



HUMANITY. TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

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NO. 1.

THE RAINBOW.

How oft have I viewed thee all glorious and bright,
In the pride of thy birth-place, thou vision of light,
Like an angel of gladness, in mercy designed,
As a token and herald of love to mankind.

There too where the floods of the cataract's sound,
Thou rainbow's rainbow, by the tempest's sound,
And the eye may repose on thy soft smiling face,
And the fancy may hail thee, the nymph of the cascade.

Oh! thus when the moments of sorrow are bright,
When the stern voice of Nature shall call us to fight,
At that thrilling hour when in anguish and pain,
Our spirits return to life's pleasure in vain.

May peace with her soft silvery pinions be there,
To chase from our bosoms the phantom despair;
May Hope, gentle Hope, with her sweetest smile,
The darkness that shadows the depth of the tomb.

THE TIGER HUNT.

BY ARAGO.

"I had hunted the lion and the jaguar, or tiger-cat of America. I had equally chased the African lion; and I would for once at least, chase the royal tiger of Hindostan. Our party consisted of five Europeans—three Englishmen, one Irishman, and myself; French—besides four Malays, two Sepoys, and eight dogs, of which they spoke wonders. The heat was scorching, without a breath of air. In India, when once you have made preparations for a perilous expedition, you can no longer be interested in "smaller game." Good bullets, sharp harpoons, spears, the best tempered sabres, would be of little use to you against Bengal tigers, and the jaws clouds of birds of the most varied and brilliant plumage which vocalize the air, you leave them at liberty, respecting them even in their sleep; and that is the reason, probably, which makes them so familiar and tame in their incivilities. A powerful motive, however, compels you to respect them, should all when you are at some distance from a town or plantation; therepost of your gun would not alone awaken these rapt and impetuous animals—under the bushes in the vicinity, near to the mole's mounds and vermin, reposes the lion, sleeps the tiger, and for such victims your arms should ever be in a state of readiness. It mid-day we came to a hut at the delightful residence of Dr. McQuinn, whom we found low-spirited, but who, nevertheless, gave us a warm reception. The previous evening, a panther had leaped the wall reaching his lodge, and carried off and devoured the son of a Malay servant, while sleeping in his cot. The wall was thirteen feet high, and the legs of the ferocious beast must have been confined and disarranged, still more by a ditch on the other side.

(Here a sudden tornado, peculiar to the East, overtakes the party, and compels them to remain all night.)

"In the following morning, before break of day, we were on the march, reinforced by the brother and sister of the devoured Malay, who would be avenged of the panther or the tiger. The dog in front kept close to us, as if fearful of the approaching danger. By advice of our guides we quickly passed through a thick wood, and arriving at a clear and extensive plain, several elephants were grazing. The Tiger did not leave us much leisure. On his first and awful roar, the dogs, which they had told us were very shy, stuck behind us, their tails between their legs, and whistled and there, the most stupid fight experienced in their lives. With their whips, and blows with the gun, muzzles, not callous, did compel them, so we resolved to pass them by. A Malay, however, told us that the tiger was approaching. We halted, our priming, and awaited him in order of battle—the Malay three paces in advance, his sister by his side, both armed with an iron hand harpoon.

"Behold him in our presence! More beautifully striped than the zebra, sporting a splendid, much more than frightened, as our eyes were immovable at first, putting forth deprecating and protesting, raising his grey eyelids, flicking his half open lips with a pink and red tongue. He was magnificent to behold. We started towards him some steps, he made some towards us. As if ashamed of their proximity, the dogs, which they had set on guard and placed themselves in our front, began to bark. At sight of the dogs the tiger became

timorous; he no longer regarded us—his first victims were to be the dogs, who dared to brave and await him. They advanced together at first, then divided, and attacked the ferocious beast in front, behind, and on the flanks. The tiger fixed his eye on the most bold among them; he gave a spring, and in an instant he had one enemy the less, the dog's entrails being strewn upon the ground by a single pressure of the lion's jaws. We wished to assist the others, who had run back some steps, but the Malay, by a sign of the hand indicated that it was not time to act yet; he wished us all to return home in safety. His sister showed admirable sang froid and intrepidity; in her vigorous hand she held up the sharp pointed harpoon, and I remarked that her yellow complexion gradually assumed a red copper tint. The field of battle now became more confined, not exceeding fifty paces at most, our enemy was surrounded by twenty within this space. At a signal from the Malay, the dogs flew on all at once; the tiger roared, bounded like a lion, and crashed one dog after another, and although bleeding in every part, was still as ferocious as ever. All the dogs were put hors de combat; the only three alive seemed still to inspire the Malay, who advanced and we followed—a bullet discharged, the tiger runs, attempts to spring, but falls to the ground like an anvil; the young girl advances and lances her harpoon, which penetrates his body; he attempts to retreat, but the more the deadly weapon enters his flesh. A general discharge of muskets brought his end to a "dead certainty." We returned halfway home, when the two Malays, who preceded us, uttered a loud shriek. We hastened our steps, and soon found these two wretches stretched on the ground and kissing with transport part of a human body. It was a portion of the head and throat of their youngest brother, which they recognized from a slight scar on the forehead."

THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.—The population of the globe is supposed to be less than one thousand millions—907,000,000. A French writer, alluding to the subject, says:—

"If all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of one country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea it gives us of the number of the human race, is counterbalanced by its capability of expansion. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of maddening quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting 300 persons. According to his calculation, the population of the new world as yet and civilization attained, may amount to the extent of 1,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America, (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, it will support 2,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 3,000,000,000 or twice the present number.

RACE BETWEEN A LOCOMOTIVE AND A FLOCK OF GEESE.—

The Rochester American has the following incident:—"Coming up on the express train the other day, it so happened that a flock of geese, a flock of some thirty wild geese swept over the valley of the Mohawk, just as the cars were under way. These geese being evidently bewildered, kept on steadily to the river, but well over on the opposite side of the valley, hence a good chance to compare their speed with the "lightning train" was afforded. At first it seemed to be about an "even thing," but after a few moments it was readily perceptible that the geese were drawing ahead of the locomotive. After a few minutes, the lead seemed half inclined to drop down into the Mohawk, and about such of their speed—the engine recovering the lost ground, but the geese thought better of it, changed front, sought a greater elevation, and pushed ahead again in the same direction of the train. By this time the race became quite exciting, and one could hardly refrain from exclaiming, "go in, engine; get in, geese," but there was no need of exhortation, as both seemed knowing all they knew—the geese gradually drawing ahead till within a short distance of Little Falls, when the berry headed up in the wind's eye, alighted a moment, and stood down the river again, having gained in the race about two miles. The geese must have been going, when last seen at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour. This is the first race we have seen between a locomotive and the feathered race, and though the latter had the best of it, the former did well, considering that it was compelled to carry weight."

[ORIGINAL.]

STANZAS ADDRESS'D TO A DEPARTED ONE'S SHADE

BY THE POET'S BARD.

Alone let me mourn by the side of that urn,
Where the ashes I love are cocooned,
And my only relief be my burden of grief,
To the eye of no mortal revealed
Like a tomb in the mind, be their memories cherished,
That may open in solitude's calm,
And the soul of the just, discomber'd of dust,
May breathe o'er our ruins a balm.

Immortality's goal has beckon'd the soul,
Just escap'd from mortality's throat,
And it hasten'd away from the fast mould'ring clay,
Ere we wrap it in death's sable pall;
Yet retrace a trace cast across the pale face,
That stay'd when the life tide had flown:
'Twas affection's last hold that we found growing cold,
And that sigh'd for to leave us alone.

But the death with his sword, hath cut short the bright cord,
And with silence those lov'd lips hath bound,
Yet the spirit so dear, I oft feel to be near,
My lone pathway still bowing around,
Oh the lov'd form appears, that my brain so revises,
Ah how could since removed from earth's strife,
Is the smile thus I've met, and it beams on me yet,
As it beamed on me greedily in life.

Oh when memory doth weave by the pale lamp of eye,
With the present the thoughts of the past,
Then that form the most dear, doth to memory appear,
And I hear the lov'd voice on the blast,
Oh say not indeed that the spirit once freed,
Can revisit the lov'd ones no more,
In the heavenly rest, may the spirit that's bless'd,
Not still love the loved ones of yore.

Away with the thought, by the thoughtless 'tis taught,
Who dream or ponder to sleep,
I know the lov'd friends of our pathway attend,
By mortality's eye the unseen,
Have you not felt a poem's sweet eye's ruddy beam,
The 'ye knew not from whence that it came,
To the combated heart would a sweet calm impart,
Revering hope's flickering flame.

Behold then 'tis they who have vanished away,
From the bosom of friends and of home,
As our lov'd guardians they are still watching our way,
Thou the life's breath of life while we roam,
Thou art near and thought be with recit'd freight,
New ardour of the Adverser's text,
That the love which we love shall feel joy up about,
And rejoice when we meet them again.

1852. C. S.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

We met the following singular narrative, one day, in the volume of a Canadian missionary, who has recently published certain reminiscences of his life and labors:

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M., a respectable farmer who had died at one of my own settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very poor and amiable woman, and three children to mourn his loss. The poor widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling off every thing but a little furniture.

After the sale was over, I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortably, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state, in that lonely house, she could hardly enjoy.

"O, no!" she said, "not unprotected, far from it. You forget, she continued with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of Him 'who careth for the fatherless and the widow,' and I feel quite confident that he will protect us." And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most