

THE PHOENIX

AND ELGIN COUNTY CONSERVATIVE.

RICHARD ABBOTT, Editor and Publisher.

"The Protestant Religion, and the Liberties of England."

TERMS, 7s. 6d. Currency, in Advance.

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AND ELGIN COUNTY CONSERVATIVE.

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RICHARD ABBOTT,

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Mr. ROBERT NICHOL,

BARRISTER, Attorney, Conveyancer, No-

tary Public, &c.

Office, on Front Street, VIENNA.

W. B. KENT,

OCCULIST, &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 inflammation for a length of time,

and after various attempts to cure, without ef-

fect, found permanent relief in your treatment.

I have therefore great pleasure in recom-

mending your practice to all who may be afflicted

with a like disease.

ANDREW RAYMOND.

Dayton, June 13, 1853.

Windham, April 9, 1852.

Sir—The undersigned hereby certify, that

they have been afflicted with inflammation of the

Eyes for upwards of twenty years; and all ef-

forts hitherto to effect a cure have proved in-

effectual, until your new mode of treating dis-

eases of that kind has infirmly 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.

Sir—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 recom-

mending your practice to all who may require

the treatment of an Oculist.

AMELIA CABLE.

MARY MABEE.

BENJ. HILLIKER.

JOHN H. PURKISS.

Simcoe, April 9, 1852.

Sir—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

various Doctors of celebrated reputation, with-

out effect, I was induced to allow of your treat-

ment; I have now become once more able to

see almost as well as in my earliest days.

I have much pleasure, therefore, in recom-

mending your practice to all who may be af-

flicted with inflammation or other diseases of the

Eye.

GEORGE TURNER.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Old England forever!

No power shall sever

My heart from the land of my birth!

'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

Her Britons are slaves,

She shall sink in the waves

And leave not a vestige 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 goddess that woman bestows;

When the winds are bright,

With the home-clearing 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.

Oh! how I love thee, my good old home!

We never 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 view distress,

So turns from it away.

His pants are gaiters, fitting snug

Our 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 somewhat 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 dicky tall adorns his face,

His neck a scarf of blue;

He sometimes goes to church, for chance,

And sleeps in Grimes's pew.

He sports the latest "crab" in town,

Is always quick to bet;

He never knows who's President,

But thinks "Old Tip's" in yet.

He has drunk wines of every kind,

And liquors cold and hot;

Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort

Of man Old Grimes was not.

MELANCHOLY MARY.

At twenty years of age Mary became my

wife. Since childhood we had known each

other. We had played in nutting-time un-

der the milk-white clusters of the hazel. We

had sported in July mornings on the banks

of the streaming rills, or over the flowery turf

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 cuckoo, sound-

ing, soft as echo, in the woods; or at sunrise

we heard with joy the lively din of a hun-

dred merrier birds, praising with their songs

the bliss and beauty of the earth.

When we were older, nature to our

senses, was audible with still sweeter whispers.

In song and breeze, and musical fountain fall

there seemed a harmony uniting heaven to

earth. Then we imagined this to be the in-

terruption of the unwritten laws of human

life. Our affection was for the grassy field

forest from a virgin soil—springing from

small shoots, steadily, gradually, slowly up-

rising, until its shade embowers the whole

earth, and its foliage becomes the pride of a

hundred seasons.

Yet there was not an entire unison in our

characters. Mary was of a gentle nature—

kind, good, with soft beauty and a timid grace

which made her move as quietly as a shad-

ow, though her bosom was full of genuine

emotions. I loved her with an impetuous,

imperishable love—a full, confident affection

which sought to fertilize with its glowing

and abounding current the colder climate of

her breast. Not that she failed from the

perfection of maidenly faith; but her impu-

ses were easily checked; her heart was sen-

sitive to the lightest touch of alarm; and as

every hope bloomed near the shade of a fear,

every assurance was guarded with a reserve.

This was Mary's natural disposition. It

made her watchful of herself, and cleared so

her sight the misty visions of the world.—

Under the freshening influence of a happier

youth it might only have cast a so-

ber tinge over the brightness of her mid-day

reveries. But many sorrows visited her home

—death, ill-fortune, sickness, orphanhood;—

and she was bequeathed to the care of two

relatives. They were women of gloomy minds

—ascetic in their thoughts, and nun-like in

their seclusion from the world. They morti-

fied their hearts by severe meditation. No

light fell upon their souls thro' the windows

of fancy,—and the heavy air they breathed

was now to be the atmosphere of Mary's life.

I was parted from her during two years, and

in this interval a cloud had settled upon her

mind.

Her new home was a school of melancholy,

an intellectual cypress shade, a Penseroso's

cell, where youth was laughterless, and infan-

cy demure. Love sat like a hermit in her

heart, with solitary orisons, indeed, meditat-

ing benedictions on me, but never daring to

stir abroad. Her human sympathies shrank

back 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

in this Horeb of her youth. In her mind

were stored up the evil maxims of the disap-

pointed and corroded bosoms of this earth.

Through caverns measureless by man

Down to a sunless sea.

But then a shadow fell across our thresh-

hold. The child became ill. Mary's solici-

tude was of the tender kind. She

watched it with motherly care—and po-

sedly, and with a patient's love, she

attended to her. Her anxious love was now full of pain. There

was danger; there remained little hope. I

will not describe the long interval of suffer-

ing.

One winter night we watched in the sick

room together. Mary was by the side of

the couch where the child lay—thin, pale, its

breath faint, its eyes encircled by dark-

ness, the forehead cold, but a dangerous

flush upon its limbs. Her eyes were fixed

with joyless lustre on the dear infant face, on

which a smile had not for a long time been

seen. Intense misery was expressed in her

countenance, yet, warmed by the eloquent

and yearning love which welled upwards

from her heart as she rocked her seat, and

sent up her muttered prayers to be spared

the affliction of losing this sweet one, her

second