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and would have the contingent advantage of knocking up for a week or two the boys employed in blowing, as the chances are, they would have enough to do.

Manifesting in this, as in several other matters, very gloomy ideas as to the use and abuse of anything and everything, the tin abominations—we could not say *TUNGS*, here, because it occurred as you see twice in the preceding line—having been so to speak, adapted as a civic institution, we straightway set to work to make them available for something else. By an easy and natural process of logic, it at once appeared that they were admirably adapted for heralding those underground explosions which enliven the city, at intervals of about five minutes, all the year round, and which we fancy have some mysterious connection with gas or drainage or queer things of that sort. We suppose that, when used in connection with these subterranean works, they are intended to warn people off, but why they should be expected to attract in the case of newspapers, and to distract—we mean to repel—in the case of mines we don't quite see. The consequences are obvious: if you do make a raid after a newspaper, it is about even betting, that deceived by a Will o' the wisp scream,—if we may be allowed to call it so—you find yourself prostrate at the bottom of a ditch, knocked down by a cruising piece of rock, or elevated twenty feet in the air: all being nice things in their way no doubt, but a little too much associated with bruises, to be pleasant.

Do please, good city fathers, make some laws, say that the tin things must be put away or keep them to use when you dig up the streets, and please don't do that so often, because it makes our boots so dirty, and we have to wear such nasty great rubbers, and we know you will do it to please us, you are such dear old things. And remember we ask it for your sakes too; it isn't nice to see staid old gentlemen—the dear old ducks—jumping about like venerable kangaroos when they are sometimes startled by those horrid horns,—(there we've said it for once.)

THE SEER, BY LEIGH HUNT. Z. S. HALL.

The two handsomely got up volumes before us deserve more than a cursory examination at our hands, and we can recommend "The Seer" no less to those who read for instruction, than to those who wish to while away a dreary hour. It is impossible to remain long in bad spirits with Mr. Leigh Hunt as a companion. We rise from a perusal of his works with a determination to magnify the virtues rather than the vices of our neighbours, and to regard the world in general with a kindly rather than a censorious eye. This is indeed the one end and object of Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the volumes under consideration. He says, in his preface,—“the more we look at any thing in this beautiful and abundant world, with a desire to be pleased with it, the more shall we be rewarded by the loving Spirit of the universe with discoveries that await only the desire,”—and this spirit breathes throughout his pages, from first to last.

"The Seer," embodies a number of essays formerly published in various periodicals, but now offered to the public in a collected form. The subjects considered are of every possible kind—grave, gay, humorous, fictional, poetical and common-place. Mr. Hunt's intimate acquaintance with poetry of all ages, and his keen appreciation of dramatic authors, are facts so widely known, that any allusion to them would be superfluous. With poetry and the drama, he is perhaps better acquainted than any writer of his time, and his style of writing is graceful and sprightly. He is always in a good humor, and he imparts this charming characteristic to his readers—at least for a time. We shall, however, be able to give our readers a better idea of the merits of "The Seer,—or Common-places Refreshed," by quoting a few passages from these charming volumes. In an essay on "Pleasure," Mr. Hunt remarks:—

"Man has not yet learned to enjoy the world he lives in: no, nor the hundred-thousand-millionth part of it; and we would fain help him to render it productive of still greater joy, or to delight or

comfort himself in his task as he proceeds. We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic; all kinder, richer, and happier. And we have some right to assist in the endeavor: for there is scarcely a joy or sorrow, within the experience of our fellow-creatures, which we have not tasted; and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success."

Such philosophy is serene in its perfect truth, and we recommend it strongly to those who are ever ready to quarrel with the world, instead of making the most of it as at present constituted.

In an article on "Windows," and the beautifying of house exteriors, we find the following sensible reflections:—

"Nobody despises a vine in front of a house: for vines are polite, and the grapes seldom good enough to be of any use. Well: use, we grant, is not the only thing; but surely we have a right to think ourselves unbought by it, when it teaches us to despise beauty. In Italy, where the drink is not common, people have a great respect for *beer*, and would rather see a drapery of hops at the front of a house than vine leaves. Hops are like vines; yet who thinks of adorning his house with them in England? No: they remind us of the ale-house instead of Nature and her beauties; and therefore they are 'vulgar.' But is it not we who are vulgar in thinking of the ale-house, when Nature and her beauties are the greater idea."

The following advice, as to *how to make the best of a bad day*, is just now entitled to careful consideration:—

"Think of something superior to it: make it yield entertaining and useful reflections, as the rain itself brings out the flowers. * * * Very high-bred ladies would be startled to learn that they are doing a very vulgar thing (and hurting their tempers to boot), when they stand at a window peevishly objecting to the rain, with such phrases as 'Dear me, how tiresome!' My lady's maid is not a bit less polite, when she vows and 'purtses' that it is 'quite contrary,'—as if Heaven had sent it on purpose to thwart her ladyship and her waiting-woman! By complaint we dwindle and subject ourselves, make ourselves little minded, and the slaves of circumstances. By rising above an evil, we set it at a distance from us, render it a small object, and live in a nobler air."

Mr. Hunt's graceful pen drops the following remarks upon snuff-taking:—

"There is one thing that puzzles us in the history of the Indian weed and its pulverization; and that is, how lovers and ladies ever came to take snuff. * * * Fancy two lovers in the time of Queen Anne, or Louis the Fifteenth, each with snuff-box in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits, have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress! He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words, 'Charming creature?' when a sneeze overtakes him!—

'Cha-cha-cha-charming creature!'

What a visitation! A sneeze! O Venus! where is such a thing in thy list? The lady, on her side, is under the like *malapropos* influences, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all banal and loving speeches with the shock of the sneeze respondent:—

'O Richard! Sho-sho-sho-should you think ill of me for this? Imagine it.'

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Hunt in his fondness for church bells, "except when the bell tolls for a funeral, which custom, by the way, is a nuisance, and ought to be abolished, if only out of consideration for the sick and sorrowful."

Mr. Hunt, in an article headed "A Gentleman Saint," thus alludes to the author of the "Meditations":—

"We like to see a human being develop all the humanities of which he is capable,—those of outward as well as inward elegance not excepted, * * * shaping the movements of the commonest and most superficial parts of life to the unaffected elegance of the spirit within. * * * When a man exhibits this nature, as St. Francis de Sales did, and exhibits it, too in the shape of a mortified saint in the Roman Church, a lone lodger, a celibatory, entering into every body else's wishes and feelings, but denying himself some of the most precious to a being so constituted, we feel proud for the sake of the exhibition of humanity; proud because we belong to a species which we are utterly unable to illustrate so in our own persons; proud and happy and hopeful, that if one human being can do so much, thousands, nay all, by like opportunities, and a like loving breeding, may ultimately do; not indeed the same, but enough,—enough for themselves, and enough for the like exalted natures, too, who have the luck to live in such times."

Such is a sample of the generous, warm-hearted liberality, of our author, when handling a serious matter. He is quite as much at home in matters purely comical, as the following witty translation of an Italian wit proves. The subject is "Snuff," and as such should have been noticed before: but Mr. Hunt's humour suffers nothing by "harking back."