

MRS. THOMAS'S LETTER—TEMPERANCE IN WHITBY.

Below the reader will find some good remarks on the subject of the inconsistency of temperance men. Although Sons have been schooled in the best of schools, it is with regret that we say it, more than half of them are not actuated by a deep and fixed idea of temperance consistency.

TEMPERANCE REVIEW.

BY MRS. M. F. H. THOMAS.

We hear much of the growing strength of the cold water army. We are told that a great work of reform is performed—that the world's regeneration is begun; and gladly would I believe it all real.

Words are easily spoken; and that part of duty which comports with our pleasure or interest, is readily performed. But thus far there is no virtue. In a world where evil is so deeply blended with good, there are straits which try men's hearts.

open upholders of tipping; and the consequence is, that she now rejoices in a luminous provision for the desecration of that day, which our law has hitherto respected, and endeavoured to preserve from the profanation of that unholy traffic.

Brooklin, March 27th 1853.

Memorans.

A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men.

HIT OR MISS.—Here is a capital story told of a couple of western hunters. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan; and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill.

"Hollo, Cowan! what did you shoot at just now?" "None of your business, go along over the hill."

"I say Cowan, did you shoot at the calf?" "Yes I did; but it's none of your business." "Why, what made you shoot at it?"

A SOLEMN QUESTION.—At a recent meeting of a parish Board of Guardians, a solemn, straight bodied and most exemplary deacon, submitted a report, in wailing, of the destitute widows and others in need of assistance in the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?"

"Jilms, 'spose dere is six chickens in a coop, and de man sells tree, how many is there left?" "What time ob day was it?" "Why, what has that to do wid it?"

SART GIRLS.—A young gentleman of Kilkenny, meeting a handsome milk-maid near Parade, said, "What will you take for yourself and your milk my dear?"

A young boy, remarkable for his shrewdness, had purchased of his play-fellow, a magpie, which he carried to his father's house, and was feeding it at the door, a gentleman who had an impediment in his speech, and who often tried to tease the little fellow, came along and said, "T-T-Tom does your mag-pie tick yet?"

VEGETABLE PILLS.—Some twenty years ago, a farmer's barn in vicinity of Worcester, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fellow straggled and dickered, with his cap on one side of his face; the celebrated Dr. G—n, and accosted him in this wise—

"You—ah, tell me Doctah, how fah they have succeeded in extinguishing the con-si-la-gra-tion of the—ah, unfortunate yoc-mat-hun?"

"I Doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as tal for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger into his pocket, took out a couple of pills, and handed them to him saying—"Take these, sir, and go to bed, and if you do not feel better in the morning, call at my office.—Literary Museum.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL]

A MOTHER'S LOVE—FIRE CANNOT STAY IT

The curling flames kissed the sky, And round the rafters rose, A slumbering babe within did lie, Lulled in secure repose.

During a destructive fire, at Cincinnati, on the 27th ult., an instance of female heroism occurred. A family, consisting of a mother and four children, was residing in the third story of a factory.

ART OF ARRANGING THE HAIR.—How often do we see a really good face made quite ugly by a total inattention to lines. Sometimes the hair is pushed into the cheeks, and so squared at the forehead, as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape.

Mrs. BECKER STOWE.—The following account of Mrs. Stowe, and which will doubtless interest the thousands of readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin, has been addressed to a lady by an American gentleman:—"Mrs. Stowe is, in appearance, a very unpretending person; her husband is a Congregational minister.

WOMAN.—The Emperor Conrad had refused all terms of capitulation to the garrison of Winneberg, but, like a true knight, granted the request of the women to pass out in safety, with such of their most precious effects as they could themselves carry.

One thousand and fifty-three female operatives employed in the Merrimack Corporation in Lowell have signed the remonstrance against the repeal of the anti-liquor law. The roll was sixteen and a half feet long.