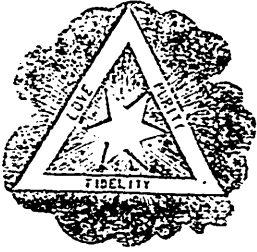


SON OF TEMPERANCE

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.

ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

It was many and many a Year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the wings seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men knew,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our Love it was stronger by far than the love,  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissolve my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams, without bringing dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my soul  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

INHUMANITY REBUKED.

"There's something good in human nature, after all."—  
*Bulwer.*

The Blair County Whig says, a few years ago, while passing over the Pennsylvania State Improvements, the writer was a witness of one of those scenes of genuine kind-heartedness which make the heart thrill with an unutterable blessing, and fills the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still" in our common nature.

At a point this side of the mountains, where occurred the transshipment of passengers from the west, was moored a canal boat, waiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way "through" to the East. The Captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, when the cars rolled up, and, a few moments after, a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the Captain, addressed him something after this wise—"Sir, we wish to go on East—but our further progress to-day will depend on you. In the cars we have just left is a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain—what say you?" "Gentlemen," replied the Captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?" To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when, without a moment's pause, the Captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner, a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker-worm, Consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The Captain advanced, and spoke to him kindly. "Oh! sir," said the shivering invalid, looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation. "Are you the Captain—and will you take me! God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence; and are so unkind. You see, sir, I am dying—but, oh! if I am spared to reach my mother I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go!" replied the Captain, "if I loose every passenger for the trip!"

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled up on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the Captain before engaging their passage. A moment more and that decision was made, as they beheld him coming from the cars, with the sick man cradled in his s'out arms. Pushing directly through the throng with his dying benen, he ordered a mattress to be spread, in the choicest spot of the boat, where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent. That done, the Captain directed the boat to be prepared for start-

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and, in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the Captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin. He went, and from their midst arose an aged, white-haired man, who, with the tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-embrowned man, that he had taught them all a lesson—that they felt humbled before him, and that they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up, choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all present. On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a "God speed!" on his way home, to die in the arms of his mother!

The true-hearted Captain of that boat was General Samuel D. Kams, and the above incident is worth remembering.

ESCHEW LISTLESSNESS.—No one ever expects to hear anything pointed or forcible from a person lying on a sofa, or lounging on an arm-chair. From the natural association of feelings it cannot be; his physical relaxation extends itself to his spirit, and thence to his whole intellect; his ideas flow but languidly, his energy is extinct. One might multiply examples without end, but a single one suffices. It follows that if we would enjoy society, or in other words, conversation, for it comes to the same thing, we must keep our energies at work; not indeed violently, nor even vehemently, for that would destroy all, but gently and movingly. We must eschew all listlessness; keep our attention up, but never overstrain it; labor nothing, say nothing, but what presents itself in course and without an effort. And lastly, as they say of a horse, keep our faculties in hand, to be held in, or let out, at our discretion; and never from excitement or eagerness, so overreach ourselves as to lose our self-control and be thrown off the right balance.

THE "SEVENS" OF HUMAN LIFE.—Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day—the teeth spring out in the 7th month, and are shed and renewed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At three 7 years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, man becomes legally competent to all civil acts—at four times 7 a man is in full possession of his strength—at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world—at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise or never—at seven times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that decays—at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric—at nine times 7 or 63, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times 7 or three-score years and ten, has by the Royal Prophet been pronounced the natural period of human life.

Nothing is mended by grumbling.