



Ladies' Department.

WOMAN AND TEMPERANCE

The Commercial Advertiser of Kingston, not long since contained a long article giving an account of the drunkenness prevalent in that city among females. It said, there is as much drunkenness among the women as among the men there. The police reports are filled with accounts of the arrests of the former. That companies of females meet at houses to drink. The same thing may be said of Toronto. Drunkenness is very common here among females; yet, how lamentable in all this! Whilst females encourage porter drinking and wine-bibbing generation after generation of drunkards will arise. How lamentable it is to see verses of this kind flow from a woman's pen! Ignorant must be the age that would thus encourage bacchanalian revelry. Such sentiments from female lips have sent thousands of drunkards to the grave. Genius has sickened before the cup (Purton Sox) :-

THE PLEDGE

BY ELIZA COOK.

Full oft we breathe and echo round
With cheering shout and minstrel sound,
A name that honestly would write
In colours anything but bright.
But shame be on the hands that hold
The wine cup at the shrine of gold;
Shame on the dæmonic lips that part
To utter what belies the heart.
Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by
To echo back the lauding cry;
But gull be on the goblet's edge,
For him who yields the worthless pledge.

However rich the stream that's pour'd
In homage at the banquet board;
To coward, fool, or wealthy knave,
Let, let us spurn the faintest wave.
Far sweeter is the foaming ale.
That circles with the fire-side tale:
While sacred words and beaming eyes
Proclaim we pledge the souls we prize.
Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by
To echo back the lauding cry;
But let the glad libation prove
The need of friendship, worth and love.

Let warm Affection light the draught,
Then be the nectar deeply quaff'd;
Let Genius claim it—gift divine,
And all shall drain the hallow'd wine;
Let Goodness have the honour due,
Drink to the poor man if he's true;
And ne'er forget that star 's the best
That's worn not on but in the breast.
Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by
To echo back the lauding cry;
But gull be on the goblet's edge
For him who yields the worthless pledge.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

BY MRS. C. BUNN.

Cross not thy song lone Whippoorwill,
Thy music lead the night,
For other birds their richer strains
Will greet with morning's light;
But now, when silence breathes around
On this bright summer eve,
Thy notes from the dark wild wood come,
And sweet impressions leave.
Sweet hamely bird like friendship true,
When night with hiding shade,
Has wrapt day's brightness all in gloom,
Thy welcome notes are paid.
Friends oft are found when we have joy,
But not to share our sorrow;
Then friendship's voice should soothe our woe,
We may not need to-morrow.

Written in 1863.

One of the Fox Girls, it is said, is being educated at Philadelphia, as the offspring of the famous Dr. K—, now in search of St. John Franklin.

present work were sold with... a most convincing proof... in which she is... that family... \$200 and was refused, has found its way... the papers, our own among the number, we are satisfied that this is entirely a mistake. Fanny, we are assured, never offered her work to any one; but on the contrary was repeatedly solicited to sell the "First Series of Fern Leaves" which she invariably declined, and the fact that she is now deriving a handsome income from her works is the result of her own judgment and foresight.

MADAM ADA PFEIFFER.—This world-renowned lady, and celebrated traveller, arrived at New Orleans on the 7th inst, in the steamer El Dorado from Aspinwall. She is described as a small, genteel-looking woman—very spare, but remarkably active and energetic in her carriage, and exceedingly intelligent and agreeable. The New Orleans Delta thus speaks of this remarkable woman:—Madam Pfeiffer, after making the tour of the world, where no white person had ever been seen, including the principal islands of the Pacific, reached California where she remained for some time, observing the peculiarities of this new State. She also visited several of the ports of South America—had made her arrangements to explore the valley of the Amazon, through its whole course, but was prevented by insurmountable difficulties, in obtaining means of travelling. She therefore concluded to make a tour of the States, and for that purpose, came over on the El Dorado. Madam Pfeiffer is one of the most extraordinary women of her age. She has reached the age of sixty; has a comfortable home and a family of children, who are all settled in...

A DENTON STATE TO LADIES.—A wealthy citizen of New Orleans, we shall call him Mr. D—, became enamoured with some one of the prima donnas of a New Orleans theatre, whom for brevity's sake, we may name Mlle. B—. Being smitten at heart and soul, he did not hesitate to fete her at his residence, saw her morning, noon and night, courted her father, brother, aunt and other relatives brought her bouquets, and availed himself of every ingenious and acute method of ingratiating himself into her affections. About the time the love star had attained its zenith, the gentleman's cook, a monarch in the profession, had a difficulty about his bill, quarrelled, was urged to the verge of desperation, and as a natural consequence consulted a lawyer. The lawyer advised him to sue. But our cook remonstrated that he had no witnesses. "Never mind those," said the lawyer, "sue any how. His advice was followed. Suit was brought, and doubtless it would have gone hard with the artist but for a cunning trick of his adviser. The artful man of the law, being without witnesses, caused to be subpoenaed in the case, Mlle. B—, her agent her father, the Mayor of New Orleans, a majority of the members of the Council, and indeed, every citizen of prominence or notoriety about the place. This was a home thrust which Mr. D— could not stand. He caused the vengeful knight of the spit to be summoned before him, and reproached him with base ingratitude, but finally wound up by paying him his full score, when the suit was dismissed.



Youth's Department.

LIZIE LEE.

A long time ago when I lived by the sea,
I loved a fair maiden, by name Lizie Lee.
And when o'er the meadows and mountain we'd rove,
She looked like an angel from heaven above.

Chorus.—Oh! sweet Lizie Lee,
Thou hast left me alone,
O'er this earth for a season
In sadness to roam.

Together we've lived from childhood's fond hour,
Together we've sat and sang 'neath the bower,
Together we've talked of joy and of love,
And of a bright home in yon heaven above.

Chorus.—Oh! Lizie, thou'st gone
To the land of the blest,
The home where the weary
And troubled have rest.

One bright summer's morn, in the cot by the sea,
Death came to waft home my sweet Lizie Lee,
And then with a smile and a heavenly sigh,
"Prepare," said she, "to meet me in mansions on high!"

Chorus.—Oh! Lizie, sweet Lizie,
I'll meet you again,
And in a bright land
Together we'll reign.

PANPHILUS.

Oshawa, 1854.

NAPOLION'S RULE.—Lafayette said that he had never been a worshipper of Napoleon's: but he then had an opportunity of convincing himself that the Emperor possessed, in the highest degree, the art of popularity. "He was very confidential

one, but it is from long... put on his gloves." The remark was so apt and true that all present laughed heartily. I asked my next neighbour who the witty foreigner was, and learned it was the Marquis of Lansdowne.—Blackwood's Magazine

THE LITTLE BOY WITH A STRAW HAT.

A crippled beggar in a large city was striving, to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown him from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered around him, hooting at his helplessness, and rags. Presently another noble little fellow came up and hardly pushing thro' the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts and fasten them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hand, he was running a way, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with the straw hat look up."

He did so, and a lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God will bless you my little fellow. God will bless you for that." That lady was the wife of a man so distinguished among the great men of this world, that every one of those boys would have been proud to obtain her approbation; and when she wrote down his name as one he wished to remember, he felt more than paid for all he had done.

SECRET RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.—One of the wealthy merchants of our city, whose death was universally mourned, often told his friends an anecdote which occurred in his own experience, and which was recommended to all those who desire to enjoy a serene old age, without allowing their wealth to disturb their peace of mind. He said that when he had obtained his fortune, he found that he began to grow uneasy about his pecuniary affairs, and one night when he was about sixty years of age, his sleep was disturbed by unpleasant thoughts respecting some shipments he had made. In the morning, he said to himself, "This will never do; if I allow such thoughts to gain a mastery over me, I must bid farewell to peace all my life. I will stop this brood of care at once, and at a single blow." Accordingly, he went to his counting-room, and upon examination found he had \$30,000 in money on hand. He made out a list of his relatives and others he desired to aid, and before he went to bed again, he had given away every dollar of the thirty thousand. He said he slept well that night, and for a long time his dreams were not disturbed by anxious thoughts about his vessels or property.

THE USE OF REMEMBERING.—"What's the use of remembering all this?" pettishly cried a boy after his father, who had been giving him some instructions, had left the room.

"I'll tell you what, remembering is of great service sometimes," said his cousin. "Let me read to you now from the Living Age please hear."

"My dog Dash, was once stolen from me," says Mr. Kidd. "After being absent thirteen months, he one day entered my office in town, with a long string tied round his neck. He had broken away from the fellow who had held him prisoner. Our meeting was a joyful one. I found out the thief, had him apprehended, and took him before a magistrate. He swore the dog was his, and called witnesses to bear him out.

"Mr. Kidd," asked the lawyer, addressing me, can you give me any satisfactory proof of this dog being your property?"

"Placing my mouth to the dog's ear—giving him knowing look—I whispered a little communication known only to us two. Dash immediately reared upon his hind legs, went through with a series of manoeuvres with a stick, guided by my eye, which set the court in a roar. My evidence needed nothing more, the thief stood convicted, Dash was liberated, and among the cheers of the multitude, merrily bounded homeward."

"There, boy, do you hear that? That dog's remembering was of service to him; it was taken as evidence in a court, and it fairly got the case. Yes, he was set free, and a thief convicted. Well, if remembering his master's instructions served a dog so well, how much more likely is it to be important for a boy to treasure up the instruction of his father, not knowing what they may keep him out of?"

The lesson is a pretty one, and other boys might profit by it.