

Shortly afterwards, Washington was apprised of the transaction by the arrival of an express containing the papers found upon Andre, disclosing the plot, and he then learned that Arnold had been absent from the point some hours. He exhibited his usual calmness, and apprehensively said to Lafayette, who, communicating the villainy, "Whom can we trust now?" Washington immediately called for Mrs. Arnold, and found her frantic with distress, and upon the borders of distraction, alternately weeping bitterly and upbraiding him as intent upon destroying her husband. She soon after joined him on board the Vulture.

Arnold had a commission in the British army, and six thousand three hundred pounds paid him, the original stipulation for treason. Afterwards he acted in the most hostile and vindictive manner against his country. He descended with a fleet upon Grotton and New London, and ravaged and burnt those places, almost within sight of his connexions and his early home.

Every measure was attempted to get possession of his person by the Americans, and the general order was in case of success, to have him put to immediate execution. He sailed for England in 1781, and subsequently sank into such contempt and obscurity, that little is known of him.

After the war was terminated, he lived in St. John New Brunswick, and traded extensively with the West Indies, when he returned to England, and died in 1801, aged 61 years. Benedict Arnold was unquestionably a man of great physical courage and undaunted intrepidity of character. He knew no such emotion as fear, but yet was deficient in cool judgement, and could endure nothing like rebuke or opposition from any man. Rashness and impetuosity were pre-eminent in him, and the intemperate character of the father early matured the moral obliquity of principle, and strengthened the natural turpitude of conduct in the son.

The fate of Major Andre was lamented by all, and his memory is revered even by those whom he sought, according to the practices of war, to destroy. The name of Benedict Arnold will ever be execrated in both hemispheres.



Ladies' Department.

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER, OR UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

It was during one of those drizzly, cold and cheerless evenings of last winter, that a brace of lightly clad, "poor, but respectable" girls were hurrying home from their employment on Main street, to a distant part of the city. As they passed over the sleety and slushy pave, unsettled by umbrellas or heavy clothes, against the pitiless storm, a couple of gentlemen passed them near Fifth street, and something like the following conversation ensued:—

'M—, did you notice that girl?'  
'Just passed us?'

'Yes, the one on the inside.'

'By heavens, she had the handsomest face I ever saw.'

'Pooh!' said M., 'ha! ha! well as I was saying in regard to that note.'

I won't listen M., that face has got me—no umbrellas, and see how the rain is coming down egad I'll go and give my girl the umbrella and have a word with her if it costs a law-suit. Go on down to the office, I'll be there in ten minutes.'

"Ah! so you really did scrape an acquaintance?"  
'I did, I accosted the girls, gave them to understand that it was raining rather sharp, and having an umbrella at disposal, pressed them to accept it. After some hesitation on the part of my beauty, she observed:—

"You are very kind, indeed sir, but as we are already very wet, and you are dry, it would prove a poor rule, working only one way, wetting your fine clothes and not drying us."

"The pleasure of an attempt to benefit a lady so agreeable and well favored as yourself," says I, "forces me to persist in tendering you my umbrella, take it."

"Where shall I return it to-morrow," says she.

"Keep it, or direct me where I shall call for it."

"Call at No.— street in the morning, you will find it at the store with our compliments, sir."

"Quite an adventure, you Tennesseans would call that, I suppose," said the friend, "but we citizens get used to such mere accidents of every day life in our growing city."

"Perhaps you do, perhaps so," said the young man musingly, "but M—, I've not only lived in Tennessee, I have lived in most of our great cities, traveled over Europe, and you may smile at my apparent luckadaisical twaddle, but, M—, that poor girl's face and manner has, though suddenly, made an everlasting impression upon me, I cannot account for it, you may grin and smile, laugh if you will, but its true. However, now let us proceed to business."

On an early part of last week, the end of this little affair came off in our city, it was the wedding of Col. John A. T—, of —ville, Tennessee, to Miss Mary —, a poor shop-girl. The Umbrella Courtship has terminated in transplanting one of the prettiest, most amiable, and naturally gifted young women of Cincinnati from her humble home and occupation in the city, to one of the finest old homesteads of a flourishing plantation in Middle Tennessee, truly—'All the world's a stage.'

A STRIKING THOUGHT.—Is there anything in the world can beat a good wife? Yes: a bad husband.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S NEW YORK STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

This Society will hold its second Annual Meeting at Utica, on the 7th and 8th days of June next.

The opening session will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., and it is hoped that members of the Society generally will be present. The annual report of the Executive Committee, and of the Treasurer will be presented.

In view of the disappointment in not obtaining a Prohibitory Law to take effect in May of the current year, and of the late act of Governor Seymour in vetoing the Temperance Bill passed by both branches of our Legislature, the Society feels that renewed and more vigorous efforts on its part are demanded. We do therefore, most earnestly invite all friends of Temperance; all in favour of Legal Prohibition; all who are in favour of the efforts of Woman in the cause; all Societies Divisions, Unions, Circles and Lodges, and every organization that has Temperance for its object, to send Delegates from the same, and to meet with us, prepared to present Resolutions, to speak, and act and labour together with warm hearts and ready hands, unitedly and faithfully in this work of humanity.

Come, Brothers and Sisters, one and all. Lend us a helping hand in rebuking the wily artifices of political factions, in putting Our Veto upon this One-Man Power, and in ridding our land from the evils growing out of this Legalized Liquor Traffic.

We are happy to say that the hospitality of the friends in Utica is tendered to the Executive Committee of this Society and also to delegates from other Societies during the meeting, and from the generosity and politeness of the Superintendents of Rail Roads expect that the fair will be reduced half, price to those who attend the meeting.

The agents of the Society, whose self-sacrificing labours have done so much toward creating a sentiment in favour of Legal Prohibition, will address the meeting at its different Sessions. Mrs. Nichols of Vermont; Mrs. Bloomer of Ohio; Mrs. L. N.

Goodwin, Gerrit Smith, L. W. Brown, and other warm-hearted labourers in the cause.

MARY C VAUGHAN.

President

ANGELINA FISII,

Cor. Sec.

Victor, April, 1854.

IMMIGRATION.—FEMALE DOMESTIC SERVANTS.—Information having been received by this department from the Poor Law Commissioners, that arrangements are now making for the Emigration of about 1600 Single Young Women, from Work-houses in the South and West of Ireland, during the ensuing spring, parties desirous of securing their services are invited to transmit their application to this department, stating the number (not less than 10) they will undertake to provide for—rate of wages—with the route, distance, and expense of transport from the nearest line of water communication.—Emigration Department, Quebec, April 17, 1854.

"AND SHE WAS A WIDOW."—A pale and pensive lady has just passed—she is clad in "the weeds of profoundest woe;" doubtless she is a widow. A moment to imagine her history. He whom she mourns had wooed her in girlhood. There is a fragrant nook, where a river gurgles which she never remembers save with tears, where in love's blessed drama was performed by their fervid lips. They were wed at last. Months perhaps years departed, and then the shadow fell. He blessed her amid the marches of the night and in the morning went out with the stars. The earth is laden with such histories. She was blithe and merry once. She loved the customs of society, and adhered with a sort of piety to the maxims of fashion. Gay and happy as the world in which she dwelt. But 'tis a mournful thing to carry a dead heart in a living bosom. It is a bitter thing for a lip used to dainties to feed on ashes. It is a fearful thing for the living to know that their only treasure is hid in the grave—beautiful life—life linked to corruption. Her desires are written upon her face. Its expression translates its muttered yearnings. She longs to join in the distant and better country him who has gone before. The welcome hour is nearer than she thinks. They shall soon lay her beside her buried idol. How lovely will be that dying smile, when the prayerful lips shall close at the touch of death's cold finger. God grant that the drooping lily of earth may become a fadeless amaranth in heaven.



Youth's Department.

LITTLE EMMA.  
Once I knew a little maiden  
Sweeter than the summer's gale,  
Fairer than the opening blossom  
Blooming in the dewy dale.  
Happy as the little Goldfinch,  
Singing in the cherry tree,  
She would ply her busy needle,  
Sing and smile most pleasantly.  
In the meadow where the violets  
Clustered in the soft spring time,  
Emma wandered in the evening  
Listening to the bird's sweet chime:  
Or beside the murmuring brooklet  
Leaning by a verdant tree,  
I have marked her merry musings  
While the stream sang lullaby.  
From the hill side Emma gathered  
Flowers to decorate her home;  
Where the forest pine trees nodded,  
She would venture forth alone.  
Nature's child—she loved its beauty,  
Thence would spring devotion's ray,  
She admired the bright blue heaven,  
And to Nature's God would pray.  
Little maiden thou art welcome—  
Kneeling on the mossy sod—

THE TORONTO SECTION OF CADETS.

TORONTO, MAY 15, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—Knowing that you at all times take a lively interest in the welfare of the Cadets of Temperance, I thought that a short account of the state and actions of one of the Sections, belonging to that organization, would not be uninteresting to you, or to the readers of your valuable paper.

The Toronto Section, as regards numbers, is smaller than it was some months ago, but in spirit it is stronger than ever. Its numbers are also again beginning to increase. We have a good Worthy Patron; and the other offices are filled by members who command respect, by the creditable manner in which they perform their official duties. In fact, the Toronto Section is in a prosperous condition: and it is hoped that it will do good service to the Temperance cause. With regard to its actions, it has been engaged for some time in endeavouring to procure a library for the use of its members. The Committee appointed for that purpose, have done their duty nobly; and we have now a considerable number of volumes on hand. They will, however, be very happy to receive books or money from any person who may be liberally disposed. We hold monthly open meetings, at which everything is done, that it is thought will interest and instruct the audience on the subject of drinking and tobacco-using. But alas! these audiences are often far from numerous; and as a consequence the Cadets get discouraged. They invite the Sons and Daughters; but of the former, the attendance is at the most three or four, and of the latter scarcely that number. Now it might be excusable in parties uninterested in the temperance movement not to attend these meetings, but for members of organizations, professing to have the cause as near at heart as they do, it is not very consistent. They can get up a great meetings [perhaps ours are on too small a scale to suit their gigantic minds] and talk of their love for the cause—of what they would do to forward its prosperity, and even speak of the Cadets, laud their praiseworthy endeavours, and with apparent sincerity wish them "God Speed." This looks like hypocrisy. We have given up the idea of holding open meetings for a little while, and intend to try our hands at debating on subjects of interest. The first of these will take place in the Ontario Division Room, on Wednesday evening, the 17th inst. The chair will be taken at half past seven o'clock. The subject is—"Whether the inhabitants of Canada or the United States, enjoy, in a greater degree, the blessing of true liberty." Those who have already taken sides are—On that of Canada, D. Spry, F.A. Rattray, and W.J. Rattray. On the United States side, J. G. Scott, and David Scott. Another will be added to the American side. It is fully expected that it will be a most interesting discussion; and as the public will be cheerfully admitted, it is hoped that the room will be crowded to excess. I will transmit to you an account of the proceedings, which, if you think it worthy, you will be at liberty to publish.

Yours in V. L. and T,  
A PRIVATE OF TORONTO SECTION.

This letter was received during our absence, last week, and, therefore, did not appear then.—(Error.)

A family of five children, three of them under twelve, and two under seventeen years of age—braided in three weeks 502 palm leaf hats, worth eight cents a-piece.—U. S. paper.

Humorous.

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

The following toast was given by John G. Saxe the poet, at a festival lately held by the Sons and Daughters of Vermont, in Lowell, Mass:—

VERMONT—Famous for the production of four great staples, namely—men, women, maple sugar and horses:—

The first are strong—the last are fleet;  
The second and third are exceedingly sweet;  
And all are uncommonly "hard to beat."

DERIVATION OF BUSS.—Buss: to kiss. Rebus: to kiss again. Blunderbuss: two girls kissing each other. Contrabuss: to kiss all the girls in the room.