WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of his door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He curses me my brilliant lot;
Bruises his knuckles on the fane,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

So see me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of bounce, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
That's in the white-gloved and jeweled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry oaths as they

Meanwhile I lady cares the bore
Of hoeing still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the merryed grace
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And deep my lady's e-tales, and dance
Like guilty slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet! just a doubt
Would still be one man better within,
And just another bored without.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Who is He?" By S. F. Smiley. Lippincott & Co. This little book, in a hundred pages written much upon the same plan, endeavors to guide the Bible-reader to a complete recognition of the Martyr of Calvary as the one God-Man, first in the creation, and the final Judge. Much argument is not attempted. It does not address those who hold themselves in resolute hostility to the gospel. It appeals simply to earnest inquiries, who prize above any mere pleasantness of opinion the honesty of truth." Nor is any criticism of the sacred text within the scope of the writer. If the Bible be not divine, he asks, where, in nature, reason, or experience is there any solid proof that we are immortal? Out of humanity's supreme cry for a Redeemer, in the world to come, out of what Arnold calls its "deep desire for bliss," an arrogation to itself of a certain right to be compensated and made happy, this writer draws his final argument for the inspiration of the scripture; man needs an immortality, therefore the bible is true. We confess we think there are better proofs of the divinity of scripture than this one; and though we would not deny a certain transcendental and poetic beauty to the argument—"we need good tidings! therefore the tidings are true!"—we hardly should have put it, so empty, as first in our line of proofs. The page (11) on which this plea is entered is likewise the page on which the first notice a theory, repeated more distinctly elsewhere, in which the three dread Consistents of the Trinity are represented in the wildest state of polarity, fulfilling diverse functions, coinciding or else undoing each others' work, and separately entering, each of them, into the heart of man to support or eject each other. This gentle polytheism may be partly due to a confusion in the mind of the writer between the Redeemer in his fleshly and his eternal person. Jesus, declaring to his disciples the expediency of his "going away," (crucifixion) is in the mind of Mr. Smiley a retiring deity, inaccessible until the Judgment we might suppose, and of no benefit to man until the disciples, or the modern disciples, have spoken to them, had effected a special introduction. [Is the Redeemer so narrow at a bargain—did Christ not for Abraham's sake, and for the sake of Constantine?] Continuing the vein of sharp distinction between the Personages of God, the author proceeds to a singular effort to belittle the Spirit of Unanimity, the third of the Trinity, who is represented (p. 75) as a temporary agent, to knock, to invite, to intercede, but incapable of "abiding" in the soul until the formal entry of the Second Person. Now, it may be permitted to mere laic criticism to ask, what charitable good to man's soul can proceed from these dialectics? why seek to discover the chords of that divine Union, to separate those whom inspiration calls One? We should be sorry to lose our conviction that he who once wears on his breast the mystic Dove is safe, and, by that very grace, is necessarily possessed, both of the Redemption and the Fatherhood of God. But we need not press further a criticism which we felt bound to make, but which applies to a defect probably more evident than the writer, fettered perhaps in sects and dogmas, intended it should be. We hasten to praise the tasteful characteristics of the book. It shows the most searching intimacy with scripture, its array of texts, combined with persuasive skill into arguments and explanations without much intervening matter, are truly masterly, and where the writer, in his own person, speaks for the cause he has so deeply at heart, his eloquence is glowing, natural and moving. The merit of this kind of a work is its compactness; and we believe that this century of candid pages, by its directness and laconism, will find the heart of many readers who would never wade through volumes of homilies.

The old Franklin Almanac for 1869 contains a list of all the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States from the commencement of the Government to the present time, the names of the Governors of the different States and territories, the names of all the Sovereigns of the world, with the extent of territory and population of each nation, commanders of the military divisions of the United States, chief officers of the United States army and navy, commanders under the reconstruction bill, a list of all the important events that occurred through the world the past year, a biographical sketch of eminent persons who have died the past year; the names of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches; a list of churches destroyed by fire the past year; steamers lost and destroyed in the United States; railroad disasters; fires and amount of property destroyed; steamships lost the past year; executions in the United States the past year; a valuable calendar, arranged for different parts of the country; Poor Richard's sayings, &c. Mr. Winch is the Publisher.

"Pictures and Stories of Animals for the Little ones at Home." By Mrs. Tenney. The ways and habits of all kinds of animal beings are told with the easiest language, familiarly, and in a way to delight the little folks, by Mrs. Sanborn Tenney, in a series of six pretty books, bound alike and enclosed in a box. There are profuse and accurate illustrations, and we cannot better advise parents than to go and purchase the whole menagerie. The several volumes, although complete each in itself, form a complete and thorough system of animated nature, from crustacea, articulata and mollusca up to the higher mammals; the pictures, so important in a work of the class, are always correct and spirited. This elegant series is issued by Sheldon & Co., and sold to Philadelphians by Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger.

English School of Historians.

The recent death of Dean Milman, in the fulness of years and honors, has taken away the acknowledged head of the English school of historians. Poet, critic, scholar, divine, historian—Milman was all this, but he was especially an historian. He was long in working his way up to this position. At Oxford he was a fine scholar, perhaps the most popular and renowned of the Oxonians of his day. In Dr. Newman's "Apology" we have a striking testimony of the singularly high repute in which he was held at his university. In those days he was known as Milman the poet. He belonged to the school of young poets who were so greatly affected by the genius of Byron. He was not unaffected by that Byronic fever which made so many young people ridiculous. He wrote a tragedy, "Fazio," and though he protested that it was ordered by Congreve, and written at the request of Congreve, and with unwarrantable alterations, yet he was willing enough that, it should be produced in a style that it was not produced. Later he produced his most popular poem, cast in a dramatic form, but incapable of being dramatized, "The Fall of Jerusalem." It was a poem of wonderful beauty. Men who were