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THE LIFE-CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mytic clock,  
No human eye has seen;  
That beateth on—that beateth on.  
From morning until e'en.  
And when the soul is wrapp'd in sleep,  
And heareth not a sound,  
It ticks and ticks the live-long night,  
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is the work of art,  
Which knells the passing hour,  
But art near formed, nor mind conceived  
The life-clock's magic power.  
Not set in gold, nor deck'd with gems,  
By pride or wealth possessed;  
But rich or poor or high or low,  
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream 'mid beds of flowers  
All still and softly glides,  
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat  
It warns of passing tides.  
When passion nerves the warrior's arm,  
For deeds of hate and wrong,  
Though heed'd not the fearful sound,  
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,  
And tender words are spoken,  
Then fast and wild it rattles on,  
As if with love 'twere broken.  
Such is the clock that measures life,  
Of flesh and spirit blended;  
And thus 'twill run within the breast,  
Till that strange life is ended.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There is much wisdom in the following remarks of an able American contemporary. Indeed want of Union is the chief defect of Canadian temperance men. The organization of the sons has done a great work and it was done by a united mode of action. Whilst they were united, the old Temperance Society kept aloof from them. There are hundreds of single stalks of corn standing in all of our cities and towns (in the shape of temperance men) who whilst pretending to wish for the Maine Law, will do nothing for it, no not even take a temperance paper.—(EDITOR SON.)

UNION IS STRENGTH.

A stalk of corn, standing alone in the field, is not able to keep its erect position for a single day—it falls before the gentle breeze—it is altogether without strength; but when the reaper binds a hundred or a thousand of them together, in bundles, and sets them up, so that they lean one against another, they defy strong wind. Individually, they have no strength—none to keep themselves from falling; and, of course, none to spare to their neighbors; but when they are associated—bound together by one of their own number, they become strong. Where does the strength come from? It is not in the individual stalks which compose the shock; where, then? We can't tell, unless it comes from the bond which holds them together. The fact, then, seems to be that affiliated weakness produces strength. It is not that the modicum of individual force is thrown into the aggregate, and

said *two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour—and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.* And, we guess, that this might be the meaning of Samson's riddle—*out of the eater (the carcase of the dead lion) came forth meat* (food enough to sustain many.) The dead lion is the individual standing alone, the swarm of bees, the emblem of associated strength. Should any one think it worth their while to attack our exposition, we shall not feel bound to go into any defence, as we do not profess to be so well skilled in that matter, as we ought to be.

There are plenty of dead lions in our cities and towns, who, standing alone, do but very little good. They would do much, if they were banded together: but as it is, the associated Bees bring about important results. "The staff of accomplishment" in their hands. True they go out, each from the hive individually, but they all return, laden with honey to cast into the common stock. And it may turn out that when the lions lack, there will be plenty of honey in the hive.

The thought is most happily illustrated by the Christian church. As an association of individuals of one heart and one mind, it has stood the shock of two worlds for eighteen centuries; and she is sure, remaining true to herself and her Lord, to gain a complete and a glorious triumph over all her enemies at last. Her members have been bound together by a mysterious band—in that her great strength lieth, and, unless she turns traitress to her Leader, and breaks the band herself, she must be invincible.

What could the One Hundred and Twenty or the Three Thousand early Christians have done, single handed, each on his own hook, without affiliation or mutual sympathy, against Judaism and Heathenism? or, rather, how could they have sustained themselves at all, in the midst of the ridicule and contumely of Greeks and Jews? They would have been scattered to the four winds, as they were; but, we think, they would have done but very little preaching, if they had not pledged themselves, as brethren of the same family, that they would, under all circumstances, adhere to the new faith, pray for one another, keep indissoluble the band of their union, and prove true to their great Leader. Man was not made with one hand, or one eye—he was not made to stand alone, an isolation—for, like the isolated stalk, he would bear but here and there a blighted kernel of grain, and fall to the ground before his fruit was ripened. No! Man was made with two hands and two eyes—he was made for Union—made to be fastened to somebody else by a bond which would make them both stronger and happier. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

In another illustration of the principle that "Union is strength," were needed, we would allude to the Temperance Society. What could have been accomplished without association and the pledge? What could John Tappan, and Lyman Beecher, and Hewett, Goodell, and Edwards, and other men like-minded, have done, without a common bond of brotherhood? Why, just what they had been doing, before the temperance society was formed—little, or nothing. Intemperance would have continued to pour its lava upon the poor, and

of purpose which is created by union, those fathers of the Temperance reform could not have taken the first step—they could not have screwed up their courage to even the pledge of "moderate use." That was an important step,—honour to the men who took it. Important, because it led to another, more important still. We have seen the benefits of the pledge—the benefits of union in the cause of temperance, and we are destined to see more of them. Outsiders may wonder at unexpected results which have been reached—unexpected to them, but not to others. We hope that they will not share the fate of those who *Wonder*, in another connection; but rather that they would understand the "manifest destiny" of the temperance cause, and become its friends.—*Boston Life Boat.*

TECUMSEH'S HONOR

AN INDIAN'S WORD AND GRATITUDE.

Their gratitude is remarkable, like the hospitality of the Arabs. It would seem, from the following, that Tecumseh was as honest as he was brave. Even in the poor Indian of the American wilderness, God has planted his seal—his seal of nobility and immortality. So it is with the colored man. There are thousands of instances of greatness in the colored men.—*EDITOR SON.*

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* gives some deeply interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh:—

While the enemy was in full possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the river Raisin. The inhabitants along that river had been stripped of nearly every means of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivard, (a Frenchman) who was lame, and unable by his labor to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages a pair of oxen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened, that, while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him in the road, and, walking up to him, said:

"My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen."

Young Rivard remonstrated. He told the chief that if he took the oxen, his father would starve to death.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are the conquerors, and everything we want is ours. I must have the oxen, my people must not starve; but I will not be so mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you \$100 for them, and that is far more than they are worth, but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian agent, Col. Elliot, who was on the river some distance below, for the money. The oxen were killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh.

Young Rivard took the order to Col. Elliot, who promptly refused to pay it, saying "we are entitled to our support from the country, we have

In the morning he took young Rivard and went down to see the Colonel. On reaching him he said:

"Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?"

"Yes" said the Colonel, "and he related the reason for refusal."

"I bought them," said the chief, "for my young men who were very hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I have always heard that white nations went to war with each other, and not with peaceful individuals, and they did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I will not pay for them."

"You can do as you please," said the Chief, "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great King, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting ground supplied them with food enough, so that they can return."

This threat produced a sudden change in the Colonel's mind. The defection of the great chief he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the Red men from the frontiers, and, without them, they were nearly powerless on the frontier.

"Well," said the Colonel, "I must pay, I will."

"Give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "not rag money"—arroy bill.

The Colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard, and then said to the Colonel, "Give me one dollar more. It was given, and handing that also to Rivard, he said, "Take that, it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money."

LOUIS BLANC—MARY HOWELL

As there have been so many attempts to catch the person of M. Louis Blanc, and as every one the public must have a very curious idea of him, and perhaps I may be excused if I give you an etching. He is really the first in height I have heard it stated that he is six feet tall, and with such symmetry that you soon forget his stature. His chest is full and fine, and his arms are peculiarly small. His complexion and hair are black. He has a clear and healthy color in his face. His face has a touch of the Hebrew, perhaps it is derived from the Spanish. There is something stern at times in his aspect, but when he smiles it wears a look of sunny brightness. I may say, it has a touching, child-like appearance. There is a strange tone in his voice that seems to vibrate about the heart as it is made of the finest of strings. It is only when you hear him speaking that he dilates into the man who could say a people and smilingly fold himself round with the Russian multitude as in a mantle. There is a strange fire in his dark eyes and his head is a feast for a phrenologist. M. Louis Blanc once said that the first of his countrymen whom he met arriving in England in 1848 was Louis Blanc at Morley's Hotel, who related up to him, and traced him with tears down to the