



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. JUNE 17, 1854.

NO. 24.

ENGLISH HEARTS AND ENGLISH THOUGHTS.

The following lines beautifully suggest the thoughts of thousands in Britain at this moment and even of many in Canada. Think of the thousands of brave hearts who are now fighting the battles of England with Russia, and of the wives, Mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, who are thinking of and praying for their success and safe return.—**EMYTON SON.**

WORDS UPON THE WATERS.

Far away fond hearts are beating,
Out upon the stormy sea;
Let us hear if no kind greeting
In the noisy waves may be,
Each in hurrying after each,
(For the sea is loud and high)
Will bear it to the pebbly beach,
And cast it at our feet and die.

Hark a loud farewell of sorrow,
And foreboding of despair,
Fearful of the hard to-morrow,
Loaded with its freight of care;
Tender words of hope and comfort,
For the loved and the forlorn,
Left alone to toil and suffer,
On the rushing waves are borne.

Tender thoughts of home far distant,
Seen through mists of child's tears,
Mixed with brightest dreams of glory,
And the hope of childish years;
Hymns and renown, and victory,
Ere the strife is yet begun,
And the conquered to be pardoned,
Ere the day is fought or won.

Vows and words of trust and promise,
Murmured tenderly and low,
Given to the midnight breeze;
Where the northern waters flow;
Hope, regret, and joy and sorrow,
Mingle in the water's roar,
As the crested waves are riding
Onward to the pebbly shore.

Hush! amid the din of war
Let us hold our breath, and hear,
If it be thus for the cannon
Be not borne toward us here;
If the deadly sound of battle
Come across the waters free,
And the English cry of "Victory!"
Be not echoed by the sea!

JOHN B. GOUGH.

He is the Paganini of Orators. He plays only on one string, but one capable of infinite responses—the life of a drunkard! O, heavens and earth! O, angels, men, and devils, what a theme! running from the cherub infant, through wasted youth, blasted manhood, days of alternate revelry and mourning, a home of unrelieved misery, a death of shame and anguish! It is this that Mr. Gough makes night after night. He paces up and down some twelve or twenty feet of a platform judiciously left clear for him, with hands clenched in agony, or passing the air to keep off the ghosts of memory—pouring out words with such spontaneity that they seem to tumble over one another, and another morning in their fall, scarcely stopping at a cheer, never inviting one. He tells you with gestures more significant than his passionate and

wandered from the straight road, was whelmed by demons over an arid desert, fed upon the hot sand in his burning thirst, felt a world of cooling water on his tongue, saw a rainbow of hope over the abyss of seven years of sin, and was restored to strength and purity, if not happiness. When he has done this, he returns to other men, can paint society with a vivid pencil and conduct an argument with a vigour the more effective because tolerant. Sometimes he will introduce an illustration like that of a boat in the rapids, which will hold an audience in a suspense almost of agony, and force them to seek relief in appropriate tumult.—*London Times.*

FOREIGN GENERALS IN THE TURKISH SERVICE—PERSONAL SKETCHES.

SCHIMLA, Friday, May 7, 1854.

General Guyon (Kurschid Pach) is literally adored by the troops, and well merits their devotion. A more perfect specimen of a soldier cannot be imagined, and Britain may be proud of the father son. In person General Guyon is of the middle height, strongly but gracefully built. His features are finely chiselled, and set off by a nutty-brown beard. But what strikes universal attention, as it did mine, is the immense power concentrated in his blue eyes. I have never before seen eyes so brilliant, and so piercingly searching. They read through a man's heart and soul. The personal activity of General Guyon is astounding; and proves his frame to be made of steel. He rises at six, works hard until eleven or twelve; and then sets out on horseback, either to visit the fortification works or review the troops. He thus remains mounted some six or seven hours which in the present season of the year, with its aching cold, is no small feat. Then he returns to work, sees every body and everything. All business passes through his hands, and most of the plans now in operation are the children of his brain. Snatching time for a hasty meal, the General resumes his hard labor until two in the morning, when he retires to bed only to get up again at six. This activity is catching, and even the sluggish native officers have not escaped the infection.

General Guyon testifies to the wonderful capabilities of the Turkish soldiers, and it would indeed be difficult to find troops to go through what they have suffered. Defeated through the imbecility of their commanders, these troops have also suffered the horrors of starvation and typhus; and yet, such is their natural courage and elasticity, they are longing to renew the conflict under a General in whom they have confidence.

Another great favourite with the troops is the Magyar General Kmeti (Ismail Pach) the Murat of Hungary. The personal bravery of this General, and his admirable qualities as a cavalry tactician, are world-renowned. If the irregular Bashibazouks were placed under his command they might become of great service, and not be, as hitherto, merely an incumbrance.

As I have previously mentioned there are two Polish generals here, both of sound military reputation. General Branski was the favourite aide-de-camp of His Majesty Charles Albert, in the disastrous day of Novara. General Count Horkhefowski, after the Polish revolution had been subdued took service in the French Army, and

received as a mark of respect from the French Government, a present of two Thousand Measles Rifles. With generals, colonels and subalterns there are, together, some thirty or thirty-five European officers here. They are chiefly Hungarians and Poles.

America has contributed, in the shape of Major Bonfante, a young officer of great activity and of much promise. Englishmen there are none. The Polish officers are here chiefly with the view of forming a Polish legion, which will be composed of deserters from the Russian army in Georgia. That army consists chiefly of Poles, who would take the first good opportunity to desert, but, in order that such an opportunity may be rendered possible, the Turkish army must advance.

At present, I must state, the army is not in a position to march, even if the weather permitted it. The number of troops stationed here, and in the neighbourhood cannot be above 20,000 men, and these men are not in a condition to advance, many are still weak from sickness or privation. In order to conduct a successful advance, there must be at least a regular corps of 60,000 men, with a proportionate park of artillery. With such a force, Tils might be taken, and Georgia cleared of the Russians within six weeks. That force, and even a superior one, could easily be raised by concentrating the troops now extending on a line from Balaclava to Zid, and by drafts from the army on the Danube. Good luck is now fresh.—*Et.*

STONES FROM THE MOON!

FROM TRANSACTIONS OF AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

Dr. Smith, of Louisville, Ky., read a paper with an account of recently discovered Meteoric Stones. He exhibited some large ones. A fragment of one in his possession, of which the whole weighed 60 pounds. It was found in Taxewell County, Tennessee. One from Saltillo, Mexico, lay on the table, weighing 260 pounds.

Mr. Bartlett (Boundary Commissioner) described one specimen which weighed 600 pounds, and its length was five feet. The bodies are composed principally of nickeliferous iron, with portions of Cobalt, copperas, copper and phosphorus. The iron generally amounts to 95 parts out of a hundred. But in all meteorites we find one combination of these constituents, namely: *Schreibersite*, of which there is no natural specimen on earth.

It was long supposed that these bodies were identical with the shooting stars, but they are not. They are not of terrestrial origin. They are not of atmospheric origin, aggregated from different directions, hardened like hail, though from different causes. Their form forbids that supposition. Whence, then, are they? Dr. Smith accepted the "lunar theory." They were masses thrown off with great force from the moon, revolving around that body until, in the great eccentricity of their orbits, they fell within the circle of our atmosphere, once within which, and with velocity greatly retarded our earth becomes their centre. They may have been thrown out from the craters of volcanoes a long time ago, and been thousands of years revolving before their orbit brought them in contact with our sphere. Laplace and Harago, who once held this theory, gave it up, but they were con-

and if the craters, as revealed in the telescope, are only in the usual proportion to the height and depth of the volcanoes, there need be no doubt that they have sufficient ejecting force to hurl large masses of volcanic matter to immense distances. Remember, beside, that the attracting power of the Moon is but one-sixth that of the Earth and that bodies thrown from its surface experienced but one-sixth the retarding force they would have when thrown from the Earth's surface.

The meteorite is made up principally of pure iron. It came evidently from some place where there is little or no oxygen. Now the moon has no atmosphere, and no water on its surface, or we should find it out by its refracting power. There is no oxygen there, then. Hurled from the moon, these bodies—these masses of almost pure iron—would flame in the sun like polished steel, and, on reaching our atmosphere, would burn in its oxygen until a black oxide coated it; and this we find to be the case with all our meteorites—the black color is only an external covering.

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF A MAN BURIED ALIVE.

French workmen have an unaccountable facility of jumping from five story windows, falling from scaffolds, and getting buried by falls of earth which they have undermined with their shovels. Instances of these occurrences are matters of daily record and excite only a passing attention. But an accident which has happened to two well-diggers at Ecully, near Lyons, has awakened a universal and thrilling interest. About the middle of April, when at the depth of some thirty feet from the surface, they were overwhelmed and covered alive by a caving in of the earth above them. By good fortune some pieces of plank and timber which were brought down with the earth, lodged crosswise, sustaining the earth above their heads, and leaving a hole about eight inches in diameter, through which their friends above could communicate and furnish them with the aliments necessary to existence. All the soil in that vicinity being a loose rolling gravel, in which their legs and lower parts of their bodies were imbedded, they were precluded from the least attempt at movement from fear of disturbing the accidental scaffolding, which was their only safeguard from instantaneous destruction. From the nature of the soil, too, it was impossible to come to their aid, except by means of a lateral gallery commenced at a considerable distance.

The gallery was commenced and ballast of its progress and of the state of the unfortunate prisoners in the well, which were daily published, kept the whole country in a state of anxiety, and had excited the most profound emotion in every breast. After a few days one of the buried men, succumbing under his suffering, died, and soon his decaying body added greatly to the horrors of the situation of the survivor. But at length, after twenty days of unremitting and most arduous labour, the survivor was reached and restored to the light of day. His sufferings, mental as well as physical, have been dreadful, and it must be some time before he can recover that health of which the physicians give strong hopes. Giraud has become the