

THE CONCEPTIO - BAY MAN

SELECT POETRY

(From the Waverley Magazine.)

WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS.

INSCRIBED TO MY BROTHER.

BY D. HADY, JR. Oh, do you not remember brother, Our childhood's gleesome hours, When all around was beautiful, Our life-path filled with flowers? When silver clouds o'er swept the sky, And earth-land seem'd so fair, That you and I but little dream'd Of life's fast coming care? And do you not remember well Our childhood's transient joys, And all our dreams of future bliss, When you and I were boys.

So lovely then appeared the earth, With its o'erarching sky, That oftentimes we almost wish'd That we might never die; But seasons now have come and gone, And years have rolled away, For time, in his swift march, sweeps on With unrelenting sway; A change is stamped on all things now, And gone are childish joys, But o'er those days we love to muse, When you and I were boys.

I lately stood upon the shore Of old Contocook's stream, Where we once loved, in days agoon To wander and to dream; 'Tis true the sun in tracks of red Went down the western sky, The stars as beautiful and bright, Were gleaming still on high, As when in boyhood's days agoon We shared each others joys; But sad and strange had been the change, Since you and I were boys.

The friends we loved so fondly then, Who shared our scenes of mirth, Who cheer'd us with their loving smiles, Had left the scenes of earth, Ah, yes, the friends of childhood's years Had perished one by one, As stars so bright at morning time Are banished by the sun; Our school-mates kind those cherished ones Who shared our childhood's joys, Had roam'd afar from a childhood's home, Since you and I were boys.

So sad and strange has been the change The world oft-times seems lone, But O, the change is in ourselves, For we have older grown; We've found that life hath many cares To cloud the youthful brow, Hath wrongs and ills, and sorrows deep To make the spirit bow; We've found that life is but a dream, That transient are its joys, And for those sunny days we sigh, When you and I were boys.

And we have found our life-path here Is not o'ergrown with flowers, For trials now are tempest-wild, Where once they were but showers; We too have found that things of earth Are subject to decay; The loved, the good the beautiful Must shortly pass away; That we within the darkness grave Must bury human joys; Ah, sad and bitter truths we've learned, Since you and I were boys.

In life's great drama we are call'd To take an active part, With firm resolve, with ardor, zeal, With firm and trusting heart, Let's nobly meet our duties here, It cares that us surround, Let's buckle well life's armor on, And at our post be found; Let's never sigh for bygone years, For childhood's fleeting joys, For you and I can ne'er again, Can ne'er again be boys.

So let us spend our lives on earth, That when death seals our eyes, Our spirits, freed, will find a home, A mansion in the skies; Where sorrow's train will enter not, Where songs will never cease, Where streams of love are flowing from The crystal fount of peace; More lovely, then, will be our home, More lasting too our joys, More happy will our spirits be Than when we both were boys.

LITERATURE

THE DIAMOND RING.

EDWARD MANSFIELD was the son of a wealthy Manchester merchant. Of a prepossessing ma-

ner and appearance, and cheerful disposition, he was a very general favourite. His age at the time of our story, might be about twenty or twenty-one.

His father intended him to become a merchant and with this view, was training him up in his own counting-house.

For a long while young Mansfield was all that his father could wish him steady and attentive to business, and exhibiting a great deal of general talent. But a melancholy and most unexpected change gradually took place. Having formed an acquaintance with a set of loose, reckless young fellows, he contracted habits of intemperance and extravagance, spent his nights, and often his days, in the tavern, and finally, entirely lost his father's confidence and, of course, regard.

As is not unusual in such cases, young Mansfield made repeated promises of amendment, but as often broke them. The natural consequences of such courses followed. He became more and more reckless and intemperate, until at length in a fit of desperation, he enlisted in the 13th regiment of foot, which was soon after ordered to Gibraltar.

Young Mansfield's father was perfectly aware of the step his son had taken and had been repeatedly importuned by friends to purchase his discharge but this he, peremptorily, refused to do, saying that his son's conduct had been so very bad that he had determined he should be allowed to feel the full weight of its consequences. He had, in truth, resolved that Edward should be left to the experiences of a year or two's service in the army, which he hoped, would bring him to his senses and render him a wiser if not a better man. He had also determined that if his son should then show symptoms of amendment, he would not only purchase his discharge, but re-estate him in the counting-house.

In the meantime Edward, as mentioned, had gone to Gibraltar with his regiment, where the improvement in his conduct which his father rather hoped than expected did, in time really take place. Rumour as Edward's position was, he had the good sense to endeavour to make the most of it, and soon became distinguished as one of the cleanest and smartest soldiers in the regiment. This circumstance, added to his superior education and manners, recommended him to the special favour of his Colonel, who appointed him, what is called in military phrase, his orderly. The duties of this appointment which includes a sort of personal attendance on the Colonel—to receive and execute his commissions—necessarily brought Edward much about that officer's residence and consequently in frequent contact with the various members of his family. Amongst the latter was Emily, the Colonel's only child, a beautiful girl of between seventeen and eighteen years of age.

Great however as was the disparity, as regarded present position, between the Colonel's orderly and his daughter, it formed no hindrance to the springing up of an ardent attachment between them. An attachment it was, however which they had to conceal with a trembling and watchful anxiety; for the Colonel was a proud and stern man, and the slightest suspicion on his part, of its existence would have brought down on the heads of the lovers,—on Mansfield for his presumption,—on his daughter for her undutifulness in disregarding the dignity of his position.

In the mean time, months passed away, and the lovers continued to feast in secret on their love, which grew stronger by indulgence, until at length their existence their very souls became intertwined.

As the matters stood thus, the Colonel, at the urgent entreaties of some near relatives in England, resolved on sending Emily home, to complete her education, expecting that he himself would follow in about twelve months, as the regiment he believed would be ordered home about the expiry of that. The resolution was so soon formed then executed, for Colonel was prompt and decisive in every thing. Emily accompanied by a female attendant, was put on board the first ship bound for England, and assigned to the especial care of the captain, was quickly on her way to her native land.

On the bitterness of the parting between the lovers we need not enlarge. Since it is to say that according to use and wont in such cases, they swore eternal fealty to each other, and, with bursting hearts, tore themselves asunder. But they did not do so without interchanging anticipations of a happy future. Edward told Emily that he expected he should soon have his discharge. That he would return to England and endeavour by good conduct to regain his father's favour. That succeeding in this, as he had no doubt he should, he would soon be in such a position as should enable him to come openly forward as a claimant for her hand. And, in the sanguineness of their affections, the lovers did not doubt the realizations in due time, of their delightful anticipations.

In the afternoon of the day on which Emily sailed for England, Colonel's lady met him at the door, as he returned from parade with the inquiry, whether he knew what had become of the diamond ring.

"What diamond ring, Jess?" said her husband in reply.

"Why your mother's my dear. The ring was left to Emily, but which Emily has always insist-

ed on my wearing. I left it on the mantle-piece in the parlour yesterday and forgot it till to day. It is now gone."

Very odd, replied the Colonel, but I know nothing about it. I never saw it.

"Well James," said his lady, there has been no one but ourselves in that room since, excepting Mansfield, and I must say, I strongly suspect he has taken it."

"What! do you think so?" exclaimed the Colonel, fiercely and at once embiting the suspicions of his wife. "We shall have that looked into directly." Acting with his usual promptitude the Colonel sent instantly for a serjeant, and having stated the circumstance to him desired him to go to Mansfield's room and search his knapsack for the missing ring. The serjeant did so, Mansfield being at the moment absent, and carefully turned over article after article till he came to a small leather bag, or purse in which were some coins. This he drew open and emptied its contents on the table amongst which out tumbled the diamond ring. The suspicions then, of the Colonel's lady had been well founded. Mansfield's guilt was clear. He was instantly put under arrest, on the following day, and by a court martial and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes. The day of punishment came. The regiment was turned out. The unfortunate young man was tied up to the haliberts and the full measure of his sentence mercilessly inflicted. Mansfield, though all his trying scene maintained the utmost composure of manner and bore the terrible infliction, to which he had been doomed, without wincing,—without allowing the slightest expression of pain to escape him.

On being taken down he was conveyed to the hospital where in despite of very efficient medical attendance, he in a few days after fevered and died. A result of the excessive severity of his punishment aggravated by distress of mind.

Shortly after Mansfield's death, the Colonel's lady casually mentioned the circumstance in a letter to her sister in England with whom her daughter Emily, was then residing. On her aunt who read the letter, coming to the account of Mansfield's death his crime, and punishment, the poor girl sprung from her seat, and seizing her aunt convulsively by the arm uttered a piercing shriek, exclaiming at the same time, in tones of the wildest despair that it was she who had given the ring to Mansfield, as a parting token of love and affection. Such was indeed the truth and the unfortunate young man, rather than betray the secret of her love which he knew would have exposed her to the deepest wrath of a stern and unforgiving father, and perhaps have subjected her conduct to offensive remark, had borne the stigma of crime, and the pains of his punishment silently and unflinchingly. When charged with the theft he did not deny it. He said nothing. When under the lashing lash he gave no hint of his innocence. When dying, he still kept his secret and finally carried it with him to the grave.

ATHEISM AMONG THE PEOPLE.

BY LAMARTINE

[Under this title Lamartine has issued an earnest protest against the atheistic Socialism so rare in France and an eloquent plea for religion as the vital element for reform.—We give the concluding paragraphs.]

"See Mirabeau on his death-bed. Crown me with flowers, said he; intoxicate me with perumes; let me die with the sound of delicious music. Not one word of God, or of his soul! A sensual philosopher, he asks of death only a supreme sensuality, he desires to give at last pleasure even to agony."

"Look at Madame Roland—that strong woman of the Revolution—upon the cart that carries her to death. She looks, with scorn upon the stupid people who kill their prophets and sibilis. Not one glance to Heaven, only an exclamation for the cart she leaves! 'Oh Liberty! Approach the prison door of the Girondines their last night is a banquet, and their last hymn is the Marseillaise!'"

"Follow Camille Desmoulin to punishment—a cold and indecent pleasantry at the tribunal; one long imprecation on the road to the guillotine those are the last thoughts of the dying man about to appear on high."

"Listen to Danton upon the platform of the scaffold one step from god and from immortality:—I have enjoyed much; let me go to sleep, he says;—then to the executioner, 'You will show my head to the people; it is worth while! Annihilation for a confession of faith, vanity for his last sigh, such is the Frenchmen of these latter days!'"

"What do you think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great characters seem to wait thus in procession to annihilation, and die without even death, that terrible minister, recalling to their minds the fear of the promises of God?"

"Thus, the Republic,—which had no future,—reared by these men and other parties was quickly thrown in blood. Liberty, achieved by so much heroism and genius, did not find in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to revenge it, a people to defend it, against that other atheism

called Glory! All was finished by a soldier, and by the apostasy of republicans trampled into courtiers. And what could you expect? Republican Atheism has no reason to be heroic. It is terrified it yields. Would one buy, it sells itself; it would be most foolish to sacrifice itself, who would mourn for it?—the people are ungrateful, and God does not exist. "Thus end atheistic revolutions!"

"If you wish it at this revolution should not have the same end, beware of affect Materialism, degrading Sensualism, gross Socialism, of besotted Communism; of all those doctrines of flesh and blood, of meat and drink, of hunger and thirst, of wages and traffic, which these corrupters of the soul of the People preach to you exclusively, as sole thought, the sole hope, as the only duty and only end of man! They will soon make you slaves of ease, serfs of your desires."

"Are you willing to have inscribed on the tomb of our French race, as on that of the Sybarites, this epitaph: 'This people ate and drank well, while they browsed upon the earth.' No! You desire the People should write thus: 'This people v. h. ped. all, served God and humanity, in arts, in arms, in labor in liberty, in their aristocracies in their democracies in their monarchies, and their republics! This nation was the spiritual labourer, the conqueror of truth; the disciple of the highest God, in all the ways of civilization,—and to approach nearer to him, it invented the Republic, that government of duties and of rights, that rule of spiritualism, which had in itself its only sovereignty.'"

"Seek God, then. This is your nature and your grandeur. And do not seek Him in these Materialisms! For God is not below,—he is on high!"

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner of a pasture where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the crows to peck themselves against, for snails and bugs to crawl over, and for toads to squat under among the poisonous weeds? It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the prairies, a man of life, wearing out the rough corners, and giving out the firm crystalline structure of the granite of the delicate veins of the agate or chalcedony. It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing in the whirling current that shows what sort of gem a man is made of and what use he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are ground down to sand and mud, but the flint rock is selected for the covering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for the monarch's crown."

THE ROMAN SOLDIER. A Roman Soldier, to his wife, is evoked by a Norman kept at Newcastle, which commemorates his most holy wife, who lived 33 years without a stain. Another sorrowing warrior perpetuates the name of his incomparable wife, with whom he lived 27 years without having had a single quarrel! Parley, or hearing at Auckland Castle of a similar comubial phenomenon, exclaimed to his informant, the bishop's lady, "Mighty dull madam, I think!"

REFLECTIONS ON WAR. "Dear me," said Mrs. Partridge, "here they are going to have war again over the sea, and only for a Turkey; and it don't say how much it weighed either, nor whether it was tender. (And Prince Knockem-still has gone off in a mill, and the Russian bears and Austrians are to be let loose to devour the people, and Heaven knows where the end of it will leave off. Ah! war is a dreadful thing—so destroying to temper and good clothes, and men shoot at each other just as if they were gutter-purchase, and cheap at that."

A reverend sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a Quaker who was present "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place were I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last of December." "Why, where would you go?" "Into thy study."

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