—the undulations are travelling unbroken along some flat moor, or across some expansive lake, or over some deep valley, filled, haply, by some long withdrawing arm of the sea; and then the more remote mountains lift up their voices in mysterious mutterings, now lower, now louder, now more abrupt, anon more prolonged, each, as it recedes, taking up the tale in closer succession to the one that had previously spoken, till at length their distinct utterances are lost in one low continuous sound, that at last dies out amid the shattered peaks of the desert wilderness, and unbroken stillness settles over the scene, as at first. Through a scarce voluntary exercise of that faculty of analogy and comparison so natural to the human mind, that it converts all the existences of the physical world into forms and expressions of the world moral and intellectual, we have oftener than once thought of the phenomenon and its attendant results, as strikingly representative of effects produced by the death of Chalmers. an event which has, we find, rendered vocal the echoes of the world; and they are still returning upon us, after measured intervals, according to the distances. First, as if from the nearer rocks and precipices, they arose from the various towns and cities of Scotland that possess their periodicals; then from the great southern metropolis, and the other towns and cities of England, as if from the hills immediately beyond; from Ireland next; and next from France and Geneva, and the European Continent generally. And then there was a slight pause. The tidings were passing in silence, without meeting an intelligent ear on which to fall, across the wide expanse of the Atlantic. And then, as if from more distant mountains, came the voices of the States, and the colonies, and the West Indian islands. It was no uninteresting task to unrobe from their close brown covers, that spake in colour and form of a foreign country, the Transatlantic journals, and read tribute after tribute to the worth and in-