

THE PIPE *versus* THE BOTTLE.*By a Witness.*

Sir John, this winna do, man, this fudlin' winna do,  
 You maun eschew the bottle, an' another course pursue;  
 You're gien yer freens a scunner, an' a' the world would think  
 Ye must hae been in liquor when ye chose auld Francis  
 Hincks.

I cured yer treen an' playmate, frae gangin on the spree—  
 I mean the late respectit an' sainted Tam McGee;  
 Then tak' the pure an' limpid, yer brain it winna dottle,  
 An' I'll tak' a pipe mysel, man, gin you'll objure the bottle.

Ye ken my freen, Sir Johnny, sic habits to evince,  
 Is na a good example to set afore a Prince;  
 Then brak' that ugly bottle,—I canna bear its smell;  
 An' though I hate tobacco, I'll tak' a pipe mysel.

## A FAIR DEDUCTION.

The following singular "testimony," given by a clergyman, is published in the "Report by the Committee on Intemperance, for the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury:" "My own belief is, that men go into the public-house more to get away from their wives than from any other cause."

If we assume this statement to be true, the abolition of matrimony, and not that of public-houses, will effectually cure the intemperance of the working classes. Wives are the main cause that the dram-shops are filled. Abolish *them*, and the evil will cease. Probably the clergyman in question would not wish to see his argument carried out to this conclusion.

## THE VISION.

Waked from my sleep, by shrill and clam'rous cry  
 Of sprite attendant, who, with wakeful eye,  
 Watched while I slumbered in repose profound.  
 The skies my canopy, my bed the ground.  
 Starting, I gazed aloft, and in the dawn  
 Saw, in the clouds, by airy fingers drawn,  
 A golden crown, bathed in a flood of light,  
 Towards which an eagle stretched in upward flight.  
 And thus I spoke: Oh! Demon, who by spell  
 And witchery the future can foretell,  
 Unfold the mystery of these portents strange,  
 Do they forebode disaster, war or change?  
 "Friend," said the demon, "in your own control  
 "You hold your destiny: can you, on the roll  
 "Of nations place your name, or will you lower  
 "Yourself as vassals of some greater power.  
 "Have you the manhood, courage, and brave mind  
 "To grasp the sceptre, on your brow to bind  
 "The emblem of true greatness, wear the crown  
 "Of empire, spite of men or devils' frown?  
 "Calm and majestic can you take your way,  
 "In your own course, grow stronger every day,  
 "With the new strength born of the patriot fires  
 "Which burned within the veins of your brave sires?  
 "Look from the rock on which your feet now stand  
 "On that rich heritage, that *NOBLE* land,  
 "Bestowed upon you for a noble end,  
 "To love, to honour, cherish, and defend.  
 "What though your cousins hold their fair domains,  
 "Which southward lie with rich and fertile plains;  
 "Show them that love which neighbours ought to feel,  
 "Live kindly, justly act, no hate conceal.  
 "To all your duty do, 'tis wise, best,  
 "Then leave the case to God of all the rest,  
 "Purge your own land of every loathsome sin,  
 "That peace and union may exist within.  
 "Let John and Jean Baptiste, Sandy and Pat,  
 "Join hand in hand, exhort them well to that;  
 "So CROWNED and free, o'er your own land supreme,  
 "You'll soar on EAGLE'S wings. Behold your dream."

## PAVEMENT MOSAIC.

(BY OUR GOBLIN.)

Lettie, my dear, is my back hair down?—If he takes it up he'll make a good thing of it, that's sure—she's good for nothing but—potash, man!—there never was a worse bargain than—that girl with the high-heeled boots will be the death of me—she's as lovely a beast as ever stood on four legs—marriage is like—bankruptcy, one never recovers—his balance on the tight-rope—when green suits your complexion—he'll come in to terms—he died last week—and went direct to the dancing-school—she's far too fat for—robbing a barber's shop—and if he were only hanged for it—with illustrations—talk of a waterfall!—pateent rat traps—pinch my feet dreadfully—but, love—he's the dearest butcher in the city—eleven hundred and fifty-three dollars is too much for—a pinch of snuff, my hearty—I never read the Star—it's righteous overmuch—to make a cat laugh—in the Protestant Cemetery.