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SLIDING ON THE ICE.

What a lovely night! the red round moon
Sails high in the air like a great balloon,
While the stars shine bright like so many sky-rockets,
Or diamonds, imbedded in topaz sockets;
And flickering over the slumbering town,
The moon-light is streaming up and down,
Till each slated roof and tall thin spire
Glow silver and red, with its mystic fire.
Nature, though dreaming, yet smiles in glee—
What a night for a slide down the steep glacis;

So let's away—
'Tis no night for sleep—
See! the moon-beams play
On the glacis steep,
And the moon looks down
With a laughing air—
Oh! let's not miss
A night so fair.

Oh! here's a health to the lucky man
Who first invented the tobogan:
The yed-man's toils would be well repaid
If he had tried a slide with his Indian maid.
Here's the top of the hill—now down we go,
Swift as the shaft from the twanging bow,
Or, slicker than lightning over a way
Well oiled and greased, as our friends would say;
Our breath is gone, like he who was tied
On the wild steed's back for the dreadful ride.

They may talk of a sly flirtation,
By the light of the chandelier,
And such like dissipation,
When nobody's very near:
But then they never tried,
On a star-lit night, and clear,
Down the steep glacis, a slide,
With a precious freight to steer.

They may praise the polka's round,
Or the waltz's giddy whirl,
To music's melting sound,
As up and down they whirl:
But give me the slippery steep!
Give me the cold moon's ray!
The cooling rush of the out-stripped wind!
The glide of the Indian sleigh!

For though we may lack the chandelier,
The light of the moon is passing clear:
And though we have not soft music's swell,
There's a silvery voice I love as well—
Our roof is the azure sky, unfurled,
Studded with many a starry world,
Which shadows a gay and grander hall,
Than ever witnessed a thronging ball—
If dull care should come in your way
The best receipt is an Indian sleigh.
—Quebec Mercury.

THE CORNWALL WRECKER.

A TERRIBLE LEGEND OF CRIME.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a
barbaric custom prevailed on the coast of Cornwall,
luring vessels to their destruction in stormy
weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head,
and leading it about on the cliffs, in order that the
wondered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a
vessel, might be lured to the rocks.

the vessel speedily became the prey of a set of
ruthless barbarians, who, to secure themselves im-
punity in their plunder often murdered those who
escaped drowning and called their booty a God-
send.

In a small hovel, on the craggy shore of a
deep and dangerous bay on the coast of Cornwall,
dwelt one of those wretches, an old hardened des-
perado, who united in himself the fisherman, the
smuggler and the wrecker, but this last was his
favourite occupation; and such was the confidence
of his companions in his experience in this capacity
that he was usually appointed their leader, and
rarely failed in his office. His wife too, encouraged
him, and not unfrequently aided in his iniquitous
exploits. Disgusted with the wickedness of his
parents, their only son left his home in early life
and sought to obtain an honourable subsistence as
the mate of a West India trader.

It was at a period when a long, fruitless sum-
mer and autumn had nearly passed away, that
prey, Terloggan, like the vulture, ever watchful for his
was more than usually watchful of the signs of the
heavens; nor was any one more capable than him-
self of discovering the most distant indications of a
tempest. Nature had for several months worn a
placid and most encouraging aspect. The soft and
azure sky seemed to rest upon the transparent sea,
and the slowly expanding waves swept with slowly
murmurings along the shining sands of the deep bay
with a wild and monotonous plashing, that seemed
to strike like the voice of a prophecy upon his
ear. Not more hateful were the glorious beams
of the orb of day to the fallen Lucifer, as described
by our great poet, than was the quiescent state of
nature to the dark mind of Terloggan. In his im-
patience he cursed the protracted season of tran-
quility, and hailed the approaching period of storm
as more congenial not only to the gloomy tem-
per of his soul, but to his interests. At length
he saw, with savage satisfaction the sun sink in
angry red beneath the dim and cloudy horizon
heard with secret exultation the murmur of the
winds; and beheld the blackening waves rising in-
to fury, and lashing the lofty rocks with their as-
cending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic
darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased; and
the loud and long blast of the contending elements
rang out upon the ear like the death knell of the
departed soul.

"Now's thy time," ejaculated the old hag his
wife, "go lay way out upon the cliffs there's death
in the wind." Terloggan speedily equipped him-
self, and ascended the steep promontory at the
entrance of the bay. The usual expedient was re-
sorted to and he soon observed a light at sea as it
in answer to his signal. The light evidently ap-
proached nearer: and before an hour had elapsed,
the white, close-reed sails of the vessel could be
dimly discovered through the darkness, and the ap-
palling cry of the seamen at the discovery of
their danger could be distinctly heard. Signal-
guns of distress were immediately fired, and
the loud commands, *all hands on deck*, and *about
ship*, were vociferated in wild despair. Every ex-
ertion was made to wear the vessel from the shore,
but the redoubtable moment was past, the ship was
completely embayed, and the vessel was

to be described. The stranded vessel hurled re-
peatedly against the jagged rocks of the bay, soon
parted; the waves dashed over her shattered hull
with relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scat-
tered cargo, pieces of the wreck and the tattered
rigging; whilst the mingled shrieks of the drown-
ing blended with the roar of the conflicting ele-
ments, rose upon the ear like the despairing cries
of an army of dying Titans.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a
scene was joyous, in whose ears such sounds were
melody; and that being was Terloggan. He
waited impatiently until the storm had somewhat
abated; and when silence began to indicate that
the work of death was well nigh over, he descended
the well-known cliffs to dart upon his prey. Un-
moved by the horrid spectacle, (for the moon had
broken from the clouds by which she had before
been concealed,) he stood awhile gazing upon the
scene of desolation around him, at a loss where
first to begin his work of rapine.—But, to his sur-
prise and momentary dismay, there was yet one
living soul on board, who, should he survive,
would interpose between him and his hard-earned
booty; and who was even now loudly supplicating
his assistance. To despatch this unhappy creature
in his exhausted and helpless condition, was a
resolution to soon be formed than executed. Whilst
he was appearing to aid his escape from the jaws
of death, one stroke of his hanger laid him a livid
and mutilated corpse upon the sands before him.
Terloggan then rifled the pockets of his victim,
took a ring from his finger, and laden with the
most portable articles of plunder, retraced his
footsteps to his hut.

"What luck?" exclaimed his fiend-like helpmate
as he crossed the threshold of the door.

"Never better," rejoined Terloggan, pointing to
his booty. He then described the success of his
pollish stratagem, without even concealing the
particulars of the murder, after which he displayed
some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring
which he had taken from the finger of the stranger.

"Give me the light, Meg," said the hoary villain.
The hag obeyed. But no sooner had he examined
the ring, than he recognized its form and a certain
mark upon it. His countenance changed, and with
a groan of agony, he quickly handed it to his wife.
She knew too well from whose hand it must have
been taken; and, after glancing at it for a moment,
velled out with supernatural energy: "Oh, my son,
my poor son!" and fell senseless at the feet of her
husband. Terloggan endeavoured to master his
feelings until the fact should be ascertained. He
arose with the dawn, and hastened to the spot
where he had left the murdered corpse. It was
indeed his son. The stroke of retribution had
been complete.—Overwhelmed by despair, and
stung by remorse, to which his heart had before
been unperturbed, he determined on self-destruction.
A few days afterwards his mangled body was found
among the rocks, and interred on the spot where
he had perpetrated his last deed of blood. The
chief incidents of his last terrible story are narrated
in the neighbourhood which was the scene of its
barbaric and atrocious. His wretched wife
was buried a few weeks afterwards by the fall of her

STRANGE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTS IN
RELATION TO THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF MR. LAWRENCE.

From the New Orleans Delta, of January 23.

Mr. Lawrence, as our readers have already been
informed, disappeared on Saturday night last, and
his friends having heard nothing of him since, all
join in the belief that he was murdered. The facts
which we are about to relate are in relation to
his disappearance, and indeed they are truly mar-
vellous.

A lady of the highest respectability, who resides
in the Fourth District, and who had for years been
intimately acquainted with Mr. Lawrence, went on
Sunday morning to visit her sister, who lives but
a few squares from her on — street. She had
on the previous night, been troubled with neural-
gia, and on entering her sister's house, she request-
ed her brother-in-law, a strong believer in mesme-
rism, to make a few passes on her head to ease
the pain. The brother-in-law complied with her
request, and she soon fell into a mesmeric sleep.
As she sometimes spoke whilst in that state, he
asked her what she saw. She answered, with a
start, that she saw two men murdering another on
the levee. When asked if she knew the man being
killed, she said that it was too dark, she could not
tell.

A few additional passes were then made to deep-
en the mesmeric influence, when she said "Oh, I
see now, he's a dark complexioned man. Why?"
she exclaimed again, "it's Mr. Lawrence. Why
doesn't he shoot them? Why does not somebody
go to help him?" and she called aloud, as if invo-
king aid.

She then went on in broken starts to say, "Ah!
they've killed him—now they are taking paper
money from him—now they are taking gold—
there, one of them has taken his watch. Oh!
they both carry him to the river, and now they
throw him in. Poor Lawrence—now he is
gone!"

Being still further interrogated, she described
the two murderers. One, she said, was a large,
ugly man, with a heavy beard, and the other she
said was a small dark man. Subsequently, she
traced them to a large steamship that had masts
sails, and had a great many people on board. The
ship, she said was just leaving the wharf, and the
two murderers were talking together. One had
Mr. Lawrence's watch in his pocket.

This, it will be remembered, was on Sunday
morning, some thirty hours before any alarm was
felt by Mr. Lawrence's friends concerning him.—
Several persons who are in every respect above
suspicion, were present when the psychological
disclosures we last related were made. The lady
herself, when awakened, knew nothing of what she
had apparently seen and described, and the whole
matter was, throughout the day, made the subject
of many a hearty laugh. Events which have since
transpired, seem, however, to indicate that the
psychological vision of Sunday was, alas, but too
real. Mr. Lawrence has not been seen or heard of
since that time, and many attempts have been made