



Ladies' Department.

OUR FIRE SIDE.

Give me my home, its bright blazing fire,
And a wife with a smile on her face ;
O ! give me the thoughts its peace doth inspire,
Its memories that naught can efface.

There woman, dear woman, in sweetness doth reign,
Her virtues and patience are seen ;
There with her love, and affection's soft chain,
Her husband she rules as a Queen.

She rules by affection, not by her power ;
He yields from his love and respect ;
When the clouds of affliction and trouble do lour,
She's ready to soothe and detect.

O ! give me my home, my children so dear,
That sweet one so like to its mother ;
O ! give me my babe, my low spirits to cheer,
My own quiet home—give me no other.

In the stillness of night, in this pure home,
The angels of God seem to hover around ;
The thoughts of the heart from earth seem to roam,
To think of a home in eternity found.

Bright is this home and sweet is its joy ;
But O ! 'twill soon vanish, all will depart :
The sorrows of earth and death will destroy,
And scatter forever these scenes of the heart.

O ! then let us hope, in the distance of years,
With wife, and sweet children in heaven to meet ;
Where unflaming joys shall banish our tears,
Where spirit shall spirit in love ever greet.

C. M. D.

[The following circular was sent to all the Unions of Daughters in N. Y. State, prior to the recently held Albany Mass meeting. We insert it now to show what the American women are doing. A great amount of names have been obtained to the Petitions in New York, and the new England States, by females young and old. Women in every community, may thus exercise a great amount of good.

TO SCORNFUL UNIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

SISTERS:—To such of you as have, and to such as have not, responded to the appeal, which from our earnest hearts were sent forth to you in October last, asking you to circulate petitions for signatures of women, praying the Legislature of New York, to suppress, by the passage of a law, the infamous Liquor Traffic, we would again speak. The time for the presentation of those petitions is approaching. On Tuesday the 27th Jan., the

Temperance Armies of New York, will gather their forces in the Capitol, and armed with monster petitions, besiege boldly the citadel of its law makers. Shall we not join the ranks? We the Daughters of Temperance, with whom first originated this mighty movement, which has led to this marshalling of forces, have we no duty there? Sisters, if you have not yet acted upon our suggestion of circulating Petitions, there is yet time. A great deal can be accomplished in two weeks. The destinies of nations have been changed in fewer days.—To those who have been laboring, we would say, swell the number of signatures to your petitions, to the greatest extent of which you are capable. As a suitable response to the call of the Sons of Temperance, our worthy Brothers, we trust and hereby request that each Union, will send to this mighty Temperance gathering, to be held at Albany, on Tuesday the 27th inst., one or more delegates, who shall be the bearers of their petitions. Women have a great labor to perform in this field. Some of the sex are stigmatized as the sustainers and abettors of the vile traffic in alcoholic beverages.—Let us show to the world that the women of the Empire State loathing and detesting Intemperance and all its sustaining causes, are determined that no means within their power shall be left untaken for its suppression.—Come up then, Sisters, to the Capitol. Let us not only join with other friends of Temperance, in this demonstration, but let us then and there, form ourselves into a WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, where not only members of our order, but all Temperance Women may assemble to deliberate on the ways and means to be employed by us as Women, to drive this devastating moral pestilence from our midst. We trust that every Union within the State will be represented, and also that many, very many Women, not members of our Order, but friends of our cause, will assemble there and co-operate with us in our mighty work. Let us not neglect this grand gathering. Each delegate will return to her Union, strengthened in heart and hand, ready to infuse into the minds of her Sisters, the new energy she will have acquired from this combination of friends of Temperance. Come up then, Sisters! Let Albany, on the 27th be the rallying point of goodly numbers of delegates. Such Unions as shall not decide to send delegates, can send their petitions in any way they may deem safe and proper, (if by mail, pre paid,) to Susan B. Anthony, 37, Broadway, Albany.

Each Union should have all its signatures attached to one petition, together with a statement of the whole number of signers, the name and address of the Union. But we trust that all will be represented, and that our delegates will be the bearers of the petitions of thousands and tens of thousands of the Women of our Empire State.

The members of the corresponding committee will hold themselves in readiness to answer communications from any of the Unions, on the subject of the petitions and meeting. Mary C. Vaughan, Julia B. Lewis, Lucy A. Sylvester, Amelia Hulbert, H. Anna Albro, Susan B. Anthony, Corresponding Committee.

ROCHESTER, January 13th, 1852.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

The celebrated Lady Hamilton was distinguished above almost every other woman of her age, for personal beauty. Her accomplishments were not inferior to her beauty. She was skilled in music and painting; she had exquisite taste, and her features would express every emotion by turns.

The only occasion on which Rockford of Fonthill Abbey threw open his splendid mansion to company, was when Lady Hamilton along with Lord Nelson visited it. All that the wealth of the princely owner could furnish, was provided to give splendor to the scene.—The grounds were illuminated by lamps and torches, and the interior of the apartments was a blaze of jewelry and gold and silver. Spiced wine, and confectionary in golden baskets, were handed round to the company. A numerous party assembled, and Lady Hamilton shone the envy of them all. Attired in a rich costume, she entered with a golden urn in her hands, and recited some verses which the company was far too polite not to applaud, spoken as they were by one who had so much influence over the hero of the hour. No one was there to tell that all this was deception; that she surely carried its own punishment with it, and the pleasure she was pursuing was a vain shadow!

Thirteen years after the banquet at Fonthill had taken place, a lady buying some meat for a dog, at a butcher's

stall in Calais, was thus accosted by the butcher's "Ah, madam! you seem a benevolent lady, and stairs there is a poor Englishwoman, who was glad of the smallest piece of meat which you are fit for, your dog."

Who, then, was the grateful recipient of such benediction? Alas! it was the beautiful Lady Hamilton. After the death of Lord Nelson, deserted by those who fawned upon her in prosperity, she gradually became impoverished, and died at a wretched lodging at Calais. Her property consisted only of a few pawnbroker's tickets. Her body was put into a common deal coffin without any inscription; and over the praised of her name, poets, and artists, the funeral service was read by an officer on half pay. Such was the end of the beautiful Lady Hamilton!

THE FOUR PRISONERS.

A writer in Europe thus spoke of his mistake in much prison:

"At one particular washing tub, stood four women. Our conductor spoke to one of them. Two looked and fairly beamed with smiles,—one, a tall and handsome young girl, continued to wash away her downcast eyes. I felt a sort of delicacy in staring at her looks were so conscious and modest. A fat, ill-looking old woman, also never looked at visitors. The two who smiled had remarkably agreeable faces,—one with good features, and a very mild expression,—the other, a small woman, and though bloom on her cheeks, a certain sad, anxious expression about her eyes and mouth. Of which of these women were we to hear a fearful story related? Only one who looked evil was the fat old woman.

"As soon as we were within the court, our conductor said, 'now what do you say about those women?' 'Three out of four,' we remarked, 'are the only agreeable ones we have seen in the prison; and judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say, could not be guilty of much crime. Perhaps the fat old woman may be so, that tall young girl, however is not only handsome, but gentle looking.' 'That young girl,' replied our guide, 'was the one who, a few days ago, murdered her fellow-servant, and cut her body, buried it in the garden; the little woman, to her, some years since, murdered her husband; the handsome, kind, motherly-looking woman, stood next, destroyed her child of seven years old. The fat woman is in only for a slight offence.' So for your judgment of physiognomy.—[Household Words.]

MARRIAGE GOOD FOR HEALTH.

Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, has calculated that the mortality among bachelors, from the age of 20 to 45 years is 27 per cent, while among married men of the same age it is only 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who at the age of 40 years, there are 78 married men to attain the same age. The advantage in favor of married men is still more striking in persons of advanced age. At 60 years of age, there remain but 22 bachelors to 48 married men. At 70 years, 11 bachelors remain, and at 80 years, 3 bachelors against 9 married men.

PETTICOATS.—Balzac died before the advent of the Bloomers; yet the following invocation to the petticoat seems peculiarly *ad hoc*, in the present discussion on petticoat or no petticoat:—"Oh, petticoat! thou art the personification of woman; whole grace of her walk depends on the way the petticoat undulates as she moves. Society is held together by the influence of the petticoat. In all countries where there is no petticoat—in all there being more passion than in our civilized draped country, there is no respect for the sex, no love, no devotion. Oh, petticoat! satin, silk, or mere or woolen, thou art the poetical mystery of life, the shield of virtue, the source of all gallantry and civilization!"

"PATRICK," said a lady to a slip of Green who was officiating in the kitchen, "where is the bread?" "In the bread bin, ma'am she's fast asleep looking at the bread bakin'."