



## 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 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 is 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 (FRONT SON):

## 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 slavish lips that part  
To utter what belies the heart.  
Fill high, fill high, while Truth stands by  
To echo back the landing cry;  
But gall 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 tainted 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 landing 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 landing cry;  
But gall be on the goblet's edge  
For him who yields the worthless pledge.

## THE WHIPPOORWILL.

BY MRS. C. BUNN.

Cease not thy song lone Whippoorwill,  
Thy music lead the night,  
For other birds their richer strains  
Will grant 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 homely 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 sorrow.

Written in 1843.

A LOVE-LETTER A HUNDRED YEARS  
OLD

An antiquated friend has shown us, says the *Bizarre* a very brown old letter on the paper and in the cramped orthography of the period of a hundred years ago—the body of which letter we here copy for our reader. Whether it is the original letter or a copy from it, or a copy from some published work we are unable to say. But the paper and writing before us are certainly a century old.

"Tho' I never had the happiness to see you, not so much as in a picture, and consequently can no more tell what complexion you are of than he that lives in the remotest parts of China; yet madame, I'm fallen passionately in love; and this affection has taken so deep root in me, that in my conscience I will die a martyr for you, with as much alacrity as thousands have done for their religion tho' they knew as little of the truth for which they died, as I do of your ladyship. This may surprise you, madam; but you'll cease to wonder, when I shall inform you what it was not only gave birth to my passion, but has so effectually confirmed it. Last week riding into the country about my lawful affairs, it was my fortune to see a most magnificent seat upon the road; this excited my curiosity to inquire after the owner of so beautiful a pile; and being informed it belonged to your ladyship I began that very moment to have a strange inclination for you, but I was farther informed, that two thousand acres of the best land in England, belonged to the noble fabric, together with a fine park, a variety of fish ponds, and such like convenience. I fell then up to the ears in love, and submitted to a power which I could not resist. Thought I to myself, the owner of so many charming things must needs be the most charming lady in the universe. What tho' she be old, her trees are green; what tho' she has lost all the roses in her cheeks, she has enough in her gardens. With these thoughts I lighted from my horse, and on a sudden fell so enamoured with your ladyship, that I told my passion to every tree in your park; which, by-the-by, are the tallest, straightest, loveliest, finest shaped trees I ever saw, and I have worn out a dozen penknives in engraving your name upon 'em. I will appeal to your ladyship, whether any lover went upon more solid motives than myself. Those that chose a mistress wholly for her beauty, will infallibly find that their passion decays with that; those that pretend to admire a woman for the qualities of her mind, are guilty of a piece of pagan superstition, long since worn thread-bare by Plato and the Disciples; for he that loves not a fair lady for her form as well as her spirit, is only fit, in my opinion, to make court to a spectre; whereas, madam, you need not question the sincerity of my passion, which is built upon the same foundation with your house, grows with your trees, and will daily increase with your estate. For all I know to the contrary, your ladyship may be the handsomest woman in the world; but whether you are or no, signifies not a farthing, while you have money enough to set you off; tho' you were ten times more forbidding than the present red nosed Countess of Desmond. I am a soldier by my profession; and as I fought for pay, so with Heaven's blessing, I design to love for pay. All your other suitors would speak the same language to you, were they as honest as myself, this I will tell you for your comfort, madam, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the first widow upon record, from the beginning of the world to this present hour, that ever chose a man for telling her the truth. I am your most passionate, etc."

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

FANNY FERN.—The 2nd series of *Fern Leaves* by the accomplished authoress whose "name of plume" has been the theme of so much discussion and whose identity is as not a matter of doubt as ever has fully sustained the reputation of it.

The first series has, it is said, reached a sale in this country of 130,000 copies and 30,000 of the present work were sold within six days after its publication, a most convincing proof of the estimation in which she is held by the public. A statement that Fanny offered her first book to the *Herald* for \$200 and was refused, has found its way into 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.

A DEBONNAIRE MADE TO LEAD DATE.—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 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 lawyer. 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.

PANTHUR.

Orhawa, 1854.

NAPOLION'S REUK.—Lafayette said that he had never been a worshipper of Napoleon's; but he

with me, said Lafayette, "spoke without reserve once made a striking remark concerning our nation. To govern the French, said he, "one must have arms of iron and gloves of velvet." My readers may probably have heard this remark, but not the reply, immediately made by Madame Lafayette's right hand neighbour. "Yes," he said, "that is very true, but he often forgot to 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 hastily 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.

SUNK REEFER 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 a 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?"