



Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. MARCH 11, 1854.

NO. 10.

THE BATTLE OF CITALE.

The Turks went out of Kalifat
In a bold determined way,
With rifles, want to chase the foe,
For they've a debt to pay;
And they gave the Russians tit for tat
Before they returned to Kalifat!

So the fight began, and the Moslem fought
In a terrible kind of way;
And in every stroke, and gun that spoke,
"Remember," they seemed to say—
"Remember Sinope, think of that!
Wipe out the score at Kalifat!"

They wiped it out. What a heap of dead!
Making a fleshy way,
Bring up more men—again, and again,
The avenging arm to stay!
A bloody monument was that
Which rose on high near Kalifat!

And so Citale's field was won
In a glorious kind of way;
And the Russian fled, and left his dead
To moulder and decay;
And he cried as he ran, "I was a flat
To come so near to Kalifat!"

—Diogenes.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—The following is stated to be a prophecy taken from an old volume of predictions written in the fifteenth century:—

In twice two hundred years, the Bear
The Crescent will assail:
But if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Bear shall not prevail.

In twice two hundred years again,
Let Ishmael know and fear.
The Cross shall stand, the Crescent wane,
Dissolve and disappear.

WYLD'S MODEL OF THE EARTH.

A bold and curious attempt to impart geographical knowledge to the million was made, during the past year, in London, by Mr. James Wyld, geographer to the Queen, by the construction of an immense globe, or model of the earth, executed on the most gigantic scale, and with the most scrupulous regard to geographical accuracy. This colossal figure of the earth is modelled on a scale of ten geographical miles to one degree horizontal, or six inches to a degree; and it is one mile to an inch vertical, while the diameter was no less than sixty feet. The circumference of the model is one hundred and eighty feet, and the extent of surface ten thousand feet. It is made up of some thousands of raised blocks or castings in plaster, from the original models, of mountain and valley, sea and river, in clay, the fitting of which has been one of the principal difficulties which the constructor has had to encounter. Recollecting that only a limited portion of the sphere can meet the eye at once, it occurred to Mr. Wyld that, by figuring the earth's surface on the interior instead of the exterior of his globe, the observer would be enabled to embrace the distribution of land and water, with the physical features of the globe, at one view; and in this he succeeded: while, from the great size, the examiner of detail is hardly aware that he is gazing on a concavity. It was first intended that the great globe should form part of the contents of the Exhibition building; but as the plan developed itself more

completely, it was found impossible to place a model of the intended magnitude therein, and a site was sought for the erection of a building expressly fitted to receive it. An appropriate edifice was, therefore, erected in Leicester-square, in which the model is exhibited. The entrance is under a Grecian portico into a vestibule, whence the visitor is introduced to a circular corridor round the exterior of the globe. This corridor is very appropriately decorated, and is embellished with maps of different countries: but, to obtain a view of the earth, the visitor must pass through the crust of the globe. An entrance is effected through the Antarctic sea, which leads him to four tiers of galleries, rising one above the other, to the top of the building. The great panorama or map of the world is here spread out before him, and the effect is extremely striking and beautiful. The best idea that can be given of the design is, to conceive a gigantic hollow globe, with all the mountains, rivers, elevations and depressions in relief, and then suppose this globe turned inside out, and the spectator standing in the centre of the interior.

Upon first entering this view is limited to the southernmost parts of Africa and America, magnified, in comparison with the delineations of ordinary globes, to proportions almost beyond recognition. A staircase conducts to a zone where the central parts of these vast continents are seen broadly expanded, and exhibiting the diversities of mountains and valleys in bold relief, and of deserts and verdant plains, oceans, lakes and rivers represented as they might be supposed to appear when seen from a great elevation. At the next ascent, the spectator is placed on the equinoctial line; a gallery above corresponds in position with the tropic of Cancer, and a still higher zone places in sight the whole of Europe, and most of the civilized countries of the globe. The higher the ascent the more interesting and more extended the view: and, by the time the spectator has arrived at the highest zone, he becomes accustomed to the concave form, which, at first, is rather perplexing, as the exterior surface of the globe is seen from the interior. There is no writing on the globe: the land is of as natural a tint as possible, to represent the temperature of the various zones, and the sea is colored blue. The earth's form, as a whole, is shown; its general aspect, the relative quantity and position of its several parts, the bearing of its hills, the flow of its great waters, and the seats of its rich dales and barren wastes. The volcanoes are distinguished by their fiery red tint: and those mountains within range of perpetual snow, are vividly represented in the frosty glittering garments with which nature clothes herself in these ice-bound regions. The relative heights of the several mountains are given, and the course of the rivers may be distinctly traced. The top of the globe is made the north pole, and the bottom the south, without any regard being paid as to what is known as the inclination of the ecliptic. The circular corridor, which surrounds the lower part of the globe, is tastefully hung with maps and charts of a most valuable description; and the walls and pillars decorated in arabesque painting, being exact copies from some of the ornamental works in the Alhambra.

HEAVY VERDICT.—Mrs. Dandreaux, has received a verdict of \$20,000 against the New Orleans Railroad Company, in the suit for damages for the death of her husband.

MARSHAL NEY.

On the 7th of December, 1815, a dismal scene was enacted in the vicinity of the Astronomical Observatory at Paris. On that day when the hands of the great clock of the Luxembourg indicated twenty minutes past nine, an unarmed man appeared under the escort of a file of soldiers, and moved with martial step and erect, towards one of the sides of the esplanade. There he turned to the soldiers and placed one knee on the ground. The officer in command of the detachment issued his order—the glistening tubes fell to a horizontal line—the flame burst from the muzzles, and the kneeling man fell, never to rise again! This man was Marshal of France, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of Moscow, Michael Ney, surnamed by Napoleon, the "bravest of the brave."

None of his comrades disputed the justice of this title, for of all the brilliant constellation that formed the staff of the modern Caesar, no one could boast of utter fearlessness and contempt of danger so complete as the gallant marshal. The first in the charge, he was the last in the retreat. Germany, Italy, Spain and Russia witnessed the prodigies of his valour. He was the last man of the Rear-guard, that covered the retreat from Russia, of the shattered remnant of that mighty army, whose numbers almost equalled the hosts of the mighty monarch of the East in the days of the Roman Republic. Wherever death reaped the richest harvest, there was Marshal Ney. His white plume and his brilliant example recalled the scattering or wavering hosts of battle.

At Waterloo—when his master's hopes rested on the Old Guard, Ney dismounted, drew his sword, advanced on foot to the head of the column, and led it into the withering fire, "seeking but not flinching death." He had been in a hundred fearful battles, and shot and steel had spared his chivalrous heart. It was destined to bleed at the hands of Frenchmen! Tried by the Chamber of Peers for treason to Louis XVIII to whom he had sworn allegiance on the abdication and retirement of Napoleon to Elba he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Louis might have pardoned him; but the friends of the throne were so zealous in their loyalty that they insisted on the execution of the sentence. He was doomed, and fate was satisfied.

We have been led to these reminiscences by noticing in late foreign papers, accounts of the inauguration of a statute to Marshal Ney, on the 7th of December, 1853, the anniversary of his death, on the spot where he fell. The inauguration took place under the auspices of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, whose policy it is to glorify the men and the deeds of the days of the first Empire.

Not one death by railroad accident occurred in France since the summer of 1851.

J. B. GOUGH IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The mission of this renowned champion of temperance seems to have been entirely successful in England and Scotland. He has done a great amount of good there. 3000 have taken the total abstinence pledge on his books. He has addressed 100,000 persons in English towns and cities and 30,000 in London. We subjoin from Scottish papers some of his proceedings there.—*Edinr.*

J. B. GOUGH IN THE CITY HALL GLASGOW.

On Wednesday night this great advocate of temperance re-appeared in Glasgow. The City Hall, capable of seating about three thousand, was crammed half-an-hour before the time—many of the audience standing in the passages. The dense mass of human beings, who had rushed to hear the far-famed orator, was a most interesting sight. The audience appeared to be a most respectable one, and we were glad to see the fair sex fully represented on the occasion. Exactly at eight, the chairman, Archibald Livingston, Esq., the President of the United Abstinence Association, came on the platform accompanied by Mr. Gough and a numerous body of the friends of temperance amongst which were a few ministers. Mr. Livingston, who occupied the chair, called on the Rev. Hopo Waddell, late of Calabar, to open the meeting with prayer. Mr. Gough then rose and was welcomed with tremendous cheers. His oration occupied more than an hour and a half in the delivery, and was received with unbounded applause. Mr. Gough seemed to be considerably worn out—no doubt from the previous evening's exertions in Fairfield Hall, and his heavy campaign in the east. There was a tremendous rush for tickets at the close for Friday (last night). We append the following.

SKETCH OF J. B. GOUGH.

[By Beta.]

I had read and heard much of Gough, the reputed champion of Temperance, and it was with high—very high expectations that I wended my way to the City Hall on Wednesday evening last. In common with others, I looked for a display of oratory, such as I had never before witnessed; though I had listened ere now to the fervent eloquence of Chambers, the polished periods of Macaulay, the rousing and laboured climax of Vincent, and the thrilling appeals of the famed Italian Paolo. I expected Gough to please me more than any or all of these. Nor was I disappointed. I entered the spacious hall at half-past seven, and found it already crowded with a brilliant and enthusiastic audience, a vast assemblage of men and women, seemingly of the intelligent and cultivated classes of society. I thought within myself, if Gough can fascinate this multitude, and fill their minds with impulsive emotions, he is more than qualified to address a rabble, whatever a certain Newcastle editor may say to the contrary.

Precisely at eight, the hour advertised in the bills, the applause of the assembled thousands announced the occupation of the platform. My eyes voluntarily ranged over the gentlemen on it: as one by one they took their seats. I soon guessed which was Gough, and at first sight I did feel chagrined. Dark in expression, and sombre in the cast of his countenance, he did not appear to be the man likely to entrance an audience, such as that before him. But rather thoughts of this kind were checked, for a worthy minister of God who has laboured for the salvation of souls in the swamps of Calabar, rises to ask the Divine blessing on the meeting, and the cause which had assembled it; and his petition is in keeping with the occasion. He sits down—Gough is introduced to the meeting. Thunders of applause hail the moral hero, cheering and loud hurrahs, a glorious welcome to a worthy man. And now the plaintiffs have subsided and Gough stands before us. He is about the