punishment in a future existence, unani- mously pronounced religion a bugbear to frighten children and old women, and concluded with a resolve to try the effect of getting up a resurrection scene. A. of course was the choice spirit, who organized these plans, and who was to be chief actor in this scene of blasphemy.

It was a dark and stormy night in—, the Thunder echoed and re-echoed in awful peals through the Heavens, the Lightning, vivid and forked, illumined the atmosphere, no moon relieved its intensity, but one moment all was darkness, the next the world on fire.

During the dreadful period of darkness, which all who have witnessed a Thunder Storm in high latitudes must have experienced when all seems hushed in stillness, as if the inhabitants of Earth held their breaths to await the event of another burst from the elements—a trumpet voice was heard—the Bells of the Churches rang—the inhabitants alarmed rushed from their dwellings—another explosion from the clouds and all again was still. Then again the trumpets sounded, and from the Grave Yard in the very centre of the Village, cries were heard.—Again the Lightning brightened the Heavens, the Thunder roared, and all was still.—The trumpet's notes were heard, and then the cry arose—Arise ye Dead and come to Judgement.—The Lightning illumined the horizon, and figures garbed in white funeral garments appeared in the Church-yard. Horified, many of the spectators fled, but at length in the succession of vivid lightening, was heard a voice,—Yea Lord, I come to Judgement. A cry of horror came simultaneously from these ghostly apparitions.—One fell to the ground. The wicked scene was terminated. When lights were brought, the wretched A. was found a maniac, and clasped in the arms of a female, similarly attired and equally insane. The horror which seized the minds of the wicked participators in this blasphemy may be conceived, but cannot be described.—A. remained a maniac, and he may now be an inmate of the Asylum at —, where I last heard of him—but it is and must be evident that every man possessed of reasoning powers believes in an "hereafter," and when a man says in his own heart there is no God, he must be the fool of whom the Psalmist speaks.—53d Psalm.

"The Heavens declare thy Glory, O Lord, and the Firmament sheweth thy handywork."

The explanation of the above true story is this.—A religious female Maniac, having escaped from her Asylum, dressed as is usual in such Establishments, had wandered to C —, and on this night, the storm coming on had gone into the Burying-yard, where