

be Mamma? Then I had a glimpse of something falling in the street.

"How I got down the long flights of stairs, and into the street, I never knew. How I got her away from that hideous man and woman, I cannot tell. But with my next full consciousness, I was in bed—I had been very ill for weeks, as they told me. My husband, who had returned, was hanging over me; and Ellen—Ellen! O! she was in my arms sobbing, and weeping on my breast!"

Mrs. Allen paused. For a few moments there was an intense silence; and then she hid her face in her child's bosom, and wept almost hysterically. As soon as she became calm she said; "I cannot go any farther now; but think—imagine if you can, what the poor child suffered during those long four years; but imagination would fail to reach the truth! It seems that the child was singing, as she went, one of her favorite songs."

"Yes, mamma," said Ellen, "it was that very one. I heard them say that I had a sweet voice, and it would be their fortune to get me. They put something in my mouth and choked me. I could not cry. It was almost dark; and they told me that if I struggled, or made the least noise, they would kill me. They showed me a great knife, and said they would put it into my heart, if I made the least noise. They took me to many cities. They whipped me and starved me; and O, I used to be so frightened. But after a while, the first man and woman who got me tell to fighting, and the man killed the woman, and then—" and the child shuddered. "Oh, I can't tell that."

"O, no, my love!" said Mrs. Allen; "why did I ask you? Poor little sufferer! Let me only say that after the death of her mistress, another company took possession of her, who did not know her home was in New York; and by one of those mysterious Providences, which sometimes overrule the designs of the fraudulent, she was led home. And now I can say, with the happy Milanian mother; "Blessed be St. Bridget and her form; for this, my daughter, was lost, and is found! We have clothed her with the garments of joy; and the pearls we have woven in her dark locks, are whiter than the frozen hail-drops!"—*N. Y. Organ.*

### LIFE IN AFRICA.

For many miles from the coast, the country, though fertile, is low and swampy; but as you journey on toward the interior, it becomes diversified with hill and plain; and, from the descriptions given of it by the Landers, as well as by our own missionaries, it must be very picturesque and beautiful. Deep and fertile valleys lie among the hills; granite rocks, some lofty, bold and bare, others clothed with trees or verdure to their summits; and clear streams, tumbling over their rocky bed, add to the beauty of the scenery.

The appearance of the towns, from a distance, is often imposing; the walls enclose a large extent of land, and fields and trees are interspersed among the thatched roofs of the lowly dwellings. It is strange, that in a tropical climate the natives should take such pains to exclude the air; but the African hut, like that of the Hindoo, is without windows or any opening but the low door, while the roof projects so far beyond the walls, that but little air can find its way even here. The houses of the better classes are built round a quadrangle; into which the separate dwellings open, while a rude piazza runs along the whole interior. The head of the family occupies the largest of these dwellings, and round him are gathered children and grandchildren, and any other members of his family, for whom a separate habitation can be found. The court in the centre is often planted, and is the common place of resort for all the inmates, where, shut in among themselves, they can, without fear of interruption, talk over any subject of family interest; and where, on the bright moonlight nights of that southern clime, the whole party are frequently collected. Here they will remain for hours, seated on the ground, and listening with fixed attention, while one and another relates some passing incident, or amuses his hearers with some legend or fairy tale, of which these people are passionately fond. It is the hour of calm enjoyment, and the eye of even a Christian Yoruban will gladden at the thought of these moonlight scenes, though now his conversation would be of a higher and holier tone.

The people are industrious, and the soil freely yields them yams, cassava, and the various other grains that are in use among them. Cotton too, is grown in considerable quantities, and the women spin, and men and women weave it into cloth, which is worn by all. They are generally well clothed in this their native manufacture; the color is often blue, dyed with indigo, and checked with red cotton procured from Hausa, and which, it is said, is naturally of that color. There is a great taste for dress among them, and independently of any religious motive, some of the gay young men affect the Mahometan costume, and wear wide sack-like trousers, much embroidered, and confined close round the ankle, with a loose upper garment, and turban; or if unable to procure this last appendage, they roll a long piece of cotton round the head. Some of them are beginning to adopt the English dress; but all this is to be regretted, as any change of national costume necessarily involves some degree of change in the national character, and the present dress is very becoming.

Knives, axes, and implements of husbandry are made from the iron ore, which is very abundant, and which they have learnt to smelt. Over baskets and grass mats are also among their native manufactures. The red earthenware in common use is made by women, and burnt by being stacked together, with layers of wood between the rows, as bricks are baked in England. One of their most useful domestic utensils has been provided for them by nature—this is the calabash, a kind of pumpkin. When the fruit begins to ripen, a hole is cut in the small end to admit the air, and then the pulp decays without injuring the rind. Sometimes the incision is made round the fruit, at about one-third from the smaller end, and a vessel with a neatly fitting lid is produced without further trouble. These calabashes are of various sizes, some are smaller than a tea-cup while others will hold three or four gallons.

A good deal of internal traffic is carried on among them, markets are held morning and evening in every town and village, and in the towns there is a large one every fifth day, which is attended by all the neighborhood. Their only current money is the white cowry, forty of which are the value of an English penny. They are strong and tied up in "brads," as they are called, each head containing 2,000 shells, equal to 4s. 2d.; and at this

rate of reckoning, we shall not be surprised at £2 or £3 worth being as much as a man can carry, nor wonder at the expense and difficulty of conveying money from Badngry to Abbeokuta.

One of their domestic habits is, we believe, peculiar to themselves. None of the people take their first morning meal in their own houses, but all, both men and women, about 7 o'clock in the morning, pay a visit to the cook's shop, and make their first breakfast on a bowl of gruel of Indian corn. The women then proceed to the market to purchase materials for a more substantial repast, which is taken about 10 o'clock. This consists of bolts of Indian corn, called "dange," served up in a kind of strong sauce made of beef, mutton, fish, or fowl, with various vegetables, and seasoned with salt procured from the Popos, and with Cayenne pepper, which grows in the country; the whole forming a very nutritious and palatable food. The family do not generally collect together for this meal, but each one takes it when so inclined; in case, however, where there is only one wife, she and her children usually join the husband and any friends he may have invited. When about to partake of the food, a large earthen bowl is placed on the ground, containing the dange and the sauce, and the party sit down round it. The balls of Indian corn are taken out of the bowl, broken and distributed to the different persons, each of whom dips his portion into the same as he eats it. There is a good deal of animal food consumed in this way, but it is never eaten solid. One of their chief articles of food is also the yam—*Miss Tucker's sunrise within the Tropics.*

### Humorous.

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

#### AN ARKANSAS NOTICE—LAUGH.

In a tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely-settled regions of Arkansas, (the land made classic by the effusions of that versatile genius, "Pete Whetstone,") I arrived at the ferry on Cache River. A little log-house grocery stood on the near bank, about fifteen steps from where the ferry-ferry lay, tied to a snag in the edge of the water. Several bear-skins, deer-skins, and coon-skins were nailed up to dry against the walls of the grocery; but the door was closed, no bar-keeper, ferry-man, or other person was in sight. I halloed at the top of my voice some half a dozen times, but no one answered. Seeing an advertisement on the door, I read as follows:—

"NOATIS—of enny boddly cums hear arter licket, or to go Akrost the River They kin gest ole This here Horne and ef I dont cum when my wife Betsy up at the Hous heres the Horne a bloin shele cum down and sell the licket or set em Akrost the river ime gone a Fishin no credit when ime awa from Home John wilson, NB them that cant rede will hav to go to the Hous arter betsy taint but half a mile thar. j. w."

In obedience to the "noatis," I took the blowing horn, which stuck in a crack of the wall close by the door, and gave it a "toot" or two, which reverberated far around through the cane and swamp, and in a few moments was answered by a voice scarcely less loud and reverberating like that of the horn; it seemed to be about half a mile distant up the river; and in about fifteen minutes a stalwart female made her appearance, and asked if I wanted "licket."

"No, madam, I want to cross the river, if you please."  
"Don't ye want some licket fust?"  
"Neter tech licket! Why, you must be a preacher, then ain't ye?"

"No, madam, I'm only a Son of Temperance; I wish to get across the river, if you please. Do you row the boat?"  
"Oh, yes! I can take you over in less than no time. Fetch up yer hoss!"

I obeyed, asking, as I led the horse into the boat—  
"Did your husband write that advertisement on the door thero?"  
"No, sir—Schoolmaster Jones writ that. John hain't got no larnin'!"

And the good woman rowed the boat across the ugly stream; and handing her the ferrage lee, I bade her good morning, believing then, as I still do, that she was one of the happiest women and best wives I ever saw—perfectly contented with her lot, because she knew no better.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

There is now in the mountain region of western Virginia, a young lady from Kentucky, pretty, educated, and who is there to protect her rights to a large tract of land, which descended to her from her ancestors, to whom it was patented for revolutionary services, but is now claimed by a land pirate who formerly acted as her agent. To defend her rights "solitary and alone" to the disputed territory, she went, made a clearing, built a log cabin, and located a tenant. She always carries one of Colt's revolvers, and roams over paths seldom trod save by the panther and bear.

"Name," said a girl to her companion "which railroad train do you like best?"

"That one," replied Nancy "which furnishes a spark catcher."

"Frailty thy name is woman."—*Shakspeare.*

If Frailty's name is woman's self,  
A name which nature gave;  
Sure man must be the weaker elf,  
Still to be Frailty's slave!

A word of kindness is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, is sure to spring up a flower.

A GOOD RETURN.—A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him in an insolent air, "ah, honest fellow, 'us you business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." "Tis very likely you may for I am sowing hemp."

"Don't act so, Isaac dear," said Mrs. Partington, as she was raising particular Ned about the kitchen, and throwing everything into confusion, in a vain attempt to find his ball. "People by and by will say you are non pomposus mentis, as they did about poor Mr. Smith; the doctor says you are of the rebellious sanguinary temperament, an' heaven knows what you should do if it should have a tendency to the head—perhaps you'd die of a suggestion of the brain." He jumped down from the table, on which he had left the prints of the nails in his shoes, and went out, and the good dame shook her head mournfully as she saw him clambering over a fence and a high shed, when he could just as well have gone out at the gate.

### Ladies' Department.

#### THE LOVER'S PETITION

"Give me a tress of curling hair,  
Above thy forehead, love, reclining  
And next my faithful heart I'll wear,  
"The golden treasure brightly shining"  
Thus spoke I to my Laura dear,  
And brightly on her cheek the blushes  
Of modesty and love sincere,  
Glow'd in their rosy transient flushes

Repulsing me, she gently strove  
To free her tresses from my fingers;  
And as I sought the gift of love,  
The glance she gave in memory lingers  
'Twas partly anger, partly fear—  
I wondered at her strange emotion,  
When in my hand her wig fell down,  
A cooler to my love's devotion

#### MRS. AMELIA BLOOMER.

This lady is now in our city, attending the National Woman's Rights Convention. On Monday evening she delivered a most excellent Temperance Address, and when about writing a brief notice of it and its author, which is all I have time or space for this week, I found the following in the True Democrat and Forest City, which I cordially endorse, and adopt in place of the one intended to write:

MRS. BLOOMER'S LECTURE.—The Athenaeum was crowded last night to hear the Temperance lecture of the woman of world-wide celebrity, Mrs. Bloomer.

She came upon the platform dressed in the peculiar and pretty costume, of which she is the originator. She is a lady of fair personal appearance, rather handsome, and, we should judge, about thirty years of age.

We confess that we were somewhat disappointed in our ideas of the originator of the Bloomer dress. We had pictured a tall heavy built, full faced, bold appearing, and forward woman. Our readers may judge of our surprise when a gentle, sweet-looking, silver-voiced, regular-featured woman was announced as the lady in question.

Her lecture was an excellent one—well adapted to the occasion—lucid, sparkling, eloquent, argumentative and convincing. Not an ambiguous word or sentence was uttered by her—her language was plain, decisive, and emphatic. She painted the horrors of drunkenness in living colors, and explained the blessings of sobriety in a manner that melted and affected the most callous. She pronounced a pleasing paenegyric on Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Law, and concluded by a thrilling exhortation to all to put their shoulders to the great temperance wheel, and not to cease their labours until that or a similar law was grafted upon the statute books of our State.

#### LAVATER—BAD TEMPER—THE VALUE OF WOMAN.

Lavater, the famous physiognomist, though an enthusiast, was a kind man, and his wife one of the most amiable of women. One day, his servant asked him, after dinner, if she should sweep his room. Being in rather an irritable mood, he assented petulantly, telling her not to touch his books or papers. When the servant had been gone for some time, he said to his wife:

"I am afraid she will cause some confusion up stairs."  
In a few moments his wife, with the best intention, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. Lavater met his wife at the bottom of the stairs, on her return, and exclaimed, though secretly vexed about something:

"Is not my room swept yet?"  
Without waiting an instant, he ran up stairs, and as he entered the room the girl overturned an inkstand, which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified. Lavater called out hastily:  
"What a stupid beast you are!—Have I not positively told you to be careful?"

What followed we will let Lavater tell himself;—  
"My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running to the table lamenting and moaning as if the most important writings had been spoiled, though in reality not a ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet and some blank paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away, and wife approached me with timid gentleness. "My dear husband," said she. I stared at her with vexation in my looks. She embraced me. I wanted to get out of the way. Her face melted for a few moments on my cheek. At last, with unexpressed tenderness, she said, "you will hurt your health, my dear; I now began to be ashamed. I was silent; and at last began to weep. "What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I can not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of that sinful passion." My wife replied, "Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away without your being overcome by anger." I then down beside her, and thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife."

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.—We commonly conceive of a Turk as a dirty individual, surrounded by a great number of submissive slaves, anxious for the honour of the handkerchief, but it is not remembered that there is a prodigious number of bachelors in the east. In spite of the disgrace in a high class is held, a large portion of the men of the middle classes obtain by marriage on account of the difficulties thrown in the way by manners and the competition of the rich. I have known instances among the Levantines in which a young bachelor has been compelled to spend half his capital to procure a very little wife. The same system of purchase prevails among the Turks, and is indeed derived from them. The number of married persons in the Ottoman empire is very great. The Turks are naturally a licentious race. They are often unsteady, and in case no suspicion of jealousy crosses their minds, they treat their wives with considerable deference. Few will ever appear in the presence of the ladies in the slightest degree intoxicated, and they will submit to be beaten on the day of quarrel, if from poverty or other causes, they have been unable