## LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS

WOODBURN GRANGE. By William Howitt. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chesnut street.

"Woodburn Grange" is a novel of decided originality, and written with force and elegance. It is a tale of English country life, partly descriptive of scenery, but principally pleasing because of its vivid delineations of character. Opening with a picture of the last of a long line of baronets, it presents with vivid contrast the opposite of aristocratic imbecility, and a poor man, the descendant of a race of beggars, zelf-made, and rising in the world's esteem. The character of Sir Roger de Rockville is a expital one. It is skilfully conceived, and is in no respect unnatural:-

in no respect unnatural:—

To such a condition was now reduced the last of the long line of Rockville. The spirit of a policeman had taken possession of him; he had keepers and watchmen out on all sides, but that did not satisfy him. He was perpetually haunted with the idea that posshers were after his game; that trespassers were in his woods. His whole life was now spent in strolling to and fro in his fields and plantations, and in prowling along his riverside. He looked under hedges, and watched for long hours under forest trees. If any one had a curiosity to see Sir Roger, they had only to enter his fields by the wood-side, and wander had a curiosity to see Sir Roger, they had only to enter his fields by the wood-side, and wander a few yards from the path, and he was almost sure to spring out over the hedge, and in hur-ried and angry, almost stammering tones, demand their name and address, The descend-ant of the chivalrous and steel-clad De Rockwille was sunk into a restless spy on his own ample property. There was but one idea in his mind—encroachment. It was destitute of all mind—encroachment. It was destitute of all other furniture but the musty technicalities of warrants and commitments. There was a stealthy and skulking manner in everything he did. He went to church on Sunday, but it was no longer by the grand from gate opposite to his house—that stood generally with a large to his house—that stood generally with a large splider's web woven over the lock, and several others in the corners of the fine iron tracery, bearing evidence of the long period since it had been opened. How different to the time when sir Roger and Lady Rockville had had these gates thrown wide on Sunday morning, and with all their train of household servants at with all their train of household servants at their back, with true antique dignity, marched, with much proud humility, into the house of God! Now Bir Roger—the solitary, suspicious, undignified Sir Roger, the keeper and policeman of his own property—stole in at a little side-gate from his paddock, and back the same way, wondering all the time whether there was not somebody in his pheasant preserves, or Sunday trepassers in his grove.

If you entered his house, it gave you as cheerless a feeling as its owner. There was a conservatory, so splendid with rich plants and

conservatory, so splendid with rich plants and flowers in his mother's time, now a dusty re-ceptacle of hampers, broken hand-glasses, and garden tools. These tools could never be used, for the gardens had grown wild. Tall grass grew in the walks, and the huge unpruned shrubs disputed the passage with you. In the wood above the garden, reached by several flights of fine, but new moss-grown steps, there stood a pavilion, once clearly very beautiful. It was now damp and ruinous—its walls sovered with greenness and crawling insects

It was a great lurking place of Sir Roger, when on the watch for poachers.

The line of the Rockvilles was evidently running fast out. It had reached the extremity of imbegility and contempt—it must soon reach

Sir Roger used to make his regular annual visit to town; but of late, when there, he had wandered restlessly about the streets, peeping into the shop-windows; and if it rained, he would stand under an entry for hours, waiting till it was gone over, rather than take a cab or omnibus. The habit of lurking and peering about was become fixed, and his feet bore him instinctively into those narrow and crowded alleys where swarm the poachers of the city—the trespassers and anglers in the game preserves and streams of humanity. He had lost all pleasure in his club; the most exciting themes of political life retained no piquancy for him. His old friends ceased to find any pleasure in him. He was becoming the driest of all dry wells. Poachers and anglers, and Methodists haunted the wretched purileus of his fast fading-out mind, and he resolved to go to town no mose. His whole nature was centred in his woods. He was forever on the watch; and when at Rockville again, if he heard a door clap when in bed, he thought it a gun in his woods; and was up and out with his keepers.

Of what value was that magnificent estate to him? these superb woods; those finely hanging Sir Roger used to make his regular annual

of what value was that magnificent estate to him? these superb woods; those finely hanging nim? these superb woods, those incl. the cliffs; that clear and riant river, curving, travelling on, and taking a noble sweep below his window; that glorious expanse of most verdant meadows, stretching almost to Castleborough, and enlivened by numerous herds of the most beautiful cattle; those old farms and shady lanes beautiful cattle; those old farms and shady lanes. overhung with hazel and wild rose; the glitter-ing brook, and the songs of woodland birds— what were they to that old man, that victim to the delusive doctrine of blood, of the man-trap, of an hereditary name?

The opposite, in every respect, to this type of fossilized aristocracy appears Simon Degge-a plebeian, a reformer, a liberal, an English Radical. His character, well painted, is one of sterling integrity, of undying energy; in every respect what we of America would call a rising man. Continually interfering in behalf of the people, he rises to a high place in the popular regard, and the war between him and Sir Roger is a good illustration of how such a contest is carried on. The following extract shows

a passage of arms, and the result :-A laborer and his son, a boy about ten years A laborer and his son, a boy about ten years of age, was returning from the fields towards Hillmartin village, and were following the footpath through a copse, when the lad saw a thrush's nest on one of the lowest boughs of a spruce-fir, temptingly nestled close to the stem. not more than a yard from the ground. Away he ran towards it his father ground. Away not more than a yard from the ground. Away
he ran towards it, his father stopping for him
on the path. Arrived near the tree, the lad as
he ran struck his foot against something and
fell, but jumping up, said:—
"Oh father, here is a great chain!"
He was stooping to lift it up, when the father
stried out:—

The was stooping to lite it ap, when the rather eried out;—
"Let it alone! let it alone! it is a man-trap!"
The boy stood terrified at the dreaded name of a man-trap. The father advanced carefully, poking the ground, which was covered with dead leaves, with a long pole which he picked up. When he came to the spot where the boy stood he saw part of a atrong chain laid bare, stood, he saw part of a strong chain laid bare, and, lifting it up, discovered close to his feet a stout iron pin, which was driven into the and, lifting it up, discovered close to his feet a stout iron pin, which was driven into the ground, and thus confined the chain. Teiling the boy not to move, he gradually lifted the chain till he felt it again fast.

"There," he said, "it's the trap."
He looked round, and discovering a large stone, he fetched it, and discharged it into the whose where he supposed the centre of the time.

To be. At once with a horrid snap and clang, the jaws of the huge trap sprang out of the conthe jaws of the huge trap sprang cut of the con-ealing leaves and clushed together with a dire-ful shock. Father and son stood rooted fast with terror. There was revealed the great iron engine in a half circle of at least half a yard high, with its hideous iron teeth closed, and

grinning terribly.
"There?" said the father-"take care, Tom "There!" said the father—"take care, Tom, how you go a bird-nesting into woods. If this had caught you it would have snapped you in the very middle of your body, and these devil's teeth would have almost met in your flesh. Nobody but the wretch of a keeper as set it could have got you out and if you had ben by yersen you mud ha' died afore anybody had fun ver."

fun yer."

The man, immediately on reaching the village, asked to see Mr. Degge, who heard the account with great indignation, and taking another strong man with him, went to the place to see this truly "infernal machine." He found it within five yards of the footpath through the copse, and expressing his astonish-ment and abhorrence of an act, then become as ment and abhorrence of an act, then become as illegal as it was monstrous, he ordered the men to take it and carry it to the village. There they deposited it by the public stocks, and chained it, and made it fast by a padiock to it—fitting companions. The exhibition, and the place in which this horrid engine was found, created a most indignant sensation against Sir Roger Rockville, and his keeper. Such were the diabolical machines that used to be set in any same preserves half a ceptury ago or more. our game preserves half a century ago or more, almost commonly as the lesser trap is yet set

for less animals now. Such is the wonderful effect of custom, and of selfish interests, that these dire engines of a demonisc cruelty could be planted here and there in English woods, and which might catch and hold in their indeous fangs human creatures, and keep them in inexpressible tortures for perhaps twelve hours or more; all the time the gentlemen and the ledies on those estates were sleening comthe ladies on those estates were sleeping com-fortably in their beds. Such was the force of these man-traps, that they required a man with an iron winch to open them by a mechanism

an iron winch to open them by a mechanism attached for the purpose.

These barbarous machines had now been made illegal by act of Parliament, yet Sir Roger and others continued to use them, as I know, for I myself had long after this period a narrow evenpe, when botanizing, of being caught in one in the woods of Strelly, uear Nottingham; and that within a few yards of a foot road! that within a few yards of a foot road!

There was a great running from all parts of the village to see this monument of the tender mercies of Sir Roger Rockville, and many were the inverted blessings showered on his head. Very soon, however, the keeper came in hot haste to reclaim his trap, and Mr. Degge immediately apprehended him by warrant, and committed him to the House of Correction and hard labor for six months.

While the social distinctions as they appear in Great Britain are well developed in the work, yet, wherever the necessity exists, the author shows himself fully capable of vivid writing. His description of a runaway horse

is well worthy of reprint:-At this moment Letty found it rather hard work to hold her in. She had a short, dancing, impatient action, and seemed to long to be off at a smart rate. All at once there was a blow on the high hawthorne hedge on the left hand of the road, and off went the mare. She took of the road, and off went the mare. She took the bit between her teeth, stretched out her neck as straight as a dart, laid back her ears, and away! George and Mr. Degee endeavored to spring on before her, and seize her by the bridle-rein, but this only set her off more impetuously than before. In vain Letty pulled her in with all her power, and endeavored to pluck, by a sudden jerk, the bit out of her teeth. She held it as fast as if in a vice, and went off spile of her efforts at a furjour rate. went off, spite of her efforts, at a furious rate. George and Mr. Degge were in the utmost alarm. Any attempt to pursue her only made the frantic animal dash on more madly. One thing appeared in Letty's favor; there was a long, ascending, though not very steep hill, and her friends trusted that the mare would wind herself before she got to the ton, and so and her friends trusted that the mare would wind herself before she got to the top, and so allow herself to be pulled in. George, without daring to gallop after her at full speed, yet kept on at a smart pace, taking the grassy borders of the road, so as not to let the flying animal hear him more than he could help. Mr. Degge, who stopped for a moment to look over a gate into the field, to see whence the alarm had come, was now galloping rapidly after. Letty kept her seat like a capital horsewoman as she was; and George felt confident that, unless something caused the mare to start aside or to fall, she would go on safely home with her. But there might be people coming who might attempt to stop the mare, and cause her to swerve suddenly aside, or she might dash suddenly against one of the two turnplike gates, and kill both herself and rider. The speed at which she flew on was frightful. The speed at which she flew on was frightful, God's providence could alone prevent some fatal disaster. In one place there was a broken spot in the middle of the road, over which she spot in the middle of the road, over which she sprang with a tremendous leap; but Letty sat securely, and away! away! they went like the wind, the two gentlemen in breathless terror following as near as they dare approach. Anon, the flying maniac steed came to a steep and considerable descent. "If Letty keeps her seat there," said or rather thought George, "it will all be well." He gazed with fixed eyes and suspended breath as he himself sped along, expecting to see his sister lose, in that rapid, shaking descent, her equilibrium, and perhaps fly over the horse's head; but no, unmoved, undaunted, as it would appear by her steady figure and attitude, on she flew, a cloud of dust coming driving thickly behind

cloud of dust coming driving thickly behind Again she dashed up another ascent, and was now on a long level road—there! one of the toll-bars, but standing wide open. Through dashed the horse and rider. Out rushed a woman, threw her arms aloft over her head, and stood, as the two gentlemen rushed past, like a picture of ghastly and petrified horror. On, away! away! the next tol-bar, but this time the gate shut. George was all horror, expecting, in chill desperation, a terrible tragedy. On went the mare, without stop or stay, dashed against the gate, which flew aside, and on they went more frightfully than ever. "God send," said George in his soul, "that no wagon may be coming this way—the furious beast would dash right upon it, and—"

But now the race was nearly at an end. Four miles were they distant when the mare started off, and now they were flying down the sandy Again she dashed up another ascent, and

off, and now they were flying down the sandy road under the cliff towards Woodburn Grange, As their horses made little noise in the deep sand of the road, George and Mr. Degge spurred on, and saw, as they turned the bend of the road, the mare dash right up to the gates of the stable yard, and stop in an instant. George expected to see Letty pitched right over the yard gates, which were not higher than the horse's shoulder. She was thrown only on its neck, and there lay a moment as if stunned By the time George rode up she had recovered herself, and had sprung to the ground, where she stood pale, wild, and as in a dream. George sprang from his horse, and, catching her in his arms, said:—"Thank God that all is well!

But we cannot continue to show the style of the work by further extracts. We have tried to let it speak for itself. To sum up our judgment, the work is one of the best novels which have of late fallen under our notice. It is well conceived and well executed. It has the freshness of novelty about it, and the work, as a whole, will well repay perusal. It is got up in the best style of any of Petersons' pub lications, and will doubtless have a large sale.

New America. By William Hepworth Dixon Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce that, by special arrangement with the author they will, publish "New America" during the present month. The following extracts we quote as illustrative of its style:-

"Under these walls of Richmond the battle of that principle was fairly fought; with a skill, a pride, a valor, on either side, to recall the charges at Naseby and at Marston Moor; but 

lant swordsmen of the South, on whom the war has fallen with its deadliest weight-men broken in their fortunes, widowed in their affections—may admit, and some proclaim, that they have made a surprising change of front, . . . The victors have set their mark upon them, so that they shall fill no further office of command. Their friends may grieve over this exclusion; but the nation has to live; and the

exclusion; but the nation has to live; and the rank and fileof the South will not punish itself forever, even for the sake of those who, in their enthusiasm, may have misled it into death. In fact, the tide has turned; the same sea rolls and swells; but the ebb or separation has become the tide of Union."

"In their passion to be free they had forgotten the saving power and virtue which belong to order, balance, equipoise of powers. To gain their darling wish—the right to stand alone—they would have rent society to shreds, and put the world back in its course a thousand years. They see their error now, and would years. They see their error now, and would undo their work; so far as such a deed can ever

I do not mean to say that here, in Richmond. the banner of Robert Lee is trodden in the mire—it is not; neither should it be, since that banner gleamed only over men who had armed to defend a cause in which they found much glory and felt no shame. I only say that the banner of Lee has been rolled to its staff, and put away among the things of the past, with much of the chivalric error, the romantic passion, of the South laid up and smoothed among its folds."

its folds."

"Happily for the world, they failed and lost; failed by a law of nature, lost by an ordinance of Heaven. No calamity in politics could have equalled the success of a slave empire, founded on the ruin of a strong republic. All free nations would have felt it, all honest men would have suffered from it; but even with their mistaken cause, their/retrograde policy, their separatist banner, what a fight they made! Men who can perish gloriously for their faith—however false that faith may be—will always seize the imagination, hold the affections of a gailant race. Fighting for a weak and failing cause, these planters of Virginia, of Alabama, of Mississippi, rode into battle as they would

have nurried to a feast; and many a man who wished them no profit in their raid and fray could not help riding, as it were, in line with their foaming front, dashing with them into action, following their flery course, with a flashing eye and a bounding pulse. Courage is electric. You caught the light from Jackson's sword, you flushed and panted after Stuart's plume. Their sin was not more striking than their valor. Loyal to their false gods, to their obsolete creed, they proved their personal honor by their deeds; these lords of every luxury under heaven, striving with hunger and with disease, and laying down their luxurious lives in ditch and breach. All around these walls, in sandy rifts, under forestleaves, and by lonely pools, lie the bones of young men, of old men, who were once the pride, the strength, of a thousand happy Anglo-Saxon homes. Would that their sins could be covered up with a little sand!

"Out on you lovely slope of hill, from the brow of which the reddening woods and wind-ing water of beautiful Virginia gladden the brow of which the reddening woods and winding water of beautiful Virginia gladden the eyes of men for leagues and leagues, the plous North has gathered into many beds, under many white stones, the shes of her illustrious dead: of youths who came down from the farms in Ohio, from their mills in Vermont, from their schools in Massachusetts; the thew, the nerve, the brain of this great family of free men; who came down, singing their hymns and hallelujahs; giving up case, and peace, and love, and study, to save their country from division, from civil war, from political death. Singing their hymns, they fainted by the wayside; shouting their hallelujahs, they were stricken in the trench and in the field. New England gave its bestand bravest to that slope. I know a street in Boston from every house in which death has taken spoil; in the houses of poet and teacher I have seen Rachel mourning with a proud joy for the sons who will never come back to her 'again. These heroes sleep on the hill-side, in the city which defied and slew them; they have entered it as conquerors at last; and here they will keep their silent watch, the sentinels of a bright and holy cause. All glory to them, now and for evermore!

"Out, too, in you swamps and wastes, by the

more!

"Out, too, in yon swamps and wastes, by the deserted breastwork, by the fallen fort, by the rank river margin, lie the ashes of a broken and ruined host; of young men, of old warriors, who rode up from the cotton fands of Louisiana, from the country-houses of Georgia, from the rice-fields of Carolina, to fight for a cause in which they had learned to feel their right; soldiers as honest, as brave, and proud as any of their stronger and brave, and proud as any of their stronger and keener foes. But the strong were right, and the right were strong; and the weaker side went down in their fierce embrace. They fell to-gether; their duty done, their passion spent. Many a tender office, many a solemn greeting. passed between these falling brothers, who spoke the same tongue, who muttered the same rayer, who waved one country and one God. They died on the same field, and writened on the same earth. Still, here and there, some pious hand picks up their bones together, just as the warriors fell in battle, and laying them side by side, leaves the two brothers who had come to strile, victor and vanquished, Unionist and seceder, to sleep the long sleep in a com-mon bed." . Richmond slope, on which the

setting sun appears to linger, tipping with pink the fair white stones, should be for North and South alike a place of rest, a sign of the New America; an imperishable proof of their recon-ciliation, no less than everlasting record of their

Calvary-Virginia Tragedies. By Laughton Osborne. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We seriously deprecate the introduction of what we have always been taught to consider sacred and holy into light, or, at least, popular literature. For that reason we condemned the "Pillar of Fire," and other novels, which, while well intended, seems to us only calculated to lessen the awe inspired by Deity, without adding to the attractions of religious subjects. The narration of Revelation, without any of the amplifications of modern invention, stands forth grandly simple; and all attempts at familiarity, instead of making it more attractive, presents a picture like a grand Gothic temple marred by the light architecture of Ionia. "Calvary," the tragedy before us, is such an attempt at ornamentation. We do

not accuse its author of irreverence; we would not pretend to judge of his motive. He may have written it for a sincerely good purpose. But he has failed in his attempt. No one will turn to religious topics because of this work. His narrative has none of the simplicity and awfulness of the Apostolic narrative. And truly, of all those works which seek to make the Bible attractive, it may be said, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be enlightened though one rise from the dead." The portions of the tragedy which put words into the mouth of Jesus jar on all our feelings of reverence, and seem to us not to exalt the poem, but rather to degrade Christ in the eyes of the world. With probably a laudable ambition, Mr. Osborne makes

the Redeemer say, in conversation with Mary:-Mary. And canst thou speak with calmness when my heart
Is aching for thee? Jesus, O my son!
Think on Thy mother, and avoid the storm
That now is darkening o'er thee, and whose

shadow
Makes my blood curdle with the chill of death.
For my sake, O my darling!

Jesus. Shall the palm
Say to the fruit that leaves the parent stem,
Think on thy mother? When its time is come
It drops from over-ripeness, and the tree
Knows it no more, Deem'st thou the Son
of Man

Knows it no more. Deem'st thou the Son of Man
Can flee the hour appointed from all time?
He who is busy with my Father's work
Must not be laggard, and not heed the rain,

Nor howling wind, nor thunder.

May. Still thou'speakest
As if thou age wert tolling at the work
Thou dost no more and hast not done for years.
Who is thy father, who thy brethren, son?

Jesus. My Father is the Word that sent me My brethren are the children of the Word.

Let me be gone; behold, the night is deepening. The hour is nigh when I must watch and pray.

The hour is nigh when I must watch and pray. Pray thou, too; for the cup that I shall drink Will leave its dregs for thee.

Mary. Give me it all.

Or let me share it with thee.

Jesus. Thou? my cup?

The ringdove pray'd the eagle—Let me soar
Unto the clouds with thee and share thy nest.
Poor timid wood-bird! yet her tender eyes
Could not endure the sun, nor her soft wings
Sustain her to his eyrie. What I am
Thou canst not be, O woman, nor canst follow
Whither I go. But watch thon here and pray,
As I shall do where I most watch and wrestle.
And may that bosom where I once was laid,
Quiet and happy, be more calm than mine.

Such passages as these seem inappropriate;

Such passages as these seem inappropriate; and we prefer some other topic for tragedy than a delineation of a subject of which the world can form but an imperfect conception of its horror. The description of the closing scene

is to us weak. It reads:—

Centur. Look now!

The end approaches. 'Tis the dying thirst

That tortures.

Nicod. Yet the immortal soul yields not.

His head droops lower. Was not that a sigh?

Mary. Speak to me once again. Dost thou not hear me?

Dost thou yet suffer greatly. O my son?

Nicod. He hears her not. He is past human sound.

Still lower sinks his head. Centur. There is again the look I told ye of.

Jesus. My God, my God! why hast thou forsook me?

People. Hear him there; he calls upon his
God.

God.

Why comes he not to aid him?

Sub-Centurion. Peace, thou Jew!

He bears him in a way to teach you all.

This to release him. (Takes a spear from a soldier and pierces the side of Jesus.)

People. Hark! he speaks again.

Jesus. My God, my God! into thy hands—I yield—

My solvit. It is footback. My spirit. It is finished.

II was relevant White and II.

Mary. Jesus! Son!

Those portions of the play which do not reat directly of the doings of the Saviour are less objectionable, and many of them are fine. The chorus of the angels, in the opening pages, deserves notice:-

The hour of earth is approaching
That solemn, predestinate time.
When the thankless children of Jacob
Complete their long record of crime;
When the Lord, who from heaven descended
Adam's ferfett of sin to assume.
His mournful humanity ended,
Shall be laid in a human tomb.

Would, would we might not hear, not see That our hearts were not conscious before Of those death-threes, or conscience might

Till the night of this angulsh were o'er!
Till, the shadows of death away driven,
And the pathway of earth no more trod,
The Lord shall ascend his own heaven
And sit at the right hand of God. The truth of the matter is, that Mr. Laughton

has taken a subject too grand for mortal delineation, and has, of course, failed. We do not, however, judge him by this one poem, but shall wait for further productions. His 'Virginia'' is not a fair criterion of his merit. His coming volumes, however, will speak for themselves.

CHARLES WESLEY SEEN IN HIS FINER AND LESS FAMILIAR POEMS. New York; Hurd & Houghton. Philadelphia Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Wesley, as a hymnist, is well known to all our readers, yet his ability as a poet is not limited to that particular department. He has published, probably, more than any other write in verse who has appeared in England. His lyries make, when published in an unabridged form, over three thousand closely printed pages. Of all this work, but few of his poems are known in America, and these principally are altered for church service. The little work before us is a compilation of such as are the best of the author's writings, and yet not familiar to our public. We confess that many of them are entirely new to us, and are well worthy of a more permanent shape than any yet granted them. To the admirers of Charles Wesley the work will prove particularly acceptable. The work is arranged in such an order as to give the reader some idea of the expressions used by the author in his way through life. The opening poems are biographical in their nature. Thus, as he proceeds to answer the charge of treason at Wakefield, he writes:-

Jesus, in this hour be near, On Thy servant's side appear; Called Thine honor to maintain, Help a feeble child of man,

Thou who at Thy creature's bar Didst Thy Deity declare, Now my mouth and wisdom be, Witness for Thyself in me. Gladly before rulers brought Free from trouble as from thought Let me Thee in them revere, Own Thine awful minister,

On his return after acquittal, he expresse his thankfulness:—

Who that trusted in the Lord
Was ever put to sname?
Live, by earth and heaven adored,
Thou all-victorious Lamb!
Thou hast magnified Thy power,
Thou in my defense hast stood,
Kept my soul in danger's hour, And armed me with Thy Blood. Satan's slaves against me rose,

And sought my life to slay: Thou hast baffled all my foes, And spoiled them of their prey, Thon hast cast the accuser down Hast maintained Thy servant's right, Made mine innocency known, And clear as noon-day light. Thou, my great redeeming God, My Jesus, still art near; Kept by Thee, nor secret fraud Nor open force I fear.

Safe amidst the snares of death, Guarded by the King of kings, Glad to live and die beneath The shadow of Thy wings. But not only are those which refer to particular instances in his life found in the volume. but some of his grandest productions have

one on the anticipated invasion in 1759 has few superiors in force and grandeur:-Let God, the mighty God,
The Lord of hosts, arise,
With terror clad, with strength endued,
And rent and bowed the skies!
Called down by faithful prayer,

heretofore been unknown to our readers. The

Saviour, appear below, Thine hand lift up, Thine arm make bare, And quell Thy Church's foe. Our Refuge in distress, In danger's darkest hour, Appear as in the ancient days With full redeeming power: That Thy redeemed may sing

In glad triumphant strains, The Lord is God, the Lord is King, The Lord forever reigns! We with our ears have heard Our fathers us have told
The work that in their days appeared,
And in the times of old:
The mighty wonders wrought By Heaven in their defense, When Jacob's God for Britain fought,

And chased the invader hence Vainly invincible, Their fleets the seas did hide,
And doomed our sires to death and hell,
And Israel's God defied:

But with His wind He blew, But with His waves he rose, And dashed, and scattered, and o'erthrew, And swallowed up His foes. Thou wilt not give us up

A prey into their teeth,
But blast their aim, confound their hope,
Their league with hell and death.
With such deliverance bless
Whom Thou hast chose for thine. That we and Europe may confess The work is all divine!

The work contains much that is new to the public, and should be useful to the compiler of future editions of hymns.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. By Douglas Jerrold. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Philadelphia Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A neat edition of these inimitable lectures of Jerrold has just been issued. It is handsomely illustrated by Keene, and deserves a foremost place among the comic literature of the day. Although its contents are probably familiar to many, yet we cannot but lay one of these lectures, as a specimen, before our readers. If it has already met their eye, it will stand a second reading without detriment:-MR. CAUDLE HAS NOT ACTED "LIKE A HUS-BAND" AT THE WEDDING-DINNER.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all: but I do wish that yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Candie, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I way, did I think that I should keep my wedding-dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white watered-satin waisteoat, and a moss rose-bud in your button-hole, which you said was like "Ah me! It's no use wishing-none at all:

me. What? You never talked such nonzense? Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day—but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happinem, and—What? No. Mr. Caudle, don't say that; I have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you, above all men, are not happy, you ought to be; gracious knows?

"Yes, I will talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. Yon'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and—What do you talk about? You couldn't sil beside me to-day? That's nothing at all to do with it. But it's so like you. I can't speak but you fly off to something close. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How you made everybody cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! I hear souls! They little thought, with all your fine talk, how you'd use me! How have you used me? O Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush. How have you used me!

"Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! How did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing; just as if she were a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? And bad's the best? If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. You didn't say it? What, then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And everybody could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here that's why you invited 'em, to insult me to their faces. What? I made you invite 'em? O Caudie, what an aggrawating man you are!

"I suppose you'll say next I made you invite 'em? O Caudie, what an aggrawating man you are! "I suppose you'll say next I made you invite Miss Frettyman? Oh, yes; don't tell me her brother brought her without your knowing it. What? Didn't I hear him say so! Of course I did; but do you suppose I'm quite a foo!? Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between yon? And she must be a nice person between you? And she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house! But I know why she came. Oh, yes; she came to look about her. What do I mean? Oh, the meaning's

plain enough. She came to see how she should like the rooms—how she should like my seat at the fire-place; how she—and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so! how she should like my dear children.

"Now, it's no use your bouncing about at—but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows there's something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself? Do you think I didn't see her looking at the ciphers on the spoons as if she aiready saw mine scratched out and her's there? No, I sha'nt drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in—What do you say? You might as well have married a hedgehog? Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman. how she should like my dear children.

Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband Now you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed, and be called a hedgekoy—do you, Mr. Candle?

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all, I had none! You know I had none—how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate! And you don't suppose, after such an insuit as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times, What do you say? Only twice? Oh, you were so lost—fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated—that you did'nt know what you did. However, I do think while I'm what you did. However, I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I sha'nt last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it ali. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but

every week my gowns are taken in.
"I've lived to learn something, to be sure!
Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table. What do you say? She didn't turn up her nose? I know she did; not but what it's needless—Pro-I know she did; not but what it's needless—Providence has turned it up quite enough for her aiready. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her mineing with the spoon as it she was chewing sand. What do you say? She praised my plum-pudding? Who asked her to praise it? Like her impudence, I think!

think!

"Yes, a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding-day, I think! And as I say, a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No, Caudie, if I was to live a hundred years—you needn't groan, Mr. Caudie, I shall not trouble you half that time—if I was to live a hundred years. I should never forget it. Nover You didn't even so much as bring one of your children into your speech. And-dear creatures!-what have they done to offend you? No:

ures!—what have they done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad, It's you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so.

"And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed, that you and that Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist? How was it managed? Why, plain enough. Of course you packed the cards, and could cut what you liked. You'd settled that between you. Yes; and when she took a trick, instead of leading off a trump she play whist, indeed!—what did you say to she took a trick, instead of leading off a trump
—she play whist, indeed!—what did you say to
her, when she found it was wrong? Oh—It was
impossible that her heart should mistake! And
this, Mr. Caudle, before people—with your own
with the recent.

this, Mr. Caudle, before people—with your own wife in the room!

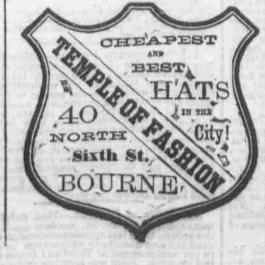
"And Miss Prettyman—I won't hold my tongue. I will talk of Miss Prettyman: who's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose she thinks she sings? What do you say? She sings like a mermaid? Yes, very—very like a mermaid: for she never sings but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. 'I love somebody,' indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that 'somebody;' and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else.

"However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter tonight, but try to go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

-T. B. Peterson & Brothers are now getting up another edition of Dickens, to be called "The Author's American Edition." In conjunction with Harper & Brothers, they have paid many thousands of dollars to Mr. Dickens for advance sheets of his various works, he having been paid five thousand dollars in gold for the early sheets of "Our Mutual Friend," and the same amount in gold for all of his other late works. This new edition is to be printed on the finest super-calendered paper, in the finest manner, and will contain the whole of the original English Illustrations by Seymour, "Phiz," Cruikshank, and other artists. The first volume, containing "Our Mutual Friend," with forty-two illustrations by Marcus Stone, will be published in a few days, at \$1 in paper cover and \$1.25 in green morocco cloth, with gilt side and back.

-We have received from Hurd & Hough ton Dr. Hayes' "Open Polar Sea;" also, "En Avant," and "Five Years," by Grace Greenwood, which we will notice in a few days



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