

are dangers in our own country,—signs of dissension between the North and the South,—and the East and the West,—the striving and the bitterness of party,—that religious intolerance exists among us, an intolerance heavy and evil—and that priesthood predominant and powerful is cherished among us—that our lawyers, “the UNANNOUNCED rulers of the land,” hold the two offices of law-makers and law expounders,—that our laws are not American laws, but those of England,—and last but not least, that our politics are full of corruption, and our newspapers the bond slaves of party, instead of the sentinels of Liberty. We cannot forbear to quote the author’s language here.

“Is it *nothing*, that of our ten or twelve hundred newspapers, none thrive, unless they are willing to incorporate themselves, body and soul with the doings of a party,—that in consequence thereof, instead of being what they should be,—the watchmen of our borders,—the incorruptible and sleepless guardians of our liberty,—they are almost all the wretched accomplices of our worst enemies, the miserable and sneaking subordinates of ANY BOOBY,—they care not whom, so they are well paid. Instead of sounding an alarm at the approach of the destroyer, they are occupying our attention with sham fights in another quarter. They are watch dogs that sleep when they are most needed, or bark just loud enough to drown the entry of the house-breaker.”—*New England Weekly Review*.

THE COMIC ANNUAL, FOR 1832.

By Thomas Hood.

“BETTER late than never,” says the old proverb : but, “better late than earlier,” say we ; for we would not have this rare work come in the great and gaudy crowd of Annuals, as though it were a common member of the family. When John Kemble played Coriolanus, he did not enter upon the stage until all the mob had drawn aside ; and you were at once struck with the grand contrast between the hero and the herd !

The present volume of the “Comic Annual” is richer in fun and good-humoured excellent satire than any of its predecessors. It will lay a large tax upon the broad grins of his Majesty’s laughing subjects. Miss Sheridan’s “Comic Offering,” and Mr. Harrison’s “Humourist,” are sadly exposed by the arrival of this real Simon Pure. It is quite clear that Hood will bear no rival near his throne ; and will not sanction the two faces which have endeavoured to exist under his name. The fun, the spirit, the variety, are inexhaustible : and the life of the third volume satisfied us, that the “Comic Annual” will not die until it is full of years.