

is keenness, while that of humor is *breadth*. Wit is more the offspring of the brain, while humor comes from the whole soul—one's *nature* is more seen in the latter, and one's *intellect* in the former. We *admire* wit, but we *relish* humor; one is a dainty, the other a meal—one is piquant, the other satisfying! Wit depends upon nicety, humor upon exaggeration.

Caricature, which flavors humor, spoils wit. When Jerrold defined "Dogmatism as full grown puppyism," he was witty, but not humorous—but when Crockett tells a man to cool himself by stripping his flesh off and sitting in his bones, the absurdity passes into fun.

Dickens abounds in humorous passages. What can surpass the mock gravity of this in Pickwick. Talking of the soldiers he says: "Nothing can exceed their good humor—it was but one day before my arrival; that one of them had been most grossly insulted in the house of a publican. The barmaid had positively refused to draw him any more liquor, in return for which he had, merely in playfulness, drawn his bayonet and wounded the girl in the shoulder—and yet this fine fellow was the very first to go down the next morning and express his readiness to overlook the matter, and forget what had occurred." And a little further on, when he says, "that Winkle was so fired by the martial music of the band at a review, that he carefully selected the smallest boy in the crowd and deliberately pitched into him."

Sometimes extreme simplicity has the semblance of humor—we will give an example. One evening at Talfourd's the conversation turned upon wit—Moore, Sidney Smith, Barham, and many other eminent men were there. Wordsworth, the great poet, said, "I don't think I ever was witty but once in my life!" This, of course induced all to beg him to relate his solitary witticism. "Some years ago," continued Wordsworth, "as I was standing at my gate at Rydal Mount, a man came up to me, and asked if I had seen his wife pass that way? Whereupon I said 'Why my good man, this is the first time I have heard that you ever had a wife,'" when Wordsworth stopped. All roared with laughter at the absurdity, and the old poet to his dying day considered the merriment his obtuseness occasioned, as a tribute to his wit.

As an instance of that French courtly wit, which is of so volatile a nature as almost to escape in the translation, we may give Fenelon's retort to the imperious Cardinal Richelieu. Fenelon, one of the best of men, was often soliciting favors for others from the great minister, who too frequently shut his ears to his benevolent friend. Upon Fenelon telling Richelieu that he had seen a portrait of his eminence at the Palace, the Cardinal sneeringly said, "Did you not ask it for a subscription for some poor friend of yours?" "No," mildly returned Fenelon, "the picture was too much like you." (1)

Lord Erskine's *répartie* to Rogers is a case of *non sequitur* becoming humorous for its equivocation. Upon the death of some wealthy London merchant, Rogers said, "He has died worth a million—what do you think of that, Erskine?" "Why," returned the other, "I say it's a snug little sum to commence the next world upon." The connection of these incongruous images here makes an absurdity amusing and suggestive? The impossibility of ultimate benefit from earthly riches is put before all in its strongest light. It is a sermon in a nutshell on the text of (2) "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—*Democratic Review*.

The late Freeman Hunt.

The sad record of the death of Freeman Hunt finds fit place in the pages of the *Merchants' Magazine*, of which he was the projector, and the sole editor and proprietor, from the first day of July, 1839, when the first number appeared, until the second of March, 1858, when he died; to which, during the best twenty years of his life, he gave all his business energies, his vigorous intellect, a comprehensive view of his subject, marked tact and skill in selection and arrangement, and a large experience as publisher and editor, and which is therefore the truest and fairest memorial of what he was and what he did. But we are not writing his eulogy. We shall early take occasion to pay that tribute to his worth which he always had ready for the excellence and eminence of others.

(1) This witty retort is difficult to account for. Richelieu died in 1642. Fenelon was born in 1651.—(Edit. L. C. J. E.)

(2) In Crockett's advice a Frenchman would see nothing but the absurdity; while he would admit that Lord Erskine's *répartie* is the wittiest thing that could be said.—(Edit. L. C. J. E.)

Of the two hundred and twenty-five numbers of the Magazine, this is the first that comes to the reader without having received his personal supervision, although for many months, during his last illness, the chief editorial duties were confided to friends, who are entirely familiar with his editorial views and wishes. To many of our subscribers in foreign lands, this number may bring the first news of our loss. There can be, therefore, no impropriety, now that he is gone, in saying that by all our readers his name will be mentioned, his loss regretted as that of one honorably identified with the Literature of Commerce; and both at home and abroad—at Sydney and Hong Kong, at Honolulu, Valparaiso, and Rio de Janeiro as well as London, Vienna, Paris, and Constantinople, and wherever else Hunt's *Merchants' Magazine* has regular subscribers and readers, it will be acknowledged to have not unfaithfully represented the trade of America and the world.

The thirty-seven volumes of the work show at a glance how rapidly its scope, tolerably broad at the start, has widened with growing experience, and with the growth of the nation. No narrow spirit ever presided over its pages; nor is there wanting another quality, scarcely less important than clear insight, a wise plan, or valuable matter; for without a careful arrangement and classification of subjects, a work of this kind loses half its value, and is the more confusing from the variety and richness of its material. But by means of a rigid classification, the series of the *Merchants' Magazine* is made to present, with something of the method of an encyclopedia, in leading articles and under appropriate heads, Commercial History, Doctrine and Opinion, Mercantile Law, the monthly movement of Trade and Finance, Marine Regulations, the Statistics of Railroads, Canals, and Population, Banking and Currency; in short, the trade of the country and the age, discussed in its theory, developed in practice, and *journalized* into books of lasting usefulness for the library shelf and counting-house desk.

The rich field of Commercial Literature, in which Mr. Hunt industriously worked, never wore a more attractive aspect, never promised richer results, than at the moment of his leaving it.

Since the *Merchants' Magazine* was established, twenty years ago, the population of the United States has increased from 17,000,000 to 28,000,000 in round numbers; its territory from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 square miles; the coinage from \$60,000,000 to nearly \$600,000,000; the tonnage from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons, making our mercantile marine the largest in the world; ocean steam navigation, during this period, has come into existence; the electric telegraph has come into existence; the entire territory of the Union has been brought under organized State or territorial government; a reciprocal free trade with the Canadas has been established; England has proclaimed freedom of trade and navigation, and the United States has become, for the first time, a regular grain exporting nation; some sixty ocean steam companies, not one of which, that we are aware of, existed twenty years ago, employing about 350 steamers have been established in Europe and America; Californian and Australian gold has built up two great communities of our race on the Pacific and at the antipodes; and railroad enterprise has, in this country, done in twenty years the work of a hundred. Indeed, the growth of trade has been the controlling movement of the world in the present generation, which all influences in politics and science have united to push forward. Japan expeditions, African explorations, gold discoveries, Chinese wars, all have trade for their key note. Science and invention, which, until our day, devoted their most brilliant discoveries and ingenious contrivances to increasing the productiveness of industry, have done more within the last thirty years, than in all the centuries which went before, to multiply means of communication and transportation, facilities not for production, but for the exchange of products; in short, for the development, on the grandest scale, of trade and commerce, by land and water, domestic and foreign. The facts and figures we have briefly noticed, show plainly enough that the United States, one of the first among producing nations, and certainly the greatest of consumers, has felt the fullest force of this commercial movement. And the growth of our trade is not more striking than the new directions it has taken, and the vehicles it employs. Exports from the East go west: the morning newspaper reports in New York, news by telegraph of the arrival at New Orleans the day before of a steamer from Havana, bringing news of the arrival there of a steamer from Aspinwall, bringing news of the arrival at Panama of a steamer which left San Francisco with two millions of dollars in gold two weeks before. Such a paragraph in the first, or in the one hundred and first, number of Hunt's *Merchants' Magazine* would have been simply unintelligible. Where was Aspinwall? Where was the gold? Where was ocean steam navigation, or the electric telegraph, twenty years ago? Freight cars will soon