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Portial Department.

THE FARMER.

Sweet is the Farmer's sleep!
Sweet, if by toil he earns his bread;
He knows not half the cares and dread
Which agitate the warrior's mind,
And make him watch and weep;
But casting sorrow to the wind,
Sweet is the Farmer's sleep!

Refraining are his dreams,
No tantalizing scenes of wealth
Mock him; possessed of ease and health,
He fears not murders, storms, nor pest,
The weak man's mighty theme;
But innocence and peace inspire
His light and pleasant dreams.

And when the cheerful morn
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,
Lighly his slumbers, as a cloud,
Reflected by the noonday sun,
On wings of light are borne;
No headach evils, in mantle dross,
The Farmer's happy morn.

O bless my sweet repose!
When bolts invite my limbs to rest,
May no false horrors to my rest;
Breathe through my lips thy kindest dreams,
My willing eyelids close,
And as the Farmer's sleep,
Be such my sound repose.

Temperance Department.

ANTI-TOBACCONIST.

We copy the following well written and humorous defence of the *Virginia weed*, from the *Utica (N. Y.) Observer*, and wickedly conspired together to discontinue the use of Tobacco. There has not been, since the Alien and Sedition laws, so bold an attempt to subvert the constitution of these free states—such a palpable infringement on the reserved rights of the people, in their individual sovereign capacity—and we hesitate not to say that there will be found thousands who will rise in resistance to this bold attempt to wrest from their privileges, and who "will go even to the death for their" tobacco. The operations of the conspirators have been conducted with so much secrecy, that it was but lately that their designs were smothered; but now that their plans have become public, we hold it our duty to advise all honest men to *draw* any connexion with them. This is not the first time that the attempt has been made to encroach upon the unalienable right of man. This most anti-republican canon emanated, as all may suppose, from the throne of Royalty itself—and the "Counterblast" written by King James, was the first formal attack upon those who delight themselves with the use of this delicious herb. Since that time, many efforts have been made by disturbers of the public quiet, to bring it into disrepute; but among them all, the most slanderous rogue was the ridiculous poetaster, who commenced a philippic against it in the words following, to wit:—

"Tobacco is a noxious weed,
And from the devil's doom proceeds;
It wastes your money, spoils your clothes,
And makes a chimney smoke and smoke."
We will desist, with all our might and main, these infringements upon the rights of the people. We hold tobacco to be a delicious masticatory, provided by a beneficent Providence for man and man alone, except when in the shape of snuff, when then for some time, we moreover hold ourselves ready to maintain it by the most approved method of ratification, as thus:

Nothing was made in vain;
But tobacco was made in vain;
The devil's tobacco was made in vain;
Tobacco is good; no man is to be deceived,
(or cheated) snuffed and snuffed;
But it was not made in vain;
Therefore it was made to be chewed, (or chewed) smoked and snuffed.

Syllabotically, therefore, it is shown that tobacco was designated for the comfort, nourishment, consolation and support of human nature; and if there be a man yet unconvinced, he must be wrong-headed, past all hope of recovery, and his opinion is not worth an "old shilling." This is an age of the most alarming innovations upon established customs. Temperance societies are stalking through our land scattering temperance species—Temperance Records and cold water, and dissuading men from worshipping the bottle and diving in the ditch, according to the dictates of their own consciences. All this is done for no other purpose, but we can stand it no longer in this anti-tobacco society—our Herod. Why, the whole family of Quads are doomed to be cast-aways. Cavendish, sweet black and rich, is to be *disliked*. Long cut is to be cut short—and short-cut, to be cut direct. Ladies' twist is to be untwisted, and Pig-tail, glorious Pig-tail, to be torn away, "hide, hair and all."

And as if that were not inflicting injury enough upon mankind, the whole generation of snuff are to go out. The American Gentleman and Irish Blackguard, are laid in one indiscriminate mass of destruction; and that dear, delicate titillator of the olfactory—*that* delectable impalpability called Scotch, is not only to be scotched but killed. What absurdity! how against nature! What in the name of all that's fragrant was the move made for but to

hold snuff? And had it been placed on the face, with the lower end up, as it was undoubtedly intended to be, we assert, without fear of contradiction, mankind would have been perfectly happy. It is our business to deprive them of its beneficent, profits and perquisites; the greatest insult which could have been offered to it—unless it be greater to place it in a parenthesis with dirty fingers. But the evils which would follow the success of these conspirators are innumerable—

The pipe that is so illly white,
In which so many take delight,
Whether long or short, is to be broken; and the whole variety of segars, from the delicate aromatic Havana, to the regular democratic American long-nine, are to be totally exterminated. In a word should this conspiracy succeed, Happiness will forever take her flight from this nether sphere, amid the wreck of pipes and the crash of tobacco boxes.

WINDING-UP.

From the Boston Traveller.

The wandering Red Man of the Miami.
And, as, on evening shade, on the plain,
An aged man met the hunter's gaze,
Leaving, intently to the night, the strain
Of missing of the deeds of bygone days;
Seeming, in look, a man of ease and grace;
Who would not change, save death, could give his place.

A tall, athletic white man, as the sun sank slowly behind the western forest shade, was seen to enter a lonely cabin upon the woody shores of the Miami; but he had hardly thrown off his hunting apparatus before the horrid wail of the bloody Sioux struck upon his ears.

From a numerous band of that ferocious tribe bounded a half-starved deer, through the frail barrier of his dwelling.
Here, however, they met with an unfriendly reception; for soon the sharp report of the hunter's rifle announced the departure of one of the chief's spirit to the hunting ground of the beast.

They then bound him and departed towards the setting sun, and on the evening of the succeeding day, drew near to the wilderness of the tribe. Here they halted, and sent a deputation forward to inform the chiefs of their return. These immediately returned, and soon the whole party began to move. The whispering plaintive note was heard from the other side of the silent wilderness, as the village exhibited a long dark row of swarthy old men, squaws and children, who lined both sides of the trail; and upon seeing their well known friends, screamed out with horrid yells. One singularly dressed squaw, (the wife of the fallen chief), rode handfast from her dishevelled locks, while she laid her flesh upon to the bone, with sharp instrument, howling throughout the operation, the death song of the Siougs; but upon seeing the white hunter, as he ran the gauntlet, she caught the hunter from the hands of the squaw, and gave the victim a deep wound on the thigh: then pressing the crimson fluid to her lips, she returned the instrument to its owner, and shaking her finger at the hunter with a hollow laugh, entered the neighbouring lodge, while the hunter was conducted to prison. As the first rays of the morning gleamed upon the hill, the hunter saw through the crevices of his prison, numerous swarthy chiefs moving amid the vistas of the forest towards the council fire of the tribe. Half an hour or more passed and the hunter, tortured with suspense, turned from the opening in the forest, and there himself upon the boughs of pine which composed his bed. At that instant he heard a rustling outside, and immediately the window opened, which heretofore appeared to him to be solid logs, through which a young Indian maiden entered. She at once, with a sharp knife, severed the withes that placed his arms, and set him at liberty. She then, she placed her hands upon her breast, and lifting her eyes with a deep sigh burst from her lips, said in the hunter's tongue, "the Sioux chiefs have doomed you to be burnt; but the Sioux maiden loves the pale chief: she has set him at liberty; will the pale face in return, let the light dawn live in his wigwam."

"God knows I will," cried the hunter in rapture. "The pale chief will not be like the French dogs."

"It is enough," cried the maiden, then turning, she blew a small red, and soon three savages entered bearing each a knapsack, gun and other equipments for a march. She pointed to a heap of dry drift wood, which the savages quickly moved; and handed the hunter his trusty rifle and a knapsack well lined with provisions. They then assisted the maiden to climb the window, and she was soon safe on the other side, followed by the hunter and the Indians, who struck off into a lonely trail, and were soon far from the Siougs lodge. And when the evening shades settled down upon the lonely forest, they reached a Chippawa village.

Here, upon declaring themselves to a French Jesuit, who married them, they were received with open arms by the chiefs, who gave them a beautiful hut on the borders of a pleasant stream and bade them live in safety. The white man soon became a favourite with the Chippawa chiefs, and one morning, against the wishes of his lovely wife, joined a hunting party towards the west.

Three weeks rolled away, and nought was heard of the little band; but on the first day of the fourth week, an Indian runner, breathless with haste, entered the village, and soon communicated to the maiden macabre news of her husband being captured and doomed to death by a party of her incensed nation. She spoke not but stood motionless for a long time; then, as though a sudden ray of hope had dis-

pelled the melancholy forebodings of her imagination, she departed towards the west, with the utmost secrecy, and in the course of the next day stood upon a high ascent, which overlooked the village of the Siougs. Loud was a shout now fell upon her ears, sending back the warm blood of her heart. She looked again towards the village, and perceived a prisoner led out and bound to the horrid stake. She uttered a faint scream, and darting down the hill with the rapidity of the elk, entered the circle and threw herself upon her husband's neck.

"The squaw of the pale chief will die with me!" said the maiden, in answer to her husband's reproach for seeking him.

The eyes of the painted warriors glistened with tears of admiration, at the token of love, but their hearts were soon changed to stone, by the hoarse voice of their chieftain, commanding them to sing the war song of the Siougs, as he advanced with his lifted tomahawk towards the prisoner. For a moment he gazed upon the hunter's features, and then with a horrid denunciation let fall the glittering hatchet; but the maiden sprang forward and received the blow. Then, with an angelic smile, she pressed the hand of her husband and, fell helpless into the arms of her agonized father. The chief's last solitary look towards the remains of his once lovely daughter, and then bidding the hunter depart in safety to the land of his fathers, he buried his head in his blanket, and was led by the young warriors to his lodge.

The hunter, after shedding tears of deep sorrow over the silent grave, returned to the settlements of the white on the shores of the Atlantic, while the Siougs chief wandered forth upon the banks of the Miami, an unhappy maniac. And oft in after years as the whites passed a lonely hut on the banks of the Miami, at evening's hour, a strange red man, with his flesh torn by the sharp thorns of the thicket, would come forth, and utter the wailing cry of a raven half hung by his side; then uttering a hideous yell, would bound into the gloomy forest, startling the ravenously wild cat from her prey, and leaving the strangers to persevere their route unable to learn what he saw, that he bore, among the white hunter's the appellation of the Wandering Red man of the Miami.

A Yankee.—In a play, termed "The Green Mountain Boys," in a dialogue, the Yankee is asked, tauntingly who his father was? He replies: "Who was my father? My father was the first inventor of thrashing machines. I am the first of his make, and can be put in operation at a very little expense, and at the shortest notice. I look upon the thrashing machine as the 'New-England Sausage and Scrubbing Brush Machine.' 'Into the centre of this machine,' he says, 'you drive a hog; set the screws again, and it will produce ready made sausages from one end, and patent scrubbing brushes from the other.'"

SPRING-MAY.

"Zeffen torn el bel tempo rimas,
E i fiori el bel suo dolce famiglia;
E zurre Froge, e pueri Filomena;
E primavera coulda vermicia;
Ridono i prati," &c.—Petrarch.

Busy and smiling and freed—like a young widow who has just buried an ancient lord—from the arms of hoary winter, how like a busom bar made at the traveller's call does that arch dame, jocund Spring, come tripping in! The grass shoots up to make her foot fall light, and like the foam that lads its birth beneath the hoof of that famous trod Pegasus (he used to do his mile around Parnassus, according to Hippocrates, in less than three minutes) a thousand rills gush forth: while her steps are for a moment stayed; where flowers peer forth upon the passing May, and the singing birds (like boys trooping through the streets after a volunteer company) her frolic, coarse attend.

In plain parlance, May is come, and as one may reasonably expect the good duenna will not contentenance the coquetting skills of April, we may really begin to look for Spring in earnest, especially as in the very teeth of the late northwest, the willows and horse chestnuts about town have "donned their vests of green," and the blossoms of a peach tree or two may be observed smiling; here and there over the top of a brick wall, like a politician who has just got safely over "the fence."

This influence of this season over the imagination, was a true subject of posing a thousand years before Milton affirmed that his May was most propitious in the Spring; and there can be no doubt, as has been remarked by a close observer, a warm admirer, and vivid painter of Nature, that the season of reproduction and the awakening of the slumbering powers of nature in the arena and brilliancy of vegetation and flowers, call excitability into action, and imports a vigorous and happy effect in the imagination. Yet, we cannot but agree with Mr. Flint when he goes on in his beautiful language to observe, that "the Indian summer, days of autumn, with the associated repose of Nature, the broad and crimson sky of the sun, enthroned in the dome of a misty sky, the clouds sleeping in the firmament, the gorgeous colouring of the forests, and the flashing in the first leaves." Yet, in our opinion, a far more powerful effect upon that faculty, and stimulate it with a deep, though with a less vivacious action. Still there is such a charm in the renovating freshness of Nature, and the morning sounds of awakening earth in spring time, that even in our climate, where the season is as capricious as the fevered consumptive in changing blasts have made, one would hardly

exchange its fulfil skies for the bland air, the silver atmosphere, and the clouds tinted hues of autumn. How voluptuously has the aeros poet, in the sonnet quoted at the head of this paragraph, (one of his very best in spite of the conceit at the end of it) described the approach of this delicious season!

We need not say how much the poetry loses in the mechanical process of translation.

Butler the leaves now returning bring
With dewy lips, and cheeks with warm wine flushing,
And blossoms more than blossoms, but blossoms blushing,
And positive birds her pines caressing.
The fresh, the blooming, life inspiring Spring,
The meadows smile, and melting snows now gushing,
With Love, who every where on wild wing rushing,
Does for all nature his exulting bring.
But yet for me—far me, alas! too long,
As night alone from my deep slumber drawn,
And thoughts of her world that bosom burning,
Who loath its keys with herds Heaven-born,
No bright-eyed maid, nor birds, nor flowers lawn,
Can fill the craving void, or quench the godless yearning.
(N. Y. Amer.)

COLLAPSE OF THE LUNGS.—Some papers contain an easy remedy for the collapse of the lungs, in children who bring it on by holding their breath when crying: close the nostrils of the child with the thumb and finger, put your mouth to the child's mouth and blow smartly.

A clergyman in the interior being consulted as to the character of one of his students, gave the following account of it. "Why sir, *Gladyard*, Deacon Patch is a most excellent person, but *Mangard*, to tell the truth is rather twistical."

The same clergy having occasion to rebuke the same deacon Patch, for some transgression into which he had fallen, began his exhortation in the following manner:—
"Well deacon, it must be confessed you are one of the crookedest sticks that ever grew on Zion's hill."

BREAD.—Indian meal impreges in the estimation of almost every one, the flavour of bread. The first, but not the only, way of pouring boiling water on it when mixed with flour. Owing to the consolidation of water by boiling, the quantity is greatly increased. The moisture or water is not easily driven off or evaporated in the baking. Thus made there is a saving of meal, and a great retention of moisture.

Well, sir, said a painter to his pupil, "will you learn landscape, or portrait painting?" "If my talent tends that way," replied the boy, "father wants me to learn to take off heads."

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THESE articles are of a similar nature, both being excellent remedies for the following complaints: Bruises, Sprains, Gout, Rheumatism, Cramp, Numbness, Weakness or Stiffness of the Neck or Joints, Chills, Crippled Hands, Stings of Insects, Vegetable Parasites, &c. It is applied to the skin and heat.

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THIS simple remedy, when taken according to the directions accompanying each paper, is perfectly safe and harmless, and rarely fails to destroy those pests of the bowels, which annually sweep off thousands of children.

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IS a specific remedy for the Stone, Gravel, Cholic, Spasmodic and Spitting of Blood, and other internal diseases, and is highly recommended by the experience of numbers of people of undoubted respect and integrity.

VALUABLE SALVE.

JOHN C. HARRING, proprietor and vendor of the St. Catharines Adhesive Salve, composed of leading and thoroughly tested ingredients, Rheumatism, and removing other located pains in the back, side or breast, or for drawing the inflammation to the surface, in all cases of inflammation, is induced. From the reputation it has gained in different parts of Upper Canada, and from the still increasing demand for it, where ever it is known, which he desires to extend, he has resolved to send for the use and good of the public, to offer the same for sale at the Direct Ship of

—RUDMAN STARKWATER, Niagara,
—WILLIAM C. CHACE, St. Catharines,
—JAMES W. HAMILTON, A.
—SMITH GREEN, Sarnia, 20 n. e.
Hundreds of signatures to Certificates by Professional gentlemen, and others, testifying to its virtues, might be obtained. But the Proprietor feels confident that a fair trial is the best criterion whereby to judge of its merits.
The Genuine Salve is put up in square boxes, having thereon a label containing the Inventor's name, [in his own hand writing].
Feb. 27, 1852.