

Original Poetry.

MEMORY BELLS.

BY EMELIA S. VISING, WOODSTOCK.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
Softly your melody swells,
Sweet as a seraphim's singing,
Tender-toned, memory bells!
The laughter of childhood,
The song of the wildwood,
The tinkle of streams through the echoing dell;
The voice of a mother,
The shout of a brother,
Up from life's morning melodiously swell.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
Richly your melody swells,
Sweet reminiscences bringing,
Joyous-toned memory bells!
Youth's beautiful bowers,
Her dew-spangled flowers,
The pictures which Hope of futurity drew;
Love's rapturous vision
Of regions elysian,
In glowing perspective unfolding to view.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
Sadly your melody swells,
Tears with its mournful tones bringing,
Sorrowful memory bells!
The first heart-link broken,
The first farewell spoken,
The first flower crushed in life's desolate track;
The agonized yearning
O'er joys unreturning,
All, all, with your low, wailing music come back.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
Dirge-like your melody swells;
But Hope wipes the tears that are springing,
Mournful-toned memory bells!
Above your deep kneeling,
Her soft voice is swelling,
Sweeter than Angel-tones silvery clear!
Singing; in Heaven above,
All is unchanging love,
Mourner, look upward, thy home is not here!

Gleanings.

MAORI WARRIORS—In every civilized community the desire to possess a knowledge of the manners, habits, and peculiarities of the aboriginal inhabitants of a country is so generally exhibited, that a few remarks in reference to the troupe of New Zealand natives now performing at the Princess's Theatre will not, we think, be uninteresting to our readers. These Maories were collected about six months since from amongst their various tribes by Dr. McGauran, who had previously held a government appointment at Auckland, in which capacity he had acquired a considerable knowledge of the native race. There was, we believe, no little difficulty experienced by Dr. McGauran at first in inducing these natives to leave their tribes, but the hope of travelling abroad and receiving kind treatment ultimately overcame whatever feelings of affection they might have entertained towards their associates, and they consented to quit their original habits and act according to civilized laws. The troupe consists of twenty, namely, sixteen males, three females, and one child, all of whom belong to the northern part of New Zealand, the province of Auckland. Among the men there are five chiefs. The physical development of many of these Maories is equal to that of Englishmen, their height being on an average six feet, and their limbs full and muscular. Their bodies are longer than those of most other men, and the girth of their chest is about the same as that of Englishmen. They are clever and generally brave, possessing naturally great skill in the use of native weapons, and courage equal to the North American Indians. In strength they are on an average inferior to Englishmen, which from their appearance is somewhat surprising, but may be accounted for by the fact that a large portion of their food is composed of potatoes. In running a short distance they have the advantage, although if the race exceeds a mile the Maori loses his strength. Their fighting is generally occasioned by women, or disputes arising out of the possession of land; but the Maories may be considered slow in proceeding to strong measures. In case of insult offered, the offender may generally ensure his safety against retaliation by making some amends, by payment or otherwise, for his conduct; but if his life has been destroyed, or blood shed, nothing but 'running a muck,' as the natives call it—that is, fighting for blood, will satisfy the injured party. The Maories, however, display no ferocity at ordinary times, and it requires, as we have intimated, a good deal of provocation, much more so than would arouse most Englishmen, to induce them to

take up arms. Most of the aborigines of New Zealand exhibit much intelligence, and the clever manner in which these performing Maori warriors acquit themselves is not only an exciting novelty, but will do much towards improving our ideas of the New Zealander, who is doubtless entitled to be classed far above mere rude barbarism.—*Melbourne Post.*

THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS.—The following address has been forwarded by Governor Sir George Grey to the Duke of Newcastle for transmission to her Majesty:—

Oh Victoria, our Mother!—We greet you! You, who are all that now remains to recall to our recollection Albert, the Prince Consort, who can never again be gazed upon by the people. We, your Maori children, are now sighing in sorrow together with you, even with a sorrow like to yours. All we can now do is to weep together with you.—Oh, our good mother, who hast nourished us, your ignorant children of the island, even to this day. We have just heard the crash of the huge-headed forest tree which has untimely fallen, ere it had attained its full growth of greatness. Oh, good lady, pray look with favour on our love. Although we may have been perverse children, we have ever loved you. This is our lament. Great is the pain which preys on me for the loss of my beloved. Ah, you will now be buried among the other departed Kings! They will leave you with the other departed heroes of the land. With the dead of the tribes of the multitude of *Ti Mani*. Go fearless then, O Pango, my beloved, in the path of death, for no evil standers can follow you. Oh my very heart! Thou didst shelter me from the sorrows and ills of life. Oh my pet bird, whose sweet voice welcomed my glad guests! Oh my noble pet bird, caught in the forests of *Rapaura*! Let, then, the body of my beloved be covered with royal purple robes!—Let it be covered with rare robes! The great *Rewa*, my beloved, shall himself bind these round thee. And my ear-ring of precious jasper shall be hung in thy ear. For, Oh! my most precious jewel, thou art now lost to me. Yes, thou, the pillar that didst support my palace, has been borne to the skies. Oh, my beloved! you used to stand in the very prow of the war-canoe, inciting all others to noble deeds. Yes, in thy life time thou was great. And now thou hast departed to the place where even all the mighty must at least go. Where, oh physicians, was the power of your remedies? What, oh priests, availed your prayers? For I have lost my love; no more can he revisit this world.

From the *Times*, Nov.

WHEN we examine the American newspapers which this mail has brought us, glance over the long columns of electoral names and numbers, scan the great 'sensation' headings, and see before us all the signs of a community highly wrought to passion, and little swayed by reason, our first impulse is to be thankful that we are not a great Democracy. We are looking into a society where party politics mean not only the division of statesmen, but the crotchets and partialities of individuals, but mean also places and salaries, and livelihood lost or won to tens of thousands of families throughout the States, and to more than one family in every village. We see enough to make us congratulate ourselves that we live in a country which, with all its faults, does not propose such all-abounding premiums for continual strife, and does not so minutely compound in all the details of the body politic the elements of patriotism and party and private emolument. We have our election scandals, and they are bad enough, as we all know; but we put it to any 'Man in the Moon' who was ever pursued by Speaker's warrant how far these would be intensified if not only our House of Commons, but our House of Lords, depended upon these continual elections; and not only our Houses of Legislature, but also our local Judges and Magistrates; and not only our Judicial Staff, but all our office-holders of every kind, down to the post-master of the village or the tax-collector of the smallest district. In America it is not as with us, where a change of parties will give place and salary to some score of rich men whose pay will scarcely defray the expenses of their office. It is not there as with us that the patronage of an incoming party is but a something to grease the rusting wheel of the machinery of faction. In America there is something worth voting for, and therefore it is that we see the Irish and German immigrants who have just claimed exemption from conscription as British or Austrian subjects going to the poll with their certificates of nationality in their pockets and trying to vote. In America there is something worth fighting for also, and therefore it is that we see the Republican speakers,

during the recent elections, threatening their opponents with axe and gibbet, and holding forth plain menace that, if they are beaten at the polling-booths, they will rather have a fight in the streets than yield the party supremacy they gained two years ago.

The following taken from the *Tribune* of the 4th inst., should do something towards calming the excitement of Americans, against England, for the building of the Alabama; unless they expect the people of other nations to evince more loyalty to the Union than their own:—

DEFAUDING OUR SOLDIERS.—A friend yesterday brought us one of the United States army overcoats, issued to convalescent soldiers in this city, when they leave the hospital for the army. It purports to be made of black petersham cloth, and it is we believe, charged at \$9 to the person to whom it is issued. After a careful analysis of its structure, we should say that it is composed chiefly of old ground up carpet rags, goat's hair, and sheerman's dust—that is the minute particles of wool cut from the face of cloth in dressing. It is not woven. The material would not admit of it. There is no machinery in the world by which a thread could be spun out of such stuff. But it is rudely felted together—not felted as decent wool may be felted into a stout water-proof fabric,—but the larger fibres and hairs are stealthily interlocked, the dust thrown in to fill up the interstices, and the whole struck together by some sort of sizing, then dyed, and hot pressed to make it look something like cloth. For all the purposes of a garment, however, such stuff is utterly valueless. You can thrust your finger through it with ease. It is as pervious to wind and rain as a sieve. The daylight shows through it almost unobstructed, and when we poured a cup of water through it, the fabric offered hardly any perceptible obstruction to the passage of the fluid. And the tailor work is entirely in keeping with the quality of the material—coarse and slovenly in the extreme. Upon the lining of the sleeve, is found the inscription indicating that the garment has been inspected, approved, and passed: If this is the material with which our soldiers are clothed, we do not wonder at the sickness that prevails in the army. The wonder is, rather, that so many are able to endure the rigors of a campaign with such a miserable protection from the elements. To palm off such goods upon soldiers is simply criminal. It does seem to us that both the contractor who made and the inspector who passed these coats to clothe our soldiers, deserve to be indicted by the United States Grand Jury, as active agents of the enemy.

ENGINEERS OF OLD.—It is somewhat the fashion in the nineteenth century to laud the works of its own time as being without precedent except in the history or the ancient world; as we scan the mottled pages of the book of abstracts we are struck with the magnitude of the engineering enterprise of the days to which it relates. There were mediæval coast works, sea defenses, harbours and avons, locks, trenches and sewers, as well as illuminated missals and jewelled chalices. Henry VI. despatched a company of gentlemen, called a commission of sewers, into various parts of his realm to inquire into the condition of the existing sea defenses, and to superintend their repair. Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. also granted commissions of sewers. The latter monarch declared that the sea walls, ditches, banks, gutters, galleys, bridges, and sewers by the sea coast and marshes had suffered incalculable damage, as much by the rage of the sea as by the making, erecting, and enlarging streams, mills bridges, ponds, fish guths, mill dams, locks, hebbing weirs, hecks, flood gates; and they were then 'dimpt, lacerate, and broken.' Both Henry VIII. and Elizabeth passed Acts for the drainage of Plumstead Marsh. Their Scottish kinsman and successor, James, appears to have been still more energetic. He passed an Act for winning from inundation the drowned ground and marshes of Lessnants and Fants, in Kent, another for draining the fens and low grounds in the Isle of Ely, containing about 6,000 acres, 'compassed about with banks called the Ring of Waldersley and Coldham; a third, to recover a great quantity of ground lately surrounded in Norfolk and Suffolk by sea, 'and to prevent the like for the future.' He also decreed that, for the means to maintain a college he intended to build at Chelsea, a trench should be made to convey water from the River Lea to London; another trench was to bring water from Cadwel and Anwel in a trunk or vault.

Henry VIII. had previously enacted that no one was to pollute the Thames—an enactment which might have saved many lives if it had been enforced—and Elizabeth further insured the well watering of London by

making the River Lea navigable as far up as Ware. The 6,000 acres of land recovered the Isle of Ely were increased by 95,000 additional acres in the time of Charles II.

THE THIEVES' CIRCUIT.—All Professional thieves are great travellers, especially the pick-pockets, who, in some instances, work very hard indeed, being up for the earliest trains in the morning, and out for the latest at night. The first-class thieves do not confine themselves to Britain. They work the Dover packets, and visit the Lakes of Kilmarnock. They go on the Manchester Exchange, and sleep in the hotels of New York. They know the way to the Liverpool Docks, and 'wire' in the streets of Paris. They generally go on the continent in the spring, and remain there until the races and fairs are coming off in England. The London mobs go down to Manchester in December, there being a large number of commercial men about the town at that time. The Manchester men will go to London when they are outlawed; the Liverpool mobs to Manchester; the Birmingham mobs to Bristol and Wales. Scotch thieves go into the North of England. Irish thieves come into England in the summer for the fairs and races. In the latter end of April and the beginning of May, the London mobs do the May meetings of Exeter Hall and other places; and then start for Wales and the Midland counties, as the fairs are coming on about that time. The pick-pockets are always at work, travelling night and day, or both as it may suit them. The migration of thieves into Wales takes place from March up to May; the time of the fairs. Cardiff is the last place visited for Llandaff fair. The thieves are fond of royal progresses, and follow the Queen everywhere. After the races and fairs are over, the magmen, thieves gamblers, go to different towns, and make up mobs for the winter.—*Comhill.*

THE JEWS IN THE PAPAL STATES.—The flag of France, as Europe is continually informed by the semi-official journals of the Second Empire, is ever, above all other flags, the banner of civilization—the pillar of fire in the van of the march of mankind. This is the text from which our contemporaries over the water, with one or two honest exceptions, are never tired of appealing to the pride and glory of their readers. England, of course, is a gross, mercantile, shop-keeping nation, immersed in selfish interests, and never rising to the height of a generous idea. Let us see what sort of civilization it is that the flag of France harbors and protects in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Only the other day, at Velletri, in the Papal State, a Cardinal vicar, in his capacity of Minister of Police, issued an ordinance for the expulsion of the Israelites from the diocese. In pursuance of this ordinance, men, women, and children, were forthwith driven out from their homes and forced to take shelter wherever they could find it beyond the frontier. This wholesale eviction was carried out in the presence and under the protection of the flag of France. So difficult is it for your *grande nation* to be at the same time the *soldat de Dieu* and the *soldat du Pape*. This incident of the French occupation is related by the *Opinion Nationale*, a journal whose testimony in a case which concerns the honor of the French flag, cannot be suspected.—*Daily News.*

GARIBALDI AT PISA.—Yesterday, says a correspondent of the *Star*, writing on the 12th inst., the working men prepared a slab, with the date of the landing of the wounded hero in Pisa, to be placed upon the spot where his litter first rested. They had decided to place it there in the night to avoid the interference of the police, and sure enough they set to work about two o'clock, when they were surprised by large bodies of the population, working men like themselves, who exclaimed, 'Shame! shame! come like thieves at night to place that stone, as if we were ashamed to own Garibaldi in the face of day.' So it was decided then and there that a slab four times that size, with the inscription in golden letters, should be placed in the daytime on the spot, the band playing and colours flying. Professor Zannetti, who examined and probed the wound on Monday, expressed his entire satisfaction at the patient's general health, and also at the local aspect of the wound. He is of opinion that the extraction of the ball will be easily accomplished, when the right time shall be indicated by nature herself. He returns on Sunday next, and I shall write to you as soon as I know the results of his visit. Garibaldi is in excellent spirits; nothing but his poor caged leg indicates his misfortune.

The Jamaica *Guardian* says: 'We are happy to announce the formation of another company for the cultivation of cotton. The company is a Glasgow one, with a capital of £50,000 already subscribed.'