



BY JAS. CLARK.

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CHOICE POETRY.

THE ELYSIAN ISLE.

"It rose before them, the most beautiful Island in the world."—IRVING'S COLUMBUS.

It was a sweet and pleasant isle—
As fair as isle could be—
And the wave that kissed its sandy shore
Was the wave of the Indian sea.
It seemed an Emerald set by heaven
On the ocean's dazzling brow—
And where it glowed long ages past,
It glows as greenly now.

I've wandered oft in its valleys bright,
Through the gloom of its leafy bowers,
And breathed the breath of its spicy gales,
And the scent of its countless flowers.
I've seen its bird of the crimson wing,
Float under its clear blue sky;
I've heard the notes of its mocking bird
On the evening waters die.

In the starry noon of its brilliant night,
When the world was hushed in sleep,
I've dreamed of the shipwrecked gems that lie
On the floor of the boundless deep.
And I gathered the shells that hurried were,
In the heart of its silver sands;
And toss'd them back on the running wave—
To be caught by viewless hands.

There are sister spirits that dwell in the sea,
Of the spirits that dwell in the air;
And they never visit our northern clime,
Where the coasts are bleak and bare.
But around the shores of the Indian isles
They revel and sing alone;
Though I saw them not, I heard by night
Their low, mysterious tone.

Elysian Isle! I may never view
Thy birds and roses more,
Nor meet the kiss of thy loving breeze,
As it seeks thy jewelled shore.
Yet thou art treasured in my heart,
As in thine own deep sea;
And in all my dreams of the spirits' home,
Dear Isle! I'll think of thee!

MISCELLANEOUS.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

AN INSTRUCTIVE SKETCH.

We are told of "ministering spirits" by the lips that cannot lie; and it were a sacrilege to doubt their mission. But they come never to torment or terrify—they hold no communion with the eye or ear of sense. In that solemn hour, when the soul hovers half-way between two worlds, when the veil of earthly vision grows transparent with the dawning light of eternity, it may be—must be—that revelations through that light are sometimes given.

A little girl in a family of my acquaintance—a lovely and precocious child—lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance; she was frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers, to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and winding one arm around her neck would say, "Now tell me about my mamma!"—And when oft the tale had been repeated, she would ask softly, "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma!" The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But, as the poet says—

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trying hour grew nearer."
That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close in her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once, a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, curdling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the air above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone, and passed with that word to her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine, who stood by that bed of joyous death—"If I had never believed in the ministrations of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

The Sunny Side.

How much more pleasant it is to the pure to do good—to kindle the more gentle and noble feelings of our nature—than by misrepresentations, hints, or dark innuendoes, to break in upon long established friendships, and disturb the good feelings of years of intimacy! In all our associations, commend us to him who always presents the sunny side of life's picture to the gaze; he who has ever "a pleasant word to speak," and is disposed to flip the mantle of oblivion over the foibles of erring men; such a man we could wear in our "heart's core—aye, in our heart of hearts." But from the mischief-maker, whose bosom is filled with a cancer worm which knows no pleasure except that which torments others, deliver us!

A little girl, walking one day with her mother in a grave-yard, reading one after another the praises of those who slept beneath, said, "I wonder where they buy the sinners?"

GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

I saw him but twice, the hero of the Mexican war, the chief man in power in the United States, the late President ZACHARY TAYLOR; but enough to feel that I saw in him—

"An honest man, the noblest of God!"
The first time was a beautiful evening, on the green grounds around the White House. The Potomac glistened in the setting sun, a band of music in the grounds was playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and a gay crowd of men and women, and children, with nurses and negroes, were walking about, enjoying the evening, the music, the green grounds, and the view of the noble river, with the Washington Monument in giant proportions rising on its banks. President TAYLOR was among them, not as the Kings of Europe when they come down among the people, surrounded by guards or star-spangled attendants; no, but unattended, alone, plain in attire as the plainest of the citizens around him, the greatest part of them strangers to him—

Yet he seemed to feel that he was among friends, and his honest face, and his unassuming bearing, his straight-forward, friendly manner, the firm and cordial pressure of his hand, made a friend even of the stranger who was for the first time introduced to him. He stood there serene, smiling to the children who were running about and tumbling in the grass in unconstrained liberty. He spoke of the pleasure they gave him.

It was truly a Republican scene—one of those we would fain see more often on earth—where all distance between men, all difference of rank and fortune are done away with, and life is again an idyl full of innocence and beauty in the lap of great nature. May the "Star Spangled Banner" float wider and wider over such banquets of life!

The next time I saw President TAYLOR, it was in one of the splendid rooms of his mansion, and with him his beautiful daughter, the Sister of the Graces, Mrs. BLISS. Political questions, to which he was called to attend, detained him for some time from us. When he came, he was cordial and simple in his manner, as before on the green grounds. Yet he seemed to me not quite well, and as if he was trying to cast off from his mind a cloud. And so he did, as a gallant man and a true American gentleman attending to ladies. He spoke to us of the Indians, among whom he had been so much, and whom he knew so well. And as he spoke he brightened, and his speech flowed on so pleasantly, and so cheerfully, that, had we been anxious, we would have forgotten how time flowed on, as we forgot the storm which gathered without, and rattled at the windows.

It was a few days afterwards that I heard, in the Senate, the low, thrilling tones of DANIEL WEBSTER interrupt the discussion going on, to announce that "a great misfortune threatened the land"—that the President of the United States was dying—was not expected to outlive that day. And that very evening, how changed was the gay scene in the White House! Death was there, was laying his heavy hand on the beloved father of the family—on the elected head of the Republic!

Yet serene was he even now. In death he took the hand of his wife, and said: "My dear wife, I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE—I HAVE TRIED TO DO MY DUTY!" And that stern monitor—so fearful to many—came to him on his death-bed as a comforter, as a soothing angel. But he had long since made of him a friend. DUTY had been, and was, the spring of his life and actions. His friends and his foes (and he had such in war and in politics,) must join in acknowledging that TRUTHFULNESS and CONSCIENTIOUSNESS were the unswerving qualities of his mind. In these virtues he was GREAT.

I saw him but twice, and for a little while, but as I saw him, and with what I have heard of him, I can well understand that brave men,—his companions on the battle-field,—have wept as children at his death; and that there is a heart who, after that death, never more will feel the joy of life.

Yet happy is she, who can live and glory in such memories! And happy the man who lived and died as he, who, on his death-bed, looking over a life of great military import, could serenely say—
"I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE! I HAVE TRIED TO DO MY DUTY!"—*Graham's Magazine.*

Work, if You would Rise.

Richard Burke being found in a reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers, in the House of Commons, by his brother Edmund, and questioned by Mr. Malone as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember, when we were at play, he was at work!" The force of the anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior, in natural talents, to his brother—Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius young man, if you would rise to honor and distinction in the world; but work! work! work!

Pride of Consistency.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. If you would be a man, speak what you think to-day, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, though you shall contradict all you have said to-day." Here is a maxim of philosophy it would be well for the world to see boldly acted up to. In politics, how much mischief would be avoided, had men the courage to act always on the convictions of the hour. How much obstinate perseverance in what is wrong, would be spared the witnessing, if the bugbear "consistency" did not haunt men as it does.

A bachelor friend of ours being asked by a sentimental Miss why he did not secure some fond one's companionship, in the voyage on the ocean of life, replied: "I would, if I were sure such an ocean would be the Pacific."

THE WEB OF LIFE.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH, BY MISS SEELYE.

Morning again lifted up the dark veil of night, and the pale rosy hues of early dawn, mingled with the golden beams of the rising sun, bathed in rich tints the hills and vales, the groves and streams around. The clear dew-drops, sparkling like diamonds in the morning beams, still clustered on every leaf and blossom, and the whole air was perfumed with the delicate fragrance of sweet flowers. Bright birds of glittering plumage caroled their morning hymn in notes of sweetest cadence, until the mild air was vocal with their melody.

In a low cottage home, on that bright morn, a fair young infant had just been cradled, and bending over it stood two angel watchers. Fairer than aught we dream of, seemed they, clad in robes of silvery brightness, and each brow wearing the light of holy purity. They touched a harp, and a low, soft melody was gently borne on the breath of summer, while they wove, for the new-born babe, THE WEB OF LIFE.

Time treals not slowly, and years are gone.— Childhood has placed its glad seal on that infant brow, and to her the earth reflects nought but happiness. Bright skies o'erarch her path-way, and in the web of life are woven golden threads. The guardian angels hover near her, and she treads the earth with a happy, guileless heart.

Again, years have passed away. In that glad cottage-home, one summer eve, she stood with the chosen partner of her life by her side, uttering the low response that binds two hearts together. Angels were at that bridal—the same who bent over the cradle of the fair infant. Softly they whispered blessings in her ear, then spread their pinions and fled,—and on the morrow the bride went forth from her childhood's home. There were threads of silver in the web of life.

Still time sped on. A sable mantle was spread over the earth, and nought was to be heard save the murmur of the night wind, as it swept through the trees. Bright gems decked the blue expanse above, and the glorious moon rode high in the starry heavens, bathing nature in its silvery light. Within the room of a lofty dwelling sat she who was last the happy bride. But a change is on her, for the dark thread of sorrow is woven in the web of life. The Angel of Death has crossed her path-way, and he whom she so fondly loved and trusted is smitten and laid low. Oh! how fearfully she struggled through all that long and weary night, to meet the morning dawn, the beams of the rising sun glanced upon a lifeless form, and she was alone upon the earth. Yet no, not alone; the angel watchers were still near her, whispering kind words of comfort in her hour of trial, and guiding her with strength to tread the world's rough path-way.

Years again had passed. Evening was drawing on—the quiet, holy eve—and her first star was glimmering in the sky. On a low couch in the curtained room of the little cottage home, reclined a dying woman. The silvered locks of threescore years fell on her wrinkled brow, and the form of graceful symmetry was bowed beneath the heavy burden of time, but the same pure light that had danced in the cherub infant's eye, now beamed with a serene ray in those of the happy wanderer who had come to die. The Guardian Angels hovered o'er the lowly couch, with their wings spread, waiting for the spirit to take its flight. THE WEB OF LIFE WAS FINISHED.—and when the last thread was severed, a strain of triumphant music rang from the "Harp of a thousand strings!"

Live for Something.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more.— Why? They did not a particle of good, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year after year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

The Great Salt Lake.

According to Mr. Spencer, of the Salt Lake settlement, the territory contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, thirteen thousand of whom compose the population of the chief city. The soil of the valley is represented to be so productive, that it averages seventy-five bushels of wheat to the acre, when sown broadcast, which we should call a miraculous kind of average. One hundred and sixty bushels, says Mr. S., have been produced from a single bushel of seed, when planted in drill, which is not so improbable, if the bushel was allowed land enough. Water power is abundant, and there are already six flour and six saw mills in operation. The climate is salubrious, and out of a population of thirteen thousand, there occurred but seven deaths in 1849. The several settlements in the valley are reported to be in a very healthy and flourishing condition.

To become witty ourselves, we must associate with wit. The very best of pumps will give till water is thrown in to start them. One funny man in a party will in a short time make every body funny, while a melancholy youth will soon set every body to yawning.

Earth is so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.

PRAYER OF THE BETROTHED.

A lady in the St. Louis Union, over the signature of "Inez," portrays her thoughts in the following beautiful verses, on the eve of her marriage.

Father, I come before Thy throne,
With low and beaded knee,
To thank Thee, with a grateful tone,
For all thy love to me.
Forgive me, in my heart this hour,
I give not ALL to Thee,
For deep affection's mighty power
Divides it now with Thee.

Thou knowest, Father, every thought
That wakes within my breast,
And how this heart has vainly sought
To keep its love suppressed;
Yet when the idol, worshipped one,
Sits fondly by my side,
And breathes the vows I cannot slum,
To me, his destined bride,—

Forgive me, if the loving kiss
He leaves upon my brow,
Is thought of in an hour like this,
And thrills me even now;
He's chosen me to be his love
And comforter through life;
Enable me, oh God, to prove
A loving, faithful wife.

He knows not, Father, all the deep
Affections I love—
The thousand loving thoughts that sweep
Resistless o'er my soul;
He knows not each deep fount of love
That gushes warm and free;
Nor can he ever, prove
My warm idolatry.

Then guard him, Father—round his way
Thy choicest blessings cast,
And render each successive day
Still happier than the last.
And, Father, grant us so to live,
That when this life is o'er,
Within the happy home you give,
We'll meet to part no more!

The Golden Times of 1850.

Talk of the age of Gold being past—this is the age of Gold! Not to speak of the fresh resources reported in California—more "inexhaustible" than the first discoveries, if possible—we have gold mines turning up in all parts of the globe: Oregon, Venezuela, Bolivia, and South Australia; while the old mines of Russia, Peru, &c., have taken a new start, and become more productive, as if enlivened by the prolific superiority of the young "diggings." What is to be done with all this gold, now becomes a serious question. "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing," says the old aphorism; and if it can apply to the increase of precious metals, we pity the nervous state of small annuitants to whom such new golden revelations must be a source of maimable dejection.

Can it be possible that the supply of wealth can ever surpass the demand? What a millennium of peace, plenty, and content, does the idea conjure up! But this can never be, while human nature remains as universally selfish as it has pleased Heaven, for its own inscrutable ends, to make it. If "the love of money is the root of all evil," enlightenment and civilization are its fruits. Will men forsake this, their steadfast and only enduring "love"? Will they become satiated by possession or disgusted at their facile triumphs! Will they turn to other idols, after the relenting Mammon showers abundance of lucre upon them?

It will be a melancholy sight, yet only in keeping with the proverbial fickleness of man; and it will surely be, if ever Gold is too easily won. It must be degraded from its high position as the representative of wealth, and another—perhaps a baser—metal, set up in its stead.

The Loved Faces.

Happy thoughts come stealing upon us when we look upon the faces of those we loved in other days—those we have been separated from for long years, and who return again with all the changes of time and thought upon their brows. The joyous feelings that arise upon meeting with old familiar faces, cordial shaking of hands, and hearty congratulations that follow—who does not remember them? But when those we love and cherish leave us forever—when their spirits pass away from earth to heaven, who would not give all on earth for a picture—even a faint resemblance—of their features, ever so animated and beautiful! How many bright eyes grow dim—how many cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, leaving not a shadow of their loveliness behind!—*Literary Messenger.*

Irradiation of Light.

It is a curious fact that if the same letters of the same size precisely, are painted on two boards, the one white on a black ground, and the other black on a white ground, that the white letters will appear larger, and be read at a greater distance than the black. This is owing to what is called the irradiation of light. It depends on this, that the impression made on the bottom of the eye by bright objects, extends a little wider than the actual portion of the organ struck by the light, and invading the space occupied by the darker objects, makes the brighter appear larger than they really are.

The best board in the world for despective young ladies, is said to be a WASH BOARD. It gives them strength of muscle and exuberance of spirits, a good appetite for their meals, and supercedes the necessity of painting their faces.

Why is a man charged with a crime, like types? Because he should not be looked up till the matter is well proved.

AMERICAN VANITY.

FROM FRAZER'S (BRITISH) MAGAZINE.

We are not at all surprised at what, in this country, is most foolishly called the conceit and vanity of the Americans. What people in the world have so fine, so magnificent a country?— Besides that, they have some reason to be proud of themselves. We have given the chief features of their eastern and inland territory; if the reader has any imagination for ideas of this kind, let him picture to himself what will be the aspect of things when the tide of population has crossed the long ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and occupying the valleys of the western coast, has built other Bostons and New Yorks in the harbors of Oregon and California. This tide of population is now advancing along a line of more than a thousand miles, at the rate of eighteen miles a year; and every year, as the population behind becomes larger, the number of new settlers is increased, and the rate or advance is accelerated. This vast crowd of ever-onward-pressing settlers is not formed of the same materials as the inhabitants of an European province; that is, there are not at its head a few intelligent, but delicately brought-up men of capital, while all the rest are ignorant laborers; but every one of these pioneers of civilization can handle the axe and the rifle, and can "calculate." If ever these magnificent dreams of the American people are realized—and all that is wanted for their realization is that things should go on as they have been going on for the two last centuries—there will be seated upon that vast continent a population greater than that of all Europe, all speaking the same language, all active-minded, intelligent, and well off. They will stand, as it were, the centre of the world, between the two great oceans, with Europe on one hand, and Asia on the other. With such a future before him, we must pardon the Yankee if we find a little dash of self-complacency in his composition; and bear with the surprise and annoyance which he expresses at finding that we know so little of himself or of his country. Our humble opinion is that we ought to know better. Great as is the influence which America has already had upon Europe, we conceive that this is a mere intimation of the influence which it is destined to have upon the world.

Human Sacrifices in India.

There is a ferocious tribe of natives inhabiting Goomoor, in Bengal, called Khonds. The earth-goddess, one among the multitude they worship, can be propitiated, as they believe, only by human flesh and blood. The miserable victims are purchased on false pretences, or kidnapped from the poorer classes of Hindoos in the low country.— These are often children, great numbers of whom are kept on hand in reserve, as they shall be wanted. At the time appointed for the sacrifice, the victim is bound to a stake, and after scenes of most revolting drunken and obscene introductory services, at an appointed signal the crowd rush with maddening fury upon the sacrifice, wildly exclaiming, "We bought you with a price, and no sin rests upon us." They then cut his flesh in pieces from the bones. Thus the horrid rite is consummated. Each man then bears away his bloody shreds to his field, leaving them there as an acceptable offering, in favor of their fertility, to the bloody goddess. The British government has acted with great energy against this dreadful custom. In January, 1849, their agent, by an armed force, rescued one hundred and six of these devoted victims. A great sacrifice had been determined on, in anticipation of his coming; but he appeared in their midst suddenly, twelve days before the appointed time, and stayed the bloody work. Under date of February, 1850, we learn that up to January 27, one hundred and forty-three victims had been rescued by a young British officer, named Frye. At a later date, we learn he had rescued one hundred and fifty victims, in addition to the one hundred and forty-three previously rescued.— *The British Government's agents in the dreadful evil, and no pains will be spared to cause its entire cessation. Some of these rescued victims have received a Christian education, in the schools of the English Baptist Mission, and promise great usefulness to their benighted countrymen.*

The Soft Answer.

A husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to his wife, who but a few months before had united her faith to his, "If you are not satisfied with my conduct, return to your parents and your happiness." "And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you—I covet it not." "Alas!" she answered "I thought not of my wealth. I spoke of my maiden affections, of my buoyant hopes, of my devoted love. Can you give these back to me?" "No!" said the man throwing himself at her feet. "No, I cannot restore these; but I will do more; I will keep them unsullied and unstained; I will cherish them through life, and in death, and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cheer her who gave up to me all she held dear." "Wives, was there not more than poetry in this woman's heart? Was there not angelic sweetness—grace divine?—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." Go thou and do likewise; then how many well-locked fierce battles would be unthought, how much of unhappiness and coldness avoided.

Married Life.

If we consider carefully the condition of a married man, and that of an old bachelor, we shall see how little reason the latter has to congratulate himself that he has never been "caught." The married man has some one to think of all his little comforts; to sympathize alike in his adversity and in his prosperity; to soothe his ill-humor when he is annoyed; to amuse him when he is dull, and to nurse him when he is ill. But who cares for an old bachelor?—unless, indeed, he should chance to be rich, and then he is surrounded by courtiers, all eager to please him, but with what hope? only that they may benefit by his wealth.

Hannibal and Taylor.

At the battle of Thrasymene, fought some three hundred years before Christ, between the greatest General the world ever saw, and the Romans, the Carthaginians are said to have formed into a fork or triangle, with their edges outwards, and as the Romans wedged themselves in, they were hewn down like cattle. It is stated as a remarkable fact that during this horrible massacre, so great was the rage of the combatants, that an earthquake rolled beneath them unheeded. Gen. TAYLOR, at Buena Vista, imitated the able Hannibal, and placed his troops in a similar manner, and by these means defeated the heavy squadrons of Santa Anna.

"Vipers."

Some vipers, (as we hear or read.)
Are of so venomous a breed,
That, when enraged, they out of spite,
Will on themselves inflict their bite!
A "generation" we may trace
Of vipers in the human race;
Whether they bite, or sting, or charm,
THE GOOD MAN IS ABOVE THEIR HARM.
There is a great deal of philosophy in a dog's tail. It is as great a tell-tale as a lady's fan. If a dog is pleased, his tail is immediately in a wagish humor—if he is afraid, it slopes—if angry, it "sticks out." You can tell the character and disposition of a dog by his tail, as well as a Phrenologist can decipher yours from the "bumps."
Dean Swift said, the reason of so many unhappy marriages was, "because young ladies spend more time in making nets than cages."
A man may travel through the world and sow it thick with friendships.

THE FREE MIND.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet securer the immortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose;
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

Human Sacrifices in India.

There is a ferocious tribe of natives inhabiting Goomoor, in Bengal, called Khonds. The earth-goddess, one among the multitude they worship, can be propitiated, as they believe, only by human flesh and blood. The miserable victims are purchased on false pretences, or kidnapped from the poorer classes of Hindoos in the low country.— These are often children, great numbers of whom are kept on hand in reserve, as they shall be wanted. At the time appointed for the sacrifice, the victim is bound to a stake, and after scenes of most revolting drunken and obscene introductory services, at an appointed signal the crowd rush with maddening fury upon the sacrifice, wildly exclaiming, "We bought you with a price, and no sin rests upon us." They then cut his flesh in pieces from the bones. Thus the horrid rite is consummated. Each man then bears away his bloody shreds to his field, leaving them there as an acceptable offering, in favor of their fertility, to the bloody goddess. The British government has acted with great energy against this dreadful custom. In January, 1849, their agent, by an armed force, rescued one hundred and six of these devoted victims. A great sacrifice had been determined on, in anticipation of his coming; but he appeared in their midst suddenly, twelve days before the appointed time, and stayed the bloody work. Under date of February, 1850, we learn that up to January 27, one hundred and forty-three victims had been rescued by a young British officer, named Frye. At a later date, we learn he had rescued one hundred and fifty victims, in addition to the one hundred and forty-three previously rescued.— *The British Government's agents in the dreadful evil, and no pains will be spared to cause its entire cessation. Some of these rescued victims have received a Christian education, in the schools of the English Baptist Mission, and promise great usefulness to their benighted countrymen.*

The Trials of Married Life.

We have a friend—an excellent husband and doating father—who came into our office the other day, looking rather sleepy.
"What is the matter?" we inquired.
"Oh—nothing—that is to say," he replied in a hesitating voice, "babies are some trouble, after all, ain't they?"
Of course we nodded an indifferent assent, but could not help asking "how?"
"Why, the fact is," said our friend, "that little fellow of ours is getting to be very knowing, and will be honored now and then—so I get up occasionally and walk him to sleep—but last night both wife and myself had to carry him alternately."
"Surely you are not required?"
"Hear me out. You see the child wanted novelty, and so I lighted the candle, and as my wife carried him up and down the room, I walked after her, making all sorts of queer maneuvers with the light."
"Well, did that pacify him?"
"Why yes, after a fashion. It stopped his crying, but we consumed a whole candle, and the best portion of the night before he fell asleep, and the consequence is, I feel wretched this morning."
Now, old bachelor, laugh, if you feel like it, and let this be a warning to you.

Good Advice to Boys.

Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost to society, by suffering it to tarnish, and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace it or dim its lustre. Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands the most respect. An oath never trembles on his tongue.— Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without an exception you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and let not a vile word disgrace you.
NOTHING PERFECT.—Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson has written and published that "there is a crack in everything God has made."—*Boston Post.*
If the Reverend Ralph Waldo Emerson has written and published such a sentiment as the above, it is clear that his head is not an exception.
"Medicine," said Bonaparte at St. Helena, "is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind. Water, air, and cleanliness, are the chief articles of my pharmacopoeia."
John Foster was a strong writer, and packed his sentences with meaning. He disliked fancy work, and on being shown a bit of worsted work with a great deal of red in it, he said that "it was red with the blood of murdered men."
To keep up with the times, a schoolmaster down east has just invented a machine for licking his scholars. By means of a crank, a boy is put through his discipline in one quarter of the time the rattan used to consume.
A man in Pittsburg has been fined \$1,000 for squeezing a young lady's hand. Here it costs nothing—the girls love it!