

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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THE WAYSIDE WELL.

We extract the following beautiful article of poetry fresh from Dicken's new journal, "Household Words." It is refreshing to catch a gem of such exquisite beauty in the present day of song.

Oh, the pretty wayside well,
 Wreathed about with roses,
 Where beguiled with soothing spell,
 Weary foot reposes.

With a welcome fresh and green
 Wave thy border grasses,
 By the dusty traveller seen,
 Sighing as he passes.

Treads the drover on thy sward,
 Comes the beggar to thee,
 Free as gentleman or lord
 From his steed to woo thee.

Thou from parching lip dost earn
 Many a murmured blessing,
 And enjoyest in thy turn
 Innocent caressing.

Fair the greeting face ascends
 Like a maid daughter
 When the peasant lassie bends
 To thy trembling water.

When she leans upon her pail
 Glancing o'er the meadow,
 Sweet shall fall the whisper tale,
 Soft the double shadow.

Mortals love thy crystal cup,
 Nature seems to pgt thee,
 Seething Summer's fiery lip
 Hath no power to fret thee.

Cooly sheltered from smirch,
 In thy cavelot shady,
 O'er thee in a silver birch
 Stoops a Forest lady.

To thy glass the star of eve
 Shyly dares to bend her
 Matron Moon, thy depth receive
 Globed in mellow splendour.

—Beauteous spray! forever owned,
 And undisturbed by station—
 Not to thirsty lips alone
 Serving mild donation.

Never come the mewt or frog,
 Pebble thrown in malice,
 Mud, or withered leaves to clog
 Or defile thy chalice.

A WONDERFUL MAN.

The following article, giving a sketch of the life of Edward Drinker, of Philadelphia, of whom it is said he saw greater revolutions than any other man that was ever born was published in the Philadelphia Gazette of April 20, 1783:

Edward Drinker was born in a cottage, in 1680, on the spot where the city of Philadelphia now stands, which was inhabited at the time of his birth by Indians, and a few Swedes and Hollanders. He often talked of picking blackberries and catching wild rabbits where this populous city is now seated. He remembered William Penn arriving there his second time and used to point out the spot where the cabin stood in which Mr. Penn and his friends were accommodated on their arrival.

The life of this aged citizen is marked with circumstances which never betel any other individual; for he saw greater events than any other man, at least since the Patriarchs. He saw the same spot of earth, in the course of his own life, covered with wood and bushes, the receptacles of wild beasts, and birds of prey, afterwards become the seat of a great city, not only the first in wealth and arts in America, but equalled but by few in Europe; he saw great and regular streets where he often pursued hares and wild rabbits, he saw fine churches rise upon morasses, where he used to hear nothing but the croaking of frogs; great wharves and warehouses where he had so often seen the Indian savages draw their fish from the river; and that river afterwards full of great ships from all parts of the world, which in his youth had nothing bigger than an Indian canoe; and on the spot where he had gathered huckleberries he saw their magnificent city hall erected, and that Hall filled with legislators astonishing the world with their wisdom and virtue. He also saw the first treaty ratified between the United Powers of America and the most powerful Prince of Europe, with all the formality of parchment and seals, and on the same spot where he once saw

William Penn ratify his first and last treaty with the Indians. And to conclude, he saw the beginning and the end of the British Empire in Pennsylvania. He had been the subject of many oppressive and unconstitutional acts passed in Great Britain, he bought them them all, and embracing the liberty and independence of his country in his withered arms, and triumphing in the last year of his life in the salvation of his country, he died on the 17th of November, 1782, aged 103 years.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Ebenezer Elliott, the corn-law rhymor, just deceased, was born on the 17th of March, 1781, being one of eight children. His father was a clerk in the iron-works at Masbro', near Rothorham, with a salary of £70 a-year. The few particulars which are known of his early youth present him to us as noted for good nature, sensibility, and extreme dullness. It was for this last quality that Ebenezer was sent into the foundry, while his brother Giles was promoted to the counting-house stool; for on leaving school, his father was amazed to find the young poet deficient in the merest rudiments of arithmetic. In time he became a great reader. History and political economy were his favorite subjects; but he delighted in the classic poets of Greece and Rome, although he could only enjoy their beauties through translations. Homer and Æschylus were his great favorites, and in his counting-house might be seen, twenty years afterwards, the figures of Achilles and Ajax. Elliott has often been incorrectly instanced as a poet of the working classes, but only a small part of his life was spent in manual labor. He came to Sheffield a young man, some hundred and fifty pounds worse than nothing, where, after many failures and much endurance, fortune at length visited him. He began the business of a bar-iron merchant, at a House in Burgess-street, which is now shown to the traveller as one of the "sights" of Sheffield. This place becoming too small for him, he removed his warehouse to Gibraltar-street, Skalesmoor, and built at Uppertorpe a handsome villa for his private residence. At this time, such was the prosperity of the town of Sheffield, that he used, as he was wont to relate, to sit in his chair and make twenty pounds a-day, without even seeing the goods he sold. The corn-laws, he says, altered this, and made him glad to get out of business with part of his gains. As it was, the great panic of 1837 swept away some £4,000 of his property. Among the massive bars which enclosed him, even in his counting-house, Elliott made poems and under the shadow of Shakspeare and Raleigh, in the same place, achieved a fortune. He has been called a Burns of manufacturing life; in the sensitiveness to natural beauty, and the hearty vindication of the rights of man, the comparison is perhaps not mistaken. His great educator was suffering, and his views, his countenance, and his writings partook of the sternness of his experience. His attacks on the monstrous