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Poetry.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.)

Lines to Home.

My home, my childhood home,
Thy memories have grown dim, and absence long
Is weaving out the slender thread that chains
My heart to thee. But still I see thee
"Through the long vista of departed years."
Thy outlines faint are plain, as are the mountain's height
On yon lor sky, that peers above the clouds
In grandeur awful—awful but sublime—
With snow capped crags and mighty caverns deep,
With fissures wide and foaming cataracts,
Leaping in unchained freedom o'er the rocks
And dashing down into the vale below
With noisy way, and music undefined.
The lofty pine and the majestic oak
O'erspread their sides with glowing verdure,
But in the distance we perceive them not;
Neither the voice of murmuring water hear,
Yet they exist in all the beauties of creative power:
So are the scenes of youth, our native land,
When far and long from them we roam.
The outlines of thy beauties firm are stamped,
Indelibly fixed upon our hearts and minds,
But shades defined joys felt, when we were there
Have passed away. We see them not.
The voice of that bright stream, down in the vale
Where once I roamed in boyish glee,
And on its surface sailed my tiny barque,
And watched with anxious fear and deep solicitude
Lest the fitful wind should it o'erturn,
And in the sparkling water sweep away
My darling toy, is hushed to me—
The woodcrowned hill, the well remembered spot
Of clustered grape and choicest forest nut,
Where, when autumn reigned in ample plenitude
The squirrel in its graceful mien exceelled
The I, squirrel in Fashion's gaudy halls,
And in the sylvan home, from bough to bough,
In untram'eled freedom gaily sprang,
With nought to fear, but the sportsman's gun
That with unerring aim will bring him down
And end his life as it began
In thoughtless gaiety
These scenes familiar, I no longer see,
These rural sports I now no longer hear
They are as by-gone scenes have been.
Once present, but forever past
Time rolls along, and in their place
Strange things like magic pass,
As others will, until the page
Of our short life is filled,
And we are called to pass the stream,
The rusty stream of death, the bourne
Of egress impossible but of ingress sure.

Nantucket, Mass. ERSILON.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

A Tale of Horror.

While traveling a couple of weeks since, we heard from the lips of a friend one of the most heart-rending recitals we have listened to for a long time. He was put off from a steamboat at or near Wolf Island, about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Ohio, for the purpose of collecting a debt from a man living about five miles back in the country, on the Missouri side we think. With a carpet bag in his hand, he had followed a narrow path about three miles, when he came across a small cabin Yet "cabin" would not describe the place of habitation, for such it proved to be. It was a little dilapidated shed, with no boards on one side, and great crevices on the other sides and in the roof. He would have passed it by, but moans from the inside told that it was occupied. Wishing to inquire his road, he stopped and stood before the open side of the shed, and gazed upon a spectacle, which as he said, was present before his eyes for days afterwards, and haunted him in his sleep. We describe what he saw, as he told his, only saying, that strange as the story may seem, full confidence can be placed upon his word.

There was not a bed or chair in the shed, but stretched upon the bare ground lay the body of a youngish-looking woman, who had evidently just died. Her form was almost a perfect skeleton, yet the face was that of a refined and beautiful woman. On her breast lay an infant of about 6 months old, with its mouth to the breast of its mother, and dead. And sitting up in the corner of the shed, and staring the traveler in the face with glazed eyes, was what he thought another corpse, but life was yet in it. The figure was that of a girl, apparently about ten years old. She could not rise to her feet, and yet she was not sick. She was literally dying of starvation. By the side of the woman, and clasping her hand, lay a man covered with blood, and apparently in a dying state. Add to this the filth of the room and the half naked condition of the sufferers, and we wonder not that the scene long haunted the observer. He went in. The girl could not speak, but the man cried "water" in a feeble voice, and pointed to the girl as if to attract the strangers attention to her. The traveler, Mr. J., of Cincinnati, hastened away, taking with him a tin pan, and says he never ran harder in his life than he did about half a mile to a small stream he had passed.

On his return he found the man still alive, and gave him water, which he eagerly drank. He then could speak in a whisper. He pointed to the girl and said—"she's starving." Mr. J. gave the girl some water, which appeared to revive her, and she tried to talk, but could not. With much difficulty he learned from the man that there was a house about a mile distant to which he hurried. On his arrival there he found only a negro. While getting some provisions, and hastening back with the man, the latter informed him that the cholera had broken out in the neighborhood, and the family owning him had left for the time being. He said the little girl of the shed had daily made her appearance there for provision until about three days back—that the man and woman had been sick for a long time, &c. On their return the man was dying, and lived but an hour The little girl was revived by food, and before they took her away, could talk. She said she had been sick herself, and could not walk to the house for food, and that her mother died the day previous, and the baby about the same time, and that her father had tried to kill himself when they died. It was horrid

The child was taken to the house, and the rest of the unfortunate family buried. The child afterwards stated that her name was Mary Williams, and Mr. J. thought from what he could gather, the family had formerly lived in New Albany, but in what New Albany he could not ascertain, more than as the child said, there were a great many houses, and it was evidently New Albany, N Y. The negro said the family had been there several weeks, and came directly after his master had left And there was not a family in the neighborhood, the person having also gone whom Mr. J. wished to see. The girl who was sick and exhausted, was left with the negro, who promised faithfully to attend to her. Yet there was but little hopes of her recovery. It has never been our misfortune to hear a more horrible tale of reality than this.

The Pilot's Revenge—A Sea Sketch.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was towards night on the twenty-first of September, 1834. A small English war-brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along over the heavy, monotonous swells, just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest — The day before she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy who had charge of him; and the captain of the brig, whose name was Dracutt, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in irons.—To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance, and in the heat of the moment he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him on the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and in punishment for his offence the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whip was rove at the starboard fore-yard arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small snatch block upon the deck. Until this moment not a word had escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheek, and he sprang forward and dropped on his knees before the licensed captain.

'Mercy, sir, mercy.'

'For whom?' asked the captain, with a contemptuous sneer upon his lips.

'He *dies*, boy.'

'But he is my *father*.'

'No matter if he was my own father; that man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty, must die.'

'But he was mad sir'—he was insulted, sir,' urged the boy.

'*Insulted!*' repeated the captain. 'Who insulted him.'

'*You* did sir,' repeated the boy, while his face was flushed with indignation.

'Get up, sir, and be careful that you do not get the same treatment,' said the captain, in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed—

'Ask no favors, Robert. Old Kal Kintock can die now as well as any time; let them do the worst.'

Then turning to Captain Drucatt, he changed his tone to one of deep supplication, and said—

'Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for *he* has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the better.'

'Lay hold of the whip,' shouted the captain. 'Lay hold every man of you, and stand by to run the villain out.'

In obedience to this order, the men ranged themselves along the deck, and each one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then he ran his eyes along the line of men who were to be his executioners. But not one sympathising or pitying look could he trace.—Their faces were all hard and cold, and they all appeared anxious to consummate their murderous work.

'What!' exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lip, 'is there not one even, who can pity?'

'Up with him shouted the captain'

Robert burried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard arm. He heard the passing rope and the creaking block, and he knew that he was *fatherless!*

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, and a single prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom; but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge!

Just as the old man's body slipped from the gangway into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another minute the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening roar.—Robert Kintock started at the sound, and what had caused dread to others' bosoms sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

'Oh, *revenge! revenge!*' he muttered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come so quickly as did the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful, craggy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens.

'Light, ho!' shouted a man forward, and the next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks

The wind had now reached its height, and with its giant power it set the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf-bound shore of the rocks and reefs, and every face, save one, was blanched with fear.

In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main mast storm-stay sail, and then the brig stood for a short time bravely up against the heaving sea.—But it was evident that even should she succeed in keeping the wind, she must eventually be driven ashore, for the power of the insetting waves was greater than that of the wind.

'Boy do you know what light that is?' asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep his feet.

'Yes, sir,' replied Robert, 'it is Billymore's craig.'

'What is it there for?'

'It marks the entrance to a little harbor, sir, which lies in the back of it.'

'And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?' asked the captain, while a gleam of hope shot across his face.

'O, yes, sir, a large ship can enter there.'

'And do you know the passage.'

'Yes, sir; I have spent my whole life on this coast, and I know every turn it.'

'Can you take the brig in there in this storm?'

'*Yes, sir,*' answered the boy, while a strange light shot from his eyes.

'And will you do it?' eagerly asked the captain.

'On two conditions.'

'Name them quickly.'

'The first is, that you let me go in peace, and the next, that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there.'

'I promise,' said the captain. 'And now set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George I'll shoot you on the moment!'

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard fore yard arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the ragged rocks, and the hearts of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they were swept past a frowning rock which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which their raised heads on every side.

'Port!' shouted the boy.

'Port, it is'

'Steady—so.'

'Starboard—quick!'

'Aye, aye, starboard it is.'

'Steady—so.'

'Steady it is.'

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned towards him He stood upon the extreme end of the yard, and held himself by the lift In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap, he reached the projecting rock.

"*Revenge, revenge!*" was all that the doomed men heard, and they were swept away into the boiling surge below.

"*Breakers a reef!*" screamed the man forward. "*Starboard—quick!*"

But 'twas too late! Ere the helm was half up, a low, tremendous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the roar of the elements, and the heavy masts went sweeping away to leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill fated vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men, but they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy.—The Storm King took them all for his own!

The next morning a small party of wreckers came and moved along the shore. It was strewed with fragments of the wreck and here and there were scattered along the bruised and mutilated forms of the brig's crew. Among that party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there was one he would have found. At length he stopped and stooped over one, upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes,—'Twas the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father! The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered:

"Father, you are fearfully avenged!"

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in its conception, and fearful in its consummation, had been that "PILOT'S REVENGE!"

The Orphan Boy.

"He faded, yet so calmly meek,
So gently was, so sweetly weak."

The beetle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the last strife, the hardships of an early life and a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulders, and starting up, I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said.

At once I sprung from my hammock.—Little Dick was a sort of protegé of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; and from the first hour I joined the schooner my heart yearned towards him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him and had lightened his task as much as possible.—During the late fight I owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow.—In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite forgotten to inquire whether he was hurt, though at the time I had resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

"My God!" I exclaimed: "You don't mean it? He is not dying?"

"I fear, sir," said the messenger shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying idle here!" I exclaimed with remorse. "Lead me to him"

"He is delirious, but at the intervals of lunacy he asks for you sir," and as the man spoke, we stood beside the bed of the boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his hammock as it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was so stifling that he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the vessel was in motion, while the clear, calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent up hold—eddied down the hatchway and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head reposing on the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his bosom, as white as that of a girl was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was the last half hour had somewhat lulled, tho' even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger upon the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said:

"He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this?" as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket which had lain upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer for my heart was full—here was the being to whom a few hours before I owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never sought him out after the conflict.—How bitterly my heart reproached me at that hour. They noticed my agitation, and the old friend—the seaman that held his head, said sadly:

"Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one when your log's out"—he spoke with emotion—"to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes and looked vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked in a faint voice. "Why don't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand, "don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said:

"You have been kind to me—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering I know, but it is all I have."

I burst into tears: he resumed—

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim.—God bless you Mr. Danforth."

"Can I do nothing for you Dick?" said I; "you saved my life. I would coin my blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it is possible let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place and all about it in my trunk."

"Anything, everything, my poor lad," I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead.

"It's a long way up there, but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there.—How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them.—Hark! is that music?" and lifting his finger he seemed listening for a moment. His father, and the old veteran burst into tears—the child was dead. Did he indeed hear angel's voices? God grant it.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

☞ Angry men seldom want wit.

MRS. WASHINGTON.

During the terrible winter of 1787-8, Mrs Washington was at Valley Forge. The privations to which she had to submit, may be judged from a letter she wrote to *Mrs. Warren*, in which she says:—"The General's apartment is very small: he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first."

It would be well to compare the habits taste, and occupation of this illustrious lady of the olden time, with those of the leading females of this illustrious age.—There are few characters so well worthy of admiration, and imitation, as this exemplary wife and mother. Her Saratoga, during the eventful year spoken of above, was Valley Forge; during the inclement season of winter, her drawing-room, parlor, sitting, and bed-room, one small apartment in a log hut: and this too, when she might have been enjoying comparative comfort in her own home at Mount Vernon.

But even there, although her fortune was ample, she had very few of those luxuries, for which women now-a-days waste exorbitant sums, and barter away the precious gift of health.

Mrs. Washington was an economist.—She was not above attending to the minor matters connected with household duties, and performing them too, with her own hands. Ladies, now-a-days, are so oppressed with the ennui, that they lounge in bed to while away the time, till nearly noon; never look at domestics, unless to reprimand them, and as to looking after them, that is entirely out of their line—they are too much occupied with dress, and fashionable calls, to attend to things so menial.

But Mrs. Washington seldom allowed the sun to rise before her, attired herself simply for the morning, gave directions to her servants, with reference to the disposition of their time during the day, supervised the quantity of food which was likely to be consumed, and superintended at its cooking herself.

Her life was eminently a Christian, and a useful one, while the lives of very many ladies of the present day are merely fashionable. The dress-maker is oftener consulted than the Bible, and the last new Paris plate is of more value than their own eternal interest; while the charming opera singer, or the graceful danseuse, are the only things divine in their 'philosophy.'

I question much whether Mrs. Washington would peruse the nonsensical, lackadaisical love novels, which are so rife with the poison of a sentimental morality, practiced only by heroes and heroines, of a fanciful creation—even had they been as plenty in her day as in our own. Her mind was matured by works of solid research and virtuous research. We don't believe her reading ever gave her the vapors, or called forth the tears of sympathy, while the poor and needy wept at her door in vain.

She was kind to the suffering; ministering to their necessities, almost unsolicited she attended the sick soldiers, when braving with her husband the inclemencies of many a hard winter's seige; and often gave them money out of her own private purse.

She fainted not at the touch of poverty's cold hand, nor shrank tremblingly from the ghostly faces of the wounded. She had always a kind word, and a gentle smile for her dependents, and never passed with cold scorn, and frigid pride, the poor seamstress, or the humble day laborer. The mechanic could touch his hat, and even smile, in return for her gentle salutation, and the veriest menial never feared that she would gather her robes daintily around her, as if, forsooth, there was contagion in the touch of the scant garments of the poor. Would it not be well for ladies in high life to imitate the example of one so exalted in station? so much more exalted, in all the virtues that make the perfect woman?

Men of Genius.

Chambers, in the Edinburgh Journal, says that upon examining a Biographical Dictionary containing five thousand distinguished characters, of all ages and nations, the greatest proportion were Frenchmen, next English, Scotch and German, and next Italians, Dutch and others. The reason given for being a greater number of Frenchmen is that in France genius is more patronized, no matter in what circumstances it occurs, while in England few persons of talent, if they are not rich or well dressed, have any chance of being known.

One half of these five thousand were descended from poor parents, and raised themselves from the depth of poverty by their own exertions.

The following are among those who have struggled with poverty, but have succeeded in benefitting the world.

Æsop, Terence and Epictetur, men distinguished in ancient times, were slaves at their first outset in life. Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the first classical scholars of his age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years struggled with the most distressing poverty.—D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and was brought up by a poor woman. He arrived at great celebrity, but never forgot his nurse. Mecherbe, who headed a successful revolt against the Austrian government at Naples, was a poor seller of fish. Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the machinery for cotton spinning, was a country barber, or dealer in hair. Miss Benger, the authoress of the "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and other productions of merit, was so poor in early life, that, for the sake of reading, she used to peruse the pages of books in the bookseller's windows, and returned day after day to see if another page had been turned over.

Sir Edmund Saunders, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles Second, was an errand boy. The famous Ben Johnson worked some years as a bricklayer. Kepler spent his life in poverty.—Pope Adrian VI could not in early life afford candles; he often read by the light of the street lamps. Claude of Lorraine, was the apprentice of a pastry cook. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a carver on wood, and was apprenticed to an apothecary. Dr. Isaac Milner, professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, was a weaver. Dr. White, professor of Arabic at Oxford, was a weaver in his youth. Edmund Stone, the famous Mathematician, was a gardener's boy, and taught himself to read. Buchanan, the Scotish historian, was born of poor parents and underwent many difficulties.—William Hutton, the historian, was the son of a wool comber. Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, was the son of a tinker, and himself followed the profession.

It is well known that Burns was a peasant, and followed the plow. Captain Cook, the circumnavigator, was at first a cabin boy. Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, was the son of a butcher, and had to struggle with many misfortunes. James Ferguson, the astronomer and philosopher, was the son of a poor laborer and was a shepherd. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was the son of a weaver. Gifford, the distinguished editor of the Quarterly Review, was at one time so poor that he could not buy paper, and would work algebraical questions with a blunted awl on fragments of leather.

John Harrison, who received of Parliament £20,000 for his time-keeper, to determine longitude at sea, was the son of a carpenter, and instructed himself in mechanics.

A MINISTER'S WIFE.

The duties of a minister's wife do not differ essentially from those of the wife of any other Christian. The domestic circle is the important sphere of a woman's activity; and the duties that engage her there must, on the whole, be considered the same in every private family. The time of a pastor's wife is as much needed and occupied at home as that of another wife. And no minister, who understands the condition of his permanent influence for good upon the people of his charge, will desire her to exchange her duties imposed by God for such labors as a false spirit of the age demands. The official duties of the ministry belong to the husband; he has been ordained to the work: his wife is his helpmate in this peculiar calling Hence she need not be the President of every benevolent association in the congregation, nor need she go from house to house to pay pastoral visits. To visit the sick and the afflicted, and mingle with the poor and rich families of the congregation is indeed of importance. She ought to sympathize with her husband in his studies, in his pastoral life, in his trials; manage all his domestic affairs to the best advantage; cheer and console him in his dark hours; and go hand in hand with him, so far as the position of her sex will allow, in his endeavors, by the use of all proper means, to promote the interest of Christ's kingdom. Her life should indeed be exemplary; but so should that of every Christian wife. She should be zealous in every good word; but not in those which belong to the office of the ministry.

No one will deny that her position is different from that of a layman's wife. She is indeed a city set on a hill. But none of the duties of a wife cease to be hers, because her husband is a minister of the gospel. She should be the wife of a minister; this is all: that is, her whole life and character should be adapted to the solemn vocation of her husband. In this respect only is her position peculiar; yet important in the highest sense of the term.

The husband should be a pattern of a minister, and of a pastor, not of female cultivation and refinement. His wife should be a pattern of a minister's wife, not of a female pastor, or of a female reformer.—The position of a female is as elevated and her power for good as great, as that of a man. If their proper relations, however, be destroyed, both are at the same time insulted and degraded. Let a woman be a woman, and a man be a man; but woe to the world when women become men, for then men will become women.—*Ger. Ref. Messenger.*

BEST ROOMS.

Among all the follies prevalent in the middle classes, that of sacrificing family comfort and convenience to the absurd desire of having a best room is one of the most ridiculous. Let it not be inferred that we consider good furniture, elegant curtains, and handsome carpets, as superfluous luxuries for people in plebeian state—far from it. Consistent taste and prudent display are to be as much admired in the house of a commoner as in the saloons of a nobleman; but when a room is set apart in a small domicile as the mere receptacle of company, and all in that room held sacred to frigid ceremony and ostentatious pretentions; when chairs are cased in Holland jackets, and the carpet puts on its pinafore of the same material for months together; when the apartment is literally shut up,—indicating that family comfort lies dead within it—then may the best room be condemned as worse than useless.

For our own part, we think there is something perfectly terrifying in being ushered into a stately and fine drawing-room—the polished bare shining with unnatural brightness—the five irons arranged in stiff angles, evidently not appropriated to their purpose—the table most geometrically studded with glittering unread volumes of religious, and the bottled and beturbaned sofas, looking as if they were intended for anything but sitting on. We give an involuntary shudder as we are left to gaze on costly chimney ornaments and japanned screens, while the lady of the house is most probably, making a rush to execute the metamorphose of dress and cap. We would much rather have been introduced to the common parlor, where we should have beheld some signs of vitality, and thawed ourselves into good humored cheerfulness; but then and there we might have beheld a basket of stockings and socks undergoing the process of repair, the young ones might have been lugging the chairs about, and left a tailless horse and a wheelless cart in the foreground. We might have formed suspicions that bloaters had been among the matin condiments,—and oh, most dire of all! we might have found the mistress in a somewhat rumpled morning wrapper, and a 'fright of a cap,' still we should greatly prefer the risks of breaking our neck over Noah's ark, sitting down on a heap of undarned hose, and encountering a fifth-rate head gear, to the petrifying, spirit-damping fifteen minutes we are sentenced to sit in a 'best room.'

The children, if there happen to be such humanizing things in the establishment, look on the walls with a sort of religious awe. They never 'play' in the 'best room,' they never dream of clutching at the bell-rope, they never have the most remote idea of making Lord Mayors' coaches of the embroidered footstools, and never think of playing at 'Bo-peep' behind the richly fringed damask drapery, they never dare to speculate as to whether, with a stout pin, they could pick out eyes of the queer little man on the Indian card-box; mirth and mischief are thoroughly mesmerized, and the little darlings sit or stand as tho' their life-tide had been suddenly manufactured into the 'best starch.'

And let us confess, that we experience an inconsiderable sense of misery ourselves in such a situation. It may be that a trace of gipsy blood is in our veins, or that some natural disqualification for 'gentility,' equally ignoble, marks us, but we are certainly never quite comfortable in a room that is only occupied on "grand occasions."
—*Eliza Cook.*

American Women.

The newspapers are publishing an article casting ridicule upon the charms of American women, when compared with those of Europe, and particularly venting a sneer upon their complexions. To which the Ledger replies, that such sneers are in bad taste apart from its palpable injustice, and are calculated to provoke a smile at the temerity of the writer who could thus provoke the frowns of "Yankee beauty." But American women fear no comparisons with females of other climes, however favored by clouds, or exposed to the scorching rays of a more style of beauty than those of all the globe besides; and that diversity comprises the highest order of charms, from Grecian delicacy of outline to French symetry and proportion. The truth is, and it forms a subject of admiration and remark to all travellers, that American females have no superior for beauty in any country, either for outline or expression, complexion or delicacy. And this is readily accounted for from the fact that all other countries furnish, originally, the mothers of those whose charms are the pride and boast of our country. Were their labor as well recompensed as their beauty is justly appreciated, they would have nothing to complain of. On this point we bow in shame over the confession, that female wages are every way inadequate to female industry, as a safeguard to female virtue, and sincerely may the philanthropist regret that the seamstress is not better paid and less admired. The opprobrium of the age is the "scant wages paid to female labor." However lovely, they cannot, like the fabulous cameleon, "live on air;" although the experiment seems to be making on how small an allowance of food a woman can subsist, and yet continue to sew to make fortunes for heartless men.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon was, in truth, a great result—the result of centuries; one who carried the majesty and meaning of a thousand years, within the compass of a single person; the despot of kings; the king of despots. Napoleon had his appointed day, and he lived it. He had his ordinary purpose and he fulfilled it. He had his passions, and they chastised him. None can help admiring his genius; yet, only a fool would envy his fortune. Europe was too strong for a single man, though that man was Napoleon. Europe beat him down and England chained him to a rock. His soul at last departed. It went forth at night amidst the howling of winds and crashing of thunder. He who had so often here below sought for glory at the cannon's mouth, quitted the mortal sphere with the solemn artillery of heaven booming and flashing around him. Thus too, it was that Cromwell's soul went forth; and like as the nights of their deaths were the spirits and the lives of the men. Both had arisen on the earth in storm; in storm it was fitting that each should leave it. Napoleon died, and was buried where his ashes should have staid. His prison should have been his sepulcher; and no more sublime sepulcher could he have desired; the boundless ocean his winding-sheet, and the lonely and sobbing winds his eternal requiem.—*Rev H. Giles.*

FASHIONABLE MANNERS.—

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear, the pinks of fashionable preciousness, whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who the versed in the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them.—We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture; gracefulness in every position, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is very fine; but what I want is the heart and gaiety of an-