

bury was in the House of Commons, with the title of Lord Ashley, and it was not till the death of his father that he entered the House of Peers as Lord Shaftsbury. The contract which a very standard religious paper in America (The N. Y. Observer) has drawn between Lord Ashley and Lord Shaftsbury does not strike the people over here as remarkably opposite.

Concerning the letter I have one or two things to say. Nothing can be more false than the insinuation that has been thrown out in some American papers, that it was a political movement. It had its first origin in the deep religious feelings of the man whose whole life has been devoted to the abolition of the white-labor slavery of Great Britain; the man whose eye explored the darkness of the collieries, and counted the weary steps of the cotton-spinners—who penetrated the dens where the insane were tortured with darkness, and cold, and stripes; and threaded the louthsome alleys of London, haunts of fever and cholera; this man it was, whose heart was overwhelmed by the tale of American Slavery, and who could find no relief from the distress except in raising some voice to the ear of Christianity. Fearful of the jealousy of political interference, Lord Shaftsbury published an address to the ladies of England, in which he told them that he felt himself moved by an irresistible impulse to entreat them to raise their voice, in the name of common Christianity and womanhood, to their American sisters. The abuse which has fallen upon him for this most Christian proceeding does not in the least surprise him, because it is of the kind that has always met him in every benevolent movement.

When in the Parliament of England he was pleading for women in the collieries who were harnessed like beasts of burden, and made to draw loads through mire and dark passages, and for children who were taken at three years old to labour where the sun never shines, he was met with determined and furious opposition and obloquy accused of being a disorganizer, and of wanting to restore the dark ages. Very similar accusations have attended all his efforts for the working classes during the long course of 17 years, which resulted at last in the triumphal passage of the factory bill.

KOSSUTH

From Richmond's Mr. S. C., and I drove out to call upon Kossuth. We found him in obscure lodgings in the outskirts of London. I would that some of the editors in America, who have thrown out insinuations about his living in luxury, could have seen the utter bareness and plainness of the reception room, which had nothing in it but the simplest necessities. Here dwells the man whose greatest fault is an undying love for his country. We all know that if Kossuth would have taken wealth and a secure retreat, with a life of ease for himself, America would gladly have had all these at his feet. But because he could not acquiesce in the unmerited dishonour of his country, he lives a life of obscurity, poverty, and labour. All this was written in his pale, worn face, and sad thoughtful blue eye. But to me the unselfish patriot is more venerable for his poverty and misfortunes. He entered into conversation with cheerfulness, speaking English well, though with the idioms of foreign languages. He seemed quite amused at the sensation which had been excited by Mr S's cotton speech in Exeter Hall. S. asked him if he had yet hopes for his cause. He answered, "I hope still because I work still; my hope is in God and in man."

I inquired for Madame Kossuth, and he answered, "I have not yet seen her to-day," adding, "she has her family affairs, you know, madame; we are poor exiles here;" and, fearing to cause embarrassment, I did not press an interview. When we parted he took my hand kindly, and said, "God bless you, my child."

I would not lose my faith in such men for anything the world could give me. There are some people who involve in themselves so many of the elements which go to make up our confidence in human nature generally, that to lose confidence in them seems to undermine our faith in human virtue. As Shakspeare says, their defection would be like "another fall of man."

A LAW AND ORDER DOG.—A Newfoundland dog in Boston, lost the wire-muzzle from his nose as he was passing along Kilby street a morning or two since. Instead of passing along without it, as many dogs would have done, he paused



Ladies' Department.

The following beautiful lines were contributed to the Home Journal, by Mrs. T. H. Beverige, of Galveston, Texas.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a sunny day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play.
It gambled on the flowrets
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed, with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something, on the instant,
Its glad career arrests,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new-found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And trustfully reached forth its hand
To seize the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which, in its baby innocence,
It surely thought was there.
But ah! that hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright unprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on that cherub face,—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it hath been with us all,
Who its dark game have played;
We've sought to grasp the sunshine,
And only found the shade.

A SECOND JOAN OF ARC.—The following is from the Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette: "A curious story is told at this moment of a second Joan of Arc who has appeared in the Turkish army. A girl named Gara a descendant of Solomon Paeha, former governor of Morocco, in Asia, arrived lately at the city of Adana, on her way to Constantinople. She marched at the head of a corps of irregular cavalry. Many persons tried to persuade her to abandon the strange enterprise; but nothing shook her courage or her resolution to combat the enemies of her country. Some persons thought to intimidate her by saying, if she was determined to remain in the army she must give trial of her skill by an assault at arms. The governor of Adana, who was informed of the fact, ordered that the young girl should be brought to him, and he asked her if she still persisted in her resolution. She responded in the affirmative and added that she would engage willingly in the trial at arms to which they had said she must submit, provided they would give her for her adversary the bravest and most vigorous of the 2000 cavaliers of which the detachment was composed. The combat took place immediately, and after a contest of some minutes, the cavalier chosen for adversary was disarmed by the young girl and declared vanquished. The governor then ordered, that she should be regularly enrolled counted her down 1500 piasters, (\$75) and gave the rank of officer to her brother, who served in an inferior grade."

A GOOD THOUGHT. John Howard, having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favor, proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or in any other amusement she chose. "What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!" was her answer. This point met with his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

neatly dressed, with rather a dashing watch establishment, and after throwing off her crape shawl presented herself at the desk made her prayer—a long one after the presbyterian usage—and spreading the Bible open before her, took her text and walked into her discourse. Her subject in the morning was one on which a woman might be expected to speak with some feeling. It was love! Her discourse was a good one, her sentences were well constructed and rounded up with due regard to rhythm; her theology was sound, and her instruction such as we all might profit by. But as it is a little out of the ordinary course for a woman to teach in public, and as criticism is not therefore out of place, we will say that the discourse was not, in one respect, quite womanly. A woman is supposed to be the creature of emotions, to be easily moved; and to exhibit and express her emotion with vividness and rapidity. But Miss Brown's sentences were all measured and weighed, and the swell and cadence followed each other with as much regularity as the waves of the ocean or the stately periods of Gibbon. If her curtain lectures should be as unimpassioned as her public addresses, we envy the fortunate man that will some day disembrown her.

JENNY LIND.

The following is from a letter by a lady to the Charleston Courier.—

Dresden, Sept. 22.
"Jenny Lind, whom I believe I have already mentioned as living opposite to us, has a little son, she nurses him herself. On the Doctor's remonstrating with her, and by way of persuasion, assuring her that her voice would suffer, nay, that she ran the risk of losing it in fulfilling this maternal duty, she said "perhaps so; no matter: I shall discharge a mother's duty to my child,"—really a sublime sacrifice on her part. She lives perfectly secluded—she sees no one—her husband she has converted, or to use her own words, "he is baptized by the grace of God." She says that "the idea of having been on the stage will be a cause of remorse for life, for which she can never forgive herself.—The good German on the subject of religion is more than an enthusiast. I am told she has not much of a fortune, or she would prefer living in England, but on account of the expense has chosen Dresden as a place of residence.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A correspondent of the Portsmouth Tribune, writing from Circleville, Ohio under date of June 8th, gives the following graphic account of the suicide of a young lady named Fullre: "A young lady, living with a Mr Brown, in Darbyville, drowned herself in Darby creek yesterday. It seems a young man had been paying his addresses to her for some time; on that day he sent a note to her by Mrs. Brown, advising her that he did not intend to marry her, and was about to leave the place. She read and exclaimed "My God what will become of me!" She crossed the street, passed through a house without noticing the family, rushed up stairs where the false one was at work, and caught him round the neck—kissed him—said she had come to bid him a long farewell. She then ran across a field and plunged into water fifteen feet deep. A man ploughing near by supposing something was wrong, ran after her, but only reached it in time to see the bubble where she had sunk. She was taken out in about two hours. The young man fled to escape the indignation of a deeply sympathizing community.



Youth's Department.

A PRETTY THOUGHT.

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The greener mosses spring.

Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all.

A GOOD BOY'S TREASURES.—A young lady not long since called at the house of her pastor. When she entered the parlor, she found his two sons, Arthur and Willie, seated on the floor, surrounded by beautiful toys and pictures, which had been sent them as presents, and with which they seemed highly pleased.—There was a dissected map, a magic lantern, a humming-top, and various beautiful and amusing things. The young lady expressed

"No, ma'am, these are not our treasures—These are our playthings, but our treasures are not here."

"Where are they?" said the lady
"In heaven," he replied.

What treasures have you in heaven?" she asked.

Arthur replied with a sweet smile—
"A harp and a crown."

If Arthur's treasures were laid up in heaven, he still enjoyed the innocent amusements which were allowed him here; and instead of being made sad and gloomy by having his heart where his treasures were, it rendered him happy. True religion does not make people gloomy. Give your heart to the Saviour, and obey his commands, and you will have "a harp and a crown."—Child's Paper.

Humorous.

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

A MODERN BEAU.

BY ALFRED EVELYN.

Hast ever, coming down the street,
A doll in motion chanced to meet
A pretty grown-up toy!
Who walked as though he trod on eggs,
And fearing to break them or his legs—
A lisp'ing lady boy?

With little mind, and little gains,
And little legs, and little brains,
And pinched-up hands and feet;
Smooth black moustache, and oiled hair,
And "panta" squeezed into with such care,
So very tight, so neat!

Didst watch him well? How on his brow
Were marked the years God doth allow
To make a man; but yet his air
Bespoke the almost child's mind there!

He scoffs at virtue, laughs at age;
"A deuced bore!" he calls the sage;
Nor would he deign to know
Such as demean themselves by toil;
The very thought his mind doth soil!
Most dandy lady beau!

He worships beauty, praises grace,
Adores a woman to her face;
But, when the lady's past,
Declares her ugly as the devil!
Yet thinks he's been confounded civil,
And hopes she thinks him "fast!"

One who to wealth's shrine humbly kneels,
A lackey close at fashion's heels,
Who waits on power, to rank bows low,
A slave to pride—a modern beau!

A JOKE.—A well-known physician, in a certain town, is very much annoyed by an old lady who is always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him in Broadway, as he was in a very great hurry. Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor, quietly moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

A teacher asked a bright little girl "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir!" replied the pupil.

With four metallic qualifications, a man may be pretty sure of success. These are gold in his pockets, silver in his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart.

A widow once said to her daughter: "When you are at my age, it will be time enough to dream of a husband."

"Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless girl; "for a second time." The mother fainted.

There is a man down east a rather facetious chap, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it being Something New. His next was called Nothing; it being Nothing New.

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked, "What relation do we most neglect?"