

(ORIGINAL)

RHYMES FOR THE SEASON.

While sleigh bells are ringing, and fair belles are singing. And music with mirth triumphantly reigns, It will not be treason, if rhyme without reason, Spontaneously flows from pre-accidental brains.

Hail happy New Year! we gladly would cheer Thy advent auspicious, with music and song. While we'd drop a fond tear, in the midst of our cheer, O'er the old year, whose stay we courted so long

Still great are the actions, of men and of factions, That have been achiev'd in the year fifty two; Tyrants have trembled, tho' they falsely dissembled, And thought from joint leagues their power to renew;

While La Belle France would much rather dance, Than the labor endure, to administer law, So Louis humbly! though some say quite vainly, Declared himself Emperor, amidst great eclat.

There's the Florentine Duke, whom good men do rebuke, For imprisoning the Medici, unguilty of evil; Some call him a fool, some the Jesuit's tool.

Let Wellington's fame, and Webster's great name, Their country's history brightly adorn; But let FIFTY-THREE, immortalized be By the triumph of truth, o'er errors vile form.

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Yonge St., Jan. 1st, 1853.

A LACONIC PETITION—NEW YORK AGITATION.

To the Legislature of the State of New York.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the County of in the State of New York, petition your Honorable Body to pass a law to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating drinks, in a manner similar to the Maine Law.

The above is the laconic petition now in circulation in all parts of the State of New York. It is hardly possible to frame one with more brevity. It used to be said that the Americans were a people of many words—and their annual Presidential and gubernatorial addresses would bear out this charge—but, if they are verbose in some of their documents they are equally straightforward and concise in many others.

The Sons, Daughters, and Temperance men of New York State are just now, for a second time, making great efforts to arouse public opinion on the importance of the passage of the Maine Law. Every county is circulating petitions. This is the right course the subject should never be dropped until the traffic is put down.

A GREAT TEMPERANCE GATHERING AT ALBANY is to come off in a few days, at which all the societies in the State will be largely represented, and where the two Grand Divisions of Eastern and Western New York will meet. A grand procession will be formed, with music and banners and the petitions will be presented to the Legislature then in Session.

Some of the most eminent Temperance speakers will be present. This great Mass Convention is to come off on the 13th and three subsequent days of January. Meetings and rousing speeches are to be made in the Albany churches, and the Legislature thoroughly waked up. We wish our New York Brothers a successful and pleasant time of it.

The ladies Petition is also about. They are now circulating it in every county, town, and city, and immense numbers will be presented at Albany:—

To the Legislature of the State of New York.

The undersigned Women, of the town of and county of being deeply impressed with a sense of the wrongs inflicted upon humanity by the sale of intoxicating drinks—seeing that our rights are trampled upon, our friends overpowered, our homes desolated, ourselves and our children beggared, our dearest hopes crushed, and our brightest anticipations blasted by the great destroyer alcohol—most earnestly appeal to your Honorable Body for relief and protection. We pray you to pass a law that shall PROHIBIT under suitable and sufficient penalties, the sale or gift of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, and that shall authorize and require the proper officers of the law, to seize and destroy all intoxicating liquors kept to be sold or given away, in violation of law.

Humorous.

IN A HORN.

Some years ago the expression 'in a horn,' was in common vogue particularly among some of 'the b'hoys.' A Frenchman lately came into this city, and speaking not very intelligible English related to an American his sufferings about 'in a horn.'

'De first day I arrive in your vare fine city, I see one small sans colletes, oh! vare small lectle boy wis papers in his hands, I say:

'Lectle garcon, weroibous be de Park Hotel City? He say to me dam! who you call gossion? You find de Park in a horn.'

'I think what in a horn mean; but I find him out by and by. So I go a little further and speak to one man in de street who go thump, thump, wis a bigblaton; you call him one paver.'

'Sare, you can tell wiere Broadway street be, for I lose my way?'

'He say, 'you ol. assjack, you old quiz, dis be Broadway, in a horn!'

'I think, and think, but no comprehend what it mean. What can him mean by 'in a horn? It must be some great man, or some great thing in de city; so I stop and ask nudder man, and I say to him:

'What mean dis 'in a horn?'

'He look at me, he put one finger at his nose and he says: 'You one dam ole tod 'in a horn' I go quick to my room, and I take my book dictionarie and I look for horn. Sacre! find him belong to one cow, one goat. And I recollect I was one dam quiz, and I trow down de dictionarie. I jump on him and say 'you go to one devil in a horn!'—N. Y. Atlas.

A youth last week, wishing to commit suicide, purchased a percussion cap, placed it on his head, struck it with an idea, and it exploded and blew the brains of the unfortunate youngster into an indigo bag.

IF A sleepy deacon, who sometimes engaged in popular amusements, bearing the minister quote the words, "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up and rubbed his eyes, exclaiming, 'Hold on, Squire, it's my deal!'

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Partington?" was asked of the old lady, somewhat timidly.

"To be sure I do," replied she, "as much as I believe that bright fulminatory there will rise in the yeast to-morrow morning, if we live and nothing happens. Two apprehensions have startlingly appeared in our family, why, I saw my dear Paul, a fortnight before he died, with my own eyes, just as plain as I see you now, and though it turned out afterwards to be a rose bush with a night cap on it, I shall always think to the day of my desolation, that it was a foretunner sent to me. 'Tother one came in the night when we went asleep, and carried away three candles and a pint of spirits, that we kept in the house for an embarkation. Believe in ghosts, indeed! I guess I do, and he must be a sceptic that doesn't."

"I wish I was a ghost blamed if I don't," said a poor covey, the other night, as he so soliloquizing in the cold. "They goes wherever they please too free; they don't owe nobody nothing and that's comfort. Who ever heard tell of a man who had a bell against a ghost? Nobody. They never buy hats and vitals, nor has to saw wood and run errands as I do. There shirts never gets dirty, for their trousers out at knees, as I ever herd tell on. I really wish I was one."

ONE OF THE WITNESSES.—A queer excuse was made a few days ago by an old lady. The good woman subpoenaed to appear as a witness in a rather delicate case. She did not come, and a bench warrant was issued for her appearance, on which she was brought into court. The presiding Judge thought it was his duty to reprimand her.

'Madam, why were you not here before?' 'I couldn't come, sir.' 'Were you not subpoenaed, madam?' 'Yes, sir, but I was sick.' 'What was the matter, madam?' 'I had an awful lile, sir.' After a pause: 'Upon your honor, madam?' 'No, sir; upon my arm.'

HOGG'S TALKS.—Are you fond of 'Hogg's Talks?' asked a rather verdant lady of a shepherd. 'Yes, I likes 'em roared, wi' salt on 'em,' was the response. 'No—but I mean—have you read 'Hogg's Talks?' 'No,' said the bumpkin, 'our hogs are all white or black—I don't think there i' a red one among 'em.'

Mr. Simpsone, you said the defendant was in love—how do you know that?' 'He reads novels upside down, and writes poetry in his day book when it should be cheese.' 'Another reason?' 'Yes, sir; he shares without labor, and frequently mistakes the sleeves of his coat for the legs of his pantaloons, an error that he don't discover till he tries to fasten the tail to his suspenders.'

IF A Yankee and a son of Hibernia were walking one day, and passing a spot where a gallows was erected, the following dialogue took place:—

Jonathan.—Pat, if that gallows had its doc, where would you be?

Pat.—Is it me, Sir? where would I be? troth and I'd be walking alone, Sir?

"Boy, why did you take an awful of shingles on Sunday?" 'Why, sir, mother wanted some kindling wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday.'

THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR.—A rich man was passing along the road in a splendid coach, when a cur snarled out, snarling and barking, and trying to stop his horses by getting before them. A beggar was sitting by the road side gnawing a bone, and apparently half-famished, while his clothes were falling from him in rags. The cur seeing him thus employed, ran towards him and fawned at his feet.

'You should teach your dog better manners,' said the rich man.

'He is not mine,' said the other.

'Why then does he bark at me and fawn on you?'

'Don't you see I've got a bone to throw away,' replied the beggar.



Ladies' Department.

TO A BIRD IN WINTER.

BY MISS MARY A. REEVES.

Little bird thou sing'st gaily, Though the ground is white with snow, Though the trees are brown and leafless, And the streams have ceased to flow. Little bird thou sing'st gaily, Know'st thou not of want nor care? Can'st thou find a seed or berry? Every shrub and tree is bare.

Vny did'st thou not with thy fellows Go unto a sunnier land, Where autumnal tempests told thee That stern winter was at hand; Little bird thou sing'st gaily, heedless of the wailing blast, Hedless of the snowflakes falling On thee,—round thee thick and fast.

Little bird thou'st taught a lesson,— Painless lesson unto me, And when tempests wild assail me Then thou bird I'll think of thee; Singing gaily in the tempest, Art unflinching meet the strife Passing onward, firmly onward, Though the battle field of life.

—Gallipolis, Oin, Dec., 1852.—Arkansas Youth's Banner.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.—The Crystal Falls Union of D. of T. at Bytown gave a grand soiree a few weeks since. It was well attended and many good speeches were made. This institution succeeds well in some localities of Canada, such as Hamilton, Dunville, Niagara, Bytown, and Amherstburgh. In other places it does not do well. In Toronto the institution is rather stationary, being sustained by a few very excellent women. The ladies of this city, and at present of London, England, are forming themselves into societies to agitate for the freedom of American slaves. Why do they not see the propriety also of forming societies to put down the worse slavery of the poor drunkard and his debauche family?

The ladies did much of the Temperance work in Maine. They have numerous societies there, for the advancement of the cause, and we see in the following extract from the N. Y. Organ that they are still active.

MAINE.—The ladies, God bless them, are as they ever should be, the fast friends of the Maine Law; and in Maine, much of the success of the law is due to them. We are pleased to notice a Temperance lecture given by the Portland ladies on the 19th ult., at which after a bountiful repast, the following among many good sentiments were given:

1. Our Cause.—It looks as inviting and lovely as when we first espoused it. Let to one put us asunder or "forbid the bane" among new converts! To so holy a cause all the virtuous in our land should be united in closest ties.

2. The Maine Law is the Law, and the great axle on which the good Cause must go on to its fruition. May the time soon come when it shall cease to be known as the Maine Law, but as the New-England Law; because it shall be adopted by all of the New-England sisterhood.

3. Woman's Right.—The members of this party. We claim to band together for the promotion of Temperance, because the curse of intemperance falls nowhere so heavily as upon woman! Then, having banished intemperance from our households and neighborhoods, we claim to make the fireside so inviting that it shall be the woman's empire, before which all shall with pleasure gather. This is true woman's rights—to rule in the domestic circle, with the potent name of love, before which all true men bow in voluntary submission.

WORKING GIRLS.—Happy girls!—who cannot love them: with cheeks like the rose, bright eyes, and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work? Or reputation for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing, but sigh all day, and live to follow the fads; who never earn the bread they eat or the shoes they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week's end to another. Who but a simpleton or a popinjay would prefer one of the latter if he were looking for a companion. Give us the working-girls. They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mixing along, or jump a dozen feet to stand clear of a biter or a fly. They have no affection, no silly airs about them. When they meet you they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not to a painted and fallen angel.