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Nec Rege, Nec Populo, Sed Utroque.

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### THE HONEY MOON.

BY T. HOOD.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
How shady—now bright and sunny—
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range.
Is the moon—so called—of honey!

To some a full grown orb reveal'd
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest scene appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage stump.
And investing a common post or a pump,
A currant bush, or a gooseberry clump,
With a halo of dream-like splendor.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,
In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,
Tipping trees with its ardent braveries—
And to couples not favored with fortune's boons,
One of the most delightful of moons,
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons,
Like a silver service of Savory's:

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest things most precious and dear,
When the magic of love is present:
Love, that lends the sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face—
That turns Wilderness-row into Paradise-place,
And Garlick-hill to Mount-pleasant:

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree,
With the coarsest boarding and bedding;
Love that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an emperor's match,
To dance at a penny wedding.

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs, in spite of the serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
With as much of the old original bliss,
As mortality ever recovers!

### SCANDAL.

"Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take what course thou will."

In a neighboring village, whose inhabitants, like the good people of Athens, were much given to "either tell or hear of some new thing," lived Squire P., a facetious, good-natured sort of a body, whose jokes are even yet a matter of village record, and have been retold through various editions from folio down to duodecimo.

Aunt Lizzy was deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden lady about fifty. She went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage, with their dates—doctored all the babies, and knew every yard in the neighborhood—showed all the young married women how to make soap, and when they had bad luck, made every child in the house sit crossed-legged until the luck was changed. In fine, she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house grinding out a grist of slander to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with 'the way of transgressors is hard; poor Mrs. A. or B. (as the case was,) I pity her from the bottom of my heart,' or some such very *soothing* reflection. Aunt Lizzy was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, 'the state of their minds; how they enjoyed their minds,' &c. These questions were generally followed by a string of scandal, which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of some of her best friends and neighbors! but she, like all other narrators of this kind, considered such intellectual murder as either establishing her own fair reputation, or as the only mode of entertaining the village, and thereby rendering her society agreeable.

One warm summer's afternoon, as the Squire was sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzy was passing by with great speed, ruminating on the news of the day, when the Squire suddenly brought her to, as the sailors say, by 'What's your hurry Aunt Lizzy? Walk in.' The old lady, who never wanted a second invitation, went into the office, and the following dialogue soon commenced.

'Well, Squire P., I have been thinking this forenoon what a useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversations, as the book says, and become a serious man—you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our minister says.'

'Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzy, a cheerful countenance I consider as the best index of a grateful heart; and you know what the Bible says on that subject—'When you fast be not as the *hypocrites*, of *sad* countenance; but anoint thy head and *wash thy face*,' and Lizzy began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff,) that thou appear not unto men to fast.'

'Now there, Squire, that's just what I told you; see how you have the *scripter* at your tongue's end. What a useful man you might be in our church, if you'd only be a doer as well as a hearer of the word!'

As to that, Aunt Lizzy, I do not see that your '*professors*', as you call them, are a whit better than I am, in *private*. I respect a *sincere* profession as much as any man; but I know enough of *one* of your church, who you think a great deal of, to know that *she is no better than she should be.*'

At these insinuations, Aunt Lizzy's little grey eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire in order to speak in a lower tone—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style—and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of 'scandalum magnatum,' she commenced fire:

'Now, Squire I want to know what you mean by *one* of our church? I know the trollope—I didn't like so many curls about her head when she told her experience.'

The Squire finding curiosity was putting his boots on, had no occasion to add spurs to the heels, for the old lady had one in her head that was worth both of them. Accordingly he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by the expression 'in *private*'—this was a dear bird with Aunt Lizzy.

'Now, Aunt Lizzy, will you take the Bible oath that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you to a living being, and that you will keep it while you live as a most inviolable secret?'

'Yes, Squire, I declare I won't never tell nobody nothing about it as long as I breathe the breath of life; and I'll take a Bible oath on it; there, sartin as I live, Squire, before you or any other magistrate in the whole country.'

'Well, then, you know when I went up to Boston a year ago?'

'Yes, yes, Squire, and I know who went with you too—Susy B. and Dolly T. and her sister Prudence.'

'Never mind who went with me, Aunt Lizzy; there was a whole lot of passengers—but—but—'

'None of your buts, Squire—out with it—if folks will act so—a trollope—'

'But, Aunt Lizzy, I'm afraid you'll bring me into the scrape.'

'I've told you over and over again that nobody never shall know nothing about it and your wife knows I aint leaky.'

'My wife! I would'nt have her know what I was going to say for the world!—Why, Aunt Lizzy, if she should know it—'

'Well, don't be afeard, Squire; once for all, I'll take my oath that no living critter shan't never, as long as I live, know a lisp on't.'

'Well, then, if you must know it, I slept with one of the likeliest of your church members nearly half the way up!'

Aunt Lizzy drew in a long breath—shut up her snuff-box, and put it into her pocket, muttering to herself—

'The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Susy B.—likeliest!—this comes of being flattered—a trollope!—Well, one thing I know, 'the way of transgressors is hard;' but I hope you'll never tell nobody on't Squire; for sartin as the world, if such a thing should be known, our church would be scatter'd abroad like sheep without a shepherd.'

In a few moments Aunt Lizzy took her departure, giving the Squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said 'Good by—let me alone for a secret.'

It was not many days before Squire P. received a very polite note from Parson G., requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, and many of the parish, at the south conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who, in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P. to be present.

The Parson, who was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as Aunt Lizzy called them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P's., requested him, in his note, to say nothing of it to his wife. But the Squire took the hint, and telling his wife that there was a parish meeting, requested her to be ready at two o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on the Squire and Susy B. Mrs. P. stared, and Susy B. looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The Parson, with softened tone, and in as delicate a manner as possible, stated the story about Susy B., which he observed was in every body's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and Squire P. being called on to stand witness—after painting in lively colors the evils of slander with which their village had been infested, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzy, in presence of the meeting, and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath. Aunt Lizzy's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife on't—and *she* took an oath that she wouldn't never tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Roger Toothaker's sister never to tell nobody on't—and so it went through the whole church, and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged, before the whole meeting, that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she would never hear or retail *slander*. All eyes were now alternately turned on Susy B. and Squire P's. wife. Aunt Lizzy enjoyed a kind of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member to whom he alluded, *was his own lawful wife!*

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The Squire, as usual, burst into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Susy B., and even the Parson, could not refrain joining—and Parson G. afterwards acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death-blow to scandal in the village, which all his preaching could not have done.

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From the London Atlas.

*The Comic English Grammar: a new and Facetious Introduction to the English Tongue. By the Author of the "Comic Latin Grammar."* R. Bentley. London, 1840.

That this is a "new" introduction to the English tongue is indisputable; nor is it very likely that any body will be disposed to deny its facetiousness. The humor, however, is not so rich as that of its predecessor. Perhaps the whim of the conception was exhausted in the first experiment; or, perhaps a dead language is more susceptible of the ridiculous than a language in every-day use; but, be the reason what it may, this *English Comic Grammar* is not so comic as the *Latin Comic Grammar*.

The comicality is divided between the wood-cuts and the letter-press. The former, upon the whole, has by far the larger share of the author's spirit, which renders it difficult to afford an adequate specimen of his method of illustration. Mixed up with the humor, we have a very complete view of the principles of grammar—not exhibited of course, with formality, but constantly suggested by irresistibly ludicrous examples of their violation. As in the Latin grammar, the regular school course is followed, the author building up his fun progressively upon the solid foundations that are universally accepted as the basis of the tongue.

An example or two, as far as the descriptive part can fairly be said to represent the compound drollery of the work, will be better than any account we can give of it.—First, of pronouns in general:—

Pronouns or proxy-nouns are of three kinds; namely, the Personal, the Relative, and the Adjective Pronouns.

*Note.*—That when we said, some few pages back, that a pronoun was a word used instead of a noun, we did not mean to call such words as thingumbob, whatisname, what-d'ye-call-it, and the like, pronouns.

And that, although we shall proceed to treat of the pronouns in the English language, we shall have nothing to do, at present, with what some people call pronunciation.

Having been thus initiated into the general nature of pronouns, we proceed to a special illustration of the *personal* pronoun:—

"Mr. Haddams, don't be personal, Sir!
"I'm not, Sir."
"You har, Sir!"
"What did I say, Sir?—tell me that."
"You reflected on my perfession, Sir; you said, as there was *some* people as always stuck up for the *cloth;* and you insinivated that certain parties dined off *goose* by means of *cabbaging* from the parish. I ask any gentleman in the westry, if that an't personal?"
"Vell, Sir, vot I says I'll stick to."
"Yes, Sir, like vax, as the saying is."
"Wot d'ye mean by that, Sir?"
"Wot I say, Sir!"
"You're a individual, Sir!"
"You're another, Sir!"
"You're no gentleman, Sir?"
"You're a humbug, Sir?"
"You're a knave, Sir!"
"You're a rogue, Sir!"
"You're a vagabond, Sir!"
"You're a villain, Sir!"
"You're a table, Sir!"
"You're a colder, Sir!" (Order! order! chair! chair! &c.)

The above is that is called personal language. How many different things one word serves to express in English! A pronoun may be as personal as possible, and yet nobody will take offence at it.

This piece of swaggery is admirably reflected in a view of a "Select Vestry," where two fat irritated men are abusing each other across the table to the evident entertainment of the rest of the meeting.

Of irregular verbs:—

Irregular verbs are those of which the imperfect tense and the perfect participle are not formed by adding *d* or *ed* to the verb: as,

| *Present.* | *Imperfect.* | *Perfect part.* |
|---|---|---|
| I blow. | I blew. | blown. |

To say I am blown, is, under certain circumstances, such as windy and tempestuous weather, paper enough; but I am blowed, it will at once be perceived, is not only an ungrammatical, but also a vulgar expression.

And then follow a string of examples in the formation of the participles—such as burst, bust, busted—catch, cotch, cotched—go, goed, went, &c. making a capital quiz upon street vulgarities.

Again of sentences (divided into explicative, interrogatory, and imperative) and phrases:—

An explicative sentence is, in other words a direct assertion; as, "Sir, you are impertinent."—Johnson.

An interrogative sentence "merely asks a question" as "Are you a policeman? How's your Inspector?"

An imperative sentence is expressive of command, exhortation, or entreaty: as "Shoulder arms!" "Turn out your toes!" "Charge bayonets!"

"A phrase is two or more words properly put together, making either a sentence or part of a sentence: as, "Good morning!" "Your most obedient!"

Some phrases consist of two or more words improperly put together: these are improper phrases; as, "Now, then, old stupid!" "Stand out of the sunshine!"

Other phrases consist of words put together by ladies: as, "A duck of a man," "A love of a shawl," "so nice," "quite refreshing," "sweetly pretty." "Did you ever?" "No I never!"

Other phrases again consist of French and English words put together by people of quality, because their knowledge of both languages is pretty nearly equal: as "I am au desespoir," "mis hors de combat," "quite ennuyé," or rather nine cases out of ten, "ennuye,"—"I have a great envie" to do so and so. These constitute an important variety of comic English.

Besides the above, there are various phrases which we may call elliptical phrases, consisting principally of the peculiar terms employed in the different trades and professions: as,

"A Milton Lost" by booksellers.
"A Lady (of the Lake) in sheets," do.
"One college (pudding) for No. 6," by waiters.
"To carry off;" as, "See how the old woman in a red cloak carries off the tower," by painters, &c.

The following upon emphasis is equally humorous:—

Emphasis is the distinguishing of some word or words in a sentence, on which we wish to lay particular stress, by a stronger and fuller sound, and sometimes by a particular tone of the voice.

A few illustrations of the importance of emphasis will be, perhaps, both agreeable and useful.

When a young lady says to a young gentleman, "You are a *nice* fellow; you *are!*"—she means one thing.

When a young gentleman, addressing one of his own sex, remarks, "You 're a nice fellow, you are;"—he means another thing.

"Your friend is a gentleman," pronounced without any particular emphasis, is the simple assertion of a fact.

"Your friend is a gentleman," with the emphasis on the words "friend" and "gentleman," conveys an insinuation besides.

So, simple question as "Do you like pine-apple rum?" is susceptible of as many meanings as there are words in it; according to the position of the emphasis.

"*Do* you like pine-apple rum?" is as much as to say, "Do you, though, really like pine-apple rum?"

"Do you like pine-apple rum?" is tantamount to, "Can it be that a young gentleman (or lady) like you, can like pine-apple rum?"

"Do you *like* pine-apple rum?" means, "Is it possible that instead of disliking, you are fond of pine-apple rum?"

"Do you like *pine-apple* rum?" is an enquiry as to whether you like that kind of rum in particular.

And lastly, "Do you like pine-apple *rum*" is equivalent to asking if you think that the flavor of the pine-apple improves that especial form of alcohol.

A well-known instance of an emphasis improperly placed was furnished by a certain Parson, who read a passage in the Old Testament in the following unlucky manner: "And he said unto his sons, Saddle me the ass; and they saddled *him*."

Young ladies are usually very emphatic in ordinary discourse. "What a little *dear! Oh!* how *sweetly* pretty?—Well! I never *did*, I declare! *So* nice, and *so* innocent, and *so* good-tempered, and *so* affectionate, and *such* a colour! And *oh! such lovely eyes! and* such hair! He was a little duck; he was, he was, he was. Tzig a tzig, tzig, tzig, tzig, tzig!" &c. &c. &c.

It is quite obvious that the author is a complete master of his subject, and that under the mask of fun he really exposes a variety of absurdities, not merely in the spoken language, but in the old rules upon which our grammar used to be founded, but which we are gradually eschewing. His hits at the vulgarisms of the day are replete with wit; and we hardly know where a clearer insight into the fundamental principles of English can be obtained than in this book, wherever the author chooses to be serious.

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*Wonderful Artesian Well.*—At last, after *seven years* assiduous toil and boring to the depth of 1700 feet! on the 24th February, *M. Mulot*, the Engineer, who had persevered against all discouragements in the enterprize, was rewarded, at the moment of withdrawing the iron rod, as thick as an orange-tree, with a copious gush of warm water. At the sight of it he exclaimed, not unlike the Greeks under Xenophon, on reaching the sea, "Water! water!" and in his working clothes rushed to the Town Hall, where the municipality were in session, and bursting into their midst, repeated "Water! water!" and they in turn cried "Huzza for *Mulot!*"

The site of this remarkable well, which continues to pour forth a full and constant stream, was at the public slaughter house near the barrier at *Grenelle*. Mulot was honoured with a decoration in consequence of his success. He is to be employed in piercing three other such wells.

Crowds of curious persons had continued to visit this wonder, all carrying away in vials and bottles portions of water, and some shaving themselves in public with the warm fluid. Ministers had also visited it. The water will, it is supposed, suffice for the supply of the neighborhood of Chaillot, of the Military School, and the Invalides. Warm baths for the accommodation of the people are to be constructed and supplied from this source.

We have translated the above item from the Paris correspondence of the Courrier Francais—N. Y. America.

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*The Caledonia.*—We saw on Saturday last, a number of neatly dressed and fine looking sailors, walking through our streets, with the word 'Caledonia' painted on their hats. On enquiring, we found that they belonged to the steam-packet Caledonia, now in this port. We further learned that Capt. M'Keller, who commands the Caledonia, has been for many years employed in steam navigation, and is one of the most able and efficient commanders at present employed in British vessels. His rules and regulations on board differ materially from the rules and regulations of steam-ships in general—for he is a man who regulates his own acts by deep seated moral and religious principles. He allows no profanity on board his vessel—no quarrelling, nor brawling, nor loud and boisterous language, such as is by far too common on board all classes of vessels.—But his crew, consisting of between 70 and 80 men, all appear quiet, orderly, under good discipline, and attentive to their duties. Wishing his men to attend religious service on the Sabbath, he gives to as many as can be spared from ship's duty, liberty to be absent from the ship on Saturday, and pass the day as they please, with the understanding that they must be on board before dark. Thus last Saturday 50 of the crew of the Caledonia had permission to absent themselves from their vessel.

Yesterday forenoon, being Sunday, Capt. McKeller, followed by about 70 of his men, neatly dressed, left the packet, crossed the harbour in the ferry boat, and proceeded to the Bethel Church in North Square to attend divine worship. As they passed along the streets their appearance attracted a good deal of attention. In the afternoon, they attended meeting in the Seaman's Church in Purchase street—and in the evening many of them were present at a lecture at the Bethel in North Square—and afterwards some of the crew took part in a Prayer Meeting. The men appear to be worthy of their captain—and the officers all appear to be gentlemanly and correct in their deportment.

It is pleasing to witness such a state of things on board this vessel. How much more pleasing this is, than the swearing, shouting, quarrelling, and fighting which are so often witnessed, in vessels where the crews are numerous, and which many conceive to be the inseparable accompaniments of sea life.—[Boston Merc. Jour.

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*Reform in Ireland.*—The following extract from a letter dated Dublin, January 2, and received by the editors of the Knickerbocker, from Mr. Wilson, the eminent vocalist, whose concerts in our Atlantic cities must be fresh in the recollection of many, will be read with interest:

"It is some four or five years since I was in this quarter of the world, and the change which is now perceptible on the face of men and things is astonishing. You of course have heard of Father Mathew, and his teetotal pledges, and perhaps thought of it as I did, that it was all humbug; that the Father must be a fanatic, and that it was such a thing as would soon blow over. But it is not so. It is ascertained that upwards of three million of souls in Ireland have taken the pledge; the consequence of which is, that instead of the hundreds and thousands of beggars that were wont to infest the streets, some of them with scarcely any clothing upon them, you now scarcely see one. It used to be difficult to discover what was, or had been, the original color or texture of a poor Irishman's coat; in fact it was a thing to baffle all research. It is now far different. The lower orders are comparatively well clad and clean. The distilleries are all turned into flour mills, and the public houses have vanished. On St. Patrick's day, although the streets were covered with dense crowds of people, there was not a 'tipsy' man to be seen. In former times, an Irishman would have considered himself disgracing his saint, his country and himself, if he did not get beastly drunk on that day. All this reformation has arisen out of the exertions of Father Mathew, who I hear is an excellent fellow, and anything but a bigot. He is now erecting a chapel at Cork, out of the proceeds of the sale of shilling teetotal pledge medals that will cost nearly eighty thousand pounds, and which, when finished, will rival in magnificence of design and beauty of architecture, any other building in Europe. The taking of the pledge is not confined to the lower orders. Many who move in the first circles of society have taken it; and what astonishes me most of all is, that many of the carmen have taken it, who used to be 'screamers' in the drinking way."

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*Ice-cutting Steam Boats.*—Letters from Copenhagen of the 18th ult. state, that M. C. M. Hjorth has just solved a problem which, for upwards of ten years, has vainly exercised the sagacity of naval engineers—and whose solution has more than once been proposed for competition, as well by the General Administration of Posts, as by the corporation of merchants in the capital. He has invented a steam-boat, capable of cutting its way through the thickest ice, with a speed nearly equal to that of the unimpeded navigation. The General Administration of Posts have received a most favourable report from a committee of shipbuilders and machine-makers, to whom they had submitted the model, and have applied for authority to construct a vessel, for the transport of the mail bags in winter.

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*British Association.*—At a meeting of the Council held last week in London, it was finally determined that the meeting of this body, which is to take place at Plymouth the next summer, shall commence on Monday the 12th of July, and terminate on Saturday the 17th of July; and the Council will meet on Saturday the 10th of July to make the necessary arrangements.

We copy the following from the Canada Baptist Magazine for the present month.

*Slavery in the United States.*—At a meeting of the Church of Christ of the Baptist denomination, assembled in St. Helen Street, Montreal, held on the 22d of February, 1841, the following Resolution was passed:—

"That this Church, deeply impressed with the melancholy fact, that in various parts of the world, and especially in the United States of America, that land of boasted Liberty, Christian professors, and even Christian Ministers and Deacons are holding their fellow creatures and also their fellow Christians in bondage, and convinced that such a course is essentially unchristian in principle, and inevitably productive of immoral conduct, hereby resolve,—

"That as it is their bounden duty, so henceforth it is their solemn determination, to withhold communion at the Lord's Table or admittance into their pulpit, from every person known to be the holder of a slave, or the abettor of such as persist in maintaining a system, so cruel, iniquitous, and unchristian.

"It was also resolved,—That a copy of this resolution be handed to Dr. Davies for insertion in the Baptist Magazine."

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*A New Article in Commerce.*—The largest vessel which has yet entered the port of Runcorn is the Dauntless, now loaded with 220 tons of pyrites, or sulphur ore, of 21 cwt. to the ton, or about 231 tons, and lying in the Duke's dock. The dispute with the King of Naples, relative to the sulphur monopoly, has caused British chemists to exercise their skill to find a substitute nearer home, and immense quantities of pyrites are now brought from Ireland for that purpose, which are found to answer exceedingly well,—one firm alone having a thousand tons of it there, lying "to order." It is quite a new article in commerce.—[Manchester Chronicle.

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*Fatal Rencontre.*—A duel took place between two gentlemen of this city yesterday, which resulted fatally to one of the parties. The weapons were double barrel guns, and the unfortunate man received at the first fire his adversary's ball in the side a little above the hip. The names of the parties are Dauphin and Nora,—the former was a fencing master, and was the individual that was killed.—[N. O. Bee, 22d ult.

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We saw a young man yesterday cowhiding another very severely. He had a pistol in his left hand, which kept the spectators at bay till he had lashed the other to his heart's content.—[Ibid.

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*Deplorable Accident.*—Early yesterday morning, two sons of Mr. Alex. W. Cambell of this city, one aged about 14 and the other 11, went out gunning in company with a son of Mr. Cercoply—the latter also about 11 years old. The latter was about to shoot his gun at a bird, when it flew, and he took the gun down for the purpose of uncocking it—his head bent down over the lock. While in the act of unspringing the lock, it flew from his grasp and exploded.—The whole load passed through the chest of Master Benjamin Cambell—the youngest of the two boys—who expired immediately, without speaking a single word, except exclaiming that he was shot.

People abroad will read the above paragraph with amazement, at the age of these boys; but they must know that our boys carry guns long before they cease to wear aprons.—[Savannah Republican.

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*Fatal Effects of Tight-Lacing.*—The higher mortality of English women by consumption may be ascribed partly to the indoor life which they lead and partly to the compression, preventing the expansion of the chest, by costume. In both ways they are deprived of free draughts of vital air, and the altered blood deposits tuberculous matter with a fatal, unnatural facility. *Thirty-one thousand and ninety* English women died in one year of the incurable malady. Will not this impressive fact induce persons of rank and influence to set their country women right in the article of dress, and lead them to abandon a practice which disfigures the body, strangles the chest, produces nervous or other disorders, and has an unquestionable tendency to implant an incurable hectic malady in the frame? Girls have no more need of artificial bones and bandages than boys.—*Second Annual Report of the Registrar General.*

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*How to Live Peaceably.*—The late Mr. Clarke, of Frome, being asked by a friend, "How he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "by letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."