

FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.

"To those of the other sex who happen to be addicted to the habit, the hysteric affection is very apt to occur during the paroxysm of merriment. There are few female drunkards that do not experience this; for as pure spirits are easiest to inflame, so slight irritations that ruffle the temper, and excite anger, are seldom quieted without some degree of hysteric passion. In several cases, the frequent appearance of this affection has first led me to detect the unhappy propensity. That modesty which is innate in the female constitution, preserves them from indulgence in company [in respectable circles] and they are commonly solitary drinkers. This delicacy of feeling sometimes carries them great lengths in concealing their situation, and in making them feign complaints to ward off suspicion. I have known a medical attendant acquire much credit from the administration of his cathartic, when a gentle nap had performed the cure of an indisposition of [the cause of] which he formed no conjecture.—*Dr. Trotter.*

THE POOR GIRL "ABOVE HOUSEWORK."—We clip from an article on female employment in a Worcester paper, the following remarks, which are well worthy every young laboring American woman's attention. It is a description of the toil of one who was "above housework."

"Seated in a close room, amid a bevy of a dozen, twenty or forty white slaves just like her: she stitch—stitch—stitches away at the same everlasting task, in the same unwholesome room, the same unnatural position, and in the same eternal—monotonous round—week after week, month after month, and year after year; until, when health is gone, and deformity come; eye-sight failed, and spirits broken; she at length finds herself a poor, withered, broken down creature, returning to spend among the friends of her youth the miserable remnant of her misapprehended strength. Let us compare the rate of remuneration. The servant has earned, beside her comfortable living, at least a hundred dollars the year, besides presents which good girls are sure to receive, and may accept without any sacrifice of a proper pride; and which have nearly if not quite sufficed to clothe her. But she has earned infinitely more than this: she has preserved unimpaired a good constitution, a clear eye and erect form, has grown into robust womanhood in a healthy employment, and in a few years, has laid by a comfortable little fund to aid a good husband, or as a provision for old age. On the other hand, our poor seamstress or shirt-maker, has earned by her exhausting toil we have described, her forty or fifty cents per diem; her two dollars and a half, or three dollars a week: nearly every dollar of which she is compelled to spend for the meagre fare upon which she feeds; an occasional illness, or support during the necessary absence from labor."

HONE POLITESSES.—Why not polite? How much does it cost to say "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home? To your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgement! If your husband—ah! it is a matter of course, no need of thanks. Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your very, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised. Ah! these are little things, say you. They tell mightily upon the heart, let us assure you, true as they are. A gentleman stops at a friend's house and finds it in confusion.—"He don't see anything to apologise for—never thinks of such matters." Everything is all right—cold supper—cold room—crying children—perfectly comfortable. Goes home where the wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her little almost out. "Do not see why things can't be kept in better order; there never were such cross children before." No apologies accepted at home. Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or "you are very kind!"—Doubly, yes thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.—Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority, mingle politeness, give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies. What we say, unto all—be polite.

FEMALE SPEAKING.—We had the pleasure of hearing a very accomplished lady, Miss Hollie, deliver an anti-Slavery lecture last week in Detroit. Although we are not reconicited to female speaking, yet we must confess that Miss Hollie did ample justice to her subject. No gentleman could speak more correctly, and very few to such good purpose. She was equally at home in pathos, sarcasm, and argument, and modest and unassuming withal. The audience could not be less than 1000, and all behaved kindly and gently to the fair speaker.—*Sarnia Shield.*

LOST STONE ON MARRIAGE.—Lucy Stone has issued her programme showing the legal advantages and disadvantages of married women, which are as follows:—

- GAIN.**
1. The right of protection (1)
 2. The right to be maintained (?)
 3. The right of having her debts paid.

- LOSS.**
1. The custody of her person.
 2. The right of her personal property.
 3. The enjoyment of her real estate.
 4. The advantage of her own earnings.
 5. The power to make a will.
 6. The control of her children.

We copy the above for the benefit of the "15,000 unmarried females of Syracuse." You see the loss doubles the amount of the gain—besides the last item—when married, the woman "loses the control of her children." Just think of that! Remain single, and you can govern them as you please.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—A third set of teeth, seven in number, has just been cut by Humphrey Powell, aged 73 years, residing in Marion district, South Carolina.

Parth's Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—*Proverbs, i. 22 & 6*

THE CHILD TO HIS DEAD MOTHER.

My mother, O my mother wake,
And tell me what you all,
I want to see a glad smile look
O'er your features sweet and pale.
Oh raise thine eyes, their look was dear,
When fondly viewing me,
I want the kiss my cheek did share,
That kiss I had from thee

My mother, O my mother speak,
Thy lips are very white;
No red is on thy cold, cold cheek,
I cannot bear the sight.
Thy tender voice (1), let me hear,
Thy words once kind and mild.
I'm weeping many, many a tear,
Look on thy sorrowing child

My mother, O my mother look,
The sun shines in the sky
Fresh flowers from the garden brook
"pon thy bosom lie

I've kissed thee for the hundredth time,
And press'd thine icy hand,
And oft thou said that prayer of mine,
You bade me understand

"Thou poor forsaken weeping child,"
Thy once lov'd mother's dead,
Her spirit pure, so meek and mild,
Her spirit to God has fled

She loves thee still, and from on high,
Beholds her little boy;
She loves thee still, and hears thy sigh,
"Her God will bring thee joy"

My mother, mother, I will come
To heaven if thou art there,
Where thou dost dwell shall be my home

Thy smiles will make it fair
I'll ask thy God if I may go
Dear mother ask him too
That heaven must be bright I know,
Which shelters such as you.

MRS CAROLINE DEXX.

THE NUNNERY SYSTEM.

Below there is given an account of a recent escape of a nun from her earthly prison. She is young and beautiful, and belongs to a distinguished family of Corunna. It is easy to imagine what must be the horrid nature of such a system as that which keeps up the female garrisons or dungeons called nunneries. A girl is entrapped into them in her full bloom of youth by artful representations of their happiness, the pleasure she will enjoy in company with sisters, and in talking of religion. She is told of the beautiful ceremonies she will go through, and that she will be looked on as a martyr to God and the Holy Virgin. By such artifices, &c. used by priests and women, she offers herself, **HEAVENLY VIRTUE AND LIBERTY**, on the *Juggernaut of Catholicity*. Once in this prison or female inquisition, under the surveillance of old women and priests, she can no more easily escape than can a prisoner from a penitentiary. She is guarded night and day, and in Roman Catholic countries, even the soldiers are subservient in arrests of fugitives, as was the case in this instance. Parents cannot withdraw their children once immured, but they have become voluntary slaves, and when repentance or remorse comes for their folly, as it assuredly ever must; for what human being can withstand the pain or misery of eternal imprisonment, then these poor female prisoners thirst again for personal liberty. Alas, death alone can free them from the chains of the heathen superstitions and monkish forms that surround them! Then youth and beauty are sacrificed to religious mummeries, and often to vile lusts and vices. Who knows the secrets of these pent up houses of female prisoners? All are interested in keeping them a secret! Who can tell the sorrows and sighs, the groans, that arise from cells therein located that have arisen for the last 1400 years. Tens of thousands of women have died in them without any one to tell their history. Yet these institutions are encouraged by the legislature of United Canada, and there are even two in this city. Our present ministry have lent themselves to increase such institutions. It is alleged by those who retain these female prisoners, that they are necessary for charity and in case of sickness. This is all nonsense. In Lyons in France, for instance, there are 5000 nuns. Not one in fifty of these women have any call for the exercise of their charity. The same proportion of nuns exists in Spanish and Italian cities and for an equally useless purpose. Marriage is the destiny of woman, pointed out as well by nature as by all true religion.—[Editor.]

ESCAPE OF A NUN.—Great sensation has been caused in Galicia, in Spain, by what is considered a great crime by devout Catholics, the flight of a nun from a convent at Compostello. A nun in the Carmelite convent of that place let herself down, a few nights ago, from her cell, by means of towels and napkins sewn together, and formed into a cord. The descent must have been attended with danger, though the nun took the precaution of tying knots at intervals in her cord. The moment the escape was known a search was made after her both by the police and the gendarmes, but no trace of her could be discovered, and it is supposed that she succeeded in reaching Corunna, and embarking on board a foreign vessel. She is only twenty-two years of age, belongs to one of the most distinguished families of Galicia, and is remarkable for beauty and talents.

THE SULKY BOY.—This is a species of ill-temper with which you are all familiar. We see persons afflicted with it, almost every day—and a sad affliction it is, too, both to themselves and to their neighbors. There is Robert, for instance; a good boy in many respects; but once in a while he has a desperate fit of the sulks, which nearly if not quite balances the credit side of his character, and leaves him with more demerits than merits. So long as he can have his own way, everything goes on pleasantly; but let his father interfere with some plan he has formed, or set him about some job he does not like, and you will soon find out what his temper is. For hours after—perhaps for a day or two—he is sulky, morose, and gloomy. He says but little, but when he speaks, he snaps and growls like an angry wolf. He pouts, scowls, and looks sour at everybody, friends as well as foes; and should you attempt to reason kindly with him on his folly, he frowns more obstinately sullen than ever. Do you ask what good all this does? I do not know. There certainly can be no pleasure in thus punishing one's self, on the contrary, he greatly aggravates his disposition. A cheerful sprightly temper makes its possessor happy; but a sulky one can only

render its owner wretched. The lad I have described indulges only occasionally in these fits; but there is danger that this sullen state of mind will after a while become permanent with him. If he does not soon break himself of the habit. He is gradually souring his disposition, and the habit is growing upon him. It will be well if he does not turn out in the end a more Nabal—the churl whose character is described in 1 Sam. 25.

A TEETOTALLER'S BELIEF.

1. I believe that drinking may very properly be likened to a tree, which bears drunkenness and all its attendant evils for its fruit.
2. I believe that as long as strong drink is used at all, drunkenness, and its results will remain to demoralize and curse the world.
3. I believe (with the Rev. W. Jay) that next to the glorious gospel, God could not bless the human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating drinks.
4. I believe that these drinks will be abolished before that good time can arrive, for which the Christian prays and to which he looks forward with so much joy.
5. I believe that this good time will not be brought about by a miracle, but by the instrumentality of men, and that to pray for the abolition of drunkenness without waging war against the cause of the evil, is inconsistent and useless.
6. I believe that the best way to battle against drunkenness is to totally abstain yourself and do all in your power, by advice and example, to discontinue the use of strong drink under every circumstance.
7. I believe it behooves especially ministers of religion, church members and Sabbath-school teachers, to abstain, as the example of one professor of religion in upholding the drinking customs does more than the example of a dozen drunkards to perpetuate the evils which those customs produce.
8. I believe a person is no more justified in refusing to become a teetotalter on account of the rash conduct or inconsistencies of some teetotalters, than he is in refusing to join a Christian church on account of the inconsistencies of some professors.
9. I believe that by signing the pledge, a man manifests his freedom, and that he is the slave who acknowledges teetotalism to be right, and wishes it well, and yet all the time cannot refuse to take a drop when his appetite or friends require it.—*London Temperance Chronicle.*

NAPIER AND THE INDIAN SWORDSMAN.

We give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword, as well as of Napier's simplicity of character. After the Indian battles, on one occasion a famous juggler visited the camp and performed his feats before the General, his family, and staff. Among other performances, this man cut into with a stroke of his sword, a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword, so small an object, without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott in his romance of the Talisman. To determine the point, the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial. "Let me see your left hand" The left hand was submitted, and the man said firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat." "But why the left hand and not the right?" "Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less." Napier was startled. "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate workship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have reared from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and held out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it; and so much (he stated) for the brave swordsmen of India, whom our noble fellows defeated at Meernee. This anecdote is certainly a proof of the sincerity of an honest mind, ready to acknowledge error, and of bravery and calmness in expiating that error.

METHODISM AND TEMPERANCE.

SIR AND BROTHER.—Your editorial article of the 11th inst., entitled "THE EDUCATED AND GENTLE CLASS IN CANADA;" is in the main, strictly true, and while this is admitted, fairly and freely, exception must be taken to one assertion, which is, that "two-thirds perhaps or more of the influential Ministers in the Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Churches opposed to or lukewarm in this cause," &c. It is known that some of them are opposed to the Order of the Sons, and perhaps to Total Abstinence altogether, but that two-thirds or more are so, is probably saying too much; for it is on record that at the Conference at Hamilton in June last, the following resolution was passed:—

"Resolved, That this Conference, while it cordially approves of the principles of the Temperance Reformation, is deeply convinced that the license system, as it at present exists, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the success of that cause, and viewing a prohibitory law as the only effectual remedy for the evils of intemperance, most respectfully and earnestly urges upon the Legislature of Canada the necessity of enacting, at its next Session, a law similar to the provisions of the Bill which was introduced at the last Session of Parliament, for suppressing the ordinary traffic in intoxicating liquors."

This resolution will be found in the published Minutes of Conference, page 33, to which you are respectfully referred.

I could probably give you the principal reasons why some, perhaps most of the preachers, are opposed to the Order of the Sons and keep aloof from them, while they at the same time are favorable to the Temperance Cause generally, as evinced by the foregoing resolution, but I will not now extend my observations.

Your insertion of the foregoing will much oblige.

Sir and Brother,

Yours in L. P. and P.

J. BALLARD, P. W. P.

Montreal, October 17, 1853.