

snails into the garden of a Bishop. Bishops and Priests, we all know, deserve and should receive no pity from any quarter.

There is another error of which I have taken note and which good taste will always eschew. In writing controversial letters, it is astonishing how eager people are to fasten on each other the charge of falsehood, and to hurl against each other the most vile and contemptuous epithets in the very first onset. Now falsehood should never be alleged against another without the clearest evidence. All allowance should be made for the mistakes into which the most accurate are prone to fall, and no virtuous and charitable mind can feel a pleasure in the discovery, that his former friend, acquaintance or neighbour is a liar, and the eager desire to prove him to be such on the first sight of the matter, the fastening with tenacity upon every little circumstance which may admit of bad construction, and affixing to it the worst possible sense, is the mark not only of bad taste, but of a very unscrupulous mind. The time will come when one grain of real charity will be more valuable than all the clever bitter things written or spoken; and it is one sad effect of writing to please the lower class of minds, and to humour the caprice of the hour, that such writers appear to be entirely reckless as to what they say, or whom they wound.

Yet, I believe, it must be said in behalf of the daily press, that though they publish many articles on private character which are unjustifiable, that those which they suppress, and which are sent to them for publication, are ten times worse, and far more numerous than those which they allow to see the light.

I presume, if people measured these attacks by their utility even to their own party purposes, they would seldom publish them. The Duke of Wellington is a remarkable instance of a man who never, on any occasion, replied to one of the very numerous attacks made upon him by anonymous writers, and we know how he survived them all.

Another prevailing error deserves notice in respect to the use of words. The English language has attained to such perfection, by the growth of many centuries, and by its having been enriched by our intercourse with foreign nations, and by terms borrowed from the Latin or the Greek tongue, that there are few ideas of any importance, which may not be expressed in the vernacular tongue in a manner perfectly intelligible. Yet modern taste, not satisfied with genuine Saxon has invented a language peculiar to itself, eminently ungraceful, and only worthy of being noticed in order to be avoided. Such language may often be known by two characteristics, the length, I might say, the longinquity of its words, the circumlocution of its