

Why, what was the reply to that? 'Gaoler, take the prisoner away.' Why, who would employ him? It is really farcical. I have heard magistrates say, 'Young man, really I am very sorry for you; you are much to be pitied; you should turn your talents to a better account; and you should really leave off this bad course of life.' Yes, that is better said than done; for where is there any body to take these wretches? They have said to me: 'Sir, we do not thieve from disposition; but we thieve because we cannot get employment; our character is damned, and nobody will have us.' And so it is—there is no question about it.

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING.

Again, O Lord, the people
Within thy temples meet—
Again uplift their voices
To thee, in anthems sweet;
Once more within thy presence
Thy congregations stand,
To thank thee for thy blessings
Upon this favoured land.

To us and to our fathers
Thy goodness hath been long;
To thee, O God of mercies,
We raise a thankful song;
For thou alone art holy,
Thy praise is known abroad—
Through earth and all her nations
Thy power is felt, O God.

Thy strength before the people,
What voices shall proclaim?—
And who shall utter truly
The wonders of thy name?
Before the congregations
Thou art for ever blest,
And deeply on their spirits
Oh be thy love imprest.

To thee we owe each blessing
With which the year is crowned—
To us, as to our fathers,
Thy mercies, Lord, abound.
In peace and joyful freedom
We celebrate this day—
Our homage, which we offer,
To thee alone we pay.

Then hear us, while we utter
Thanksgivings to our King—
O hear, while in their temples
Thy congregations sing;
On us and on our children
Still may thy goodness be,
And may our spirits ever
Be turned, O God, to thee.

SINGULAR CONTENTS.

A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the Sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the Sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the *darkness* that Moscos spread over the land of Egypt."

COMING TO THE POINT.

A young lady, while walking with a gentleman, stumbled, and when her companion, to prevent her fall, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, "Oh, sir," she simpered, "if it comes to *that*, you must ask my papa."

TAILORS.

There are some things in this world which astonished me when I first opened my eyes upon it, and which I have never since been able to understand. One of these is the popular ridicule about the business of a tailor. The arts and crafts of all alike refer to one grand object, the convenience and pleasure of the human race; and though there may be some shades of comparative dignity among them, I must profess I never yet could see any grounds, either in reason or jest, for the peculiar contempt thrown out upon one, which, to say the least of it, *eminently* conduces to the comfort of man. A joke is a joke, to be sure; but then it should be a *real* joke. It should have some bottom in the principles of ridiculous contrast, or else it cannot be what it pretends to be, and must consequently fall to the ground. Now, it strikes me that all the sniggering which there has been about tailors since the beginning of the world (the first attempt at the art, by the bye was no laughing matter) has been quite in vain—perfect humbug—a mirth without the least foundation in nature; for, if we divest ourselves of all recollection of the traditionary ridicule, and think of a tailor as he really is, why, there is positively nothing in the least ridiculous about him. The whole world has been upon the grin for six thousand years about one particular branch of general employment; and if the world were seriously questioned as to the source of its amusement, I verily believe, that not a single individual could give the least explanation. The truth is, the laughter at tailors is an entire delusion. While the world laughs, the artists themselves make riches, and then laugh in their turn,—with this difference, that they laugh with a cause. I am almost tempted to suspect that the tailors themselves are at the bottom of this plot of ridicule, in order that they may have the less competition and the higher wages; for again I positively say, I cannot see what there is about the business to be laughed at. Nobody ever thinks of laughing at a shoemaker, though he applies himself to clothe the very meanest part of the human body. Nay, the saddler, who furnishes clothes for a race of quadrupeds, is never laughed at; while few trades awaken the human sympathies so strongly as that of the blacksmith, who is relatively as meaner in his employment than the saddler, as the shoemaker is than the tailor. What, then, is the meaning—what is the cause of all this six thousand years' laughing? If any man will give me a feasible answer, I will laugh too; for I like a joke as well as any body; but, upon my honor, I cannot laugh without a cause. I must see where the fun lies, or it is no fun for me.

If the mirth be, as I suspect entirely groundless, what a curious subject for consideration! A large and respectable class of the community has been subjected, from apparently the beginning of the social world, to a system of general ridicule; and, when the matter is inquired into, it turns out that nothing can be shown in the circumstances of that class to make the ridicule merited. Men talk of the oppression of governments; but was there ever such oppression, such wanton persecution and cruelty, as this? Does any superior, in almost any instance, inflict such wrong upon those under him, as is here inflicted, by ordinary men, upon a part of their own set? How much discomfort there must have been in the course of time from this cause; and yet the jest turns out to want even the excuse of *being a jest*! Thousands of decent and worthy people have felt unhappy and degraded, that their neighbors might have an empty, unmeaning, witless laugh. The best of the joke is, that the human race must have paid immensely, in the course of time, for this silly sport. The tailors, very properly, would not make clothes and furnish laughing-stocks without payment for their services in both capacities. Their wages, therefore, have always been rather higher than those of other artisans; and few tradesmen are able to lend so much ready cash to good customers as the London tailors. The fellows pocket the affront amazingly, having become quite reconciled to a