

unaffected with the charms, be the same more or less of some score of pretty women. Now I submit that he who can pass this fiery ordeal unscathed, whose heart is impermeable to such showers of missiles, whose lips, like those of his representative of the insect tribe, can sip nectar from the fairest flowers of nature's garden, as they sip their morning coffee—I repeat that he who thus

"Wanting sensibility,
Stoically sets eyes on woman,
Will be guilty of a wrong."

He will never choose a wife, for the very obvious reason that he is not blessed with the desire of one. It is then impossible to follow directly the oft-repeated, but never to be too deeply impressed injunction, "Choose well thy wife;" for all, excepting those *rare aves* of the aforesaid butterfly genus, who seem content to creollute their happiness, are unable, from the nature of the case, to choose, until deprived of that precious privilege. Even should the fond youth, with presumption bold, approach, balance in hand, fair maiden, the moment he throws a defect in one scale, into the other steps the boy-god, and makes it light as air; and if he weigh a merit, he is equally hoodwinked, for Cupid stands unseem upon it and sinks the beam. Love is blind, and if we think he will ever undergo beneficially the operation of couching, we deceive ourselves. What, then, is the remedy? With a blind helmsman, how can we avoid flats and keep clear of snags, as we sail down the stream of life. How can we secure the priceless treasure, the precious boon of a virtuous and intellectual woman, and escape the hazard of wedding misery? In no way, till female education is better appreciated, more universally diffused, and made equal to that of the sex. And this, while it contributes vitally to the refinements of society, and elevates the tone of social literature, will be the happy means of saving many a fine mind from ruthless and unnatural contact with the untamable temper of uncultivated woman, and prevent many a promising youth from bartering intellect for a perfect piece of clay.—*New York Mirror*.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY AN AMERICAN POET.

Gently, dear mother, here

The bridge is broken near thee, and below
The waters with a rapid current flow—

Gently and do not fear.

Lean on me, mother—plant thy staff before thee,
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee,

The green leaves, as we pass,
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,

And the low forest grass

Grows green and lovely where the woodpaths wind—
Alas, for thee, dear mother, thou art blind!

And nature is all bright;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn;
And evening's dewy light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye!

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencilled passing well;
And the swift birds on brilliant pinions flee—
Alas, dear mother, that thou canst not see!

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not!

But thou canst hear—and love
May richly on a human tone be poured,
And the slight cadence of a whispered word
A daughter's love may prove;
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes—thou canst hear—and He,
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven, and earth, and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
With but one sense the soul may overflow!

WILD REVENGE.

The Celtic legends, like the Celtic language, though deficient in terms of art and refinement, are peculiarly rich in the expression of the passions. Joy, grief, fear, love, hatred, and revenge, glow through many an impassioned strain, which still fingers by its original wild locality. On the shores of Mull a crag is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which, there is the following tradition, which we have often thought would form no bad subject for the painter, or even the poet:—Some centuries since the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended, with her only child, an infant then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor fosterer could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but this punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of his clan, which in these feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of