

THE UNAPPROACHABLE.

Some Hudsonian Opinions of Shakespeare.

The following extracts are selected from the "Lectures on Shakespeare," by Henry N. Hudson, and published by Baker & Scribner in 1848. They are characteristic utterances of the most accomplished Shakspearian that this country has produced:

Shakespeare saw too deeply into everything to feel contempt at anything.

The electric spark of wit lurks in his very tears, and even his sighs, while coming out, instinctively wreathes themselves into jokes.

Perhaps Shakespeare's greatest glory, both as a poet and as a man, is that he was no respecter of sects, or parties, or persons, but simply a teller of the truth.

Shakespeare not only knows what we all know, but feels what we all feel; and utters forth the feeling with the same fidelity that he does the knowledge.

Shakespeare's all-gifted and all-grasping mind greedily devoured and speedily digested whatever could please his taste, or enrich his intellect, or assist his art.

For innate, unconscious purity of soul we need not look for Shakespeare's parallel in literature. In this respect, as in respect of genius itself, he is like the sun in the heavens, alone and unapproachable.

From the first nature had evidently designed and fitted Shakespeare to be a sort of mediator between herself and her children; to bring her down to us and raise us up to her.

His genius was like sunlight, which, always taking the precise form and color of the object it shines upon, makes everything else visible, but remains itself unseen.

Shakespeare has sometimes delineated downright villains and sensualists, but he has never volunteered to steal the robes of heaven for them to serve the devil in without offending decency.

Shakespeare's faculties were to the words and actions of men much the same as his senses would be to their physical structure, who should perceive their whole character in their thumb nails.

His thoughts seem to have warbled themselves out in music spontaneously; the words seem to have known their places and to have arranged themselves in harmonious numbers of their own accord.

He (Shakespeare) is emphatically the eye, tongue, heart of humanity, and has given voice and utterance to whatever we are and whatever we see. On all scores, indeed, he is the finest piece of human nature has yet achieved.

In Shakespeare's hands thought truly incarnated itself in words, and words become alive with the spirit of thought; into the body of language he breathes the breath of intellectual life so that the language itself becomes a living soul.

His love of the true, the beautiful; and the good was simply too deep and genuine to be listening to its own voice, or carrying a looking glass before itself to gaze at its own image; and such is ever the case with souls that are smitten with such objects.

case gave Lincoln a high place in public estimation in that locality, a position which he never lost, and the tree is known throughout the neighborhood as Lincoln's tree."

Fashions in 1725.

We must own that some of the fashions of this season are a little strange. But, in truth, the freaks of Dame Fashion in the past were far more fantastic than those at which we are occasionally obliged to smile to-day.

If the over-dressed girls of our own time are ridiculous, what were the beaux and belles in the early part of the eighteenth century?

At that period Spain still held its head loftily among the nations of Europe. The dress of the Spanish belle was then cut high in front and very low behind, displaying her shoulders, which were touched with red paint. Her face, the tips of her ears, and even the palms of her hands, were also painted, and she was perfumed from head to foot.

Jeweled bodkins were thrust through her hair, bracelets and rings adorned her hands and arms, a broad knot of diamonds glistened at the top of her stays, and from it a chain of pearls or precious stones extended to her waist.

Pendants over a hand-breadth long, to which were sometimes added watches, jeweled padlocks, keys, or little bells, hung from her ears. If she were short, she went about upon pattens six inches high, and if she were young and gay, she wore huge spectacles perched upon her nose and attached to her overburdened ears, to give her an air of gravity.

The Spanish beau was arrayed in a manner even more elaborate and absurd. He, too, was perfumed. His hair was parted on the crown of his head, and tied behind with a blue ribbon about four fingers wide and two yards long, and he wore an immense hat.

He had a velvet vest and breeches, and a scalloped doublet of white silk with hanging sleeves. His cloak was black, and he carried it wrapped about his arm, that being considered more gallant.

In one hand he bore a light buckler with a steel spike in the middle, and in the other a sword of a kind so long that no ordinary man could draw it from the sheath, which was therefore made to fly open upon touching a spring. His shoes were of the finest leather, fancifully slashed and extremely tight, and his collar so straight and stiff that he could neither stoop nor turn his head.

Viewed beside such attire as this, the curly brimmed hats, excruciatingly tight trousers, and pointed shoes of the young dandies of to-day, we had almost said, into good taste. Moreover, the dandies of a former period were obliged to "give their whole minds" to the great business of personal decoration. At present the young fop can satisfy his elevated ideas of "good form" and "the requirements of society" by concentrating the whole powers of his mind upon his dress for a fraction only of his butterfly life.—*Youth's Companion.*

Training the Memory.

"Dr. Zukertort, why is it that many good chess-players not only cannot play blindfolded, but are unable to comprehend how another man does it?" With a little shrug, the Doctor replied: "I suppose it is a difference in the powers of memory. My memory has a peculiar training. When I was 7 years old, and before I could read or write, I was able to demonstrate such a problem as the square of the hypotenuse, or to work out a simple equation entirely from memory. My godfather was a professor of mathematics, and he had great faith in the value of training the memory. I myself believe that the memory may be trained in the same way that we can train our bodies. My memory is good in other lines than chess. Whatever I read a few times I commit to memory. I have not read Roman history since I was in the university; but I am ready to stand an examination in Roman history to-day. I believe I have forgotten none of the dates. I can play over now in my mind the games of chess that I played in the London tournament. I am the editor of the London *Chess Monthly*, and I compose nearly all my analytical articles and notes upon games of chess while traveling and with no board near me."

Insects and Flowers.

It has long been known that flowers were necessary to insects; but it is only within the last few years that it has been discovered that insects are quite as necessary to flowers. There are, however, but two or three tribes of insects whose visits are serviceable to flowers in the way of fertilization. The Lepidoptera or butterfly tribe are especially so, and the moths flying by night and visiting such flowers as are only open at that time, are furnished with a trunk or proboscis which sucks up honey, in its fluid state, and in seeking it the insect becomes covered with pollen, which it transfers from flower to flower. In this way a single insect will fertilize many flowers. Besides being attracted by the color of flowers, insects seem capable of appreciating taste and smell, just as the higher animals do. What flowers are to insects, fruits are to birds and mammals. Both are colored, scented, and sweet; but they have acquired their various allurements for the attraction of widely different creatures.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Out in Arizona.

Hon. A. W. Sheldon, Associate Justice, Supreme Bench of Arizona Territory, writes as follows: "It affords me great pleasure to say, from my personal observation, and you know the scope of such has been very extended, that St. Jacob's Oil is the great and wonderful conqueror of pain, the sovereign cure for all bodily aches and pains, and I cheerfully bear this testimony."

The wise man keeps man at all times; so does the Board of Trade man on certain occasions.

INDOLENCE and ease are the stimulus to exertion.

A SWEET thing in brio-a-brac—an Egyptian molasses-jug.

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle That Took Place in Our Midst Unknown to the Public—The Details in Full.

[Detroit Free Press.]

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge, and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan avenue in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A reporter of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject, and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain, and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to arise in the morning, and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted bad, I had a faint, sickly taste in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless of the future. I tried to shake the feeling off, and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed away until the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to blotter frequently. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: 'It is an animated something, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony.

On Saturday evening, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. My head could not endure the heat, I became irascible and most uncontrollable. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead. Eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned that it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was half hopeless, and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friend had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a medicine which I had taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the blotting began to disappear, and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Wagner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was nearly in another world."

"You have had a remarkable experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer, who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes, I think I have," was the reply, "and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptively trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, languid, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people to-day than any other complaint. If I had the power, I would warn the entire world against it, and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham Eccentric, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type, and announced in the Eccentric that he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:

"Mr. W. A. Crombie was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. My prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physician as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are devoting toward the same end are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance, and to treat them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no excuse. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.

TOO MUCH Gender.

A Philadelphia publishing house advertises a certain writer as "the popular American female authoress." Let there should still be doubt as to the sex of the person, it might not be out of place, perhaps, to add that this female authoress is a she woman.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A TUMULUS at Taplow, England, was recently opened and found to contain a body apparently buried during the Saxon period, a shield, two drinking horns, several articles of jewelry and a quantity of gold fringe which had apparently served as frilling for the corpse.

ANTEDILUVIAN is the only aunt that outlasts time and sense.

FOSIL remains longer than any other fellow.

The Wrong Side of the Meridian.

On the down-hill side of life, which an old medical writer quaintly terms "the wrong side of the meridian," when the functions decay and the frame gradually bends under the weight of years, the system requires to be sustained under the burden imposed upon it. Innumerable physical ailments and infirmities then press upon it, to which it had been in earlier life a stranger. The surest and pleasantest support and solace of declining years is found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, long recognized as the most wholesome and agreeable of diffused tonics, stimulants, the most potent of tonics and alteratives. The aged and infirm may then pluck implicit confidence in this invigorating elixir, which not only checks those maladies to which elderly persons are peculiarly subject, but in a measure retards the encroachments of time upon the constitution.

"The bark went down," said the ague patient after he had swallowed a big dose of quinine.

LEADING Physicians, Eminent Divines, every one who tries it, endorse *Samaritan Nervine*.

PATERFAMILIAS (reading doctor's bill): "Well, Doctor, I have no objection to pay you for the medicine, but I will return the visits."

DR. L. M. G. MCPHERSON, of Bloomington, Ind., writes: "Samaritan Nervine cures fits."

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A SWEET thing in brio-a-brac—an Egyptian molasses-jug.

Farmers' Folly.

Some farmers adhere, even to the full light of fact and discovery, to the old-fashioned folly of coloring butter with carrots, annatto, and inferior substances notwithstanding the splendid record made by the Improved Butter Color, prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. At scores of the best agricultural fairs it has received the highest award over all competitors.

SATURDAY always reminds one of the wooden thing shoemakers use when they make sick folks' shoes. It's the last of the week.

A Case Not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hindle, Kenosha, Ill., advises us of a remarkable case of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from quick consumption. As a last resort, the family was persuaded to try Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half-dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work."

A Clergyman's Tongue.

Rev. R. Priest says tongue cannot express the wonder of the White Wine of Tar Syrup he has done for me and my wife. I have labored in the cause fifteen years, and have never found anything that will relieve Hoarseness, and Irritation of the Throat and Lungs, like White Wine of Tar Syrup.

Carbo-lines.

Earth brings the bitterness of pain, Yet worth the crown of peace will gain; And thousands speak in accents fine The praises of our Carbo-line.

My Wife and Children.

Rev. L. A. Dunlap, of Vernon, says: My children were afflicted with a cough resulting from Measles, my wife with a cough that had prevented her from sleeping more or less for years, and your White Wine of Tar Syrup has cured them all.

Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

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THEY CURE DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION,

Act upon the Liver and Kidney, and REGULATE THE BOWELS, They cure Rheumatism, and all Urticary Troubles. They invigorate, nourish, strengthen and quiet the Nervous System.

As a Tonic they have no Equal.

Take none but Hops and Malt Bitters.

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when applied by the hand, it is a powerful, effective, and easily cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, and other diseases of the head, it relieves the membranes of the nasal passage, and all other parts of the body from internal colds, completely heals the sores, and removes the taste of taste and smell.

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

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