

none in fact. For what is this world, but a garden full of thistles; a sugared poison, a gilded dunghill; a sack full of holes: a silver hook, a shop full of fool's-caps; a drug-store, full of nauseous purges; a flowery deceit? The apostles likened the kingdom of God to a grain of mustard-seed, not to a sugar-plum; to sour leaven, and not to sweet-meats.

After reminding us that Peter, in the fulness of his zeal, smote off the high priest's servant's ear, and was reproved therefor, he goes on to give a reason for it, which we do not recollect to have met in any of the commentators: "If he had been the footman of any nobleman, or lady, merely," says he, "the Lord would perhaps have winked at it, had he cut off his whole head; but the servant of a high-priest was to be respected."

We leave the divines for the present, and turn to his next 'mark,' which is addressed to the learned, whereon he expatiates with a fellow-feeling; and makes some displays of learning, which will certainly excite astonishment, if not admiration. His introduction is as follows:

'MARK—LEARNED MAN!'

"The well known, that Lot's wife was changed by God's decree into a pillar of salt, because, contrary to the divine command, she looked back; but why she was changed into a pillar of salt, and not into a thorn-bush, which is as curious and sharp as she was herself, is because when she entertained the angels who visited her husband, she put no salt to the meats, that she might be free of these frequent visitors. Salt has ever been held the symbol of science and wisdom, as is shown, not only by its being the first syllable in the name of King Solomon, but inasmuch as Christ says to his disciples, 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' As meat without salt, so is man without knowledge. As the poet saith:

'A table without a dish,  
A poud without a fish,  
A soup without bread,  
A tailor without thread,  
A horse without a tether,  
A cobbler without leather,  
A ship without a sail,  
A pitcher without ale,  
And a man without wit,  
Do well together fit.'

'Have, with especial care, examined Holy Writ, and find that therein the word husbandman occurs thirty-six times; the word field, three hundred and fourteen times; the word sow, twenty times; the word grow, five hundred times; the word corn, fifty-seven times; the word reap, fifty-two times; the word barn, twenty-one times; the word thresh, fifteen times; the word hay, forty-eight times: but the word *straw*, only once,\* and that with no great commendation, where Rachel sat upon it to hide the golden images from her father Laban. Since, therefore, the word *straw* occurs but once, I am free to conclude, that it was holden for something most contemptible. And as worthless as straw is, so is a man of straw, without learning.'

And again:

'What is more lovely than knowledge? He who hath it, cuts the gordian knot better than the Macedonian monarch, and can answer all the puzzling questions about which other men busy their brains in vain. As thus: Why doth a man who hath eaten his fill, till his body is stuffed like a travelling journeyman's knapsack, weigh less than before? The philosopher knoweth the reason. Why doth he who has drank too much wine, commonly fall over forward, while he who hath drank too much beer, generally falleth over backward? The philosopher knoweth the reason.'

And again he discusseth learnedly of lawyers:

In the Old Testament, there was a wondrous drink for women, which many a one had to swallow, albeit she did not complain of thirst. For whenever a man conjectured that his spouse was faithless, he led her to the priest at

\*Dear Abraham, mark! You had better examine your Bible with especial care, once more. Did not Pharaoh make the children of Israel turn out the regular quantity of brick, which they had to make? Our modern version, however, says not a word of the matter. — *THE PEARL* —

the altar, who handed her a liquor, mixed with a thousand curses, the which, were she wrongfully accused, harmed her not; but were she really guilty, lo! she was incontinently filled therewith, and swelled up like a sack of Bohemian hops, and pined away; and thus they cunningly learned who was innocent and who guilty. 'Well,' saith one, 'why happeneth not the same now-a-days?' 'Tis as necessary as in those times, and men would crowd to buy such a drink, at whatsoever price.' To this I answer, that such miracles are no longer needful; for the lawyers, with their *exilationes*, *notutiones*, *protestationes*, *connotationes*, *replicationes*, *contestationes*, *appellationes*, *acceptilationes*, *certiorationes*, *confirmationes*, and the like, make guilt or innocence as clear as day. But mark we how Death treats all this choice Latinity: 'What kind of tongue,' saith Death, 'is this, wherein the Latinists address me? By my life, I understand not Latin! My father, the Devil, a substantial man, and my mother, Sin, a notable dame as any, to save expense, gave me no learning; therefore I care not a fig for your Latinists. The Almighty has truly taught me somewhat, but I find my studies differ mainly from yours; for in my grammar, *mors* is *generis communis*; in my syntax, the verb *vivo* has no *infinitivum*.'

He next addresses soldiers, whom he comforts with the thought that they need not despair of eternal life, bad as their calling is; for, saith he:

'St. John, the angel of the apocalypse, tells us, in his description of the heavenly Jerusalem, how he saw in his trance, that this metropolis of God was built four-square, and each side garnished with three doors; whence we can safely conclude, as St. Dionysius hath it, that from all quarters and parts of the world, there is access to heaven.'

'St. Athanasius wisely observeth of the people of Israel, that when they entered on a campaign, the ark of the covenant, wherein were stored the laws of Moses and the ten commandments, was carried before the host, that the warriors might have God's law continually before their eyes. Hear this ye Christian soldiers! The ten commandments were the avant-guard of the army of Israel; with you, God help us! they too commonly are sent to the rear.'

'Who's there?' 'No friend!' 'Who is no friend?' I, says Death. 'Holla there! Guard, turn out!' 'My loving friends,' replieth Death, 'I cannot laugh in my sleeve, for I have none; but I can't help grinning, at finding you think to frighten my scythe with your pikes and halberts. That would be a joke! How many of the Jews have I not destroyed? The sum total, as Holy Writ testifieth, 854,002,067! And now shall I be afraid of you! No, no! Order arms! Albeit your leader, Mars, and I, *Mors*, are kinsmen in name, I cannot abide neutral, but declare open war on you! Let him who doubts my power, go to Vienna, and ask of the first sentinel he meets!' Inasmuch as Vienna is a rampart of all Germany against the Turk, it is girt with thick walls, and strong towers. The heavenly city, Jerusalem, is described by the chronicle as having twelve great gates; now as Vienna hath six, it may justly be called half a heaven. It hath always been the wont of the soldiery at Vienna to keep their main force in the city, and a guard at St. Peter's church-yard; but this time, Death, against the officers' will, changed their ordering, and almost all the troops were bidden to *lie at ease* in the church-yard, while Death went the rounds, from post to post, on the walls.'

Let us quote the conclusion of this branch of his address:

'Let the body die, then, be it in fire or in water, on earth or in air—what matters it! Let it die, this dunghill, this nest of worms, this lamp of filth, this dying worm, this clod of earth; let it die, this perishing rottenness, this tricked-out decay, this painted sepulchre, this congregation of diseases, this bundle of rags, this six feet of nothing! Let it die!—let it perish! Let it decay, this living hospital, this sport of chance, this little heap of earth—when, how, where it may—it matters not! But I beseech thee, by thy soul's salvation—I sound it in thine ears, with unlifted hands, let not the soul perish! This curious and precious handiwork and image of God—the priceless and unending jewel of eternity—this pure

and peaceful-sister of the spirits made blessed—oh let not this perish by sin, for this is the only death that is terrible indeed!

There are passages like the above, scattered here and there, which will show that our author was something more than a mere pulpit-joker, and that he had within him all the elements of high eloquence. Our conscience, indeed, reproaches us, at times, that we are not doing the old worthy justice, but picking out his knotty points and excrescences, to amuse our contemporaries with their odd twists and turns, and air of hoar antiquity, rather than laying open the sound core and pith that lie beneath them. But our object—and we hope it is an excusable one, in these trying times—is rather to beguile the reader into a smile, than edify him by serious discourse, a plenty whereof is to be found at every corner, without going back for it to Pater Abraham a Sancta Clara.

For the present, we leave our 'man of mark,' reserving his homily to maidens, his advice to parents, touching the use of the rod; his counsels to the rich, etc., for a future number.—*Knickerbocker*.

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.  
—When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly there appeared amongst us a stranger, of a very remarkable and very cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all the happiest we shall ever see), perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form, at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball-alley in the days of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of New-market. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and was full of waggery, thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to share of them; and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to the school at Middleton. In short, he made a man of me. I recollect it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar; and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room; his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed: "You are right, sir; you are right. The chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor!" He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory.

LIBERTY.

Amongst the highest mountains did I meet  
A lovely creature in her native house,  
Fairer than sunset in the ocean-foam,  
Yet whose white robes flowed blood-stained to her feet.  
Whilst shone her eyes with love benignly sweet;  
One seemed she framed not land and sea to roam.  
Her robes the tempests, and the heavens her dome—  
A constant star, no meteor wildly fleet.  
"Whence is this blood," I cried, "O being fair?"  
"They that adore me shed it for my sake;"  
Sadly she spake, and sighed, "Nor is it rare.  
Yet love and truth alone my temple make;  
These are the pillars that no storm can shake  
Of Liberty, that loves the mountains bare."  
*Metropolitan for Sept.* RICHARD HEWITT.