

"Well my child! yes! for your sake I will forgive your father. That is enough. Now rise and leave me."

At these words the suppliant fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then Aid de Camp of Napoleon, and his wife, accompanied her to the prison of the Conciergerie, with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbings for a while, stifled all possible utterance. Suddenly her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed and she fell in entire unconsciousness into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate girl was a hopeless maniac.

Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur in a low tone of voice, "Poor child! poor child!—a father who has such a daughter is still more culpable, I will take care of her and of her mother."

[ORIGINAL.]  
LOVE.

When kindred hearts in secret meet,  
Beneath the starry sky,  
The love lisp'd tale seems then most sweet,  
Most soft the tender sigh.  
When hid from vulgar jeering eyes,  
How dear its embrace seems,  
So sweet, so dear—the world's best prize,  
Methinks it brightly beams.

To kindred hearts who know and feel,  
Love's pure untarnish'd ray,  
Is there aught kingly pow'r could deal,  
Or at our footstool lay?  
More to be prized, adored or sought,  
By man in this cold sphere,  
Oh no! Oh no! methinks there's nought,  
To man should be more dear.

Oh give me but a loving heart,  
To twine around my own,  
One that will sigh when forced to part,  
And think of me alone.  
Will spring to meet me with bright eye,  
As back again I turn:  
Nought would I care for low'ring sky,  
Misfortune's worst I'd scorn!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Kemptonville, January 10th, 1852

[ORIGINAL.]  
MARRIAGE NOTICE.

BY SYLVICOLA.

Och Hymen my darlin' you're done it at last,  
And another poor wretch in your meshes is fast;  
But in truth it was Cupid who punn'd him so hard,  
Or you never had vanquish'd our sweet FOREST BARD.

No wonder he sang so of blushes and sighs,  
Of ruby red lips, and of soft angel eyes;  
Sure the cratur was bother'd so out of his wits,  
That he leap'd into wedlock in one of his fits.

Och me blessin's go wid ye sweet Hymen agra,  
If I saw ye I'd give ye a shake of the paw;  
Sure I've prayed night and day that this child of the muse,  
Might feel how your victims you squerz'd in the noose.

Know all ye fair maidens who ever have thought,  
That our young FOREST BARD might have room to be caught;  
On the first of this month be the troth of my quill,  
He took am a wife somewhere near Innisfil.

COBURN, January, 1853.

**FEMALE INTemperance IN ENGLAND.**—We cut the following from the *British Friend*, a monthly journal published in Glasgow, devoted to the interest of the Society of Friends. The statistics disclose a remarkable and appalling proportion of females among the frequenters of the tipping shops of charity. "The aggregate comparative number of the individuals given below is—Females, 1,080; Males, 625; Youths, 240. On Saturday evening, July 12, 1851, there entered into a spirit shop in Prince's street, between the hours of 10 and 12, 173 males, 365 females, and 38 youths. On Saturday evening, Aug. 9, in a spirit shop in King street, between the same hours, 109 males, 247 females, and 41 youths. On Saturday evening, Aug. 16, between the same hours, into a cellar in Stirling street, 96 males, 105 females, and 117 youths. On Saturday evening, Aug. 23, between the same hours, 60 males, 103 females, and 17 youths entered a shop in High street. On Saturday evening, Aug. 30, between the same hours, there entered into one in Stirling street, 116 males, 149 females, and 14 youths; and on the 6th September, into a spirit cellar in Main street, Gocharas, there entered 75 males, 111 females, and 13 youths. These facts show, in striking light, not only the awful prevalence of drunkenness, but the fearful proportion of its female victims.

**THE AUTHOR OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.**—We learn from good authority that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is about to visit Great Britain with her husband. She has lately received a letter from Dr. Wardlaw, tendering her in behalf of a number of ladies and gentlemen of Glasgow, an invitation to visit England at their expense. This invitation she has accepted; and she will soon leave for Liverpool.—*Boston Traveller*.

A servant girl who has for several years attended divine services at Inington Church, but who cannot read, has from constant attendance got the service by rote, and has been observed to repeat it extremely well. A few Sundays ago, previous to her marriage, she was accompanied in the same pew by her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer-book and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also, but unfortunately for the poor girl she held it upside down. The young man astonished at this exclaimed, "Why, Mary Anne, you have the book the wrong side upwards." "I know it," said she confusedly; "I always read so; I am left handed."



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—*Proverbs, c. 22, v. 6*

LITTLE ROB.

BY S. R. S.

Pretty, prattling, little Rob,  
Ever happy, ever gay—  
Precious little golden ringlets  
Round thy forehead ever play.  
Laughing playful, little Rob,  
Surely all is joy with thee.—  
As thou journey'st down life's path  
May it thus forever be.  
As thy little back glides on,  
Down Time's evening fog, so my flight,  
Surely joy and bliss await thee  
If thou gain thy helm aright  
May thy path be strewn with flowers,  
Sending forth their sweet perfume—  
May their music soon prepare thee  
For the life beyond the tomb.  
Thy joyous days will soon be o'er;  
How very soon no tongue can say—  
May thy Autumn prove as pleasant  
As thy gentle, blushing May

GARLAND.

THE DEACON AND HIS BIBLE CLASS.

**A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.**—A friend related to us a few days since the following incident which is worth repeating:—In a town not a hundred miles from this, lives a deacon who has or had some time since, a class of young men in the Sabbath School. Just before the last gubernatorial election, this deacon and Sabbath School teacher manifested a decided hostility to the movements of the temperance men and to the "Liquor Law." He was what, in these days of curious nomenclature, is called a "Liberal." He advocated the legal right, not only of every man to make a beast and a fiend of himself, but also contended for the liberty of every one vile enough to make money by such means, to do all in his power to degrade his fellow-men, to break the hearts of parents, wives and children, and bring disgrace, ruin and wretchedness into families. The boys in his Bible-class, however, were of a different way of thinking. They were temperance men; and the course of their teacher seemed to them plainly inconsistent with the precepts of that book in whose sacred lessons he professed to instruct them from Sabbath to Sabbath. Accordingly they declared just before the election that if Deacon ——— was going to vote the "Rum Ticket," they did not wish him for their teacher. Election day came, and the deacon voted the "Liberal" ticket, which fact the boys were not slow to find out. On the next Sabbath they were very punctually in their places in the school as usual. Soon their teacher came in and sat down in his accustomed place. No sooner had he done so than the boys started up and moved off in a body to another part of the house, leaving the deacon to pursue his meditations upon the Scriptures alone. It is to be hoped that his reflections upon the lesson of the day were not unprofitable. When such decided principle is manifested on the part of the youth there is reason to hope well for the future morals of the community.—*Zions Advocate*.

A German writer in a late volume on the social condition of Great Britain, observes that there is such a scarcity of thieves in England that they are obliged to offer large rewards for them.

An author may write by the yard, and think by the inch, or write by the inch and think by the yard.

A miser gets rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

No one has more enemies in this world than an upright, proud and sensible man, despised to take persons and things for what they really are, and not for what they are not.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he acquired so much knowledge, answered, "by not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

**RETORTS**—produced by, or partaking of the nature of rosin or wax.

**GLASSES**—from the Latin *vitrum*, glass—produced by, or partaking of the nature of glass.

A tradesman in the South advertises that he has always a large supply of leeches on his hands.

**TELEGRAPHS**—from the Greek *tele*, far off, and *graphein*, I write. Inventions which describe occurrences at a distance are telegraphs. Electric telegraphs have been found to convey signals at the rate of 120,000 miles per second, so that were a line of wire laid round the globe, the electric fluid would traverse it in about one-fifth of a second.

**SPIRITUAL KNOCKING.**—The Spiritualists held a Convention in the Masonic Temple in this city last week, the result of which was anything but satisfactory to those who have been seeking to know more of this singular phenomenon. The meeting broke up in confusion.—*Boston Life Boat*, 5th January.

**TEX COATS** is the price paid by some furnishing store in New-York for making a shirt. "Mr. M. is not shirts you are wearing out, 'tis human creatures' lives."

TWENTY FAREWELLS TO DRUNKENNESS.

FAREWELL, Landlords, farewell, Jerries,  
Farewell, brandy, wine and sherris;  
Farewell, horrors and blue devils;  
Farewell, dens of midnight revels.  
Farewell, shoes that have no soles on;  
Farewell, fires that have no coals on.  
Farewell, sots and all sot feeders;  
Farewell, rogues, and all thief breeders.  
Farewell, cupboards that have no meat in;  
Farewell, chairs that have no seats in.  
Farewell, children with wry faces;  
Farewell, to these pop-shop races.  
Farewell, landlords and your spouses;  
Farewell, spiders and your houses.  
Farewell, to your noise and rabble,  
Farewell, to such foolish gabble.  
Farewell, swash and all swash vendors;  
Farewell, bums, and all bum vendors.  
Farewell, pockets that are empty;  
Farewell, landlords, you've had plenty.

**CHRISTMAS DAY.**—Julian I has the credit of transferring the celebration of Christ's birth from January 6th to December 25th; but Mosheim considers the report very questionable. It would appear that the Eastern Church kept Christmas day on January 6th, and the Western Church on December 25th. At length, about the time of Chrysostom, the Oriental Christians sided with the Western Church. Bringham also cites Augustine as saying, that it was the current tradition that Christ was born on the 8th kalends of January—that is, on the 25th of December. Had, therefore, Julian I. dogmatically fixed the 25th of December as the birthday of our Saviour, it is scarcely possible to suppose that Augustine, who flourished about half a century later, would allege current tradition as the reason, without any notice of Julian.

**PITTSBURG WOMEN, BOYS, AND TEMPERANCE.**—At the last sitting of the Grand Jury of this county, that body found three hundred and sixty-six "true bills," and ignored one hundred and thirty, making four hundred and ninety-six presentments for crimes committed in our county in the short space of three months. Of these, three were for murder, one for manslaughter, forty-three for assault and battery, forty-three for larceny, and two hundred and twelve for keeping tipping houses. In their report they complained that, of fifty-five ward and township constables, only twelve had complied with the law and returned the tipping houses in their district, and say:—"From this examination of so large an amount of crime, the jury have naturally been induced to investigate the cause, and find from an accurate memorandum kept, that all the cases of murder, and three-fourths of those of assault and battery and larceny, were committed under the influence of intoxicating liquors. Where, then, are we to find a remedy for so great an evil? The Grand Jury desire that whatever influence their united testimony may have, it be expressed in favor of the procurement of the passage of some constitutional law, by our Legislature, that will prohibit the entire manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal and manufacturing purposes. It will doubtless strike all with surprise when the large number of the tipping house cases are known, great as their number is, they would have largely increased had the constables made their proper returns."—*American paper*.

**FRUITS OF A HALF CENTURY.**—Fifty years ago steamboats were unknown—now there are 3000 afloat on American waters alone. In 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world—now there are 10,000 miles in the United States, and about 22,000 in America and England. Half a century ago, it took some weeks to convey news from Washington to New Orleans—now not as many seconds as it then did weeks. Fifty years ago the most rapid printing press was worked by hand-press—now steam prints 20,000 papers an hour on a single press.

If Somebody says there are two kinds of family jars; into one you put your sweetmeats, and into the other you put—your foot.

**THE PRISON DISCIPLINE OF CANADA.**—Dr. Nelson, one of the commissioners employed by the government to inspect the prisons of Upper Canada, has made an elaborate report and gives it as his opinion, that there is no grievance of our province equal to that of our present defective prison discipline. It is a matter of pleasure to the humane and moral in society, to see that the miserable and defective management of goals is being exposed by this report.

**BUILDING UNDER GROUND IN NEW YORK.**—The money-making inhabitants of this great city have fallen upon the plan of having several stories of their newest buildings under ground, and five or six stories above ground. This is done to make money out of small plots of ground. The under-ground stories are well lighted and ventilated, and said to be very comfortable.

**LAW.**—An important bill to amend the law of evidence has just been printed. Husband and wife are to be examined, except in criminal or adultery cases, as well as all parties to actions, but communications between husband and wife during marriage are not to be disclosed. Cases may be tried at Nisi Prius without a jury. Further, it is proposed that costs may be awarded to a prisoner indicted and acquitted.

**THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE.**—In 1848, the Governors of twenty of the States were democrats—none were whigs. In 1849, 18 were democrats and 11 whigs. In 1850, 24 were democrats and 7 whigs. In 1851, there were 26 democrats and 5 whigs. At this time the democrats have 27 governors and the whigs have but 3. The whig governors are in Vermont, Massachusetts (where they may be elected), Tennessee and Wisconsin. The latter of these States is more strongly democratic than any State in the Union, and yet a whig governor slipped in on a bank hour by a small majority.

At Nottingham, England, the great centre of the lace manufacture, they are now manufacturing a most beautiful fabric for window curtains, bed curtains, etc., of iron wire. In houses, iron ships, and now in a capes for the ladies' Wools they attracted the lightning, and didn't we have women of metal for our wives.

On the day following the Duke of Wellington's funeral, the *Times* reached a sale of 70,000 copies, 15,000 more than has ever been printed of any one number of the paper before. The 70,000 copies were printed off in six hours and a quarter by the wonderful machine.