

MATERIAL FOR THOUGHT.

TRUE religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

Oh! the blessing of a home where old and young mix kindly—the young unweaned, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion.

HASTY WORDS.—Hasty words often rattle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

THE GENTLEWOMAN.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should mark you gentle. I never heard your mother, your dear, good mother, say a harsh word or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than any thing I ever undertook."

A school of design for women has been opened in Boston. The objects of this school are,—1. To educate a body of professed designers capable of furnishing original designs for manufactures and other purposes, where ornamental designs are required. 2. To teach the various processes of Engraving, Lithography, and other methods of transferring and multiplying designs. 3. To educate a class of teachers in drawing and design.



The Literary Gem.

THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

From the *Uuca Tietotaller*.

Home of my childhood—still lovely art thou,
Deep in the spirit's core—cherished yet now.
Each mound of thy dust, each rock by the way,
Where out I have sported in bare feet at play.
Thou trees that I sought for a shady retreat,
The grass plot around it with green mossy seat;
The orchard, the meadow, the soft purring brook,
The deep tangled wood, with its cool shady nook,
The valley and field, the cliff-side so bold,
The hill and the woodland, my companions of old,
The garden, its flowers—the old poplar tree,
And the sweet sunny hours are remembered by me.

The play-mates who fell in the morn of their years,
And left us to mourn their departure in tears.
The school-mates that stood in strife by my side,
Are now lost to view—o'er earth scattered wide.
The cares of my mother—now sainted above,
Her crosses and smiles—the dew of her love;
The joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the fears,
Faded not at the call of distance or years,
But fresh as of yore, in times distant lie,
Are the scenes of my childhood—remembered by me.

Sweet home of my childhood—my forefathers cot,
How loved is each scene of that long-cherished spot!
But the forms that were there are far, far away.
Save one that lies cold in her damp house of clay;
And the joys that were there, too pure for earth's stay,
Have fled like the leaves of the cold autumn day.
And the hopes that were there, all bright on the wing,
"Have fled from me now," like the flowers of spring—
And the love that was there, though still it may live,
Is cold to the glow that once it might give.
Though wandering far, 'mid turmoil and strife,
In the dark shades of fate, in the sunshine of life—
O, home of my childhood! still dear thou shalt be,
While reason and life hold a sway over me.

The wreck of the ill-fated Erie has again been discovered, submerged at a depth of sixty feet, about three miles from shore, opposite the town of Brantford, Ontario. The Silver Creek Mail is informed that the hull has been visited in submarine armour, and found in an upright position favorable for stripping operations, which are to be commenced as soon as the weather will permit.—*Fredonia Advertiser*.

When the ill-fated Erie steamer was burnt, we were resident in the far West, and well do we remember the terrible sensation that her loss caused in and the lake towns and cities. Several ladies and gentlemen were burnt on board of her, with whom we were acquainted. The sufferings of the crew were terrible, and the sight was awful in the extreme. Here dozens of human creatures—wives, husbands and children, were obliged to part amid the flames—dozens were shut into the cabins and could not escape from the place on account of the flames—dozens could see in the distance the shore where all was quiet and peace, but to them it was a land of impossible access—the flames spread over the steamer like wild-fire, and all on board fled for their lives. The boat made for the shore, but in vain. This awful calamity happened on the night of the 8th August, 1841, about 30 miles from Buffalo and eight miles from the land on Lake Erie. The steamer Erie caught fire from the explosion of some jars of turpentine and varnish. In a minute, the whole boat was on fire. The waves were high, and the winds, too. There were upwards of 230 passengers on board, of whom 200 were lost. Many of the passengers were wealthy Swiss emigrants, and there were passengers from different parts of the American states. The emigrants had, it is said, \$200,000 in specie with them. We knew a dentist on board, who had gone East to get married, and was on board with his wife, both of whom perished. Bodies of young ladies, and men and women, were washed ashore for many days after. It seems the sunken wreck has again come to light after 10 years' disappearance. These verses were written at the time by us, and we, in common with all of the West, were smitten with sadness for weeks at the event—one of the emigrants was a venerable Swiss father named Voegle. Written in August, 1841, at Chicago:—

Lo! I stood upon the Banks of Erie—
Twas night; a gloom obscured the sky;
Naught could I hear but the moaning wind
Of tumbling waves that cashed their foam on high.
I gazed athwart the waters dark, but why
I could not tell; some evil in my mind,
Seemed resting on the distant gloom—
I gazed still! when to a flash of fire
Like night's pale meteor from the Church-yard grim,
Is often seen to rise above some tomb;
A dazzling fire amid the waves was seen:
At first 'twas pale, then brighter—higher.

And ah how strange, it moves, it nearer comes
And plunging seems through the wat'ry deep;—
Like a mighty spirit, struggling to get free.
Methinks I hear the voice of many weep,
The wails, the shrieks, of wild despair, agony;—
For children, wives, for friends, and distant homes.

D ath's grim spectre upon the water rests—
Crowds of men to mingle with the flames and try
To fight the blazing fire, or brave the restless wave;
A brother here, a father there, the right comes;
With some dear friend to plank just passing by;
Striving thus in vain his gurgling life to save.

There, a mother fond I see with children dear,
Clinging to her cloth already wrapt in flames;
Oh she clasps them burning to her bosom near;
And when affection moves a mother ne'er know fear.
Lo she gives the parting kiss, then calls their names
—And, whilst dying, drops on them a parting tear.

Lo again I see a wedded pair, gaze and gaze,
Wildly on the foaming wave, before they leap;
Then on each other look, pressed heart to heart;
Then trembling shudders from the rushing blaze;
And ere they plunge amid the restless deep,
In fond caresses they clasp, so ne'er to part.

Amid the burning ship I see a form,
Waving on high in agony its arms;
I hear the cry for help—for some to save;
Its face is lit as by lightning in a storm.
Oh the sight is cruel, fills one with alarms;
See, he burns and plunges to a wat'ry grave!

The heart is full, yet affection holds us still;
Sre yonder two clasped in each other's arms;
Their eyes are raised to God, then 'pon each other:
They sit in childhood played upon the sunny hill,
Near by their loved new England home; their charms
Of infancy were one;—the sister—brother—

Amid that throng I see a father grey,
Lo! it is poor Voegle from the land of Tell;
Surrounded by his children dear, and aged wife;
His own dear Switzerland he left to stray,
On prairies wild, Europa's tide of sons to swell;
He braved the ocean wave here to lose his life.

And now the steamer proud which late I saw
In triumph proud glide through the foaming swell,
Is dwindled to a flickering, sinking speck;
The white-capped waves roll on, to nature's law
And leave no trace or mark to sadly tell
Of the sleepers of the deep—or Erie's wreck.

REAL COURTESY.

"This is real courtesy," said Giles in his lecture on Don Quixote, "that which has reverence for womanhood in the sex, the courtesy which has respect for others than the rich, than the young, it is distinct from the courtesy which blooms only in the smiles of love and beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age, and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful converse with one whose years has deprived of charms—show me the man who is as willing to help the deformed who stands in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on her cheek—show me the man who would not more look rudely at the poor girl in the village than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heifer, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches, and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who spurns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex, who scorns as he would a coward the ridiculer of womanly foibles, or the exposor of womanly reputations—show me that man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman, in any condition or class—show me such a man and you show me a gentleman, nay you show me better, you show me a Christian. There are some men who think that persons lose in manners as they gain in liberty. One grace belongs to the spirit of liberty, and where the spirit of liberty is the most active this grace prevails the most, with this grace it expands—that grace is respect for women, not for her rank or elegance, but for woman. And when this sentiment becomes enlarged, when it is stable, a social structure may be raised upon it more glorious than mankind ever seen.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas, how often, and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!—*Dickens*.