

What poor creatures you meet continually, from whom puns come as easily as perspiration. If this was a disease in Hood, he turned it into a 'commodity.' His innumerable puns, like the minnikin multitudes of Lilliput, supplying the wants of the Man Mountain, fed, clothed, and paid his rent. This was more than *Aram Dreams* or *Shirt Songs* could have done, had he written them in scores. Some, we know, will, on the other hand, contend that his facility in punning was the outer form of his inner faculty of minute analogical perception—that it was the same power at play—that the eye which, when earnestly, piercingly directed, can perceive delicate resemblances in things, has only to be opened to see like words dancing into each other's embrace: and that this, and not the perverted taste of the age, accounts for Shakespeare's puns; punning being but the game of football, by which he brought a great day's labour to a close. Be this as it may, Hood punned to live, and made many suspect, that he lived to pun. This, however, was a mistake. For, apart from his serious pretensions as a poet, his puns swam in a sea, of humour, farce, drollery, fun of every kind. Parody, caricature, quiz, innocent *double entendre*, mad exaggeration, laughter holding both his sides, sense turned away, and downright, startling, slaving nonsense, were all to be found in his writings. Indeed, every species of wit and humour abounded, with, perhaps, two exceptions;—the quiet, deep, ironical smile of Addison, and the misanthropic grin of Swift (forming a stronger antithesis to a laugh than the blackest of frowns) were not in Hood. Each was peculiar to the single man whose face bore it, and shall probably re-appear no more. For Addison's matchless smile we may look and long in vain; and forbid that such a horrible distortion of the human face divine as Swift's grin (disowned for ever by the fine, chubby, kindly family of mirth!) should be witnessed again on earth!

'Alas! poor Yoireck. Where now thy quips?—thy quiddities?—thy flashes that wont to set the table in a roar? Quite chapfallen? The death of a man of mirth has to us a drearier significance than that of a more sombre spirit. He passes into the other world as into a religion where his heart had been translated long before. To death, as to a nobler birth, had he looked forward; and when it comes, his spirit readily and cheerfully yields to it, as one great thought in the soul submits to be displaced and darkened by a greater. To him death had lost its terror, at the same time that life had lost its charms. But 'can a ghost laugh or shake his gant sides?'—is there wit any more than wisdom in the grave?—do puns there crackle?—or do comic annuals there mark the still procession of the year? The death of a humourist, as a first serious epoch in his history, is a very sad event. In Hood's case, however, we have this consolation; a mere humourist he was not, but a sincere lover of his race—a hearty friend to their freedom and welfare—a deep sympathiser with their sufferings and sorrows; and if he did not to the full consecrate his high faculties to their service, surely his circumstances as much as himself were to blame. Writing, as we are, in the city where he spent some of his early days, and which never ceased to possess associations of interest to his mind, and owing, as we do to him, a debt of much pleasure, and of some feelings, beyond it, we cannot take leave of his writings without every sentiment of good-humour and gratitude.

### MISCELLANY.

#### A VISIT TO A MODERN AUTHOR.

We have a very interesting notice of Leigh Hunt, one of the most popular of modern writers, in *Tail's Magazine*:

A VISIT TO LEIGH HUNT—We were never more fortunate than in the time when we called on this amiable and distinguished person. He had newly received the notice of his pension. His appearance fully verified what we had said of him years ago—He received us with as much cordiality, as if we had been old friends. He spoke in the flurry of his heart, as if this pension would be to him 'riches fineless,' and smiled when we compared him to a schoolboy, who imagines that his first shilling can span the round of all conceivable enjoyments. He showed us Lord John Russell's letter, and expatiated on the delicacy and kindness which it discovered. He spoke, during the short time we were with him, on various subjects, and in a gay, lively, discursive style. His conversation is a winding, wimpling, sparkling stream; whereas that of Carlyle, which we had listened to a few evenings before, is a river of lava, red, right onward and irresistible. Among other things about his friend Shelley, he mentioned that he had translated all the works of Spinoza, and that this translation was still extant. He received us in his library, which, as usually happens, forms a true index of the man. Its shelves are radiant with the best belles letters of every country and age. It is a room the very sweat of which you imagine will be poetry. Green leaves look in at its window, and a divine gush of sunshine half seamed them with gold. It seemed as if in that favoured room the 'milder day' had begun; all things were in fine keeping—the old young poet, grey hairs on his head, but youth in his eyes and hand—the shelves laden with spirit—the sunny day—the leaves fluttering without, as it stirred with secret and half-born delight, to be recognised and renewed when their dream of being blossoms

into being itself—the letter lying on the table, unconscious of the joy it had conferred. We shall never forget our emotions, and shall surely mark Thursday, the 24th of June, with a white stone.

A LAPLAND WEDDING.—The following account of the method of deciding on marriage between young persons in Lapland, is extracted from Fuller's *Worthies of England*:—

"Here let me insert a passage of a custom in this barbarous country, from the mouths of credible merchants whose eyes beheld it. It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents' consent; wherefore if one bear an affection for a maid, upon breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is, that a day is appointed for her friends to behold the two parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing to herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended, it being penal for the man to renew the mention of marriage. But if the virgin had an affection for him, though at first running hard to try the truth of his love, she will, (without Atlanta's golden ball to retard her speed,) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she come to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands where so many forced matches make feigned love and real unhappiness."

LAUGHTER.—Douglas Jerrold thus discourses not unphilosophically.

Without it, our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like; the iniquities of our heart, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the pest among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel, lights at the top—for foreheads would then have gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter—as it is the first intelligence! The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world, smiles the first answer that it understands.—And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shakes in its nurse's arms, or, in waggish humor, playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny, declares to him with ears to hear the heirloom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and acutely as they will. They must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumph, and stand upon his broad grins; for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish. Let man then send a loud ha! ha! through the universe and be reverently grateful for the privilege.

ODDS AND ENDS.—"My dear where is my morning and evening Devotion," said Mr. Paul Partington—meaning a small book with that title, in which he was accustomed to read. "Here it is," said Mrs. Partington, producing a dark bottle from the closet, "here it is in the bottle." He looked intently in her face to see if malice was actuating her, but all there was calm, and rather than destroy her apparent satisfaction at obliging him, he refrained from explanation and partook.

PLEASING INCIDENT.—The Directors of the House of Industry, received a letter from a gentleman in a neighboring town the other day, says the *Traveller*, stating that they had some years before given up a boy from that Institution, into the charge of the writer's brother, who died on the 8th of May last. The boy had so won upon the affections of his master, that, in his will, he bequeathed him the sum of \$1,000, the interest to be expended for his education, and the principal to be given him at the age of 21. This shows that in all situations, however dark the prospect, a perseverance in good conduct will meet with reward.—*Boston Times*.

A WELL KNOWN NAME.—The Woods of Lancashire are a distinguished family for character, wealth, and talent. The elder son, John Wood, has been returned member of Parliament for Preston several times, and proved himself a steady supporter of civil and religious liberty. A laughable circumstance took place on a trial in Lancashire, where the head of the family, Mr. Wood, senior, was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name Ottiwell Wood, the judge, addressing the reverend person, said, "Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?" The old gentleman replied,

O double T  
I double U  
E double L  
Double U  
Double O D.

Upon which the astonished lawgiver laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met with in his life, and, after two or three attempts, declared he was unable to record it. The court was convulsed with laughter.—*Gardiner's Music and Friends*.

NEGRO WIT.—"Now what ya charge Massa Magistrate, marry me and Miss Dinah?"

"Why, Clam, I'll marry you for two dollars."  
"Two dollars!—what charge you to marry white folks, massa!"  
"I generally charge them five dollars, Clam."

"Will you marry us like white folks, and I will give you five dollars, too."

"Why Clam, that's a curious notion, but as you desire it, I'll marry you like white folks for five dollars."

The ceremony being over, Clam and Dinah being one, the Magistrate asked for his fee.

"Oh, no! Massa, ya no come up to de agreemnt—ya no kiss the bride!"

"Get out of my office, you black rascal."

And so Clam got married for nothing.

UNDOUBTEDLY.—The boy stuttered badly, and the father was by no means a good reader. The old gentleman, however, was fond of reading the *Old Testament* aloud, and he often gave some curious pronunciations to the long list of proper names in the book of Numbers. One day the boy put a stop to it.

"F-f-father!" said he, "d-de-don't you f-f-feel afraid?"

"Why?" asked the father.

"C-c-cause if them old ch-ch-chaps could ge-get at you they'd give you a th-thundering licking for calling 'em s-such b-b-blasted names!"

NOT A BAD JOKE.—The Salem Gazette says that the wife of a gentleman of that town recently took into her service a girl just arrived from the old country. On Tuesday morning, she accosted her mistress with the exclamation:—

"They've been playing tricks upon us! There's been a boy all about the neighborhood, sticking wet paper into every body's door."

Her employer replied that it was only the newspaper.

"O, no!" she answered, "it could not be the newspaper, for it was wet. And I rolled up the one at our door and flung it after the blackguard, as soon as he was out of sight!"

The blunder cost the editor a fresh paper, but paid him its cost in a good laugh.

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry, is like a potato; the only good thing about him is under ground.

## POLITICS AND NEWS.

### News by the last English Mail.

[From the London Tablet, Oct. 2.]

#### THE NEWS FROM ITALY.

The news from Italy is becoming a little more cheerful and hopeful. If we may believe the accounts already published through various channels, Austria has made—either in fact, or in name also—the required concessions. Our foreign authorities differ about the mode, though they seem to agree as to the fact. According to one authority, the obstructions of Ferrara have been relieved by a bowel complaint! The Croats and Hungarians who have been made to do garrison duty in the grass-grown streets of this decayed and mouldering city, find the autumnal vapours that reek up from the flat, fat, drainless marshes of the Po, anything but conducive to a healthy action of the skin. If we may believe a German news-writer, whose story has at least all the gravity of truth, hundreds of these miserable military victims to insufficient drainage crowd the hospitals, and render it absolutely impossible for Count Radezky—though within call of some sixty thousand soldiers—to find men enough for ordinary patrol duty. So writes the Teutonic prose Homer Nuremberg. The parties being at a dead lock, and celestial interference necessary to unravel the plot, suddenly the sharp clangour of the silver bow is heard; the good Apollo shoots his glittering shafts in the Austrian quarters; the patrols are seized with unutterable inward pangs; heavenly compulsion drives them from the posts they have been recently set to guard; and thus Austrian aggression is stopped, medically, by a *colon*. In other words, by a providential and most opportune dysentery the town is evacuated.

Other chroniclers conduct us to a not dissimilar result by means less poetically. An autograph letter from the Pope to the Emperor, and another to the Empress, are said to have worked wonders. Count Lutzwow, too, has been marvellously brought over to the Pope's views, after due explanation and persuasion. In point of fact, Prince Metternich never intended a military demonstration against the Pope—not he. All that was meant was to act in conformity with the Treaty of Vienna, by occupying the 'place' of Ferrara. If there should be any doubt about the meaning of the treaty, it can be talked over in an amicable way, like any other family matter; only it was rather unfriendly to disarrange official decorum by a public notarial act and noisy protest loud enough to be heard by all Europe.

Another story tells us that the Pope had consented to a compromise. Russian troops, of all others in the known world, were according to this version, to replace the relaxed Hungarians in the service of the city gates! This, of course, is impossible; and the more probable version of the story is contained in the following paragraph, which reads as if it might be, in the main, true.

It is announced that an arrangement has been concluded, by the medium of the Count de Lutzwow, the Austrian Ambassador at Rome, between the Pontifical Government and the Cabinet of Vienna, relative to the right of Austria to keep a garrison at Ferrara. Accord-