

the miracles of the Bible that have appeared from the pen of one in the ranks of the English clergy; an able critique on Tennyson, and some others of less general interest, finish this number.

*Blackwood* is hardly as brilliant as usual this year. The interest of the *Luck of Ladysmede* is waning, though a crisis in the work seems approaching. But what a contrast in ability to the last novel in this serial! Some French works seem to be throwing additional light on the vexed question of Mary, Queen of Scots. The articles on the recent adventures in Eastern Africa are interesting, and in dealing with Florence and its associations, *Blackwood* is dealing with a theme that will never lose its charm. The policy of a French alliance in China, is, we think very wisely questioned, as the interests of the two nations in Chinese affairs, can never really be in common. *Blackwood* is already seeing or fancying trouble in India, in consequence of the new mode of administration—but we think there has hardly enough time elapsed to enable any sound judgment to be pronounced on the matter.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December, sustains the high character of that Magazine. "Samuel Absalom," representing, if his name may be allowed to be taken as a criterion, the great uncombed and probably unshaven of the West, does not much interest us, except by his candor. "The Minister's Wooing" ends well. We think Mrs.

Stowe's credit will not suffer from the work, although we object to fiction being made a vehicle for the conveyance of religious, political, or metaphysical dogmas; believing it should be merely a picture of human action and passion. Tom Paine is finally disposed of, much to our relief as regular readers of the Atlantic, as we regard him as a man, concerning whom the less that is said the better. The "*Aurora Borealis*," though not very deeply scientific perhaps, is good reading. "The Professor" closes for the year with a neat tableau. We have not been so much gratified with his papers as with those of his predecessor—the Autocrat's speculations abounding more in materials for deep thought, than any combination of characters a Boston boarding house is likely to produce. The article called "Strange countries for to see," is, however, the gem of the number—the quotations in it most happily chosen, and the whole sparkling with humor and fine sentiment.

*The New Map of the Province* is a creditable production, both in material and design. It should be in every merchant's office in the city and country. The map would perhaps have been improved if the Province itself were drawn on a larger scale, so as to take up the whole map; and the hill ranges are not brought out in so bold a relief as they might be by more continuous shading, instead of merely marking isolated peaks. The statistics added are valuable, and well chosen.

## GLEANINGS.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him.—*Seneca*.

As a profligate never looks into his conscience, because he can see nothing there but what terrifies and affrights him, makes him moody and melancholy; so a sinking tradesman cares not to look into his books, because the prospect there is dark and dismal.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.—*Lord Bacon*.

Some men do wisely to counterfeit reservedness, to keep their chests always locked—not for fear any one should steal treasures thence, but lest some one should look in and see that there is nothing to steal.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the smallpox.—*St. Evremont*.

If we read the history of bodily disorders, we are astonished that men live; if of cures, we are still more astonished that they die.

Few people know how to be old.—*La Rochefoucauld*.