

her calls another by his real instead of his Pickwickian name. Of any breach of Pickwickian etiquette, Mr. Pickwick's double is the judge; and of any offence, *contra bonos mores* the substitute for the Reverend Mr. Stiggins is the referee. The gentleman to whom, by acclamation, the character of Samivel was assigned, is said to have much of the wit of the real Sam. As the meetings are very exclusive, membership being the only qualification for admission, and your correspondent is not a member, he can say no more concerning this redoubtable club. At the Liverpool theatre last night, a farce called "The Pickwickians," was produced, and went off with great success. It had been acted at the Adelphi. Reeve's personation of Samivel was superb.

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

A working man needs a working wife, but, of the qualities of mind, manners, and morals, she cannot run too high in the scale. There is an error prevalent concerning this. Giles says, "I do not want a wife with too much sense."—Why not? Perhaps Giles will not answer, but the shrug of his shoulders answers; "Because I am afraid she will be an overmatch for me." Giles talks like a simpleton. The unfortunate men who have their tyrants at home are never married to women of sense. Genuine elevation of mind cannot prompt any one, male or female, to get out of his or her proper sphere. No man ever suffered from an overplus of intelligence, whether in his own head, or in his wife's.

A proper self-respect would teach every noble-hearted American, of whatever class, that he cannot set too high a value on the conjugal relation. We may judge of the welfare and honor of the community by its wives and mothers. Opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and even accomplishments, are happily open to every class above the very lowest, and the wise mechanic will not fail to choose such a companion as may not shame his sons and daughters in that coming age, when an ignorant American shall be as a fossil fish.

Away with flouting, giggling, dancing, squandering, peevish, fashion-hunting wives! The woman of this stamp is a poor comforter, when the poor husband is sick or bankrupt. Give me the housewife, who can be a "help-mate" to her Adam!

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

I have such a mechanic's wife in my mind's eye; gentle as the antelope, untiring as the bee, joyous as the linnnet, neat, punctual, modest, confiding. She is patient, but resolute, aiding in counsel, reviving in troubles, ever pointing out the brightest side, and concealing nothing but her own sorrows. She loves home, believing with Milton, that

The wife, where danger and dishonor lurk,
Safes, and seemliest by the husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

The place of woman is eminently at the fireside. It is at home you must see her to know what she is. It is less material what she is abroad, but what she is in the family circle is all important. It is a bad merchandise in any department of trade to pay a premium for other men's opinions, in matrimony he who selects a wife for the applause or wonder of his neighbor, is in a fair way towards domestic bankruptcy. Having got a wife, there is but one rule—*honor and love her*. Seek to improve her understanding and her heart. Strive to make her more and more such a one as you can cordially respect. Shame on the brute, in man's shape, who can affront or vex, not to say neglect, the woman who has embarked with him for life "for better, for worse," and whose happiness, if severed from his smiles, must be unnaturally monstrous. In fine, I am proud of nothing in America so much as of our American wives.

"Why do you use so much tobacco?" said a gentleman to another the other evening, at a whist party. "Because I chew," was the witty reply.

PEACE TO OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Peace to our absent friends—within this hall
Of proud festivity, and sparkling mirth,
Does not each heart some former hour recal,
And linger fondly on some distant hearth?
Yes, tender memories rest our smiles beneath,
And silently the listening throng attends,
While to my trembling late I softly breathe
These simple words—peace to our absent friends.

The present rarely satisfies the heart,
'Tis all too bright, too burning in its blaze,
But thought supplies the want—before us start
Scenes of the past, and forms of other days:
Veiled in an indistinct and shadowy light,
Some radiance with their darkest trial blends,
And 'midst companions gifted, gay, and bright,
We gently sigh—peace to our absent friends.

Oh! is our tenderness by theirs repaid,
And do they pine lost moments to regain,
And wish each look recalled, each word unsaid,
That ever chanced to give our spirits pain?
Yes, doubt it not—though cold and severed long,
Pride to the power of time and distance bends,
Forgotten is the slight—repaired the wrong—
The heart still sighs—peace to our absent friends.

And if we feel a fellowship so blest
In the dear communings of earthly love,
How fondly the believing heart must rest
On the bright time when friends shall meet above!
Say, have I saddened ye, gay, thoughtless crowd?
Yes, Nature's voice the force of art transcends,
And ever can I melt the cold and proud
By this soft spell—peace to our absent friends.
Metropolitan for October.

KOSCIUSZKO AND HIS LADY LOVE.

From "Delineations of his Public and Domestic Life."

"The maiden to whom the Polish hero gave his heart, was daughter to one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, and therefore raised, by birth, above Kosciuszko. But true love is a true leveller—its alchemy detects merit in the meanest station, and its power of affinity can overcome material obstacles. The lady Louisa Sosnowski returned the love of the poor officer as the truth and fervency of his attachment deserved—but a life of happiness was not for him. How different would have been his history had the grand wish of his heart been achieved! But the disappointment of his hopes in love, consecrated his whole soul to freedom and the happiness of man.

"The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciuszko, with tears, and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed his pure but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendour of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between the impassioned lovers; and, to insure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But love found means to deceive the Argus eyes placed over them, and knit two young hearts closer and closer to each other.

"Kosciuszko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night they effect their escape from the castle; attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations and the bright hopes of union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a sudden noise startles the lovers from their dreams of bliss; the marshal's people surround and attempt to seize them; Kosciuszko draws his sword, and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could not be doubtful. Kosciuszko, wounded, exhausted, senseless, sank to the ground, and the lady Louisa was dragged back to her paternal home.

"When, after three hours swoon, Kosciuszko regain-

ed his consciousness, he crawled, feebly and despairingly, to the nearest village, where one of his friends was quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision of happiness but its recollection, and a white handkerchief, which his idol had dropped in her agony. This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom, not even in the hottest battle, and death only could part him from it.

"Kosciuszko formed no second attachment; and although, in after years, several advantageous matches were proposed to him, both in Poland, and France, he never could be prevailed upon to marry. Even to an advanced age he remained faithful to the love of his youth, and spoke of the object of his only passion with all the fire of early life."

Extract of a Sermon by the Rev. William Jay.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS. Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his process accomplished and his face turned towards home, it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O! the joyful re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold, the man of science drops the labours and painfulness of research; closes his volume, smoothes his wrinkled brow; leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, and yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush, that hath a father's heart,
To take, in childish play, a childish part;
But bends his sturdy neck, to play the toy,
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade—What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his care; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the labourer; he has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he seats himself and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with head uncovered around his garden, enters again and retires to rest! and the rest of a labouring man is sweet whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely dwelling—who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joy and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with proud disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

THE TRUE POSITION OF WOMAN.—It is to the religion and ordinances of Jesus that woman turns with delight, as a refuge from tyranny, a model for imitation, and a prize for exertion. There he finds her position in the scale of God's accountable creatures accurately determined. Not the equal of man, save in his highest hope, and in the method of attaining it. Not his competitor in the field or the senate. Not his idol, elevated on the giddy pinnacle of flattery, and approached with the intoxicating incense of adulation; but his friend, his companion, his helpmate, the sharer of his sorrows, the soother of his cares, the guide of his infancy, the comfort of his old age.—*Duties of Woman, arising from her Obligation to Christianity, by Mrs. Riley.*