THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

The daily organ of the Tractarian party is sorely annoyed at the appearance of a document which has strangely been permitted to repose for more than a century and a half in Lambeth Palace. It has now been printed by order of Parliament, and is accessible to the whole community at the charge of a few pence. It contains a "Copy of the Alterations in the Book of Common Prayer, prepared by the Royal Commissioners, A. D. 1689." On the accession of King William and Queen Mary, one of the first steps taken, in order to bring back the Nonconformists into the bosom of the Church was to appoint a Royal Commission, "to prepare such alterations and amendments of the Liturgy and Canons as may be expedient." The commissioners consisted of ten bishops, six deans, four professors, four archdeacons, and six of the London clergy. And among them we find the names of Burnet, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Patrick, Tenison, and Beveridge. The result of their labors would well shock Tractarian nerves. These excellent men desired to regain the Nonconformists to the Church. Our modern Romanisers show no such desire, their apparent wish being to re-unite the Church with Rome, but to keep as far as possible from the Dissenters. In order to meet dissenting prejudices, the commissioners of 1689, comprehending two who were afterwards Archbishops of Canterbury, agreed—

1. To exclude the Apocryphal lessons from the Church Services.

2. To permit those to receive the Sacrament without kneeling who scrupled to use that posture.

3. To allow the sign of the cross in Baptism to be omitted in similar cases.

4 To remove all the Romish saints' days from the calendar.

5. To substitute the title "minister" for "priest," in many parts of the Book of Common Prayer.

6. In lieu of *Benedicite omnia Opera Domine*, to insert the 148th Psalm.

7. The rubric allowing the Litany to be sung to be wholly struck out.

8. The title "most religious and gracious King" altered to "Sovereign."

9. The positive declaration in the Burial and Baptismal Services greatly modified.

10. In the Ordination Service, the imperative mood "receive the Holy Ghost," altered into a prayer "that he may," &c.

Here were, indeed, enough of alterations to fill the soul of a Bennett or a Liddell with horror. Yet it may be conceived possible that those who gravely proposed these amendments—the Burnets, Tillotsons, Patricks, and Stillingfleets—will be remembered by the Church with honour, when the very names of Bennett and Liddell are forgotten. This publication, however, places the question of *Liturgical Revision* in a new point of view. Hitherto, owing to the oblivion into which the movements of 1689 had fallen, those who in our time have ventured to suggest that some few phrases in the Prayer Book might be modified with advantage have been treated as disloyal sons of the Church—as men who were at heart Dissenters. But the fact is now made public to the world, that a commission of ten bishops, six deans, four archdeacons, &c., has already taken this matter in hand, and has seriously propounded a larger and wider scheme than any reformer of our day has ventured to contemplate. No longer, then, may the Tractarians revile those who dare to propose something less than a whole board of bishops and learned divines have long since positively recommended. On the contrary, we may say, that this important and timely publication makes it at least probable that before any very long time has elapsed a portion at least of the recommendations of Beveridge, Burnet, and Stillingfleet, will actually be adopted.

A SCENE IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

"A pretty surgeon I shall make," said my fellow student, as we took our places for the first time around the dissecting table. "A brave surgeon indeed! I am ready to faint at the sight of this empty table—how shall I feel directly, when it receives its burthen of mortality?"

But, even while he spoke, the demonstrator and an assistant threw the expected subject on the table with a carelessness that to me seemed ill becoming the charnel house. My companion shuddered. He breathed quick and almost convulsively, and his countenance betrayed the working of a sympathy of suffering; he really seemed to think for a moment that the lifeless clay could suffer, and that its fall was really painful. I whispered a word of courage in his ear; but he turned to me with a face like ashes, and with a vain effort at speaking, swallowed convulsively, as if suffocating. Some one observed his condition, and gave him a glass of water, which for awhile restored him to greater composure.

"Gentlemen," said the demonstrator, "this subject, you see, died of consumption; and as he has therefore lost all those collections of cellular and fatty matter which obstruct the more important organs in other subjects, we are peculiarly fortunate in having secured this as our first subject."

This business-like remark, and the utter absence of any other than a business tone about it, had the effect of calling my composure to a sense of his condition. He rallied, came forward, and surveyed with something like a *professional* interest the collapsed chest and lattice ribs of the unconscious subject. But when the demonstrator opened his case, and selecting a scalpel prepared to make a demonstration of his dissecting skill, I saw the pallor again on the face of friend Hormel. I approached, and took him by the arm; but when the knife pierced the bosom of the empty tenement of clay, his muscles relaxed, his eyes closed, and he sunk like a dead man into my arms.

When he revived in an adjoining room to which we had carried him, the re-action was awful, and with a profuse and very protracted vomiting, and he retired to his room—too weak to venture out again for some days.

At length I called on him again, and found him asleep at his study, with his head resting in the hollow of a scull! The dream of years had returned—and a surgeon he would be, even if death himself must be his companion. The crisis was past, and long ere the session was over he was chosen principal operator of a class of seven students.

The weeks wore away; he laughed at the recollection of his first night in the dissecting room, and looked buoyantly into the to-day when he should exchange its gloom for the bridal chamber. I had known the lady of his choice for years, and few fairer, worthier ladies ever bore the name of Mary. And I had promised to accompany him to her home, some fifty miles off, and to be his groomsman.

During the last two weeks of the session the demonstrator had failed in procuring the necessary material for the class; and for a few days my companion was almost sad at the thought of leaving the class without giving them some marked evidence of his progress in anatomy. However, a subject was found—it has been "obtained by the river," was all the light the demonstrator thought necessary to throw upon its history.

I never saw Hormel so cheerful before. He was to dissect the tongue; and as he approached to remove the cloth with which it is usual to hide the faces of the subject of dissection, he moved with considerable consciousness of his skill. He lifted the cloth —stood one moment—the hot blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell dead!

I recognised the countenance of his beloved Mary.

DR. DICK.—Dr. Dick, the well-known astronomer, is very much indisposed. He is now nearly four-score years old, and the circumstances of the pious and retired philosopher are not very flourishing. It is desirable that some provision should even yet be made for him.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILITARY EQUESTRIANISM.—The contrast between the English and French cavalry, and English and French officers, as regards horsemanship, is certainly very marked. The Englishman almost invariably bestrides his steed as if he were part of it—as if he were born in the saddle, and could never be shaken out of it; while an equestrian Frenchman generally inspires one with the idea that he is terribly disgusted with his position, and wishes he were safely on the ground again.

TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

A contemporary gives some hints to European tourists who are not overburdened with cash:—It is a great mistake to suppose that travelling on the Continent is *cheap*, in any such sense as to be appreciable by an American. As compared with travelling in England, it is cheap, but not as compared with travelling in Western New York, in Ohio, or generally in the New England States. In order to travel with comfort, one must secure a good rest at night, and good wholesome food at least twice a day; and these can be obtained only at respectable hotels and at an average rate of from $2 to $2.50 per diem. I used no luxuries, had no extras, yet found this to be the general rate of comfortable living. The mere living, to be sure, might be about $1.50; but the incidental charges for servants, for candles, (always charged at the rate of 20 cents apiece, whether you burn them or not,) &c., made the average of hotel-living just what it is at the Irving House. Even in Switzerland it did not fall below $1.50 to $2 per day. *Soap* is never furnished in European hotels except as an extra; it is better, therefore, to carry it with you. If one travels slowly, of course his average daily expenses are less than when he travels rapidly; for travelling is always more expensive than keeping still. But one who travels moderately, and lives neither meanly nor extravagantly, but with a due regard to health and comfort, should allow himself, for the tour of Europe, not less than $6 per diem; this would include the fees and incidents of sight-seeing. Five dollars a day might answer; but, where there are ladies in company, a fairer average would be from $8 to $10 *per diem* for each person. To be sure, persons do travel very cheaply in Europe. I know of two young Englishmen, who recently travelled for $50 each, over the Swiss route that cost me three times that sum. But they walked every step of the way; and, speaking both French and Italian, they found humble lodgings with peasants, and never frequented the hotels; they lived on bread and grapes, and cheap wine, and spent on an average about a dollar a day.

OPIUM SMOKING IN CHINA.

Bayard Taylor, while in China, experimented in opium smoking, and reports his experience in the New York Tribune, as follows:—

In spite of the penalties attached to it by Chinese law, the smoking of opium is scarcely a concealed practice at present. I have seen it carried on in open shops in Shanghai, where there are large streets which are never free from the sickening smell. It had always been my intention to make a trial of the practice, in order to learn its effects by personal experience, and being now on the eve of leaving China, I applied to a gentleman residing there to put me in the way of enjoying a pipe or two. He was well acquainted with a Chinaman who is addicted to the practice, and by an agreement with him, he took me to his house. We were ushered into a long room, with a kivan or platform, about three feet high, at the further end. Several Chinamen were in the room, and one, stretched out on the platform, was preparing his pipe at a lamp. The host invited me to stretch myself opposite to him, and place my head upon one of those cane head-stools which serve the Chinese in lieu of pillows.

The opium pipe is a bamboo stick, about two feet long, having a small drum inserted near the end, with an aperture in its centre. A piece of opium, about twice the size of a pin's head, is taken up on a slender wire, and held in the flame of a lamp until it boils or bubbles up, when it is rolled into a cylindrical shape on the drum by the aid of the wire. It loses its dark color by heating, and becomes soft and pliant. Having been sufficiently rolled, it is placed over the aperture, and the wire, after being thrust through its centre, to allow the air to pass into the pipe, is withdrawn. The pipe is then held to the flame, and as the opium burns, its fumes are drawn into the lungs by a strong and long continued inspiration. In about half a minute the portion is exhausted, and the smoker is ready for a second pipe.

To my surprise, I found the taste of the drug as delicious as its smell is disagreeable. It has a sweet rich flavor, like the finest liquorice upon the palate, and the gentle stimulus it communicates to the blood in the lungs, fills the whole body with a sensation of warmth and strength.—The fumes of the opium are no more irritating to the windpipe or bronchial tubes than common air, while they seemed imbued with a richness of vitality, far beyond our diluted oxygen. I had supposed that opium was smoked entirely for the purpose of mental exhilaration, and that to the smokers, as to many, who intoxicate themselves with ardent spirits, there was no sensual gratification in the mere taste of the article. The reverse is undoubtedly the truth, and therefore doubly dangerous. Its victim becomes hopelessly involved in its fascinating illusions, and an awful death, such as I witnessed not long since, is sure sooner or later to overtake him who indulges to excess. I have a pretty strong confidence in my own power of resistance, but nothing could induce me to take the second experiment.

Beyond the feeling of wakeful vigor, and increased vitality, softened by a happy consciousness of repose, there was no effect, until after the sixth pipe. My spirits then became joyously excited, with a constant disposition to laugh; brilliant colours floated before my eyes, but in a confused and cloudy way, sometimes converging into spots like the eyes in a peacock's tail, but oftenest melting into and through each other, like the hues of a changeable silk. Had the physical excitement been greater, they would have taken form and substance, but after smoking nine pipes I desisted, through fear of subjecting myself to some unpleasant after-effect. Our Chinese host performed the part to which he was obliged to take twenty pipes, in order to elevate his mind to the pitch of perfect happiness. I went home feeling rather giddy, and became so drowsy, with slight qualms of the stomach, that I went to bed at an early hour. After a deep and refreshing sleep, I arose at sunrise, feeling stronger and brighter than I had done for weeks past.

DAMAGES AGAINST A RAILWAY COMPANY.—The orphan children of a Mr. and Mrs. MacSweeney, recovered $25,000 damages against the Irish Great Southern and Western Railroad Company, in an Assize Court lately, for the loss of their parents. The same Company have been already mulcted to the extent of about $400,000 on account of the one accident.

MONUMENT TO THOMAS HOOD.—A monument to Thomas Hood has been inaugurated at Kensal-green Cemetery. It consists of a bronze bust of the poet, elevated on a pedestal of polished red granite, the whole being about 10 feet high. In front of the bust are placed wreaths in bronze, and on a slab beneath the bust, appears that well known line of the poet's, which he desired should be used as his epitaph:

"He sang the song of the shirt."

Upon the front of the pedestal is carved this inscription:—"To the memory of Thomas Hood, born 23d May, 1798, died 3d May, 1845. Erected by public subscription, A. D. 1854." At the base of the pedestal, a lyre and comic mask in bronze are thrown together, whilst on the sides of the pedestal are bronze medallions, illustrating the poems of the "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Dream of Eugene Aram."

NOT ASHAMED OF THEIR TRADE.—Hon. W. W. Pepper, one of the Circuit Judges of Tennessee, was formerly a blacksmith; and "for the fun of it," he lately made with his own hands, an iron fire-shovel, which he presented to the governor, Hon. Andrew Johnson. In return, Governor Johnson, who was formerly a tailor, cut and made with his own hands a coat, and presented it to the Judge. The correspondence which passed between these distinguished and worthy American mechanics, is published in the Tennessee papers. Such men not only add lustre to their official positions, but set an example whie "Young America" would would do well to imitate.

"You are a hard customer!" as the man said when he run against the lamp post.

The astronomer Hind, has recently discovered another asteroid.