

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Despise woman? No! She is the most admirable handiwork of God, in her true place and character. Her place is at man's side. Her office, that of sympathizer; the unreserved, unquestioning believer; the recognition, withheld in every other manner, but given, in pity, through woman's heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself; the echo of God's own voice pronouncing, "It is well done!" All the separate action of woman is, and ever has been, and always shall be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her own best and holiest qualities, void of every good effect, and productive of intolerable mischiefs! Man is a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—and, thank heaven, an almost impossible and hitherto imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged principle! As true as I had once a mother whom I loved, were there any possible prospect of woman's taking the social stand which some of them—poor miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman's peculiar happiness, or because nature made them neither man nor woman! if there were a chance of their attaining the end which these petticoated monstrosities have in view, I would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds! But it will not be needful. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it.

**A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.**—There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courage, than when a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares; when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trusting friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps; from summer festivals in bower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood and maidenhood; looks out into the dark and unilluminated future, away from all that;—and yet unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—WITH THEE!"

by the bailiff fifty golden francs, besides being imprisoned, for not having completed the cures of some persons, whose recovery he had undertaken. And the beautiful Austrigilda, consort to Gontran, king of Burgundy, had, in the sixth century, been permitted by her husband, in compliance with her dying request, to have her two physicians slain, and buried with her;—whether from attachment to them, or by way of punishment for their ill success in her case, it is not said.

**I. H. S.**—These letters are seen in the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer books of this sects. They are abbreviations of the Latin phrase, "Jesus Hominum Salvator," which signifies, "Jesus the Saviour of men." Some may ask why the letter I is used instead of J? Because formerly there was no letter J in the Roman alphabet; then I was used where J now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name of John spelled Iohn.

**A RECIPE.**—When you are low-spirited, and feel like looking at Nature through a smoked glass, don't seek relief by flying to the bottle, but take a stroll in the country. An hour spent with birds and mullen stalks will do more towards getting up a reaction in your system than all the warm drinks that were ever invented. Ennui has as much dread of meadows and sunshine, as a banker's wife has of a Court of Bankruptcy and an auction flag.

**A COSTLY MAN.**—Bonaparte, by his wars was the means, as is estimated, of destroying a million of lives. Probably his wars cost a billion of dollars. Keeping him a prisoner on the island of St. Helena, cost the British government a million of pounds sterling. He died and was buried, and in 1840 his remains were taken to France, at a cost of \$1,000,000.

**DOMESTIC PEACE.**—The less of physical force or menacing language we use—the less, to take an expressive word, we scold our children, the more order and quiet we shall commonly secure. I have seen a family where a single word or look even, would allay a rising storm. The gentle but firm method is the very best security for domestic peace.—*Rev. A. B. Muzzy.*

**A** genius down east has invented a spy-glass of wonderful power. He said he looked through it at a third cousin, and it brought him relatively nearer than any of his brothers.