

[ORIGINAL.]
FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE FOREST BARD.

Hark Brother, while the muse shall sing,
A brother bard's esteem,
Be friendship's sacred note the air;
Fraternal love the theme.

Would that thy muse inspired my lay,
Thy fingers tuned my lyre;
Could I employ thy graceful style,
Thy true poetic fire.

Then lay fond theme I'd sweeter sing,
Her eulogies prolong;
Sabbler thoughts would grace my page,
Sabbler notes—my song

FRIENDSHIP—companion in my joys,
My comforter in tears;
Thou hast been mine in youthful days,
Be mine in riper years.

A faithful friend is Heaven's boon,
To him by grief oppress'd;
For Friendship's hand Heaven oft employs,
To soothe the troubled breast.

The friendship's talismanic art,
Her magic power we know;
When silent tears of anguish fall,
Or sorrow's tempests blow.

But sadness fills the friendless heart,
Though prosper'd to a throne;
The cup of *weal* would taste of *woe*,
If shared by one alone.

But who can measure friendship's power,
Or estimate her worth?
Then vain must be the bard's attempt,
To set her virtues forth.

Brother, thy name, thy worth, thy love,
By friendship's mystic art,
Are graven in immortal lines,
Deep in thy Brother's heart.

A precious gem, thou'st given to me,
From friendship's richest mine;
If ought the title "*gem*," can claim,
'Tis friendship, such as thine.

How few, how fleeting were the hours,
We'er together pass'd;
Yet the fair pictures then inscribed,
On mem'ry's tablets last.

Yes, mem'ry oft reviews those hours,
(That pleasure too is thine,)
When each to other pledged his hand,
At friendship's sacred shrine.

Sweet hours—their mem'ry still shall live,
Till we our breath resign;
Nay, death shall fail to break the chain,
That binds my heart to thine.

Be it our object here to live,
For God and realms above;
Then after death we'll fully prove,
His, and each other's love.

THOMAS A. FERGUSON.

BURLINGTON, August 12, 1852.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance

TWO PICTURES.—A SKETCH.

BY F. B. ROLF.

The roar of the tempest was hushed, and the
winged rainbow spanned the dark clouds,
giving by its golden tints the mercy of Heaven
to the world of sentient and rational beings. The
expanses swept through the strings of Nature's
rolling a full and swelling tide of music
through the wide and everlasting corridors of nature.
Friend was beauty and sublimity. The declivity
threw its crowns of gold upon the brow of
the mountain and giant oak. But soon the
light came! Fair Cynthia shook from her
the fleecy cloud, and rode forth in peerless

majesty, among the bright constellations of Heaven. The stars, like lamps lit by the hands of Angels, mingled their mellow light, and flooded earth with a sea of glory. But while I was thus admiring nature, the sound of music fell upon my ear. It came from the hall of mirth. Attracted by its mild and soul stirring cadence, we entered. There was a beautiful picture presented to my view. It was a lovely female who had just been led by the hand of her lover to the Hymenial Altar. The snow white bridal wreath sat light upon her brow, and her raven hair floated in rich profusion around her shoulders. She was truly beautiful, and many a noble youth had bowed before the majesty of her brown eye. But one, and only one, had succeeded in winning her heart and obtaining her hand. Their love was mutual, and like two crystal rivulets, which gently roll through the flower clad vale, and sweetly meet and mingle into one; this was the mingling of kindred spirits—the union of loving hearts and the spontaneous overflowing of warm and holy emotions. But whilst the fair goddess of love seemed to preside on the occasion and throw chaplets of flowers around the brow of the guests, yet there was one sight, which caused a thrill of horror to run through my frame. I saw the fond couple approach the table where the light from the massive lamp disclosed to my view the sparkling wine cup. Oh! what feelings filled my bosom, when I saw that lovely bride stain those lips which could vie with the fairest rose, with that liquid fire which 'at last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' But time passed onward. The pulpit labors of a May Sabbath were ended, and the glories of sunset were fading in the west as I wandered in solitude, through a grove of evergreens which stood near a beautiful village. There are times when the soul loves solitude. It cuts loose from the cares of life and goes forth to luxuriate in the wide fields of beauty and sublimity. It seems to forget its woes and sorrows, and on spirit wing fly to the radiant shore where no clouds arise. While I was enjoying this revery, amidst the soul purifying scenes which surrounded me, a voice, low and plaintive, fell upon my ear. It was a voice of prayer. A sort of delightful thrill ran through my bosom. I advanced a few steps and a gentle breeze moved the branches and disclosed to my view the form of a female, low bending in nature's own temple in the solemn act of prayer. But fancy, dear reader, my surprise when the moon rushed from behind the cloud, and by its pale beams, I was enabled to recognise the form I once saw in the hall of mirth. But how changed the picture. Her countenance, once so beautiful, was pale and deathly. The rose had fled from the cheek, and the diamond from the eye. But her voice was clear and as mild as the breathing of the Angel's lyre, which sounds amidst the branches of the "*Tree of Life*." But what was the burden of her prayer? Oh! how it must have melted the cold heart of the rum seller, to hear her plead with God to restore her husband to virtue and temperance. She spoke of the joys of her youth—the time when no dark cloud hid the sunshine of love and happiness. But now her heart was broken, and its strings, like those of a deserted harp, vibrate to every breeze of sorrow which swept through it. While I listened, methought if ever angels flew from Heaven with golden phials to treasure up the prayers of saints, and mingle them with odours on Heaven's altar, there must be some sister spirit lingering over the place to catch the prayers of this sainted one. With that love which was manifest by Jesus upon the cross, she implored Heaven to forgive the *rum seller*, and not lay the sin of tempting her husband to his charge. She prayed for light to dawn upon the chaos of her husband's heart, that they might again enjoy the scenes of love and happiness which had once been theirs. But soon the last word of prayer died on the vacant air; all was forgotten upon earth, but not in Heaven. God remembers the prayers of the saints, and will reward them with life in the world to come. Reader, let me remind you, that although the wine cup is encircled with a wreath of flowers,

and a halo of pleasure may seem to flow around it, yet a viper lays coiled in its depth. Its bright hues may glitter in your view, but only serve to decoy you to ruin. Touch it not, for it "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

OROHO, August 23, 1852.

A CHICKEN STORY.

While the Legislature of Missouri was in session, a few years ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the legs to a string, and this being divided equally, and thrown over his horses' shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, with little else of them visible except their naked legs, and a promiscuous pile of outstretched wings and feathers. After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag, to whom he made an offer of sale, told him that he did not want chickens himself, but perhaps he could sell them at a large stone house over the there (the Capitol,) that there was a man over there buying for the St. Louis market and no doubt he could find a ready sale.

The delighted countryman started, when his informer stopped him.

"Look here," says he. "when you get over there, go up stairs and turn to the left. The man stops in that large room. You will find him sitting at the other end of the room, and he is now engaged with a number of fellows buying chickens. If the man at the door should stop you, don't mind him. He has got chickens himself for sale and tries to prevent other people selling theirs. Don't mind him but go right a-head."

Following the directions, our friend soon found himself at the door of the Hall of Representatives. To open the door and enter was the work of a moment. Taking from his shoulder the string of chickens, and giving them a shake, to freshen them, he commenced his journey to the speakers chair, the fowls in the meantime, expressing from the half formed *crow* to the harsh *quawk*, their bodily presence, and their sense of bodily pain.

"I say sir!"—Here he had advanced about half way down the aisle, when he was seized by Major Sackson, the doorkeeper, who happened to be returning from the Clerk's desk.

"What the d—! are you doing here with these chickens? get out, sir, get out," whispered the doorkeeper.

"No you don't, though, you don't come that game over me, You've got chickens yourself for sale, get out yourself, and let me sell mine. I say, sir, (in a louder tone to the Speaker,) are you buying chickens here to-day? I've got some prime ones here."

And he held up his string, and shook his fowls until their music made the walls echo.

"Let me go, sir, (to the doorkeeper,) let me go, I say. Fine large chickens only six bits a dozen."

"Where's the Sergeant-at-arms!" roared the Speaker—"take that man out."

"Now don't will you, I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (to the doorkeeper,) you've sold your chickens now let me have a chance. I say, sir, (to the Speaker; in a louder voice) are you buying chickens to—"

"Go a-head," "at him again," "that's right," whispered some of the opposition members who could command gravity enough to speak.

"I say, sir, (to the Speaker)—cuss your pictures, let me go—fair play—two to one ain't fair (to the doorkeeper and Sergeant-at-arms,) let me go; I say, sir, up there, (to the Speaker,) you can have 'em for six bits! won't take a red cent less. Take 'em home and eat 'em myself before I'll take—Drat your hides, don't shove so hard, will you! you'll hurt them chickens, and they've had an hard travel of it to-day, anyhow. I say, you air, up there"

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and earned, and the members almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend in high altercation with the doorkeeper, about the meanness of selling his own chickens and letting nobody else sell theirs, adding that, if he could just see that man up there by himself he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits."

The members bought his fowls by a pony purse, and our friend left the Capitol saying as he went down stairs:

"Well, this is the darnnest, roughest place for selling chickens that I ever came across by hokey!"