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**THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.**  
Opened again, 4th May, 1854.

The Crystal Palace Association offered a prize of \$100 for an Ode to be sung at the Re-inauguration of the Palace. William Ross Wallace has won it. We copy the Ode:—

Lo! the transitory darkness  
From our Palace floats away;  
Lo! the glorious gems of Genius  
Glitter in the rising day.

See again the mighty Nations  
Meet and clasp each other's palms,  
And, by Labor's glowing altar,  
Lift on high according psalms.

Here behold the true Evangel!  
Not from War may Earth increase;  
God has stamped his shining patent  
Only on the brow of Peace.

Only by the arm of Labor,  
Swinging to Invention's chime,  
Can the Nations build their Eden  
In the wilderness of Time.

Nations! hear that mighty music  
Rolling through the mountain-bars—  
Planting deserts, bridging oceans,  
Marrying the coral stars:

Telling that our Crystal Palace  
Glorifies the joyous sod—  
Making Man, with Art and Nature,  
Worthy of the Builder—God!

Nations! then rejoice that darkness  
From our Palace floats away,  
And the glowing gems of Genius  
Glitter in the light of day!

**CHARLES DICKENS'S TRIBUTE TO THE  
MEMORY OF THE LATE JUSTICE  
TALFOURD.**

From the Household Words.

On Monday, the 13th of March, this upright judge and good man died suddenly at Stafford in the discharge of his duties. Mercifully spared protracted pain and mental decay, he passed away in a moment, with words of kindness towards all men yet unfinished on his lips.

As he died he had always lived. So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, of such a noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labours and their rewards, is very rare indeed upon this earth. These lines are traced by the faltering hand of a friend; but none can know so fully how true they are as those who knew him under all circumstances, and found him ever the same.

In his public aspects, in his poems, in his speeches on the bench, at the bar, in Parliament, he was widely appreciated, honoured and beloved. Inseparable as his great and varied abilities were from himself in life, it is yet to himself and not to them, that affection in its first grief naturally turns. They remain, but he is lost.

The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness. Those who had the privilege of seeing him in his own home when his public successes were greatest—so modest, so content with little things, so interested in humble efforts so surrounded by children and young people, so adored by remembrance of a domestic generosity and greatness of heart too sacred to be revealed here—can never forget the pleasure of that sight.

If ever there was a house in England justly celebrated for the reverse of the picture, where every art was honoured for its own sake, and where every visitor was received for his own claims and merits, that house was his. It was in this respect a great example, as sorely needed as it will be sorely missed. Rendering all legitimate deference to rank and riches, there never was a man so composedly, unaffectedly, quietly immovable by such considerations, than the subject of this sorrowing remembrance. On the other hand, nothing would have astonished him so much as the suggestion that he was anybody's patron or protector. His dignity was ever of that highest and purest sort which has no occasion to proclaim itself, and which is not in the least afraid of losing itself.

In the first joy of his appointment to the judicial bench, he made a summer-visit to the seashore, "to share his exultation in the gratification of his long-cherished ambition with the friend,"—now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Languishing in the bright moonlight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he undertook and of his placid belief that the habits of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge, but, above all, he spoke with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend's mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, on his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with his own singleness of heart, and his solitary hearer knew how deep and true his purpose was. They passed, before parting for the night, into a playful dispute at what age he should retire, and what he should do at three-score years and ten. And ah! within five short years it is all ended in a dream!

But, by the strength of his desire to do right, he was animated to the last moment of his existence. Who, knowing England at this time, would wish to utter with his last breath a more righteous warning than that its curse is ignorance, or a so-called education, which is as bad or worse, and a want of the exchange of innumerable graces and sympathies among the various orders of society, each hardened unto each, and holding itself aloof? Well will it be for us and for ourselves if those dying words be never henceforth forgotten on the Judgment seat.

An example in his social intercourse to those who are born to station, an example equally to those who win it for themselves, teaching the one class to abate its stupid pride, the other to stand upon its eminence not forgetting the road by which it got there and fawning upon no one: the conscientious judge, the charming writer, and accomplished speaker, the gentle-hearted, guileless, affectionate man, has entered on a brighter world. Very, very many have lost a friend; nothing in creation has lost an enemy.

The hand that lays this poor flower on his grave was a mere boy's when he first clasped it—newly come from the work in which he himself began life—little used to the plough it has followed since—so obscure enough, with much to correct and learn. Each of its successive tasks through many intervening years has been cheered by his warmest interest, and the friendship then begun has ripened to maturity in the passage of time, but there was no more self-assertion or condescension in his waning goodness at first than at last. The sound of the drum, as on wet days, or when it is moistened, the sound is very much diminished. The drumming sound is heard four or five hours during the day principally during the hours of twelve and two. In the female there is no drum, nor any trace of the muscular apparatus belonging to it. As an illustration of the immense numbers in which these insects appear, Dr. Burnett stated that he saw an oak tree, on every leaf of which were six or eight individuals.

**SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS.**

The seventeen year locusts appeared in great numbers in various parts of Maryland and Pennsylvania, during the months of May and June 1851. The following description of the first appearance of the insect above ground, and its transition to the winged state, is given by Dr. Smith, of Baltimore:—

"When they come up from the earth, always about day light or a little before, they immediately climb the first object they meet with, a tree, a bush, or stake, anything two or three feet. They then lay hold of the bark, fixing themselves firmly by their claws, and commence working themselves out of their old shell, which is done by rupturing it on the back, between the shoulders, and drawing themselves out. As soon as they get fairly out, they seize hold of the old shell with their claws, raise themselves, and begin to expand their wings. Their bodies at this time are exceedingly delicate, white and moist; but a few minutes exposure to the air dries and hardens them, so that by the time the sun has fairly risen, they are perfect and can fly. The wings, before sloughing, are beautifully folded up, and it is a beautiful sight to see them unfolded, and, in a few minutes, changed from the most soft and delicate tissue to the firm and rigid wing of the perfect insect. If it be a wet or cloudy day they are apt to perish in the operation of sloughing and drying."

At the Boston Natural History Society in June, Dr. Burnett furnished an account of some observations recently made by him on the structure of these locusts. He had found that, in the male, in many instances, there is scarcely a trace of a digestive canal, or biliary apparatus, whereas, in the female, both are fully developed. This arrangement is adapted to the peculiar wants of each; the male living but a few days, and the female much longer. The female, on emerging from the earth, has about 500 eggs in her abdomen, of about one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter, which is only about half their size at the time they are deposited. The development of the eggs accounts for the necessity of food and her complete digestive system. As the locusts appear in about the same numbers at every period of their return, it follows that only two of the eggs, on the average are developed. It would thus appear supposing the production of these insects to have always followed the same law that there must have been originally a multiplicity of individuals.

The male is one-third larger than the female. The drumming apparatus of the male, Dr. Burnett had made the subject of careful microscopic study. He had found it to be integumental in its nature, not presenting any relation, either by structure or analogy, to the respiratory system. It is situated on each side, between the thorax and abdomen, the head of the drum being just under the attachment of the wings to the body, and of the size of the marrow-fat pea. It consists of a tense, dry, crisp membrane, crossed by cords or bars, produced by a thickening of the membrane, which meets on one side the point of attachment of the muscles, which, by their contraction, kept it stretched. The sound is produced by a series of undulations running from the contracting muscles across the drum. The upper part of the abdomen seems to act as a sounding board: when a portion is removed the sound is greatly diminished. As the locusts

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**AN ABDUCTION INDEED.**

We copy a passage from a paper read before the American Geographical Society, by Captain Gibson, lately returned from the East Indies, and bringing with him some new facts as to the tribes of ourang-outangs inhabiting the deserts of that part of the world. He says:—

"My statement of the extraordinary peculiarities of these apparently semi-human beings has led to the expression of so much curiosity to know more of them by some, and of scepticism as to the fact of their existence on the part of others, that I have deemed it due to myself and to public curiosity to give some additional facts along with all the corroborative evidence that has fallen under my observation.

While at Mintok, Palembang, and Batavia, I heard many remarkable stories of the agility, audacity, and especially of the superhuman strength of the ourang-outang. I will trespass upon your attention by relating one of the most extraordinary, at the same time one of the best attested, which I heard at Batavia:

Lieutenant Schoch, of the Dutch East India army, was on a march with a small detachment of troops and coolies on the southeastern coast of Borneo. He had encamped, on one occasion, during the noonday heat, on the banks of one of the small tributaries of the Bangarassan. The lieutenant had with him his domestic establishment, which included his daughter, a playful and interesting little girl of the age of thirteen. One day, while wandering in the jungle, beyond the prescribed limits of the camp, and having, from the oppressive heat, loosened her garments, and thrown them off, almost to nudity, the beauty of her person excited the notice of an ourang-outang, who sprang upon her and carried her off. Her piercing screams rang through the forest to the ears of her dozing protectors, and roused every man in the camp.

The swift, bare-footed coolies were foremost in pursuit, and now the cry rings in the agonized father's ears that his daughter is devoured by a binatang—again, that an ourang-outang has carried her off. He rushes, half-trembled, with the whole company, to the thicket, from whence the screams proceeded, and there, among the topmost limbs of an enormous banyan, the father beholds his daughter, naked, bleeding, and struggling in the grasp of a powerful ourang-outang, who held her tightly, yet easily, with one arm, while he sprang lightly from limb to limb, as if wholly unincumbered.

It was in vain to think of shooting the monster, so agile was he. The Hyak coolies, knowing the habits of the ourang-outang, and knowing that he will always plunge into the nearest stream, when