

gusted with uncertainty and disorder of mind: they have need of a port where no tempest can penetrate—of a light that never flickers, and of a hand that will never let them stumble. They demand from religion support for their weakness, rather than aliment for their activity. It is requisite that religion, while she elevates, should also sustain them, and, while touching their hearts, should also subjugate their intelligence; it is necessary for them, that while she animates their internal life, she should, at the same time, and above all things, give them a profound sentiment of security. Catholicism is marvelously adapted to this turn of mind, so frequent of occurrence in our days. It possesses satisfaction for such desires, and such remedies for such sufferings; it is able at the same time to conquer and to please; its anchors are strong, and its prospects full of attraction for the imagination. It excels in giving occupation to the soul, at the same time that it allows it to rest; it is acceptable after a period of great fatigue, for without leaving the soul to become cold or inactive, it eases it of much labour, and lightens for it the burden of responsibility. . . . For other minds also diseased and also estranged from religion, more of intellectual and personal activity is required. These also experience the want of returning to God and the faith; but they have got a habit of examining all things for themselves, and of admitting only what they have acquired by their own labours. They are anxious to fly from incredulity; but their liberty is that the same time dear to them and their tendency towards religion is caused more by thirst than by lassitude. It is to souls such as these that Protestantism finds access, since, while it tells them of piety and faith, it allows and encourages them to make use of their reason and their liberty. It is accused of being cold, but this is an error. Protestantism, by making a constant appeal to free and personal inquiry, penetrates far into the soul, and really becomes an indwelling faith, in which the activity of the intelligence keeps up the fervor of the heart, instead of extinguishing it. Catholicism and Protestantism should never lose sight of the French society, since it is upon that they have got to act. It is not between Catholicism and Protestantism that the contest is now going on—the contest of ideas and mastery; impiety and immorality, these are the enemies which one and the other are equally called on to contend with: to reanimate religious life, this is the work to which they are called—a work of immensity, for the evil itself is immense. An examination ever so slight of the moral state of these masses of men, with the mind so fluctuating and the heart so void, who have so many desires and so few hopes, and who pass so rapidly from fever of the soul to torpidity, is enough to fill one with melancholy and alarm.

From Fraser's Magazine.

INFLUENCE OF THE SUDDEN ACQUISITION OF WEALTH.

I have frequently noticed that men who have been very poor, fall, when they become suddenly rich, into one of the two extremes of improvident expenditure or excessive saving. The happy medium is only the result of becoming gradually accustomed to the change. With many, however, the meanness is merely accidental, as if there were a necessity for restraining the benevolence of the disposition by an eccentric course. One of the most eminent surgeons in London, who had struggled with poverty for many years, became by a single operation almost a rich man; and his reputation being fixed, his fees in a single year far exceeded the amount of what he had earned in the whole of his preceding career. This gentleman had received from a grateful patient in the country a present of hams and poultry, and about three hundred eggs. When the hamper was unpacked, my wife was present. 'Does—like eggs?' said the surgeon; 'these are very fine.' My wife replied in the affirmative, and supposed, of course, considering the intimacy of our acquaintance, that he would have sent one of his servants with a hundred at least to my house. Deliberately examining his stock, he laid his hand upon a large egg, and said, 'Well, give him that.' My wife inclined to take this as a joke, but no joke was intended; and he appeared much hurt when his own wife reproached him with his meanness. This gentleman, on that very day, had travelled six miles to perform a gratuitous operation, and, as I afterwards learned, had left two guineas on the table for the use of his poor patient. Many months after this circumstance occurred, I ventured to remonstrate with him on vari-

ous little acts of meanness which he had committed. His answer was, 'I feel the force of all that you say; but there are moments when the remembrance of my own sufferings comes over me to such an extent, that in the dread—an improvable belief, you will say—of a return to the deep misery which I have felt, I imagine that an act of generosity is almost a crime. That I am insane at such times cannot be denied; but, alas! who can explain the various phases of the human mind?'

From Bentley's Miscellany. THE DANCE OF LIFE.

'Mirth and motion prolong life.'—Abernethy. HUMAN life is a mere dance—the nursery a bawl-room! Old maids and bachelors, for want of partners, are compelled to exhibit in a pas seul. Knavery practices the shuffle, while pride, prudence, and experience, are professors of the art of cutting. Courage teaches the 'en avant,' discretion ('the better part of valor') the 'en arriere.' Some are happy in their choice of 'partners,' while many doomed to go through the whole 'dance' with the dowerless and disagreeable Mis-Fortunes and Mis-Chances.

The ambitious and would-be-great are continually struggling to show off in a particular 'set,' but, notwithstanding the pains they take in their 'steps' frequently experience the mortification of a 'dos-a-dos,' when they are anxiously exerting all their efforts for a smiling 'vis-a-vis.'

These are the 'ups and downs' of the 'dance.' The 'lords of the creation,' with few exceptions, are very awkward and ungainly; while 'lovely woman' is most generally perfect in the 'figure.'

Love is generally 'master of ceremonies,' but, being rather pur-blind, makes the most ridiculous mistakes in introducing 'partners;' and, although Avarice (who officiates in the higher circles) is lynx-eyed, he commits as many errors in 'coupling' the company as his coadjutor.

Hope illuminates the 'festive scene,' and away they bound on the light fantastic toe,—hands across,—down the middle—up again—till Time steps in, and throws a damp upon their merriment—the piper steps for want of breath, and—the dance ends!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HINTS TO DANCERS.

We go to a ball. Mercy upon us, is this what you call dancing. A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gazes, and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, kicks out his legs to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back in his place, puffing and blowing like an otter, after a half-hour's burst. Is this dancing? Shades of the filial and paternal Vestris! can this be a specimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert conformation, which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our soul thrills to each warning movement, and dissolve into ecstasy and love.

Maiden, with the roses lying among the twinings of thy long red hair, think not that the art of dancing consists merely in activity and strength. Thy limbs which are none of the weakest, were not intended to be rivals with a pavior's hammer; the artificer who trimmed thy locks, had no idea that his labors were to be lifted three feet higher than thy natural height from the ground, spare thyself such dreadful exertion, we beseech thee, and consider that thine ancle, though strong and thick as St. George's pillars, may still be broken or sprained with such saltations.

NEW WORKS.

Oliver Cromwell. A Novel, in three Volumes. Edited by Horace Smith.

CHARLES THE FIRST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

As the king advanced along the floor he turned his head from side to side, perusing with deliberate and steady glance the lineaments of every member whom he passed, and if when at a distance not one eye had sought him, so when he now stood close beside them not one eye avoided him. Each as Charles came into his direct line of vision met his hard gaze with an unblenching and unloosing brow; for not one man—even of those the most devoted to his will, of those who would have served him at that moment, who afterwards did serve him with their whole hearts and lives—but was disgusted, sengered, full of

deep sorrow, almost to despair. Little there was, however, of the stormy and more stronger passions painted upon the brows of those who sat thus fearlessly braving the temper of a king whose wrath was no less lasting and vindictive than it was hot and sudden. The expression that prevailed most largely was of mingled aspect, half pity, half defiance. But when the tyrant—for that action, if that only, justified the title—approached the seat of Cromwell, and his glance fell upon those grim ungainly features, then Ardenne witnessed—for his eye was still attracted, why he knew not, with a strange sense of fascination toward the puritan—then Ardenne witnessed that which in aftertimes he often called to mind, and never without awe and wonder—a dark conflict—a conflict of eye, countenance, and bearing, between these two men so eminently thrown together, and blended in their spheres of good or evil action. The glance of Charles when first it fell upon the coarse and most unpleasant lineaments of Oliver, was instantly averted, but averted as men ever turn the eye away from objects naturally hateful and unseemly. At that point of time the face of Cromwell was as tranquil, as immovable, as that of his great future rival; but the tranquillity was no less different than is the stillness of a hushed volcano and the peaceful calm of Heaven. The corded and swollen veins upon the temple, the eyebrows lowered and contorted, the balls gleaming beneath them with a fixed and baleful light, the nostrils rigidly extended, and the lips pressed so tightly that they alone of his whole aspect were of a livid whiteness. Ere Edgar had the time to think, had there been any matter yet for thought, the eye of Charles stole back, half timidly as it appeared, towards that tigerlike and glaring face. Then as it met the sinister and ominous stare of fierce defiance, it brightened also—vivid and keen, with a fanonlike and noble splendour. For some short space they gazed—those two undisciplined and haughty spirits—into each other's very souls—mutually, as it seemed, conscious at a glance of irremediable and desperate hostility. The king's look, quiet, although high and angry, and most unutterably proud—Cromwell's sarcastic, bitter, furious and determined, and withal so savagely triumphant, so mirthful in its dire malignity, that Ardenne thought he never had beheld a countenance so fiendishly expressive. And Charles Stuart's expression—after a fixed encounter of ten seconds' space—Charles Stuart's haughty aspect quailed beneath it and as he passed along for the whole occurred in less time than were needful for to recite it—he gazed no more around him, but went directly onward looking upon the ground, toward the speaker's chair. But the stern democrat, as if conscious that his genius had prevailed, cast his eyes round him with an air of loftier feeling than Edgar had as yet observed him wear. It was a trifle, at the period when it passed; and none but he noticed it, but after times and after deeds stamped it, no more to be erased, upon the tablets of his soul. Meanwhile the king reached the chair; and Lenthall, the bold speaker, who had hitherto sat still, as proud, and far more placid than his visitor, arose and stepped out stately and cold to meet him. Then the king mounted to his place, stood upon the step but spoke not, nor sat down, there he stood gloomily gazing upon the house, with a dark look of sullen anger, for many minutes. At length he spoke. 'Gentlemen,' he said in a high voice, clearly audible to the most distant corner, though neither musical nor pleasing, 'Gentlemen of the commons I am sorry for this my cause of coming to you. Yesterday I did send a sergeant, to demand some, who by my order were accused of treason. Instead of prompt obedience, I received a message! and he uttered the last word with the most concentrated scorn and insolence. 'I must then, here declare to you, that though no king that ever was in England could be more careful of your privileges than I have been, and shall be, yet I can tell you, treason hath no privilege, and, therefore, am I come to tell you that I must have these men and will, wherever I may find them!' As he spoke, he looked around the hall with a deliberate air, scanning the faces of all present, if he might find his men; then raising his voice higher yet, he called aloud, till the roof rang again. 'Ho, I say Master Hollis, Master Pym.' No answer was returned, nor any sound, save an increased and angry tumult in the lobby, with a brandishing of partisans, and producing of concealed but ready pistols, so that some members thought to see the soldiers instantly rush into the chamber. After a little pause finding he got no answer he turned to the speaker. 'Say,' he exclaimed, 'say, Mr Speaker, be any of these men here present?' For a moment Lenthall paused, as doubting whether to hurl his own defiance, and that of the assembled commons into his very teeth; but ere the echoes of the monarch's voice had ceased, he had resolved upon the wiser and more prudent part, and bending with most deferential courtesy his knee, 'I have sir,' he replied, 'nor eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, save as this house, whose servant I am sworn, shall order me. And therefore most I pray your majesty to pardon me that I return no further answer.' 'Ha, sir,' returned Charles sharply, and with incipient fury, but a moment's thought convinced him that the humble answer of the speaker defied at once, and rendered hopeless, any charge of violence against him. 'Ha, sir,' again he said, but in a milder tone. 'I do believe my eyes are full as good

as yours, and I do see my birds are flown, but this I tell you, and see ye look to it—I hold this house to send them to me. Failing of which, I shall myself go seek them. For sir, their treason is most foul, and such as you shall thank me, all of you, now to discover. And I assure you, on a king's word I assure you that I did never mean any violence and they shall have fair trial—I meant not any other.' He waited not for further words, perchance he doubted what reply he might receive to this last false assertion—palpably, unquestionably false—for wherefore brought he his disbanded soldiery, his rude and ruffian braves; with rapier, partisan, and pistol, into the very precincts of the house. Wherefore, unless he had designed to hale the accused members forth by the strong arm of tyrannous authority. Stepping down from his chair, he walked, uncovered still, but at a quicker pace than that which he entered, toward the lobby, but now as he departed; his looks were not turned haughtily from side to side, but sadly bent upon the floor, nor was his passage silent as before—for member after member started up as Charles went past him, with bent brow and clenched hand, and groans both loud and deep saluted him. As he came nigh the seat of Cromwell, the king raised his visage, haggard now and pale, as with an anxious curiosity to look upon the man before whose eyes he felt himself to have recoiled; and as he met it Oliver sprang upon his feet, his long tuck rattling in the scabbard as he rose, and stamping on the floor with fury, shouted aloud, in tones not mild nor measured, the word 'Privilege.' A dozen voices took it up, though not so loudly, nor with so marked defiance as the first daring speaker, and the whole house was in the wildest and most uncontrolled confusion. Delightedly would the despotic prince, had he but dared it, at that moment have cried on!—have given the word expected by his myrmidons, for massacre and havoc—have bid the swords, which were already thirsting in their scabbards, leap forth and drink their fill of that most noble blood of England. But, thanks to heaven, he dared not. There would have been no object worthy of the risk—no gain to justify the detestation he would have so heaped upon his head. He did not dare; and therefore smothered for the time his virulent and vengeful fury, he departed—the door swung heavily behind him; and with no muttered curses on the head of him who lacked the spirit to perform what he and they yearned equally to execute, frustrate of their desired vengeance, unsatisfied and balked, his hireling desperadoes filed out from the venerable walls their presence had so shamefully polluted.

CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

At a late hour Oliver, who was waiting at Whitehall in his own private chambers, was advertised of these unjust and strange proceedings; and instantly commanded a company of soldiers to repair to the house, entered, and took his seat among the members. He was more plainly—nay even slovenly—attired than at any time when he had appeared in public for several years. His dress was of plain and coarse cloth, all black, doublet, cloak, and hose; with stockings of worsted rolled up to his mid thigh. While the debate continued, Cromwell sat immersed apparently in thought, and listening most attentively to the opinions of the different orators. The speaker, at length rose, as if to put the question—then beckoning to Harrison, who sat opposite him, Cromwell stood up calmly, and as that officer approached him—'now is the time,' he said, 'now I must do it,' and forthwith he put off his hat, and began speaking in mild tone, and more to the point than usual in his harangues; expressing his disapprobation, although moderately and in measured terms, of the motion before the house. But gradually, as he kindled with his subject, his speech became more vehement and fiery—his words rolled forth in one unbroken stream of bitter and severe invective scorching and blighting as the electric flash—his features were inflamed with tremendous passion—his eyes lightened—and his whole frame expanded with a most perfect majesty of wrathful indignation. He rebuked them for their self seeking and profaneness, their frequent denial of true justice, their oppression, their inordinate and selfish love of power, their neglect to the brave and honest, their idolizing the lawyers, their trampling under foot the valiant men who had bled for them in the field, their tampering with the false and time serving presbyterians. 'And for what,' he cried, with loud and vehement tones, 'for what all this, what, but to perpetuate your own ill gotten power—to replenish your own empty purses—empty through riot and debauchery, and bribery, and every kind of ill, which it befits not you to perpetrate, and which it were to me degrading even to mention, or to think of. But, now I say,' he went on, stamping fiercely on the ground, 'your time hath come. The Lord hath disowned you. The god of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, hath done with you. He hath no need of you any more! Lo he hath judged you, and cast you forth, and chosen fitter instruments to him, to execute that work in which you have dishonoured him.' 'Order,' exclaimed one of the bolder of the members. 'Order—I rise to order—never have I yet heard any language so unparliamentary,—so insolent,—the rather that it cometh from our own servant—one whom we have too fondly cherished—one whom, by raising to this unprecedented and undue elevation, we have ended with the daring and the power