

the value of devotions solely by their frequency, their length by the dial, or their number by the beads—to consider that if a man is holy who says a hundred prayers a day, he is twice as holy who says two hundred; and that if he who fasts four-and-twenty hours has some merit, he who fasts eight-and-forty has twice as much.

3. Another signal characteristic of this School is its disposition to vilify and traduce *reason*. They do well to hate it; for, as Hobbes well said, "when reason is against a man, a man will be against reason." Reason, they feel, is their implacable foe, and blinded indeed it must be before it will admit their pretensions. "My Lord Understanding's house," says John Bunyan, "was too light for the Prince of Darkness, and he therefore built a high wall to darken all the windows."

In inviting us to lay down our reason, they remind us of the wolf who counselled the sheep to get rid of their watchdogs. Their constant plan is to inveigh against the sin of "rationalism," as they call it, in relation to the "mysteries" of religion—by which they mean any tendency to question their dogmas. They thus avail themselves both of the prejudice against the first term, and of the awe inspired by the second. That there are "mysteries" both in philosophy and religion about which it is irrational to speculate, is true; but we receive them, though not on intrinsic, yet on sufficient evidence; and reason is still the judge as to whether that evidence be sufficient to justify their reception, though it be not able to speculate on the mysteries themselves. The existence of God is a great mystery; but if we do not admit it, we must admit manifold contradictions and absurdities;—the permission of evil is a great mystery; but it would do us no good to deny its existence as a matter of fact.—Christianity is itself full of mystery; but we receive it on proofs so manifold and various, that we feel it impossible to resist them. Give us similar reasons for believing "apostolical succession," and we faithfully promise that it is not its being a mystery that shall startle us. But to hoodwink our reason, and receive any absurdity without examination, because some piece of solemn immanity shakes his head, and assures us it is *too awful* to reason about, is not to be tolerated. Yet this is the continual artifice employed to protect "Church principles," and imposes, we have no doubt, upon thousands. We have already adduced some remarkable specimens of this species of logical artifice. "Beware how you *rationalize* on these great truths," is the constant cry—"how much better is it to obey than to speculate—*to believe* than to reason?" A plain understanding would say—"Both very well in their place; reverend-sir; what God hath joined together let no man put asunder: I think it better to believe than to reason, when I have reason to believe that God has spoken: I think it better to reason than to believe, when I have reason to believe that it is only Dr. Pusey or Mr. Newman." In fact this artifice is itself the highest insult to reason, since it involves a quiet assumption of the whole question in dispute—namely, whether the mysteries of the Oxford Tract School are supported by the evidence which proves that they are worthy of being believed in spite of their transcendental character. Of course the Papist uses the same plea for his transubstantiation. Doubtless even the Egyptian priest of ancient times often used the same plea, when he had to defend the divinity of "cats and onions" against the rationalists of those days, at whom he would unquestionably shake his head, and tell them how superior after all was faith to logic! About as reasonable is the defence which the Oxford writers employ, and about as reasonable the dogmas for which it is resorted to. "The first principle, or universal axiom," says Mr. Taylor, "of the modern revivers of Church principles, is the abjuration of that integrity of reason to which the inspired writers always appeal, and of which they enjoin the exercise and culture. * * * To doubt is a sin. To adduce evidence, given in relation to common facts of history, and to judge of it according to the common rules of historical enquiry, is to be a 'rationalist.' To distrust the pretensions of St. Dunstan, or the genuineness of the 'True Cross,' is an offence as grievous as to reject the Trinity; both are *disobedience*."

4. Amongst other characteristics which belong to these writers in common with the Romish Church, we must reluctantly include a tendency to the use of "pious frauds." Let not the reader be startled. We do not charge them with such wholesale forgeries, such magnificent crimes, as those which were perpetrated and justified by some of their venerated Fathers. As their whole system is Romanism in miniature, so is it in this respect also. They do not, as the ancients did, write books, and inscribe them at once with some venerable name to make them pass current. They do not draw a bill of doctrines, and indorse it with the name of Cranmer, Ridley, or Hooker. Neither do we charge them with actual interpolations of ancient works. Such things cannot well be managed in these days of "unreserved communication of knowledge." There is as much difference in point of audacity between the "pious frauds" of ancient days and the humble imitations of Oxford, as between open burglary and petty larceny—between forgery on a large scale and passing a bad sixpence. But with the little arts of fraudulent misrepresentation, they do in our judgment stand chargeable. They are well skilled, as Mr. Taylor expresses it, "in packing their 'evidence,' and 'in schooling their witnesses.'" They can leave out, if they do not put in—insultate a plausible sentence or two from a qualifying or refractory context, and manage commas and colons to admiration. Some ingenious examples of this literary joinery may be found in Milvaine's work, (p. 232.) For instance, they cite a passage from the homilies, which appears not unfriendly to a doctrine they affirm; but on reference to the original, it is found that they have taken only the beginning and end of the paragraph, the intermediate part which they have omitted, being altogether *against* it; but no breaks—asterisks—dots—or other indications—are employed, to suggest that there has been any solution "of continuity" in the citation; on the contrary, the *disjecta membra* are represented as so immediately connected, that they are separated only by a semicolon! Similar traces of unfairness are most conspicuous in their construction of those curious things they call the *Catena Patrum*; by which they attempt to prove something like a Catholic consent of "testimony," on the part of the writers in the later English Church, to their peculiar doctrines. Some of these citations are absolutely nothing to the purpose; others most vague and indistinct; others, rent from their

context, are made to convey a meaning never designed by their authors; others may be confronted by citations from the very same writers equally or more explicit the other way; while the many divines of opposing sentiments are passed by altogether. Such is the argument from *consent*. On the same principles it would be the easiest thing in the world to construct a *Catena* on the other side—and in fact we have seen more than one equally conclusive. But we need say no more on this point, Mr. Goode having so effectually exposed the attempt that even his reviewer now abandons it. "In whatever way," says Mr. Goode, "we may be enabled to account for it, certain it is that *truth has been sacrificed*, and the authority of great names pleaded in behalf of a system in no respect entitled to such protection."

Of the unscrupulous use by these writers of the vulgar art of sophistry, we need say nothing. Enormous examples of *petitio principii*, *suppressio veri*, and almost every other species of logical delinquency, have been given in preceding articles, or in the present. But examples of all will be found in Number Ninety itself; that singular monument—not *vere perennis* certainly, for it is "brass" itself—of logical pettifogging.

We question, however, whether these writers have not derived still more service from that obscure, imposing, and truly Delphic style, of which, as Archbishop Whately says, "the effect is to convey at first to ordinary readers a striking impression; with an appearance of being perfectly intelligible at the first glance, but to become more obscure and doubtful at the second glance, and more and more so, the more attentively it is studied by a reader of clear understanding; so as to leave him utterly in doubt at the last, which of several meanings it is meant to convey, or whether any at all." * * * This is especially the case with the tracts on "Reserve" and "Mysticism," of which it may be truly said that they seem to have been written after preferring, and obtaining, a plenary answer to that prayer—

Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show—half veil the deep intent.

The one writer is most "reserved on reserve," and the other most "mystical on mysticism." Seldom is any thing said plainly and absolutely, but with a perpetually tortuous and guarded expression. Scarcely two sentences are found together without a "so to speak," or "as it were," or "if so be," or "it may be after a certain secret manner," &c. Thus, endeavouring to prove our Lord's systematic concealment of his miracles, the writer on "reserve" says of the feeding of the five thousand, "even here it would appear as if there was *somehow* a sort of secret character about the miracle." Another specimen. "Notwithstanding that a spirit of true charity has a natural desire to communicate itself, and is of all things the most expansive and extending; yet in all such cases [of good men] we may still perceive the indwelling of Christ in them, still seeking, as it were, to hide himself; for I think they are all marked by an inclination, as far as it is possible, of retiring and shrinking from public view." "The Fathers," he tells us, "suppose that our blessed Lord is, as it were, throughout the inspired writings, hiding and concealing himself, and going about (if I may so speak reverently) seeking to whom he may disclose himself." There are numberless passages of this kind, which may mean any thing the interpreter is pleased to imagine; although in reality they contain nothing but very pious-sounding nonsense, which would have been quite in character in Jacob Bohmen or Emanuel Swedenborg.

Thus, "so to speak," and "as it were," the author often seems to say *something*, when in reality, and without any "so to speak" or "as it were," he says *nothing*. His style perpetually reminds us of Bardolph's explanation of the word *accommodated*. "Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing."

Should any be disposed to charge us with treating grave subjects over lightly, we have to reply, first, that we sincerely believe that this is just one of those cases in which the maxim of Horace applies,

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magno plerumque secat res;

secondly, that we recommend the objectors to a careful perusal of the Eleventh of Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales*, in which he shows, *Qu'on peut réfuter par des raileries les erreurs ridicules*; thirdly, that amongst the Christian privileges of which our opponents would deprive us, we trust they do not intend to include what Ben Jonson calls our "Christian liberty of laughing" at what is laughable; fourthly, that if they would have us repress our mirth, it must be by exhibiting a system of doctrines less irresistibly comic; and lastly, that we are perfectly aware that the artifice of inculcating "an awful and reverential manner" of treating absurdities such as those on which we have animadverted, is the approved receipt, as the history of all superstition shows, of sanctifying, in the estimation of the timid and the credulous, the most enormous deviations from truth and common sense. Nor is it amongst the least causes of the disgust we have felt in perusing the writings of this School, that their authors, even while propounding doctrines which are equally insulting to the Bible and to human reason, and defending them by methods which are disgraceful to morality, have yet been able to maintain that sanctimonious air, that pious gravity, which distinguish certain writers of the school of Loyola.

We must not conclude without pointing out to the reader the works which, in our judgment, furnish the best construction of the tenets of the Oxford School. These are, Archbishop Whately's *Essays on the Kingdom of Christ*, (a truly admirable work; Goode's *Rule of Faith*, which is learned and full; Milvaine's *Rome and Oxford*, and Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*—of both of which we have already spoken; and Mr. Lindsay Alexander's learned and able work, just published, entitled *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical*.

Meantime we await the progress and issue of the great contest without apprehension. Terrible as are these hurricanes of controversy, pernicious as may be their immediate effects on the faith of some and the temper of many—they serve from time to time to purify the atmosphere and render it salubrious. Let us but be true to ourselves, and we have no fear lest we should be "re-involved," to use the strong language of Milton, "in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, in which we shall never more see the sun of Divine Truth

again, never hope for the cheerful dawn, never more hear the bird of morning sing." Let us never forget that Christianity was planted, and has grown up, in storms. Discussion is always favourable to it, and has ever been so. Let the wintry blast come. It will but scatter the bare leaves, and snap off the withered branches; the giant tree will only strike its roots deeper into the soil, and in the coming spring-time put forth a richer foliage and extend a more grateful shade.

DUNCH.

FASHIONS FOR THE FLEET.

We understand that our ships being intended for ornament rather than for use, will in future be furnished by Taprel and Holland, the celebrated upholsterers. The *Bulldog* frigate is to have a set of mahogany masts, and the main-sheet is to go to Howell and James's to be spliced with mother-of-pearl, as well as to have a small lot of insertion put in between the gussets of the maintop, which will have a very pretty effect if a frill is added to the sky-scraper. It is in contemplation to inlay the binnacle with buhl, and replace the old bowsprit with satinwood. The sails are to be worked in floss silk with the arms of England, and real beads are to be let in for the eyes of the lion and unicorn. The admiral's daughter has kindly undertaken to work a lace ruff to go round the compass; and as the material will wash, the weather, of course, can have no effect upon it.

As many as 17,000 newspapers have been found in the General Post-office with their covers burst. The reason of the newspapers bursting is accounted for by the fact that they contain so many railway bubbles.

THE LAMENT OF THE STATUES.

Previously to the determination of the Royal Commissioners to erect statues to the poets in the new Houses of Parliament, they might as well have consulted the feelings of those persons on the subject, which we suspect would, with a slight difference of expression, be much like those embodied in the following lines. These we have had the impudence to put into the mouths of the poets, and to imagine each speech inscribed, respectively, on the pedestals of their statues.

CHAUCEER.

Good sirs, I marvel what we here make,
Gret folk, certes, be sometimes mistaken;
We staaden in this wood by much error,
Ne poet was in Edgemen't before;
We are, fish out of water, verily,
I do not breathe of all this air, perdy,
In the Abbey we weren well enoughe;
To put us here in Parliement is stufte.

SPENSER.

Troth, brother Chauceer, I am of thy minde,
In Parliement I do not feel at home,
Where prating Dulness talks his beaver blinde,
And dry Debate doth vainly froth and foam,
Folly, not Fancy, from his beme doth roam,
And greedy Patriots rave for pence and place;
Poets are fashioned from another loam,
Than heavy marble of Statesmen's crawling race,
And to be here, in faith, me seemeth dre disgrace.

SHAKSPERE.

Grave Grandsire Chauceer, and good Father Spenser,
The judgment your sweet worshipp have pronounced
On the hard mandate, and right stern decree,
Which, much misplacing us, hath placed us here,
Doth jump with my opinion. Here to bid
Beneath the pelting of the pitiless Boughman,
To suffer Roebuck's peulance; and erid
The jokeless wit of Sibthorp; and end brook
The specious eloquence of glosing Peel
To any soul alive were Purgatory—
But to a poet's 'tis a worse doom:
Oh that this monument were o'er my tomb!

MILTON.

My sentence is for walking off, oh Bards!
Though we be marble. Doth not story old
Record how statues, erst, have breathed and walked,
Instinct with life and motion? Why relate
Pygmalion's idol, and the wife of clay,
Pandora, she by cunning Vulcan wrought,
For bold Prometheus? Or, in modern days,
The marble man that unto supper came
To Seville's famous? Could I here remain,
Eight Giovanni? Could I here remain,
Heavy debate to list with tortoise ear,
My Cromwell's absence would detrimine mine.
Haste, then, and from your pedestals descend,
To stalk abroad with me through London's streets,
Dark'ning with dire alarm the heart of town.

DRYDEN.

All British Art Commissions Royal sway,
And when they order, sculptors must obey.
This poets find, whose effgies, like ours,
Are called to Parliament by princely powers.
Hard is our fate, thus destined to remain
Where Noise and Nonsensus hold divided reign,
Amid contending politicians' strife,
Who ne'er were represented in our life.
Oh, that I ne'er the tunefull lyre had strung!
Was it for this, unlucky bard, I sang?
Blackmore and Shadwell, after ages past,
Rejoice; your injured ghosts are now avenged at last.

POPE.

Carst, for ancestral sins, with parts and wit,
The Muse inspired me, and, alas! I writ!
Oh! had it been my happy fate to creep
With thee, good Dennis, I with thee might sleep;
But immortality no slumber knows,
And deathless bards can never taste repose.
E'en though Joe Home invoke the drury God,
And Sibthorp bid five hundred heads to nod;
Though Plumtree lull his poppies round,
And Spooner scatter all his poppies round,
And Palmerston compel the frequent wink,
Our ears in vain their opiate words will drink.
Oh! brother Bards, whom Sculpture hither brings,
To mix with Statesmen, and to herd with Kings:
Blend, sole relief! your marble tears with mine:
Would that we ne'er had penn'd a single line!

The Drama.

ENGLISH ACTORS IN AMERICA.

"Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down."—SHAKSPERE.
"All the best English actors have been here within the last forty years, and we fear there are no more great ones to come." The above is by an American writer. It is not said in an ill spirit, nor do we reply to it in any such mood; but it is not true. America had Cooke (when half ruined by drink); Holman (when getting old); Cooper, who was, when he went to the United States, a promising actor—no more. But the new country never saw John Kemble, Mrs. Jordan, Edwin Suett, Parsons, Quick, Storace, Mrs. Siddons, Lewis, Elliston, Emery, Fawcett, Wrench, Terry, Yates, W. Faren, Munden, Liston, Jones, Jack Johnstone,

Jack Bannister, Lovegrove, or Oxberry (the elder), Mrs. Edwin. Mrs. Davison, Miss O'Neil, Miss Foote, Mrs. Mardyn, Mrs. W. West, Mrs. Bunn, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Warner. America saw Madame Vestris when from circumstances she was not able to be herself. It saw Downton and Blanchard wrecks of themselves; heard Incledon and Braham in their decline. The United States never heard Miss Stephens or Maria Tree, Mrs. Bland or Mrs. Waylett; they never heard the ringing jollity of Mrs. Nisbett, never gazed on the lovely eyes of Mrs. Honey, or the faultless form of Miss Murray; they never saw the best of old women, Mrs. Davenport, and that matchless evergreen, Mrs. Glover. In his zenith they had Kean, and we are told he never acted continuously so well as he did during his first visit to our transatlantic neighbours. They have had Macready twice—once, before he had learnt his tricks, when he did not draw; and again after the great tragedian was gone, when he did. Sinclair was used-up when he went out, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood had grown careless long before they quitted England. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were as good as they are now when they took a trip, but they did not (we would not say they could not) play the legitimate drama; neither did (nor could) Reeve, Mathews acted but little in the States—mimicry paid him better. Taking a range of only 35 years we can enumerate upwards of 40 of our greatest actors and actresses that never visited New York. What becomes, then, of the assertion that we have quoted above? Mrs. Bartley (who never was a great actress) went abroad in the decline of life; and Mrs. Whitlock, though a Kemble, was a water-colour copy of her sister. A truly rich comic actress in old England's genuine comedies America has yet to see. Some of the cleverest actors amongst us, not the greatest, have crossed the water: Booth, Wallack, Browne, Vandenhoff, Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, are all good names, but there is no *leviathan* amongst them. Moreover, Jonathan is determinedly a star gazer; and has never had, since the first theatre was built, a *good stock company*. He has had the greatest Othello (Kean), the greatest Mirabel (C. Kemble), the best William Tell (Macready)—but who have represented Iago and Cassio to the first, Duretto and Bizarri to the second, Michael and Gesler to the third? If the casts were weak in these comparatively easy plays, what must they be in *Julius Caesar*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Merchant of Venice*, *School for Scandal*, *Henry the Eighth*, &c.? Power (a name we have omitted) was only a farceur, he failed utterly in Sir Lucius, Dennis Brulgrudery, and Major O'Flaherty; in fact, he only succeeded in one and two act monologues. The singers patronised in the new country have been Madame Caradori, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. A. Gibbs, Mrs. Seguin, Miss Povey, Miss Shirreff and Mrs. Wood, the two latter alone were in the first rank here. America has sent us a tragedian, about whom opinions are balanced. It has sent us as yet no comedian, at least no one who has taken a stand in the *legitimate drama*. It has sent us *no singer, male or female*, no pantomimist, no musician, no machinist and no scene painter. Even in the article of actresses, whose faults are forgotten when you look upon their faces, we find a sad deficiency. In fact, Jonathan does not *export his beauties*. America has not seen our best actors, nor (with a few exceptions, Kean, Macready, Mathews and Ellen Tree, particularly) not even our *second best*. Cowell, Burton, Wilkinson, W. H. Williams, Chippendale, Mitchell, Thorne (he was a singer here, he's a Keeley there), Holland, are funny fellows, but were not reckoned even good second-rates with us. America has rejoiced in such useful actors as Hiold, Archer, Fredericks, Mathews, Abbot (sometimes a trifle above the standard we have named) De Camp, Howard; clever, but not great singers, such as Horn, Pearman, Seguin, Frazer, Thorne, Edwin, and H. Horncastle.

We confess that America has fostered English histrionic talent. Actors, musicians, and scene-painters, have been welcomed; but she has not had our greatest actors or actresses. She has not had Loder, sen., T. Cooke, Mountain, Balfe, or Hughes, as leaders; nor Stanfield, Roberts, or Grieve, as artists.—*London Times*.

Memoranda of Men and Things:

A CRACK REGIMENT.

We defy either the Duke of Norfolk or the Baron de Rothchild to furnish forth his board with costlier plate and glass than are to be found in the mess-rooms of most of the regiments in the service. The dinner to which the officers sit down daily is *recherche* in the extreme, and the wine, always when guests are present, not unfrequently when they eat alone, of the richest flavour and the highest price. Of course, such a style of dining is inconsistent with self-denial on other occasions. The breakfast mess is equally sumptuous, so are the luncheons; and then in his private habits the subaltern must live as others do—that is, like gentlemen of large fortunes. Horses, dogs, guns, quantities of apparel, not uniforms, he it observed, but colored clothes, for no officer of spirit ever thinks of wearing his uniform except on duty or parade—these are accumulated to such an extent, that unless it be the young fop's practice to put on a different suit every day, it seems difficult to conjecture to what use he intends to turn his stock. Then there must be carriages bought or hired; cabs, phaetons, dog-carts, wherever with our gallants may cut a dash; supper parties at inns or hotels every night; private theatricals and balls; his subscription to one of which swallows up the Lieutenant's pay for a month, and makes a tolerably deep hole in that of the Captain. Moreover, habits of living so luxurious as these lead to the other, and, morally speaking, still graver offence. The regiment may become a slang regiment, in which case we have dog fights got up, and heavy bets made to depend upon them; races patronised and entered into eagerly; badgers kept for the purpose of being baited, and a constant talk of what has been or what is to be in these lines. As to adultery, fornication, and all uncleanness, these are trifles not worth considering; but there is a matter which cannot be overlooked. The officer's pay is quite inadequate to meet these demands upon it. His allowance from his father, however liberal, fails in like manner. Nevertheless, the young gentleman must keep up the credit of his camp; and to owe money to tradesmen beyond a certain amount, is neither creditable nor convenient. Having run up an account, therefore, with Mr. Buckmaster, the tailor, of some two or three hundred pounds, and perhaps got his name into the books of jewellers, gunmakers, saddlers, bootmakers, and so forth, to an equal amount, the young man still finds that money is needed, and he raises it, sometimes from the Jews, but more frequently at country banks on accommodation bills. The process is this:—Lieutenant Black wants a hundred pounds, he gets Ensign White to put his name to a promissory note; and, for a consideration the good-natured banker cashes it, and all is well. Three months, however, soon steals away, and now comes Ensign White's bill, to which Lieutenant Black has put his name, and the money being raised, which, on the present occasion amounts however, to two hundred pounds instead of one, the first bill is redeemed, and the two subalterns divide the surplus between them. What can be said of such practices as these—to what results must they lead? Not merely to the ruin of individuals, for that is inevitable, but to the demoralisation of the army, by the lowering of that tone of honorable and virtuous feeling without which, look-

ing at them in a professional point of view, officers become useless. For it is of the nature of such habits to render every occupation irksome to such as fall into them; and the restraints and roughness of military duty particularly unsupportable. And then, when we look above this, what is it that meets our view? Can gentlemen, who thus spend their time, ever have a thought to waste upon eternity?—*Quarterly Review*.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence (the yellow fever then prevailing). When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her and no benefit to him, for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments had no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him if he did not. She accordingly stayed and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death-carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out the dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received: if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life; she raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half-hour again came round and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately that the messengers began to think a little gentler force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will, but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bedpost and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining, her hand trembled violently, and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on his pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened, and when the deathmen came again they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.—*Letters from New York, by Mrs. Child*.

STANDARD AND FLEETING BOOKS.

Byron used to say that he had read the Waverley novels 50 times; a friend of my own has given "Paradise Lost" one hundred perusals, declaring that each has discovered to him some beauty unperceived before. This is the way in which great painters and authors grow up; a few pictures, a few books, form their constant study. It is not the superficial tillage of a large unwieldy track of land, but it is the deep and reiterated ploughing of the manageable estate, which produces the rich harvest. With intellectual *latifundia* you have nothing to do. "Laudato ingentia rura, exiguum colito." Sir George Beaumont, carrying a delicious Claude with him in all his excursions, is no bad type of a true student. All great works are composed with this view. You know nothing of them from a first or second inspection. The spirits that inhabit them drop their mantles only by degrees, fold after fold. I do not comprehend the difficulty suggested by Mr. Sewell—"A book cannot speak; it cannot answer interrogatives; it cannot rebuke presumption; it lies powerless in our hands; it rouses no shame by its presence; it stimulates no industry." Why, these are the very things which it does. With regard to modern books, you cannot read them a second time. There is a story in Plutarch of a person who, having a speech to deliver, applied to an oratorical professor to furnish him with the harangue. A first perusal satisfied the client very well, and he went home in excellent spirits. In a few days, however, he came back, with the speech in his hand, and a very thick cloud upon his countenance. "Sir," said he to his professional adviser, "at the first or second reading I liked this oration very well, but I am now quite of another mind; to say the truth, I loathe it heartily." "Well," said the orator, not at all discomfited, "how often do you mean to speak it—more than once?" "No," replied the disconsolate candidate for reputation, "only once." "Go your way, then," answered the rhetorician; "they will like it as well as you did for a first time; I warrant you." And so it is with the literature of the nineteenth century; it is only for once.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Miscellaneous.

The merchant suffers care and vexation, toiling for riches whilst content and competence are within his reach; the conqueror treads in blood to govern others, and leaves himself ungoverned; and the statesman too often seeks for power and popular applause, in preference to the approval of his own conscience.

DISPUTES.—When we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence or insultingly, and with an air of contempt; but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness and moderation to refute the falsehood.

There is one blessing of which people never know the value until they have lost it—and that is health. Health seldom goes without temper accompanying it; and that died, we become a burden on the patience of those around us, until dislike replaces pity and forbearance.

The season of youth is the chosen soil for philanthropy. It is there that its seeds take the firmest root. There the world has sown no tares to impede its progress, but the lovely plant is permitted to flourish in its growth! To blight it in its bloom by the chilling breath of precaution, seems like exposing an exotic, which we have reared in a conservatory to the blast of December's storm; yet it is the duty of the moralist to guard the inexperienced from those deceptions, which, too often, are practised in the world. Misapplied benevolence is an encouragement to iniquity; and, instead of producing the effect desired, acts as an excitement both to depravity and imposition.

HONEST PRIDE.—If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

No person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and cannot be satisfied without the opportunity of giving and receiving affection. If we love others they will love us; and, in order to have friends, we must show ourselves friendly. Hence, it is every one's duty to cultivate a cheerful and obliging disposition. It is impossible to be happy without it.

MIDDLE CLASSES OF SOCIETY.—Placed between the two extremes of life, the tradesman who ventures not beyond his means, and sees clear books and sure gains, with enough of occupation to give healthful excitement, enough of fortune to greet each new-born child without a sigh, might be envied alike by those above and those below his state—if the restless heart of man ever envied content.

Under circumstances which the world may deem criminal, there may be hidden feelings and springs of action which no heart knows but his that contains them, and which, through the force of perhaps erroneous notions, have become equally strong with right principles, and may, therefore, be received in palliation.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.—A person asking how it happened that many beautiful young ladies took up with indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain-maiden.—A young friend of hers requested her to go into a cane-brake and get him the handsomest reed. She must get it at once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her was that the handsomest reed she saw, "Oh, no," she replied, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of one much better, until I got nearly through, and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could find—and get a crooked one at last."

DIFFICULTIES USEFUL.—If any man possessed every qualification for success in life, it is probable he would remain perfectly stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunity after opportunity to the end of his days. Those who do succeed, ordinarily owe their success to some disadvantage under which they labour; and it is the struggle against a difficulty that brings facilities into play.

A woman's courage is always the courage of the mind—the highest description of valour of which the human soul is capable. Danger strengthens instead of deterring it, and where many men grow nerveless, they simply become more cool. The valour of man is most dependent on brute force, and where this fails, courage in an uneducated mind rarely survives its loss.

The gladdening sun of spring may unloose the frozen stream—may bid the leaf and the flower shoot forth again—the dry, bare boughs of the sturdy copse and the common may bloom afresh, but the rarer, choicer flowers have perished in the chill, no spring, no sun can make them bloom again. The hardy weed will live—the fragile and the lovely flower must die! The heart wrung by sorrow, outraged by those it loves, perishes beneath the torture, or, as a resource from misery, petrifies beneath the dripping well of life. Some hearts are exceptions to this fate; but they escape it not from the mind's strength alone.

HOLIDAYS.—It is not only on holidays that nature tells us to enjoy ourselves. If we were wise, we should earn a reasonable portion of leisure and enjoyment day by day, instead of resolving, to do it some day or other, and seldom doing it at all. Company is not necessary for it, at intervals, except that best and most necessary company of one's family-partners in life, or some one or two especial friends, truly so-called, who are friends for every sort of weather, winter as well as summer. A warm carpet and curtains, a sparkling fire, a book, a little music, a happy sympathy of talk, or a kind discussion, may then call to mind, with unenvying placidity, the very rarest luxuries of the summer time; and instead of being eternally and foolishly told, that pleasures produce pains, by those who really make them do so with their profanity or bigotry, we shall learn the finer and manlier knowledge how to turn pain to the product.

CRUELTY TO THE CREATION.—He that can look with rapture upon the agonies of an unoffending and unresisting animal, will soon learn to view the sufferings of a fellow-creature with indifference; and in time he will acquire the power of viewing them with triumph, if that fellow-creature should become the victim of his resentment, be it just or unjust. But the minds of children are open to impressions of every sort; and, indeed, wonderful is the facility with which a judicious instructor may habituate them to tender emotions. Mercy to beings of an inferior species is a virtue which children are very capable of learning, but which is most difficult to be taught if the heart has been once familiarised to spectacles of distress, and has been permitted either to behold the pangs of any living creature with cold insensibility, or to inflict them with wanton barbarity.

LADY AND LAWYER, OR DENMAN OUTFDONE.—An old dame, named Hannah Yeatman, annoyed by a keen cross examination in the Court of Queen's Bench, became very unruly, and exclaimed, "Don't you go for to ax me any kevestions, I'm not going to be bothered in this way, I'm too hold!" Chief Justice Denman—"You must answer the questions, or I must commit you." Witness—"Commit your granny! You hought to be ashamed of yourself, you hought. The young wemen as gov her bevidence afore me were taken hout of the Court alf dead, and all through your sitting there so keviet in your big wig, and she in asterisks. For shame!"

Madden, in his clever work on the "Infirmitates of Genius," thus concludes a chapter on the poet Burns:—"Let those who are without follies cast the stone at his infirmities, and thank God that they are not like the other poor children of genius, frail in health, feeble in resolution, and in small matters improvident, and unfortunate in most things."

INDUSTRY.—Honest industry is, after all, man's only sure dependence for the double blessing of a contented mind and a comfortable livelihood.

Night is a season favourable to nobleness of purpose. The world is then not too much with us; and our moral responsibility to God and man assumes a more demonstrated form. We are not ashamed of aspiring after virtue. There is no human sneer to wither our good intentions; no glitter of pompous illusions to dazzle the clearness of our perceptions; right and wrong resume the tangible and steadfast landmarks of the empire.

To produce as much happiness as we can, and to prevent as much misery, is the proper aim and end of all true morality and all true religion.