



AND LITERARY GEM.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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Poetry.

A LYRIC FOR THE TIME.

The shade creeps forward on the dial,
Come along!
The hour approaches for the trial,
Whether wrong,
Leagued with might,
Shall conquer right;
Or claims of justice brook denial:—
Come along!

The flag of Liberty unfold,
Come along!
Who wishes to be free? Behold,
In purpose strong!
For bright and high,
The Orient sky,
The light of Freedom streaks with gold;
Come along!

The wind is singing merrily
All nature's song;
It sings the hymn of Liberty!
Come along!
The stream is preaching,
The same is teaching,
And bursts its barriers to be free,
Come along!

Come to the solemn-voiced sea;
Come along!
Hark! she lisps the words "Be free"
It is her song
Upon the strand
Of every land,
Unchained and fetterless like me—
Come along!

WOMAN AND HER ADVISERS.

From the Boston Journal.

One would think, dear Editor, that we women were something more than minor considerations in this world of ours, by the time and talent that is expended for our improvement. Every newspaper, pamphlet, and magazine, is teeming with 'Advice to wives'—'Hints to Mothers'—'Whispers to Brides'—'Daughters Influence,' &c. Now, would it not be well for some

benevolent genius to turn his attention to the sterner sex) let us, just for variety, have a chapter of advice to husbands! Hints to Fathers! Whispers to newly made Benedicts!

We are preached to, talked to, written to—here a little, and there a good deal. We are exhorted to be submissive, "sober-minded, patient, long-suffering, enduring all things and forgiving all things." We are expected to equal Moses in meekness; Job in patience; Solomon in wisdom; David in goodness; and Sampson in strength: we are to meet our husbands with an everlasting smile; we are to take from him his burden; soothe his troubled spirits; no matter if our own shoulders are overladen with our own tasks; no matter if our own shoulders are overladen with our own tasks; no matter if our spirits are weary;—the words cross and dumpish are not allowed in a Wife's glossary; these are the Husband's special prerogative.

If Mr. Surly comes home in the sulks, a fit of the pouts is denied his poor wife. He may kick the dog, box Johnny's ears, snap Mrs. Surley herself; yet she is expected to keep calm, and pour oil on the troubled waters. If there was a 'better' and a 'worse' stipulated for in the marriage contract, she must remember that her husband expects to monopolize the *better*, while the *worse* is to fall to her share.

There is Mr. Fairface, Mr. Editor, I wonder if you have ever seen him? One of the smoothest, politest, most agreeable men in the world, a travelling streak of sunshine is Mr. Fairface! Only see him; as he is going home! How gracefully he bends to this and that fair lady of his acquaintance; but see him as he nears his own door; the smile turns to a sneer, his face elongates, blackness gathers upon his brow, and by the time he lifts his door latch you would hardly believe him the same man! Enter the little back parlor.—There sits Mrs. Fairface, with a half dozen Fairfaces around her. Willie wants a new string to his kite—Sarah's pantalette is off. Jack's face is daubed with apple pie, and must be punished; and little Minnie, the youngest Fairface, is worrying in her mother's lap, experiencing the untold agonies of teeth-cutting.

Poor woman! who will say that her task is easy? to curb the headstrong; rouse the stupid; lend courage to the timid; and blend all those spirits into universal harmony. Does she not deserve a kind and encouraging word from her husband? but does she always receive it? No, for there are too many men, who, like Mr. Fairface, give their sunshine to the world, and reserve the cloud for their own hearthstones.

I do not object to the many things that are said and written to have woman learn her duty, and do it. I would have her always gentle and kind; I would have her honor and respect her husband; but I would also have him appreciate, in some degree, the affectionate care which anticipates his wants I would have him forbearing and gentle to her.

Be gentle! for ye little know
How many trials rise;

Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thy own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest hearts,
At times may have some grief;
And even in a pettish word,
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! for unkindness now,
May rouse an angry storm;
That all the after years of life,
In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle! none are perfect here—
Thou'rt dearer far than life,
Then husband hear, and still forbear;
Be gentle to thy wife!

Woman's life is made up of petty trials; more wearing than heavy sorrows. I acknowledge that too many of the girls of the present day are totally unfit for the responsibility that they have to bear; that of wife and mother. But if a man has rushed heedlessly into matrimony, without examining critically the character and habits of the lady of his choice; to see if she will be as useful as well as a companionable wife; then I say let him bear patiently with all her folly and ignorance.

Woman is just what man makes her. Show her that you admire usefulness more than unsex; that you wish for a companion instead of a plaything; that you esteem beauty of the mind more than personal beauty, and take my word for it, she will so educate herself as to be worthy of your respect and affection.

Pomfret, Ct.

NILLA.

A GHOST OUTWITTED.

A late English paper tells of a joke lately played on a jolly old worthy of the city of Glasgow, Scotland, too good not to be narrated. The subject of the joke was an inveterate disciple of the Bacchanalian school, who had laid seige to the bottle and barrel for several days. Some of his red nosed companions being aware of the circumstance, and thinking he was doing it rather too hard, agreed together upon trying an experiment.

Night being fixed upon for the joke, away went they to the inn and there they found his worship in a back