

and flirts with his "friend"—never saw a thimble—don't know a darned needle from a crow-bar—wonders where puddings grow—eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on pigeon's leg in public—runs and after the last new fashion—dotes on Byron—adores any man who grins behind a moustache; and when asked the age of her eldest child, replies, "Don't know, indeed; ask Betty!"—*Fanny Fern.*

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

BY MRS M. A. DENISON.

Her bright face was like the May,
When blue and bloom are bleat together,
And by the mows of fresh heaped hay,
Her quick tread brushed the scented heather.

Health's brightest jewels gems the zone
Her cheek was dainty white and crimson;
Her eye beneath her lashes shone,
Like blue, blue flowers, with golden rims on.

The fresh wind blew her curls from place,
Till round her neck like amber unfixed,
They glittering hung—and her sweet face
Shone like the heaven to which 'twas lifted.

No silks laid in the old home chest,
No gewgaws clasped her wrist or finger;
She deemed a modest garb the best,
And by the home-hearth loved to linger.

Nor rout, nor gaudy theatre,
Nor lusted ball room filled with beauty,
Nor dashing men had charms for her,
Whose round of life was love of duty.

But from the cages in the wind,
Of bright laced boughs and leaves in flutter,
She'd often pause to hear, what "Lind"
With all her skill yet failed to utter;

The silvery piping of the bird—
The flute-tones of the sunrise singer;
These, richest notes ear ever heard,
Could the sweet peace of angels bring her.

And in the morn, at sultry noon,
At eve and night her soft voice chanted;
So that the old house smiled like June,
And every nook seemed beauty-haunted.

And blessings followed by whose grace
And every gift lent perfect pleasure;
Yet though rich charms made rare her face,
The heart that coined them was the treasure.

—*Olive Branch.*

A STRANGE WEDDING.

At the Westminster October Court, on Tuesday week, a quiet looking elderly woman solicited the magistrate's advice under the following circumstances:—She had a daughter, aged seventeen who had gone through the ceremony of marriage without being blessed with a husband. It was of course at the time of their nuptials supposed that she was being united to one of the other sex, and they went to York to spend the honeymoon, but her daughter, to her great surprise, discovered that she had been married to a woman in man's attire, and the mother of three children. Mr. Brodrip observed that there was such a case on the books (Legal Reports,) and inquired where the marriage took place. Applicant replied at Highgate Church. Mr. Brodrip referred her to the Magistrate of that district. Applicant, before leaving the Court, made the following extraordinary statement in the writing room: That the pseudo husband was introduced to her in female attire, under the name of Mrs. Paton, but after an intimacy of some months, suddenly appeared in the costume of a gentleman, announcing himself as Mr. Albert Guelph, and declaring that he was issue of George IV and Queen Caroline, but that from certain reasons his existence had been hitherto kept a secret, but that his love for her fair daughter had wrung it from his heart, and induced him to appear in the becoming habitment of his own sex, in lieu of the female attire he had been disguised in for years, by a very benign old lady, who met him periodically in Park-lane, and supplied him with cash *ad libitum*. As he dressed very fashionably, and always had plenty of money, applicant believing the story, consented to their nuptials, particularly as the said distant Mrs. Paton and her daughter had upon the occasion of little visits slept together before, and so Miss Reuben changed her name for Mrs. Guelph on the 12th September, 1853, by license, at Highgate Church, but soon discovered that Mrs. Paton was but a woman after all, though endeavours were made for a considerable time to induce a contrary notion.

FANNY FERN'S OPINION OF SUNDAY.—Sunday should be the best day of all the seven; not ushered in with ascetic form, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manners. Sweetly upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood, blending with early song of birds, and waited upward with flowers and incense to Him whose very name is love. It should be no day for puzzling the half developed brain of childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say "Our Father." It should be no day to sit upright on stiff-backed chairs till the golden sun should set. No, the birds should not be more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight, or the trees to toss their little limbs free and fetterless. "I'm so sorry to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From under your roof, oh mistaken, but well-meaning Christian parents; from the lips of your child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday schools, and finished off at night-fall by tedious repetitions of creeds and catechisms, till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child shudders when the minister tells him that "Heaven is one eternal Sabbath." Oh, mistaken parent! relax the over-strained brow, prevent the fearful rebound, and make the Sabbath what God designed it—not a weariness, but the "best" and happiest day of all the seven.—*Musical Times.*

LOLA MONTEZ.—A California correspondent gives an account of the recent doings of Mrs. Patrick Hull, Marie Heald, Countess de Lansfeldt, alias Lola Montez. She was recently arrested for assault and battery, and heavily fined. Becoming enraged at her Chinese servant, she seized him by his long tail of hair, tied it to

the door-knob, and slapped his rice-masticating jaws unmercifully. "He had the poor fellow 'tigh'," as he could not jerk loose unless he scalped himself. After the preparation of this feat, the quondam Countess still further "astonished the natives" by musing a whole day in a corduroy Bloomer costume. To cap the climax of her eccentricities Lola has sued for a separation from her present husband, after a union of but a few months, and sought the protection of a handsome caballero.



Youths' Department.

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

Lines, written at Hamilton, March 12th, 1837.

REJOICE 'TIS SPRING.

Warm from the south the breezes come,
The little birds proclaim 'tis Spring,
Winter flies to his northern home,
Rejoice, 'tis Spring, the breezes bring.

The trees again will verdant wear,
Their mantles green—the fields their bloom,
All nature sweet anew appear,
By magic risen from winter's tomb.

This day I heard the cawing crow,
Loud messenger of coming Spring,
His caws though rude her flowers will bring,
And this he's first to let us know

The birds will soon begin to wed
The flowers will soon begin to bloom;
The daisies deck the sunny mead,
Creation smile from nature's womb.

We too, my S—, thou most beloved,
In union sweet like flowers will wed;
A time most fit when all is moved,
By love—pure love,—by nature led.

That day to me will happy be,
When we in all things shall be one;
Our hearts our hopes unitedly
Be joined beneath an April sun.

C. M. D.

LITTLE HANNAH, THE CHILD OF TEMPERANCE.

Miss Frederick Bremer tells the story of the Hawkins family, and the origin of the temperance movement in the United States:

"A few years ago, there lived in Baltimore a family of the name of Hawkins. They had been in better circumstances, but were reduced through the drunkenness of the father. There was a public-house in one of the lanes in Baltimore, where every day, five or six drunken companions used to assemble to guzzle. Hawkins was one of this set; and although he cursed it, yet it clung to him like a car-c, and every day he went there, and only came thence when he was no longer able to stand; and, late in the evening or in the night, staggered home, often falling on the steps, where he might have remained lying, and have perished of cold and wretchedness, had it not been for his daughter, little Hannah. She sat up till she heard him coming home, and then went out to meet him, and helped him up the steps; and when he fell down, and she was not able to raise him, she carried down pillows and a bed-cover and made him a bed where he lay, doing all in her power to make him comfortable, and then lay down beside him.

The wife, who in her despair had grown weary of striving with him, endeavoured by her own labor to maintain herself and the other younger children. Little Hannah, however, only ten years old, did not grow weary, but sat watching over her father, and devoted to him her childish affection. When he in the morning awoke out of his drunkenness, he used immediately to send the little girl out to get some brandy, and she did as she was bid, when her prayers could not prevail with him to abstain. She succeeded only in awakening in him a yet stronger sense of his misery, and the need there was for him to get it. He cursed himself for being so unworthy a father to such a child, and he compelled the child to give him the drink which would drown his misery. And when he, by means of the fresh, fiery liquor, was revived and invigorated so that he could stand and walk, he again went to the alehouse. Such was his life for a long time. The family had sunk into the depth of poverty, and each succeeding day only added to their distress. One Morning, when Hawkins, ill both in body and mind, after the carouse of the foregoing day, awoke to his bed, he desired Hannah, as usual, to go and get some brandy. But the girl would not go. She besought him earnestly, "Dear father," she said, "not to-day—not to-day, dear father!" and she wept bitterly. The father, in extreme anger, bade her leave the room.

He got up, and with staggering steps crawled down to the usual place. Here, in the meantime an extraordinary scene had occurred. The drunken companions were already there with their tiled glasses in their hands, when one of them said, "It is very foolish of us, to sit here and ruin ourselves merely for the good of —" meaning the master of the public-house. The others agreed. Some of them said, "Suppose that from this day forth we were not to drink another drop?" One word led to an-

other. The men hastily made an agreement, and drew up a paper in which they bound themselves, by oath, to a total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. When Hawkins, therefore, entered the public-house, he was met by his companions with the temperance pledge in their hands, and by the cry from all "Sign it! sign it!" Astonished, overpowered, almost beside himself, he added his name to that of the others. Without having asked for a drop of brandy, he now hastened home, as if from a new sort of compulsion. He threw himself upon a chair, and could only exclaim, "it is done!" His relations and his bewildered aspect terrified them; they asked him what he had done. "I have signed the pledge!" exclaimed he at length. Hannah and his wife threw themselves upon his neck. They all wept—ears of a new delight.

PERSEVERANCE AND GENIUS.

Perseverance is the distinguished characteristic of great men. Do you ask for instances? The page of history abounds with them. Read the life of Demosthene, and ask yourself what it was that made that poor stuttering son of a cuttler become the most famous orator of ancient times. Read the life of Virgil, and then say what it was that made him—the son of a baker—the most celebrated of Latin Poets. Read the life of Keop, and consider how it was that he who was the son of a slave, and also a slave himself, managed to acquire so imperishable a fame. Read the life of Thomas Wolsey—the son of a butcher—Cardinal of the church of Rome, and next to the king, in his day the most powerful person in the English dominions. Read the life of William Shakespeare, also the son of a butcher, yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Read the life of Oliver Cromwell, a man who rose from a comparatively humble station to be the Protector of the English Commonwealth and who was assuredly the greatest man that ever ruled the dominions of this Empire. Read the life of Benjamin Franklin, who in his early days was a journeyman printer, but afterwards one of the most celebrated of American philosophers and statesmen. Read the life of William Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review* in later times, but in his youth a humble shoemaker's apprentice, and for want of paper was obliged to work his algebraic problems on leather with an awl. Read the life of Robert Burns, a ploughman of Ayrshire in Scotland, but perhaps the greatest of Scotch poets. Read the lives of Allan Ramsay and James Hogg both of whom were sons of agricultural laborers, but who, as poets were bright ornaments of the land of Robert Burns. Read the life of James Cook, who for a long time was nothing but a common sailor, but who afterwards on voyages of discovery sailed three times round the world. Read the life of Jeremy Taylor, who was a carter's boy, and afterwards a D. D. Read the life of Thomas Telford, the great civil engineer who was once a shepherd's boy. Read the life of Inigo Jones, who was first a journeyman carpenter, and then the chief architect of his age. Read the life of Halley, the astronomer, and son of a poor soap boiler. Read the life of Huxy the chemist, the son of a poor weaver. Read the lives of Smeaton and Rennie, both eminent engineers, and both of them at one time merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you have read all those, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making those men great as any other quality which they possessed.—*Working Man's Friends.*

THE WHISKEY INDIAN.—"Are you a Christian Indian?" said a person to an adherent of Red Jacket, at the settlement near Cattaraugus. "No," said the sturdy savage, "I whiskey Indian." This was frank and calling things by their right names. Unhappily we here labor under the same disadvantages as the Missionaries among the red-skins, for cupidity and depraved appetite have entered into very loving alliances, and the blue ruin is plenty among us. But the parties don't part off quite as fairly as in the times of Red Jacket. We have professed Christians—sworn servants of the Blessed Redeemer—who sell poison to all who will buy, and yet when asked what kind of Christians they are, they always reply, Temperance Christians; and thus they quiet conscience. And they are angry with us because we say, No! Whiskey Christian—*Bring Standard.*

HOW TO MAKE TEMPERANCE.—Some time since, three Indians in the neighbourhood of Green Bay, became converts to temperance, although previously fond of the "brain thief." Three white men formed the charitable resolution of trying to draw them over. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they had themselves to observe the effect. The first Indian recognized his old acquaintance with an "ugh!" and making a high step, passed on. The second laughed, saying, "M'k'now yit!" and walked round. The last one drew his tomahawk and dashed it in pieces, and saying, "Ugh! you conquer me, now I conquer you!"

NEWS.—The Senate Co. Council have adopted a proposition to the Legislature for the abolition of grand juries, and the appointment in lieu thereof of Crown prosecutors in each county. ... Gazzett occurred on Monday evening at the last, and to a crowded house. ... Col. Benton is to be a candidate for the Speakership of the House of Representatives. He ought not to accept, if he is wanted as a floor member. ... A monument is to be erected over the remains of Henry Clay, in cost \$50,000. Thirty thousand dollars have already been contributed in Kentucky, towards the object. ... It is said that in consequence of the election of the Maine Law ticket in Baltimore, nearly all the taverns in that city were closed on Sunday last, the proprietors occupying a rigid enforcement of the Sunday law. ... The Warder says that a pine tree, which bore its annual crop of fruit last season, is now in full bloom in the garden of T. H. Mackenzie, Esq., of Dundas. ... Mr. Scott, of Bytown, is a M. P. P. is appointed Judge of the County of Huron in room of Judge Ackland dismissed. ... At late dates the navigation was suspended at Quebec and vessels were loading.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. BRIGGS.—The subscription commenced in Richdale, for a testimonial to Mr. Briggs for his exertions in behalf of Free Trade, has been brought to a close. The amount was upwards of £5,000. After consulting with the Hon. member, the committee decided that a library would be an appropriate testimonial. The library consists of more than 1,200 volumes. It was selected by Mr. Briggs at an additional cost of £1,200.

A NEW FEATURE.—The Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Maryland, which recently gave evidence to its own, voted unanimously to introduce degrees into the Order.