LITERARY EXAMINER.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Memories Stirred by the Sight of Flowers from an Old Home.

Sacred to me, ye precious flowers,
Sacred ye are!
For ye have bloomed in that home of ours,
That home afar;
Where in the freshness of childhood's hours
We used to dwell;
Ye have been plucked from those leafy bowers
We loved so well;
And ye bring back the mem'ries of other times
Like the music of old-remembered chimes.

Memories ye bring of bright days departed
When, children, we,
Full of gay hope and summer-hearted,
Deemed life to be
A world, wherein no wish was thwarted.
How false the thought,
The pangs 'neath which we since have smarted
Too soon have taught;
For each year hath swept by with an autumn blast,
Bearing fallen hopes to the buried past.

Others now dwell in that cherished place;
Strange footsteps tread
The self-same paths, where, in sportive chase,
So oft we've sped;
Yet of our presence remains no trace,
No single one;
The flowers laugh on in their gleaming grace,
Though we are gone;
And no memory burdens the joyous wind
Of the thousand sighs we left behind.

They have changed and new-modeled the aspect [old
Of that loved spot;
They have made it better and fairer, I'm told—
I should love it not.
Oh, dearer to me ten thousand-fold
Its unaltered face!
And better to see it deserted and cold,
A silent place;
Where would every stone and every weed
Have a tale to tell and a cause to plead.

Where each would with touching voice recall
Some bygone sport,
Teeming with thousand memories, all
Of joyous sort;
Of some gleesome game of hoop or ball,
Some playful strife,
Now laid aside for the sterner thrall
Of earnest life;
Whilst others reap the smiles and flowers,
Which once we deemed so fondly ours

And he before whose glance of light
Pale Sorrow fled,
Whose soul was the home of all things bright,
Sleeps with the dead.
How many eyes did the welcome sight
Of his smile rejoice!
How many hearts listened with fond delight
To his kindly voice!
It is hushed, and those hearts beat as light as the wave
Of the grass that grows over his silent grave.

Ah, this is the bitter and desolate thought,
Death's chiefest woe,
To feel how soon we are deemed as nought,
When laid below;
Forgotten by those who our presence sought
With loving hearts,
When in this pageant of honors bought
We bore our parts.
We die, and the tide of life's busy scene
Rolls onward as though we had never been.

The Beloved Tune.

Fragments of a Life in small Pictures.

FROM FACT AND FICTION.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

"A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings."
LEIGH HUNT.

In a pleasant English garden, on a rustic chair of intertwisted boughs, are seated two happy human beings. Beds of violets perfume the air, and the verdant hedge-rows stand sleepily in the moonlight. A guitar lies on the green-sward, but it is silent now, for all is hushed in the deep stillness of the heart. That youthful pair are whispering their first acknowledgment of mutual love. With them is now unfolding life's best and brightest blossom, so beautiful and so transient, but leaving, as it passes into fruit, a fragrance through all the paths of memory.

And now, the garden is alone in the moonlight. The rustic bench, and the whispering foliage of the tree, tell each other no tales of those still kisses, those gentle claspings, and all the fervent language of the heart. But the young man has carried them away in his soul; and as he sits alone at his chamber window, gazing in the mild face of the moon, he feels, as all do who love and are beloved, that he is a better man, and will henceforth be a wiser and a purer one. The worlds within and without are veiled in transfigured glory, and breathe together in perfect harmony. For all these high aspirations, this deep tide of tenderness, this fulness of beauty, there is but one utterance; the yearning heart must overflow in music. Faint and uncertain come the first notes of the guitar, breathing as softly as if they responded to the mere touch of the moon-beams. But now the rich, manly voice has united with them, and a clear spiritual melody flows forth, plaintive and impassioned, the modulated breath of indwelling life and love. All the secrets of the garden, secrets that painting and poetry had no power to reveal, have passed into the song.

At first, the young musician scarcely noticed the exceeding beauty of the air he was composing. But a passage that came from the deepest of the heart, returned to the heart again, and filled it with its own sweet echoes. He lighted a lamp, and rapidly transferred the sounds to paper. Thus has he embodied the floating essence of his soul, and life's brightest inspiration cannot pass away with the moonlight and the violet fragrance that veiled its birth.

But obstacles arise in the path of love. Dora's father has an aversion to foreigners, and Alessandro is of mingled Italian and German parentage. He thinks of worldly substance as fathers are wont to do; and Alessandro is simply leader of an orchestra, and a popular composer of guitar music. There is a rich lover in question, and the poor musician is sad with hope deferred, though he leans ever trustfully on Dora's true heart. He labors diligently in his vocation, gives lessons day by day, and listens with all patience to the learner's trip-hammer measurement of time, while the soul within him yearns to pour itself forth in floods of improvised melody. He composes music industriously, too; but it is [illegible] market, and slowly and rel[illegible] fended tones take [illegible] or the Not thus [illegible] antly the of- wh[illegible] eir places per order. [illegible]ne they in that inspired song, [illegible]ere love first breathed its bright but timid joy over vanished doubts and fears. The manuscript of that melody is laid away, and seldom can the anxious lover hear its voice.

But two years of patient effort secures his prize. The loved one has come to his humble home, with her bridal wreath of jessamine and orange-buds. He sits at the same window, and the same moon shines on him; but he is no longer alone. A beautiful head leans on his breast, and a loving voice says: "Dearest Alessandro, sing me a song of thine own composing." He was at that moment thinking of that rustic seat in her father's garden, of violets breathing to the moonlight, of Dora's first, bashful confession of love; and smiling with a happy consciousness, he sought for the written voice of that blissful hour. But he will not tell her when it was composed, lest it should not say so much to her heart, as it does to his. He begins by singing other songs, which drawing-room misses love for their tinkling sweetness. Dora listens, well pleased, and sometimes says, "That is pretty, Alessandro; play it again." But now comes the voice of melting, mingling souls. That melody, so like the sunshine, and rainbows, and birds warbling after a summer shower, with rain-drops from the guitar at intervals, and all subsiding into blissful, dreamy moonlight. Dora leans forward, gazing earnestly in his face, and with beaming, tearful eyes, exclaims, "Oh, that is very beautiful! That is *my* tune." "Yes, it is indeed thy tune," replied the happy husband; and when she had heard its history, she knew why it seemed so like echoes of her own deepest heart.

Time has passed, and Alessandro sits by Dora's bedside, their eyes looking into each other through happy tears. Their love is crowned with life's deepest, purest joy, its most heavenly emotion. Their united lives have re-appeared in a new existence; and they feel that without this rich experience the human heart can never know one-half its wealth of love. Long sat the father in that happy stillness, and wist not that angels near by smiled when he touched the soft down of the infants arm, or twined its little finger over his, and looked his joyful tenderness into the mother's eyes. The tear-dew glistened on those long dark fringes, when he took up his guitar and played the beloved tune. He had spoken no word to his child. These tones were the first sound with which he welcomed her into the world.

A few months glide away, and the little Fioretta knows the tune for herself. She claps her hands and crows at the sight of the guitar, and all changing emotions show themselves in her dark melancholy eyes, and on her little tremulous lips. Play not too sadly, thou fond musician; for this little soul is a portion of thine own sensitive being, more delicately tuned. Ah, see now the grieved lip, and the eyes swimming in tears! Change, change, to gayer measure! for the little heart is swelling too big for its bosom. There now she laughs and crows again! Yet plaintive music is her choice, and especially the beloved tune. As soon as she can toddle across the room, she welcomes Papa with a shout, and runs to bring the guitar, which Mother must help her carry, lest she break it in her zeal. If father mischievously tries other tunes than her favorites, she shakes her little curly head, and trots her feet impatiently. But when he touches the first notes he ever played to her, she smiles and listens seriously, as if she heard her own being prophesied in music. As she grows older, the little lady evinces a taste right royal; for she must needs eat her supper to the accompaniment of sweet sounds. It is beautiful to see her in her night-gown, seated demurely in her small arm-chair, one little naked foot unconsciously beating time to the tune. But if the music speaks too plaintively, the big tears roll silently down, and the porringer of milk, all unheeded, pours its treasures on the floor. Then come smothering kisses from the happy father and mother, and love-claspings with her little soft arms. As the three sit thus entwined the musician says playfully, "Ah, this is the perfect chord!"

Three years pass away, and the scene is changed. There is discord now where such sweet harmony prevailed. The light of Dora's eyes is dim with weeping, and Fioretta "has caught the trick of grief, and sighs amid her playthings." Once, when she had waited long for her beloved father, she ran to meet him with the guitar and he pushed her away, saying angrily, "Go to bed; why did your mother keep you up so long?" The sensitive little being, so easily repulsed, went to her pillow in tears; and after that she no more ran to meet him with music in her hand, in her eye, and in her voice. Hushed now is the beloved tune. To the unhappy wife it seems a mockery to ask for it; and Alessandro seldom touches his guitar; he says he is obliged to play enough for his bread, without playing to his family at home. At the glee-club the bright wine has tempted him, and he is slowly burying heart and soul in the sepulchre of the body. Is there no way to save this beautiful son of genius and feeling? Dora at first pleads with him tenderly; but made nervous with anxiety and sorrow, she at last speaks words that would have seemed impossible to her, when she was so happy, seated in the rustic chair in the moonlighted garden; and then comes the sharp sorrow, which a generous heart always feels when it *has* so spoken to a cherished friend. In such moments of contrition, memory turns with fond sadness to the beloved tune. Fioretta, whose little fingers must stretch wide to reach an octave, is taught to play it on the piano, while mother sings to her accompaniment, in their lonely hours. After such seasons, a tenderer reception always greeted the wayward husband; but his eyes, dulled with dissipation, no longer perceived the delicate shadings of love in those home pictures, once so dear to him. The child is afraid of her father, and this vexes him; so a strangeness has grown up between the two playmates, and casts a shadow over all their attempts at joy. One day, Alessandro came home as twilight was passing into evening, Fioretta had eaten her supper, and sat on her mother's lap, chatting merrily; but the little clear voice hushed, as soon as her father's step was heard approaching. He entered with flushed cheek and unsteady motions, and threw himself full length on the sofa, grumbling that it was devilish dismal there. Dora answered hastily, "When a man has made his house dismal, if he don't like it, he had better stay where he finds more pleasure." The next moment she would have given worlds if she had not spoken such words. Her impulse was to go and fall on his neck, and ask forgiveness; but he kicked over little Fiorett[illegible] with such violence that th[illegible] as chair turned back, and h[illegible] kindly feeling heart. T[illegible] itself in her widowed [illegible]ere sat they silently in the twi-[illegible]ght, and Dora's tears fell on the little head that rested on her bosom. I know not what spirit guided the child; perhaps in her busy little heart she remembered how her favorite sounds used to heighten all love, and cheer all sorrow, perhaps angels came and took her by the hand. But so it was, she slipped down from her mother's lap, and scrambling up on the music stool, began to play the tune which had been taught her in private hours, and which the father had not heard for many months. Wonderfully the little creature touched the keys with her tiny fingers, and ever and anon her weak but flexible voice chimed in with a pleasant harmony; Alessandro raised his head, and looked, and listened. "God bless her dear little soul," he exclaimed, "can she play it? God bless her! God bless her!" He clasped the darling to his breast, and kissed her again and again. Then seeing the little overturned chair, once so sacred to his heart, he caught it up, kissed it vehemently, and burst into a flood of tears. Dora threw her arms around him, and said softly, "Dear Alessandro, forgive me that I spoke so unkindly." He pressed her hand and answered in a stifled voice, "Forgive *me*, Dora, God bless the little angel! Never again will father push away her little chair." As they stand weeping on each others necks, two little soft arms encircle their knees, and a small voice says, "kiss Fietta." They raise her up and fold her in long embraces. Alessandro carries her to her bed, as in times of old, and says cheerfully, "No more wine, dear Dora, no more wine. Our child has saved me."

But when discord once enters a domestic paradise, it is not easily dispelled. Alessandro occasionally feels the want of the stimulus to which he had become accustomed, and the corroding appetite sometimes makes him gloomy and petulant. Dora does not make sufficient allowance for this, and her own nature being quick and sensitive, she sometimes gives abrupt answers or betrays impatience, by hasty motions. Meanwhile Alessandro is busy with some secret work. The door of his room is often locked and Dora is half displeased that he will not tell her why; but all her questions he answers only by a kiss and a smile. And now the Christmas morning comes, and Fioretta rises bright and early to see what Santa Claus has put in her stocking. She comes running with her apron full, and gives mother a package, on which is written, "A merry Christmas, and a happy New Year to my beloved wife." She opens it and reads, "Dearest Dora, I have made thee a music-box. When I speak hastily to my loved ones I pray thee wind it up; and if I see the spark kindling in thy eyes, I will do the same. Thus dearest, let memory teach patience unto love." Dora winds up the music-box, and lo, a spirit sits within, playing the beloved tune! She puts her hand within her husband's and they look at each other with affectionate humility. But neither of them speak the resolution they form, while the voice of their early love falls on their ears, like the sounds of a fairy guitar.

Memory, thus aided does teach patience unto love. No slackened string now sends discord through the domestic tune. Fioretta is passing into maidenhood, beautiful as an opening flower. She practices on the guitar, while the dear good father sits with his arm across her chair, singing from a manuscript tune of her own composing. In his eyes this first effect of her genius cannot seem otherwise than beautiful. Ever and anon certain notes recur, and they look at each other and smile, and Dora smiles also. Fioretta could not help bringing in *that* theme, she says, "for it was sung to her in her cradle." The father replies, "But the variations are extremely pretty and tasteful; and a flush of delight goes over the expressive face of his child. The setting sun glances across the guitar, and just touches a rose in the maidens bosom. The happy mother watches the dear group earnestly, and sketches rapidly on the paper before her. And now, she too, works privately in her own room and has a secret to keep. On Fioretta's fifteenth birth-day, she sends by her hands a covered present to the father. He opens it and finds a lovely picture of himself and daughter, the rose and the guitar. The sunlight glances across them in a bright shower of fine soft rays, and touches on the manuscript, as with a golden finger, the few beloved notes, which had made them smile. As the father shrined within his divine art the memory of the first hour of mutual love, so the mother has embalmed in *her* beautiful art the first musical echo from the heart of their child.

But now the tune of life passes into a sadder mode. Dora, pale and emaciated, lies propped up with pillows, her hand clasped within Fioretta's, her head resting on her husband's shoulder.

All is still—still. Their souls are kneeling reverently before the Angel of Death. Heavy sunset guns from a neighboring fort boom through the air. The vibrations shake the music-box, and it starts up like a spirit, and plays, the cherished tune. Dora presses her daughter's hand, and she with a faint smile warbles the words they have so often sung. The dying one looks up to Alessandro, with a deep expression of unearthly tenderness. Gazing thus, with one long-drawn sigh, her affectionate soul floats away on the wings of that etherial song. The memory that taught endurance unto love leaves a luminous expression, a farewell glory, on the lifeless countenance. Attendant angels smile, and their blessing falls on the mourners' hearts, like dew from heaven. Fioretta remains to the widowed one, the graceful blossom of his lonely life, the incarnation of his beloved tune.

DES CARTES.—The philosophical system of Rene des Cartes, (born 1596) a native of France, perhaps the most original thinker that country has ever produced. Des Cartes was the contemporary of Bacon, and exercised an equally powerful influence, though in a manner widely different, on the progress of philosophy in Europe. Both equally undertook the task of demolishing the old scholastic system, and of substituting in its place a more comprehensive method and a more living spirit of philosophising. But what Bacon strove to accomplish by calling men's attention to experiment and observation of nature, Des Cartes proposed to attain by the search for a first and self-evident ground of all knowledge. This he finds in the art of consciousness, involving necessarily the idea of self or mind. (*Cogito ergo sum.*) Consciousness is the act of thought, constitutes the essence of the soul and is that which distinguishes it from [illegible]ter. The ideas or objects of c[illegible] are of three kinds,—acc[illegible] mat- and innate. Of th[illegible] sciousness God, or the [illegible]red, compounded, in[illegible] last sort is the idea of [illegible]olute Being, which, as be- [illegible] the gro[illegible]nd of all reality, is itself its own de[illegible]onstration. God, the Author of the univ[illegible]se, upholds it in its own course by his perpetual co-operation, or, in Cartesian language, assistance. All physical phenomena Des Cartes endeavored to account for by his celebrated *vortices*—motions excited by God, the source of all motion. The singular mixture of philosophical depth and extravagant hypothesis that prevails in the writings of this philosopher obtained for him, as might have been expected, a large number of warm adherents, and of equally violent opponents. Among the former may be enumerated the celebrated Pascal, Malebranche, and Spinoza. The two latter deviated indeed in many important points from the views of Des Cartes; but the main features of his philosophy are preserved alike in the religious mysticism of the one and the systematic pantheism of the other."—*Logman's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art.*

JUVENILE ASTRONOMY.—A little boy who had frequently heard the cat blamed for having broken plates and other domestic utensils, astonished his mother by exclaiming, "Eh, mother, the cat's *broken the moon!*" "Gae wa', laddie!" exclaimed the mother, smiling, "how can that be?" "I dinna ken," quoth young Le Verrier, pettishly, at finding his philosophy at fault; "but if pussy dinna break it, *what's come o' the other half o't?*"—*Scotch Paper.*

From the Cork Southern Reporter.

The War Ship of Peace.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Sweet land of song, thy harp doth hang
Upon the willows now,
While famine's blight and fever's pang
Stamp misery on thy brow;
Yet, take thy harp and raise thy voice,
Though faint and low it be,
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
In friends still left to thee.

Look out, look out, across the sea
That girds thy emerald shore,
A ship of war is bound for thee,
But with no warlike store:
Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
That wafts her o'er the sea;
She goes not forth to deal out death,
But bears new life to thee.

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
Thy voice of prouder days;
Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still
Let Erin's voice proclaim
In bardic praise on every hill,
Columbia's glorious name.

We are indebted to the Protestant Churchman for selecting this noble sonnet by Blanco White:

Night.

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Rights and Wrongs of Women.

BY MRS. PERCY SINNETT—IN THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

It is no very easy matter to discuss in an impartial spirit a question in which, as it concerns the whole human race, every one must necessarily appear, as plaintiff or defendant. A cause can hardly be fairly tried for which no unbiased judge can be found, and in which the utmost the weaker party can attempt is an appeal to the sense of justice or the compassion of the stronger; and it is not surprising that such a cause should be a long time in settling, or that, when a decision has been given, the unsuccessful suitor has been continually tempted to move for a new trial.

But is there not sometimes a mistake in the point of view in which the matter has been placed? The very phrase of the *wrongs* of women implies not merely disadvantages, under which they still labor—evils perhaps temporary and inevitable in the progress of the race; but encroachments and inflictions of wilful and deliberate injustice. Women—or, as the favorite phrase is in these cases, *woman*—has been sometimes called upon to assert boldly her claims, to resist the tyranny of her "master," and so forth; but it is to be feared that no very stout battle will ever be made with forces so disaffected, whose sympathies are often more on the enemy's side than their own.

But whatever may be the grievances that women still have to complain of, no deliberate attempt has probably ever been made to impose on women generally, any further restrictions, than seemed at the time to all parties just and lawful.

Among men of a certain order of mind, something like a feeling of petty jealousy of the claims of women may sometimes be observed; and unfortunately in individual cases, among the lower classes especially, there are instances enough of the "natural protector" becoming the unnatural oppressor—but these are merely exceptional. The "wrongs of women" have not originated in any conspiracy among men of any age, class or country, to subject them to what they knew to be injustice. The American Indian really believes that women are *by nature* better fitted to endure labor and privation; and other than American Indians have possibly believed what they have asserted—that, however deficient in pugnacious capabilities, women are *by nature* more able to endure with patience the pains of bodily disease; mistaking for a necessary truth a mere fact of experience—like certain financial speculators, who have declared five per cent. to be the *natural* interest of money.

One of the worst consequences of the floods of well-meaning nonsense that have been poured out upon the subject of the social position of women, without any attempt to bring a distinct question *"before the house,"* has been to weary people to no purpose—to lead them to regard the whole affair as a "bore"—a thing to be dismissed with a smile, and a shrug of the shoulders—and to create a doubt whether the "wrongs of women" are not, after all, purely imaginary. But is it not a notorious fact that even in those classes of society where there is no consideration of *heirs*—seeing that there is nothing to inherit—there is always more joy when "a man child is born [illegible] the world," than when the new [illegible] that sex which is, we are [illegible] comer is of in possession of an [illegible]old, nevertheless [illegible]ness. Is it n[illegible]qual chance for happi- of daugh[illegible] notorious that a large family ra[illegible]ers is looked upon as an infliction [illegible]er than a blessing? yet the testimony of most parents will go to prove that in a majority of cases the filial piety of daughters is more to be relied on than that of sons. Why, then, do most parents wish for sons? Because they say, and say truly, it is so difficult to provide for daughters. Here, then, we have a distinct "grievance" meeting woman at the very threshold of her entrance into life.

Why, we may ask, should it be so much more difficult? In a rude state of society, when most occupations partake more or less of the nature of warfare, there may appear to be some real occasion for such a difficulty, since the inequality of physical strength between the sexes seems to place the weaker at a real disadvantage. But in modern civilized life, by far the greater number of occupations and pursuits by which social existence is maintained are, custom and prejudice apart, as well adapted to one sex as the other; and the nature of many of the occupations actually exercised by women in the lower orders of society, make it evident that the principle of selection has not been that of the avoidance of physical hardship.*

One fact, however, is worthy of notice—wherever male and female labor are brought into competition, the woman has scarcely ever an equal chance of that grand desideratum—"a fair day's wages for a fair day's work." From the poor toiling creatures whom it is a pain to think of, who make shirts for twopence-half-penny a piece, up to the tutor and the governess, the same industry, can seldom or never command anything like the same remuneration.

It is, however, rather to the unnecessary limitation than to the inadequate payment of female labor that we would call attention, for the inferior payment is probably but the natural consequence of the greater competition arising from this very cause; since in literature and the fine arts, where from peculiar natural qualifications being demanded excessive competition is kept down, this inequality of payment does not exist. There is indeed another cause; it is alledged, not without truth, that in many instances female labor is of inferior quality. But why is this?

Should any one of our readers be inclined to bring forward the old plea of the natural inferiority of feminine intellect, we are not at all disposed to enter on that dispute, and will grant them any thing they please, for the question, if not in itself an idle one, is at all events foreign to our present purpose. Even if they should rule not only that women are, but that they ever must be, incapable of climbing the loftiest heights of human genius, we will not quarrel about it, but say—"Amen, so be it," until time shall perhaps one day overthrow the theory, and place this impossibility by the side of that of the impossibility of steam navigation across the Atlantic, and many other impossibilities which the meanest of us now can trample on.

But for how many of the occupations by which social existence is maintained, are these high faculties demanded? What number of the members of the learned professions, for instance, may be presumed to be in possession of these lofty qualifications? Assuming that women cannot hope to reach the first rank, may they not aspire so high as the intellectual level of a third-rate apothecary, or a fourth-rate attorney? This surely were not an absolutely hopeless ambition.

With respect to the occupation they do actually follow, it can hardly be supposed that they are naturally incapable of attaining the same degree of excellence as their masculine competitors. That their work is necesssarily inferior, we must deny; that it is not *actually* inferior, we are not prepared to assert; but the point to which we would gladly call attention, is the desirableness of enlarging the field of exertion in which women may gain an independent subsistence.

A great deal of eloquent but somewhat vague declamation of those who have advocated what they called the "Emancipation of Women," has been answered by corresponding flourishes on the loveliness of domestic life, and the happiness of "woman's" position as a wife and mother. Now setting aside for the moment the fact that a considerable and perhaps increasing class of women never become happy wives and mothers, or wives and mothers at all, and that when they do, it is often the inscrutible will of God that the stroke of death shall lay way waste their Paradise, and drive them forth to contend, feeble as they may be, with the storms of the outer world, and bear the brunt of life's battle, not only in their own defence, but in that of others still more helpless; setting these for the moment aside, and considering the question we have proposed, in the first instance, merely in its reference to the happiness of marriage, is it not notorious that the introduction of merely economical motives, unavoidable when women have few other means of subsistence, has tended sadly to the desecration of the marriage tie. The term mercenary is often too harsh, for many women who could not be tempted to marry for wealth, are every day driven to marry for a subsistence.

Not so much how they shall live, as by what means are they to live at all, is often enough the question. In the rank of life in which the sons would enter what are called the liberal professions—in which a parent would think himself guilty of most culpable neglect if he did not provide them them with the means of honorable independence, he is content for his daughters to speculate on the chances of their marrying. The miserable and humiliating practice of what is called manœuvreing for the disposal of daughters in marriage, has been often held up to deserved ridicule; but perhaps a larger comprehension, and a deeper sympathy, would see in these poor "manœuvreing mothers" themselves, victims rather than criminals.

There are yet darker shades to the [illegible]ture, which will but too readily [illegible] pic- themselves, but which we c[illegible]annot dwell suggest on—

Non ragionam di lor—ma guarda e passa—

the subject, indeed, is one which branches out into so many others, that we fear [illegible]x- ceeding our space, and must, therefor[illegible], con- tent ourselves for the present wi[illegible] having suggested it, and with moving [illegible]n inqui- ry into what appears th[illegible]or an grievance which wome[illegible] one substantial of in England at t[illegible] have to complain the limited num[illegible]e present day, namely inadequacy [illegible]ber of the occupations, the mainte[illegible] of the means of independent tal [illegible]ance open to them. There is a fa- [illegible] prejudice, too, existing often in their o[illegible]wn minds, as well as those of others, that the necessity of exerting themselves for their subsistence is, if not a degradation, at all events a misfortune; but this, after all, if closely examined, may be found to arise in a great measure from the fact that their occupations are not often very lucrative, and to depend on the more general truth, that, as Sidney Smith said, "poverty is infamous." We shall probably return to the subject, but in the mean time we would entreat our readers not to be too hasty to dismiss it with a jest or a sneer.

The evil we have alluded to is a deeply felt and wide-spreading one; and whether it be necessary and unavoidable, or susceptible of a remedy, it is a question well worth asking.

*M'Adam, it is said, gave as one advantage of his roads, that they would give employment to women and children in breaking stones; and in country towns they have often been employed as bricklayer's laborers.

EDUCATION.—It is objected of many of our "finishing schools" that their *finishing* is totally irrespective of any *beginning*. Young ladies revel in the ologies before they can write a decent letter, and learn the polka before they can spell poker. How many dainty crow-quill notes are dated "Tuesday," and if any sad occurrence is to be communicated, call it "melancholly news." But people have very different views of education. The other day, in a steamboat, we heard a lady, who was coaxing a refractory varlet, whisper, "If you'll be a good boy, you shall *kill a chicken* when we get home."—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

Chivalry is to modern what the heroic was to ancient times: all the noble recollections of the nations of Europe are attached to it. At all great periods of history, men have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment, as a universal principle of action. Chivalry consisted in the defence of the weak; in the loyalty of valor; in the contempt of deceit; in that Christian charity which endeavored to introduce humanity even into war; in short, in all those sentiments which substitute the reverence of honor for the ferocious spirit of arms.—*Madame de Stael.*

Mind and Matter.—By E. G. Millingen, M. D. N. Y.

HEREDITARY SUICIDE.

"Dr. Gall relates the case of a Mr. Gauthier, owner of several warehouses in Paris, and who left to his seven children a property of two millions of francs. They all resided in Paris and its environs, where they lived upon their property, which some of them had considerable increased by fortunate speculation. Not one of them was visited by any material disaster, and all enjoyed perfect health. They were all highly esteemed by their friends and neighbors; yet all of them labored under an inclination to commit suicide, to which they yielded in the course of thirty or forty years; some hanged, some drowned, and others shot themselves. The last but one invited on a Sunday a party of sixteen persons to dine with him. When dinner was served, the host was suddenly missing, and having been searched for everywhere in vain, was at last discovered hanging in a barn. The last of the seven, who was the owner of a house in the Rue de Richelieu, having raised it by two stories, conceived that the expense had ruined him; three times he attempted to destroy himself, but was prevented; however, he at last succeeded in blowing out his brains, and his fortune was said to amount to 300,000 francs."

ANTIPATHIES.

"Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Valtain gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, of forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, without being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting and a loss of the intellectual facilities, which symptoms continued for four-and-twenty hours. Montaigne remarks on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach: other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records a case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakspeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bag-pipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d'Epernon swooned on beholding a leveret, although the hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III. of France, at that of a cat; and Marshal d'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known."

MORAL AND PHYSICAL COURAGE.

"Lieutenant W—— was at the storming of *Morne Fortunee*, in the West Indies; his behavior on that occasion excited general admiration. He was the first to ascend the breach, and plant the king's color on the captured redoubt. His gallantry was recorded in the orderly book, and he was recommended for immediate promotion. Strange to say, the following morning he waited on his commanding officer, then Lieut. Colonel V—d—r, and requested leave of absence to return to Ireland, his native country, and to resign his commission in favor of a younger brother, who was desirous of entering the service. The colonel, surprised at this extraordinary [illegible] quest on the part of the young offic[illegible] re- such bright prospects before him [illegible] with rally asked him what motiv[illegible] very natu- to make so singular a [illegible] induced him young man frankly [illegible]oposal; when the troops were m[illegible] told him, that when the and the e[illegible]oving forward for the attack, he fe[illegible]emy's fire had opened upon them, [illegible]t a strong—almost an insurmountable —disposition to fall out, and he believed that nothing but the rapidity of the advance, and the shouts of the men, prevented him from disgracing himself; but after a short time, he added, his brain was on fire, he knew not what he did, nor where he was, and he found himself on the summit of the breach with the colors in his hand, he knew not how; but he added, not without some hesitation, that he felt that the profession of arms was not his vocation, and fearing that at some future period he might not have sufficient moral courage to overcome his fear, he was desirous to leave the service with honor while it was still in his power."

HEREDITARY LIKENESS.

"Dr. Gregory used to relate to his pupils, that having once been called to a distant part of Scotland to visit a rich nobleman, he discovered in the configuration of his nose, an exact resemblance to that of the grand chancellor of Scotland in the reign of Charles I., recognizable in his portraits. On taking a walk through the village after dinner, the doctor recognized the same nose in several individuals among the common people; and the steward who accompanied him informed him that all the persons he had seen were descended from the natural children of the grand chancellor."

NAZARINE WOMEN.—Miss Plumely, in her journal of travels in Palestine, gives this description of the women in the city of Nazareth. There had been a wedding on the afternoon of her arrival; and in the evening the bride, with a bundle of clothes on her head, was escorted by a troop of girls with music, round the town to the house of her husband, where they remained clapping their hands, and with the aid of a few drums, making a great noise until a late hour.

The Syrian Greek women are, beyond comparison, the loveliest in the world; we saw many of those of Nazareth, who came down with their pitchers to the fountain Nahor for water, in whom were visibly united all that painters may endeavor to picture—all that poets dream. Their features combine the perfect proportion of the Greek model, with the character and expression of the daughters of Israel; their figures, the united delicacy and voluptuousness of form, which the finest statue possesses. The costume of those we saw this evening was well suited to their wearers. Their long hair, which was in many instances ornamented with great numbers of gold sequins, and some pearls; in others, flowers of brilliant hues replaced the "pearl and gold," but all wore the full blue trowsers, drawn tight at the ancle, (which not unfrequently was encircled with silver bracelets,) the petticoat reaching only to the knees, and the under vest open at the breast. It is neither bodice, tunic, or jacket, but something between each.

FISHES TAMED BY A CHILD.—[illegible] quarter of the town of Hingham know[illegible] Rockynook, there is a pond, where a litt[illegible] girl, not six years old, who resides near the bank, has tamed the fishes to a remarkable degree. She began by throwing crumbs into the water. Gradually the fishes learnt to distinguish her footsteps and darted to the edge whenever she approached; and now they will actually feed out of her hand and allow her to touch their scaly sides. A venerable turtle is among her regular pensioners. The control of Van Amburg over his wild beasts is not more surprising than that which this little girl has attained over her finny playmates. Visiters have been attracted from a distance of several miles to witness the spectacle she exhibits. The fishes will have nothing to do with any one but their tried friend. They will trust no one else; let him come with provender ever so tempting. Even fishes are not so cold-blooded but they will recognize the law of kindness, and yield to its all-embracing power.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE WITCHERY OF THE VOICE.—[illegible] voice which, though somewhat low, [illegible] that organ that at once arrests attenti[illegible] voice that comes alike from the brai[illegible] from the heart, and seems made to [illegible] both profound thought and deep e[illegible] There is no index of character so [illegible] the voice. There are tones, tones [illegible] and gushing, which impart a qui[illegible] pathetic sensibility; there are other[illegible] deep and yet calm, seem the just int[illegible]ters of a serene and exalted intellect. [illegible] the rarest and most precious of all voices [illegible] that which combines passion and repose; and those rich and restrained tones, exercise, perhaps, on the human frame, a stronger spell than even the facination of the eye, or that bewitching influence of the hand, which is the privilege of the higher races of Asia.

THE HUMAN HEART.—The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock—the mistletoe flourish on the withered branch—the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin—the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amidst the mutations of the dying year—and, heaven be praised!—something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul will in the coldest and darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart!

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman in Covent garden market, when the woman looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's pleasing to ye, I'd thank you to keep your cheek away from that rose: ye'll put the inky out of consait with the color of her flowers."

AGRICULTURAL.

HOW TO MAKE APPLE-BUTTER.—In the December number (1846) of the Agriculturalist, you express a wish to know how the best apple-butter can be made, and as I consider myself as *fait* at that business, I have great pleasure in sending such directions as I believe to be the *best*.

The large copper-kettle three-quarters full of *new sweet cider*, made from *sound* apples, is set over the fire *before* five o'clock in the morning. I let it boil two hours, and then put in as many apples, which were peeled, cored, and cut up the night before, as will fill the kettle, and at the same time, I throw in about two quarts of nicely cleaned peach-stones, which by sinking to the bottom, and being moved about incess[illegible] by the *stirrer*, prevent the fruit from settl[illegible] burning, which would spoil the whole. [illegible] care in selecting the apples to se[illegible] are a large proportion of *sour* ones; for, [illegible] the cider is sweet, unless this precaution be [illegible] will have a vapid taste that n[illegible] taken, the sauce and all the apples must be [illegible] thing can remove, easily to a jelly. On the [illegible] kinds that will boil I place numerous pans [illegible] earth, around the fire, cider, simmering and [illegible] and pots of apples and stewing, which I empty into the kettle as fa[illegible] in succession as the contents boil away s[illegible]ough to make room for them, but after twelve o'clock I never allow any more to be added to the mass. The boiling must be continued s[illegible]adily until the whole is reduced to a smooth [illegible] thick marmalade, of a dark rich brown color, and no cider separates when a small portion is cooled for trial.

From the moment the first apples are put into the boiling cider, the whole must be stirred without a moment's intermission, otherwise it will settle and burn; but the handle of the stirrer must be passed from hand to hand as often as fatigue or inclination makes a change desirable.

My kettle holds half a barrel of cider, which, with the first apples in it, begins to boil about nine o'clock in the morning, and the whole is done enough by eight o'clock in the evening, when a sufficient quantity of powdered allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, may be added to season it to your taste. The apple-butter must be dipped out as soon as possible when it stops boiling; for, if it cools in the copper or brass, it is in danger of becoming poisonous, as may be detected even by the unpleasant taste imparted by the action of the acid upon the copper. I prefer sweet stone, or earthen-ware pots to keep it in, but where the quantity made is very large, a barrel may be employed.

HOW TO MAKE PICKLES.—In the preparation of pickles, it is highly necessary to avoid employing metallic vessels; as both vinegar and salt corrode brass, copper, lead, &c., and become poisonous. When it is necessary to heat or boil vinegar, it should be done by placing it in a stone-ware jar in a vessel of hot water or on a stove. Glazed earthen or potter's ware should be avoided either for making or keeping the pickles in, as it is dangerous to health on account of its being glazed with lead,