SAM SMITH'S SOLILIQUY.

By the beard of the Prophet! what a thing it is to be a bachelor! I wonder when this table was dusted last! I wonder how long since that mattress was turned, or that carpet swept, or what was the primeval color of that ewer and wash-basin.

Christopher Columbus! how the frost curtains the windows; how dirge-like the wind moans; how like a great white pall the snow falls.—Five times I've rung that bell for coals for that rickety old grate, but I might as well thump for admittance at the gates of Paradise.

And speaking of Paradise—Sam Smith, you must be married; you havn't a button to your shirt, nor a shirt to your buttons either. Wonder if they must be bribed with a new bonnet every day to keep the peace? Wonder, if you bring home a friend unexpectedly to dinner, if they always take to their bed with a sick head-ache? Wish there was any way of finding out but by experience. Well, Sam, you are a Napoleonic-looking fellow; if you can't take the nonsense out of a woman who can? How I shall pet the little clipper! I'll marry a blue-eyed woman; they are the most affectionate. She must not be too tall; a man's wife should not look down upon him. She must not know too much; the furies take your pert, catamounty, scribbling women, with a repartee always rolled up under their tongues. She musn't be over twenty-one: but how to find that out, Sam, is the question! She must be handsome—no she mustn't either. I should be as jealous as Blue Beard. All the corkscrew, pantalooned, perfumed popinjays would be ogling her.—But then again, there are 365 days in a year, and three times a day I must sit opposite that connubial face at the table. What's to be done? Yes, she must be handsome; that is as much a settled point, as that Louis Napoleon had a Jewish horror of *ham*.

Wonder if wives are expensive articles? Wonder if their "little hands were ever made to scratch out husband's eyes?" Wonder if Caudle lectures are "all in your eye," or occasionally in your ear? Wonder if babies invariably prefer the night time to cry?

To marry, or not to marry, Sam? Whether it is better to go buttonless, and to shiver, or marry and be always in hot water?

There's Tom Hillot. Tom's married. I was his groomsman. I would have given a small fortune to have been in his white satin vest. What with the music, and the roses, and the pretty bridesmaid. Didn't the bride look bewitching with the rose flush on her cheek and the tear on her eyelash? And how provokinlgy happy Tom looked, when he whirled off with her in the carriage to their new home; and what a pretty little home it was, to be sure? It it just a year ago to-day since they were married. I dined there yesterday. It strikes me, that Tom don't joke as much as he used in his bachelor days; and then he has a way, too, of leaving his sentences unfinished. Then I noticed, that his wife often touched his foot with her slipper under the table. What do you suppose she did that for? Just as I was buttoning up my coat to come away, I asked Tom if he wouldn't go to the theatre with me. He looked at his wife, and she said, "Oh, go by all means, Mr. Hillot;" when Tom immediately declined. I don't understand matrimonial tactics, but it seems to me he ought to have obliged her.

Do you know John Jones and his wife? (peculiar name that—Jones!) Well, they are another happy couple. It is enough to make bachelors' eyes green to see them. Mrs. Jones had been four times a widow when she married John. She knows the value of husbands. She takes precious good care of John. Before he goes to the office in the morning, she pops her head out of the window to see if the weather-cock indicates a zephyr; this point settled, she follows him to the door, and calls him back to button his thorax-button, for fear of quinsy. Does a shower come up in the forenoon, she sends him his India-rubbers and an extra flannel shirt, and an oil-cloth overall, and prepares two quarts of boiling ginger tea to administer on his arrival, for fear the damp should strike in. If he helps himself to a second bit of turkey, she immediately removes it from his plate, and applying a pocket handkerchief to her eyes, asks him, if he has the heart to make her, for the fifth time, a widow? You can see with half an eye, that John must be the happiest dog alive. I'd like to see the miscreant who dares to say he is not.

Certainly—matrimony is an invention of—— Well; no matter who invented it. I'm going to try it—Where's my blue coat with the bright brass buttons? The woman has yet to be born who can resist that; and my buff vest and neck-tie too; may I be shot if I don't offer them to both the little widow Pardiggle this very night! "Pardiggle!" Phoebus! what a name for such a rose-bud! I'll re-christen her with the euphonious name of Smith She'll have me, of course. She wants a husband—I want a wife; there's one point already in which we perfectly agree. I hate preliminaries. I suppose it is unnessary for me to begin the amatory alphabet. With a widow, Sam, you can skip the rudiments; say what you have got to say in the fraction of a second. Women grow as mischievous as Satan if they think you are afraid of them. Do I look as if I were afraid? Just examine the growth of my whiskers! Afraid! h-m-m! I feel as if I could conquer Asia. What the mischief ails this cravat! It must be the cold that makes me tremble so. There—that'll do; that's quite an inspiration. Brummel himself couldn't go beyond that. Now for the widow! her little round face. I am immensely obliged to old Pardiggle for giving her a quit claim. I'll make her as happy as a little robin. Do you think I'd bring a tear into her lively blue eye? Do you think I'd sit after tea with my back to her, and my feet on the fender, staring up the chimney for three hours together? Do you think I'd leave her blessed little side to dangle round oyster-saloons and theatres? Do I look like a man to let a woman flatten her pretty little nose against the window-pane night after night, trying to see me reel up street? No, Mr. and Mrs. Adam were not more beautiful in their nuptial bower than I shall be with the widow Pardiggle.

* * * * *

Refused by a widow! Who ever heard of such a thing? Well, there's one comfort; nobody'll ever believe it. She is not so very pretty after all, her eyes are so small, and her hands are rough and red-dy—not so very *ready* either, confound the gipsy! What amazing pretty shoulders she has! Well, who cares?

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be.

Ten to one she'd have set up that wretch of a Pardiggle for my model. Who wants to be Pardiggle the Second? I am glad she didn't have me. I mean—I'm glad I didn't have her!

Big Salaries.—W. Lyon Mackenzie, member of the Canadian Legislature for the County of Haldimand, in presenting to the Upper Canadians reasons why they should dissolve their union with those of the Lower Province, has occasion to speak of the large salaries paid to officials in Canada; the Governor Sir E. Head, gets $31,000 a year, his house rent and servant hire. The ten Ministers get each $6,000 a year, $6 day during sessions of Parliament, mileage and " patronage." The engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway has a salary of $13,000 a year. Sir Cusac Roney, " agent for that work gets the same. Chief Justice Robinson has $6,666 per annum, $500 for travelling expenses, and a pension of $4,444 when he shall see fit to resign. The Register of Hamilton, Dundas and Wentworth, (he is a Minister also) gets $6,500 a year. The Register of Toronto and York gets $12,000 a year. The Governor has a Secretary, to whom the Canadians pay $3,000 annually, for the pretence of quill driving.

Good men are the stars and planets of the age wherein they live, and illustrate the times. God did never let them be wanting as witnesses to the world. —Johnson.

The city of Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and one of the richest cities of the East, contains 400 mosques, 140 schools, 11 lazarettos, 300 public cisterns, 46 squares, 240 streets, from 500 to 600 alleys, as many passages, 1295 houses of refreshment, 1 hospital, 65 baths, and from 25' 000 to 30,000 donkeys which are let out for hire.—These animals are the only means of conveyance, which it is possible to make use of, in going from one part of the city to another or in paying visits.

The speculator who took the twist out of the Maelstrom, has gone to America to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

When Julia Long stood up at the altar, the minister remarked, " Is your name Julia Long?" The innocent girl replied, "It a'nt nothing *shorter*."

In England, during the year 1855, there were sent by mail the almost incredible number of 460,000,000! letters; about 3,000,000 book packages, 71,000,000 newspapers, and 800,000 valentines.

Oregon is taking measures to be admitted into the Union. It is stated, that the population now amounts to fifty thousand, "with more wealth than any other community of fifty thousand people on the globe.

Dante's famous line, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," has been recommended as a motto for railroad cars.

The Financial Reform Association and the Expenses of the Royal Family.—There exists in Liverpool, England, a Society of merchants called the Financial Reform Association, who make it their business to watch the expenditures for the realm of Great Britain and to note and expose extravagance or corruption in the use of the public revenues. The Association has from time to time published tracts, in which the lavish waste of money by government has been shown up, and retrenchment and reform loudly called for. The society has recently issued a pamphlet with the ironical title of " The Royal Household, a Model to Parliament and the Nation," in which the expences of the royal family of England are set down.

From this tract it appears, that upon her accession to the throne, the Queen gave her official sanction to an act of Parliament settling £385,000 a year upon herself for life. This was 10,000 more than was allowed her predecessor William IV. At the same time the allowance of the Queen's mother was increased from £22,000 to £30,000 a year. Although the people grumbled at this, few members of Parliament dared lift their voices against it. In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham boldly opposed the grant as excessive. All who spoke against the measure were roundly abused.

The statute which granted £385,000 to the Queen, with £10,000 per annum additional for " home secret service, " provided for the particular application of the money as follows: 1. For Her Majesty's privy purse, £60,000. 2. For salaries for her household, £131,260. 3. Expenses of the household, £172,005. 4. Royal bounty, alms and special services, £13,200. 5. Pensions to the extent of £1200. 6. Unappropriated moneys, £8040. Although it was stipulated in the act that the Queen should surrender, for her life time, the hereditary revenues which her immediate. predecessors had been possessed of, yet except the duties on beer, ale and cider, there was no relinquishment of any of these hereditary revenues, and she now draws from the civil list of Ireland and Scotland, the Duchy of Lancaster, &c., the sum of £283,000 in addition to the sum of £385, 000 voted her by Parliament, making an annual income of £668,000. Besides this, the Queen is heir to all persons without legal heirs, who die intestate in any part of her empire.

The income bestowed upon Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, was fixed by Parliament at £30,000 yearly, and Her Majesty has heaped lucrative appointments upon him, which nearly double the amount. There is a further sum of £110 000 for other members of the Royal family.

The Queen also has the free use of various palaces, which are kept in repair at the public expense. The cost is by no means small, the appropriations for 1856, for palaces, parks, gardens, &c., being £249,693. Add this to the actual income of the Queen and Prince Albert, and they will be found to receive as much as £997,693 every year, simply for personal and domestic expenditureand hoardings. Whenever the Queen travels by land the tolls at the turnpikes are remitted, and the Admiralty keep a steam yacht and provide her table, when she takes an excursion upon the water.

In 1842, Sir Robert Peel announced that Her Majesty had determined to submit her income to the " income tax," but there is no record of her ever having done so: and when the Secretary of the Liverpool Association wrote to the Treasury Department, making enquires upon the subject, the reply waa short and sharp—that they did not answer snch questions, and that such information was to be obtained only through Parliament. The sum which the Queen would have had to pay during the recent war would have been 140,000.

We gather from vairous sources that Ship-building in New York and other Northern and Eastern ports of the United States is exceedingly dull. The termination of the Eastern War has thrown upon the market a great number of Ships that were employed by the Allied Governments in transporting troops and munitions of war to the scene of conflict. Ship-timber has fallen to a comparatively low figure, notwithstanding that the U.S. Government is purchasing and storing quantities of Ship-timber and Ship-knees. A correspondent at Newburyport writes to the Boston Journal, that extensive ship-builders at the former place have failed. Their liabilities are set down at $200, 000 and their assets at $75,000. It is said, their failure falls heavily upon their workmen, some three hundred in number.

In a recent issue we (Montreal Pilot) glanced at the systematic opposition to all the measures of the Ministry, whether good or bad. It was enough to damn the most laudable measures, if they bore the Ministerial impress. This most unconstitutional and vicious attitude of those, who are opposed to the Administration, will produce the most deplorable results in legislation; it will demoralize the House of Assembly by inducing retaliation; the revenge that is sweet to an ousted Ministry will be paid back with a hearty interest when out of power; and the final effect will be a merging of all legislation into mere personal conflict. A certain French king asked his minister, what was the difference between Whig and Tory in England? The man of office replied, The Tory is a Whig out of office, and the Whig is a Tory in office," So with our oppositionists; out of office they are the most virtuous of reformers; if in office, they would be the most grinding of despots.

Troops from the Crimea for India.—The following regiments from the Crimea will proceed by the Overland route from Alexandria to Suez, permission having been granted by the Pasha for their transit across the Desert, viz:—23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 82nd Foot, 90th Perthshire Light Infantry and 93rd Highlanders. The regiments will fill up the vacancies occasioned by the withdrawel of two regiments, and will relieve the 43rd Monmouth Light infantry, Madras Presidency, and the 86th Royal County Down, Bombay Presidency, under orders for England. The 6th Carbineers, and 8th and 11th Hussars will be dismounted at Scutari, and will also proceed by the overland rout. The two first-named regiments to fill up the vacancies created by the withdrawal of the 10th Hussars, and 12th Lancers: and the 11th Hussars to relieve the 9th Lancers, under order for embakation for England.

A Russian American Lady.—The widow of Bodisco, the late Russian minister at Washington, who is a native of the district of Columbia, the daughter of a hotel-keeper, has advertised her furniture to be sold at auction, and intends leaving for Europe. Her two eldest sons are serving the Emperor of Russia, as Pages of the Household.

The cost of living in California has become quite reasonable, and prices have come down on many articles to pretty much the same rates, as in the Atlantic States.