

of missiles. He clasped his prize more tightly, took a survey of the water and of his upward-gazing enemies, and then leaped into the flood below. He had hardly touched the water ere fifty resolute swimmers plunged in pursuit; as he rises a dozen human arms are reached out towards him. He is grasped. Others lay hold upon the insensible girl. The orang-outang used both arms to defend, and, after lacerating the bodies of some of the coolies with his powerful nervous claws, finally succeeded in diving beyond the reach of his pursuers, and in escaping down the stream, while the child was restored to the arms of her father and nurses, in whose hands she was ultimately restored to consciousness, health and strength once more. This savage version of the classic story of Pluto and Prosperino is well authenticated; and the girl, now a grown-up woman, is living at Amboyna, in the Moluccas."



Ladies' Department.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

Sing me a song that's good and true,
On the beautiful of earth,
And let me hear of truths so new,
That none will doubt their worth.

The love of woman's timid heart,
How beautiful and true!
Blessed is he that shares its part,
The sunshine of its view.

The lightning of its eye's a smile;
Its strength will conquer death;
Its zeal hath lit the Brahmin's pile,
And hung o'er childhood's breath.

'Tis said that sin by woman came,
And Paradise was closed;
That men through her their miseries claim,
To evil are disposed.

If so, 'tis strange that woman's breast,
Wherever found, doth thrill;
Her heart will sigh for the distressed—
Will love through every ill;

That she should walk the earth for good,
To calm man's fiery soul,
And o'er his troubles soothing brood,
His vices to control.

Her smile, her voice, her look of love,
How beautiful and true!
The savage from man's soul can move,
His passions wild subdue.

A traveller once on deserts wild,
On Afric's burning plains,
An outcast was, till woman smiled,
And sang her household strains.

Poor Mungo Park, no friends had he;
His heart was lone and sad,
Till woman's hospitality,
With milk and corn, made glad.

Ask ye for earth's most beautiful things,
The lovely and the true?
Whence the glory of affection springs?
Woman I'll point to you.

Or ask ye where the graces dwell,
And sighs so soft and sweet?
I'll point you to the Circean well,
In woman's heart you meet.

Oh! sing me a song of earth's bright beams,
Things beautiful and true,
That sooth man's lot as 'twere in dreams,
Woman! I point to you. C. M. D.

that he will send it right back. He only wants to know if the brig *Star* has been heard from, what our Tom went in."

"Tell your father that the brig is not reported. Home he trips, and as speedily returns.

"Mother wants to know who was buried yesterday. Can't you lend it to her just two minutes?"

"Tell your mother that all the deaths this week, are Mr.—, and a child of Mr.—."

In a few minutes another tap—

"Sister Susan wants to know if anybody's married this week, and uncle Josh wants to know if there is any auction to-day, and father wants to know what the news is from Virginia, and aunt Snooks wants to know if there are any more pretty stories about that Sarvis woman; if you can't spare the paper, why can't you just write down what there is, just 'cause I don't want to keep running back and forward so—"

"Here, my lad, take this paper to your father and round to all your uncles and aunts, and bring back whatever is left of it, next Saturday morning at eight o'clock, when you come to borrow the next."

Ten applications on Saturday by borrowers; all sent to neighbor Snooks, with a particular caution to return it when done with.

Monday morning, rap at the door, and the boy with the paper is ushered in.

"Mother says it is too much plague to keep the paper all the week; people coming after it so."

THE DEAD OF THE PAST YEAR.

What a mighty procession has been marched toward the grave during the last year. At the usual estimate, since the first of January, 1853, more than 21,600,000 of the world's population have gone down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe's circumference! Only think of it; ponder and look upon these astounding computations! What a spectacle as they "move on," tramp, tramp, tramp—forward upon this stupendous dead march!

Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating—
Funeral marches to the grave!

BEAUTY IN THE HAND.—Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion much as to the shape of the beautiful members whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented to him, which, by the way, he had the cunning to hold for some time in his own for purposes of examination, he replied at last, "I give it up; the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

A REMARKABLE RECOGNITION.—A short time ago, while Ruffin's Band, from Richmond, was playing at the Eastern Lunatic Asylum in Williamsburg, Va., for the gratification and amusement of the inmates, one of them, a negro woman who had been confined in the hospital many years, suddenly stepped forward and pointed out a member of the band, and exclaimed, "There's my son whom I have not seen since he was two years old." The musician was greatly surprised at first, but on enquiry he was convinced that his mother stood before him—a being whom he had never before known, and whom he had no recollection of ever having seen. We understand he asked permission of the Board of Directors to have his parent restored to him, which was granted, and he has taken her home to Richmond, after confinement in the hospital 23 years.—*Va. Gazette.*

From eight to ten years' practical experience, the common swamp cedar is an excellent substance wherewith to invest woollen cloths and furs to preserve them from the ravages of insects. As the Spring time is at hand, the suggestion is apropos.—*Montreal Transcript.*

Youth's Department.

CHILDHOOD

Hark! the whoop of merry voices—

Hark! to childhood's roundelay;

How the human heart rejoices

In its wild and boundless play,

In its never-ceasing gladness,

In its innocence and mirth—

Who could yield to grief or sadness

While such music glads the earth!

Happy, merry, unself childhood,

Wheresoe'er thy bright smiles be—

In the household or the wild wood,

Thou'rt a thing of joy to me!

Where the butterfly delights

To unfold his airy wing,

Where wilding flowers are brightest,

Where the young birds sweetest sing;

Where all nature tends to gladness,

Sunny streams and meads among,

Thou dost gambol to the measure

Of an everlasting song:

Happy, merry, unself childhood,

Wheresoe'er thy bright smiles be—

In the household or the wild wood,

Thou'rt a thing of joy to me!

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.—I may here as well impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his employees to leave him. Another with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another who was honest and constant at his work erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a terdemalion creeping out of a tavern late in the forenoon, with his hands in his pocket, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

BUFFALO HUNTING.

Travellers and others, in the buffalo country often relieve the monotony of the day, by the excitement of the chase. An immense herd in dense masses, stretch out before the eye of the hunter: he dashes in among them upon a trained horse, ardent as himself and as keen for the sport. The huge mass opens right and left before him as he advances in eager pursuit of a young, fat cow, that finally receives his shot and falls. The herd sweeps on like a torrent. The hunter reloads as he pursues the flying multitude: while his gallant steed, with the reins flying loose around his neck—with eyes flashing fire—with extended nostrils and open mouth, showing his eagerness in the chase, soon brings him alongside of another fat cow. The horse is so admirably trained that he knows which animal to select. He proudly bears his rider into the midst of the retreating herd, and the hunter having killed an animal, dismounts from his panting steed, whose sides are dripping with foam, fastens the bridle to the horns of the bleeding beast, and selecting the ribs and a few choice parts, leaves the residue for the wolves to feast on at their leisure. There are many roving bands of hunters, in pursuit of the buffalo, to be met with on the plains; and the Indians, craft, cunning treacherous, hang upon their rear or hover around their encampment at night, like wolves about the fold of the flock.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

permeated by a derygman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Anne. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both *anne-mated* and *benny-fitted*," was the reply.

AN ENTERPRISING BEGGAR.—Benevolent old Lady: "Sakes alive, child! what do you want two pails of cold vittals for? You had only one yesterday?" Little girl: "Yes, ma'am; but mother's taken boarders since!"

A MERRY PLACE.—"Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?"—"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."—"And why so?"—"Because I am told that there, all bodies loose their gravity."

A gentleman asked a friend in a somewhat knowing manner:—"Pray, sir, did you ever see a cat fish?"—"No," was the response, "but I have seen a rope walk."

A benevolent Quaker in New York, was asked by a poor man for money as a charity, or for work. The Quaker observed:—"Friend I do not know what I can give thee to do. Let me see—thou mayest take my wood that is in the yard up stairs, and I will give thee half a dollar." This the poor man was glad to do; and the job lasted him till about noon, when he came and told him the work was done, and asked if he had any more to do. "Why, friend, let me consider," says the Quaker. "Oh! thou mayest take the wood down again, and I will give thee half a dollar." *Quere.*—Did or did not the Quaker do the poor man more good than if he had given him the money without his carrying the wood?

SELF POSSESSION AND PRESENCE OF MIND.—A thief, surprised in the act of robbing a bank, was asked what he was about; and answered, "Only taking notes!"

PROVINCIAL "PENS."—The Czar has "mustered" a hundred thousand men.—*Preston Gazette.* The Sultan will "pepper them."—*Berwick Guardian.* And England and France will "assault" them.—*Worcester Times.*

A GREAT LOSS.—"You have met with a great loss, neighbour Williams," said the Deacon condolingly to Mr. W., the day after the latter had buried his wife. "Yes, a terrible loss, replied the mourning husband; "she more'n earned her livin', and I never had to lick her half-a-dozen times in my life."—*New England Farmer.*

If you want a favor of a married woman, praise her baby; if you want to obtain her eternal enmity, let her turn round and catch you making mouths at it.

Young ladies now a-days, when they are preparing for a walk, ought not to keep their lovers waiting as long as they used to do, for now they have only to put their bonnets half on.—*Diogenes.*

"Well, Pat; Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he?" "No; but I wish he had." "What for?" "So I could 'a seen him hang, the villen."

IMPRESSIONS AT FIRST SIGHT.—This subject being brought up at the supper table, was getting "talked over," when the lady who presided "o'er the cups and tea" said "she always formed an idea of a person at first sight; and that idea she found generally a correct one."

"Mamma," said her youngest son in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present.

"Well, my dear, what do you want?"

"I want to know," said young America, "what you thought *when you first saw me?*"

There was no answer to this query; but we learn twitter prevailed, and that "Charlie" was taken into the kitchen immediately by the servant.—*Forest City Democrat.*

The Rev. E. G. Wood, at Fairfield, Indiana, after praying for the General Government, prayed for the Governor of the State and then for the Legislature:—"And the Lord have mercy on our Legislature. Spare their lives until they may return to their homes; and put it in the hearts of the people to keep them there, and return men of temperate habits and sentiments, who will do some good."