intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combatting such as they may overcome, are the ends which education has to attain. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that "it is better to wear out than to rust out;" but it tells a plain truth; rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognizance of its possession. By work or industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgement of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise, a never-failing source of happiness: it is obedience, for it is God's great law of moral existence.—*The Physical Training of Girls at School, by Madame de Wahl.*

THE TURN OF LIFE.—From forty to sixty a man, who has properly regulated himself, may be considered as in his prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given his judgment the soundness of almost infallibity. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over his business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence: the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed safely, leads to the valley of "Old Age," around which the river winds, and then flows beyond, without boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. The quit metaphor, "the turn of life" is a turn either of prolonged life or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion now begin either to close, like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength while a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night has entirely set.—*The Science of Life.*

THE POET'S CONSOLATION.

The poet's lovely faith creates
The beauty he believes;
The light which on his footsteps waits,
He from himself receives.

His lot may be a weary lot;
His thrall a heavy thrall;
And cares and griefs the crowd know not,
His heart may know them all:

But still he hath a mighty dower,
The loveliness that throws
Over the common thought and hour
The beauty of the rose.

REMORSE.

It is the past that maketh my despair
The dark, the sad, the irrevocable past.
Alas! why should our lot in life be made
Before we know that life? Experience comes,
But comes too late. If I could now recall
All that I now regret, how different
Would be my choice! at best a choice of ill;
But better than my miserable past.
Loathed, yet despised, why must I think of it?

SORROW.

Life has dark secrets! and the hearts are few
That treasure not some sorrow from the world—
A sorrow silent, gloomy, and unknown,
Yet colouring the future from the past.
We see the eye subdued, the practised smile,
The word well-weighed before it pass the lip,
And know not of the misery within:
Yet there it works incessantly, and fears
The time to come; for time is terrible,
Avenging, and betraying.

PROPOSAL FOR A COMMENCEMENT OF REFORM.—Meanwhile, that our one reforming statesman may have free command of what intellect there is among us, and room to try all means for awakening and inviting ever more of it, there has one small project of improvement been suggested; which finds a certain degree of favour wherever I hear it talked of, and which seems to merit much more consideration than it has yet received. Practical men themselves approve of it hitherto, so far as it goes; the one objection being that the world is not yet prepared to insist on it,—which of course the world never can be, till once the world consider it, and in the first place hear tell of it! I have, for my own part, a good opinion of this project. The old unreformed parliament of rotton boroughs *had* one advantage; but that thereby, in a far more and effectual manner, secured, to the new. The proposal is, that secretaries under and upper, that all manner of changeable or permanent servants in the government offices, shall be selected without reference to their power of getting into parliament;—that, in short, the queen shall have power of nominating the half-dozen or half-score officers of the administration, whose presence is thought necessary in parliament, to official seats there, without reference to any constituency but her own only, which of course will mean her prime minister's. A very small encroachment on the present constitution of parliament: offering minimum of change in present methods, and I almost think a maximum in results to be derived therefrom. The queen nominates John Thomas (the fittest man she, much inquiring, can hear tell of in her three kingdoms) president of the poor law board, under-secretary of the colonies, under or perhaps upper-secretary of what she and her premier find suitablest for a working head so eminent, a talent so precious: and grants him by her direct authority, a seat and a vote in parliament so long as he holds that office. Upper secretaries, having more to do in parliament, as being so bound to be in favour there, would, I supppose, at least till new times and habits come, be expected to be chosen from among the people's members, as at present. But whether the prime minister himself is, in all times, bound to be first a people's member: and which, or how many, of his secretaries and subordinates he might be allowed to take as *queen's* members, my authority does not say—perhaps has not himself settled; the project being yet in mere outline or foreshadow, the practical embodiment in all details to be fixed by authorities much more competent than he. The soul of his project is, that the crown also have power to elect a few members to parliament. From which project, however wisely it were embodied, there could probably, at first or all at once, no great "accession of intellect" to the government offices ensue; though a little might, even at first, and a little is always precious: but in its ulterior operation, were that faithfully developed, and wisely presided over, I fancy an immense accession of intellect might ensue—nay, a natural ingress might thereby be opened to all manner of accessions, and the actual flower of whatever intellect the British nation had might be attracted towards Downing-street, and continue flowing steadily thither! For let us see a little what effects this simple change carries in it the possibilities of. Here are beneficent germs, which the presence of one truly wise man as chief minister, steadily fostering them for even a few years, with the sacred fidelity and vigilance that would beseem him, might ripen into living practices, and habitual facts, valuable to us all.—*Carlyle's Latter-day Pamphlets, No. 3.*

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR WEBSTER'S DAUGHTER.—The Manchester (Mass.) Messenger publishes the following letter from one of Professor Webster's daughters. The letter was handed in at the office of the Messenger by the gentleman to whom it is directed. The deep, earnest, and anxious affection for her unhappy parent, her confidence in his innocence, and total forgetfulness of her own, her mother's, or her sister's grief in the engrossing thought of her father's danger, give the letter an interest and touching beauty which the least sensitive heart must feel:—

CAMBRIDGE, April 8th, 1850.

Daniel Marsh, Esq.—Sir, I this morning received the very kind letter you addressed to me, and which I hasten to answer to thank you in the name of my mother, my sisters, and myself, for the TRUE sentiments you entertain for my beloved father. You believe him innocent and you believe WHAT IS TRUE; he is the victim of circumstances, a deeply injured man—that he is innocent, we his family KNOW, and nothing on earth will ever take from us this conviction. We have never, from the moment he was snatched from his home, had a shadow of doubt on our minds, and whatever the world may say or do, we shall ever have that feeling to support us. The knowledge of his innocence supported my father during the hours of suffering in the Court room; and it is that gives him and us calmness now, amidst the many sources of sorrow that have overwhelmed us.

Far different from what we anticipated was the result of the trial, for we had been assured throughout the winter that our father could not but be restored to us, and that at the trial he must receive justice for the many wrongs that had been heaped upon him. But justice fled from the Court room, and prejudice took her place.

Yet hope still lingers with us, for we trust the public voice will be raised against the gross injustice that has been committed, and will not allow our country to bear such a stigma on her name, such an everlasting stain, as will be that of the sacrifice of one so truly innocent as my father. And if one word from us, Sir, can add a feather's weight to the efforts that are being made, Oh, may we give you the deep assurance of our hearts, that we feel grateful for the deep interest you express and feel, and for what you are doing in our behalf. May God in his infinite mercy, look down upon you, and bless the efforts that are being made, and if it is not His will to bring the truth to light, and to allow this awful mystery to be explained, may He enlighten the minds of those into whose hands the case will pass.

I must again thank you, Sir, for the kind feelings you express towards my dear father. Nothing that the world can do now gives us greater consolation, than the knowledge that others believe him innocent. Sympathy has flowed abundantly from many hearts towards us, his family, but how much more prized by us is that sympathy, when expressed for HIM. That our beloved Father may be restored to us, is the fervent prayer of our hearts, and we wait tremblingly in the hope, that those who are now to decide in this case may see the terrible injustice that has been committed, and has inflicted so much suffering on so many. Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours. HARRIET W. WEBSTER.

A SMART WOMAN.—The *Grove Hill* (Alta) *Recorder* states that in the county of Choctaw, a new one, created at the present sessions of the Alabama Legislature, a woman was charged with murdering her husband, and employed a legal gentleman, whose name it is not necessary to mention, to defend her, promising him two negroes as her fee. He undertook her defence, and contrary to the expectation of all, she was acquitted; he called upon her for the two negroes, when she gravely informed him that the negroes belonged to her daughter. Not relishing the idea of being cheated out of the negroes, he instituted suit against her for perjury, which she defended and mulcted him for the costs! In a short time she gave birth to an illegitimate child, made oath that he was the father, and compelled him to enter into bonds for its support and maintainance, according to the statute in such cases made and proved.

MOTHER TONGUE.—A Weardale doctor was lately summoned to a cottage at Harwood, in Teasdale, and found a boy patient in need of his services.

"Put out your tongue," said the doctor. The boy started like an owl.

"My good boy," repeated the medical man, "let me see your tongue."

"Talk English, doctor," said the mother, and then turning to her son, she cried:—

'Hopen thy gobbler, and push out thy loliker.'

The lad rolled out his tongue in a moment.—[English Paper.]

The French have just started a new idea—*Banks of Honor*. These institutions are to loan small sums to the meritorious poor, without bond, writing, or promise to pay, and nothing but a naked pledge to return to the loan, which is not to exceed 200 francs ($37 50,) to each applicant. Loans are to be restricted to the industrious and honest poor, who have been unfortunate from fire, want of employment, sickness, or murrain among their cattle, or for some such reason, and to no others. When a loan is applied for, the facts are to be set forth and supported by the declaration of the applicant and four witnesses of good repute, who may be members of his family. Two registers are to be kept, in one of which will be registered the names of punctual borrowers, and in the other the names of delinquents.

EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.—CENTRIFUGAL PUMP.—A Mr. Appold has invented a remarkable machine, called the centrifugal pump, for draining marshes, &c., and a most ingenious adaptation it is. You have heard of the tympune, a small box water-wheel, possessing extraordinary capabilities for work. Well, Mr. Appold's model contains such a model made of tin, a little thicker but no larger than a half penny. This is fitted at the bottom of a square tube, dipping into a small cistern containing water, which may represent a lake &c. The little wheel, being made to rotate with great velocity, throws up water rapidly into the tube above itself, until it overflows in a continuous stream at the top, and the volume of its stream is such as to deliver eight gallons per minute; and, on applying a nozzle, the stream is driven to a distance of 20 feet. This, you will say, is a marvellous effect from so insignificant a cause; but a wheel about 15 inches in diameter, exhibited at the same time, will deliver 1,800 gallons per minute. It requires to be worked by an engine of four-horse power. Mr. Appold has lately proposed to the engineer of the Dutch Government to fix a similar wheel on the Harlem Sea, now in process of being drained, by forty pumps driven by steam. A centrifugal pump of forty feet in diameter would do more work than all the others put together, and would deliver—so the inventor asserts—1,500,000 gallons per minute. With such power at command, one would think, we ought never more to hear of ships foundering at sea; and the emptying and reclamation of the Zuyder Zee resolves itself into a possibility.

DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO AT NASSAU, N. P.—ONE HUNDRED BUILDINGS DESTROYED.—The Nassau (New Providence) *Gazette*, of the 30th March, contains accounts of a destructive tornado at that place, which destroyed an immense amount of property. The rain previously fell in torrents, accompanied with the most terrific thunder, which was almost incessant to the south. About midday, darkness reigned supreme, and at one o'clock the toronado came sweeping past, destroying over one hundred buildings, and, sad to relate, eight lives—three men, two women and three children. Had it have happened in the night time, the loss of life would have been awful. A meeting has been called to adopt measures for the relief of the sufferers.

A Wrecking expedition has been fitted out in Boston for the Bay of Fundy, for the purpose of recovering property from several ships which were sunk or shipwrecked there some years since. The Traveller states that this is got up by two enterprising young men, John E. Gowen and Thomas F. Wells, who have gone to great expense in importing machinary, sub-marine armor, and men (as divers) from England. The same party were at work last season, recovering property