



HUMANITY. TEMPERANCE. PROGRESS.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY HERMAN.

They come not back—they come not back
Our loved and cherished ones of yore;
The pathway of life's chequered track,
Their pilgrim feet retrace no more.

We see no more the eyes that smiled,
We hear no more the welcome tone
That oft our lonely hours beguiled,
With love and sweetness all their own.

The one is sealed in dreamless sleep—
The other in sleep silence hushed,
Nor may they know the tears we weep,
Or how our hearts by grief are crushed.

We miss them as we miss the bird—
Whose song in summer filled our bowers,
But which by wintry tempests hurled,
Sought out a sunnier clime than ours.

Unlike the bird our loved ones stay,
They come not with the breath of spring,
We hear again the birds sweet lay,
But they have won an angel's wing.

We miss them as we miss the flower
Our hand has nurtured day by day,
Till blighted by some wintry hour,
Its leaflets one by one decay.

Unlike the flower whose faded bloom
No summer's sun or showers restore,
Our loved survivors the grave's deep gloom,
And live in sunshine evermore.

And love for them unchanged withstands
The spoiler's flight, the grave's eclipse;
We soon shall clasp their angel hands,
We soon shall press their angel lips.

Then looking back on earth's dark waste,
Small wonder that long years before
Our spirits did not yearn to haste
Where friends are never rendered more.

A PET OURANG-OUTANG.

Following account of Tean, a pet Ourang-Outang, we find in a new French book, *Voyages et Récits*, by Doctor

Tean was intrusted to me he was about three years old. It was that of a child of three. Had it not been for his prominent abdomen, he would have resembled a young Malay. In some brown material, like our little sweeps. When I put him in the bamboo basket in which he was brought to the field of my hand, and tried to drag me away, as a child who wanted to escape from some disagreeable object does. I took him into my room, in which I had a small sort of cell prepared for him. On seeing this new abode he resembled a Malay house, Tean understood that it was to be his lodging. He let go my hand, and set himself to inspect the little cell he could find. He then carried his bedding to his lodging, and covered his walls carefully. These arrangements made, he seized on a napkin, and having draped it in this way as majestically as an Arab in his turban, lay on the bed he had prepared.

His disposition was very mild, to raise one's voice to him was to him. Yet he now and then had very diverging fits of temper. One day I took from him a mango he had stolen; at first he got it back, but being unable to do so, he uttered plaintive wailing and his lips like a pouting child. Finding this had not the success he anticipated, he threatened on his face, struck the ground with his fist, and cried, and howled for more than half an hour. At last I was acting contrary to my duty in refusing the fruit, for, in opposition to God's will, I was seeking to bend him to our civilization the independent nature which he had in the world and virgin forests, in order that it should be a miracle, and satisfy all his longings. I approached calling him by the words endearing names, and offered him a mango. As soon as it was within his reach he clasped

it with violence and threw it at my head. He was, however, only on rare occasions peevish and naughty.

When I first let him dine with me at the table he adopted a somewhat incorrect mode of pointing out the objects which were placed before him; he stretched out his bony hand, and tried to put upon his plate all that he could lay hold of; I gave him a box on the ear to make him understand better. He then made use of a stratagem, he covered his face with one hand while he stretched the other toward the dish. This scheme answered no better; for I hit the guilty hand with the handle of my knife. From that moment my intelligent pupil understood that he was to wait to be helped.

He very quickly learned to eat his soup with a spoon, in his way; a tin soup was placed before him; he got upon the table like a dog, leaping, and tried to suck it up slowly. This method appearing inconvenient to him, he sat down again on his chair, and took his plate in both hands; but as he raised it to his lips he spilled a portion of it over his breast. I then took a spoon, and showed him how to use it. He immediately imitated me, and ever after made use of that culinary implement.

When I brought Tean on board the *Cleopatra* he was domiciled at the inn of the mariner, and left completely free. He went in and out of his habitation when he pleased. The sailors received him as a friend, and undertook to imitate him into the customs of a sea-faring life. A little tin basin and saucer were given him, which he carefully shut up in his house, and at meal times he went to the distribution of provisions with the crew. It was funny to see him—especially in the morning—getting his basin filled with coffee, and then sitting comfortably down to take his first meal in company with his friends, the cabin boys.

Tean acquired the habits of a gourmet while on board; he drank wine, and even became deeply learned in the art of appreciating that liquid. One day two glasses were offered him—one full of champagne, the other half full of claret. When he had a glass in each hand some one tried to deprive him of that containing the champagne. To defend himself, he hastily brought his disengaged hand to the one which had been seized hold of, and having, by a strenuous effort, succeeded in freeing it, he poured the sparkling liquid into the glass of which he had undisturbed possession. He then held out the empty glass to the person who had tried to deprive him of it.

This act, so well conceived, and so difficult to execute, was followed by one no less remarkable. Tean was among the ropes, and would not come down, in spite of my reiterated orders. I showed him a glass of beer to persuade him to come to me. He looked a long while at what I offered him, then, not trusting to what he saw, he took a rope, and with admirable precision, directed its end into the glass. He then drew up he rope, put the end he had clipped into the liquid into his mouth, and having made sure of the flavor, hastened down to share the beverage with me.

It is false that ourang outangs have been taught to smoke.

Tean and all those I have seen were unable to execute the act.

Tean took possession of all the pieces of stuff—or clothing—he found, and either threw them over his shoulders, or covered his head with them. Handkerchiefs, napkins, shirts, or carpets, which came in his way, were indiscriminately used for this purpose. In those burning countries, with 32 degrees of heat, it was most certain, not the temperature which led him to wrap himself up; it was not a feeling of decency either; for he only protected the upper portions of the body with these varied dresses.

If an animal invaded his cage, Tean drove him away unmercifully; one day he even poked the feathers out of a pigeon who had been struck with the unattractive idea of taking refuge there.

Whenever we put him aboard, I brought him clusters of bananas; the fruits were placed with those belonging to the officers of the staff. Tean had leave to enter this sanctuary at his pleasure. Provided he had been once shown which clusters belonged to him, he respected the others all such time as he had exhausted his provision. After that, he no longer went ostentatiously and boldly in search of fruit, but by stealth crawling like a serpent, the larceny committed, he came up again faster than he had gone down.

GAMES OF ANTIQUITY.

We take from the New York papers the following admirable speech of Sir Charles Lyell, at the Crystal Palace banquet. "I have to return, as your President has called upon me so to do, in my own name, and that of my colleagues, our thanks for

the honor you have done us in drinking our healths. After what the President of the United States, and the President of this Society, have kindly said of their regret for the absence of the Earl of Ellesmere, it is almost unnecessary that I should, although he has commissioned me to do so, apologise to you for his unavoidable absence. Not only, in spite of indisposition, did he press his journey from Canada to this city, in the hope of being present at the inaugural ceremonies, but he requested me to assure you that he should have been here to-day, had he not been confined to his bed by illness. He also begged me to say how much gratified he has been, during his late tour through this country, with the kind welcome he has received; and, to use his own words, "the cordial yet unobtrusive hospitalities he has everywhere met with." Gentlemen, the President of the United States has spoken of me in so complimentary a strain, that, with every disposition to believe that your first magistrate, like our own, can do no wrong, I say most sincerely that I wish that he had measured more justly the terms of his eulogy. I receive gratefully those expressions, as intended at least to convey his own kind feelings toward me, for that little part I may have played, whether in science or in making your country better known, as I think it deserves to be known, to my own countrymen. The President has also alluded to the observations made by one of my colleagues, Mr. Whitworth, when he returned from a visit to Lowell, and I may add that generally throughout their tour of inspection he and several of the British Commissioners have been struck with the labor-saving inventions in your machinery, by aid of which single individuals are enabled to perform the work of numbers. To such inventions, far more than to the soil or any other cause, they ascribe the great wealth which has in so short a period accumulated in this land. I trust that this commission will be the means of making sooner known some of these inventions, which it is most desirable our countrymen should understand and imitate. Gentlemen, this is the fourth visit which I have made to your country, and it is only by returning after intervals of a few years that we can mark the wonderful progress which the people are making in knowledge, power and general prosperity. It is indeed a most cheering sight for any foreigner to witness. I say a foreigner, but wherever I have travelled in your country, whether mixing with men engaged in the active scientific pursuit, or when I was only known as a traveller, I have never been allowed to feel myself a foreigner. Yet, strange to say, this is the first time I ever visited the United States without finding the whole press, and sometimes Congress, engaged in the discussion of some exciting political question, which seemed to endanger amicable relations between this country and my own. In 1841 and 1842 there was the M'Leod case, and no small agitation among the New York and Canadian borderers. Then, in 1845-6, there was the Oregon boundary question, which lasted during my whole stay, when I saw the walls of this and many a western town and city placarded with "fifty-four forty or fight." After an interval of six years I return, in 1852, and find what would be called on the African coast a "war palaver" going on about the fisheries. Some timid friends warned me before starting from Liverpool not to run the risk of going aground at the foot of the sea cliffs of the Bay of Bandy, lest a stray cannon shot from one of the contending squadrons should put an abrupt termination to my geological labors. By that time, however, I began to have faith in the practical sense of British and American negotiators, and was not easily alarmed. Now, at last, I come again, and bear no words but those of harmony and peace. We, at least, who are engaged in this Industrial Exhibition, may regard ourselves as members of a great peace association, though few of us may indulge any sanguine hopes of the future cessation of wars. Would that we could follow the noble example set us by the foremost people of antiquity, who gave a wide pass to all who attended the Olympic games, and more especially the errors or contentions sent to represent each State. War was not allowed to interfere with the celebration of those festivals, and the truce lasted for a month. I have often wondered, when reading the history of those golden times, that the Olympic games should have endured for eleven centuries, and that so many of the leading statesmen and lawgivers of Greece should have attached such importance to them as to award peculiar honors to those citizens who carried off the prizes. But a philological historian of our times, Mr. Grote, has solved this problem, and shows that there was a deeper meaning in these multitudinous gatherings than appeared to a century observer. It was not for the encouragement of athletic exercises or staid racing that they projected these festivals.

The games embraced many of the objects of our modern exhibitions. We hear of prizes awarded to the inventors of new musical instruments. We are told of the recitation of new musical compositions, as well as of poems and of histories. But besides all this, there was much of the same business transacted as is carried on here in Wall street, or on 'Change in London. There was much buying and selling, and commercial transaction, and advertising, at a time when there were no newspapers, and all this between the citizens of States as far distant from each other, if we reckon by time, before the days of steamboats and railways, as are now Europe and America. But neither the amusement and instruction afforded by these meetings, nor even their commercial bearing, were the sole or even the principal ends achieved by such periodical gatherings. Greece was divided, like the United States, into a multitude of independent commonwealths and cities, each jealous of her State rights, each averse to centralization, but not prevented, like the members of your confederation, from warring one with another. It was the aim, says Grote, of the leading politicians of Greece, to give to the people of States politically disunited, opportunities of exchanging courtesies and hospitalities, of comparing the progress they had made in knowledge and civilization, and, above all, of cherishing a sentiment of Pan-Hellenic unity. Gentlemen, your chairman, in proposing the last toast, has eulogised the illustrious Prince whom he has styled the originator of the first international exhibition, that of London in 1851, and you have responded to the toast with an enthusiasm most grateful to the feelings of every Englishman here present. The London exhibition had a more cosmopolitan aim than that of combining together the States of one great confederacy of the nations, politically independent, yet speaking in common the language of Shakspeare. It was the first attempt to establish an exhibition in which nations differing in language, religious creeds and political institutions, should co-operate in friendly rivalry—an arena where all should compete for distinction in the application of the principles of science to machinery and in the fine arts, and in their application to manufacturing industry. If a series of industrial exhibitions on such a cosmopolitan plan be so arranged as not to interfere one with another, let us hope that they may acquire perpetuity, and last, not for eleven, but for eleven times eleven centuries."

FATHER TAILOR, THE SAILOR'S PREACHER.

Written for the Mutual World and Times.

You have never heard FATHER TAYLOR, the Boston Seaman's preacher? Well—you should go down to his church some Sunday. It is not at the court-end of the town. The urchins in the neighborhood are guileless of shoes or bonnets. You will see quite a sprinkling of "Police" at the corners. Green Erin, too, is well represented; with a dash of Africa—checked off with "dough faces."

Let us go into the church: there are no stained-glass windows, no richly draped pulpit—no luxurious seats to suggest a nap to your sleepy conscience. No odor of patchouli, or nonpareil, or bouquet de violet will be wafted across your patrician nose. Your sash and broadcloth will fail to procure you the highest seat in the synagogue,—they being properly reserved for the "old salts."

Here they come! one after another, with horny palms and bronzed faces. It stirs my blood like the sound of a trumpet, to see them. The seas they have crossed! the surging billows they have breasted! the lonely, dismal, weary nights they have kept watch!—the harpies in port who have assailed their generous sympathies! the sullen flash of the sheeted dead in its vast ocean sepulchre!—what stirring thoughts and emotions do their weather-beaten faces call into play! God bless the sailor! Here they come; sure of a welcome—conscious that they are no intruders on aristocratic landlady's soil—sure that each added face will read a thrill of pleasure to the heart of the good old man, who folds them all, as one family, to his patriarchal bosom.

There he is! How reverently he drops on his knee and utters that silent prayer. Now he is on his feet. With a quick motion he adjusts his spectacles, and says to the tardy tar, doubtful of a berth, "Room here, brother!" pointing to a seat in the pulpit! Jack don't know about that. He can climb the rigging when Boreas whistles his fiercest blast; he can swing into the long boat with a stout heave, when creaking timbers have parted beneath him; but to mount the pulpit!—Jack doubts his qualifications, and blushes through his mask of bronze. "Room enough, brother!" again reassures him; and with a little extra fumbling at his tarpanlin, and hitching at his waistband, he is soon as much at home as though he were on his vessel's deck.

The hymn is read with a *huzz-tone*—there is no mistaking either the poet's meaning or the reader's devotion. And now, if you have a "scientific man" at eye," (which, thank heaven, I have not,) you may criticise the singing, while I am not ashamed of the tears that steal down my face, as I mark the effect of good *Old Hundred* (means trails and flosshies) on Neptune's honest, hearty, whole-souled sons.

The text is announced. There follows no arrangement of dickyos, or bracelets, or eye-glasses. You forget your ledger and the fashions, the last prima donna, and that your neighbor is not one of the "upper ten," as you fix your eye (with me) on that good old man, and are swept away from worldly moorings by the flowing tide of his simple, earnest eloquence. You marvel that those uttered truths of his never struck your thoughtless mind before. My pen fails to convey to you the play of expression on that earnest face—those emphatic gestures—"he starting rear of the thrilling voice"—but they all tell on "Jack."

And now an infant is presented for baptism. The parlor takes its own arm. O, surely he is himself a father, else it would not be poised so gently. Now he holds it up, that all may view its dimpled beauty, and says, "Is there one here who doubts, should this child be to-day, its right among the blessed?" One murmured spontaneous No! bursts from Jack's lips, as the baptismal drops lave its sinless temples. Lovingly the little infant is folded, with a kiss and a blessing, to the heart of the earthly shepherd, ere the maternal arms receive it.

Jack looks on and weeps! and how can he help weeping? He was once as pure as that blessed innocent! His mother—the old new covers in a—often invoked heaven's blessing on her son; and well he remembers the touch of her gentle hand and the sound of her loving voice as she murmured the imploring prayer, for him, and how she had joyfully redeemed his youthful promise? He dashes away his scalding tears, with his horny palm; but,

please God, that Sabbath—that scene—shall be a tall-man upon which memory shall insensibly inscribe,

"Go, and sin no more."

FANNY FERN.

AMOROUS.

A little non-sense now and then, is relished by the wisest men.

GUNE-OPATHY.

BY JOHN D. SAIZ.

I saw a lady yesterday, A regular M. D., Who'd taken from the Faculty Her medical degree; And I thought if ever I was sick My doctor shall be she.

I pity the deluded man Who foolishly consults Another man in hopes to find Such medical results, As when a pretty woman lays Her hand upon his pulse.

I had a strange disorder once, A kind of chronic cough, That all the doctors in the town, With all their boasted skill, Could never cure, I'm very sure, With powder nor with pill.

I don't know what they called it In their reports of test of Art, Nor if they thought it mortal, In such a vital part, I only know 'twas reckoned "Something they could not reach."

A lady came—her presence brought The light into my eyes, She took my hand—and something like A fever now appears; Great Galen!—I was all a glow, Though I'd been cold for years!

Perhaps it isn't every case That's fitly in her care, But should I ever be again, I fervently beseech That I may have, for life or death, A lady for my "doctor."

NOVEL ILLUSTRATION OF COURTING.—Courtin a gall, I guess is like catchin a young horse in the pasture. You put the oats in the pan, hide the halter, and softly sawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the gram, and gets a taste, stand-off, and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious again, ready for a go if you are tough. Well, you soft sawder it all the time: so-so-peet! gently peet! that's a pretty doll! and it gets to bind-er like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it tips head and tail, and sports, wheels short round, lets go both hind feet at you, and off like a shot. That comes of being in a hurry. Now, if you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawn away, as much as to say, hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you, the chance is you would have caught it. Well, what's your play, now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares the critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, cope, cope, cope! and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now, what do you do then? why shake the pan and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pasture and make for him; when it repents of bin' so distrustful, comes up, and you slips the halter on.—Sam Siza's *wise Saws and Modern Instances*.

"Pa, will you answer me a question?" "Certainly my boy." "Well, Pa, is the world round?" "Yes, of course." "Well then, Pa, if the world is round, how can it come to an end?"

A BRANDY "SMASH."—Drinking Otard till you fall through a show window.

PARODY.—Punch has the following witty parody of a nursery song:—

"Hushaby, Pontiff, upon the world's prop; When the world moves, the Popadom will rock; When the prop breaks, the structure will fall, And down comes Papacy, Pontiff and all."

Sadrah, Meshek, and Muloeh, how hot it is; I pity omnibus noses and teamsters; I pity ignorant young mothers with teething babies; I pity the Irish who huddle in a cellar, and take boarders in each corner; I pity con-sumptive seamstresses who sing the song of the shirt for six cents per day; I pity dandies with tight bows; I pity cooks, blacksmiths, and red haired people; I pity any body who doesn't live in a refrigerator, and hasn't a Fan to temper the air.

FANNY FERN.

CURES FOR WIDOW'S COMPLAINTS.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was afflicted. "In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, you should take air and exercise." "And, doctor, I am quite fitzy at night, I am afraid to be alone. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!" "Fie, doctor, but I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, you have, besides taking air, exercise, and a husband, to take a Newspaper."

HARD HITS.—Punch says, considering how many members purchase their seats, most of the laws that are made in Parliament may be called *own-laws*.

It defines the poultry mania to be "a morbid tendency to brood over chickens."

In stating that Louis Napoleon proposes to restore the Political Chop, it remarks: "His friends, the Jesuits, will perhaps persuade him to revive also the Theoretical Steak."

The Rapping Spirits pay no duty, for the simple reason that they don't rise to proof.

Methods to kiss ladies' hands after their lips as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat apples, fall to the ground, out of love they have to the apple.—Seldon.

A late newspaper is very severe on the Maine law, and "all other pharisaic demonstrations," but contains in its columns the details of three suicides, one homicide and two sudden deaths, all resulting from drunkenness. An unlucky coincidence.

The Witness says, the sum of £1000 has been subscribed for the widow and children of Mr. Gwynne, one of the victims of the Montreal riot.

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL] TO ANNA.

A shadow of sadness hangs over my brow As I gaze on your parting *Diaper*, This token of friendship not valueless now, Though its life were all fading away.

Sweetly its fragrance still floats on the air Like hopes that have faded and sunk in the tomb, Yet others may blossom as brightly and fair, When these leaves have withered and lost their perfume.

But a charm will be wanting if thou art not there Which perfume and beauty must fail to supply For the splendours of nature, though Britain's fair, Receive a new charm from the light of thine eye.

Colborne, July 21st, 1853.

W. H. F.

JOURNEY FROM CAIRO TO JERUSALEM.—While our travels were leading, I walked again to the Arab burial place. Even in this desert I felt the instinct which prompts us to bury the resting places of the dead. The region produces a lilacaceous plant, with a large bulb and large thick leaves, of a deep green color. Bunches of these were planted at the head and foot of many of the graves. A singular custom prevails here, of laying the garments of the dead on the ground above them. At the head of one of the graves lay a woman's blue cotton dress, as fresh almost in appearance, as if it had just come from the loom. I remarked several articles of male attire, some of them much decayed by the length of time they had remained on the ground. On one poor fellow's grave lay only his turban cap, probably the sole part of his raiment which was thought in fit condition to serve as his monument. The grave of a child fixed my attention, at each end of which a branch of the plant I have already mentioned was growing freshly, and between them lay a lute garment of blue cotton, and another of white with a crimson stripe running through it.

Near by, and probably dragged away by the jackals, was the skin of a lamb with a soft silky fleece, which had formed the child's outer garment in winter. I replaced it on the grave, and could not help thinking how tenderly, to judge by these tokens, that child must have been cherished, and that, when it was carried out dead from the humble abode of its parents, their brown tent pitched on the green sward, the heart of its mother must have been pierced by a sorrow as sharp as is felt at such a loss in the most civilized country.

One of the entertainments of our journey through the desert was reading books of travels relating to the country through which we were passing. Sometimes as we sat on our camels we read aloud for the benefit of the rest, and in the evening, before we became drowsy, which was early enough, a little tea was generally employed in this way. For these evening readings, we frequently took parts of the Scriptures, to which the scenes around us gave a new interest—narratives of the journey of the early Hebrews to the land of Egypt, their abode in the country, their passage out of it, and wanderings in the desert, which once brought them to the very region in which we were travelling.—Bryant's Letters.

ANNIE MAY.

Gone from the hearts that love her, Gone from her childhood beauty, Little Annie May.

Gone like the moonlight's glimmer From the rippling stream, Gone like the bygone pictures Of childhood's glowing dream.

Gone as the flowers of yesteryear, Gone as the dew at morn;

Gone like the songs of summer laid, Faded as the stars of dawn.

But in a land of beauty, Of never-fading flowers, Where care and sorrow come not, (A better clime than ours)

She dwelleth now, and kneeleth Beside the throne of God, In paradise with those who rail, The spirit from the sod.

LT FANNY FERN, the celebrated writer, is said to have married twice. Her first husband was C. H. Eldridge, cashier of a Merchants' Bank, U. S. He died some five years ago, leaving the widow with an empty purse and two or three children. Her second husband was E. P. Farmington merchant of Boston, widower with two children. They lived together only one year, when Mr. F. left for the West, where he is at present, and where he has just obtained a divorce. Fanny's maiden name was Bliss. The sale of her book has exceeded even Uncle Tom's Cabin—10,000 copies having been sold the first week.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT IN THE PALACE AT DUBLIN.—A strange incident, which might have led to fatal consequences, occurred generally asserted, the other night at the palace. Prince and Princess Frederick-William of Hesse, in honor of whose marriage a splendid court ball was given on Monday last, had not long since their attendants and guests to rest, after the *set*, ere they were awakened or startled by the appearance of an individual who, seated in hand, drew aside the curtains at the foot of their couch, and in a moment, and then hastily withdrew. The alarm of the presence of this apparition, which might have called to mind the *lady* of "the white Lady" under a new form, may well be conceived the prince regardless of the hazard of attempting to seize the man evidently of no ordinary daring, sprung to his feet, proceeded with the aid of his attendants attracted to the antechamber by his calls, arrested and disarmed the intruder. Upon examination proved to be one of the so-called *self-declared* corps, of whom are some 50 or 60, who in war time are mounted, and sent as fiducial messengers attached to head-quarters. The man, who no day to perform in the palace, had been recruited in the chambers adjacent to that of her highness, declared himself for his intrusion; but on being warned that his offence was serious and might lead to a charge of high treason, he declared his only motive was to seek his own affianced bride who was employed in the palace, and who he had been told—*as is to be*—prince's coach as the prince occupied another apartment, being examined by the competent authorities on the spot, he presented in his statement, adding that he intended to take the prince and princess and that he would not have committed his offence had he not been driven. As nothing but the most urgent intelligence could have urged the man to an act of such desperate nature, and others, he has been treated as a

OUR TERMS FOR 1857 ARE AS FOLLOWS.

The paper will be printed on Tea and Wax, weekly during the year. It will contain... 5s 6d in advance... 7s 6d currency... 10s 6d currency... 15s 6d currency... 20s 6d currency... 25s 6d currency... 30s 6d currency... 35s 6d currency... 40s 6d currency... 45s 6d currency... 50s 6d currency... 55s 6d currency... 60s 6d currency... 65s 6d currency... 70s 6d currency... 75s 6d currency... 80s 6d currency... 85s 6d currency... 90s 6d currency... 95s 6d currency... 100s 6d currency...

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour to the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs, chap. 23.

TORONTO TUESDAY AUGUST 16, 1853.

HYGIN—THE EVILS OF STRONG DRINKS.

Ye gaze on the wine cup's charm, Its glittering baits beware; Lo, wisdom sounds the loud alarm, To guard you from the snare. Though glowing with a crimson hue, It moves itself aright, And sparkling like the pearly dew, It promises delight. Yet turn aside thy longing eye, Those charms are false and vain, Behold their tempting surface lie, The fumes of death and pain. 'Tis like the serpent by the way, Whose beauties dang'ling lies, While glistening in the noon-day ray, Invites the traveller nigh. But soon, alas, the victim feels, The paralyzing stroke, And poison through life's current steals, 'Tis illusive as the bubble, Which flutters to decay.

—Crusader, N. H.

THE TWO GREAT QUESTIONS—WHICH IS THE MORE IMPORTANT?

THE CLERGY RESERVES—RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

The late Commissioner of Crown Lands lately informed us that the value of the Clergy Reserves is now about £3,000,000, besides money on hand. They consist of the best of lands yet unsold in all parts of Upper Canada. To dispose of these lands for the benefit of all classes in Canada is, therefore, an important question. No one doubts this. It is an important matter that, in a young rising country, all religious classes should feel that the law makes no invidious distinction between them. Man being a religious being, it is important that he should be allowed to worship God as he pleases, and that his conscientious opinions should be favored, or rather that all opinions should be equally respected.

In view of the value of these Reserves and the religious question of no STATE Church, then this is an important question, very much so, to Canadians.

Yet after all it is one of dollars and cents chiefly, at least that is its present most important feature. It is the influence that the expenditure of large sums of money, gives any particular course that is to be dreaded. On this question the country is very much divided—the so-called dissenting classes of religionists being mostly in favour of secularizing these lands, and the Church of England and many of the Catholics opposing it.

The Clergy Reserve question will be settled by a sort of compromise by the Ministry. This compromise will be as unjust as is the present position of the question.

THE NORTH AMERICAN'S NARE'S NEST—MR. McQUEEN OF HAMILTON.

William McDougall, editor of the North American and Mr McQueen, editor of the Hamilton Canadian—the first the month

Thus he who seeks the glittering bowl, And quaffs the nectar bright, Is destined soon in flesh and soul To feel the deadly blight. Let but a drop invade the home, Where peace and plenty reign, And like a fiend from darkness come, He turns their bliss to pain. Though friendship's flowers delightful bloom, And flow'rs of fragrance shed, His viper tooth the poor consumes, And snuffeth their glories dead. Then dash the poisonous cup aside, 'Tis madness to delay, As from the whirlpool's dangerous tide, 'Tis turn and hie away. Let Temperance on thy banner shine, Whose fruit is health and joy, And look no more on rum and wine, Which flutter to decay.

piece of r. Ralph, the other the poor fool of Malcolm Cameron have lately thought proper to write, as they suppose, several editorials against us. No doubt the secret motives of both are seen through by the public, and some might say we know the cause of these attacks, pass them by. So we would if it were not the incumbent duty of all having the control of a press to expose corruption—to expose men who fill their pockets, and corrupt the morals of the country. McQueen of Hamilton is smarting under his discomfiture on the liquor advertising question, and like a prostrate serpent hisses through the Canadian his pent up venom. He rose from the dirt a few years ago, (being possessed of an aptness at scribbling), and unlike such men as Ethin Burrin, who altho' "once in the humbled ranks, yet had the gold of nature in him—he carried his shiny mucky nature, up with him. He was bred a Scotch protestant, yet we find him regardless of truth—the welfare of his country, and the world tilting, his roven co wouns week after week, with abuse of the Italian patriot Gavazzi, and with fulsome praise of a priest-ridden ministry who disregard the rights of free religious discussion and protestant interests in L. v. o. Canada. A creature like he is, destitute of all moral and religious character, bowing his soul like a menial to the whims of any minister who will pay him, is a fit associate for such a man as PLATFORM McDOUGALL. The cohabite of two such men aimed at us is therefore not surprising. One universal blot of indignation from the temperance public consigned the inconsistent "SPIRIT OF THE AGE" to oblivion, whilst under McQueen's control. The few dupes who had been so silly as to guarantee such a man success, to save themselves, have received it. but in doing so they changed the editor, they should also have changed the name. The name, associated with its former editor, will run it. Is it wonderful that a man who would have the impudence to try to make the Sons of Temperance sanction liquor advertising—thus to gulp down the vilest inconsistencies as moralists—who, under the mask of a liberal Scotch protestant, would excuse the catholic nois of Quebec and Montreal, and grand as a fanatic and fire-brand invective of sympathy, Gavazzi, who had sacrificed everything for his country's liberty and religious truth—should asperse us for being true to the principles of Sobriety and of Canadian progressive reform? Not at all. How could he, who could reconcile wallowing in the gutters of drunkenness in one year, with spouting and writing for pay temperance speeches and articles the next, be expected to have any more regard for liberty or his country's true welfare? It is not wonderful that such a man should wish at all of the temperance and political ranks. He snuffed himself out as a temperance editor—and every man who takes his political sheet should cast it into his face, as they would so much poison sent to corrupt their families. When his snuffed out paper stopped, he even had the impudence for some six weeks to send his liquor advertising Canadian to men who had paid for a temperance paper, instead of the cash received. The 7th American of last Tuesday, contains a leader against us (incorporating near a column of abuse from McQueen in his Canadian.) With these parties the head and front of our office was not giving all the praise or the prohibitory liquor law movement to Malcolm Cameron—was our speaking of the praiseworthy efforts of Messrs. McKenzie, Brown, Wright, and Gamble. Now let us for a moment stop to analyze these efforts and the merits of the parties. Malcolm Cameron, it is true, has been in word and personal example a prominent friend of total abstinence—but it has never cost him anything—he has never given his name or his money for it—he has never established a paper to support the cause, and is exceedinglyiggardly and mean in supporting temperance papers. He is incapable of making a ten minutes truly original temperance speech—his effort in the House of Assembly being a failure. He left the Division of Sons of Port Sarnia in a huff, without any good reason, the supposed one being, either because many of its members were friendly to Brown, or because it was too expensive to be a Son. Last February he wrote us a letter, that he was TWO THOUSAND to take more than one copy of our dollar paper—having in previous years done us \$1 on the two copies taken, never paying in advance. It might be as well to remark here, that upon receiving the poor man's letter (he only received £800 official pay, about £200 members pay, and has a large private property besides,) we told our book-keeper at once to ease our books and his pocket of the expensive dollar. This letter may be published with other facts in our possession. One individual (poor too) in this county alone, took 100 copies of this paper for four months last year for gratuitous distribution, and we have spent hundreds of dollars for three years past, in advertising and otherwise, without any compensation from the temperance public—the paper not more than covering its expenditure. With all this Malcolm Cameron is a total abstainer, and we admit is entitled to credit for his efforts. McKenzie has been a constant friend of temperance for 30 years. His children are cadets, and his daughters are in his favor. He voted for the Maine Law contrary to a public meeting held last year in his county, and his personal example has been always in favor of the cause. Mr. George Brown is also a friend of temperance (perhaps not a total abstainer,) yet an able writer and speaker in its favor. George Wright and William Gamble (although distillers) voted to destroy their own business. Yet McQueen and McDougall say they are entitled to no credit, that all the praise must be given to a man at many words but little sacrifice, Malcolm Cameron, whom

they have the presumption to call the Neal Day of Canada. If Malcolm Cameron had not introduced the Maine Law some one else would have done so. Our offense then consists in not WHITEWASHING, with continual praise, this Canadian Neal Day. We have long made up our mind that a man who is corrupt as a political man, cannot be a good moralist. Mr. Cameron is a loud patriotic brawler out of office, but one of the most selfish and tame serving in office. His career in 1849, 1850, and in 1851-2-3, clearly prove this. In the temperance movement, whilst we would give him credit for what he does we would not say that he is not acting with political designs; and we will not be his parasite, but will praise all who act right on this question.

Mr. McDougall of the North American has the effrontery to say that we, as an Editor, ARE THE CAUSE OF THE DECLINE OF THE ORDER OF THE SONS IN CANADA—THAT WE ARE, IN HIS BELIEF, IN LEAGUE WITH THE RUM INTERESTS. He has been perusing the report of the last Session of the Grand Division at St. Catharines, by which he sees that the Order has declined. Had he looked through the same he would have seen that the Report of the Committee on the State of the Order assign the true causes of the decline—the two principal of which are NON-ATTENDANCE AT DIVISION ROOMS, AND NON-PAYMENT OF DUES. How has he as one of the Sons acted in this respect? Has he ever evinced any interest in the Order—did he ever attend his Division according to his vow—did he pay his dues quarterly, or did he not pay at the end of two years? What has he ever done for temperance? What has he written in his paper in its favor? One article in the Globe of last winter is worth all he ever wrote. Yet this selfish man (whose whole soul is wrapped up in an impregnable selfishness and desire of office or government pay)—who walks our streets like a TINKER—ambitious without talent or principle—has the impudence to say that we are in league with the rum sellers. We have expended in this city, often out of our private purse, near three thousand dollars a year in carrying on a temperance paper. In 1851 his North American was sustained principally by our work, amounting to over a thousand dollars. At that time too his columns will exhibit in my extract, many a stolen column from our rag, as he calls it, libbed without pay. In this year whilst our money bag was with him, we were not destroying the Order, but according to his PUBLISHED EDITORIAL, WORTH OF THE SUPPORT OF THE temperance public!! How base must any man be who can thus belie himself. Such conduct is only equalled by his remarks last winter, accusing us of professional misconduct, when his columns of September and October, in 1850, declare positively that we were injured and innocent. Nay, such conduct is exceeded by, after having held up, for two years, to the public a PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES—loved by the old reformers of Canada, and when he had gulled some 2000 of our best men to take his paper, induced to do so by his loud professions of PURE CRISTIAN GUTTERS, his SALE of those principles to Hinch and a corrupt combination ministry, FOR A MESS OF POT-TAGE, in the shape of official and Government advertisements. When the conspirator had thus shown his character—when self was satisfied, down goes INDEPENDENCE OF PARLIAMENT BILLS—down goes the BALLOT—down goes the principle of LOCAL ELECTIVE OFFICERS, biennial parliaments, representation based on population, abolition of chancery court, no pensions, law reform, REFRANCHISEMENT!! of the Cameron kind in 1849! &c. &c. Then to settle the clergy Reserve, as Price and Baldwin wanted to do it, was all right—then to try the Rectory fraud by the Court of Chancery was all right!!

Now this Mr. McDougall is the man who assails us who has fought in the temperance ranks all of our life, edited and established the first temperance paper ever started and successfully carried on in Canada West, and been true to progressive reform since the year 1830. He and all traitors who feel our lash, let them writhe. He says the order of the Sons is declining. Its declining in some parts of Canada, but not so much as the order of the Daughters and Cadeis. The order declines in some of the American States. Certainly we cannot be the cause of all this. The cause of this decline in addition, to what we have before said, may be traced chiefly to the introduction of men of no principle—to inconsistencies into the order, by the exclusion of men of colour, and chiefly to the general selfishness of men in these times in society. These causes we have combated for three years with all of our power.

THE WAY TO GET TO THE DRUNKARD'S HEAD.

I remember we were called on Saturday afternoon, rather urgently, into Bristol. As we neared the gate of the "Fire Engine" public house, we perceived that the road was likely to be blocked up by return wagons and horse, the drivers of which were in the public house. A boy was sent for the drivers. "What is that you do?" exclaimed Mr. Budget, as a stout-built fellow, with a face like a sweep, came rushing out of the door, grasping his heavy whip in the one hand, and hastily drawing the back of the other over his mouth: "I'm not in the way, I'm not to see you there; here, come round to me." Then lowering his voice, he said, "Well, my poor fellow, you have a wife and children at home. Have they anything to eat?" "No, not a bit, I'm afraid, sir," said the man, trying to force a smile on his countenance, though he evidently felt ashamed. "Well, hold on,

continued Mr. Budget, "how much have you spent?" "Why, three-pence; but I had it given me by the lady at last!" "Well, it never mind you give it to you, but tell me what you spent as you went into Bristol this morning?" "Why, three-pence."

originated by PINE—ARRIVED BY THOSE who condemned them. A franchise set giving a few non-slaveholders...



The Literary Gem.

MASANIELLO'S CALL TO THE NEAPOLITANS.

To my light-toned guitar, nimbly the sweet orange tree, I sang when my labor was done.

Not for joys of ambition, or just of vile gold, Do I quit my rude home by the sea;

While the beautiful heavens drop flames around, Shall the fruits of the earth be denied

THE JUSTICE OF NATIONS AND OF MAN.

Man cumulative and man single is unjust; he preys upon the weaker. All ancient history shows this, and the nineteenth century still exhibits him the same.

fect in lessening war. Yet there is a conviction resting on the hearts of nations, that they ought to act differently, that their welfare would be consulted thereby.

THE SELFISHNESS OF MERCHANTS.

In Europe and America there is a class of men called merchants, including small dealers, grocers, up to the largest dealers.

THE MERCHANT.

The following lines, says the Des Moines Courier, were written by a contributor to The Castlet, a paper edited by the ladies of St Anthony, Minnesota.

Box and hogback, dry and wet, Bed and bed, bed and bed, Bed and bed, bed and bed, Bed and bed, bed and bed.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL PHENOMENON—A SLEEPING GIANT—A RIP VAN WINKLE.

Your attention was called, lately, to a most extraordinary phenomenon. A full grown man, six feet and two inches high, 37 years of age; has slept for nearly 5 years, with only occasional brief intervals of wakefulness.

THE MASONIC AND ODD FELLOW SOCIETIES in Canada are respectable and influential bodies—we wish we could say that they set a good temperance example.

PROFANITY AND INTemperance—At the recent meeting of the Grand Masonic Lodge, in Indianapolis, the following resolutions, reported by Judge Downey were adopted:

Resolved, That the use of profane language is, by this Grand Lodge, declared to be grossly unamasonic, and highly injurious to the character of Free Masonry.

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, it is highly unamasonic for any member of the Masonic Fraternity to engage in the manufacture or traffic of ardent spirits for a beverage.

Resolved, That it is the duty of all subordinate lodges under its jurisdiction, to correct the evils of intemperance in all their members as speedily as possible.

IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE MOVE.—The Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Pennsylvania; a body numbering 44,000 members, have passed the following resolutions in their Grand Lodge with only eight dissenting votes:

Resolved, That any member of a subordinate Lodge, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F., of the State of Pennsylvania, who shall keep a tipping shop, or, in other words, licensed house for the sale of intoxicating liquors, in violation of the laws of the state, shall be formally proceeded against, and, found guilty, shall be expelled.

PITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

The Turkish question is said to be settled, Russia agreeing to leave matter to arbitration. It is difficult to tell what the matter to be settled is. The world, however, will say it is only to put off the issue conquest of Constantinople for a year or two.

