# Poetry.

## FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, the struggle's past,
We are forever parted,
And thou art now another's bride,
And I am broken-hearted !

I never told thee how I loved,
By word, or look, or token—
I never know it till the doom
That parted us was spoken.

I did not tell the that my love
Was fonder than a brother's,
And only knew it, felt it, when
I saw thou wast another's.

Bright angels sometimes visit us
On earth, and yet we never
Know they are angels, till we feel
That they are gone forever.

Farewell, farewell, dream pleasantly
Of each untried to-morrow,
Recall the past with all its joys,
And leave to me its sorrow.

I would not that thy gentle heart
Should feel what mine is feeling ;
A rush of sad remembrances
Across it darkly stealing.

The anguish and the agony
Of hopes forever banished ;
The darkness a bright vision leaves
Behind when it is vanished.

Oh! no, forget me if thou canst,
Thy gentle heart will only
Be saddened when thou thinks't of one
So desolate and lonely.

And think not I am murmuring,
Think not I would reprove thee ;
My heart is only telling how
Devotedly I loved thee.

The flower that lifts its gentle form
When balmy winds are sighing,
Though crushed beneath the foot, will give
Its fragrance out in dying.

Farewell, farewell, the struggle's past
We are forever parted,
And thou art now another's bride,
And I am broken-hearted.

# Random Readings.

A lunatic once informed his physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his wits by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

EXCUSE MY BACK.—A censorious and conceited lady, vaunting her good figure, boasted to another that herself and her sister had always been remarkable for the beauty of their backs. 'That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are all ways so glad to see them.' was the *naif* reply.

A Dutch woman desired to advertise her poney, which had 'lost hissell, mit a tail frisky ver mooch, and strike very hard mit his hind fits !'

'What do you propose to take for your cold?' said a lady to a sneezing gentleman. 'Oh, I'll sell very cheap; I won't higgle about the price at all.'

There was recently a concert on the skirts of Newcastle, and the audience comprised some amateurs from a mine. In the course of the evening the Paganini of the orchestra stepped forward to play a solo on the violin.' His ambitious selection was the famous 'Carnival,' through which he struggled with exemplary courage, and at the end he dropped his bow and fiddle by his side, right and left, and made obeisance, expecting a burst of applause; instead of which his ears were astounded by an exclamation from the back seats:

'Aw say, fiddler, are ye gaun to be all neet tunin' that fiddle o' yourn, or are ye gaun to give us a tune?'

ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH.—When a celebrated Scotch nobleman was ambassador to the court of France, King Louis was always very anxious to learn from him,' the character of his nation, *tria junta in uno*. 'Well, my lord, cried the king, how would an Englishman be found after a hard fought field?' 'O, sleeping away the fatigues of the day,' replied the ambassador.' 'Very prudently, rejoined his Majesty—'and the Irish? 'O, he'd be drinking away the fatigues of the day.' 'Good! good!' laughed out royal Louis. 'And now, though not the least in glory's annals, your own countrymen—the bonny Scott?' 'Why, your Majesty, I ken Sandy's humour—he'd be just darning his hose, perhaps, and thinking of the siller he could save.'

## PSALM OF LIFE.

LONGFELLOW IMPROVED.

Tell me not, times out of number,
That this life is but a dream,
Would it were for then would slumber,
All those notes I must redeem.

Life is real, and in earnest,
So too often proves the gaol ;
Gold dust mizzles, but returneth
Seldom, fact upon my soul.

Not enjoyment, lots of sorrow
Plague us sorely on our way ;
In these hard times each to-morrow
Seems still worser than to-day.

Art prolongs the time still fleeting,
When we must the uproar brave
And amidst a special meeting,
Hand our credit to the grave.

Och ! 'tis just a weesame battle,
Scrambling, climbing on through life ;
Kick'd and cuff'd like driven cattle,
Sure I'm weary of the stife.

Then the future, Oh ! how pleasant,
Last V gone, and credit dead ;
Bad enough's the living present,
Worse a prison overhead.

Lives of some men may remind us.
That with chise lings sublime,
We, like them, might leave behind us
Tool marks on the bust of time.

Tool marks, that perchance another
In the dumps might be full fain
Seeing straight to call us brother,
And to chisel o'er again.

Shall we then be up and doing ?
Seize the chisel ere too late ?
Hang it, no ! we'll still keep honest
Heart, and leave the rest to fate.

## BE COURTEOUS ;

OR THE RAILROAD CONDUCTOR CAUGHT.

'Halloa, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute, hurry up, or we shall leave you behind.'

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western Railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing. The baggage master was busy with baggage and checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women, and children were rushing to the cars and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted, puffed and blowed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot.

He was looking around him, and seemed to pay little attention to what was passing around him. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might have hastily supposed that he was a man of neither wealth or influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and familiarly slapped him on the shoulder, called out—

'Halloa, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you.'

'Time enough, I reckon,' replied the individual so roughly dressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car.

'All aboard,' cried the conductor.

'Get on Limpy,' said he as he passed the lame and carelessly dressed man.

The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car and walking in quietly sat down.

The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

'Hand out your money here.

'I don't pay', replied the lame man quietly.

'Don't pay ?'

'No, sir.'

'We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station,' and he seized the valise which was hung over the head of our friend.

'Better not be so rough, young man,' returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment, and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fares of the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked up at the conductor and asked him—

'Do you know to whom you were speaking just now ?'

'No sir.'

'That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road.'

'Are you sure of that sir,' replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

'I know him.'

'The color rose a little in the young man, but with a strong effort he controlled himself and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of these who were near him could unravel the expression of his face nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he choose, He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held.—When a little orange pedlar he stood by the street crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for strangers' roughness or taunts? Those who sat near him wanted curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back.—With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's seat. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

'I resign my place, sir, said the conductor.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat at his side, said—

'Sit down, sir, I should like to talk with you.

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him his face in which there was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone.

'My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings against you, but you have been very imprudent in this matter. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interest of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future remember, be civil to all whom you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears; and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir, I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course nothing which has happened to-day which shall be injurious to you, Your situation is still continued, good morning sir.'

The train of cars swept on as many a train had done before; but with it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—'Don't judge from appearances.

## A HARD CUSTOMER.

A green looking customer observed a sign hanging over a grocery store, reading thus: 'Wholesale and Retail Store.' He worked his way through the crowd of ladies and gentlemen, until he got facing one of the clerks, who was exhibiting some fine sugar to a young lady, when he broke out with:

'Say, Mister, who's boss here?'

'The proprietor has just stepped out, sir.'

'Well, be this a retailing shop?'

The young man hardly comprehending greeny's thoughts, simply answered:

'Yes, sir a wholesale and retail store.'

'Guess you understand your trade.'

'O, yes,' replied the clerk, wrapping up a bundle for his lady customer, 'what can I do for you.'

'Well as the cold weather is coming on, I thought I mought as well come and give you a job.'

'I don't understand you, stranger,' replied the clerk, who began to think the fellow was in the wrong box.

'Zactly so; well, I'll tell you.'

'Explain what you mean, my friend,' said the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle from under his coat

'Well. as I said before, the cold weather's coming on, I thought I mought as well be fixin'n for it. Come mighty near freezin' t'other winter, tell ye did, but—'

'Stranger, I hope you will tell me what you want, so I may serve you,' interrupted the clerk, seeing there were a number of customers waiting to be served, but who, in fact had almost forgotten their errands in the rich conversation between the clerk and his droll customer.

'Certainly, squire, certainly, I always do business in a hurry, and just as quick as the old master will let you, I want you to re-TAIL these old shirts! Let 'em come down to about the knees, kase I dont ware any drawers!'

The effect may be imagined, but, as the novelists say, can't be described. The loud burst of laughter which followed, served to convince the poor fellow he had committed himself, and his long legs were put in motion at the rate of 2.40.

## DEATH.

Strange, that we can live so constantly with that threatening hand over us, and yet not think of it always! Strange, that we can use a limb, or enter, with interest into any persuit of time when we know that our continued life is almost a miracle!

How difficult it is to realize death! How difficult to believe that the hand with whose every vein you are familiar, will ever lose its warmth and its motion! That the eye which is so restless now, will settle and grow dull. That the refined lip which now shrinks so sensitively from defilement, will not feel the earth lying upon it, and the tooth of the feeling worm! That the free breath will be choked, and the forehead be pressed heavily on the decaying coffin, and the high air be shut out; and this very body, warm and breathing and active as it is now will feel no uneasiness or pain.

Oh! it is hard to believe at first that we must die!—harder, still, to believe and realize the repulsive circumstances that follow that terrible change!—It is a bitter thought at the lightest. There is little comfort in knowing that the soul will be there—that the sense and the mind, that feel and measure suffering will not be gone. The separation is too great a mystery to satisfy fear,—it is the body that we know. It is this material frame in which the affections have grown up. The spirit is a mere thought—a presence that we are told of but do not see. Philosophise as we will, the idea of existence is connected in dissolubly with the visible body and its pleasant and familiar senses. We talk of, and believe the ascent of the soul to its Maker but it is not ourselves—it is not our own conscious breathing identity that we send up in imagination through the invisible air. It is some phantom that is to issue forth mysteriously and leave us gazing on in wonder. We do not understand, we connot realize it.—*Willis.*

A contemporary noticing the appointment of a friend as postmaster says:—If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive, efficient officer.


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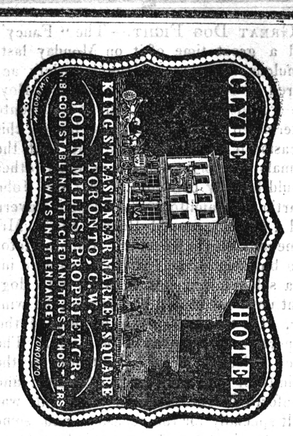


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THE Proprietors of this Establishment beg to inform the Printers of Canada, that they have now manufactured and ready for delivery, a large quantity of Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeoise and Brevier, of Scotch face, which they will guarantee cannot be surpassed by any Foundry upon this continent for durability and appearance. They have also on hand a choice assortment of various kinds of

**Ornamental Type.**

The prices at which these and other types are sold at the Canada Type Foundry, will be found at least 30 per cent less than they could be purchased previous to its establishment.

It is therefore hoped that the Printers of Canada will show their appreciation of the advantages it holds out, by be towing upon it a fair share of their patronage, in return for which the proprietors pledge themselves to leave no means untried to give ample satisfaction.

Printers ! mark the reduction in the price of types since this Foundry was opened ; and bear in mind that a greater reduction depend upon yourselves. Our motto is—supply the trade with type of such quantities and at such prices as will prevent the necessity of patronising foreign manufactures.

The following list of a few of the principal articles required by printers will give an idea of the great advantages of the Canada Type Foundry,

—PRICES :—

Nonpariel.....2s 9d per lb.
Minion .....2s 3d "
Brevier.....2s 1d "
Bourgeoise .....1s 10d "
Long Primer.....1s 8d "
Small Pica .....1s 7d "
Pica .....1s 6d "

☞ All other Book Fonts in proportion.

LEADS—6 to Pica and thicker, 1s per lb.: Pica, 1s 3d ; 8 to Pica 1s 6d.

THOS. J. GURNJN & Co.
St. Therese Street

Montreal, May 18th, 1857. g3

N.B.—Publishers of newspapers giving insertion to this advertisment for 2 months will be allowed their bills upon purchasing five times their amount of our manufacture. Editors will confer a favor by directing attention to the announcement. T. J. G. & Co.

New Volume, New Dress & New Terms.

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*Operator on the Eye and Ear.*

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And removing all Diseases of the Eye and Ear generally, begs most respectfully to inform those afflicted in these delicate organs, that he has forwarded to the office of this paper a few dozen copies of the 4th edition of his *Treatise on Diseases of the Eye and Ear*, published this day, which will be presented to applicants,

FREE OF CHARGE,

*Ten Thousand Copies are now ready for distribution.*

This work contains nearly 2000 pages of reading matter, in which will be found reported a large number of most important and successful operations on the Eye, and more than One *Hundred interesting Cases* of every description, illustrated with numerous Cuts and Plates. Also, will be seen, Letters and References from highly respectable parties from all parts of Canada and the United States,—all of which will be found well worthy the careful perusal of the afflicted.

The Author feels fully assured that every *unprejudiced reader* of this work will be convinced that Diseases of the Eye or Ear in *any stage* short of complete disorganization, *can* and *may be cured :* and it must appear evident to every considerate person that the *principal cause of failure* to obtain relief in these cases throughout the country, is the result of *improper treatment*, and a want of EXPERIENCE, SKILL, and COMPETENCY on the part of those professing or attempting to cure such diseases.

This Work will also be forwarded to individuals *free of charge*) sending their address, POST-PAID, to the Author at Toronto.

TORONTO, June 8th, 1857. g13-1y

PROSPECTUS OF

## The Woman's Advocate

FOR 1858.

**Fourth Volumn.**

A. E, M'COWELL, EDITOR.
L. J. PIERSON, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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The Advocate employs, in the various departments of the business, many women, who are paid for their labor as high prices as are paid to men for the same amount of work. To the editor and proprietor the past three years in which she has been engaged in this work, have been years of anxiety and toil ; but the enterprize has been carried on with the hope of doing good to others, and finally pushing the business to a successful point, when it may remunerate all concerned. With this hope she enters the field for another year, trusting to the many assurances of friends in all parts of the country, for aid and co-operation.

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