

AMERICAN MORALITY

AS DISPLAYED IN THE UTICA FREE LOVE CONVENTION.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 One Sunday bright and fair,
 Five hundred men and women did
 To Utica repair.
 Yes, men and women went to hold
 A strange convention there.
 Oh! there were some quite fair to see,
 Assembled in that room;
 Some verging on the threshold sweet
 Of beauty's gentle bloom;
 'T seemed thus fair and bright,
 Their hearts were full of gloom.
 And some were those whose brows were decked
 With thin and hoary hair.
 Death almost chimed them as his own,
 They seemed so gaunt and bare;
 And yet for foul and loathsome vice,
 They were the foulest there.
 Some, too, wore bold faced infidels,
 Of coarse and brutal mien;
 Some scoundrels relling in the fifth
 Of each licentious scene.
 And, saddest, women listened too,
 Without a blush I ween.
 Yes, in the prime of summer time,
 One Sunday bright and fair,
 They met—five hundred—young and old,
 Thank God for purpose rare;
 They met to hold a strange, a grand
 Free love convention there.
 Like bands of lunatics at large,
 Their course they madly ran,
 Turning all truth to ridicule,
 As only folly can;
 And virtue and purity placing beneath,
 A foul disgusting ban.
 Each after each they hurled out,
 The dark and sickening lie.
 Father and wife and mother too,
 Shame turned not one aside,
 From the women just passing the bloom of youth,
 To the old man leaden eyed.
 I tell no tale of savage life,
 No wild romance or fable,
 No orgies of the Sibarites,
 Or Afric's children sable,
 But a truthful scene in a Christian land,
 Believe it—if you're able.
 Daughters of Eve with bluish brow,
 And brazen vlsaged trod,
 O'er the hallowed bounds which grace their sex,
 And loud proclaimed "no God,"
 Sinking earth's master wonder, man,
 To a base and brutal croud.
 Daughters of Eve with bluish brow,
 Contemned the marriage rite,
 Claimed to announce to sisters there,
 A new and pure light.
 While virtue gazed from her spotless throne,
 And wopt o'er the fearful blight.
 And sons of Adam emptied there,
 The cess-pool of their brains;
 Scattering o'er young and old alike,
 The foul and loathsome stains.
 Oh surely they merit a curse more deep,
 Than that fearful curse of Cain's.
 He spilled in wrath his brother's blood,
 They spew the sacred stream,
 Of the life that flows from the throne of God,
 Religion's purer beam.
 Whilst virtue droops with such ghastly wounds,
 That it seems almost a dream.
 Yet, I tell no tale of savage life,
 No wild romance or fable,
 No orgies of the Sibarites,
 Or Afric's children sable;
 But a truthful scene in a Christian land,
 Believe it,—if you're able.

A scene that Utica disphied,
 One Sunday bright and fair,
 When full five hundred creatures met,
 Thank God for purpose rare,
 To hold a brutal, loathsome, base,
 Free love Convention there.

REPORTERS IN TROUBLE.

Just now it would seem that a special war was being waged against that honorable and light-fingered body of gentlemen known as reporters. The man who edits a paper in St. Catharines, called the *Post*, threw the first stone, by printing some harmless lies about a city Reporter, which the *Globe* did not hesitate to disgrace its columns with. For this the writer of the *Post* simply deserves to be whipped from post to pillar. But as for the mob of unwashed villains, who pelted the reporters of the *Colonist* and *Leader*, at the close of the polls on Wednesday evening, and the sneaking scoundrels who set them on, their supplies of tobacco and whiskey should be stopped, and they should be forced to associate with honest men for the next two months to come; and if they survived this, they should be obliged to listen to a religious discourse every day, until they were all exterminated.

CONSISTENCY.

The editor of the *Barrie Spirit of the Age* expresses himself as unmeasurably delighted with the tone of the English Press when discussing Canadian affairs; "We are glad," says he, "to be able to read about our own land without the jarrings of political discord, and it seems so strange to us that we meet no denunciation of Sir Edmund Head, no tirade upon ministerial rotwivism, no philippic upon George Brown and his Scotch antecedents that we can hardly believe our senses; but so it is." All very proper, Mr. Editor, but why not practise what you profess to admire? why does the same column of your paper contain a rabid attack upon that very George Brown? Why, instead of displaying the calm, dispassionate tone of which you are enamored use your utmost efforts to vilify and blacken the character of a political opponent? Verily, consistency, thou art a jewel, too seldom displayed in "this Canada."

THE NORMAL SCHOOL PAINTINGS.

We desire to call the attention of Dr. Ryerson to a pet project which our *penchant* for clever and industrious young men has suggested to us. The magnificent collection of paintings, statues, and mechanical and scientific models, which the Normal School at present possesses, is entirely inaccessible to a large number of young men whose business affords them leisure only in the evening. We are ourselves acquainted with many young men who would be glad to spend their evenings in studying and sketching, if only at second hand, the magnificent productions of ancient and modern Art. If anything could supply the place of foreign travel in the education of young artists, it would be such facilities as these. Can there be any objections to opening the Museum for one or two nights in the week, during the summer or the winter, or all the year round? If the expense of light and fuel be too much for the Institution, a slight contribution might be levied on evening visitors, or young men might form themselves into a club and bear the charges among them.

A YAN-EE AT THE REGATTA.

TORONTO, Saturday, Oct. 2nd.

Mr. GRUMBLER:—I guess you'd like to know all about this ore race of ours, how the Coral whopped yer Canuck boats. Well we started out on Friday at 11 o'clock, and hoisting up our lee martingale with a tight bowline over our lee quarter began to give them other yots fits. Well we tuk a little spur through the bay, and I began to notis a little stout man named Barn. A rele nice feller he was with his blue goggles and he kip us of the shoals like a rele brick as he was. Ho made believe to kno all about my aunt Sally, and the young uns and sed he liked corn-cake like sixty. I knod he was humbugin but stil it was kindhearted of the man to tak that way to a stranger like me. So we saled out inter the lake and we likd everything but that confounded green boat called the Pivet, or Gibbet, or Rivit, or suthin like. Jest as we was comin round the bay at the lite house Capen would stand too fur in as Barn told him to—and so we felt the vessel gratin like mad on the sand, and we couldn't a got off to this blessed hour if Barn had'n't a ran out to the beau-split, and a took the porter-basket and two hams with him to make, it heavy as he sed. But we got off for our capen was a brick of a saler, he could make her sale in the winds-eye like a shark, or frisk round and go before the wind like a Portuguese man-of-war. I han't had much experience. I was a brum-maker in Vermont, and had ained money enough to travel all summer, and capen was good-natured enough to tek me along with him.

Well we was cumin in a little behind the Pivet or Rivit, when a feller named Jim Hendursin went to cut his tobacco agin the weather shrouds and cut rather tew rough so that the knife went rite threw and the mast was a near gone over. Then Hendursin cussed and swore orful but it did'n't do any good, an we went rite ahead an bent.

But this was'n't all. Next day we went in and euckered them again. Just as we was comin in we nearly ran over that smart little boat called the Flirt liut which won the second race an a young chap on board got up to fling a porter bottle at us and fell into the water. In the evenin we had dinner an our healths were drank. Wot a jolly set they is.—They's the Comydoor, Doctor Hodder, and McGra, a fine jolly fellow, and T. J. Robison a grate saler an knos it tew. O I had grate times among them people but I got to go away. But I like to stay among the Yot Club Peple, they war'n't at all jellus about the Yankees, but thot that the best horse should win.

Yours respectfully

G. WASHINGTON VERDANT.

Good Taste and good Music.

—The manner in which the "Creation" was got up by the Metropolitan Choral Society on a late occasion was never excelled in Canada, yet the audience did not number as many as the performers. Of course this is the right way to encourage Mons. Lazars to continue his effort. Music is an expensive and unnecessary accomplishment. It will shortly be as great an insult to ask a lady was she at the oratorio, as to enquire whether she ever resided in the Penitentiary.