

a most thrilling incident. Six little children, on Wednesday morning, got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off.—The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missed. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they knew it. A number of men went off in all directions; every boat was on the lookout until far into the night. Daylight returned and still nothing was heard from them. They were lost either in the expanse of the wide ocean, or buried within its insatiable depths. A Plymouth fisherman, fishing early in the morning, saw something floating in the distance, he bore down to it, and discovered it to be a boat, and in the bottom the six children, all cuddled in like a nest of birds, fast asleep; God having mercifully granted them that solace after a day of terror and despair. He took them aboard, feasted them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing hearts with a promise to take them home. Between three and four in the afternoon the fisherman was seen in the offing, with the boat astern. All eyes were turned towards him; and the best spy-glass in the town was rubbed again and again, and at last they fairly made out that it was the identical boat. The news flew through the town; the mothers came frantic to the beach, for there were no children discovered in the boat, none to be seen in the sloop. Intense was the agony of suspense, and all alike shared it with the parents. At last the boat came in, and the word went round, 'they are safe;' and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked with joy, and became almost frantic with their insupportable happiness. It was indeed a memorable day; and a prayer, eloquent for its rough sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who, in His infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age; the sixth is but nine years old."

Market for Young Women in Hungary.

Every year, at the feast of St. Peter, which comes on in the latter days of June, the peasantry of this district (Bihar) meet together at a certain place, for the purpose of a general fair. This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and maidens, for it is there, that, whilst purchasing household utensils, and family necessaries, they choose for themselves partners, and conclude marriages. The parents bring their marriageable daughters, with each one her little dowry accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dowry is, of course, proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers, some sheep, sometimes a few hogs, or even chickens. These girls are attired in their best, or what pieces of gold or silver they may possess, are strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of their hair.

Thus fitted out, every girl who desires to find a husband betakes herself to the fair. She quits the house of her father, perhaps forever, and bids her mother adieu, quite ignorant of what roof is to shelter, or what fate awaits her journey's end. As to her fortune, it is in the little cart that attends her. The object of her journey is never mistaken; nobody wonders at it, nor is there occasion for a public officer to make a record of the deed. On the other hand, the youths who wish to procure themselves wives hasten to the fair, arrayed in the very best skin garments their chests contain. These savage looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, proceed with a good deal of interest and zest, to inspect the fair mountain lasses that are brought thither by their fathers and their uncles, casting many side glances and wistful looks towards the captivating merchandise.

He gives his fancy a free rein, and when he finds one that seems to claim his preference, he at once addresses the parents, asks what they have given her, and asks what price they have set upon the "lot" so exposed for sale—at the same time stating his own property and standing. If the parents ask too much these gallant "boys" make their own offer, which, if it does not suit the other to agree to, the fond lover passes to seek some one else.

We may suppose that the proud young men always keep a "top-eye" eye open to the corres-

pondence of loveliness upon one hand, and the size of the dowry upon the other. At last he finds one for whom he is willing to give the price, and a loud clapping of the hands together, announce to the bystanders that the bargain is complete.

What a heavy blow this must be for some lazy rival who has not decided quick enough, who is halting and considering whether she will suit him, and whether she is as lovely and accomplished in household matters as some of the others. However, the deed is done and the bargain is completed, and forthwith the young girl (poor thing) proceeds also to clasp the hand of her future husband. What a moment of interest and anxiety to her! The destiny of her life is sealed by this rude clasp of the hand. In the act she as much as said, "Yes, I will be yours for life, and I consent to partake of your joys and your troubles, to follow you through weal and through woe!"

The families of the betrothed pair then surround them, offering their congratulations, and at once without delay, the priest who is on the ground for the occasion pronounces the nuptial benediction. The young woman presses the parting hand of that family who have reared her, but of which she is no longer a part—mounts the car of her new husband, whom but a few hours before she never so much as knew, and escorted by her dowry, is conducted to the house henceforth to be her home.

The Hungarian Government have long tried, but in vain, to suppress these fairs for young girls. Positive orders have been given that they should no longer take place, but such is the force of long established custom, united to the necessities of this pastoral race, that all such orders have been disregarded. The fair still continues, and every year such cavalcades as we have described may be seen descending into the plains of Kalmass, there to barter off these precious jewels of the household, as though they were senseless beeves or mere produce of the soil.—*Congregationalist.*

THE SWISS RIFLE.—The following description of this weapon we find in the *London Morning Chronicle*:—"The weapon weighs only 9 1-2 pounds. The bore is very small. The ball weighs only 225 grains, hardly one-third as much as that of the Minnie rifle, and in form it is not unlike a piece of tobacco pipe, tapering to a point, and nearly an inch in length. As for the range of the Swiss rifle, we need only mention that, at a distance of 1,000 paces, 160 balls (fired from a rest) struck a target of eight feet six inches square, and penetrated three planks of deal, placed one inch apart, besides passing half way through a fourth. At this range, the extreme height of the trajectory—the path of the ball in the air—was 35 feet 5 inches; whilst at a range of 500 yards it was only 8 ft. 3 in., consequently, if fired at a mark 100 yards off, the ball would scarcely fail to strike any soldiers, cavalry or infantry, who might be between the gun and the object. Being so light, a soldier with this rifle can carry 150 rounds of ball cartridge, while he can carry but 40 rounds on the Minnie system."

WRECK OF THE BRITISH STEAM FRIGATE BIRKENHEAD.—LOSS OF 450 LIVES!—Another terrible disaster has happened at sea. At two o'clock on the morning of the 26th of February, her Majesty's steamer the *Birkenhead* was wrecked between two and three miles from the shore of Southern Africa. The exact spot at which the calamity happened was Point Danger. Off this point she struck upon a reef of sunken rocks. The ship was steaming eight and a half knots at the time. The water was smooth and the sky serene, but the speed at which the vessel was passing through the water proved her destruction. The rock penetrated through her bottom just aft of the fore-mast, and in twenty minutes there were a few floating spars and a few miserable creatures clinging to them, and this was all that was left of the *Birkenhead*.—Of 638 persons who had left Simon's Bay in the gallant ship but a few hours before, 184 remain to tell the tale. No less than 454 Englishmen have come to so lamentable an end.—*London Times April 7th.*

Freemantle, Western Australia, is to be formed into a convict settlement. A batch of 500 male convicts will shortly be despatched in charge of 75 Chelsea pensioners.

Sixteen Days later from California.

The steamship *El Dorado* arrived at New York on Monday the 12th inst., with 214 passengers, and \$800,000 in gold dust, bringing dates to the 15th March. The steamer *Daniel Webster* also arrived the same day, with San Francisco dates to the 17th, two days later.

A tremendous flood had occurred in California, overflowing Sacramento, Marysville and Nevada. Several lives are reported to have been lost. The American papers state:

The most important intelligence by this arrival is the great freshet in the interior of California, caused by the late rains. The loss of property however, is not so great as it was on a former occasion last year. Sacramento was overflowed in consequence of the crevasse on the levee, as was also Marysville. In the former city, comparatively little damage was done, for the reason that the inhabitants were prepared for an inundation, and as the waters rose and gained upon them, they removed their property to more elevated positions. They therefore suffered more inconvenience than actual loss. Marysville, on the other hand, suffered a great deal, and her loss is estimated at \$150,000.—The greatest loss is sustained by the farmers on the low lands, and by the owners of bridges leading to the mines. The crops are not so much injured as it was feared they would be.

At Nevada the flood has been very serious. Two quartz mills, the theatre, and Empire hotel, have been washed away; many other houses have been washed down, and considerable damage sustained by the merchants.

The bridges at Coloma and Salmon Falls have been carried away, and it is feared that every bridge on the South and Middle Forks of the American River have shared the same fate. The country between Sacramento and the mines is utterly impassable.

At Marysville and Nevada the flood was running high on the 14th, and in the former place nearly all the goods were represented as being on the side-walks, and the stores to let.

A letter from Coloma states that 13 persons were drowned, endeavoring to save some timbers on the Middle Fork.

The mines continue to yield well, the drought being at an end, and the gulches and ravines in the interior being filled with water.

The miners are busily engaged in washing the earth they had dug, and from which they could not extract the gold for want of rain.—They are in the best spirits, and their returns thus far are very flattering. It is confidently expected by intelligent persons, who have given attention to the subject, that the yield of gold this season will exceed that of any former year. A greater number of persons have been at work, and a larger quantity of earth has been dug than was ever known.

Crime continues to increase. Several additional murders have been committed by the Indians in the interior, some of whom were arrested, tried, and convicted, according to the Lynch code of proceeding.

The members of the former Vigilance Committee were called to meet on the 18th, to consider measures of great importance.

"CURSING" A MAGISTRATE BY A CLERGYMAN.—A most extraordinary, novel, and exciting scene was witnessed at the Flordon station on Saturday evening. When the five o'clock train from Norwich arrived there, the passengers were much surprised at seeing the Rev. Mr. Moore, the curate of the parish, standing in the passage of the station-house, dressed in his canonicals. It was, however, soon understood, that he was waiting there to "curse" a neighboring magistrate, who was expected by the train; and who had given him some presumed offence. When the individual alluded to was giving up his ticket to the station master, the Rev. gentleman thus addressed him—"I curse this man. I curse you; I curse your wife; I curse your children; I curse all you have—may your children be fatherless and vagabonds, and beg their bread &c.; and thus he went on until the "cursed man" drove off. We understand that the matter has been laid before the bishop, and that the Rev. gentleman, in default of finding sureties to keep the peace, was committed on Sunday night to the Castle, by Edward Howes Esq.—(*Norwich Mercury.*)

A MONSTER PLANK.—A ship named the *Emigrant* has arrived this week in ballast from Portsmouth, where she delivered a cargo of masts and spars, brought for the government from New Zealand. She has now on board a gumwood plank of the following dimensions viz:—144 1-2 feet in length, 19 inches in breadth at the narrow end, and 6 inches in thickness. The plank is perfect throughout, having only a single knot about ten feet from the top. We understand that it was cut from a tree 300 feet in height, and that it is not the centre plank, which must have been even larger. It is perfectly straight, and the timber is pronounced by competent judges to be of superior quality.—The vessel is lying in the Brunswick dock, and the plank is to be raffled for £100.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

THE MILITIA IN MAINE.—The bill to abolish the volunteer militia system was passed in the House on Friday, section by section by an average majority of about thirty.

The bill provides that no volunteer company shall hereafter be organized, except upon petition of the authorized officers of cities, town and plantations, setting forth that in consequence of density of population or proximity to the frontier, the safety of said city, town or plantation demands a military organization. There is no provision for any expense by the State. The Adjutant General's salary is reduced to \$100. By an amendment to the bill the arms now in the hands of volunteers, are relinquished absolutely to them.—*Kennebec Journal.*

KIRWAN IN THE FIELD.—We are happy to learn that a new series of letters is about to be published by the celebrated Kirwan, on some aspects of the Roman Catholic question, different from those which were so ably discussed by him in his former series. As the former related to the doctrinal and theological absurdities of Popery this series will set forth its practical character, the results of its influence in the lanes where it has had uninterrupted sway. As the author has just returned from a lengthened visit to Ireland, Italy, and other Roman Catholic countries, we may expect some developments of Popery, on the principle of judging a tree by its fruit, which will be worth studying.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

FANATICISM IN NORWAY.—It is melancholy to read the intelligence from Norwegian Lapland respecting the Finnish fanatics there. The epidemic rather increases than otherwise. A number of them lately exorcised the devil into a young pig, and then boiled it alive. The Stockfleth efforts produce little fruit, and the Bishop of the diocese has now set off for the scene of these disorders. The whole is so clearly an outbreak of magnetophysical madness that even the arm of the law can do nothing.—Medical treatment rather than severe measures will be the best remedy, as was the case in the south of Sweden some years ago, when a similar outbreak took place among all ages and sexes, down to young children.—*Id.*

A druggist in Orleans has been making experiments with the Eastern narcotic called "Indian hemp." Six grains of it threw him into the most poetical paroxysms. Then, a panorama of beautiful images and fancies passed through his brain; and everything that lay asleep in his memory came up again, vividly and almost simultaneously. The fit lasted near two hours, and was rounded by a calm, deep sleep. It is thought this will yet be made use of in the practice of medicine and surgery.—We should not wonder if it led to some new knowledge of the human intellect or some development of its powers.

THE LAST BILL.—If bank notes sometimes disseminate disease, they also, occasionally, diffuse a moral influence which is not without its effect. The following is from the *New York Journal of Commerce*:—

A three dollar bill was shown to us to-day, which contained the following endorsement:—"This is the last left me from a fortune of \$8,000, bequeathed me by a beloved uncle.—Oh Rum! thou art the cause of all this. Beware young man, of the wine glass; it has been the ruin of me. Oh Rum! sure at last thou 'bitest like an adder.'"—*New York, Sept. 14, 1851.*