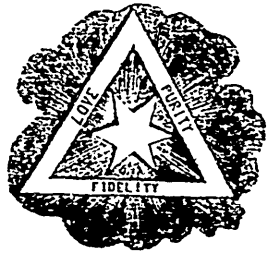


SON OF TEMPERANCE
 CANADIAN
 AND LITERARY GEM.



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

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Poetry.

OUR GIRLS.

Our girls they are pretty,
 And gentle and witty,
 As any the world ever knew—
 Talk not about Spanish,
 Circassian or Danish,
 Or Greeks'neath their summer skies blue,
 But give me our lassies,
 As fresh as the grass is,
 When sprinkled with roses and dew.

Each lip like a blossom,
 Each fair swelling bosom,
 As white as the high drifted snow—
 With eyes softly flashing,
 Like spring bubbles flashing,
 O'er hills-rocks to valleys below;
 All smiling with beauty,
 All doing their duty,
 Where shall we for lovelier go!

O, ours are the fairest,
 The sweetest the rarest,
 The purest and fondest I see—
 Their hearts are the truest,
 Their eyes are the bluest,
 Their spirits so noble and free—
 O, give me no other;
 True-love, sister, mother,
 Our own are the chosen for me.

C. D. STUART.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

We have already given several interesting extracts from a work recently published, entitled "Noble Deeds of American Women." There is no sketch in the work more full of romantic interest than the following account of an adventure in which Mary Shcumb, of North Carolina, was the heroine. Her maiden name was Hooks, she was born in the county of Bertie, North Carolina, in 1760. She was present at one of the bloodiest battles of the revolution, where the united regiments of Cols. Lillingston and Caswell encountered McDonald at Moore's Creek. We will give a part of the story in her own words.

"The men all left on Sunday morning. More than eighty went from this house with my husband.

And I slept soundly and quietly that night, and worked hard all the next day; but I kept thinking where they had got to—how far; where and how many of the regulars and Tories they would meet, and I could not keep myself from the study. I went to bed at the usual time, but still continued to study. As I lay—whether waking or sleeping I knew not—I had a dream; yet it was not all a dream, (she used the words unconsciously of a poet not then in being.) I saw distinctly a body wrapped in my husband's guard cloak—bloody—dead; and others dead and wounded on the ground about him. I saw them plainly and distinctly. I uttered a cry, and sprang to my feet on the floor; and so strong was the impression on my mind, that I rushed in the direction the vision appeared, and came up against the side of the house. The fire in the room gave little light, and I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene. I raised the light; everything was still and quiet. My child was sleeping, but my woman was awakened by my crying out or jumping on the floor. If ever I felt fear it was at that moment. Seated on the bed, I reflected a few moments, and said aloud, 'I must go to him.' I told the woman I could not sleep, and would ride down the road. She appeared in great alarm, but I merely told her to lock the door after me, and look after the child. I went to the stable, saddled my mare, as fleet and easy a nag as ever traveled; and in one minute we were tearing down the road at full speed. The cool night seemed after a mile or two's gallop to bring reflection with it; and I asked myself where I was going, and for what purpose? Again and again I was tempted to turn back; but I was soon ten miles from home, and my mind became stronger every mile I rode. I should find my husband dead or dying, was as firmly my presentiment and conviction as any fact of my life. When day broke, I was some thirty miles from home. I knew the general route our little army expected to take, and had followed them without hesitation. After sunrise I came upon a group of women and children, standing and sitting by the road side, each of them showing the same anxiety of mind I felt. Stopping a few moments, I inquired if the battle had been fought. They knew nothing.

Again I was skimming over the ground thro' a country thinly settled, and very poor and swampy; but neither my own spirits nor my beautiful nag's failed in the least; we followed the well marked trail of the troops.

The sun must have been well up, say eight or nine o'clock, when I heard a sound like thunder, which I knew must be cannon. It was the first time I ever heard cannon. I stopped still, when presently the cannon thundered again. The battle was then fighting. What a tool! my husband could not be dead last night and the battle fighting now? Still, as I am so near, I will go on and see how they come out.

So away we went faster than ever; and I found by the noise of guns that I was near the fight. Again I stopped I could hear the muskets, I could hear rifles, and I could hear shouting. I spoke to my mare and dashed on in the direction of the firing, and the shouts were louder than ever. The blind path I had been following brought me into the Wilmington road leading from Moore's Creek Bridge. A few yards from the road in a cluster of trees, were lying perhaps twenty men. They were the wounded. I knew the spot; the very trees, and the position of the men I knew as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night! I saw all at once; but in an instant my whole soul was centered in one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard cloak, was my husband's body! How I passed the few yards from the saddle to the place I never knew. I remember uncovering his head and seeing a face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put my hand on the bloody face; 'twas warm, and an unknown voice begged for water. I brought it, poured some in his mouth; washed his face; and behold! it was Frank Cogdell."

After binding up the wounds of several soldiers, her husband, who had been in pursuit of the enemy came up, and we may imagine his surprise at seeing his wife, whom he had but a day before left sixty miles distant. She remained during the day rejoicing with the victors and ministering to the wounded and at midnight again mounted her mare and started for home. They wished her to stay until morning, and they would send a party with her, but she told them no party could keep up with her; so hastening back, she returned to her home and child, which she reached in safety.

A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

The following most touching fragment of a Letter from a dying Wife to her Husband was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall meet your eye, dear G—, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the old white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the tips you have so often pressed, and the sod shall be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imagination of a girl, yet dear G—, if it is so! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to