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[ORIGINAL.]

GIVE ME A LOVING WIFE.

Let others talk of early love,
Of honey moons that pass away,
Of loves grown cold—domestic strife;
But I will prize all else above,
My loving wife, who through each day,
Each passing year, endears my life.

Give me my wife, my loving wife,
The fond delight of youthful love,
Though old she's grown to me she's young;
She through this life—our varied life,
Its smiles, its frowns, did constant prove,
And o'er its scenes sweet comforts flung.

Remember—once her eye was bright,
That raven curls hung round her brow,
And sunny smiles danced round her mouth;
And bounding was her step and light,
Her bosom like the driven snow;
Remember her, that charm'd thy youth.

If old now grown, it was for you,
To soothe thy cares and smooth thy bed,
Thy children rear, thee meet with smiles;
Whilst life's dark mazes struggling through,
You sought her rest, to ease thy head
In that dear home, which she beguiles.

Blessed be God who gave us woman,
Her smile makes earth a paradise,
Strews thorny life with blossoming flowers;
Him only then I call a truer man,
Who doth her worth, her glory prize,
For her makes sweet life's passing hours.

Two cherish'd hopes my bosom swell,
The thought lights up eternity;
Oh, may one grave what's mortal cover,
Our souls with God together dwell;
Each other know—there constant be,
Through endless time, the truthful lover.

C. W. D.

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette as your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, excuse me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a controversialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they hearingly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming bumper, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tumbler, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "oh, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly gazing at it, as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly raising one jewelled finger at the sparkling, ruby liquid—"a spot that beggars all description; and yet listen, I will point it out to you if I can. It is a lonely spot, tall mountains covered with

verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheeks how deadly, his eye wild with the titanic fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See," she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat, "see, his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, oh, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken; the dark men move silently away, and leaving the living and the dying together."

There is a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm has lost its tension, and the glass, with its little, troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and his beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets! dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bias and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead.

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lip quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, idolized brother of a fond sister. At he sleeps to day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies my father's son—my own twin brother—a victim to the deadly poison "Father," she exclaimed turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tart eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to perit my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour; and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made. Many from that hour foreswore the social glass.

RAILROADS TO BE MADE—HURRAH!!

One from Toronto to Lake Huron partly made, to be finished this year. One from Toronto to Owen Sound—Toronto to Guelph now commenced—Guelph to Goderich—Guelph to Sarnia—Port Wharby to Lake Huron—Port Hope to Barrie—Peterboro to Toronto—Belleville to Lake Huron, via Peterboro—Brockville to Bytown—Prescott to Bytown, partly done—Bytown to Montreal—Quebec to Toronto, via St. Lawrence banks, and so to Sarnia—routes on north and south banks St. Lawrence—Montreal to Champlaine done—Quebec to Richmond commenced—Quebec to Gaspé—Trois Pistoles railroad—Toronto to Hamilton (just started)—Hamilton to Port Dover. Hamilton to Galt—Galt to Guelph—Niagara to Chippewa—St. Catharines to Crippowa—Hamilton to London and Sandwich—London to Sarnia—Woodstock to Simcoe—London to Port Stanley—Detroit via St. Thomas to Bertie on Niagara River—Bytown to Pembroke—Bellefleur and Peterboro to Georgian Bay—Bytown to Pembroke—Brantford to Malden—and another from the middle of Lake Ontario direct to the MOON, on ELECTRIC WIRES, suspended by counterbalancing magnetic powers, existing between the volcanoes of the moon and mother earth.

RAILROAD MAD! RAILROAD MAD!!

Railroad mad! say what is this clatter about,
Speculation's the cry of us all;
Ho for a railroad on this splendid route,
Another, for that, keep rolling the ball!

Did you know we were off for the moon?
Who'll go for this grand speculation,
The road will be made pretty soon,
To-morrow's the grand elevation.

Did you hear of our glorious projects?
A railway to Guelph is now making,
And another by Owen Sound logic,
Is started by noodles, and taking.

The Huron Ontario's finished,
At least it will be very soon,
Port Wharby decrees it diminished,
Its prospects will throw in a swoon.

Yet another's a thorn in its side,
Port Hope is awake for a junction,
And will humble the Winibzias' pride,
To Toronto will set as an objection.

Brockville and Prescott are warning,
Mrs Bytown with each is the prize,
Port Hope and Miss Coloung are sparring
For the commerce that Peter—supplies.

There's bother and fuss in the west,
The east's not since in this matter,
For Hamilton thinks she's oppressed,
And is making a terrible matter.

There's Bell's Brantford's proposition,
The Woodstock and Simcoe design,
Guelph's looking to Sarnia's direction,
And St. Thomas says Bertie's divine.

Mrs Hamilton that is attended,
And fearful hath insured Toronto;
Her interests on all sides are wounded,
She married though she did not want to.

The Great Western is cut into pieces
By routes to the right and the left,
And as Bertie or Brantford increases,
Of its reason is nearly bereft.

There are front routes and back ones,
And lots from Toronto to Peter—,
There are cross bars and quick ones,
With names that would give you a fever.

Hurrah for the moon! I'm off pretty soon,
Who'll join me in this speculation?
The road must be built, and money be split,
For Canada must be a nation.