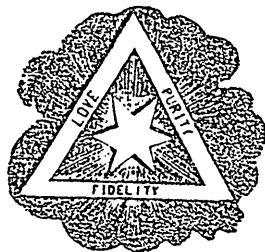


# CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE



## AND LITERARY GEM.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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### LINES BY A WIFE.

I know when I am passed away,  
I shall remember'd be,  
That night by night and day by day,  
Your heart will turn to me.

And when in its accustomed place,  
You see the unfill'd chair,  
You'll think of that familiar face,  
You've seen so often there.

And you will sing those same old songs,  
We so have loved for years;  
And busy thoughts will come in throngs,  
Stirring your soul to tears.

When Spring shall come with birds and flowers,  
And silver fountains fall,  
You'll think of me, I know you will,  
For I have loved them all.

And tho' the glorious birds depart,  
And lovely flowers may die;  
The image mirror'd in the heart,  
Will there forever lie.

S. D.

### LOVE DIVINE OF MAN AND WIFE.

My lot in life is fixed with thine,  
Its good and ill to share,  
And well thou know'st 'twill be my pride,  
To soothe each sorrow here.

When coming age our bloom shall change,  
With its wintry weather,  
Oh may we rest in the same grave,  
Sleep and dream together.

But yet there's faith within my breast,  
A hope that cheers my way;  
That we shall meet where love is blest,  
Beyond the earth's decay.

But oh! how dark! how drear! how lone!  
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
If wand'ring through each radiant zone,  
We fail'd to meet the lov'd of this.

It cannot be, each hope and fear  
That lights the eye or clouds the brow;  
Proclaims there is a happier sphere,  
Than this bleak world that holds us now.

There is a voice which sorrow hears,  
When heaven weighs life a galling chain,  
'Tis heaven that whispers "dry thy tears  
The pure in heart shall meet again.

### ACTRESSES RAISED BY MARRIAGES.

The first person among "the gentry" of England who chose a wife from the stage was Martin Folkes, the antiquary, a man of fortune, who about the 1718, married Lucretia Bradshaw, the representative of Finglar's heroiness. A contemporary writer styles her "one of the greatest and most promising geni of her time," and assigns her "prudent and exemplary conduct" as the attraction that won the learned antiquary. The next actress whose husband moved in an elevated rank was Anastasia Robinson, the singer. The great Lord Peterborough, the hero of the Spanish war, the friend of Pope and Swift, publicly honored Anastasia as his countess in 1735. In four years after the Lady Henrietta Herbert, daughter of James, first Earl of Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Herbert, bestowed her hand on James Beard, the performer. Subsequently about the middle of the eighteenth century, Lavina Beswick the original Polly Peachum, became Duchess of Bolton. The next on record was Miss Linley's marriage with Sheridan, one of the most romantic episodes in theatrical unions; and before the 18th century closed Elizabeth Farren, a perfect gentlewoman, became countess of the proudest Earl in England, the representative of the illustrious Stanleys. She was Lord Derby's second consort a mother of the present Countess of Wilton. In 1807 the beautiful Miss Searle became the wife of R. Heathcote, Esq., brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.; and in the same year Louisa Brunton was married to the late Earl of Craven, and her niece, Mrs. Yates, still exhibits the dramatic genius of the Brunton family. The Beggar's Opera again conferred a coronet: Mary Catherine Bolton's impersonation of Polly Peachum captivated Lord Thurlow. She was married to his Lordship in 1813. In more recent times the most fascinating of our actresses, Miss O'Neill, wedded Sir William Wrixon Beecher, Bart.; Miss Foote, the Earl of Harrington; Miss Stephens, the Earl of Essex; and Mrs. Nisbet, Sir William Boothby, Bart. It has been remarked that the conduct of each of these ladies in her wedded life has been unexceptionable.

### YOU' CAN TAKE MY HAT!

BY UNCLE TOBY.

We were once coming over the railroad from Washington City to Baltimore, when we observed a peculiar sort of man sitting hard by—a tall, slim, good natured looking fellow, but one who somehow seemed to bear the impress of a person who lived by his wits, written

upon his face. A friend, who was with me, answered my inquiry as to who he was, and at the same time asked me to keep between the object of my notice and himself, lest he should come over to our seat, as my companion said that he knew him but did not wish to recognize him there.

"That is Beau H——," said he; "a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city,—always ready to borrow of you, or drink with you. He never has any money, however, and I am curious to know how he will get over the road without paying, for he'll do it in some way.

"Probably he has got a ticket—borrowed the money to buy it with, or something of that sort," said I.

"Not he. Beau always travels free, and boards in the same way. He never pays money when wit or a trick will pass current in its place," said my friend confidently.

"What a shocking bad hat he has got on," said I, observing the dilapidated condition of his beaver.

"It's some trick of his, doubtless, for the rest of his dress, you observe, is quite genteel."

"Yes, I see."

My friend went on to tell me how Beau had tricked his tailor out of a receipt in full for his last bill, and the landlady at his last boarding place, and also various other specimens of his ingenuity and wit. "He owed me ten dollars," said my friend, "but in attempting to collect it of him one day, I'll be hanged if he didn't get ten more out of me; so I think I shall let the matter rest there, for fear of doubling the sum once more."

At this moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the cars to gather the tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them, as is often the practice with travelers who are frequently called upon on populous routes to show their tickets, had placed theirs in the bands of their hats, so that the conductor could see that they were all right, and not trouble them to take them from their pockets at each stopping place. As the conductor drew nearer, Beau thrust his head out of the car window, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the scenery on that side of the road. The conductor spoke to him for his ticket—there was no answer.

"Ticket, sir," said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the shoulder.

Beau sprang back into the car, knocking his hat into the road, and leaving it in one minute nearly a mile behind. He looked first towards the conductor, then out of the window after his hat, and in a seeming fit of rage exclaimed,

"What the d—— do you strike a man that way for? Is that your business? Is that what the company hires you for?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I only want your tick—," replied the conductor, meekly.