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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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Coercing a State.

Just now, when the power of the Federal Government is threatened to be employed to force any State to remain in the Union that may feel inclined to leave the Confederacy rather than submit to the Chief Magistracy of Abe Lincoln and his nigger associates, the following views, from the pen of Senator W. D. Porter, of Charleston, on the subject of coercing a State, are entitled to attention. The language of expression is eloquent—the reasoning unimpeachable:

From what part of the Constitution is derived the right and authority to coerce a State that may, through a convention of her people, withdraw herself from the Union as her only means of safety, and her refuge from intolerable oppression? It is said that it is the duty of the President to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." These words, it is true, are in the Constitution; and upon these words the great power in question is founded. But this is to beg the question—to assume the whole matter in controversy. I have already spoken of the distinction between the action of a sovereign State and the action of unauthorized combinations of individuals. So long as a State recognises the authority of the Union, her citizens have no choice but to obey the laws of the United States; but if, according to our view, she may rightfully secede, then, upon the exercise of that right, her relations with the Union are terminated, her delegated authorities are resumed, and the laws of the United States are, within her territorial limits, of no more virtue or binding efficacy, than the laws of any other foreign nation whatsoever.

But have we no historical proofs or evidences on this point of the power to dragoon a State? It could hardly be supposed that a matter of such magnitude would altogether escape the attention of the Convention of 1776; and in point of fact, it did not escape attention. The journals show that the 6th resolution of Edward Randolph's propositions, provided that the federal executive should have power "to call forth the force of the Union against any *member of the Union*, failing to fulfil his duties under the articles thereof." And Mr. Patterson, also, in the 7th resolution of his propositions, after making acts and treaties the supreme law, provided as follows: "And if *any State*, or body of men in any State, shall oppose or prevent the carrying into execution such acts or treaties, the federal executive shall be authorized to call forth the powers of the Confederated States, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to compel obedience to such acts, or an observance of such treaties." In both these instances, the convention was distinctly invited to authorize the employment of the *force* or *powers* of the Union against any State or member of the Union, that should fail to fulfil its duty, or oppose or prevent the execution of acts or treaties; but no such provision was inserted in *the Constitution*. And whatever force bills, or bloody bills, Congress, in the folly or madness of the time and in the fancied plentitude of its powers, has thought proper to enact into laws, it has not yet proceeded to such a pitch of infatuation, as to disfigure the federal statute book with any act or acts designed to coerce the submission, or compel the return of any sovereign State, that might solemnly determine, in full view of all the consequences and responsibilities, to sever forever her connection with the Union, and to place the lives, property and liberty of her citizens under the protection of her own separate sovereignty.

The union of these States is a voluntary union—an association of equals, of their free will and by common consent. A State coerced would be a subjugated province, no longer a voluntary or an equal member, but the conquest or captive of the rest. With her freedom cloven down, and the emblems of her sovereignty trampled under foot and trailing in the dust, her lifeless body would be to the living members of the Union like the dead body of Hector, dragged in brutal triumph by the victorious chariot of Achilles round the walls of Troy. Better that the last sparkles of her ashes were trodden out, her name forever lost to history and tradition, than that she should live to swell the triumph of her conquerors! And this to preserve the Union! A union of the living and the dead, bound fast together in loathsome and indissoluble contact! Say, rather, a union of the *dying* and the *dead*, for the life of all will have received a mortal thrust, their independence but a name, their forms of liberty an insulting mockery, and their only privilege that of surviving until the iron heel of one or many despots shall be ready, in turn, to crush out the miserable remainder of their existence.

Such and so disastrous would be the effect of coercion, even if successful. But it could not be successful—least of all in a case of common feeling and common interest. The people of the States are too spirited and sagacious not to feel and know that the military conquest of one, in such a case, would involve, sooner or later, the military conquest of the rest. The ties of a common cause—one hope, one fear, one destiny; the promptings of generous manhood; and perhaps, above all, the over-mastering instinct of self-preservation, would drive them into irresistible sympathy and association with those whose only fault would be a disinterested, if an indiscreet, devotion to the common cause, and whose prostration would consign it to hopeless and bloody ruin. And if the grievance of the quarrel were strictly and purely sectional, what human power, *in the event of blood*, could prevent the injured section from uniting as one man, and accepting one fate, whether for weal or for wo! Is it not the excess of infatuation, of the very extacy of madness, for any one to imagine that the Union could be preserved through a war of sections? Blood is not the cement by which confederacies are held together, nor are bayonets the instruments. Good will and confidence are their only bond. The terrible passions evoked by war are death to them. Naught but a despotism can come out of an armed conflict of sections, in which one is conqueror and the other conquered. On one side centralization and absorption, enforced by the sword; on the other, utter subjugation, relieved only by the lurid and desperate hope of revolt! What a picture this of a free government! and a happy, glorious Union!

Hapless would be the condition of these States if their only alternative lay between submission to a government of self-construed, or, in other words, unlimited powers, and the certainty of coercion, in case of withdrawal, by force of arms. The way of escape from both extremes is in the acknowledged *right of secession*—a right the exercise of which draws after it such grave and momentous consequences to a State, in her relations to the rest of the States and to the world at large, that she cannot but regard it as her *ultima ratio*—her refuge from intolerable evils—her last and ultimate resource, to be called into play only when all other hope of relief is utterly gone.

But if the right of secession be essential in a general view of our system, how truly indispensable is it to the Southern States, in view of the particular circumstances by which they are now surrounded. I here repeat the question already propounded, *are not the designs of the Republican party aggressive, hostile and deadly to these States?* To understand this question in its full and fearful import, it is necessary to bear in mind that the country is divided into two geographical sections, and that these sections are characterized by separate and different systems of labor and civilization. The system of the South, known as slavery, existed at the time of the formation of the Union, and has a distinct recognition in the Constitution, both as an element of representation, and as a fit subject of protection. For a considerable period of time, the two sections of the country were, for all practical purposes, in a state equilibrium; but now the ascendancy in the number of States and in the federal representation has been acquired by the non-slaveholding section. If there were no antagonism of feeling and interest on the subject of slavery, and the constitutional guarantees in relation to it were observed in good faith and with fidelity, this ascendancy would furnish no good cause of apprehension or complaint.

But the precise mischief and danger of the Republican party consists in this: that IT IS A SECTIONAL, ANTI-SLAVERY ORGANIZATION, BASED CHIEFLY, IF NOT EXCLUSIVELY, ON THE PRINCIPLE OF HOSTILITY TO THE INSTITUTIONS OF THE SOUTH, AND PLEDGED TO CARRY THAT PRINCIPLE INTO ACTION, IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE GOVERNMENT.—Men of the South, do you comprehend this fact? Do you take it into your understandings, in the whole extent of its significance and consequences? In the case of two sections and two systems of labor and civilization, what would any man of average honesty and average sense of justice declare to be the duty of the common Federal Government? Surely that of equal favor and equal protection! But to wage no open warfare upon system and by programme, in behalf of one and against the other—and to employ, for that purpose, the agencies and resources of the common government, which owes to each a like protection, because it receives from each a like support—if there be a peril more imminent, or a perfidy more atrocious than this, in the affairs of State, it is most difficult for the human imagination to conceive it, or the human tongue to give it utterance!

Will you submit to it? Will you suffer that yoke to be fastened upon your necks, and still claim to be men and freemen? You have long borne and forborne—but there is a time when submission becomes a crime and resistance a duty. Abraham Lincoln, our prospective President, proclaims the Republican party to be "*a progressive party!*" Mark the words, for there is more in them than meets the ear—something of admonition and menace! How *progressive* has been this whole anti-slavery agitation—this whole *warfare*—for it is nothing less—against the well-being, the peace, nay, the very lives of millions of human beings, white and black! It began with *Indiscriminate* Garrison, Tappan, and Gerrit Smith were of the school. At first, we were told to despise their insanities; and we can well remember the day when abolitionists were hooted and pelted, and driven from pillar to post in the Northern cities. They persisted; and, by degrees, their doctrines infected larger bodies of men. They forced themselves upon popular assemblies; and soon invaded the school room and the school book, the pulpit and the prayer. The leaven spread itself. Women, and clergymen and politicians took it in keeping, and nursed it, and kept it warm. With some it was genuine fanaticism; with others a sanctimonious and pharisaical hypocrisy—an outcropping of puritanism; and with others still, the football of a political game. In process of time, the spirit of abolitionism rose in power and in dignity. It lifted itself into the halls of legislation. It has since taken possession of all the *State Governments* at the North. *Every Northern State, east of the Rocky Mountains, has willfully and deliberately refused to carry into effect the provision of the Constitution in relation to the restoration of fugitive slaves;* some by prohibiting their officers and citizens from aiding in their restitution; some by denying the use of the jails and public edifices for their safe keeping; some by providing means of defence for fugitives from labor; some by declaring slaves absolutely free when brought into the State; and some by visiting fine and imprisonment upon masters seeking to reclaim their property; thus bringing into play every device and variety of legislative action, in encouragement and support of the inhospitable, lawless and piratical conduct of the citizens and mobs. And now, that the last element of strength and agency of mischief may not be wanting to this unnatural warfare, waged by one section of the country against the vital interests of the other, the common Federal Government, *our own Government*, which was designed to insure domestic quiet and provide for the common defence, is to be seized and appropriated by an exclusive, one-sided and fanatical despotism, whose only idea and purpose it is (apart from the spoils) to wield the whole of this vast and powerful machinery for the disturbance of our peace, the subverting of our institutions, industrial and social, and the subjugation of ourselves and our children in all time to come, to the vexations and degrading tyrannies of their vulgar and unprincipled domination. No *foreign* Government, however hostile its intents, could be more malignant in spirit, or more powerful for mischief!

How can we judge of this Republican party otherwise or more fairly than by their own acts and declarations? What they have done is but an earnest of what they will do. The persistent agitation of the slavery question in the most offensive and insidious forms; the exclusion of the South from the whole of California—a territory for which the South had expended more of blood and treasure than any other section of the Union; the dismemberment of Texas, with the bayonet in one hand and a bribe in the other; the rejection of Kansas because the Constitution of Lecompton protected slavery; the raid into Virginia; the burnings and poisonings in Texas, and the movements, incendiary and insurrectionary, of Northern emissaries even now lurking in other parts of the Southern country; the sympathy with John Brown, at first hardly disguised, but now open and unmasked—a sympathy which is calculated, if not expressly designed, to incite other deluded fanatics to an imitation of his treason and a coveting of his traitorous doom; the endorsement of the atrocious Helper book by some sixty members of their party in the present Congress, and the broadcast circulation of it as one of their campaign documents in the current canvass—all these things, and more, many more, which it sickens me to rehearse, demonstrate, beyond all doubt or cavil, a hostility of purpose, an antagonism of spirit and feeling, a deep and settled hate which, so far from being consistent with the duties and relations of brethren and fellow countrymen, would be a shame and a disgrace to natural and hereditary foes!

William H. Seward is the spokesman of this party—the author and finisher of the Black Republican faith! He is a statesman of clear and well defined, but not large views, and his vision is as accurate and thorough, within his limited range, as that of any man of his day and country. Bold, sagacious, and calculating; too continent and self-possessed to be rash, and yet bold enough when boldness is consistent with prudence. He is the author of the phrase, if not the idea, of "the irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces," and also of the doctrine of the "higher law"—the invention of a vagrant political conscience to override all sacred constitutional obligations, for the express purpose of putting under foot the rights of the South, and the duties of the North on the subject of slavery. He sneers, in cool blood, at Virginia and Texas, for being "convulsed with panics because of slavery being brought into debate among a portion of their citizens!" The foundation principle of his theory is, that free labor and slave labor cannot exist under the same government; and that "the United States must, and will, sooner or later, become a slaveholding nation, or entirely a free labor nation." To the end that the branch of this necessary alternative may be the final consummation, he demands that every new State shall be a free State; that the army and navy shall be abolished, because they are of no service except to protect the slave States from servile insurrection or foreign invasion; that the Supreme Court shall be disbanded or altogether reformed, and arrayed on the side of freedom instead of the side of slavery, and that the perfect freedom of all men, black as well as white, should go through the fifteen slave States, as it has gone through the eighteen free States. And he declares to his followers that "if they do not succeed, either because of their numbers, or any other cause, to divide them, ONE SINGLE ADMINISTRATION WILL SETTLE THIS QUESTION FINALLY AND FOREVER." In anticipation of the coming triumph, already has he proclaimed that *the battle is ended, and the victory won!*

Abraham Lincoln is the standard bearer of the party. He was considered the more available as their candidate, because his antecedents were not so conspicuous as those of his great master. But he is the most dangerous of the two, because he is probably the more honest in his convictions. The one idea certainly has complete possession of his brain. Some have advanced his claim to the original authorship of the "irrepressible conflict," without using the phrase, he certainly promulgated the doctrine when he declared, in 1858, that "this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Let it suffice for the present that Mr. Douglas define the political position of Mr. Lincoln, which he did in the following words, in the course of their great senatorial contest:

"In other words, Mr. Lincoln ADVOCATES, BOLDLY AND CLEARLY, *a war of sections, a war of the North against the South, of free States against slave States—a war of extermination*—to be continued relentlessly, until the one or the other shall be subdued, and all the States shall either become free or slave."

And this some Mr. Douglas proposes to put the South to fire and sword, because it would retire peacefully from the field, rather than become a party to this fratricidal strife of sections, but a meek and submissive victim to this relentless war of extermination!

Men of the South! you will soon be called to make choice of your destiny—to bow your proud necks to the yoke of the taskmaster, or to rise in your strength and rend the manacles that would bind you. It is not a question of policy; but of honor, of liberty, of peace, of existence! Your whole civilization is at stake! It cannot be disguised that there is danger on both sides; but on one side is honor, on the other dishonor; on one side the sure hope of freedom and prosperity; on the other, the certain doom of demoralization and ruin. In the folly and madness that rule the hour, an attempt may be made to coerce you; but it cannot possibly succeed. You are millions in numbers; and your hearts and arms will be as one in defending the sanctity of your hearths and homes. To a people who love once from love, anything is better than the living death of conscious degradation, and the withering contempt of those who have put the yoke upon them. On! choose as become your lineage and your history. Choose, so that these proud commonwealths may receive no detriment; so that the liberties in which you were born may be kept entire; so that the heritage of your children may be one of honor and not of shame, of freedom and not of servitude!

R. T. TRIMMIER.

Curious Will of a Southern Planter.—Affection for a Dog.—The following extraordinary story is in circulation. An aged gentleman, a planter in one of the Southern States, has just died, leaving a fortune of $8 million, which is to be disposed of according to the provisions of his will, and that document is as follows:

"I bequeath all my effects to the children of my brother, on the following conditions: Continuing making my house of the service which my Newfoundland dog rendered me in saving my life one day when I was drowning, and wishing also to provide for my faithful keeper, nurse, tutor, and mother to my dog, my natural heir shall, on this account, pay to him, out of my entire fortune, a yearly sum in the following manner: [illegible] shall contain as so long as the dog shall live, but not on a coal basis. During the first year after my decease, as far as much of it as the dog shall live, my heirs shall pay that receive $20 a day; the second year $19, and so on, until the death of the dog. In the course of the month in which the dog shall die, there shall be paid to my surviving for every day of the dog's existence $1.25. On the day of his death he shall be paid per hour of the dog's life, $100. In the last hour of his life he shall receive for every minute that he lives $50, and for every second of the last minute, $100. My notary is charged with superintending the carrying out of my will."

This eccentric gentleman appears to have entertained for his dog sentiments similar to Byron's. What the heirs will think or do we cannot say, but we shall be much surprised if the dog lives many hours longer. Supposing him to die at 60 minutes and 50 seconds after midnight, on the 29th day of the month, the sum to be paid to the housekeeper will be—[illegible] days, at $1-[illegible], [illegible] hours, at $250, $2,750, 50 minutes, at $[illegible], $22,1[illegible] seconds, at $[illegible], $29,500—$58,125.

What we Learned in the Late Eclipse.—The solar eclipse of July 17, 1860, was more thoroughly observed than any other that ever occurred. In addition to the great number of trained observers who were stationed along the line of its path, from a State of Oregon to Egypt, the aid of astronomical photography lent its powerful pencil, not only giving a complete history of the phenomena. In France and elsewhere, when the sun was completely hidden by the moon, while still brighter objects, appearing like protuberances, were seen extending into the corona, there had been much discussion among astronomers in regard to these appearances, some believing that they were produced by the action of the earth's atmosphere on the sun's light, others ascribing them to the moon, and others still to the sun. Hopes had been for some time entertained that the eclipse of this year would afford observations which would settle these questions. These hopes have not been disappointed. The corona is a luminous atmosphere of the sun, brighter than the face of the moon, gradually becoming fainter as the distance from the sun increases, till it fades away in the sky without any defined limit, but visible at least two million miles from the body of the sun. The red protuberances are luminous floating clouds, floating in the shining atmosphere of the sun, pretty near the surface of the sun. It is a curious fact that some of these clouds impressed their image on the photographic paper, though they could not be seen through with powerful telescopes. This fact is explained on the supposition that they must have emitted a deep violet light, mostly composed of chemical rays.

"I shall never get out of this scrape alive," as the hog said when they were rubbing the bristles off his back with clam-shells and boiling water.

"Let me kiss him for his mother," is the song of the ladies where the Prince of Wales is traveling.

Flagellation of Penitents.

The editor of the Church Journal, of New York city, writing from Rome, thus describes this strange and revolting ceremony, as witnessed by himself last March:

Last evening, accompanied by a brother clergyman, I went to the Jesuit Church in the Via Carvitia, to be present at an extraordinary service which an earnest but misguided spirit in the Romish Church has devised—a service of self-scourging. A little before seven o'clock we entered a large Church dimly lighted. The only lights were four candles about the altar, and five others surrounding a large letter M, (initial for Maria,) which stood high upon the wall back of the altar. We seated ourselves on a bench ranged along the wall. The floor, covered with a carpet, was left entirely open and free from obstruction. Every here and there on this open space, and along the row of chairs outside the wall bench, or hid in corners, were to be seen in the dim light figures kneeling in silent devotion. Now and then one would prostrate himself with his face to the floor. As far as I could judge, some seventy or eighty had entered, and were scattered about in different directions, when the doors were closed and bolted.

The first portion of the service consisted of prayers and litanies very hurriedly chanted by a minister at the altar; to these a loud musical response, or an occasional "Amen," was rendered by the kneeling penitents. These prayers ended, and a sweet tenor voice sang a solo, apparently some recital, perhaps the story of our Lord's suffering. As he closed, the lights above and below were extinguished, and the church was left in utter darkness. One almost imperceptible ray of light I did see, however, through an opening in the curtain of an upper window, or perhaps through the curtain itself. I saw the faint glimmering of a star in the heavens above. I could not but accept it as an augury that though we seek to walk in darkness, God will not leave them to themselves, but still sends his light in upon them, as in the days of those who saw the star in the East. At this point a voice was heard, of course no one could be seen. A priest began an exhortation founded upon our Lord's readiness and desire to suffer for our sake. He spoke with slow and distinct articulation, and with the rich Roman cadence. Alluding to the approaching commemoration of our Lord's death, he quoted his words, "With desire have I desired to eat the Passover with you before I suffer," and enlarged upon the strong eagerness of Christ to fulfill his labor of suffering, of expiation. He became more and more impassioned, and spoke more pointedly upon the contrast which our own rapidly and vehemently as he dwelt upon the ingratitude, coldness, and unwillingness to suffer, possessed to Christ's self-devotion. As he warmed with this subject, I could hear the well-laid scourges falling upon the backs of the penitents—not indeed with their full force, for it was not the proper time as yet—as it, like horses eager for the race, they were impatient to manifest their willingness to suffer in the likeness of Christ. The orator closed by asking "Shall we not at least show our love and willingness to deny ourselves by subduing our rebel flesh?" With these words, or rather with the words, Miserere mei, sounded by the penitents, the flagellations began in earnest. On every side the knotted scourges fell. [I have seen the scourges that are used; they are not large, but sufficient to inflict severe pain when applied for any length of time, and there can be no doubt that they were both forcibly and continuously used.] The rapid succession of reverberating blows sounded like a fierce shower of hail. I held my breath and moved my head from a nervous and uncontrollable sympathy with actual suffering. It seemed to me as if the shower or blow would never end. Of course the time seemed longer than it was in fact, but it was long enough to make me wonder not only at the physical endurance, but also at the moral force required for such incessant, rapid, and long continued blows. The penitents, however, were able, i. e., had the breath, all through the scourging, to chant with a firm, loud voice, some words of contrition, I think in st probably the 51st Psalm, with the words of which, as I have said, the scourging commenced. After a space of some five minutes, the bell rang as a signal to discontinue—at least so I understood it—the flagellations. It rang a second and third time before all had finished. Indeed, after the third ringing a few strokes were heard; some one in the body of the church cried out "Christ," and at last the sad sound ceased.

Then that sweet tenor voice took up his song again; this song was followed by a chant with responses, and then the doors were unbolted and the service was concluded. This exercise takes place three times during Holy Week, as often during the week preceding, and I believe at other times. I am told also that a similar service is held at some other churches. The penitents are said to moderately use flagellation of themselves voluntarily, as an expression of sorrow for sin, and to associate themselves with Christ in fellowship of His sufferings. Perhaps also the idea of acquiring merit thereby, or of expiating their own sins, or of averting God's wrath and temporal punishment, enters into the minds of some. Probably also in certain cases this is a discipline enjoined by the confessors in penance.

"Everybody in Naples," says a recent letter, "now occupies himself or herself exclusively with politics—even the children do so. I just heard a little boy five years of age say to a girl of three, 'Will you play with me? I will cry, 'Long live Garibaldi!' you shall answer, 'Long live the King!' and I will then kill you.'"

"Bridget, where's the gridiron?"—"An' sure, ma'am, I's just after giving it to me sister's own cousin, Bridget O'Flaherty; the thing's so full o' holes, it's no good at all, at all."

Life Everywhere.

Under this caption, a deeply interesting and instructive article makes its appearance in the Cornhill Magazine.

Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds, to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms—from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the sea is alive with polypi, carps, star-fishes, and with shell-animalcules. The face of the rock is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures, and blackened with countless mussels, barnacles, and limpits.

Life everywhere! on the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. If the sequestered coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its checkered shade, we are saluted by the numerous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy in its appointed labor. We pick up a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its tissue, and awaiting their development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals under the microscope.

The same microscope reveals that the *blood-rain* suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terrors, is nothing but a collection of minute animals (*Monas prodigiosa*); and that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night, owe their color to the marvelous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant (*Protococcus nivalis*). The very mold which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam or our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, is nothing but a collection of plants. The many colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel ploughs her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jeweled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.

Impressive Peroration of a Sermon.—Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York, lately preached his fiftieth anniversary sermon, and closed his discourse as follows:

"The half century is gone; gone like a small star that has been twinkling in the curtain of the night; gone like the dying cadence of distant minstrelsy, as it vanishes into the air; gone like the word just spoken, for good or for evil, never to be recalled; gone like the clouds which disappear after they have exhausted their treasures upon the earth; gone like the leaves of autumn, that are scattered to the wind as they wither; gone like the phantom which, in pursuit, had a semblance of reality, but which, in the retrospect, is melted away—gone, gone as yesterday has gone. Why do I say here, gone? Nothing is gone whose influence remains. The man, the woman, the Sabbath, the prayers, the weeks, the months, the years that some of us have beheld vanish, one by one, in the mysterious past, live still in God's universe. Past! What is past? What is the momentous present—this now, this accepted time? What is the never-ending future? They are but parts that make up the grand unit of eternity—eternity that was, and is, and ever will be. All time is a unit, where the angel at Heaven's high court records as well the responsibilities of hearers as the responsibilities of preachers, and where the great Witness and Judge will render to every man according to his works."

Death is a Grand Secret.—We know not beforehand when and how, and by what means, we, or others, shall be brought to death, by what road we must go the way whence we shall not return; what disease, or what disaster will be the door to put us into the house of appointment for all living.

We cannot describe what death is; how the knot is united between body and soul, nor how the spirit of man goes upward, to be we know not what, and live we know not how. With what a dreadful curiosity do a the soul launch out into the vast ocean of eternity, and resign itself to an untried abyss! Let us make sure that the gates of Heaven shall open to us on the other side of death, though it is a way we are to go but once.

We have no correspondence at all with separate souls, nor any acquaintance with their state. It is an unknown, undiscovered region, to which they are removed; we can neither hear from them, nor send to them. While we are here in a world of sense, we speak of a world of spirits as the blind do of colors, and as we move thither we shall be amazed to find how much we have been mistaken.

Working and Thinking.—It is no less a fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always, in these days, trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the working man ought always to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and it is only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.—*Ruskin.*

Mistakes of Physicians.

Oliver W. Holmes, physician, philosopher, and poet), in a lecture upon physicians, gives the following accounts of some mistakes which have been made in medicine:

"Sooner or later everybody is tripped up in forming a diagnosis. I saw Velpau tie one of the carotid arteries for a supposed aneurism, which was only a little harmless tumor, and kill his patient. Mr. Dease, of Dublin, was more fortunate in a case he boldly declared an abscess, while others thought it an aneurism. He thrust a lance into it and proved himself in the right. Soon after he made a similar diagnosis. He thrust in his lancet as before, and out gushed his patient's blood and his life with it. The next morning Mr. Dease was found dead, floating in his blood. He had divided the femoral artery. I have doomed people and seen others doom them, over and over again, on the strength of physical signs, and they have lived in the most contumacious and scientifically unjustifiable manner as long as they lived, and some are living still. I see two men in the street very often, who were as good as dead in the opinion of all who saw them in their extremity. People will insist on living sometimes though manifestly moribund. In Dr. Elder's life of Kane you will find a story of this sort told by Dr Kane himself. The captain of a ship was dying of scurvy, but the crew mutined, and he gave up dying for the present to take care of them. An old lady in this city, near her end got a little vexed at a proposed change in her will; made up her mind not to die just then; ordered a coach; was driven twenty miles to the house of a relative, and lived for four years longer. Cotton Mather tells some good stories which he picked up in his experience, or out of his books, showing the unstable equilibrium of prognosis. Simon Stone was shot in nine places, and as he lay for dead the Indians made two hacks with a hatchet to cut his head off. He got well, however, and was a lusty fellow in Cotton Mather's time. Jabez Musgrave was shot with a bullet that went in his ear and came out of his eye on the other side. A couple of bullets went through his body also. Jabez got well, however, and lived many years. *Per Contra*, Col. Roister, cracking a plumb stone with his teeth, broke a tooth and lost his life. We have seen physicians dying, like Spigelus, from a scratch; and a man who had a crowbar shot through his head is alive and well. These extreme cases are warnings. But you can never be too cautious in your prognosis, in view of the great uncertainty of the course of any disease not long watched and the many unexpected turns it may take."

Romantic Suicide.—A grocer's apprentice, a fine young man, of twenty-five, named Arsene, who loved literature neither wisely nor well, lately hung himself in his master's house, in Paris. Upon his table, amidst a heap of books, was found the following letter, the orthography of which was not on a par with the style: "I am but a grocer, and shall never be anything else. I always think of that caricature representing a grocer standing on the threshold of his door, and making this reflection—'Born to be a man, and condemned to be a grocer.' He who thus judged our calling was in the right. For many years I have tried to improve my mind; I have read, and even copied out, books which I don't understand. All this muddles my head, and I find that I become more and more stupid every day. The longer I live the worse I shall be. Now, I remember to have read somewhere that a man should apply his intelligence to be useful to humanity, and as I see I shall never be fit for anything but to weigh cheese and dried plums, I have made up my mind to go to another world which I have heard of, and see whether there may not be a place for me there. I ask pardon of my brethren for speaking in this disparaging way of our common profession; but I defy them to point out a single instance of a grocer having ever made his way to a higher position. There are plenty of manufacturers who have become deputies and are decorated and loaded with all sorts of honors, but the like has never happened to a grocer. For these reasons I have determined to hang myself. I beg my parents to erect a simple tombstone to my memory, and to inscribe upon it these words, 'Born to be a man; died a grocer.'"

Fanny Fern's "Awe" of a Husband.—A lady having remarked that awe is the most delicious feeling a wife can hold toward her husband, Fanny Fern thus comments:

Awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have tied, whose shirt you have put into the wash, whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing-gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has been down in the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night to hunt a chicken bone; who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, and tied your bonnet; who has stood before your looking-glass with thumb and finger on proboscis, scratching his chin; whom you have buttered and teased; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open; ridiculous!

Mrs. Squibob on Whist.—Squibob, of Arkansas, is a most inveterate whist-player. Her pastor, on a late occasion, undertook to convey to Mrs. S. the idea that possibly the practice of whist-playing was not altogether in the strictest accordance with the professions of a Christian, and, to say the least, its indulgence caused a great loss of time. "Yes," responded the old lady, "I have noticed that very often much more time than is actually necessary is taken up in *shuffling and dealing.*"

"Why, isn't my shirt clean?" quoth one Bohemian to another. "Well, yes," was the answer, "it's clean for brown, but it's awful dirty for white."