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[ORIGINAL.]

FORGETFULNESS:

INSCRIBED TO WHOEVER LIKES IT.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

How cold is the breath that forgetfulness breathes,
How chilling the smile that she wears,
How joy the robe round her victim she wreathes,
How bitter the fruit that she bears;
Cold, cold is the sneer that the haughty cast down,
As they pass in wealth's glittering car,
But the act of neglect, than their sneer or their frown,
Is more chilling and blighting by far.

It has swept the fond hope undiminished by years,
Unscathed in our bosoms that reigned;
It has pruned from the shrine of affection our tears,
For the altar of friendship profaned.
Oh could we but banish it far to some isle,
Where the voice of affection ne'er came,
The heart's lonely temple might light with a smile,
And grow brighter the longer the flame.

Oh! banish it far to some dark dusky dell,
Where the mole or the bat has his nest;
And let it not come near the heart's cheery cell,
Where the soul of pure friendship should rest.
Let it not shade the name of the valued and dear,
Nor the tomb of the loved overcast;
Nor close the warm heart to affection's bright tear,
Or cloud the bright sunbeam that's past.

Drive it hence by the tomb of the craven to crouch,
Or to cumber the hoarse raven's wings,
That hovers with death o'er the despot's lord couch,
Or in croakings his requiem sings.
Go rest on the brow of the heartless and cold,
Go demon and breathe thy dank breath;
Glad their shrines who can worship but Moloch and Gold,
But to me thou'rt more chilling than death.

Go pillow thyself on the tyrant's cold breast,
Or shield the red sword of the brave,
But touch not the brow of the captive oppressed,
Nor light on the links of the slave;
Oh! leave them—go leave them to pity's last beam,
Since the voice of affection is hushed,
For thou cursed at the hope of their youth's happy dream,
To that heart where affection has gushed.

Away to the gloom of the anchorite's cell,
Go feast on the sight of his grief,
Thou may'st laugh that the soul's gainst its enemies should rebel,
And in solitude seek a relief;
But oh for a home where thy name was unknown,
The soul of true friendship would flee,
To share with one true heart a desert alone,
Ere the halls of a monarch with thee.

To mock me no more with thy pitiless heart,
Though with gold thou encumberst thy name,
To leave me my cottage and one faithful heart,
And I'll seek not for riches or fame;
To more I'll be lured till the mask be removed,
Each friendship unproved I'll reject,
And say that I've breathed from the lips that I lov'd
The cold chilling breath of neglect.
1853, 25th June, 1853.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD

I have received the following from a friend and correspondent in the West Indies, on whose veracity we can rely:—A choleric demon was thrown over my spirits last night by the death of a very affecting story. Many people will not believe parted shades ever appear to mortal eyes: of this incredulous number I was lately one. The following story of the appearance of an apparition to a youth who had lately died has been strongly confirmed that I can no longer doubt:—A very great friendship subsisted between "Thomas Ostrahan" and Robert Straker, sons of gentlemen possessing large estates in this Island (Barbadoes). This friendship was first formed at school in England, and continued after their arrival in the Island. Ostrahan died here a short time since; Straker

attended at his funeral, and expressed lively marks of sorrow on the death of his friend. Retiring at night he lay sometime thinking on Ostrahan's death, and consoled himself for his loss with the pleasing hope that his friend would enjoy a degree of happiness in the invisible world that he could never have had in this. While his thoughts were thus engaged, on a sudden, he says, he was sensible of a glim mering light, at a little distance from him, and almost immediately there appeared in his view a ghastly spectre, the sight of which made every nerve tremble with horror, and he lost all recollection for some time, and thinks he must have been in a kind of swoon or trance. On opening his eyes again he saw the same horrible spectre sitting on the side of his bed. Notwithstanding the ghastly appearance of the form, Straker says he recognized the features of his departed friend Ostrahan, who thus saluted him:—

"Do not be terrified, my dear Robert, at my appearance; be of good courage and recover yourself." At these encouraging words, Straker made an effort to take the spectre by the hand; but the apparition then spoke again as follows:—"No! my dear Robert, I cannot be touched by mortal hands, I am yet ignorant where I shall go, but I have received a command from the Most High to warn you of an impending danger that hangs over your brother. Two intimate companions of his, tell your father, will shortly tempt his son to the most abandoned wickedness, and, unless your father speedily uses some precautions your brother will be lost. I know you love him, and would wish to see him reclaimed, therefore fail not to acquaint your father. You will shortly die; at what exact time or hour I know not: another of our school-mates will soon follow. In order to convince you that I am commissioned from above, I will tell you some of your father's most secret thoughts:—He intends when you arrive at the age of eighteen, to disinherit your elder brother, and make you the heir. This thought he has never communicated to any soul living; indeed, the executing his design would have been an act of injustice to your elder brother, who is a most deserving youth. For a further proof of my commission, on Sunday evening you will go to church—the particular cause you are acquainted with; you will hear 'Parson Sner' use these words, (what the words were the writer of the original manuscript does not mention) One of your brother's bad companions will, in the church, utter a oath, for which you will reprove him. Fail not to tell your father of your brother's danger." With this the spectre disappeared from Straker's sight, and left him very much shocked and overcome at what had been told him; but he delayed communicating it to his parents or friends. The Sunday night following, he attended the funeral of a neighbor to church, and heard the Minister, Mr. Sner, repeat the very sentence in his sermon that the Spectre informed him he would. While he was in church, he likewise received the proof in respect to the young man's oath. This immediately made a very deep impression on him, and he returned home very low; of which his mother taking notice, he told her he should shortly die, on which she asked him his reason for so thinking; in reply to which he told her of his friend's spectre having appeared to him, which his mother, who only laughed at it, told him it was only a dream. "Madam," he said, feeling angry at her unbelief, "since you will have it so, it is a dream." At night he retired to rest with his brother as usual. Lying awake some time, with uneasy reflections on what had been communicated to him, he on a sudden, saw a great light, which terrified him; he immediately jumped out of bed, in order to alarm the family, but almost immediately he heard a noise, like the hovering of wings, and saw his friend arrayed in celestial glory, standing before him, having on a long white robe. An illumination spark'd all around, glorious to view. Straker beheld this heavenly visitor with delight, tracing the likeness to his late earthly friend. After some moments, the celestial messenger first broke silence.

"My dear Robert, I am again permitted to visit you. I am now in a place of happiness, and sent by the Most High to repeat the former command respecting that youth who now lies sleeping in the bed. Why did you delay the communication to your father?" Straker replied, "I designed to acquaint my father of it, but mother ridiculing it as a dream, prevented me.—Will you permit me to awake my brother, your warning him of the impending danger will have a stronger weight?" "No! it is not permitted," replied the spectre, "if you awake your brother, he may see me as I am at present visible to human eyes, which it is not designed I should be to him. Now, listen to me: you will be able to do this work in a few days, be resigned and expect the stroke." "I do not, I think, fear death," said Straker, "but will

prepare to obey the summons of the Most High." "Three hours before your death," said the blessed shade, "I will appear to you, be mindful of the injunction laid on you." On saying these words, he waved his hand to Straker, and then walked haurely to the window. Straker had resolution to follow him, and trode on the skirts of the white robe, but felt nothing under his feet. The spectre turned round and then to all appearance expanded his wings and disappeared. The day after Straker communicated all the above particulars to his father, who was much shocked and overcome at the recital, and felt all the anguish of an attached parent at the thought of losing a beloved child. "My dear son," he said, "I am convinced of the truth of what you tell me, from that circumstance alone of your elder brother. I truly designed to make you my heir at the age of eighteen years, but never named my intention to any person living. Providence has now thought fit to order it otherwise. I must bow with resignation to losing you, my dear Robert, since it is the will of the Almighty. I hope you will make a good use of your last hours, and prepare yourself by prayer and meditation for the awful summons." Their conference thus ended, and the next morning Straker perceived every particular of this awful and extraordinary visitation, directing it in a letter to his father. Soon after he was seized with extreme sickness, which turned in a short time to its opposite disorder. After being seated in a chair for a few moments, he raised his drooping head and said in a low voice—"I come! I come! my dear friend." His surrounding relatives, surprised, asked the cause of his exclamation. "I have just seen," said he, "my friend Ostrahan, and shall expire in three hours." On hearing the young lady he loved was in the house, he desired she might be introduced into his chamber, when embracing her with great tenderness, he mournfully exclaimed, "Farewell! my dear Mary! Farewell! my much loved friends! After this he lay down on his bed, where he continued without moving, except to wave his hand, as if to request his relatives not to disturb his dying moments. In this silent butable manner he continued, until his soul departed from his body. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." It was generally supposed that the friends of the deceased would have published a little account of the above statements. No printed account has however appeared. What I have written, I collected from an intimate friend in Straker's family, to whom the whole circumstances were related.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

DESPERATE FIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

The Arkansas Shield contains an account of a desperate fight between a man and two women on one side and a panther on the other. The fight took place on Beaver Bayou, Phillips county, Arkansas, on the 10th ult. The Shield says:—

On the 10th, Mr. Grimes had left his house during the deep snow that then lay on the ground, to procure some firewood in the adjoining forest—leaving in the house, a sick child, his wife and her mother. Attracted by the crying of the child, it is supposed, a large and fierce panther approached the door of the house. The imitative note of a child crying drew to the door Mrs. Grimes most fortunately; for already was the nose of the fierce intruder thrust within the door. By an effort she succeeded in closing the door and shutting out the panther.

An alarm was then given by the ladies, which drew to the house Mr. G. supposing his child to be ill and into dreaming by how fierce an enemy his cause was besieged. Judge then of his surprise upon seeing coolly armed upon the step of his door a huge panther. Mr. Grimes advanced and attempted to get possession of his gun which Mrs. Grimes had, opening the back door, brought around to him; crouching, with his tail swishing and eye glaring, the panther watched the every movement of Mr. Grimes grasping his gun, and before he could use it, the panther made a spring at his throat. The panther got the left arm of Mr. Grimes in his mouth, and victory seemed to be with him. Every muscle of Mr. G. was now strained to the utmost, and a long struggle ensued, the panther was thrown, and by placing his knee on his neck, and retaining the grasp he had on his throat Mr. G. succeeded in releasing from the jaws of the panther his left arm.

They again rose from the ground; Mr. G. never abandoning his vice-like hold of its throat, and both of its fore legs grasped in his left hand, he thus kept it at arm's length, and prevented it from tearing him with his claws. Victory was not yet with Mr. G., and he still might have met with a Waterloo defeat, had