

In the meantime it was reported through M... that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection!—About a hundred of those who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some that could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon-load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults, beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All withdrew to a distance, and in a few moments the assembled multitude beheld a most joyful sight. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically toward the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and then fell back to earth a heap of ruins!



Ladies' Department.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

When rays came with floods of golden glances, When childhood dwelt upon her laughing lips; But time has dimmed the dancing beams with sadness, And manhood murmurs through the grey eclipse, "Where are they now?"

When sunny hopes illumed our dreamy spirits, When life and love were beautiful and new; But age, with all the wisdom it inherits, Breathes o'er the molten gems of morning dew, "Where are they now?"

Oh, passive words, how many a blissful treasure Ye serve to point to us a long lost thing! How many a heart that pours life's richest measure, Must learn thy plaintive notes, and faintly sing "Where are they now?"

MATERNAL AFFECTION OF A BIRD.—We abridge from the Washington Sentinel a story of a young bird and its mother:

A boy having captured a bird too young to fly well, placed it on the limb of a tree in the courtyard of the National Hotel. Gentleman on the premises, watched the proceedings with some solicitude. Its cries were heard by its mother, who kept hovering near the house top, whistling as if to cheer her lost but now found offspring.—Gradually, she became emboldened to approach nearer still, until she perched along side of the little trembler; and such a twittering was never before heard. Affection had overcome fear. The greeting over, the mother bird hastened away, and in a few moments returned with a worm in her mouth, with which she fed her hungry child. The crying was hushed, and there was joy once more in that little bird family.

There is a sweet harmony in nature, always strikingly exhibited in the maternal care.—What ever dangers may exist, though calculated to appal the stoutest heart, love fearlessly encounters them. In his heaven-inspired offices.—In proportion to the pain overcome, is the greatness and sweetness of the triumph.

DANCE OF POLYAMY.—A lady in Utah, a wife of one of the Mormon leaders, writes to her sister a long letter, published in the newspapers, defending polygamy by the example of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the holy men mentioned in the Bible. The argument is as inconclusive as many others drawn from the same source, and would be equally

enough to satisfy the conscience of any Turk, whose harem contained not less than one hundred wives.—The letter is a curiosity, as exhibiting the social relations of the polygamist. The lady says her husband has seven other wives, which is a moderate number for a leader of the faith, as Rigdon, the high priest of Mormonism, is believed to have thirty-six. The children of these eight wives number twenty-five. The lady says, is a "good and virtuous husband, and all these mothers and children are educated to her by kindred duties—by mutual affection—by acquaintance and association; and the mothers in particular, by mutual and long continued exercise of tend, patience, long suffering, and sisterly kindness. The husband of whose affection she is entitled to just one-eighth is a practical teacher of morals and religion; a promoter of general education; and at present occupies an honorable seat in the Legislative Council of the Territory. She concludes her remarkable letter with the hope that enlightened legislation in every State will be so modified, and the customs and consciences of the individuals will be so altered, that any Utah gentleman, with more than the Christian number of wives, may be able to travel in any part of the United States with his harem and children, and enjoy as much consideration and honor as he does at home, or in the same manner as the patriarch Jacob would have been respected had he, with his wives and children, paid a visit to his kindred. We have heard much of the good time coming," probably it is the period this lady refers to.—Phil. Ledger?

A WICKED WIFE.

Nothing in the United States can exceed this brutality. The Court of Assize of Munich was last week occupied in trying five persons for murder. The principle of them was a pretty young woman named Aschmayr. She had, it appeared, though only married six months, and though excellent, conceived a violent aversion to her husband. She at first thought of getting a divorce from him, but found it too expensive. Then in concert with her parents she resolved to get rid of him by violent means. Her father knew two men of bad character, who were ready to do any infamous act and sent them to her. She went with them to a wood near her residence and bargained with them to murder her husband for 20 florins. In execution of the contract, one of the bandits hid wait for the husband as he was returning from a village fête, and fired at him, without, however hitting him. They then promised to attempt it the next day, and promised to fire at him as he was plowing his field; but she would not allow them to do so, lest they should hit the horses. The following day, however, they fired at him and wounded him in the abdomen, and then they beat him with the butt-ends of their guns. He resisted violently, and having broken from them, took flight towards his own house, crying for help; but they pursued and beat him to death. The woman and her mother witnessed the whole of this horrible scene from the house. The next day, the woman's father, being in a state of intoxication, began talking about the crime in a public house. Cleverly questioned by a Gen d'arme, who happened to be present, he detailed all the frightful circumstances of the case. He was immediately arrested, and his wife and daughter and the two bandits were also taken.

After hearing these facts related the jury without hesitation declared all the five accused guilty, and the Court condemned them to death.

CHILDREN LIKE SOMETHING NEW.

Mark how the infant sitting on your knee thrusts into your face the toy it holds that you may look at it. See when it makes a creak with its wet finger upon the table, now it turns and looks at you; thus saying, as clearly as it can, "Hear this new sound." Watch how the elder children come into the room exclaiming "Mamma see what a curious thing." "Mamma, look at this," "Mamma, look at that," and would continue the habit did not the silly mamma tell them not to tease her. Observe how, when out with the nurse-maid, each little one runs up to her with the new flower it has gathered to show her how pretty it is, and to get her also to say it is pretty. Listen to the eager volubility with which everyurchin describes the new place he has been to if he can only find some one who will attend with any interest.

WIVES AND CARPETS.—In the selection of carpet, you should always prefer one with small figures, because the two webs of which the fabrics consist, are always more closely interwoven than in carpeting where large figures are wrought.

There is a great deal of true philosophy in this that will apply to matters widely different from the selection of carpets.

A man commits a sad mistake when he selects a wife that cuts too large a figure on the green carpet of life—in other words, makes much display. The attractions fade out—the web of life becomes worn and weak, and all the gay figures that seemed so charming at first, disappear like summer flowers in autumn.

Many a man has made himself a weary wretched old fellow, by striving to wear too large a figure, and finds himself worn out, used up, and like an old carpet.

Many a man wears out like a carpet that is never swept, by the dust of indolence. Like that same carpet, he needs shaking or whipping—he needs activity, something to think of—something to do. Look out, then, for the large figures, and there are those now stowed away in the garret of the world, awaiting their final consignment to the collar, who had they practiced this bit of carpet philosophy, would to day be firm and bright as a Brussels fresh from the loom, and every body exclaiming; It is wonderful how well they do!



Worth's Department.

HUMAN THOUGHT.

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

As follows wave on wave, so is the tide Of human thought, in its increasing flow; The surge of Passion, or the swell of Pride, The calmer current of our joys o'erthrown. Anon, the sparkling ripple of intense delight Is lost amid grief's sullen rolling waves; Or Hatred comes with torrent black as night, And all Love's tender sympathy outraves Eastward a gleam of glad and sweet surprise Is o'er the slumbering lake of musing cast, Like sun-light o'er the ocean at the morn's uprise. It glids the bitter horrors of the past! And then, once more, as cloudy shadows run Along the vale, borne by the viewless wind; When coming tempests veil the golden sun— So changeful thought affects the human mind. Gladness with Grief—soft Ease with Discontent, And mirthful joy with agonizing pain— All in one bosom, oft are strangely blent— What's joined to-day, to-morrow rends in twain! Yet, as each moment this on silent wing, It bears the trophy of some random thought; Tho' dark, or fair, may be its shadowing, They should not come and pass away for nought. Township of Bastard, Beverley, C. W.

THE SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

These were first, the brass Colossus of Rhodes, 120 feet high, built by Cares A. D. 288, occupying 42 years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes 66 years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded 900 camels with the brass. 2nd. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen 30 years in building, and has now stood at least 3,000 years. 3rd. The Aqueduct of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius, the censor. 4th. The Labyrinth of Psammethichus, on the bank of the Nile, containing within its continued walls 1,000 houses and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3,000 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods. 5th. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 282, B. C. It was erected as a light-house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off; mirrors of enormous size were fixed around the galleries, reflecting every thing on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place. 6th. The walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness. 7th. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius 6th King of Rome. It was 450 feet long, 200 broad, and supported by 125 marble pillars 70 feet high. The beams and doors were of cedar, the rest of the timber Cyprus. It was destroyed by fire B. C. 355.

THE VICE OF LYING.

Lying is a mean and cowardly quality, and altogether unbecoming a person of honor. Aristotle lays it down for a maxim, that a brave man is clear in his discourse, and that a cowardly man and Plutarch called it the vice of the coward.

are no image of thoughts. Hence it will follow that he who mistakes a falsity for truth is no liar in reporting his judgment; and, on the other side, he that relates a matter which he believes to be false is guilty of lying, though he speaks the truth. A lie is to be measured by the conscience of him that speaks, and not by the truth of the proposition.

Lying is a breach of the articles of social commerce, and an invasion upon the fundamental rights of society.

Lying has a ruinous tendency; it strikes a damp upon business and pleasure, and disolves the cement of society. Like gunpowder, it is all noise and smoke; it darkens the air, disturbs the sight, and blows up as far as it reaches. Nobody can close with a liar; there is danger in the correspondence; and more than that we naturally hate those who make it their business to deceive us. Were lying universal, it would destroy the credit of books and records, make past ages insignificant, and at most confine our knowledge to our five senses. We must travel by the compass or by the stars—or life's way would only misguide us.

A POOR MAN'S WISH.—I asked a student what three things he most wished. He said 'Give me books, health, and quiet, and I ask for nothing more.'

I asked a miser, and he cried, Money—money—money!

I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, 'Bread—bread—bread!'

I asked a drunkard, and he loudly called for strong drink. I asked the multitude around me and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words, 'wealth, fame, and pleasure.'

I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced christian; he replied that all his wishes could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said, 'I greatly desire those three things—first, that I may be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be found in Christ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ. I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it the wiser it seems.'

THE NAIL HIT ON THE HEAD.—Human law has no direct power to control a diseased appetite. We may punish the retailer for selling, and imprison the drunkard for getting drunk; but as soon as the victim is released from his confinement, the retailer kindles the appetite anew. We have tried this method of reform for two centuries, and yet we are not advanced beyond the starting place, probably are behind it. Now we have found that though we cannot knock a human passion on the head, yet we can knock whiskey barrels on the head, and thus balk the passion, and save its victims.

The friends of temperance, then, I say, have achieved a position entirely new. The Maine Law is as great a discovery in morals, as steam was in physics.—[HORACE MANN.]

THE GLOBE WE LIVE IN.—It is known as a fact in Geology that below the depth of 30 feet the earth becomes regularly warmer as we descend. On an average the increase is at the rate of one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty feet. At the bottom of the mines of Cornwall, a depth of 1 thousand two hundred feet, the thermometer stands at 88, equal to high summer heat. At this rate, rocks and metals would be melted twenty miles below the surface, and down in the bowels of the earth, several hundred miles, the heat would be twenty thousand times hotter than melted iron. Who can wonder at earthquakes, when all things rest on a molten sea of fire?

YOUTHFUL NOSTALGIA.—Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth: "If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect, in my boyhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth—that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my ignorance, and I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by so doing, I could rat the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

That was a delicate touch of sarcasm which is recorded of Charles Lamb's brother, James "Elia." He was out at Eton one day, with his brother and some friends; and upon seeing some of the Eton boys, students of the college, at play upon the green he gave vent to foreboding, with a sign and solemn shake of the head: "Ah!" said he, "what a pity to think that those fine, ingenious lads in a few years will be as stupid as I am now."