

[ORIGINAL]
TO —

I will go to the woodlands I will go live with thee
Where the red berry grows and the fair maple tree
Where the wind flows spring and the deep waters clear
Reflect back on its places and scenes that are dear
Where my cot by the cedar and pine stands trim,
And thy heart beats in unison true with my own.

Then ask for a bower on the Lake's verdant shore,
By the spot which is most dear to thee,
Entwined round its arches the woodbine for me,
And transplant at its sides the fragrant rose tree,
And at twilight repair to that sweet symphony
Where I'll spend with thee there each evening hour.

And there in the home of the heart's best affection,
We'll converse o'er the past with joyous reflection
And adore those unvarying orbits so bright,
That move with such haste the darkness of night,
When my sleep shall awake its avowed strains,
To soothe thy sad heart with deep pang and low sighs.

And cheer and happier by far will we be,
For our hopes being bright on our hearts' true
When the storm is past and the thick mists are set
And the long east of slenderers is shrouded like the dead,
For we know now to prize the rich blessings of peace,
As communion of earth and work to increase.

Stouffville, July 6, 1853

ELIZABETH

THE FISH AND RING.—One of the emblems in the coat of arms of the city of Glasgow, is a fish with a ring in his mouth. It is derived from the following legend.—Many years ago an aged gentleman became jealous of his wife without a cause, accused her of coquetry, and made her and himself unhappy by his continual complaints. On a certain occasion, while crossing one of the bridges, she was upbraiding her of what he called her flimsy propensities; when she, in a fit of desperation, drew the marriage ring from her finger and dropping it into the stream, exclaimed: "If I am virtuous and true, this ring will come back to me." A few days after, the aged gentleman purchased a salmon in the market, and carried it home for his dinner. The cook, preparing the fish for the table, found the ring in its stomach, thus proving the virtue of the young wife. From this circumstance the city of Glasgow adopted the fish and ring in its coat of arms, an emblem of fidelity.

LOWELL.—We have a copy of the Statistics of the Manufactures of Lowell for the year 1852, which we condense as follows:—

No. of Manf. Corporations.....	12
No. of Mills.....	51
Cotton, consumed in 1852, bales.....	91,650
Wool, do. lbs.....	5,148,000
Iron, (in machine shops) do. tons.....	4,500
Coal, anthracite, do. tons.....	30,575
Charcoal, do. bushels.....	68,350
Wood, do. cords.....	3,220
Oil, whale and sperm, gals.....	69,677
Lard, do. gals.....	47,000
Starch, do. lbs.....	1,409,000
Flour, do. bbls.....	1,565
Total Capital.....	\$13,900,000
do. spindles.....	342,722
do. looms.....	10,606
Females employed.....	8,470
Males do.....	4,163
Cloth woven per week, cotton, yds.....	1,460,000
do. Cambrics.....	90,000
do. Woollens.....	27,000
do. Carpets.....	25,000
Cotton dyed and printed, yards.....	705,000

Average wages of females, clear of board per week ...	\$2 00
Average wages of males clear of board, per day	80
Medium produce of a loom, No 14 yarn, yards per day	45
do do. No 30 yarn, do	35
Average per spindle, yards per day	14

There are four banks; the Lowell, capital \$200,000; the Railroad, capital \$500,000; the Appleton, capital \$150,000; the Prescott, capital \$100,000.

The population of Lowell in 1828 was 3,532; in 1840 it was 20,796; in 1850 it was 33,390. Increase in ten years 12,580.

The several manufacturing companies have established a hospital for the convenience and comfort of persons in their respective when sick, which is under superintendence of one of the best of surgeons and physicians.

There are two institutions for savings, the Lowell and the City. The Lowell had on deposit the first Saturday in Nov. 1, 1850, from 4,609 depositors, \$736,128.12. The City, Jan. 8, 1853, had on deposit, from 2,374 depositors, \$192,006.01. The operatives in the mills are the principal depositors in the above banks. Estimated population of Lowell in 1853, 37,000.—(N. Y. Tribune.)

Hood made a glorious epigram on the clock

"A mechanic his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay be dislikes;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work, though it strikes."

A lady well known in the first society of Paris, has died of an unknown and mysterious malady. On a post mortem examination it was discovered that three ribs were crushed into the liver, the result of tight lacing.

SALACITY OF A GANDER.—A gentleman on whose veracity we can rely, related to us the other day a most singular circumstance, illustrative of extraordinary sagacity in one of the feathered tribe. One day last week, a gander was on duty near the canal basin, keeping guard over a flock of goslings, which he did with all the pride imaginable. But presently a pugnacious cock attacked the goslings, which led to a rencontre between his roostership and the gander. The contest, however, was of short duration, for the gander seized the cock by the neck, and straightway flew to the canal, where he thrust his antagonist under the water, and there held him till he was dead. We have read of wondrous

instinctive acts of dogs and horses, but we question if any more summary proceeding was ever adopted to vanquish a foe than this.—*Dundas Warder*



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—*Proverbs, 22: 6*

TO THINKERS.

BY CHARLES SWANN

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide,
Every bar to false Fiction
Hurry out, and cast aside
Every stub of weed of Error
Every seed that hurls the wind
Tare, whose very growth is tere,
Dig them out, where'er they lie.

Monstrous goals for the future
A hardy work so long with
Other harvest of advancement,
Or the product of their sin
Fetch out true cultivation,
When Education's plan
From the mists of Nature
Teach the majesty of Man.

Give the stream of Educator,
Brook or channel, bolder I see
Liquor the stones of Persecution
Ours, where'er they block it course
Seek for strength in self exertion
Work, and still have faith to wait,
Close the crooked gate to fortune,
Make the road to honor straight.

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide,
Every bar to true instruction
Fetch out and cast aside
Feed the plant whose fruit is wisdom,
Close from crime the common sod,
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

THREE GREAT VICES OF YOUTH.

Three of the greatest vices which infest the path of youth are as follows: Using Profane language, Chewing Tobacco, and Loafing. We will as far as possible lay before the reader, in as brief a manner as possible, and show the effect which the above named habits have upon the human system. In the first place, we would ask what are the advantages of making use, in our conversation, of profane epithets? There are none, no, it neither adds to the interest of our own conversation, nor is there any profit gained: it merely is habit. Are you willing to acknowledge that you are bound to such a bad habit as that, and call yourself a man? Throw it off, and say—long have I made practice of this foul habit, but now, I have done with thee! Another of the vices which is to a great extent one of the most wide spread and derogatory to good morals in the long list of habitual vices, is, namely, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. We would ask, in the name of common sense, what pleasure can there be in the use of this pernicious weed? does it make you wiser, more happier or richer? name anything wherein you are a gainer by using the afore-said article? What can be more detestable, despicable, beastly, and outlandish, than to see the youth loafing the streets, or perhaps standing in front of some Engine-house with his hands in his pockets, and both sides of his face crammed with what they call the delicious stuff, Bah! delicious! did you say—young man stop before you go further, and listen: do you know that you are killing yourself by piecemeal, ay, ruining yourself as much as if you should swallow some deadly poison! the only difference is that one kills instantaneously, and the other lingers on destroying you slowly; it is true and sure. Now young men we ask all of you to take this matter in hand, and think deeply on it; you Chewers, you Losers, and particularly you profane epithet users—depart, depart at once! consult your own interest and leave off immediately those great evils—they are all incompatible with common sense, sound judgment, and good reason. Young ladies, you too, should exert yourselves in the great cause, and if, perchance, you have a lover that either chews, drinks or swears, tell him to go, cast him off until he comes and says, I am free and am now a man!—*Union Ark.*

A STRANGE STORY.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Register, of Philadelphia, tells some of the strangest stories of doings in that strange city, which we see anywhere. He has very extensive means of procuring information, or a very extensive imagination—we know not which yet. The following, it will be seen, is stated as a fact.

"A singular fact, deserving of attention, has just been reported to the Medical Academy of Paris, and many of the faculty were engaged in experiments which may result in discoveries of priceless value to the human family.

"A poor bird-fancier, living in one of the faubourgs, and earning a modest income by raising birds for the market, has a child of three years and a half old, afflicted since its birth with a pulmonary complaint. Six months ago the doctors told the father that the child's lungs were a mass entirely destroyed, and that it could not live long. About three months since, the little creature seeming to be perishing rapidly, and becoming each day more and more fretful, the mother placed its cradle in the large room where the birds were kept; thinking that the child might be amused, and forget its sufferings, somewhat, in the noisy society of its feathered companions. The child, in fact, seemed to take an interest at once, in watching the birds, and after a few days, the mother noticed that it would lie still for hours, apparently entirely free from pain, a thing which had not been known since its birth. The doctor, who still dropped in occasionally, soon remarked a notable change for the better in the young invalid, and commencing visits more frequently, ascribed the parents at the end of six

weeks by declaring he believed the lungs were healing. At any rate, the child could now sit up and play, and began to have an appetite. But in the meanwhile a strange malady had attacked the birds. They no longer flew about the room, but remained silent and drooping on their perches, eating very little, and gradually dying off one by one at a time. The owner seeing this, but little suspecting the cause, had two whom he removed to the house of a friend, also a bird fancier, in the country, where he thought the pure air might restore them. They had not been twenty-four hours in their new abode before they began to get better, and in a few days they had resumed all their life and health. But, also, the poor child left in Paris became steadily worse. The physician, wishing to try an experiment, had two birds, a parrot and a canary, brought back to the room. In a week they were both dead, and being opened, the doctor noticed all the signs of rapid consumption. The fact was immediately reported to several members of the medical faculty, and birds of every description were sent to the child's room. Every one of them died, seeming to give its little mate of life to aid the suffering child to live, the child is not yet dead, and has been taken to the country, while the doctors are busy studying the phenomenon which chance has thus brought before them."

CURIOS CONUNDRUM.—A gentleman from Connech desires to exert our ingenuity in solving a puzzle with which he says a schoolmaster in that neighbourhood has recently been quizzing the people. It is as follows:

"A waggoner passing a storeman asked what he had in his waggon. He replied:—

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete;
An upright where two semi-circles do meet;
A rect-angle triangle standing on feet;
Two semi-circles, and a circle complete."

Quere.—What was in the waggon?
This is a very ingenious puzzle, but after some little study, we can cry eureka. Thus three-fourths of a cross is a T. A circle complete is an O. An upright, where two semi-circles meet, is a B. A triangle standing on feet is an A. Two semi-circles are CC, and a circle is O. TOBACCO is what was in the waggon. That waggoner may wag-on.—*Exchange.*

EARLY HABITS.—We once received a lesson from an aged gardener that we shall never forget. On a visit to the country, we were attracted by a beautiful grove of choice trees, whose beauty was slightly marred by a crooked tree in its centre. We enquired, why do you not have that ugly tree removed. "Ah!" said the old man pointing to a little twig springing up near it, "they teach a lesson that is too often disregarded. A botanist's wind bent that tree when a little plant, which was neglected until its rapid growth prevented its being straightened; whereas, had it been watched over, as is the miniature tree beside it, it would now have been one of the most beautiful in the grove. How like man," he continued, "when first the syren vice of temptation lures the boy from the path of rectitude, and vice lays its subtle finger upon his heart—the gentle word of admonition is for a moment withheld, he disregards a mother's teachings, relies upon himself, until he is drawn into the pool, and is hurried rapidly to destruction. One word spoken in time, would have saved him!" Take the lesson from that old man, little friend; obey your parents, never suffer the twig to be bent, and it will mature into the erect and healthy tree. Mothers, (pardon a word of advice from a little boy who was early bereft of a mother's teachings,) throw around the cradle a strong guard of affectionate teachings, while the little bud is opening to the scorching rays of life's sun, and ere its tiny petals have felt the touch of temptation; for when it shall become parched and dried, the heart will be imperceptible to moral training.

A HONOROUS RETORT.—Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the madhouse, and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain."

THE CATS' PARADISE.—Blackwood for June has a pleasant article on the old but always interesting story of Pittcairn's Island, and the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty. One of the laws of the simple Islanders is as follows.

"If a cat be killed without being positively detected in killing fowls, however strong the suspicion may be, the person killing such cat is obliged as a penalty to destroy three hundred rats whose tails must be submitted for inspection of the magistrate, by way of proof that the penalty has been paid."

If our cats only knew the store set by them in Pittcairn, how they would emigrate!

TORONTO DRUNKENNESS.—An unusual amount of drunkenness was visible in Toronto last week, especially on Friday. This vice is greatly on the increase. Mr. Mowat, the inspector, informs us that it is truly lamentable to see the way in which the Sabbath evenings are desecrated by keeping open houses—little, if any, regard being paid to our bye-laws forbidding it. The taverns in our midst destroy all the efforts of Divisions, and so it will be until the Maine law is passed and carried into effect.

THE DIFFERENCE between the States where the Maine law exists and where it does not, is the one has JAILS TO LET, the other JAILS FULL, to empty by courts and justices. Which is best?

THE ROMAN HATTERS IN THE CELL.—The Pope's Government has proscribed a certain form of hats, now quite common in Rome, and which are believed to have a political meaning. The police proceeded to the hat-stores and seized all the hats of this peculiar shape. They did more, for as they passed along the street, if they saw a person wearing one of the proscribed headdresses, they would arrest the owner to proceed bare-headed to his home.

GAVAZZI'S SEVENTH ROMAN AT FLORENCE.—Gavazzi, 15 years hard labour, Montego, journalist, 14 months, Montaldi, Mazzini, Marmocchi, Francini, and Moriani, ex-convicts of the camp, hard labour for life; Romanello, ex-convict of 12 years acquitted.

These sentences had caused a painful sensation. If there are the signs of popery in Italy, and so would they serve Catholics if they had the power. It is the duty of all good men to raise their voices for God and FREEDOM.