

ing found the only one, the officers of justice went to his lodgings, and arrested him the evening after the robbery.—Being brought before the station master, he at first denied all knowledge of the matter, but not being able to account for his wound, he at last made a full confession, and took the officers of justice to the spot where he had concealed the booty. He was next morning lodged in prison.—[Gallego's Messenger.



Ladies' Department.

THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH A. LEMON.

The flowers, the lovely flowers,  
Which everywhere I see,  
Remind of nature's God,  
Who made both thee and me.  
In East, and in the West,  
They're planted by his care;  
This teaches me the truth,  
That God is everywhere.

The regions of the north,  
As well as southern climes,  
Attest that he to all  
Alike is good and kind.  
He gives them life and light,  
Thus beautifies our land;  
They live, for God is life,  
And die at his command.

'Neath Autumn's chilling breath,  
They wither, fade and fall;  
But when bright Spring appears,  
They come forth at her call.

We live but for a time,  
In this world fraught with care;  
Our souls then wing their flight  
To God, to be at rest.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

This lady, whose remarkable talent for travel has made not only her name but her face familiar in every part of the globe, paid a visit to the Tribune office yesterday, having understood that it is the most complete newspaper establishment in the country, and spent some time in inspecting its various departments. Madame Pfeiffer is about fifty years of age, rather under the medium size, and of that apparently slight build which is usually combined with great powers of endurance. Her face is mild and benignant in its expression, yet her keen black eye, conveys the impression of a remarkably energetic and enthusiastic nature. Two years spent under an East India sun have given her almost a Creole complexion. She is quite gentle and unassuming in her manners, and seems admirably fitted by nature to encounter all climates and make her way among all races of mankind.

This is Madame Pfeiffer's fourth great journey. She first visited Turkey, Palestine and Egypt, and then, after an interval of repose, Sweden, Norway and Iceland. Bartlett, the English artist who was her fellow traveller in Palestine, informed us that he had never met with any one who bore the annoyances of travel with so much patience, or was sustained by so much quiet energy and self-confidence. In June 1846, she sailed for Brazil, visited the Indian tribes of the interior, and resided some time in Rio Janeiro; she then doubled Cape Horn, explored Chili, and sailed for the Society Islands. Then she went to Canton, Singapore, Ceylon and Calcutta, traversed the interior of India, ascended the Tigris to Bagdad and the ruins of Nineveh; crossed over into Persia, visited the Caucasus and Southern Russia, and finally returned to Vienna by way of Constantinople and Athens, after an absence of three years. We have seen it stated that she accomplished this remarkable tour at an expense of less than \$1,000.

Her published accounts of her travels, now be-

1851, she received a grant of \$500 from the Austrian Government, and in May of that year sailed from London for the Cape of Good Hope. It had been her intention to undertake an exploration of the interior of South Africa, but she was obliged to relinquish it on account of the expense. She then sailed for the East Indies, and after touching at Singapore, proceeded to Borneo. Not content with visiting the Dutch settlements on the southern part of the island, and dominions of Rajah Brooke, at Sarawak she penetrated into the interior, among the Dyak tribes, where no white person had ever been before her. After spending several months in Borneo, she visited Java, Sumatra, and the Moluccas. In Sumatra, she spent some time in the kingdoms of the native Malay princes, in the northern part of the island. She speaks of this part of her trip, as having been of unusual interest. She desired extending her trip to Japan, in the Dutch vessel which left Butaia during her residence there, but was prevented by the fact that no woman was allowed to accompany the Dutch to Nagasaki or to land there.

After a year and a half in the East Indies, Madame Pfeiffer went to Australia, and after a short sojourn, sailed to California. She visited the most interesting parts of that State and Oregon, and then took passage for Lima, from which place she made a trip to the head-waters of the Amazon. Thence, through Ecuador, by way of Quito to Bogota, she travelled northward to Panama, and took passage from Aspinwall to New Orleans. Since her landing in this country in July, she has ascended the Mississippi to St. Paul's, sailed on all our great Lakes, and visited Canada and Montreal. Now, after an absence of three years and a half, her long and eventful journey is drawing to a close; but we should not like to promise that after this she will be contented to sit still within the walls of her native Vienna. Certainly no woman has ever shown a greater amount of courage and endurance, and she seems to have a good stock yet on hand for future undertakings. Madame Pfeiffer is undoubtedly the greatest female traveller of whom we have any record.—N. Y. Tribune.

MADAM PFEIFFER.—The question naturally suggested is, who is Madame Pfeiffer, and what is she going round the world for?

She is a German lady, about fifty-seven years old said to be intelligent, wealthy and accomplished, and to all appearance perfectly sane on every subject, except it be that of travelling, which she does entirely alone, and on the largest scale. Her husband and two sons, one a Government official and the other an artist, live in Germany. In 1846 she set out on a journey round the world. She went first to Brazil, attracted by its magnificent forests and flowers. Here she came very near being murdered by a black ruffian, who undertook to rob her. She still shows the scars she received, but states with evident satisfaction that she cut off three of his fingers in self-defence, when fortunately help came to her relief. She then embarked at Rio, doubled the Horn, visited Valparaiso, took passage in another vessel to Tahiti, and among other mementoes of her sojourn there brought away Queen Pomare's autograph. From Tahiti she went to China, then to Calcutta, then overland across British India to Bombay, from thence by steam to Bussorah and Bagdad then with a caravan to Mosul and the ruins of Nineveh, whence she brought several pieces of sculpture, and thence to Oroomiah, of course with varied adventures. At numerous places she was hospitably received and entertained by the Protestant missionaries. She is herself a Catholic. From Oroomiah she proceeded to Tabreez, then to Tiflis, and across the Caucasus, though European Russia to Vienna, and reached home after a tour of little more than two years. As her stock of languages is limited, she is obliged much of the time to depend on signs.—One of her cardinal rules is never to betray fear, in whatever danger she may be, and another is to dress and live cheaply and economically, two precautions that have doubtless conducted largely to her safety. Madame Pfeiffer, in her land journeys, took but a single horse: her small trunk being hung on one side of him, her bed on the other and she riding between. Her voyage round the world cost her somewhat less than \$2000. In 1851 she set out again, and spent two years in Australia and the East Indies. She then visited California and Oregon, thence through Ecuador she went to Panama and took steamer for New Orleans, then up the Mississippi to St. Paul, and down the lakes to Montreal, from whence she will come to New York. She is now on her way through the Atlantic States, after which she will again turn homewards, thus completing her second journey round the earth. A description of her strange and

and will probably, if she lives, embody them in an elaborate work. A subordinate object of her travels is to gather flowers and insects, of which she has now an immense collection. She is already known as the authoress of a work on Iceland and Palestine, the fruit of her early journeyings.—[Albany Journal.

Swedenborg says that, "though the virgins he saw in heaven were beautiful, the wives were incomparably more beautiful and went on increasing in beauty evermore." That is certainly an encouragement for the girls to get married. What girl would willingly remain single in this world at the expense of her beauty in the next?

Love takes more strongly to mathematics than formerly. The repeal of the Corn Laws in England increased matrimony 13 per cent in one year. This fact shows that the development of the affections depends not so much on the enlargement of the heart as to the size and price of tea rusk.—The potato rot in Ireland reduced the number of births 20 per cent in twelve months, which shows the immense power exerted by the stomach over conjugal matters. In Ireland, population and "murphics" go hand-in-hand with such unerring regularity, that a statist can calculate the increase of number of any year's babies, by just ascertaining the price of tubers.

WHAT A GIRL CAN DO.—As an evidence of what the girls can do if they have the mind, a Cincinnati press states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied, and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years, during which time she earned \$200; and availing herself of the facilities which the printing-office afforded acquired a good education. She is now associate editress of a popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. Such a girl is bound to shine and eclipse tens of thousands who are educated, in the lap of luxury, and taught all the "accomplishments" of a boarding-school. Such a wife will be a jewel to her husband, an ornament to society, and an honor to her sex and country.



Youth's Department.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide,  
And wide along its banks we stray,  
We see our loved ones in its tide  
Sail from our sight away, away,  
When they are past, they who return  
No more to glad our longing eyes;  
They've passed from life's contracted bound  
To land unseen, unknown, that lies  
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess  
How beautiful that realm must be;  
For gleamings of its brightness  
In visions granted, oft we see.  
The very clouds that cover it throw  
Their gold and purple tints glow,  
Reflected from the glorious light  
Beyond the river.

As I go forth, so sweet, so calm,  
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;  
The mourner feels their breath of balm,  
And scold of sorrow dries the tear.  
And sometimes listening ear may gain  
Entrancing sound that lither thate;  
The echo of a distant strain  
Of happy and voices, blended notes  
Beyond the river.

There are loved ones in their rest,  
They've crossed Time's River, now to dwell,  
They heed the bubbles on its breast,  
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.  
But there pure love can live, can last—  
They look for us their home to share;  
When we in turn away have passed,  
What joyful greetings shall we hear  
Beyond the river.

COLUMBUS.—A correspondent of London Athenaeum, writing from the South of Spain, gives some details as to one of the most interesting monuments connected with the story of Columbus.—"You know that Palos is the little port from which Columbus sailed on his second voyage of discovery. We found it a poor deserted place forgotten apparently by every one. There is not a single thing to remind the spectator that it was the cradle of the greatest glory of Spain. Not far from Palos are the ruins of the Rapita the monastery in which Columbus shared the retreat of his brother. It is most painful to see an edifice hallowed by such recollections falling to utter decay, in the midst of the general indifference. In other countries it would be the object of a respectful pilgrimage. At all events, it would be thought essential to the national honor to preserve a chamber in which the great discoverer sought consolation from the ingratitude and injustice of man. Here, there is no sentiment of the kind, nothing but utter oblivion." We are glad to learn that this interesting monument has been rescued from destruction by the Queen of the French and the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier, by whose order and at whose cost the cell of Columbus is to be repaired, and the chapel of the monastery restored. It is expected that the Duke and Duchess will be present at the re-opening of the chapel.

ENGLISH PURITAN SURNAMES.—The following names are given in "Lower's English Surnames," as specimens of the names of the Puritans in England about the year 1658. The names are taken from jury lists in Sussex county. They will cause a smile in our day:

- |                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Faint-not Hewitt      | Kill-sin Pimple,  |
| Accepted Trover       | Return Spelman    |
| Redeemed Compton      | Be-Faithful Jomer |
| Make-Peace Heaton     | Fly-Debate Rogers |
| God-Reward Smart      | Fight the good of |
| Stand fast on high    | faith White       |
| Stinger               | More-fruit Fowler |
| Earth Adams           | Hope-for Bending  |
| Called Lower          | Graceful Harding  |
| Meek Brewer           | Weep-not Billing  |
| Be-courteous Cole     | Seek-wisdom Wood  |
| Repentance Avis       | Elected Mitchell  |
| Search the Scriptures | The Peace of God  |
| Moretton              | Knicht.           |

[Boston Transcript.

This reminds us of a family that inhabited the puritan land not far from our native town, whose parents (pious souls) had appointed for a family of eight children, a text of scripture as the surname to each child. The oldest son was called "Praise God Barebones," and the oldest daughter "Through much tribulation we enter the kingdom of heaven Barebones. The neighbors, we recollect hearing them say, for the sake of brevity in the latter name they called her Tribby.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.—A gentleman claiming to be a friend to the human race, and who keeps the run of facts, figures and babies, has just laid before an "inquiring world" the following interesting statistics:

The whole number of languages spoken in the world amount to 3,064—598 in Europe 963 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of our globe profess over 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average duration of human life is about 33 years. One quarter part die before the age of seven years; and one half before reaching 17 years, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity denied to one half of the human species.

"A MAN WHO LIVES NOT IN VAIN."—Thomas Garratt, in the United States, aged seventy years, was tried for having aided the escape of fifteen slaves at one time, and was fined 8000 dollars, while his entire property was estimated at 5500. After the action, the Sheriff unrelentingly said—"Well now, Garratt, we have made you a beggar in your old age, and I think you had better learn to mind your own business, and let other people's alone." "Yes," said Garratt, "in my old age ye have made a beggar of me; but, old as I am, I have not lived altogether in vain, for I have the names of 1400 slaves that I have aided to escape; and if thee know of any poor fugitive that wants a friend to-night send him to old Thomas Garratt."

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

The Poughkeepsie Daily Press says:—As a dusty-looking "colored child," about 40 years of age, and from the country, was passing under the scaffolding of the building now being erected on the corner of Main and Catharine streets, the other day a brick came down struck upon his head, and broke in two. He was stunned for a moment, but soon recovered sufficiently to get off the following, and leave those who had gathered around him in a roar of laughter: "I say you waite man up dar, if you don't want yer bricks broke, jes keep 'em off my head."

It was a common practice with Hadyn to order a dinner for five or six, and then eat the whole himself. He once ordered such a dinner to be ready by a stated hour, at which time he alone appeared and ordered the repast to be served.—"But where is the company?" respectfully inquired the head waiter. "Oh!" exclaimed Hadyn—"I am de company."—[Table Traits, by Dr. Doran.

Colonel D. S. Miles, United States army, now on his way to New Mexico, with a detachment of troops, writes from Fort Atkinson, Arkansas, that he had been four days among the Camanches and Ki-oways, and adds:—"Some of the bucks offered