



Ladies' Department.

THE MAIDENS OF LOBO.

The maidens of Lobo are beautiful and fair,  
Their notes of sweet melody gladden the ear,  
Their voices enchanting do play on the soul,  
Till the heart's bound a captive at music's control;  
Though sweet is their music, yet sweeter the smile  
That plays around ripe cheeks that bloom all the while;  
Their hearts warm and social, expansive and free,  
Pure glances around them, wherever they be.  
And long may their smiles beam, and long may they  
In love's sunny clime, where sweet flowers shed perfume.

When joy's balmy breezes in gentle gales blow,  
And the streamlets of happiness glittering flow,  
Afar from the snares of deception and guile,  
Environ'd by chastity, still may they smile,  
May Hope's sunny radiance, all beautiful and bright,  
For ever gleam round them with beams of delight!  
May melody, gladness, sweet peace, joy and love,  
Bathed their souls here, and Faith guide them above,  
Whose music for ever, in pure realms of joy,  
In soft-flowing anthems, roll sweetly on high.  
The maidens of Lobo are beautiful and fair!  
Their notes of sweet melody float on the air,  
Like the echoes of joy that symphoniously ring,  
When nature, all-blossoming, rejoices in spring!

Lobo, June 8th, 1854.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

From the nature of the case there are reasons why the practice of medicine should not be confined to men; and we think the late Legislature performed one of its wisest acts when it appropriated \$1000 a year, for five years, to the Female Medical Education Society of this State. If success must depend upon observation, to understand the disease, its nature, and the effects of medicine, then our present mode of practicing is wrong. The nurse who is constantly by the side of the patient should be the physician, as understanding all these points better than the person who hurries from one sick bed to another during the day. The visiting physician should only be the consulting physician, in many cases; and if there were a class of educated nurses now in the community, they would command my pay, and, to a great extent, displace the present practitioners.

There are objections to the general practice of medicine, however, by females, and they quickly present themselves to every thinking mind; but equally as great are they to the general and exclusive practice by males. There are certain limits on both sides; but, so long as a lady prescribes only for her own sex, or is governed in her practice by good sense and natural modesty, there is no more reason why she should be excluded from the medical profession than from a place in the streets or a seat in the church. Nay, more; she is demanded, and society cannot well spare her. There are diseases peculiar to herself that are hurrying thousands of mothers and daughters to their graves, or leaving them in lingering torments, from the repugnance the sufferers feel to calling a male physician. It is useless to say that this is over-estimated modesty. There it is, and hundreds of families suffer much from the fact. And even where physicians are called in, from want of information, they do not comprehend the cases, and may injure where they would benefit. Society has a right to a reform that will obviate these evils.

The principal design of the Female Medical Education Society is not general practice, but the education of midwives; and, for this calling, certainly are needed, and education desirable. The male practice, in this branch, is now very limited; it is confined to a small portion of civilized countries.

to smooth, was the amount of the obituary art at that time. In the middle ages no man thought to engage in it; and, for doing so, a physician named Voltes was burned in Hamburg, in 1521. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, and especially after the Parisian surgeon, Clement, attended La Valiere, the mistress of Louis XIV., and received the honorary title of accoucheur, it became more common, but has never been established as a general practice, except in some sections. Of late the propriety of this practice has been discussed, and most of the medical journals and physicians have advocated the preparation of females for this business; and schools have been established in various quarters, that are annually sending forth their graduates, who are settling in their profession in the principal cities and towns. The Society, just aided by the State, has a flourishing school in Boston, and is having an extensive influence on the community. There is no class that desire a change, that is now progressing, more than the regular faculty themselves; and they will be glad to yield some parts of their duties, long before others are ready to assume them.—*Newburyport Herald*.



Youth's Department.

THE SIGNAL STAR

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"Come back, come back my childhood."—L. E. L.

I'd not recall my childhood;  
With all its sweet delight,  
Its simple, bird-like gladness.  
It was not always bright—  
Even morning had her tear drops;  
And spring her clouded sky  
And on the fairest cradle  
I've seen the shadows lie.

I'd not recall my childhood,  
Though tender memories throng  
Around its rosy portals,  
Prelusive to life's song.  
The full voiced living chorus  
Is swelling round me now,  
And a tresser light is resting  
Upon my maiden brow.

I have made a changeful journey  
Up the hill of life since morn;  
I have gathered flowers and blossoms,  
I've been pierced with many a thorn;  
But from out the core of sorrow  
I have plucked a jewel rare,  
The strength which mortals gather  
In their ceaseless strife with care.

Now I grasp life's burning breaker,  
And how'er the bubbles glow,  
I'll pause not till I've tasted  
The deepest wave below;  
Though bitter drags may mingle,  
The crimson tide shall roll,  
In full and fearless current  
Through the fountains of my soul.

No! I'd not go back to childhood  
From the radiant flush of noon;  
And when evening closes round me,  
I crave one only boon:  
Amid the valley's darkness,  
And its dangers and its dread,  
The Signal Star of Judah  
To shine above my head.

THE BLIND SCULPTOR.—PERSEVERANCE WILL OVERCOME ALL THINGS.

That is a very touching picture which is drawn by a modern traveler of a blind sculptor, whom he fell in with at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol. His name was Kleinhans; and this is a brief synopsis of his history. When five years of age he was attacked with the small-pox; it affected his eyes, and finally made him entirely blind. Before he had lost his sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skillfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and even attempted to handle a knife, and to turn a statuette himself.

would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see, by measuring them with his fingers. Fingers then again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able to comprehend from the touch, the exact proportions of the figure, anatomizing upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the niceties of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute and rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he diligently gave long days of labour. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other, but his love for art incited him to persevere.

After very many efforts he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand, and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb that he saw, as it were, by means of his fingers, the figure he intended to copy.

Thus he proceeded by degrees, until he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection, for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.

He is now seventy years of age, but robust, and works every day as in his youth. During the course of his career he has sculptured several hundred figures. He lives alone in his humble apartment, and supplies all his wants from produce of his sculpture. He is of a cheerful disposition; no vain desires agitate him; no ambition for honor or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist. His mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands. "I feel," he says, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with mine own eyes."

What a forcible illustration is this of the beautiful sentence of Sterne: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" Here is seen the true "compensation" in the dispensations of Divine Providence; like the light that was formed from the source of all light and life, into the dark recesses of poor Laura Bridgman, who seemed shut out from the world, and almost from her Maker, being deaf, dumb, and blind.

Humourous.

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

A LOVE SCENE—overheard, and phonographicaly reported by Phrederic Phin.—

"Phairest of the phair," sighed the lover, phaney my phceling when I phorce the phcairful concquences of our phceling phrom your phathers phamily. Thew phellows could have phaced the music with so much pholtitude as I have; and a phickel phortune phails to smile upon our love, I phind I must phorego the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phair Phrancees, pharewell phorever.

"Hold, Phranklin, hold!" screamed Phrancees. I will phollow you phorever." But Phranklin, phaked, and Phrancees phainted.

The "State of Matrimony" has at last been bounded and described by some out West student who says: "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief productions are population, broomsticks and staying out late at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you cross the equinoctial line of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principle roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of bright eyes you run against."

"Jim, I believe Sam's got to trail in him."

There is only one paper in Egypt—a small monthly sheet, in the Arabic language, at four dollars a year. It is devoted mainly to the powers that be, and every one in the employ of the Pacha is obliged to subscribe to it.

SLEEPING ON SUNDAY.—A minister of the Kirk in good old Scotland, once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So coming in the steady, and, possibly, somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:—

"Susan!"  
Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house—whether asleep or awake.

"I did na marry you for your wealth, for ye had none. And I did not marry your beauty that the whole congregation can plainly see. And if you have na grace, I have made but a sorry bargain."

Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

Modern law may be divided into three parts: supposition, proof, and denial. Supposition is nothing; proof is next to impossible; and to deny everything is the main point.

DEFERRED NEWS.

SECRET MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS AMONG THE IRISH.—We noticed some weeks since, the formation among our Irish population of secret societies, which have a military organization, and hold regular meetings for drilling, &c., for the purpose of striking a blow against England, either in Ireland or Canada as the developments of the existing war may render feasible. We understand that the formation of these societies has been continued, and that large accessions have been made to their numbers. On Sunday last a Roman Catholic priest in Brooklyn took occasion to allude to them in his sermon, and to denounce them in the most emphatic terms. He warned all the members of his congregation to have nothing to do with secret societies of any kind, and intimated that if this warning was disregarded, it would be followed by other measures.—*N. Y. Times, May 26th.*

LOWELL, MASS.—FACTURERS.—The number of spindles run by the incorporated companies at Lowell is 349, 898; number of males employed, 4, 007; number of females employed, 8, 743—total 12, 750. There are 2, 100, 000 yards of cotton cloth, 27, 000 yards of carpet and 50 rugs made per week, for which there are weekly 700, 000 pounds of cotton and 99, 000 pounds of wool. The population of the city is above 35, 000. The yearly consumption of cotton is about 80, 000 bales, about one sixth of the entire consumption.

The art of stereotyping is said to be a New York invention,—the credit of it belonging exclusively to Calwallader Colden, one of the New York Provincial Governors. The Parisian printers, Herba and Didot, who have been praised for their discovery, used information in regard to it which Colden communicated to Dr. Franklin. It has been asserted that some time previously a folio and a quarto Bible had been stereotyped in Holland, but it has been shown conclusively that these Bibles were standing forms of type.

It is feared there are two Russian war steamers in the Australian seas and that the gold ships may be attacked by Russian privateers and the Australian cities bombarded. It is also said these cities are quite defenceless. The rebels in China are marching on Peking. A terrible tragedy has just taken place near Quebec, a poor girl only 14 years old was violated and murdered in a brutal manner by some unknown villain; she was found almost in a state of nudity by the roadside in the parish of St. Jean d'Orleans, county of Lotbiniere, district of Quebec.

IRISH EMIGRATION FROM ENGLAND.—Twenty-two emigrant vessels left Liverpool during the month of April, bound for various ports in the U. S. These twenty-two vessels carried away fifteen thousand three hundred and forty-one persons. Of these, ten thousand eight hundred and twenty-five were Irish, two thousand four hundred and eighteen were English, two hundred and fifty-five were Scotch, and eighteen hundred and forty-three were natives of other European countries; but the last number was made up almost entirely of Germans. In the course of three days last week there arrived at New York alone, from different European ports, the seemingly fabulous number of twenty thousand seven hundred and sixteen emigrants.—*Quebec Gazette.*

A dreadful gunpowder explosion has lately occurred near Albany: 200 kegs of powder in a mill exploded, blowing to pieces 7 men, Germans; 5 of them were literally blown to atoms—their flesh and bones carried for miles in the surrounding country;—2 of them only could be distinguished and they were thrown over a mile, and terribly mangled;—7 men had quit the mill a short time before—what an escape! The American papers also speak of another explosion in Delaware, gunpowder in a wagon, several lives lost.

CONSTITUTION OF MALT.—It is shown by a return recently issued, that there has been an increase for