



THE SON OF TEMPERANCE

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. JULY 8, 1854.

NO. 27.

A WAYSIDE DELIUM.

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

A warm and drowsy sweetness
Is stealing o'er my brow;
I see no more the Dun's eye
Sweep through his oval plume—
I hear no more the peasant gulls
Strut and strut the grain!

Soft silvery wings, a moment
Seem resting on my brow;
Again I hear the water,
But its voice is deeper now,
And the mocking-bird's note
Are singing on the bough!

The elm and hollyhock branches
Drop close and dark o'erhead,
And the fanning forest's rustle
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 laden spray,
And down the clover meadow
They heap the scented hay,
And glad winds toss the great leaves
All the bright summer day.

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

ANECDOTE OF OMER PASHA.

Omer Pasha is a Selavonian 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 circumstances, 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 news paper 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 examined its perusal. He was rather astonished to find that Omer Pasha formerly bore the family name of Lattas; and, from a verbal circumstance 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 the

commander by his own name, and stated that he had had that side towards the bank, as it could not be seen from the other. On then starting to go on board, he found that the vessel was not there. Pasha's first and last reply to the letter he had forwarded from Jassy. "What! what do you imagine was his brother's last wish, when he read the answer? He would not have been alive—yes, still alive, and anxiously waiting with open arms, to receive him. Omer had sent his confidential aide camp to welcome and conduct him, with all speed to Simons. On arriving there, Omer Pasha came out to meet him, and in a moment recognized his brother Simon. But Simon did not so readily remember his younger brother, owing perhaps to the grey hairs which now adorned his head and beard. This was truly a romantic and affecting scene—Omer Pasha surrounded by his staff, meeting and embracing his long lost brother, whom he had not met for more than 32 years. In commemoration of this happy event, the Sultan has been pleased to confer on Omer Pasha's nephew the rank, title and pay of Commander in the Imperial army. He has, therefore, been received in the Turkish service, under the appellation of *Bimbashi Omer Bey*.

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 15 pounds in weight, which, when it observed him, started hastily away. In so doing it struck its head against a tenter-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 incised 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 relaxed, 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 backward and forward along the edge of the pond for some time, and then

had that side towards the bank, as it could not be seen from the other. On then starting to go on board, he found that the vessel was not there. Pasha's first and last reply to the letter he had forwarded from Jassy. "What! what do you imagine was his brother's last wish, when he read the answer? He would not have been alive—yes, still alive, and anxiously waiting with open arms, to receive him. Omer had sent his confidential aide camp to welcome and conduct him, with all speed to Simons. On arriving there, Omer Pasha came out to meet him, and in a moment recognized his brother Simon. But Simon did not so readily remember his younger brother, owing perhaps to the grey hairs which now adorned his head and beard. This was truly a romantic and affecting scene—Omer Pasha surrounded by his staff, meeting and embracing his long lost brother, whom he had not met for more than 32 years. In commemoration of this happy event, the Sultan has been pleased to confer on Omer Pasha's nephew the rank, title and pay of Commander in the Imperial army. He has, therefore, been received in the Turkish service, under the appellation of *Bimbashi Omer Bey*.

THE WIDOW FITZ ALLEN.

BY OSCAR DUMAS.

Some months since I chanced to be riding in a chair on the road from N., a short 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 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 respectfully 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 chair 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 she was coming over the highway with an unassuming lady by my side. I had an opportunity to scan her features, which I did fortively. She was what would be called rather pretty, neatly but richly dressed, while from her neck depended by a guard, hung a gold watch. I took it out once 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 more 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's a widow?"

"I am something of an invalid, in consequence of my physician telling me, of my taking too little exercise. He has prescribed that I should walk

but I feel so weak that my strength, and resolved to throw myself upon the generosity and kindness of the first passer by whom I thought I could confide in. I am sure from your appearance, and that I am not mistaken in judging you to be of the character?"

I felt exceedingly flattered at what I rightly judged to be done as a compliment, and began to excuse myself as I looked at having encountered the far lady who had placed herself under my protection.

We kept up an animated conversation, which, however, was now and then interrupted by Mrs. Fitz Allen bending forward and looking back over the side of the chair.

Supposing that she was desirous of seeing more of the country than could be observed from a covered carriage, I offered to let down the chain 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 earnestly 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, carelessly, "if it should chance that your husband and I are old acquaintances. I used to know a Mr. Henry Fitz Allen, who was, if I remember rightly, a—

—lawyer."

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

I had gained the information I desired. I need not say that Mr. Henry Fitz Allen, the lawyer 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 agitation, 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 ride 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 hasn't said 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 Lord!"

The instant afterwards, a constable drove up.

"What do you want with me?" I asked in astonishment.

"Nothing with you. But I have something to say to Mrs. Fitz Allen."