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A WAYSIDE DREAM.

BY HAYARD TAILOR.

A warm and drizzly evening
Is stealing over the land;
I see no more the dew
Sweet through the valley plain—
I hear no more the plover's note
Singing round the stream;

Soft silver wings, no more
Seen resting on my brow;
Again I hear the water,
But its voice is deeper now,
And the moaning and the wailing
Are singing on the bough;

The elm and linden branches
Droop close and dark overhead,
And the glancing forest brooklet
Leaps down its rocky bed;
Be still, my heart! the seas are passed—
The paths of home I tread!

The showers of dreamy blossoms
Are on the linden spray,
And down the clover meadow
They heap the scented hay,
And glad winds toss the forest leaves
All the bright summer day,

Old playmates! bid me welcome
Amid your brother-land;
Give me the old affection—
The glowing grasp of hand!
Worship no more the realms of old—
Here is my Father-land!

ANECDOTE OF OMER PASHA.

Omer Pasha is a Slavonian by birth, forty-eight years of age, and has been in the Turkish service for upwards of twenty years. When he entered that service, he was obliged by the Turkish custom to change his name, which he did from "Lattas" to "Omer." It appears that he never informed his family of the circumstance, and was to them as lost. His elder brother, Simon Lattas, is fifty years of age, and has resided in Jassy, a town on the Pruth, for many years past, devoting his time to mercantile pursuits. About ten years ago, an officer informed him that his brother Omer had been killed on the field of battle, and that he (the officer) had seen him both dead and buried. Having been thus so positively informed of his brother's death, Simon naturally concluded that the information must be correct. In the month of August, 1853, Simon Lattas was one day regaling himself with a cup of coffee at one of the numerous *Cafes* in the ancient town of Jassy, and not having any friend to talk with, took up a French newspaper that was lying on the table. After having read the current news of the day, he accidentally fell upon a short biography of the celebrated Turkish commander, Omer Pasha, and from mere curiosity commenced its perusal. He was rather astonished to find that Omer Pasha formerly bore the family name of Lattas; and, from several circumstances related in the memoir, began to think that this renowned general might, by some accident, prove to be his own long-lost brother. Yet how could this be when he had, (what he considered) positive proof of his brother's death? The information which he had thus casually acquired dwelt so much upon his mind that he determined at once to write to Omer Pasha. He addressed his letter to *Constantinople*, where Omer Pasha was then residing. Some shortly afterwards left Jassy for Varna,

and in the course of his journey he read the biography of Omer Pasha. He was very much interested in the account of his brother's death, and he was very much surprised to find that the Omer Pasha mentioned in the biography was his brother. He was very much surprised to find that the Omer Pasha mentioned in the biography was his brother. He was very much surprised to find that the Omer Pasha mentioned in the biography was his brother. He was very much surprised to find that the Omer Pasha mentioned in the biography was his brother.

AFFECTING SAGACITY IN A FISH.

At a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, the following curious facts were narrated by Dr. Warwick, one of the members with respect to instinct in animals.—He stated, that when he resided at Durham the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond, when fish intended for the table were kept. He took notice of a fine pike, about six pounds in weight which, when it observed him, started hastily away. In so doing it struck its head against a tenet-hook in a post (of which there were several in the pond to prevent poaching), and as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the fish was most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on the bank. He (the Doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture of the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver toothpick raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but in a few minutes it again started and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time he did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the water, and with the assistance of the keeper the Doctor made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water; and actually laid its head upon his foot. The Doctor thought this extraordinary, and he examined the fish's skull, and found it was going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blinded on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when

it looked towards the spot where it was wounded. On the 11th of the month, the fish was taken out of the pond, and was found to be quite dead. It was then buried in a grave, and the pond was again stocked with fish. The above facts were related by Dr. Warwick at a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, and they were very much interesting to the audience.

THE WIDOW FITZ ALLEN.

BY OSCAR DUMAS.

Some months since I started on a journey in a carriage on the road from N. to a town of some importance. This mode of travelling I always adopt whenever practicable. It was far better, to my taste, than to be whirled through the country, peeped up in a close car, at a rate which precludes the enjoyment of sightseeing. In addition to this, a railroad is generally located in the most unattractive portions of those towns through which it passes.

For these reasons, unless particularly hurried, I usually eschew railroads and railroad cars and cling to the old-fashioned method of travelling.

So much by the way of introduction and explanation.

The scenery on either side of the road over which I was passing being of a very attractive character, I checked my horse to a walk.

In front of us at some little distance I perceived a woman, respectably dressed, who was walking slowly along and turning an occasional glance back upon us as if she had something to say.

She gradually slackened her pace as I approached, and when fairly within hearing, inquired whether I had any objection to take her in the carriage with me.

Being naturally gallant, I could not do otherwise than comply with the request from such a source. Of course I informed her that nothing would afford me greater satisfaction. In a trice I was rolling over the highway with an unknown lady by my side.

I had an opportunity to scan her features, which I did furtively.

She was what would be called rather prettily but richly dressed, while from her neck depended by a guard, hung a gold watch-chain. I took it out of my pocket to learn the time, which gave me an opportunity to remark that it was of costly workmanship.

"You must think," said she after a pause, "that I have made rather a singular request of a gentleman, with whom I am totally unacquainted."

"Not in the least, madam," said I politely. "Nevertheless I feel bound to give some explanation of this step in my own justification. My name is Mrs. Fitz Allen."

"An aristocratic name," thought I. "I wonder whether she is a widow?"

"I am something of an invalid, in consequence of my physical weakness, of my taking too little exercise. He has therefore directed me to walk three hours a day. In conformity with his direction I set out this morning with the intention of walking to M., but I found after a while

that I could not sustain my strength, and resolved to throw up the sponge. The proximity and kindness of the first passenger by whom I thought I could be helped, I am sure from your appearance are not to be mistaken in judging you to be of the same sex."

"I did not feel flattered at what I, rightly or wrongly, would have taken as a compliment, and began to turn a little back at having encountered a lady so far from her usual place, under my escort."

"We kept up an animated conversation, which was interrupted by Mrs. Fitz Allen turning forward and looking back over her shoulder at the chaise.

"Supposing that we were desirous of seeing more of the country than could be observed from a covered carriage, I offered to let down the chaise top, but she remonstrated so earnestly against this proceeding, that I was fain to let things remain as they were.

Meanwhile I had become more and more pleased with my companion, and began to consider more and more curiously whether she was likely to be a widow.

For the purpose of ascertaining this, I resorted to a very ingenious fabrication, as follows:—

"It would be singular," remarked I, carefully, "if it should chance that your husband and I are old acquaintances. I need to know a Mr. Henry Fitz Allen, who was, if I remember rightly, once a lawyer."

"No I don't think it could have been the case. My husband died some years since. Besides his name was Robert, and he was a merchant."

I had gained the information I desired. I need not say that Mrs. Henry Fitz Allen, the lady whom I had mentioned, was quite an apocryphal personage.

I began to consider whether it would not be worth while to follow up the acquaintance when she was a widow, afterwards inquired, with visible expectation, whether I wouldn't drive a little faster.

To this I had not the least objection. I therefore laid on the whip and the horse bounded forward at a rapid pace.

"I like to go fast," said my companion, in explanation of her request, "it is so exhilarating. I think there is no enjoyment like that of riding rapidly."

"I agree with you perfectly," said I. "It is a favorite recreation of mine."

The sound of wheels was heard behind us. "Couldn't you drive a little faster?" asked Mrs. Fitz Allen, anxiously.

I was about to apply the whip once more when I heard a shout to stop from behind.

"No, don't stop," said my companion. "He won't wait anything with you."

I was puzzled, and was about to follow her advice, when the words were repeated in more authoritative tone.

"Stop! I command you in the name of the law!"

The instant afterwards, a constable drove up. "What do you want with me?" I asked in astonishment.

"Speaking with you. But I have something to do with Mrs. Saunders, who is with you."

"I know nothing of Mrs. Saunders," said I. "This lady is Mrs. Fitz Allen, and is making my acquaintance."