

and "locomotive" men, the latter being much the better and honest people of the two; and a fashionable political economist of the name of Malthus, a lineal descendant of an ancient, and it appears rather inconsistent system-monger, had just published an elaborate pamphlet, shewing the manifold advantages of propagating those no-provender-consuming individuals in preference to any other. So that it appeared, that any industrious mechanic might in three months have a full-grown family about him, with the full and comfortable assurance that, as the man says in Chronophotonologos, "they were all his own and none of his neighbours."

These things astonished, but they also perplexed and wearied me. My spirit grew sick, and I longed for the old world again, and its quiet and easy modes of enjoyment. I had no fellowship with the two new races of beings around me, and nature and her charms were no more. All things seemed forced, unnatural, unreal—indeed, little better than barefaced impositions. I sought the banks of my native river; it alone remained unchanged. The noble stream flowed gently and tranquilly as of yore, but even here impertinent man had been at work, and pernicious railroads were formed to its very verge. I incautiously crossed one of them, trusting to my preconceived notions of time and space, the abhorred engine being about three-quarters of a mile from me; but scarcely had I stepped over, when it flew whizzing past the spot I had just quitted, and catching me in its eddy, spun me round like a top under the lash. It was laden with passengers, and went with headlong fury straight toward the river. Its fate seemed inevitable—another instant and it would be immersed in the waves; when lo! it suddenly sunk into the bosom of the earth! and in three seconds was ascending a hill on the opposite bank of the river. I was petrified, and gazed around with an air of helpless bewilderment, when a gentleman, who was doubtless astonished at my astonishment, shouted in passing, "What's the fellow staring at?" and another asked "if I had never seen a tunnel before?"

Like Lear, "my wits began to turn," I wished for some place where I might hide myself from all around, and turned instinctively to the spot where the village ale-house used to stand. But where, alas! was the neat thatched cottage that was wont so often to

"impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart?"

Gone! and in its place stood a huge fabric, labelled "Grand Union Railroad Hotel." Be! here also it was steam, nothing but steam! The rooms were heated by steam, the beds were made and aired by steam, and instead of a pretty, red-lipped, rosy-cheeked chambermaid, there was an accursed machineman smoothing down the pillows and bolsters with mathematical precision; the vicuals were cooked by steam, yea, even the meat roasted by steam. Instead of the clean-swept hearth!

"With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel sweet,"

there was a patent steam-stove, and the place was altogether hotter than any decent man would ever expect to have any thing to do with. Books and papers lay scattered on a table. I took up one of the latter; it was filled with strange new phrases, all more or less relating to steam, of which I knew nothing, but as far as I could make out the items, they ran somewhat thus:

"Another shocking catastrophe—As the warranted-safe locomotive smoke-consuming, fuel-providing steam carriage Lightning, was this morning proceeding at its usual three-quarter speed of one hundred and twenty seven miles an hour, at the junction of the Haddington and Shilpsy railroads, it unfortunately came in contact with the steam carriage Snail, going about one hundred and five miles per hour. Of course, both vehicles with their passengers were instantaneously reduced to an impalpable powder. The friends of the deceased have the consolation of knowing that no blame can possibly attach to the intelligent proprietors of the Lightning, it having been clearly ascertained that those of the Snail started their carriage full two seconds before the time agreed on, in order to obviate in some degree, the delay to which passengers were unavoidably subjected by the clumsy construction and tedious pace of their vehicle."

"Relaxcholy Accident.—As a beautiful and accomplished young lady of the name of Jumps, a passenger in the Swift-as-thought-locomotive, was endeavouring to catch a flying glimpse of the new Steam University, her breathing apparatus unfortunately slipped from her mouth, and she was a corpse in three quarters of a second. A young gentleman who had been tenderly attached to her for several days, in the agony of his feelings withdrew his air-tube and called for help; he of course shared a similar fate. Too much praise cannot be given to the rest of the passen-

gers, who, with inimitable presence of mind, prudently held their breathing bladders to their mouths during the whole of this trying scene." &c. &c.

A Liverpool paper stated that "The stock for the grand Liverpool and Dublin tunnel under the Irish Channel, is nearly filled up." And a Glasgow one advocated the necessity of a floating wooden railroad between Scotland and the Isle of Man, in order to do away with the treasure steamboat navigation. I took up a volume of poems, but the similes and metaphors were all steam, all their ideas of strength, and power, and swiftness, referred to steam only, and a sluggish man was compared to a greyhound. I looked into a modern dictionary for some light on these subjects, but got none, except finding hundreds of curious definitions, such as these:

"Horse, s. an animal of which but little is now known. Old writers affirm that there were at one time several thousands in this country."

"Tree, s. vegetable production; once plentiful in these parts, and still to be found in remote districts."

"Tranquillity, s. obsolete, an unnatural state of existence, to which the ancients were very partial. The word is to be met with in several old authors," &c. &c.

In despair I threw down the book, and rushed out of the house. It was mid-day, but a large theatre was open, the people were pouring in. I entered with the rest, and found that whatever changes had taken place, money was still money. They were playing Hamlet by steam, and this was better than any other purpose to which I had seen it applied. The nummata really got along wonderfully well, their speaking faculties being arranged upon the barrel-organ principle, greatly improved, and they roared, and bellowed, and strutted, and swung their arms to and fro as sensibly as many admired actors. Unfortunately in the grave scene, owing to some mechanical misconstruction, Hamlet exploded, and in doing so, entirely demolished one of the grave-diggers, carried away a great part of Laertes, and so injured the rest of the dramatic persons that they went off one after the other like so many crackers, filling the house with heated vapour. I made my escape; but on reaching the street things were ten times worse than ever. It was the hour for stopping and starting the several carriages, and no language can describe the state of the atmosphere. Steam was generating and evaporating on all sides—the bright sun was obscured—the people looked parboiled, and the neighbouring fisherman's lobsters changed colour on the instant; even the steam inhabitants appeared uncomfortably hot. I could scarcely breathe—there was a blowing, a roaring, a hissing, a buzzing, a whizzing going on all around—fires were blazing, water was bubbling, boilers were bursting—when lo! I suddenly awoke and found myself in a state of profuse perspiration. I started up, ran to the window, and saw several milkmen and bakers' carts, with horses in them, trotting merrily along. I was a thankful man. I put on my clothes, and while doing so, made up my mind to read no more manuscript poems, and eschew gin and water for the time to come.

From the Scotsman.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN, CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO EXTERNAL OBJECTS. By Geo. Combe. W & R Chambers, Edinburgh, Longman & Co, &c. London. Fourth edition; 1835.

It is but a few months since we noticed the second and the third edition of this work, and lo! here is a fourth, all within the year, and the two last stereotyped! From a notice prefixed, we learn, that the first edition, consisting of 1500 copies, was published in 1828, and only exhausted in seven years. The merits of the book had, however, slowly but surely made themselves known; and a second edition of 3000 copies, published in March, 1835, was bought up in four months. In August, 1835, a third edition in 12 mo. was published, which is selling rapidly; and the avidity with which a portion of the second edition, printed on inferior paper, and sold at half a crown, in consequence of a bequest, was purchased by the working classes, has induced Mr. Combe to publish this fourth edition, at a low price, expressly for their use. It is printed by the Messrs. Chambers, and is a miracle of cheapness. We have here the contents of a pretty thick and closely printed duodecimo, containing nearly as much matter as a fashionable novel in three volumes, compressed into 110 pages,

and sold at eighteen pence! This is accomplished by the help of a large page, double columns, and small type; and with all this compression, the printing is so remarkably neat and distinct, as well as correct, that it may be read with ease by eyes of ordinary powers. It is stereotyped, and has been most appropriately named "the People's Edition." As to the contents of the book, we can only repeat what we said before, that it contains the most clear and satisfactory exposition of the nature of man, and his relations to the external world, which we have ever met with; and we rejoice to see it brought within the reach of all classes. In this subject, it has a considerable analogy to the Bridgewater Treatises; and in quantity of matter, it rather exceeds one of the volumes of that work; but it is amusing to observe, that by a skillful employment of the powers of the press, a volume directed to the same end, and, in our opinion, affording a much clearer and more instructive commentary on the moral and physical world, than all the published Treatises put together, is here presented at the price of 1s. 6d., while each volume of that work costs 3s., though some thousand pounds were bequeathed to promote the diffusion of its supposed wholesome doctrines among the people!

GREAT BRITAIN.

EXPEDITION TO AFRICA FROM THE CLYDE. On Thursday afternoon, a scene of a very novel and interesting description was exhibited to the people of Greenock. A short time ago, we mentioned that our talented townsmen, Todd and McGrigor, engineers, had built and finished a neat little iron steamer, and that her appearance on the river had excited a great deal of interest. This beautiful little dandy toy of a steamer has again and again performed the voyage up and down the river to the great satisfaction of every person connected with her, and to the admiration of all who have witnessed the movements of this great curiosity. On Wednesday she took her final departure from the Broomielaw, and arrived at Greenock in the afternoon, where she announced her arrival by a discharge of ordnance. Immediately after her arrival, she was taken into the harbour, and completely dismantled, and was on Thursday afternoon hoisted on board of the brig Mischief, a rakish-looking old slaver, which has been fitted out by a Glasgow company for the purpose of trading with the inland parts of Africa. The novelty of the scene attracted a great crowd of people. This little steamer is, when fully equipped, and in working order, about ten tons weight, and is intended to explore the Niger and its tributary streams, for the purpose of trafficking with the natives. Her cargo consists of ammunition, stores, toys, and upwards of a hundred bags of small shells, called cowries from the East Indies, which are to be given for gold dust, ivory, and other valuable produce of Africa. The Mischief sails for the Bight of Benin, and is well manned. Another vessel sails from the Clyde, part of the same expedition, in a short time.—Glasgow Chronicle.

EXTRAORDINARY DESPATCH IN BOOKBINDING. On Friday afternoon an order was received by an eminent house in London for binding 1800 volumes of Annuals, which were to be ready at ten o'clock the next morning, in order for their shipment to America. In consequence of the great facility given to this branch of art by the aid of machinery, the order was completed within the time allotted to the satisfaction of the parties. The house in question employs upwards of 300 hands. The promptitude of the completion was required in order to anticipate their reprint on the other side of the Atlantic.