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**KALIMANDJARO, AN AFRICAN MOUNTAIN.**

[The following poem, by the American poet traveller, Bayard Taylor, is taken from the June number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. A note attached to it, states that Kalimandjaro is the name of the great Snow Mountain discovered in Central Africa, in 1850, by Dr. Lupton, in latitude 3 deg. S., and supposed by geographers to contain the true sources of the White Nile. We recollect reading in one of the writer's letters, published in the *Tribune*, the lingering, longing, baffled desire of the traveller to pursue his voyage beyond the gulf, in search of the yet undiscovered and mysterious sources of the great river of Egypt; and how, after travelling up the White Nile or Barrel Abind, for some three days he ascended a hill before him, his face northward, and fancied that he saw far off in the distance, a faint glimpse of the snowy peak of this wonderful mountain, which he addressed in the following poem:]

i.  
Hail to thee, Monarch of African Mountains  
Remote, inaccessible, silent and lone,  
Who, from the heart of the tropical fervors,  
Lafcest to heaven thine alien snows,  
Feeling forever the fountains that make thee  
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

ii.  
The years of the world are engraved on thy forehead;  
Time's morning blushed red on thy first fallen snows.  
Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,  
Of man unbeholden, thou wert not till now.  
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,  
Giving a soul to her manifold features,  
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness  
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.  
Knowledge has borne thee anew to Creation,  
And long baffled Time at thy baptism of joyous  
Take, then, a name, and be filled with existence,  
Yea, be exultant in sovereign glory.  
While from the hand of the wandering poet  
Drops the first garland of song at thy feet

iii.  
Floating alone on the flood of thy making,  
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,  
Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,  
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,  
And thou art revealed to my purified vision  
I see thee supreme, in the midst of thy co-mates,  
Standing alone, 'twixt the Earth and the Heavens,  
Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.  
Upheld on thy knees and thy shoulders of granite,  
Zone above zone, like the steps of a temple,  
The climates of Earth are displayed, as an index  
Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.  
There in the gorges that widen, descending  
From cloud and from cold into summer eternal,  
Gather the threads of the ice gendered fountains,  
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,  
And giving each shaly recess where they dally  
The blooms of the North and its evergreen turgid,  
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!  
There, in the wandering air of the Tropics,  
Shrines the aspen, still dreaming of cold;  
There stretches the oak, from the loftiest ledges,  
His arms to the far away lands of his brothers,  
And the pine tree looks down on his rival, the palm.

iv.  
Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,  
Tinted and shadowed by precincts of air,  
The baulcains hang o'er the slopes and the forests,  
Seats of the gods in the limitless ether,  
Looming sublimely aloft and afar,  
Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,  
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy forehead—  
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,  
Chasms and caverns, where Day is a stranger,  
Gardens where earth has treasures the Thunder,  
The lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail.

v.  
Sovereign mountain! thy brothers give welcome—  
They, the baptized and the crowned of age,  
Watch-towers of C. empires, altars of Ager—  
Welcome thee now their mighty assembly,  
Mount Blanc, in the rear of his mad avalanches,  
Hails thy accession; superb Orizava,  
Bathed with beech and encased with palm;

Chamberazo, the lord of the regions of woody,  
Mingle their sounds, in magnificent chorus,  
With greeting august from the pillars of Heaven,  
Who in the urns of the Indian Ganges,  
Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,  
Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

vi.  
Lo! unto each is the seal of his lordship,  
Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth,  
Each in his awful supremacy forces  
Worship and reverence wonder and joy  
Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,  
None has a claim to the honors of story,  
Or the superior splendors of song,  
Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled—  
Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,  
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

**A TURNPIKE AND A DIVORCE.**

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATION.

One winter there came to Trenton two men named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs upon the legislature. Jones had a bad wife, so that he might marry the woman, who, by the bye, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust! Therefore, Jones came to Trenton for a divorce. Smith had a good wife, plump as a robin, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike, or a plank road, to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow. Well, they with these errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments. 1st. Suppers, mainly composed of oysters, with a rich back ground and steak and veal. 2nd. Liquids, in great plenty, from "Jersey lightning," (which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquid) and to Newark champagne. To speak in plain phrase, Jones the divorce man, gave a champagne supper, and Smith the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast, under the mollifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed the divorce and turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith (a copy of each bill in parchment in their pockets) went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches. Smith arrived at home in the evening, and as he sat down in his parlour, his pretty wife bowed him—how pretty she did look!—and five of his children asleep overhead, the other five studying their school lessons in a corner of the room, Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good result of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike, my dear, I am one of the directors, and will be president, it will set us up, love, we can send the children to boarding school, and live in style, out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty wife, who was one of the nicest wives, with plumpness and goodness dumping all over her face. "Let me see it," and she leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own, as she looked at the parchment, and all at once Smith's visage grew long. Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath. "D—n it, wife, these infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!" he cried.

It was too true; the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the name of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in it, hardly legible letters. Mrs. Smith wiped her eye with the corner of her apron. "Here's a turnpike!" she said, sadly, and with the wails of our ten children staring me in the face. I ain't your wife! Here's a turnpike!"

"Deuce take the 'pike, and the legislature, and —" Well, the fact is, that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, and "enacted" into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith bid his late wife put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the house of the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness bless me!" exclaimed the mild good man as he saw them enter, Smith looking like the very last of June shed, and Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron—

"Goodness bless me! what's the matter?"

"The matter is, I want you to marry us two, right off," replied Smith.

"Marry you!" ejaculated the clergyman, with expanded fingers and awful eyes, "are you drunk or crazy?"

"I ain't crazy, and I wish I was drunk," said Smith, desperately; the fact is, brother Goodwin, that some scoundrels at Trenton, unknown to me, and at dead of night, have gone and divorced me from my own wife, the mother of—of—nine children!"

"Ten," suggested Mrs. Smith, who was crying, "Here's a turnpike!"

Well, the good minister seeing the state of the case, (the Trenton parchment was duly produced from the pockets of the lugubrious Smith) married them over straightway, and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone, so that he could give vent to the suppressed laugh, which was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home, and kissed every one of their ten children. The little Smiths never knew that their father and mother had been made foreigners to each other by legislative enactment.

Meanwhile, and on the self-same night, Jones returned to his town—Burlington, I believe—and sought at once that fine pair of black eyes, which he hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat by him on the sofa, a white handkerchief tied carelessly about her round white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves, against her rasy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin. "The fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll be married to night. I know how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper, (or was it a breakfast?) did the business with them. Put on your bonnet and things, and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest."

The widow (who was among widows as peaches are among apples,) put on her bonnet, and took Jones' arm, and—

"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling the document from his pocket, and with much rustling, spreading the document out before her. "Here's the law, which says that Jacob Jones and Anne Carolina Jones are two!—Look at it!" Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder, she did look at it.

"Oh dear!" she said, with rose-bud lips, and sat back, half fainting, on the sofa.

"Oh blazes!" cried Jones, and sunk beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand. "Here's lots of happiness and champagne gone to ruin!"

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply, by the Legislature of New Jersey, incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorized, with his brother directors, to construct a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol. When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart on opposite sides of the Delaware River, you will perceive the extreme hopelessness of Jones' case.

"It's all the fault of that vile turnpike man who gave 'em the champagne supper, or was it breakfast?" cried Jones in his agony. "If they'd a-chartered me to be a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it; but the very idea of building a 'pike from Burlington to Bristol bears absurdity on the face of it." So it did.

"And you ain't divorced?" said Eliza, a tear rolling down each cheek.

"No! I thundered Jones, crumpling his hat between his knees, and brandishing his hat with his clenched fists. "I ain't divorced, but I am incorporated into a turnpike! and what is worse, the Legislature is adjourned, and grace home drunk, and won't be back to Trenton until next year." It was a hard case.

The mistake had occurred in the last day of the session, when legislators and turnpike directors were drinking under the effects of a champagne supper. Jones' name had been put where Jones' ought to have been. "It's a pity," as the Latin poet has it.

CHURCH NOSEGAY.—The following curious custom exists on the E. bc. The peasantry who possess a bit of land, however small, never enter the church without having a naseggy in their hands. They thus show that they claim the communion due to persons who possess some property in the parish. Among country people in the neighbourhood of Hantsburg, there is no garden so small as not to possess a place for the naseggy intended for this use, and the plot is distinguished by the name of "the Church Naseggy."—*Magazine Universal*.