



Ladies' Department.

LUCY LEE.—BY JAMES LINES.

She's budding in her early teens,
Sae young and sweetly fair,
What hand wad in her bosom plant
The thorns o' grief and care?
The mother on her bairnie doats
That smiles upon her knee;
But wi' a warmer gush o' joy
My heart loves Lucy Lee.

There's love in a' her wuching smiles,
There's rapture in her een;
I need no aid o' mystic lore
To tell me what they mean.
The world and a' that in it blooms
Wad be a waste to me,
Did frosts untimely nip the flower,
My winsome Lucy Lee.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs, and stay in the closet till I send for you."

And this was a christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison?

It is true an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother. It does not need an angel's powers. The watch must never for an instant be remitted; the scales of justice must always be nicely balanced; the hasty word, that the overtaken spirit sends to the lip, must die there ere it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season; the forward and presuming checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no evasion, no trickery, for the keen and searching eye of childhood to mark; and all this, when the exhausted frame sinks with ceaseless vigils, (perhaps,) and the thousand pretty interruptions and unlooked-for annoyances of every hour almost set at defiance any attempt at system. Still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown; still must she "rule her own spirit," lest the boy, so apparently engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all these duties, faithfully and conscientiously performed, a mother's reward is in secret and in silence. Even he on whose earthly breast she leans is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle; until too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in untrusting motion the thousand springs of his domestic happiness.

But what if, in the task that devolves upon the mother, she utterly fail? What if she be a mother but in name? What if she consider her duty performed

when her child is fed, and warmed, and clothed? What if the priceless soul be left to the chance training of hirelings? What if she never teaches those little lips to lip, "Our Father?" What if she launch her child upon life's stormy sea without rudder, or compass or chart? God forbid there be many such mothers! —
Olive Branch

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE GIRLS.

We have lately met with the following excellent advice for young ladies, and give it for the benefit of some of our lady readers.

"The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass—who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, and be a lady without in company, is just the sort of a girl for me, and for any worthy man to marry—but you, ye pining, moping, lolling, screwd-up, wasp-waisted, puffy-faced, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel devouring, daughters of Fashion and Idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraints—more kitchen and less parlour—more leg exercise and less sofa—more pudding and less piano—more frankness and less mock modesty—more breakfast and less bustle. Loosen yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty, and less restraint by fashion—breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed."

A DUTCH CURE.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely ped room,
And dries for to shleep very sound,
De dreams, oh, how into my het dey vill come,
'Till I wish I was under de ground.

Sometimes, ven I eats one pig supper, I treams,
Dat mine chtomak ish full of sthones,
Und out in my shleep, like ter tvel, I schreams,
Und kicks off de ped-clothes and groans

Den dere, ash I lays, mid de ped-clothes all off,
I kits myself all over froze:
In de morning I vake mid de het-ache and koff,
Und I'm shick from my het to mine toes.

Oh, vat shall pe tun for a boor man like me—
Vat for do I leat such a life!
Some shays dere's a cure for dish trouble of me—
Dinks I'll dhry it, und kit me a—WIFE.

The Annual Session of the Grand Union of the Daughters of Temperance, will convene in Indianapolis, on Wednesday the 27th of October, 1852, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Francisco and Rosa Madiai, of Florence, at the age of 50 years, have been condemned, for reading the Gospel, to four years at the galleys. Their Prince has rejected their appeal for mercy. Their heads have been shaved, they are in the dress of criminals, undergoing punishment in the Maremma, in Tuscany. As the crime of these persons was reading the Bible, the King of Prussia has caused it to be represented to the Grand Duke, who takes a great interest in these christian confessors, and requests a mitigation of their sentence.—Oh, liberty of conscience, how precious it is!!

MODERN PHILANTHROPY—"Jane put the baby to sleep with laudanum, and then bring my parasol and revolver. I am going to attend a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race."

Why should a spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a line at every post.

Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, Two Golden Hours, each set with Sixty Golden Minutes. No reward is offered, as they are lost for ever.

A Lady in town scolded her black servant for some very careless act, when the pious wench immediately ran into an adjoining room, and was overheard praying: "Oh! good massa, come, come quick, and take me right out of this worl'; if you can't come yourself, send the debil, or somebody else."

Laura Addison—This English actress, whose sudden death has taken the public by surprise, arrived in this country about a year ago, under an engagement to Mr Marshall, lessee of the Broadway Theatre. She enjoyed considerable reputation in England. Her first engagement in London was at Sadler's Wells Theatre, under the management of Mr Phelps. As *Evadne*, in Shield's play of that name, she won her first and best laurels. After performing for three seasons, and establishing herself as a favorite with the class of playgoers, who frequent that suburban establishment, she was engaged by Mr. and Mrs Charles Kean, alternating with Mrs Kean in such characters as *Desdemona*, *Emilia*, *Mariana*, &c Her acting both in England and this country, always appeared to us forced and unnatural. She was decidedly over-rated, perhaps *Lady Macbeth*, in Marston's Tragedy of "The Patrician's Daughter," was her best performance, but it was very unequal and could not be considered a success. A certain eccentricity of character, at times approaching to insanity, distinguished Miss Addison in her professional relation, for some years past. On several occasions she has been unable to finish her performance, and the curtain has dropped at the termination of the second or third act. Miss Addison was in her 23rd year, her real name was Wilmshurst, she has a sister in England who is a singer of considerable repute. As her remains were here hastily interred at the Second-street Cemetery, without the knowledge of the proper authorities, a report was spread that her death was owing to foul play, and yesterday the Coroner caused the body to be exhumed and taken to the drug store of Dr. B. L. Budd, No. 30, Second-av., where an inquest was held. Dr. John A. Lidell made a *post-mortem* examination, but without finding anything to warrant the suspicion which had gone abroad, the Jury consequently returned a verdict of death by congestion of the brain. The news of Miss Addison's sudden and melancholy death will cause some sensation in theatrical circles in England.—*N. Y. Paper.*

CHINESE GEES.—A State fair correspondent of the *N. Y. Commercial* has the following poultry item—a pair of Chinese geese (exhibited by W. F. Potter, of Utica), are among the finest varieties in the world, and are eminently worthy the attention of amateurs in the line. There is more difference in the quality of geese than any other kind of poultry. In China, where economy in everything is studied to a greater degree than anywhere else, the raising of geese is much practiced. I have eaten *smoked geese* there, and found them a delicious article of food.

JUST A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN—SHALL WE HAVE THE LAW!

QUEBEC, 22nd October, 1852.

C. DURAND, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I have been deferring an answer to your letter of the 11th inst., from day to day, hoping to have it in my power to send you the desired Bill and make other information—but really I do not see that we can ever get our Bill from the Law Clerk. He says he cannot get through with it in two weeks, as he has so many and such long and difficult measures to prepare for the House.

I will endeavour to keep you in mind, and forward you an account of any progressive movement in the matter. Of this I am fully satisfied, THERE IS A CHANCE of the measure being carried this session, or decided by this House.

In haste,
Yours, &c.

There are probably 55,000 adult signatures in Quebec before the house in favor of the Maine Law, and twice that number could be obtained for it. The House has no excuse in the matter. If it do not pass the law, it is because the public voice and moral wants of the country are disregarded. We do not believe that this House will pass this law, simply because a large majority of them are secretly in favor of the drinking usages of society. If the law be passed then, it will depend on future agitation and the election of men who are favorable to the law. We hope we may be deceived in the prediction.—(Ed Son)