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MR. ROBERT NICHOL BARRISTER, Attorney, Conveyancer, No-tary Public, &c. Office, on Front Street, VIENNA.

W. B. KENT,

OCULIST, &c.

WISHES to intimate to the inhabitants of Vienna and the surrounding country, that he has taken a permanent residence in this Town, on Oak Street, where he will always be found prepared to attend to all diseases of the EYE.

Parties calling upon Mr. Kent will find that his mode of treatment is sure, as will be seen by the annexed Certificates.

To Mr. William B. Kent.

DEAR SIR.—My child was afflicted with ophthalmic Inflamation for a length of time, and after various attempts to cure, without effect, found permanent relief, in your treatment. I have therefore great pleasure in recommending your practice to all who may be afficied with a like disease.

ANDREW RAYMOND. Bayham, June 13, 1853.

Windham, April 9, 1852. Sir.—The undersigned hereby certify, that they have been afflicted with Inflamation of the Eyes for upwards of twenty years; and all efforts hitherto to effect a cure have proved ineffectual, until your new mode of treating diseases of that kind has intirely restored them to a healthy state, after the short period of three weeks application. We have much pleasure, therefore in recommending your practice to all afflicted in that way.

AARON HORNING. HANNAH HORNING.

Simcoe, September 1, 1852. Sin-We, the undersigned, residents of the County of Norfolk and vicinity, having been afflicted with diseases of the Eye in various forms-some of us for several years-deem it but justice to yourself and the public to state that, under your simple mode of practice, we have been effectually cured, in a very short time, and without the remotest symptom of

pain in the operation. We have, therefore, great pleasure in recommending your practise to all who may require the treatment of an Oculist.

AMELIA CABLE. MARY MABEE. BENJ. HILLIKER. JOHN H. PURKISS.

Simcoe, April 9, 1852. Sm .- I deem it but justice to both you and the public, to state that I have been afflicted with bad eyes for more than five years-during twelve months of which time I was totally blind -and having tried every remedy prescribed by ment; I have now become once more able to see almost as well as in my earliest days.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Old England forever! No power shall seve.

My heart from the land of my birthl.

"Tis the land of the brave, Which none can enslave; "Tis the happiest land upon earth!

'Tis the land of the free-So it ever shall be, Her children no fetters shall bind Ere Britons are slaves, She shall sink in the waves And leave not a vestage behind.

If the African stand But once on her strand,
That moment his shackles are broke: A captive no more' He leaps on her shore, And shakes from his shoulder the yoke.

"Tis the land of the brave, And the patriot's grave, And sages and heroes of old; We hallow their dust, And esteem it a trust, More precious than jewels of gold.

Tis the land of the fair, And beauty is there, And the gladness that woman bestows; When the circle is bright, With the home-chering light, From the eye of affection that glows,

Hail! land of my birth! Brightest spot upon earth! Shall I leave thee for others? no, never! Where'er I may roam, Still thou art my home, Old England! my country forever!

YOUNG GRIMES.

BY H.-P. SHILLABER.

We ne'er shall see him more; But he has left a son, who bears The name that Old Grimes bore.

He wears a coat of latest cut, His hat is new and gay; He cannot bear to vie So turns from it away.

His pants are gaiters, fitting snug O'er patent-leather shoes; His hair is by a barber curled; He smokes cigars, and chews.

A chain of massive gold is borne Above his flashy vest; His clothes are better every day, Than were old Grimes's best.

In Fashion's courts he constant walks, Where he delight doth shed: His hands are white and very soft, But softer is his head.

He's six feet tall, no post more straight, His teeth are pearly white; In habits he is sometimes loose. And sometimes very tight.

His manners are of sweetest grace, His voice of softest tone, His diamond pin's the very one That old Grimes used to own.

A dickey tall adorns his face, His neck a scarf of blue; He sometimes goes to church, for change, And sleeps in Grimes's pew.

He sports the fastest "crab" in town, Is always quick to bet; He never knows who's Presibent, But thinks "Old Tip's" in yet.

He has drank wines of every kind, And liquors cold and hot; Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort Of man Old Orimes was not.

London.-The British capital has been called province covered with houses; the chief iseway of the world; the great estuary of the tide of human existence; the empress of all cities, with whose fame the nations "ring from side to side;" the Babylon of the West, which in wealth and population may claim precedence of contempororary realms! There is but one London; and take it for all in all, it is at this day a more interesting object of contemplation than any other spot of similar dimensions on the surface of the globe. It wants the spacious quays and the pleasant gardens of its neighbour on the Seine; it partakes not of the melancholy magnificence of Rome " lone mother of dead empires," the historical sanctuary of hallowed recollections ever eloquent of olden fame, various Doctors of celebrated reputation, with- mid ruins darkened with the crust of centuries; cate creations of those wondrous masters, who effort; it boasts not of the glorious scenery of the festal scenes of life—the garlands, and bride saw nothing bright on earth.

nor yet is clothed with the romantic grandeur, But still its geometrical immensity, enormous population, immeasurable moral influence, political supremacy, indomitable enterprise, trerious theme for speculation than any other visible object throughout the world.

MELANCHOLY MARY.

listened to the last call of the cuckeo, soundthe bliss and beauty of the earth.

In song and breeze, and musical fountain fall, and wish. They had clouded every star-lit rising, until its shade embowers the whole nuch to the devout spirit which wrought ing. earth, and its foliage becomes the pride of a this change.

ses were easily checked; her heart was sen- bm, and lingers upon our lips.

Under the freshening influence of a happier youth it might only have cast a sober tinge over the brightness of her mid-day ber tinge over the brightness of her mid-day ber tinge over the brightness of her mid-day long and dismal meditations. When I spoke like the mistry visions of the world.

Sh was grateful for my wish, but imputed the piety dethroned in her bosom. Gradule piety dethroned in her bosom. relatives. They were women of gloomy minds against the lulling influence of happiness, her eyes from the sleeper to look upon me. -ascetic in their thoughts, and nun-like in an undoubting pleasure. their seclusion from the world. They mortified their hearts by severe meditation. No grow green in the summer time. She sigh- I thought, from flame to a duller glow, and I was parted from her during two years, and in this interval a cloud had settled upon her able hearths, where smiles and gladness made bitter sobs. How deep, how pure, was the

ly, an intellectual cypress shade, a Penseroso's cell, where youth was laughterless, and infanback to their source. A cynicism worse than levity poisoned her thoughts. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity! was the parable recounted every day-the only voice which spoke to her pointed and corroded bosoms of this earth. All that was beautiful had wings; the dear-

smile, like a serpent coiled up among flow-

Still she sank into no repining mood. It of the streaming rills, or over the flowery turf hope of her life. She loved me, and she had between me and the unconscious infant. gathering roses and Persian lilies, which were trust in me, but she was willing to be disapother desires.

ing, soft as echo, in the woods; or at sunrise When her sombre monitors perceived the we heard with joy the lively din of a hun fruits of their teaching, they ascribed much dred merrier birds, praising with their songs piety to Mary. They were thankful for the grace they had been enabled to plant in her When we were older, nature, to our heart. They had toned and tempered down senses, was audible with still sweeter whispers. every impulse, every passion, every thought

characters. Mary was of a gentle nature with a doubtful, temperate, cautious affecher breast. Not that she failed from the in elinquishing the untasted cup than that, perfection of maidenly faith; but her impul- th sweetness of which has overflowed the

sitive to the lightest touch of alarm; and as every hope bloomed near the shade of a fear, neer had been in Mary's nature the buoyevery assurance was guarded with a reserve. any of an ambitious hope, but now she was This was Mary's natural disposition. It peretually reckoning up anticipated evils. I could clasp her own. No; there was all the vision of her mind; there was her treasure, made her watchful of herself, and cleared to south to unteach the lessons of melancholy. and her heart was there—though never, in her sight the misty visions of the world. Sh was grateful for my wish, but imputed the moment of deepest anguish, was her genreveries. But many sorrows visited her home of the peace we enjoyed, of the blessings of and more regular. Mary, when this happy -death, ill-fortune, sickness, orphanhood; | muual affection, of the good that came to sign appeared, sat for awhile in a suspense and she was bequeathed to the care of two us empered of lesser cares, she warned me between doubt and gladness, and then drew

and reflected with all its classic villas and pictory to witness them changing into the beautiful stem. For a while, all Mary's and I know turesque details in the limpid loveliness of the shapes and hues of woe, weaving their mount meditations were lost in an excess of natural sincere.

subjacent Mediterranean; it is not consecrated, ful circle round the spring of perpetual joy. The exuberance of youthful hope spon-like Venice, to the very genius of poetry, and tears. She learned that it was wisdom never taneously returned. Her heart flowed with side. The little child slept, but now lightly, and the bushed tones in which ed. Auguries of happiness were but the recluse cell. But when, after some days, she remorse, the exultation which had found ers; and the rose only blossomed that it such honey for the future. She thought she such flowers in the present, and promised mendous wealth—and, to sum up all, its vast, amight conceal a thorn—enticing, that the lad need of forgiveness for this impious provarious, and comprehensive intellectual capathore cut thorn might sting. been unstrung, or its music would not have been so blithe. How feelish to count as a other. We had played in nutting-time un- and if she little loved the world, she had no so, she was resigned. Now, therefore, her der the milk-white clusters of the hazel. We ungentle thoughts of any. Fond, in truth, so, she was resigned. Now, therefore, her found the base of the hazel. We less, became more had sported in July mornings on the banks she was of me—but this was the forlorn subdued, and her timid tenderness was shared

gathering roses and Persian lilies, which were scattered in red and silver brilliance over the verdant lea. At dew-fall in the evening we listened to the last call of the cuckco, sound
trust in me, but she was willing to be disaptous pointed, and perpetually expected that her heart would have to sacrifice this, with all its other desires.

I pass over three quiet summers. We pointed, and perpetually expected that her heart would have to sacrifice this, with all its other desires. leys of green trees, and soft whispering sedges, never gilded by the dawn, or leaping up in burning ripplets to catch the lest red dening lustre of the sun, but never lost in gloom like that of the sacred stream which

Ran Through caverns measureless by man Down to a surless sea.

But then a shadow feil across our thresh there seemed a harmony uniting heaven to dream, disturbed every sanguine trust, de-hold. The child became ill. Mary's solici earth. Then we imagined this to be the in- faced every beautiful hope; and in this work tude was of the most tender kind. She terruption of the unwritten laws of hu and they felt a saintly pride. When I kney their watched it with motherly care—and no care youth, with smiles lightning over her counter the first but to be the growth of mind their single for the confluent streams of sorrow and sere gratitude for my Mary's docility, though was danger; there remained little hope. I joy that rose in her bosom,—joy for the new small shoots, steadily, gradually, slowly up- I lamented their false teaching, I pardoned will not describe the long interval of suffer-

One winter night we watched in the sick So, when I took Mary to my home, she room together. Mary was by the side of the couch where the child lay—thin, pale, its theresters. Mary was of a gentle neture with a doubtful terperate cautious affect. rings, the forehead cold, but a dangerous kind, good, with soft beauty and a timid grace tie, already prepared to lose its object; and flush upon its limbs. Her eyes were fixed which made her move as quietly as a shad- intend of praying that it might be preserved with joyless lustre on the dear infant, face, on ow, though her bosom was full of genuine toher, she prayed that her heart might be which a smile had not for a long time been emotions. I loved her with an impetuous, propared to yield it—as though life could countenance, yet, warmed by the eloquent imperishable love,—a full, confident affection los one hope, one spark of faith, one high countenance, yet, warmed by the enoquent and yearning love which welled upwards which sought to fertilize with its glowing astration, one pulse of love, one thrill of gen-from her heart as she rocked her seat and and abounding current the colder climate of though there were more virtue sent up her muttered prayers to be spared the affliction of losing this sweet one, her second link of life. There was only room now ber that there was another hand on earth that could clasp her own? No; there was all the good, is piously and wisely to enjoy it.

I sat by the hearth, gazing in wretched melancholy at the mutable visions in the fire Is vain I took her forth to see the fields —embleme a the agonles of life—changing, light fell upon their souls thro' the windows ed ever the beauty which winter was to darkling into gloom, and shadows came over of fancy,—and the heavy air they breathed blight so soon. In vain I led her into festal the whole, and nothing but ashes is left. was now to be the atmosphere of Mary's life scens they were hollow delights mocking Mary came to me. She knelt down before the ears of the mourner. In vain I pointed me; she bent her head forward; I saw noto the love whose altars burned by innumer thing, but I felt that she was trembling with the perjetual feast of life. How many un- source of those tears! I raised her up. She Her new home was a school of melanchothinking circles, she said, were visited with hung upon my neck, and I feared that her bereavenent and bitterness! Then I took heart-trings would break with the anguish her to be scene of our childhood, and she that now strained upon her soul. I asked wept over its remembered innocence, as her why she was so miserable-for there cy demure. Love sat like a hermit in her heart, with solitary orisons, indeed, meditating benedictions on me, but never daring to crime. After this I hastened from that sign of a happy change. At length, she stir abroad. Her human sympathies shrank place and took her to another a new, spoke. She accused herself of all-ingraticharming flowry spot, and there we had not tude, of hardness of heart, of thanklessness been two days before Mary pointed me out for the plentiful mercies which had gushed M. W. Browne's Wharf, which was almost cera little seclusion where she should like her from rocks, and rained like manna, and tain to meet with a similar fate, when the grave to be! At last I proposed to travel. flowed like the milk of Eden in the pathway She thanked me gently, and answered, "No; of her life, How had she repined. How in this Horeb of her youth. In her mind she felt unwilling to leave her own country. had the world seemed dark. How had she were stored up the evil maxims of the disap. She might die soon. Perhaps it would be closed her eyes to the sun, and loved to think happy for her; at least it would not be ill only of tears, when all was truly bright, and Then I should lay her here—and—try to she had nothing to sorrow for! If that child

graced with beauteous gondolas, that give tears. She learned that it was wisdom never another love, her face beauted with superior undisturbed by the husbed tones in which along its liquid thoroughfares through the husbed tones in which along its liquid thoroughfares through the husbed tones in which along its liquid thoroughfares through the husbed tones in which delight; feeling new yet not stronger stimulations and the husbed tones in which delight; feeling new, yet not strange, stirred its mother had been saying all this, so earalong its hand the rough the barcarole never to trust, that she might not be betray- her breast, and she forgot the lessons of her nestly, to me. We remained through the trust, that she might not be betraynight, joyfully, hopefully, watching the tran-quil slumberer. "Winters of memory" pass nor yet is clothed with the romanuc grandent, surrounded with the goodly prospect. or dgnissurrounded with the goodly prospect. or dgnisses of fancy, the flatteries of field with the mountain diadem of Edinburgh.

The profitless desire. Falsehood lurked under a she remembered, half with wonder, half with wonder, half with days she had seen without feeling their hapdays she had seen, without feeling their happiness; of the soft carresses; of the still blooming and fruitful love which made us one, and for the first time since many years, she smiled most radiantly at the morning star. And when the morning star had begun to pale away through the rosy light of was a tender despondence, a mere dejection; been so bithe. How rooms to count as a surrise, the child awoke, with a golden dimshe was not desperate, but resigned. If she Perhaps she might nurture that young child ple on its cheek, and a happy sparkle in its forgot to be grateful, it was not with any to sin; perhaps she might wed her heart to large blue eyes, which, turning upwards, AT twenty years of age Mary became my complaint against the ministers of Provilit so dearly, that when it was lost she might seemed to float before us like the refrection wife. Since childhood we had known each dence. Charity always subdued her breast; be betrayed into wicked sorrow; perhaps it of heaven. Long days had elapsed since was to be a source of chastening grief, and if such a painless face had returned the young mother's look: but the shadow of death had passed, and the child held out its hand to

The smile on its lips was a new lamp of ife, a more beautiful aurora to Mary's eyes. In a passion of joy she kissed the infant, kissed it again and again, but tenderly, as one would touch a primrose or a delicate lily, or caress a comfortable young dove. Then she embraced me, and I knew by her eyes she as still, with sorrowful remorse, repenting the ungrateful sadness which had neglected so much the happiness of life.

"Mary," I said, "we shall be happy, if the child is spared."

I did not mean this as a reproach, but she elt-it had all the force of one, though how I, with so much affection for her, chide er as she stood there, still in her beauttful outh, with smiles lightning over her counte red by the confluent streams of sorrow and tint of life which bloomed over the face of the child; sorrow for the wrong which she felt she had done to me and to herself by that melancholy discontent, and blindness to the good that had blessed her, for, until a real affliction menaced her, she had grieved over indefinite ills, never remembering how fortunate she was in being spared from the miseries that fell on so many around her.

I never thought of her more as melancholy Mary. When the child was again carolling among the flowers in the garden, my whilom sad-faced wife stood like a breathing rose, voluble of her love, and as graceful, and far more gay than when she entered the cloister-like seclusion where her thoughts had become pale. her hopes dim, her faith doubtful, and her for one feeling in her breast. Her world happiness insecure. Never could she have was lying there; and if that little hand was lying there; and if that little hand, she learned from reality of sorrow the reality of joy; that to be virtuous is to be grateful; and that the best way to be grateful for the

All beauty, of sight and sound; all delight which springs from human love; all gladness which is given by hope; all things we wish or prize, form, if we but employ them well, not inducements to evil, but altars on which to offer the sacrifice of our hearts to heaven. And if, among the frailties or the sins of men, there is one of a darker grain than another, it is the selfishness of sadness, and an ungrateful disregard of the good which has been showered so aboundingly on the earth.—Eliza Cook's Journal.

Deplorable Accident.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER QUEEN OF THE WEST.

We deeply regret to have to add to the alarm-ng list of steamboat losses which have taken place on our waters this year, the total destruc-tion, by fire, of the new and beautiful steamer Queen of the West.

A few minutes after the vessel had discharged er passengers and freight, on Saturday evening, dense volume of smoke was seen to issue from the air shafts leading to the fire hold, and almost nstantaneously the flames burst out. - Captain Harrison, having discharged his duty for the day, had left the steamer, and at the time there vere very few people on board. The City fire bell was rung, and the engines and Companies reached the scene as speedily as possible, but in the interim, the doomed vessel had been cast loose from her moorings, and drifted over to Mr. Rochester, then coming in, proceeded to render

Captain Masson imagining the state of affairs as he approached, and immediately made arrangements for rendering assistance, by getting a small boat clear for lowering, rigging, fire engine, &c. With a coolness and promptitude beforget her." I could not but meet her in were spared to her how happy would she be. yound all praise, he proceeded, so soon as he nearest delights were most fleeting. If the eye her own mood, and thus loving each other, If that child were spared to her, how happy ed the Queen sufficiently, to send his small boat ont effect, I was induced to allow of your treatities not adorned like Florence, with the deli- looked on beauty, it was only to see it de- and conscious of no felicity, we passed our would she, with redoubled love, repay me the to attach a line to her, and this accomplished. cline; if the fancy wandered away among time; the days went by, and my pensive kindrass I had wasted on her; and how he towed her clear of the smoking wharf and I have much pleasure, therefore, in recommending your practice to all who may be afficted with inflamation or other diseases of the Eye.

Left Art's self effete, and hopeless of an equal effort; it boasts not of the glorious scenery of Naples, rejoicing in a soil where even the shade is more generous than our northern sunshine, only to witness them changing into the Eye.

Left Art's self effete, and hopeless of an equal the festal scenes of life—the garlands, and the festal scenes of life—the garlands of the city, and an object of admiration to all