

IN BEHALF OF THE FEMALE RELIEF SOCIETY.

How truly laudable our sisters' aim!
How well-deserving they of endless fame!
To aid the aged, sick, infirm and poor;
Their many troubles mitigate or cure;
Give help substantial to the weak or blind,
Regardful of the body as the mind;
To cool the parched tongue, the fever'd breath,
Assist the sick to shun the gates of death;
Be "good Samaritans," whose hearts can feel,
Filled with compassion and with skill to heal;
Strive in the gap of ebbing life to stand,
Pour in the oil and wine with grudgeless hand;
Devising kindnesses, the road to pave
Of aged pilgrims, travelling to the grave,
Whose fading powers demand, but seldom find,
Consideration due, or treatment kind;
To shield the orphan in its state forlorn,
Protect from cold and hunger's piercing thorn;
Not like too many, stand supinely by,
And grant at most perhaps a fruitless sigh;
But fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters be,
And help them to a blessed futurity;
Assist the widow to endure her loss,
Nor grudge a helping hand to bear her cross,
No. 'Tis our sisters' noble aim to be
The true embodiment of charity.
Most surely he who sits enthroned above,
Falls not to recognise such works of love.
Pure angels too, and spirits of the blest,
The Order's heavenly origin attest.
'Twas God inspired the Prophet to commence
The fund of blessings issuing from hence.
Commencing small, just like the mighty
stream.

Or coming daylight's feeble, dusky beam,
Or like a tender plant, that needed care,
The ruthless storms and scorching heat to bear;
May it increase till, like a mighty flood,
Accumulates its means of doing good;
Until its light expands to perfect day,
And grateful myriads share its genial ray;
Or like a giant tree, spread far around,
Where fruit and shade for millions may be found.

Help on the cause who can, nor grudge to be
The friends and saviors of humanity.
Far brighter laurels than your heads will grace,
Than if by war you conquer'd half your race.
To dry the springs of human misery
Is noble work, is true felicity.
Long may our sisters live to bless their kind,
Approv'd of heaven, and fill'd with peace of mind.

And when from mortal cares each shall be free,
May all rejoice throughout eternity;
Alike the comforters, and once distressed,
Abundant entrance find among the blest'd.
There all with one accord in praises sing
Of our Redeemer, Father, Priest, and King.

Springville.

W. CLEGG.

A POLISH LADY KNOTED.

THE OFFICIAL WHIPPING IN PUBLIC OF
ALEXANDRINA KOSSOWITZ—THE
PENALTY OF SYMPATHY
WITH REBELS.

At a gathering of Poles in the little village of Kernst, on the Southern Nnieman, on the 29th of July last, when all thought themselves secure from the intrusion of any of the numerous spies who kept the Russian officials informed of the malcontents among them, Alexandrina Kossowitz, a young lady whose father, the younger son of a former noble Polish family, was killed in the recent troubles in Warsaw, expressed her sympathy with the unfortunates whom Russian severity had murdered or sent into exile. The meeting was a purely social one, and none dreamed that anything said there would reach the ears of spies, for all present were known to be Poles, and firm haters of the harsh rule under which they then lived. Still, as the young girl in her passionate remembrances of a father's love deplored his death, expressed her sympathy with rebellion and her detestation of her oppressors, she was cautioned lest her loud tone should enable people at the window to hear her. With a hasty glance, as though to rend in the faces of those about her who should betray her, the young lady ceased her execrations and relapsed into silence. When ten o'clock arrived, the latest hour of Polish gatherings, the company separated, and Alexandrina Kossowitz, accompanied by her affianced, Julian Temensky, went to her home.

If, in passing from the house of the gathering, she had been more observant, Alexandrina would have seen the maliciously triumphant glances cast after her by Catherine Merdoff, a woman of about thirty-five years, a Pole by birth, and a sympathizer with her unhappy countrywomen whenever her own passion was not concerned, and, from the subsequent proceedings, it seems that in this case she had been superseded in the affections of the young Dr. Temensky by the more beautiful and younger Alexandrina Kossowitz.

On the following day, shortly after

rising, Alexandrina was seized in her own home, a short distance from Kernst, by two Cossacks of the guard at the garrison, and taken before the petty judge.

The young lady of nineteen, handsome and trembling, produced no feeling of pity. Having at first denied the accusation, she was confronted with Catharine Merdoff, and then acknowledged her offense. In passing sentence the petty judge said that her seditious utterances might have warranted him in sending her before a higher tribunal, where the penalty would be death; but, in view of her youth and contrition, he should merely order her to receive thirty-five lashes of the knout. Almost benumbed with shame and terror, the girl was led away to be prepared for punishment, for in Russia all sentences, save that of death, are carried out immediately after they have been pronounced.

Word having been sent to the officer commanding the troops, a guard of two hundred men was ordered into the garrison square, and the executioner of the troop was called upon to be ready to carry out the duties of his office. In half an hour after the sentence had been given the troops had been formed in a hollow square, in the centre of which had been placed a scaffold, standing on four legs, the top of which was an inclined plane. Beside this stood the executioner, having in his hand the knout. This weapon consists of a stick, or handle, two feet long, with a lash four feet long, of soft leather, to the end of which is attached by a loop a piece of raw hide two inches wide and two feet long. In the hand of an experienced man the piece of rawhide can be made to cut like a knife.

As the executioner stood facing the scaffold, Alexandrina Kossowitz was brought to him by her guard, and in a few moments her clothing was removed to her waist, despite her almost mute appeals to be spared the shame. As she pleaded she was bent on the plane, her hands strapped to the two upper corners and her ankles secured at the feet of the structure. One of the executioner's assistants held her head, and the petty judge gave the order for whipping to commence. Twirling the long lash in the air, the executioner stepped suddenly backward, and with a sharp crack the thong fell on the back of the sobbing girl, cutting a livid streak from her right shoulder to her waist. A terrible tremor passed over her, and a quick, low cry escaped her lips, but it was the only sound she uttered, and were it not for the blood which soon commenced to flow, it might have seemed that the whipping was being done on the naked body of a corpse. When the last lash had been given the young lady was unfastened, and, with her clothing rudely thrown over her, he was taken to prison, and there, after banking the judge for his mercy, according to the necessary formula, she was delivered over to her friends.

Five days afterward the *Gazette* of Wilna contained this announcement: "The Polish criminal, Alexandrina Kossowitz, daughter of the rebel Peter Kossowitz, who was knouted for seditious utterances on the 29th of July at Kernst, while submitting her lacerations to medical treatment, in the the house of the physician Kemensky, stole a vial of prussic acid, with which she ended her days."

Suicide of an American Girl in London.

It was stated a day or two ago that the body of the young woman who drowned herself at Waterloo Bridge a few evenings since had been identified. Her name it appears was Alice Blanche Oswald, and she was within a few days of completing her twentieth year. At the inquest last night before Mr. Langham, the following letter was put in and read:

178 HIGH STREET, SHADWELL,
London, September 3, 1872.

The crime that I am about to commit and what I must suffer hereafter is nothing compared to my present misery. Alone in London, not a penny or a friend to advise or lend a helping hand, tired and weary with looking for something to do, failing in every way, foot-sore and heartweary, I prefer death to the dawning of another wretched morning. I have only been in Britain nine weeks. I came as nursery governess with a lady from America to Wick, in Scotland, where she discharged me, refusing to pay my passage back, giving me my wages, £3 10s. After my expenses to London I found myself in this great city with only 5s. What was I to do? I sold my watch. The paltry sum I obtained for that soon went in paying

for my board and in looking for a situation. Now I am destitute every day is a misery to me. No friend, no hope, no money; what is left? O, God of Heaven, have mercy on a poor, helpless sinner, thou knowest how I have striven against this, but fate is against me. I cannot tread the path of sin, for my dead mother will be watching me. Fatherless, motherless, home I have none. Oh, for the rarity of Christian hearts. I am now mad; for days I have foreseen that this would be the end. May all who hear of my death forgive me, and may God almighty do so, before whose bar I must soon appear. Farewell to all, to this beautiful and yet wretched world. ALICE BLANCHE ISWALD. I am twenty years of age the 14th of this month.

The jury returned a verdict of "suicide while in a state of temporary insanity."
—*Pall Mall Gazette*, September 10.

How to Grow Plump.

Dio Lewis gives the following advice. Go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock, and don't be in a hurry about getting up in the morning. On going to bed and on getting up in the morning, drink as much cold water as you can swallow. Soon you will learn to drink two tumblers; and some persons may learn to drink still more. Spend a good deal of your time in the open air without hard exercise, but exposed to the sun. If practicable, ride in a carriage some hours every day. Remain out enough to give you a good appetite, but do not work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration. Eat a great deal of oat meal porridge, cracked wheat, Graham mush, baked sweet apples, roasted and boiled beef, though the vegetable part is more fattening than the animal part. Lie down an hour in the middle of the day, just before you take your dinner, to rest, and if possible, take a little nap. Cultivate jolly people. "Laugh and grow fat" rests upon a sound physiological basis. A pleasant flow of the social spirit is a great promoter of digestion. Keep your skin clean, sleep in a room where the sun shines, keep everything sweet and clean and fresh about your bed, sleep nine, if possible ten hours in the twenty-four, eat as I have told you, cultivate the jolly spirit, and in six months you will be as plump as you could wish.

Declaration of Homestead.

It is not generally known that a wife alone can make a homestead of the property which she and her husband own, and on which they reside. The husband's consent is not requisite, the law stating that the homestead and house, not exceeding in value \$5,000, can be selected by the husband and wife or either of them. A case illustrative of the power of the wife in this respect lately occurred here. A husband, who was a hopeless drunkard, after running through all his personal property, was preparing to sell the homestead in which he, his wife and family lived, without the consent of his wife. Fortunately she heard of it, and quietly went and registered the property as a homestead. The buyer, when searching the title, butted up against her declaration, which made it impossible for the husband to sell the property. All wives in like position should follow this example. If a husband will not provide for his wife and children, it is the duty of the wife to protect both by taking advantage of the homestead law. The law not only legally makes the wife half owner of the homestead, but also exempts it from sale for subsequent debt, execution or liability.—*Real Estate Circular*.

The Jews.

The *Jewish Messenger*, of New York city announcing that the Fast of Ab, the "back fast" in Jewish calendar, would be celebrated recently, observed:

While not observed in this country as generally as formerly, yet it forms a prominent ceremonial, and with many of our readers will be rigorously kept this year. While it commemorates other events in our history, its special feature is in remembrance of the destruction of Jerusalem and the subversion of our nationality, and there are not a few in Israel who mourn over these historical events and pray for a restoration.

For such the fast retains its olden influence, and from night to night the conformist refrains from food and drink, and spends hours in chanting lamentations, and uttering the liturgical prayers composed for the occasion. To them the fast has a solemn significance, and the aspirations for a return to Palestine

and a revival of the Hebrew kingdom are sincere and undying. The average American Israelite views the fast in another light, and regards little its claims on his attention.

Twenty years ago the dissenters were few in the land. The ninth of Ab was solemnized as a strict fast with hardly an exception, and it almost equalled in importance the great day of Atonement. Now how comparatively rare are the instances of its strict observance!

So runs the world. Our modern Jew thinks little of Palestine and its ancient glory; and, as for our restoration, the thought never enters his head. America is his Palestine. The future must take care of itself.

The Japanese Girls.

A Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes:

"A painful rumor comes to us in regard to one of these children. It would appear that they were, some months ago, domiciled in a house by themselves, with a good and faithful housekeeper—Miss Hane—and furnished with competent private teachers. The disposition of them was made by way of preparing them to be sent to different schools in November; and they have been so persistent in their studies that one of them has been compelled to give up her lessons on account of an affection of the eyes with which she has been afflicted. Not less than three oculists have been consulted, and they all declare that she must not use her eyes, and is in great danger of becoming totally blind. Indeed, the difficulty is so serious that the Japanese Minister has informed the unfortunate child that she will have to return to Japan, and another student be sent in her place. The name of the sufferer is Rio Yoshonians, and she is not only the eldest of the party, but particularly bright in intellect, and noted for her many amiable qualities. When the final decision was made known to her that she must return to Japan, she acquiesced without a word of complaint; but her companions were greatly distressed, and manifested their sorrow in the most touching manner. When little Ume Tsuda, the youngest of the girl students, was informed that they were to be separated, she expressed a desire to go and live with the lady who took charge of her on her first arrival in Washington, and as the Japanese minister gave his consent and the lady in question was very much more than willing, it is understood that the oriental wail will spend the coming year in Georgetown, which she has learned to look upon as her American home."

An Honest Theatrical Manager.

LONDON, Sept. 2, 1872.

Apropos of the dramatic profession, I should not omit to mention that one of the events of the week is the publication in the *Era* of a letter from W. S. Gilbert, the author of "The Palace of Truth," drawing attention to a most generous communication sent him by John McCullough, the lessee of the California Theatre, who sends Mr. Gilbert a check for a sum in the neighborhood of £80, being the author's share of a four weeks' successful performance of "The Palace of Truth." Mr. Gilbert, of course, has no legal claim whatever to such a payment, and the remittance took him quite by surprise. He was delighted to hear that his charming fairy comedy had had so successful a run on shores so far away as those of your Golden State. But that you should have a manager who considered the eighth commandment an all-sufficient copyright, and who, without any previous communication, and of his own noble generosity, should remit a square account of the earnings of the play, and a handsome balance in hard cash, was a disclosure of California conscientiousness more wonderful than any he could have looked for, even had California been unfolding her inner conscientiousness under the spell of the enchanted palace itself. John McCullough has certainly, by this act, shown that the highest type of a gentleman is not restricted to any particular climate, or to the members of any particular profession, and he has by it gained a place in the esteem of the dramatic world here, for which he and California will, in time, be no losers.—*Cor. S. F. Chronicle*.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.