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For the Easton Gazette.

AN APPEAL.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Pause, worldling pause, have ye no soul?
Stop in your wild and fleet career,
Ere seas of anguish o'er thee roll,
And sorrows shroud thy heart with fear.
Pause, heed those inner promptings given,
List to that still small voice within,
Repose grim death, thy heart is riv'n,
Cutting thee down deep-dyed in sin.

Retrace thy steps, retrieve thy name
Before thy form lies 'neath the sod,
Leaving behind a blighted fame,
While upward flies thy soul to God;
To hear that sentence doubly dire
Pronounced in awful solemn tone,
Depart ye into endless fire,
For thou shalt reap as thou hast sewn.

Thy talents give to nobler cause
Than cringing low at Mammon's shrine,
Irreverent slighting God's just laws—
Bid them in brighter circles shine.
Exert thy wealth, thy strength, thy fame
To ease the lowly suff'ring one,
No blight shall then rest on thy name,
But praise for DUTY nobly done.

ST MICHAELS, March 1st, 1858.

[From the London Magazine of June, 1828.]

THE GERMAN GIBBET.

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.
RICHARD III.

It was evening, towards the latter end of autumn, when the warmth of the mid-day sun reminds us of the summer just gone, and the coolness of the evening plainly assures us that winter is fast approaching, that I was proceeding homeward on horseback, fortified by a strong great-coat against the weather without and a glass of *eau-de vie* that I might feel equally secure within.—My road lay for some time along an extensive plain, at the extremity of which there rose a small and thickly overspreading wood, which the road skirted for some distance, and on a slight eminence, at an angle where the rays of the setting sun threw their gleam across the path, were suspended the remains of a malefactor in chains. They had been hanging there at least ten years; the whole of the flesh was consumed, and here and there, where the coarse dark cloth in which the figure had been wrapped had been decayed, the bones, bleached by the weather, protruded.

I confess I am rather superstitious, and certainly did push on, in order that, if possible, I might pass the place before the sun should have set; to accomplish which I put my horse upon a fast trot, which I afterwards increased to a hard gallop. The sun, however, had set, and the twilight was fast changing into darkness as I rode up.—I could not keep my eyes off the spot, for the figure swung slowly backwards and forwards, accompanied by the low harsh creaking of the irons, as it moved to the breeze.

What with exertion, and I may add fear, or something very like it, the perspiration fell in large drops from my forehead and nearly blinded me, so that I could not refrain from imagining that the white, bony arm (hand it had none) of the figure, relieved against the dark wood behind, was beckoning to me, as it waved in the wind.—On passing it I put my horse to full speed, and did not once check his pace, or look around, until I had left the German gibbet (for so it was called) a good mile behind.

It was now a fine, clear, moonlight night, and I had not gone far when I heard the sound of horses' feet at a little distance behind, and about the same time began to feel myself unusually cold. I buttoned up my coat, but that did not make much difference; I took a large comforter from my pocket, and put it round my neck. I felt still colder, and urging my horse forward, I hoped that exercise would warm me; but no, I was still cold. However fast I galloped, I still heard the sound of horses' feet behind, apparently just the same distance, and though I looked around several times, I could not see a living soul! The sound got faster and faster, nearer and nearer, till at last a small gray pony trotted up, on which sat a tall, thin, melanchly looking man, with a long pointed nose, and dull, heavy eyelids, which hung so low that at first he appeared to be asleep. His countenance, which was extremely pale and cadaverous, was overshadowed by a quantity of long, thin white hair, which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed in a thin white jacket, which he wore open, white fustian trowsers, a white hat, his shirt collar open, and no cravat round his neck.

We rode for some time side by side, the stranger never once turning round or lifting up his eyes to look at me. I could not help regarding him intently, until my eyes ached with the cold. I was obliged every now and then to let go the reins to blow my fingers, which I thought would drop off, and, on touching my horse, I found he was as cold as myself. Yet the stranger looked not the least affected by it, for his cloak remained strapped to the saddle behind him, and, indeed, his jacket was flying open, and his shirt was unbuttoned as before!

This looked very strange. There was something mysterious about him, so I resolved to be quit of him as soon as possible; but the faster I rode the faster rode he, and though my horse appeared as powerful again as the one on which he was riding, yet I found that when it came to the push, his pony could have passed me easily. But that was not his intention; for when I slackened my pace, he slackened, and on my pulling up, he pulled up also. Still he never looked at me, and there we remained, side by side, and I nearly frozen to death with the cold.

Everything around us was perfectly quiet, and I felt this silence becoming quite appalling. At length I exclaimed, "Sir, you seem determined we sall not part company, however it may be the wish of one of us." The stranger, after making a slight inclination of his head, expressed in the most gentlemanly manner, his sorrow that it should be thought that he had intruded himself upon me, and his inmost desire that we might proceed together, (seeing that our course was the same,) on better terms.—This was said with so much politeness that I really could not refuse, being moreover, convinced that if I had, it was totally out of my power to enforce my refusal; so we trotted on together.

The stranger immediately began to talk most fluently, but continually shifted the subject; and at length coming to a full stop, he suddenly asked me what was my opinion of all this? I who had been dreadfully afflicted by the cold, so as to have been disabled from giving attention, felt quite at a loss what to say.—At length as well as I was able, (for my teeth chattered so much I could scarcely speak plain,) I stammered out "whether he did not think it very cold?" Immediately his dull eyes lighted up, and I shall never forget their fiery and unnatural light as, turning suddenly round, he stared me full in the face, saying in the most joyous, mild and melodious tone of voice, "Perhaps you will accept of my cloak?" and adding, with peculiar emphasis, "he was sure I should be warm enough then," instantly began to unstrap it from behind him. In vain I declared I could not think of accepting it, especially as he was more thinly clad than myself. He began to inform me, with the same peculiar expression, that "*he never felt cold*"—and that he would be most happy if I would do him the honor to put it on. I kept refusing, and he persisting, till at last he became so importunate that I rudely pushed it from me, saying that "I would not accept of it."—Oh! if you could have seen the change in his manner and appearance. Instead of the mild, placid look which he had hitherto worn, his face was contracted by the strongest feelings of rage and disappointment; his eyes flashed fire from under his heavey knit brows; his mouth was curled with a kind of sardonic grin; and hastily adjusting the cloak about him, he said, with the most sinister expression, "Perhaps I would do him the honor *another* time!" Then dashing the spurs into his beast, he was out of sight in a moment.

I felt much relieved by his departure.—He was no sooner gone than I got by degrees warmer and warmer; my very horse appeared to feel a difference, for he pranced and neighed as if freed from some restraint, and in a very little time was as warm as myself.

I began to think there was something—there was really something—horribly unnatural about the stranger. His hollow voice, pale complexion and heavy eye—above all, the strange coldness that came over me! I felt rejoiced that I was thus rid him, and that I had not accepted of his offer of the cloak (as then, in all probability, we should not have parted so soon;) and now so little did I need it, that I was compelled to unbutton my coat and take my thick lamb's wool comforter from my neck.

Who could the stranger be?

I remembered to have heard that the German who was hung in chains, and whose gibbet I had passed, had suffered the sentence of the law for having burnt a house and murdered, in the most cruel and shocking manner, a person whom he had strangled with his cloak. Now it was also currently reported, (but only believed by the idle and superstitious,) that this man did not then die—for it was said that the devil, to whom after his condemnation he had sold himself, had, while he was suspended, in some way or other supported him: and had afterwards fed him on the gibbet in the form of a raven, until the fastenings decayed, so that he could release himself, when he substituted the body of a person whom he murdered for the purpose!

There were many persons now alive who had sworn to having seen the raven there morning, noon, and to have heard its croaking even at midnight. Many accounted for this by saying it came there to feed on the body; but one of the villagers, who was known to be a stout fellow, having occasion to go by the gibbet one twilight, declared that he heard a man talking with the raven, but in a language he could not understand; that at first he supposed he was deceived by his own fancy, or the creaking of the iron fastenings; but on approaching nearer, he distinctly saw the eyes of the man looking intently at him; and he verily believed, had he stopped, he would have spoken to him, but that he was so alarmed he took to his heels and never once looked behind or stopped to take breath until he reached the end of the plain, a distance of above five miles. And it was further said, the German, when released from the gibbet, was obliged, in fulfilment of his vow, to do the devil's will on earth—that he was most dreadfully pale, owing to the blood never having flowed into his face since his strangulation, for the devil, it is said, had only just kept his word; that the German, as he was called, had since often been seen riding up and down the road, and that he entered very freely into conversation, and endeavored so entrap the unwary to put them in the power of his master.

Could it be possible that this was the German? Tut! an idle thought, and yet I remembered there was something foreign in his accents—then the paleness of his face—the strange circumstances that accompanied his presence—the pressing and extraordinary manner in which he offered his cloak, which might have been some device to get me within his power—the extreme cold with which I was affected—the curious beckoning, too, of the figure on the gibbet; each circumstance came forcibly before me; and were he the German or not, I more than ever rejoiced that I had thus easily got rid of him.

I now rode briskly on to a small inn, that was situated about half way between the commencement and end of my journey, and arrived there about half past eight o'clock. On alighting, the host, a fat, jolly fellow, with a perpetual smile on his face, came out and welcomed me. "Show me into a private room," said I, "and bring me some refreshment." The landlord replied he was very sorry his only room was at present occupied by a gentleman who had been there about ten minutes, but he was sure he would have no objection to my company. He departed to obtain his permission, and returned with the gentleman's compliments that he would be most happy in my campany; so I followed mine host into the room; but what was my confusion when, on opening the door, I discovered seated the mysterious stranger whose presence had before caused me such annoyance! A sort of chillness instantly came over me, and I would have retired, when the stranger got up, and bowing politely, said "he was exceedingly happy to accede to my request of allowing me to occupy the same room," and at the same time handed me a chair.

It was impossible for me to refuse; so thanking him for his offer, I seated myself, and, as I before said, being rather chilly, asked him if he had any objection to a fire? I immediately perceived a strong alteration in his features, but it was only momentary; he instantly recovered himself and said "that for his part, his cloak, (pointing to one on the back of his chair,) was quite enough for him, however cold the weather might be," and added that "if I would but put it on for a moment, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*." I had a sort of instinctive dream of this cloak, and I determined not to put it on: so starting up, I rang the bell, and at the landlord's entering, asked his permission to have a fire. The stranger bowed his head, and fixing his eyes on the wall, remained quite silent. The landlord, I observed, rubbed his hands as he went out, saying this was one of the coldests nights he had felt this year.

While they were about preparing to light fire, the stranger sat quite silent; for my part, I got colder and colder; a sort of melancholy chillness seemed to pervade the place; the large clock that was in the room had stopped; from some cause or other, about ten minutes before I arrived, and on the maid's coming in, though before a merry, cheerful looking damsel, she presently became as melancholy and as grave as either of us, especially as, after numerous attempts, she was obliged to confess her inability to light the fire. It was now very cold, so the landlady came, and did her best endeavors to light a fire, but in vain: afterwards the landlord, boots, hostler, and the cook, who, never having been out of a perspiration for the last ten years of her life, was nearly killed by the sudden effect of cold she experienced, on coming into the room; last of all, I myself tried, but unsuccessfully. They all looked surprised, and the landlord observed it was very strange—it was not so cold, he was sure, anywhere else. The stranger all this time remained as quiet as before.

I now desired the landlord to bring in tea, hoping by that means to warm myself. When the tea things were brought in, the stranger drew a chair for himself to the table, and requested I would make tea. I desired the maid to pour some water into the teapot from a kettle which she held in her hand, apparently just from the fire; however, on pouring in some water, no steam arose; so far from it, the water appeared to be scarcely warm. I questioned her what she meant by it, and how she expected I could make tea with cold water? She declared that it boiled when it left the kitchen fire, and she did not know how it could get cold since. I then told her to take the teapot and fill it from the large kettle, which she assured me was boiling on the kitchen fire. She returned, and on my tilting it to pour out the tea, it ran gently for a few moments, and then congealed into a long icicle! The maid looked first at me and then at the stranger, and then went quickly out of the room.

I remained some time intently gazing on the stranger, who sat with his sad heavy eyes still intently fixed on the wall. I can scarcely describe what I felt; I shook so dreadfully, both with fear and cold, that I could hardly keep my seat—my teeth shattered—my knees shook—in short, I began to fear that if I stand any longer I should be frozen to death. At length he noticed my confusion, and, starting up, he again said, "perhaps I would accept of his cloak."—Now I was really dying with cold, and the cloak looked so warm and so tempting, that I could not help eyeing it wistfully; this the stranger perceived, and, opening it, showed the lining, which was of the finest lamb's wool, looking infinitely warmer as well as softer and more comfortable than anything I had ever seen. He then, in the most obliging manner, requested that I would put it on, adding, in his own expressive way, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*. I felt myself wavering; but summoning up my resolution, I determined I would not yield; so quitting him abruptly, I ordered my horse, and, being resolved, once and forever, to rid myself of this odious stranger, I mounted as quickly as possible, and putting spurs to his side, for I heard the stranger calling loudly for his horse, I galloped the whole of the way home, and I can safely swear that nothing whatever passed me on the road.

Now, said I, at any rate I have distanced him, and knocking at the door, it was quickly opened by my wife, who had been anxiously expecting me. After our usual salutation, she informed me I should meet an old friend up stairs, who had been waiting my arrival. "With an old friend, a good bottle of wine and a warm fire," said I, "I can forget everything," and hastening up stairs—it would be impossible to describe my confusion—before me was seated the identical stranger, with the mysterious cloak hanging over the chair on which he sat! He rose as I entered. Rage prevented me from uttering a word. He bowed politely, saying "that he hoped he was not an intruder; but after our having passed some hours together on our journey, he thought he might make bold to beg a night's lodging, having found himself benighted, close to my house." I was so thunderstruck that I could not say a word in answer. My wife now entered the room and complained of the cold. She said the fire had gone out soon after my friend arrived, "and what is very strange," added she, "we were unable to light it again. I have been to order a bed to be made for your friend—and I have ordered the sheets to be aired, as the night is rather cold."

"Oh!" said the stranger, "you need not mind that; I *always sleep warm enough!*" and pointing to his cloak, he gave a most expressive but sarcastic smile. This was almost too much; yet what could I do? I had no excuse to turn him out. Suppose it should be the Germen. Tush! nonsense!—but however I tried to rid myself of this thought, I never could succeed in entirely banishing it; such stronghold has the idea of supernatural interference on a superstitious mind. I resolved, however, in mere contradiction to my opinions; to put up with his company once; and, endeavoring to appear as unconcerned as possible, I made suitable acknowledgements in the best way I could.

After a painful silence, which was only disturbed by the chattering of our teeth, supper was announced and hastily despatched, for everything was cold. Silence again ensued, till at length I caught up a candle, for I could bear it no longer, and asked the stranger if I should show him his room; he continued, and, bowing to my wife, took his cloak and followed me.

When we came into his room I observed the water was frozen in the ewer. "I will order the servant," said I, "to bring you some warm water in the morning to shave with." He replied that "he would rather I would not give myself so much trouble on his account, for that he could lather his face with snow!" He then asked me if I slept warm? "I am afraid," said I, "I shall not do so to night" He placed his cloak in my hand, saying, with a chuckle, "I had only to throw it over me and my wife, and he was sure we should be *warm enough then*. I threw down the cloak and rushed out of the room.

I joined my wife down stairs, who, on my upbraiding her with the folly of inviting a perfect stranger to sleep in the house, told me that he had introduced himself as an old friend of mine, who wished to see me on particular business. I then hinted my suspicions concerning him, and that I thought it was through him we were thus grievously tormented by the cold.

I went to bed—but not to sleep—not all the blankets in the world could ever have made me warm. I hesitated whether I should not go and turn the stranger out thus late as it was—but I might be mistaken after all—he was very gentlemanly, and behaved throughout with the greatest propriety, so that I could have no excuse for so doing. And though there were many strange circumstances attending his presence, still they might be accidental, so he resolved, at last, to wait patiently for the morning, though I felt as if I was exposed to the air on a cold winter's night; but I was doomed again to be disturbed. I had locked my room door, (my constant custom upon going to bed) when, about one o'clock, as I was lying wide awake, the stranger—the German—the fiend! for I believe he was all three—entered my room!—how I know not—I heard no noise. A horrid trembling immediately came over me—my knees knocked together—my teeth chattered—my hair stood on end—I could scarcely draw my breath. What could be his purpose? to murder me? No—no—I see it all—the cloak, the mysterious cloak, the source of all my fears and apprehensions—he thinks by that to gain his purpose, and fancying I am asleep, he comes, no doubt, to cast that upon me, and thus give the fiend, his master, in some way or other a power over me!

He approached the bed—my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and fear, an all-absorbing fear, had nearly choked me. He opened the cloak—another moment—and then—but rage, fear, despair, gave me strength. I started up. "Villain," said I, "I will not tamely bear it," and grappling with him, I threw the cloak from me. I now cared not what I said or did. "Hence," roared I, "and seek the fiend you serve!" And accidentally, in the scuffle, I caught hold of his long pointed nose; he shrieked aloud with rage and pain. "My G—, Mr. T.," said my wife, "what are you about?" I received a heavy fall. Immediately the whole was gone. I assisted my wife into bed; for it seems I had lain half the night with the clothes completely off me, which, as often as she endeavored to replace, I had resisted; and on her persisting, I had actually seized her by the nose, and we both tumbled out of bed together.

BEGINNING AT HOME.

There is nothing of more importance to America than her private homes. These are the broad foundation upon which all that is noblest and best in her institutions is built. Here lies the germ of all that is great in statesmanship, literature, science, commerce and reforms. What ever a man is in after life, dates back directly or indirectly to the conditions or influances of his childhood. The harmonious and virtuous parentage, or the inheritance of perverted passions; early impressions; the lessons of self-reliance; unwise parental indulgences; idleness, love, hatred, habits of industry, the picture book, the newspaper; all these are the streams, of greater or less magnitude, which pour their waters into the river of the future man. Pure or impure, of such as these life is made up.

Every act of tenderness, every act of meanness or injustice, every word, whether gentle or unkind, low or loud, soft or sharp, which the parent indulges in the presence of the child leaves its indelible stamp. The heart of childhood is

"Wax to receive, and marble to retain."

And there are influences more subtle than those we have named. There are moral atmospheres, elevating or pernicious.—The father's character, the mother's sentiment, though never expressed in words, magnetize the whole family with their mysterious power. Children assimilate to the world about them, they become like their elders. Frowns, like yawns, are catching. Tones of voice, the lines of the face, the glances out of the eyes, indicate character: and in unconsciously imitating these, the child assumes the disposition or trait that gives rise to them.

If we were half as careful in bringing our offspring into the world, and taking proper care of it, as farmers are in breeding and rearing their stock, we should see astonishing results. Doctors would soon fall into disuse. Ministers would no longer find unanswerable arguments to favor their doctrine of total depravity. Children would be well born, and consequently healthily and virtuously born. They would soon have as good natural blood as calves and colts. Then holiness of life would not commence with regeneration, but with generation.

Our homes then, we repeat, are of primary importance to America. The seed that is sown here makes the harvest of the state. There is not a corrupt politician, not a traitor in the capitol, whose knavery does not reach back to the influence of some vice in his education, in his early associations, in his birth, of those who gave him birth. For the corrupt taint of vice is like the seeds which remain hidden for unknown periods in the earth, waiting for the first favorable influences to burst forth from darkness unto the light of day.

Here are thoughts for reformers. Are we not taught that the one great, true work of reform begins with the family? To childhood, and before childhood, the remedy is to be applied. Reform, like charity, commences at home. And thus we make every man and woman a reformer. It is of little moment, comparatively, what doctrines are intellectually taught, or who occupies the platform or pulpit; your own character, your own thoughts, words, deeds, your private influence, are of the first importance.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, March 4, 1858.

Jack Frost has come back on us in true Parthian style; the thermometer this morning is 13° above zero, lowest point of the winter. The snap has been of a little service to the retailers of woolens and hosiery who have been enabled to clear out a few more heavy things which they were preparing to carry over to 1859 The North River is once more white with shattered fields of ice, and the ferry boat wheels drive heavily.

In a business way, the excitement of the day is in the stock market, where everybody who can buy, beg borrow or steal money is investing it in railway shares, in prospect of the "rise." These stocks which pay no dividends have thus a temporary factitious value attached to them. Numbers have made large sums of money by the sudden rise of Erie from 6 to 36¼. In the way of regular trade, there is more done this week. Southern merchants are encouraged by the rise of 25 a 30 per cent. in raw cotton, are buying freely and preparing for a good Spring business. From other sections however, the reports are quite discouraging. Fancy dress goods are likely to be scarce and high this season, for those who are not disposed to wear old styles.

Cotton is up and promises to go still higher; the manufacturers of England cannot do without it, for stoppage of production there means more than distress: it means rebellion. Manufacturers of all kinds of goods here are resuming but slowly and with great caution; in very few instances anticipating any profitable return from their products within the next nine months. January 1859 it is generally conceded will be a harvest time for the makers and sellers of all kinds of clothing fabricks and small wares; scarcity and active demand will carry up prices to a pitch which will render manufacturing more profitable than it has ever been in this country; this of course will attract an excess of capital into this direction, and the result will be finally overstocked markets, ruinous prices, abandoned machinery and deserted factory villages.

The religious interest prevailing in this city has become a subject of general remark and speculation even among a class of people who generally take little interest in such matters. The Herald and some other dailies report the union prayer meetings regularly in the same style which is considered appropriate for a record of a Tammany Hall gathering and a mass meeting in the Park. The appearance and costume of the young ladies present is commented upon and the prayers are reported verbatim with notes on the elocutionary performance.—These things however, though annoying to those who wish to worship in spirit, do not hinder or diminish the interest in the daily assemblages for devotional purposes, which are growing more numerous and more densely crowded. Surely such things were never seen here before, at least within the memoirs of this generation.

Some papers have recently been brought to light which reveal the existence of a guild of burglars extending over this country, England and the continent, sworn to give each other aid in all necessities against justice and other enemies, and providing a fund for this purpose by means of a stipulated weekly contribution. The headquarters of the american "knucks" are in this city where they have already acquired an organization and influence, which renders them a source of terror to officers of the law.

RIVINGTON.

"Oh, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?"

"No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old batchelor; "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

A late traveler, in speaking of Austria, says that one-half of the people are under arms to keep the other half in jail.

Why is a man in difficulties like an ostrich in wet weather?—'Cos he can't find the dust to cover his bill.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

LEAVENWORTH CITY, K. T.
2 mo. 22. 1858.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

Having seen in the Gazette and Star several communications on Kansas matters, in which my name and that of a friend is associated, I take the liberty of writing a short note in the hope that it may settle the matter, and bring some degree of order out of the chaos which the editor of the Star would seem to have created—it *chaos* can be *created*.

After my arrival in Kansas, in the spring, I occasionally wrote, for publication, a letter to the Gazette. Some months subsequently I visited the East, and my friend, at the Fort, knowing of my absence from the Territory, wrote an occasional letter to the same journal. In one of these letters he, among other things, stated that "the **Free State Party *constituted nine tenths of the people, were a compact body, &c.*"** At this the editor of the Star takes up the cudgel and bangs away ferociously. Visions of rebellionists haunt him night and day. The Topeka Government seems robed in a ghostly garb, and makes the Star man's knees knock together as did Macbeth's before Bangour's ghostly posterity. He pronounces the assertions of my friend "false," "malicious," and uses many other *naughty* expressions. Thinks the Gazette is covertly co-operating with the Topeka Villains and traitors in their designs upon Maryland negroes, the Stripes and Stars, and ye venerable American eagle. Charges the Gazette with being Black Republican at heart, and erects many other towering mountains of fiction and error, out of the most diminutive mole hills.

The assertion of my friend about the municipal preponderance of the Free State party was strictly correct, the *Star* to the contrary notwithstanding. Gov. Walker said there was no such thing as a pro-slavery party in Kansas. Secretary Stanton declared that the Free State men numbered twenty to one.

The returns of elections, when properly sifted and purged of illegal votes, show that out of a voting population ranging from 12000 to 13000, the pro-slavery or democratic party poll but little over one thousand votes.

Another remark and I am done. The Star intimates that the obnoxious and incendiary letter, purporting to have been written during my absence from Kansas, was a "home production" and that its author was a "myth." I had the pleasure to day, of discussing the merits of a juvenile gobler with this this "myth," and we laughed heartily over the wild accusations and terrible anathemas of the mo(u)vring Star.

J. KEMP BARTLETT.

A HOME WITHOUT A DAUGHTER.

"A home without a girl in it, is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without a song. A house full of sons is like Lebonon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside, are like the roses in Sharon."

Well may the daughter of a household be compared to the apple-blossoms, spring-songs, and the roses of Sharon. When she is there the eye and the ear of those who love her are satisfied; when she departs, she carries with her the golden treasures that she was wont to dispense.

Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the Paradise of Home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a household is like a young and vigorous sappling—the daughter is like a fragile vine. Their natures are different—their constitutions, temperament, tastes, habits are different. We may not love Cæsar less, if we love Rome more.

We knew a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years—

"Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy."

The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, or a more reverential affection for her parents tnan did she. Instead of waiting for their commands, she anticipated them—instead of lingering until they made known their wishes, she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that house until she awoke—the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her; her father and mother; and of how many blessed pictures of the future was she the subject. "It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwelt in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. Fearful! It is maddening!—It is a truth that is linked with despair

Suddenly, like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from heaven for the child—saying, The Lord hath need of her. She meekly bowed her head, breathed out her little life—and at midnight, "went forth to meet the Bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the last day of the month, was hallowed by her death. She went, and came back no more!

Years have worn away since then, but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—there is no daughter there! The form that once was hers, reposes amid the congenial charms of nature and of art: they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is kept wet with tears.

Of a truth, "A home without a girl in it, is only half blest: it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without a song.—A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon."

An English paper gives an account of a party of sixty old women who were mothers of eight hundred and sixty-nine children averaging fourteen each.