

stood for a moment or two without speaking sighed, and then moved on. How many opportunities for making similar investments had he not neglected!

From the London Daily News.

BRITAIN'S BEST MEANS OF DEFENCE.

We have spent the winter and spring in debating and squabbling about our militia. Summer is coming, and we may have a militia worth all others without consent of Parliament—without any need of asking 'with dated breath' how Louis Napoleon will like it. A nation with stout limbs, broad chests, a merry heart, and a cheerful accordant will, is the best militia that ever was or can be. Summer is coming; and, before it is gone, we may, if we choose, see whether the brawny limbs and merry heart of Old England cannot be restored. Let us make our muster on cricket grounds; let us have wrestling matches for our exercises; let us have foot races and leaping matches as our preparation for marches; let us set up our targets, and see how nicely we can pick out the bull's eye; let our swimmers seek out the strongest streams, and show how valiantly they can charge the enemy, and cast him off from their broad breast. Men must have sports. What are they now?—and what might they not be? It sickens the hearts of old-fashioned people to see what they are now. We see mind in one place and body in another. Look for mind, and you see wizen faced men crowded into hot rooms, thick with tobacco smoke and bitter with beer, wrangling with cracked voices about the charter and truck, and blaspheming the bishops, and contradicting each other about the rights of man. You see the pale-faced mechanic trailing home from a feeble walk in sorry fields, as if tired with the weight of his own baby on his arm. You see lads swilling bad porter in penny theatres, leering at indecent melo-dramas. At best, you see men who have been standing still all day, yawning over books in reading rooms, trying to study, but finding a heavy mist between their minds and the dizzying page. If you look for body, you see country boys 'daundering' through the lanes, with their hands in their pockets, and lead in their heels, and a pipe in their mouths. If they see the clergyman or a lady coming, they hide their pipes, and pretend to be looking over the hedge. You will see the rustic, who cannot endure his home, cowering under the river's bank, crouching and hiding while he flings his line, and carrying his poached fish home in his hat, in fear of the great man's steward, and with the feelings of a thief in his uneasy heart. The best you will see will be the very little boys setting up their wand in their meadow, and jumping and tumbling. This is something like—this is education. Their limbs thrill, their blood quickens, their minds are more truly awake, than, perhaps, they may ever be again. This is education, sanitary reform, and training for defence, all in one. Let us only extend it to men, and we shall have done more both for national defence and for popular education than Parliament alone can do by many nights—by whole sessions of lamplight controversy. For both objects, the thing to be desired is to bring mind and body into consentaneous action. The muscular force and nervous energy of the people are always with us, like our island wall of cliffs and our eternal rivers. They cannot be abrogated, like putrescent laws, nor fall into desuetude, like worn out customs. They are as permanent as hoary Helvellyn and Old Thames. So are the sports of the oldest days (provided they are thoroughly abortive, and in no way cruel) as fit for Englishmen now as when Harlefoot sped after the game, and Robin Hood lent a hand at a bout of quarter staff. In the infirm Louis Napoleon, attended by his collected armies, flushed with brandy, and jingling their bribes in their pockets, were suddenly to appear on one of our commons, before the assembled cricketers of England, in the midst of a mighty game, we would almost back the cricketers, with their bats and in their shirt sleeves, against the bristling French machina—the bare body, with a heart in its breast and a healthy brain; against the steel clad body, without a heart and with a tipsy brain. We are told that our poachers would make a clever soldiery. Let us turn them into cricketers, and they will be more than a clever—they will be a heartsome soldiery. Not in a day. There are some things that must happen first. It may be that a vegetarian army may be as good as a beef eating one; but it is as well not to let our national defence rest on that supposition. Free trade is giving men enough bread to eat. It will go on, we may hope, to give them daily meat; thousands of the pallid must drop into their graves before we can show ruddy faced troops on any fields—of battle or sport. But we can begin—this very summer—this very month—to-morrow—to strengthen the national limbs, and cheer the national heart, by ali going out into the open air together, and making ourselves merry there.

It is mournful to hear young men talk—more so than ever to see them walk. How our young lawyers, and merchants, and manufacturers, go shuffling along in the streets, and carefully climb a style, instead of clearing it at a bound. These are they who stare when the old folks, remembering the spirit of half a century ago, and forgetting its woes, wish that the French would bully us a little, that the young men might awake to the honour and blessing of living in Old England. If the French wont bully us, let us challenge

one another—Yorkshire against Lancashire. Let our holiday folks make their tour this summer to Cornwall or Cumberland, and inquire out the wrestlers there. Let them mark the coal hewers of Durham and Northumberland, and inquire of themselves whether there need be anything local in such breadth and sinew as they see. Let them throw open a general play ground between the two, and see whether men will not like sport better than tricks—fresh air better than gin—and roars of laughter better than shouts of wrath. It would be an exhibition excelling that of last year—this calling upon a whole nation to enjoy themselves, summer after summer, in that mighty Crystal Palace which is given us, ready lighted by the sun and moon. It is opening the noblest of hospitals, with the airs of heaven for our medical staff. We are much mistaken if it would not turn out to be a blessed mission to the heathen—those most wretched heathens, whose ghosts walk in our daily paths, while their real selves dwell in some far off purgatory, where hope is left behind. It is education, as we have said. It is political safety; for there is nothing like the breeze of hilarity for blowing away the vapours of discontent. Men do, and ever will, think and speak of politics; they do, because they ought and must; the difference is between doing so in a malcontent, and a thoroughly loyal spirit—which is the difference between health and sickness, between a half life and full vitality.

If we speak of loyalty, the grateful suggestion arises—look at our Queen. We are not now living under the rule and example of the 'first gentleman in Europe,' wigged and cravatted, shut into hot rooms with champagne and parasites, and terribly afraid of the winds of heaven visiting his face too roughly, when he was compelled to meet his Parliament.—We have a sovereign robust and active—who is up betimes, and on the foot of a great deal—who climbs misty mountains, and runs up a paddle box like a schoolgirl, to wave her farewell to her loving subjects. Shall we not make ourselves a fitting militia for such a sovereign to rely upon? Shall we leave it to poachers, a compulsory ballot, and the fear of the lash, to provide her with a domestic soldiery? Shall we not make our limbs, nerves, and spirit ready for the field, while waiting for the appointment of the merely technical training? Some say we are a very happy nation. Some say we are a very care-worn one. Let us put it to the proof, and see how much sport there is really in us.—We trust it may yet appear that there is a host of merry hearts in England yet.

From Hogg's Instructor.

A RETROSPECT.

'The spirit alters.'—Delta.

As upon the toilsome steep of life,
With weary feet we go,
Far, far behind we leave the stream
Where youth's bright feelings flow;

And onward dive into the gloom
Of care's dark forest shade,
Which casts a murkiness across
Each intervening glade.

Not all because our foot hath lost
Its once elastic tread,
Or that among our tresses twined
There lurks a silvery thread.

Not half so much from those we know,
That we are growing old,
As that the spirit feels a void,
And the heart waxes cold.

The soul's fine lustre dims beneath
The world's cold breath of blight,
And irksome loads of crushing thought
Impede its eagle flight.

Had glory pass'd indeed from earth,
And truth, and beauty pure—
Or why gleams that which charm'd us
So palely, so obscure?

No, not less lovely is the sky,
Nor less the sun shines bright;
The moon is not less beautiful,
Nor the dark brow of night.

Upon ourselves alone, the hand
Of withering change hath press'd,
From our own hearts come the dark hues
In which all things are dress'd.

Would that the spirit of our youth,
Unsullied we might keep:
Why glides it from our eager grasp,
Like a form seen in sleep?

From Harpers American Magazine.

CRIME DETECTED.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE PARIS POLICE.

Previously to the year 1789, but at what precise date I can not say, the city of Paris possessed as guardian of its safety, and chief minister of police, a man of rare talent and integrity. At the same period, the parish of St. Germais, in the quarter of the Rue St. Antoine, had for its cure a kind venerable old man, whose whole life was spent in doing good to both the souls and bodies of his fellow creatures, and whose holy consistency and dignified courage caused him to be loved by the good, and respected by even the most abandoned characters. One cold dark winter's night, the bell at the old cure's door was rung loudly, and he, although in bed, immediately arose and opened the door, anticipating a summons to some sick or dying man.

A personage, richly dressed, with his features partly concealed by a large false beard, stood outside. Addressing the cure in a courteous and graceful manner, he apologised for his unseasonable visit, which, as he said, the high reputation of monsieur had induced him to make.

'A great and terrible, but necessary and inevitable deed,' he continued, 'is to be done. Time presses; a soul about to pass into eternity implors your ministry. If you come you must allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no questions, and consent to act simply as spiritual consoler of a dying woman. If you refuse to accompany me, no other priest can be admitted, and her spirit must pass alone.'

After a moment of secret prayer, the cure answered, 'I will go with you.' Without asking any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and leaned on the arm of his suspicious visitor. They both got into a coach, whose windows were immediately covered by wooden shutters, and then they drove off rapidly. They seemed to go a long way, and make many doublings and turnings ere the coach drove under a wide archway and stopped.

During this time, not a single word had been exchanged between the travelers, and ere they got out the stranger assured himself that the bandage over his companion's eyes had not been displaced, and then taking the old man respectfully by the hand, he assisted him to alight and to ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the second story. A great door opened, as if of itself, and several thickly carpeted rooms were traversed in silence. At length, another door was opened by the guide, and the cure felt his bandage removed. They were in a solemn looking bed chamber; near a bed, half veiled by thick damask curtains, was a small table, supporting two wax lights, which feebly illuminated the cold death-like apartment. The stranger (he was the Duke de —), then bowing to the cure, led him toward the bed, drew back the curtains, and said in a solemn tone:

'Minister of God, before you is a woman who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors, and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She knows on what conditions an interview with you has been granted her; she knows too that all supplication would be useless. You know your duty, M. le Cure; I leave you to fulfill it, and will return to seek you in half an hour.'

So saying he departed, and the agitated priest saw lying on the bed a young and beautiful girl, bathed in tears, battling with despair, and calling in her bitter agony for the comforts of religion. No investigation possible! for the unhappy creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath to conceal her name; besides, she knew not in what place she was.

'I am,' she said, 'the victim of a secret family tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable! More, I can not tell. I forgive mine enemies, as I trust that God will forgive me. Pray for me!'

The minister of religion invoked the sublime promises of the gospel to soothe her troubled soul, and he succeeded. Her countenance after a time, became composed, she clasped her hands in fervent prayer, and then extended them toward her consoler.

As she did so, the cure perceived that the sleeve of her robe was stained with blood.

'My child,' said he, with a trembling voice, 'what is this?'

'Father, it is the vain which they have already opened' and the bandage, no doubt, was carelessly put on.'

At these words, a sudden thought struck the priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowed the blood to flow, steeped his handkerchief in it, then replaced the bandage, concealed the stained handkerchief within his vest, and whispered:

'Farewell, my daughter, take courage, and have confidence in God!'

The half hour had expired, and the step of his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

'I am ready,' said the cure, and having allowed his eyes to be covered, he took the arm of the Duke de —, and left the awful room, praying meanwhile with secret fervour.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, the old man, succeeded, without his guide's knowledge, in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to admit a partial ray of lamp light. Finding himself in the carriage gateway, he managed to stumble and fall, with both hands forward toward a dark corner. The duke hastened to raise him, both resumed their places in the carriage, and, after repassing through the same tortuous route, the cure was set down in safety at his own door.

Without one moment's delay, he called his servant.

'Perie,' he said, 'arm yourself with a stick, and give me your support; I must instantly go to the minister of police.'

Soon afterward the official gate was opened to admit the well known venerable pastor.

'Monseigneur,' he said, addressing the minister, 'a terrible deed will speedily be accomplished, if you are not in time to prevent it. Let your agents visit, before daybreak, every carriage gateway in Paris; in the inner angle of one of them will be found a blood-stained handkerchief. The blood is that of a young female, whose murder, already begun, has been miraculously suspended. Her family have condemned their victim to have her veins opened one by one, and thus to perish slowly in expiation of a fault, already more than punished by her mortal agony. Courage, my friend, you have already some hours. May God assist you—I can only pray.'

That same morning, at eight o'clock, the minister of police entered the cure's room.

'My friend,' said he, 'I confess my inferiority, you are able to instruct me in expedients.'

'Saved!' cried the old man, bursting into tears.

'Saved,' said the minister, 'and rescued from the power of her cruel relations. But the next time, dear abbe, that you want my assistance in a benevolent enterprise, I wish you would give me a little more time to accomplish it.'

Within the next twenty four hours, by an express order from the king, the Duke de — and his accomplices were secretly removed from Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom.

The young woman received all the care which her precarious state required; and when sufficiently recovered, retired to a quiet country village where the royal protection assured her safety. It is scarcely needful to say, that next to her Maker, the cure of St Germais was the object of her deepest gratitude and filial love. During fifteen years, the holy man received from time to time the expression of her grateful affection; and at length, when himself, from extreme old age, on the brink of the grave, he received the intelligence that she had departed in peace.

Never until then, had a word of this mysterious adventure passed the good cure's lips. On his deathbed, however, he confided the recital to a bishop, one of his particular friends; and from a relation of the latter, I myself heard it.

This is the extract truth.

THE VIRTUOUS MAN.

He who in youth improves his intellectual powers in the search of truth and knowledge, and refines and strengthens his moral and active powers by the love of virtue, for the service of his friend, his country and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for social, and softened by virtuous love for domestic life; who lays his heart open to every other generous and mild affection, and who to all these adds a sober, masculine piety, equally remote from superstition and enthusiasm, that man enjoys the most agreeable youth, and lays in the richest fund for the honorable action and happy enjoyment of the succeeding periods of life. He who in manhood keeps the offensive and private passions under the wisest restraint; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships; who seeks after fame, wealth and power in the road of truth, and if he cannot find them in that path, generously despise them; who in his private character and connections gives fullest scope to the tender and manly passions, and in his public character serves his country and mankind in the most upright and disinterested manner; who, in fine, enjoys the good things of this life with moderation, bearing its ills of adversity with the greatest fortitude; that man is the most exalted character in this changing stage of life; passes through it with the highest satisfaction and dignity, paving his own way to the most easy and honorable old age; and who, in the declining time of life, keeps himself aloof from the chagrins incident to that period, cherishes the most equal and kind affections, used his experience, wisdom and authority in the most venerable manner; that man quits the irksome, earthly stage with a modest and graceful triumph, so becoming the last moments of a virtuous old man.

VARIOUS ESTIMATES OF HAPPINESS.

In all ages, amongst every people, by each class do we find different notions of happiness entertained. To the wandering gipsy a home is tiresome; whilst a Swiss is miserable without one. Progress is necessary to the wellbeing of the Anglo-Saxons; on the other hand, the Esquimaux are content in their squalid poverty, have no latent wants, and are still what they were in the days of Tacitus. An Irishman delights in a row; a Chinese in pageantry and ceremonies; and the usual apathetic Javan gets vociferously enthusiastic over a cock fight. The heaven of the Hebrew is 'a city of gold and precious stones with a supernatural abundance of corn and wine;' that of the Turk, a harem peopled by houis; and that of the American Indian, a 'happy hunting ground;' in the Norse paradise there was to be deadly battles, with magical healing of wounds; whilst the Australian hopes that he shall 'jump up a white fellow, and have plenty of sixpences.'

QUAKING PRARIES.

The praries of Attakapas are neither more nor less than large tracts of land formed in the course of ages by trees which have either fallen or floated upon the lakes, since deserted by the rivers of which they once were portions. These deposits have in time formed a compact surface, and present the appearance of portions of solid land, so that leanos and shanties may be built, and cattle reared, and men may reside upon them. The thinness of this coating is so remarkable, however, in some places, that a tremulous motion is given to it by the weight of a few oxen—hence the title of quaking praries; the earth occasionally falling in, especially around the outskirts, and small holes and crevices being formed, into which the salt water from the gulf of Mexico eventually finds its way.

A newspaper is a law for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the most indifferent, and instruct the most profound.