

The games embraced many of the objects of our modern exhibitions. We hear of prizes awarded to the inventors of new musical instruments. We are told of the recitation of new musical compositions, as well as of poems and of histories. But besides all this, there was much of the same business transacted as is carried on here in Wall street, or on 'Change in London. There was much buying and selling, and commercial transaction, and advertising, at a time when there were no newspapers, and all this between the citizens of States as far distant from each other, if we reckon by time, before the days of steamboats and railways, as are now Europe and America. But neither the amusement and instruction afforded by these meetings, nor even their commercial bearing, were the sole or even the principal ends achieved by such periodical gatherings. Greece was divided, like the United States, into a multitude of independent commonwealths and cities, each jealous of her State rights, each averse to centralization, but not prevented, like the members of your confederation, from warring one with another. It was the aim, says Grote, of the leading politicians of Greece, to give to the people of States politically disunited, opportunities of exchanging courtesies and hospitalities, of comparing the progress they had made in knowledge and civilization, and, above all, of cherishing a sentiment of Pan-Hellenic unity. Gentlemen, your chairman, in proposing the last toast, has coloured the illustrious Prince whom he has styled the originator of the first international exhibition, that of London in 1851, and you have responded to the toast with an enthusiasm most grateful to the feelings of every Englishman here present. The London exhibition had a more cosmopolitan aim than that of combining together the States of one great confederacy of the nations, politically independent, yet speaking in common the language of Shakspeare. It was the first attempt to establish an exhibition in which nations differing in language, religious creeds and political institutions, should co-operate in friendly rivalry—an arena where all should compete for distinction in the application of the principles of science to machinery and in the fine arts, and in their application to manufacturing industry. If a series of industrial exhibitions on such a cosmopolitan plan be so arranged as not to interfere one with another, let us hope that they may acquire perpetuity, and last, not for eleven, but for eleven times eleven centuries."

FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILOR'S PREACHER.

Written for the Mutual World and Times.

You have never heard FATHER TAYLOR, the Boston Seaman's preacher? Well—you should go down to his church some Sunday. It is not at the court-end of the town. The urchins in the neighborhood are guileless of shoes or bonnets. You will see quite a sprinkling of "Police" at the corners. Green Erin, too, is well represented; with a dash of Africa—checked off with "dough faces."

Let us go into the church: there are no stained-glass windows, no richly draped pulpit—no luxurious seats to suggest a nap to your sleepy conscience. No odor of patchouli, or nonpareil, or bouquet de violet will be wafted across your patrician nose. Your sash and broadcloth will fail to procure you the highest seat in the synagogue,—they being properly reserved for the "old salts."

Here they come! one after another, with horny palms and bronzed faces. It stirs my blood like the sound of a trumpet, to see them. The seas they have crossed! the surging billows they have breasted! the lonely, dismal, weary nights they have kept watch!—the harpies in port who have assailed their generous sympathies! the sullen flash of the sheeted dead in its vast ocean sepulchre!—what stirring thoughts and emotions do their weather-beaten faces call into play! God bless the sailor! Here they come; sure of a welcome—conscious that they are no intruders on aristocratic landowners' soil—sure that each added face will read a thrill of pleasure to the heart of the good old man, who folds them all, as one family, to his patriarchal bosom.

There he is! How reverently he drops on his knee and utters that silent prayer. Now he is on his feet. With a quick motion he adjusts his spectacles, and says to the tardy tar, doubtful of a berth, "Room here, brother!" pointing to a seat in the pulpit! Jack don't know about that. He can climb the rigging when Boreas whistles his fiercest blast; he can swing into the long boat with a stout heave, when creaking timbers have parted beneath him; but to mount the pulpit!—Jack doubts his qualifications, and blushes through his mask of bronze. "Room enough, brother!" again reassures him; and with a little extra fumbling at his tarpanlin, and hitching at his waistband, he is soon as much at home as though he were on his vessel's deck.

The hymn is read with a *huzz-tone*—there is no mistaking either the poet's meaning or the reader's devotion. And now, if you have a "scientific man" at eye," (which, thank heaven, I have not,) you may criticize the singing, while I am not ashamed of the tears that steal down my face, as I mark the effect of good *Old Hundred* (means trails and flossishes) on Neptune's honest, hearty, whole-souled sons.

The text is announced. There follows no arrangement of dickyos, or bracelets, or eye-glasses. You forget your ledger and the fashions, the last prima donna, and that your neighbor is not one of the "upper ten," as you fix your eye (with me) on that good old man, and are swept away from worldly moorings by the flowing tide of his simple, earnest eloquence. You marvel that those uttered truths of his never struck your thoughtless mind before. My pen fails to convey to you the play of expression on that earnest face—those emphatic gestures—"he starting rear of the thrilling voice"—but they all tell on "Jack."

And now an infant is presented for baptism. The parlor takes its own arm. O, surely he is himself a father, else it would not be poised so gently. Now he holds it up, that all may view its dimpled beauty, and says, "Is there one here who doubts, should this child be to-day, its right among the blessed?" One murmured spontaneous No! bursts from Jack's lips, as the baptismal drops lave its sinless temples. Lovingly the little infant is folded, with a kiss and a blessing, to the heart of the earthly shepherd, ere the maternal arms receive it.

Jack looks on and weeps! and how can he help weeping? He was once as pure as that blessed innocent! His mother—the old new covers in a—often invoked heaven's blessing on her son; and well he remembers the touch of her gentle hand and the sound of her loving voice as she murmured the imploring prayer, for him, and how she had joyfully redeemed his youthful promise? He dashes away his scalding tears, with his horny palm; but,

please God, that Sabbath—that scene—shall be a fair-man upon which memory shall insensibly inscribe,

"Go, and sin no more."

FANNY FERN.

AMOROUS.

A little non-sense now and then, is relished by the wisest men.

GUNE-OPATHY.

BY JOHN D. SAIZ.

I saw a lady yesterday, A regular M. D., Who'd taken from the Faculty Her medical degree; And I thought if ever I was sick My doctor's self should be

I pity the deluded man Who foolishly consults Another man in hopes to find Such medical results, As when a pretty woman lays Her hand upon his pulse.

I had a strange disorder once, A kind of chronic cough, That all the doctors in the town, With all their boasted skill, Could never cure, I'm very sure, With powder nor with pill.

I don't know what they called it In their reports of test of Art, Nor if they thought it mortal, In such a vital part, I only know 'twas reckoned "Something they would not the heart!"

A lady came—her presence brought The light into my eyes, She took my hand—and something like A fever now appears; Great Galen!—I was all a glow, Though I'd been cold for years!

Perhaps it isn't every case That's fitly in her care, But should I ever be again, I fervently beseech That I may have, for life or death, A lady for my "doctor!"

NOVEL ILLUSTRATION OF COURTING.—Courtin a gaff, I guess is like catchin a young horse in the pasture. You put the oats in the pan, hide the halter, and softly sawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the gram, and gets a taste, stand-off, and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious again, ready for a go if you are tough. Well, you soft sawder it all the time: so-so-peet! gently peet! that's a pretty doll! and it gets to bind-r like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it tips head and tail, and sports, wheels short round, lets go both hind feet at you, and off like a shot. That comes of being in a hurry. Now, if you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawn away, as much as to say, hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you, the chance is you would have caught it. Well, what's your play, now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares the critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, cope, cope, cope! and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now, what do you do then? why shake the pan and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pasture and make for him; when it repents of bin' so distrustful, comes up, and you slips the halter on.—Sam Siza's *wise Saws and Modern Instances*.

"Pa, will you answer me a question?" "Certainly my boy." "Well, Pa, is the world round?" "Yes, of course." "Well then, Pa, if the world is round, how can it come to an end?"

A BRANDY "SMASH."—Drinking Otard till you fall through a show window.

PARODY.—Punch has the following witty parody of a nursery song:—

"Hushaby, Pontiff, upon the world's prop; When the world moves, the Popedom will rock; When the prop breaks, the structure will fall, And down comes Papacy, Pontiff and all."

Sadrah, Meshek, and Muloch, how hot it is; I pity omnibus noses and teamsters; I pity ignorant young mothers with teething babies; I pity the Irish who huddle in a cellar, and take boarders in each corner; I pity con-sumptive seamstresses who "sing the song of the shirt" for six cents per day; I pity dandies with tight bows; I pity cooks, blacksmiths, and red haired people; I pity any body who doesn't live in a refrigerator, and hasn't a Fan to temper the air. FANNY FERN.

CURES FOR WIDOW'S COMPLAINTS.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was afflicted. "In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, you should take air and exercise." "And, doctor, I am quite fitzy at night, I am afraid to be alone. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!" "Fie, doctor, but I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, you have, besides taking air, exercise, and a husband, to take a Newspaper."

HARD HITS.—Punch says, considering how many members purchase their seats, most of the laws that are made in Parliament may be called *ouy-laws*.

It defines the poultry mania to be "a morbid tendency to brood over chickens."

In stating that Louis Napoleon proposes to restore the Political Chop, it remarks: "His friends, the Jesuits, will perhaps persuade him to revive also the Theoretical Steak."

The Rapping Spirits pay no duty, for the simple reason that they don't rise to proof.

Methods to kiss ladies' hands after their lips as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat apples, fall to the ground, out of love they have to the apple.—Seldon.

A late newspaper is very severe on the Maine law, and "all other pharisaic demonstrations," but contains in its columns the details of three suicides, one homicide and two sudden deaths, all resulting from drunkenness. An unlucky coincidence.

The Witness says, the sum of £1000 has been subscribed for the widow and children of Mr. Gwynne, one of the victims of the Montreal riot.

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL] TO ANNA.

A shadow of sadness hangs over my brow As I gaze on your parting *Diadem*, This token of friendship not valueless now, Though its luster is all fading away.

Sweetly its fragrance still floats on the air Like hopes that have faded and sunk in the tomb, Yet others may blossom as brightly and fair, When these leaves have withered and lost their perfume.

But a charm will be wanting if thou art not there Which perfume and beauty must fail to supply For the splendors of nature, though Britain's fair, Receive a new charm from the light of thine eye.

Colborne, July 21st, 1853.

W. H. F.

JOURNEY FROM CAIRO TO JERUSALEM.—While our travels were leading, I walked again to the Arab burial place. Even in this desert I felt the instinct which prompts us to bury the resting places of the dead. The region produces a lilacaceous plant, with a large bulb and large thick leaves, of a deep green color. Bunches of these were planted at the head and foot of many of the graves. A singular custom prevails here, of laying the garments of the dead on the ground above them. At the head of one of the graves lay a woman's blue cotton dress, as fresh almost in appearance, as if it had just come from the loom. I remarked several articles of male attire, some of them much decayed by the length of time they had remained on the ground. On one poor fellow's grave lay only his turban cap, probably the sole part of his raiment which was thought in fit condition to serve as his monument. The grave of a child fixed my attention, at each end of which a branch of the plant I have already mentioned was growing freshly, and between them lay a lute garment of blue cotton, and another of white with a crimson stripe running through it.

Near by, and probably dragged away by the jackals, was the skin of a lamb with a soft silky fleece, which had formed the child's outer garment in winter. I replaced it on the grave, and could not help thinking how tenderly, to judge by these tokens, that child must have been cherished, and that, when it was carried out dead from the humble abode of its parents, their brown tent pitched on the green sward, the heart of its mother must have been pierced by a sorrow as sharp as is felt at such a loss in the most civilized country.

One of the entertainments of our journey through the desert was reading books of travels relating to the country through which we were passing. Sometimes as we sat on our camels we read aloud for the benefit of the rest, and in the evening, before we became drowsy, which was early enough, a little tea was generally employed in this way. For these evening readings, we frequently took parts of the Scriptures, to which the scenes around us gave a new interest—narratives of the journey of the early Hebrews to the land of Egypt, their abode in the country, their passage out of it, and wanderings in the desert, which once brought them to the very region in which we were travelling.—Bryant's Letters.

ANNIE MAY.

Went from the hours that love her, (Gone from her bosom away, Gone in her childish beauty, Little Annie May.) But in a land of beauty, I never-fading flower, Where care and sorrow come not, (A better clime than ours.) She dwelleth now, and kneeleth Beside the throne of God, In paradise with those who rail with The spirit from the sod. —Knackerbaker.

LT FANNY FERN, the celebrated writer, is said to have married twice. Her first husband was C. H. Eldridge, cashier of a Merchants' Bank, U. S. He died some five years ago, leaving the widow with an empty purse and two or three children. Her second husband was E. P. Farmington merchant of Boston, widower with two children. They lived together only one year, when Mr. F. left for the West where he is at present located and where he has just obtained a divorce. Fanny's maiden name was Bliss. The sale of her book has exceeded even Uncle Tom's Cabin—10,000 copies having been sold the first week.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT IN THE PALACE AT DUBLIN.—A strange incident, which might have led to fatal consequences, occurred generally asserted, the other night at the palace. Prince and Princess Frederick-William of Hesse, in honor of whose marriage a splendid court ball was given on Monday last, had not long since their attendants and guests to rest, after the *set*, ere they were awakened or startled by the appearance of an individual who, seated in a land, drew aside the curtains at the foot of their couch, and at a moment, and then hastily withdrew. The alarm of the princess at this apparition, which might have called to mind the *lady* of "the white Lady" under a new form, may well be conceived the prince regardless of the hazard of attempting to seize the man evidently of no ordinary daring, sprung to his feet, proceeded with the aid of his attendants attracted to the antechamber by his calls, arrested and disarmed the intruder. Upon examination proved to be one of the so-called *self-declared* corps, of whom are some 50 or 60, who in war time are mounted, and sent as fiducial messengers attached to head-quarters. The man, who no duty to perform in the palace, had secured himself in the chambers adjacent to that of her highness, declared himself for his intrusion; but on being warned that his offence was serious and might lead to a charge of high treason, he declared his only motive was to seek his own affianced bride who was employed in the palace, and who he had been told—*as to the* prince's coach as the prince occupied another apartment, being examined by the competent authorities on the spot, he presented in his statement, adding that he intended to take the prince and princess and that he would not have committed offence had he not been deceived. As nothing but the *princess's* highness could have warned the man to seek the *princess's* chambers to have had others, he has been treated as a