



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. DECEMBER, 23, 1851.

NO. 51.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

How long a contract has Macaulay drawn in lines from his Lay of Ancient Rome between the corn fields as they are, and the battle field as it was.

Now on the place of slaughter
Are fots and sheep folds seen,
And rows of vines and fields of wheat
And apple orchards green:
The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Come's oaks;
Upon the turf, by the fair fount,
The reaper's cottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle.
The hunter twangs his bow;
Little they think on those strong limbs
That moulder deep below.
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets peal'd,
How in the slippery swamp of blood
Warrior and war horse reel'd;
How wolves came with fierce gallop
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings;
How thick the dead lay scatter'd
Under the Portian height;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight;
And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam.
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome.

How vividly too, the above lines remind me of Alma and Inkerman!—EDITOR. SON.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

An old man sits in a high-backed chair
Before an open door,
While the sun of a summer's afternoon
Falls hot across the floor:
And the drowsy tick of an ancient clock
Has notched the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out.
From the scented summer air;
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair;
And the leaden lid of his eye droops down,
And he sleeps in his high-backed chair.

The old man sleeps and the old man dreams.
His head droops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
And fall on his lap in rest;
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll;
He is a child again;
A mother's tones are in his ear,
And drift across his brain;
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild rose in the woods,
And gathers epianthe,
And holds the golden buttercup
Beneath his sister's chin;
And angles in the meadow brook
With a bait and naked pin.

He loaves down the grassy lane,
And by the brimming stream

A mother's hand pressed on his forehead,
Her kiss on his brow—
A summer's breeze blows in and a breeze blows out,
With the rustle of a leafy bough,
And the boy is a white-haired man,
And his eyes are tearful now.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

Hugh Miller, in a paper of which he is the editor, the Edinburgh Witness, has a long article touching the books which have recently appeared against, and for the theory, that there are other inhabited worlds than this. It seems, that unknown to the English author (Prof. Whewell) who has recently published a book to show, upon Geological grounds the inconclusiveness of the argument to prove that other planets are inhabited, Hugh Miller had, in his "First Impressions of England," published essentially the same argument. The argument was original with both. But Miller thinks that the present author has pushed the conclusion too far. He thinks that the argument from Geology is good, to modify, as to time the argument brought from astronomy to prove that the other worlds were made to be inhabited by intelligent beings, but not to prove that they are now so inhabited. As this world is now proved to have existed myriads and perhaps millions, of years before it was inhabited by man, so it is clear that other worlds might exist as long without intelligent inhabitants; and yet, as those long periods of the earth's existence were preparatory to its being inhabited, so it may be with other worlds. Thus he thinks these worlds may, or may not be inhabited now, though they were made to be ultimately inhabited.

He admits the conclusiveness of Sir David Brewster's argument drawn from the use of the Sun, which he states, and concludes as follows:—[Puritan Recorder.

He, (Sir Isaac Newton,) thought it inexplicable by natural causes, and to be ascribed to the counsel and contrivance of a voluntary agent, that the matter (of which the solar system is formed) should divide itself into two sorts, part of it comprising a shining body like the planets.—Had a natural and blind cause, without contrivance and design, placed the earth in the centre of the moon's orbit, and Jupiter in the centre of his system of satellites, and the sun in the centre of the planetary system, the sun would have been a body like Jupiter, and the earth, that is without light and heat; and consequently he (Sir Isaac) knew no reason why there is only one body qualified to give light and heat to all the rest. Newton recognized the hand of the Divine Designer in that peculiar collocation of matter through which the lamp and furnace of the system is placed in its centre, and the opaque objects to be warmed and heated, arranged at certain distances around it.

But why the application of light and heat to masses of dead matter? Light and heat, in a lesser or greater degree, are necessary to the existence of all organisms,—plant and animal,—but not to the existence of matter not organized. A lamp is necessary in a railway carriage that travels by night, if there be passengers within, but not in the least necessary to the carriage itself, if there be only empty

ton, by day. By Sir Isaac's method pronounced to be of no use, in more than thirty cases for one,—in the case of all the supposed uninhabited planets in which there is nothing capable of being benefited by being either lighted or warmed.

Or to avail ourselves of Sir David's happy illustration, the Creator of a solar system with many uninhabited planets, and only a single inhabited one, would resemble some, "autocrat who should establish a railway round the coasts of Europe and Asia, and place upon it an enormous train of first-class carriages, impelled year after year by a tremendous steam power, while there was a philosopher and a culprit in a humble van, attended by hundreds of unoccupied carriages to be lighted up with lamps apparently for the benefit of the passengers which they had not, and were their lamps to be fewer or more numerous in each case in exact proportion with the degree of darkness to be encountered, and as the necessities of actual passengers would require, the puzzle involved in the way and wherefore of the whole concern would be still increased. The old argument for the inhabitation of the planets, regarded as an argument of ultimate design, still remains unaffected by the discoveries of the geologists.

A STORY OF THE MAINE WOODS.

[One of the oldest inhabitants of Northern Maine thus relates a rare he had with a catamount.]

"Young man," said he, "when I first visited this town, there was only three families living in it. You who now live at ease can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the early settlers passed. Come with me," he continued, "and I will show you the spot on which the first hut ever erected in this town was located."

I followed silently, until the old man reached the bottom of the west side of Paris Hill.

"There," said he "on this spot was erected the hut. I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story I was told."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I will tell you. When the first settler moved here, his nearest neighbor lived twenty miles distant in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path that he had cut through the woods himself, so that in case of want or sickness he might get assistance. One spring, I think it was the third season after he had settled here, he was obliged to go to Rumford for provisions. He arose early one morning, and started for the nearest neighbor. People of the present day would think it hard to make a journey of twenty miles for a bag of potatoes, and on foot too, but such was the errand of the first settler. He arrived before noon, and was successful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshment, and started for home. But it was not easy to travel with a load of potatoes; and finally, at sundown, he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter and spend the night. I have been taken with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just on the other side of the stream, on which are mills, in the village of Pinhook, in Woodstock. He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his sack a piece of meat to eat."

else but a catamount. I will now relate it to you as far as I can in the language of the old settler himself.

"I listened every moment," said he, "and it was repeated even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. But what was I to do? It was at least ten miles from home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me. I next thought of self defence, but I had nothing to defend myself with. In a moment I concluded to start for home, for I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the least chance of escape if I remained in the camp. I knew, too, that he would ransack my camp, and I hoped the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite so that he might not follow me after eating it."

"I had not proceeded more than half a mile, before I knew, by the shrieks of the animal, that he was within sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the beast should have my supper; although I declared I would not have run if I had had my trusty rifle with me. But there could be no cowardice in my running from an infuriated catamount doubly furious, probably, by being hungry, and with nothing that could be called a weapon save a pocket knife."

"I had, I recollect, probably, about two-thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing more of the fearful enemy, began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind about two pounds of meat, beef and pork, which I hoped had satisfied the monster. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run no more, and was looking back, astonished almost at the distance I had travelled in so short a space of time, I was electrified with horror to hear the animal shriek again!

"I knew then that my fears were realized. The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp, and was following after me. It was about three miles to my log cabin, and it had already become dark. I redoubled my speed, but thought I must die, and such a death! The recollection of that feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though I knew the animal was now pursuing me. But I am not a coward, though to be torn to pieces and almost eaten alive by a wild beast, was horrible.

"I calmly unbuttoned my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the beast should approach me, hoping thereby to gain advantage of him by the time he would lose in tearing it to pieces.

"Another shriek, and I tossed the garment behind me in the path. Not more than five minutes elapsed before I heard a shrill cry as he came to it. How that shriek electrified me. I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the animal made another cry, which told me plainly that my garment had only exasperated him to a fiercer chase.

"O God!" said I, "and must I die thus? I cannot I must live for my wife and children;" and I ran even faster than I had done before, and unbuttoning my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thoughts of my wife and children urged me to the most desperate speed, for I thought more of their unprotected state than the death I was threat-