



Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. MARCH 4, 1854.

NO. 9.

SLIDING ON THE ICE.

What a lovely night! the red round moon
Sails high in the air like a great balloon,
While the stars shine bright like so many sky-rockets,
Or diamonds, imbedded in topaz sockets;
And flickering over the slumbering town,
The moon-light is streaming up and down,
Till each slated roof and tall thin spire
Glow silver and red, with its mystic fire.
Nature, though dreaming, yet smiles in glee—
What a night for a slide down the steep glacis,

So let's away—

'Tis no night for sleep—
See! the moon-beams play
On the glacis steep,
And the moon looks down
With a laughing air—
Oh! let's not miss
A night so fair.

Oh! here's a health to the lucky man
Who first invented the tobogan:
The red-man's toils would be well repaid
If he had tried a slide with his Indian maid.
Here's the top of the hill—now down we go,
Swift as the shaft from the twanging bow,
Or, slicker than lightning over a way
Well oiled and greased, as our friends would say;
Our breath is gone, like he who was tied
On the wild steed's back for the dreadful ride.

They may talk of a sly flirtation,
By the light of the chandelier,
And such like dissipation,
When nobody's very near:
But then they never tried,
On a star-lit night, and clear,
Down the steep glacis, a slide,
With a precious freight to steer.

They may praise the polka's round,
Or the waltz's giddy whirl,
To music's melting sound,
As up and down they whirl:
But give me the slippery steep!
Give me the cold moon's ray!
The cooling rush of the out-stripped wind!
The glide of the Indian sleigh!

For though we may lack the chandelier,
The light of the moon is passing clear:
And though we have not soft music's swell,
There's a silvery voice I love as well—
Our roof is the azure sky, unfurled,
Studded with many a starry world,
Which shadows a gayer and grander hall,
Than e'er witnessed a thronging ball—
So if dull care should come in your way
The best receipt is an Indian sleigh.
—*Quebec Mercury.*

THE CORNWALL WRECKER.

A TERRIBLE LEGEND OF CRIME.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a horrid custom prevailed on the coast of Cornwall, of luring vessels to their destruction in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the cliffs, in order that the bewildered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a vessel, might be induced to shape his course towards it. This atrocious expedient was often successful. The devoted crew dreamed not of their danger until warned of it, too late, by the foaming breakers that burst on them from the shore: and

the vessel speedily became the prey of a set of ruthless barbarians, who, to secure themselves impunity in their plunder often murdered those who escaped drowning and called their booty a God-send.

In a small hovel, on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay on the coast of Cornwall, dwelt one of these wretches, an old hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, the smuggler and the wrecker, but this last was his favourite occupation; and such was the confidence of his companions in his experience in this capacity that he was usually appointed their leader, and rarely failed in his office. His wife too, encouraged him, and not unfrequently aided in his iniquitous exploits. Disgusted with the wickedness of his parents, their only son left his home in early life and sought to obtain an honourable subsistence as the mate of a West India trader.

It was at a period when a long profitless summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that Terloggan, like the vulture, ever watchful for his prey, was more than usually watchful of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of discovering the most distant indications of a tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid and most encouraging aspect. The soft and azure sky seemed to rest upon the transparent sea, and the slowly expanding waves swept with slowly murmurings along the shining sands of the deep bay with a wild and monotonous plashing, that seemed to strike like the voice of a prophecy upon his ear. Not more hateful were the glorious beams of the orb of day to the fallen Lucifer, as described by our great poet, than was the quiescent state of nature to the dark mind of Terloggan. In his impatience he cursed the protracted season of tranquillity, and hailed the approaching period of storms as more congenial not only to the gloomy temper of his soul, but to his interests. At length he saw, with savage satisfaction the sun sink in angry red beneath the dim and cloudy horizon; heard with secret exultation the murmur of the winds; and beheld the blackening waves rising into fury, and lashing the lofty rocks with their ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased; and the loud and long blast of the contending elements rang out upon the ear like the death knell of the departed soul.

"Now's thy time," ejaculated the old hag his wife, "go thy way out upon the cliffs there's death in the wind." Terloggan speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay. The usual expedient was resorted to and he soon observed a light at sea as it in answer to his signal. The light evidently approached nearer: and before an hour had elapsed, the white, close-reefed sails of the vessel could be dimly discovered through the darkness, and the appalling cry of the seamen at the discovery of their danger could be distinctly heard. Signal-guns of distress were immediately fired, and the loud commands, *all hands on deck, and about ship*, were vociferated in wild despair. Every exertion was made to wear the vessel from the shore, but the redeeming moment was past, the ship was completely embayed, and neither strength nor skill were of any avail in averting her impending fate. In a few minutes a tremendous crash, and a heart-rending but fruitless cry for help, announced the horrid catastrophe: and the last flashing signal-gun revealed for a moment a scene too terrible to

be described. The stranded vessel buried repeatedly against the jagged rocks of the bay, soon parted; the waves dashed over her shattered hull with relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scattered cargo, pieces of the wreck and the tattered rigging; whilst the mingled shrieks of the drowning, blended with the roar of the conflicting elements, rose upon the ear like the despairing cries of an army of dying Titans.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous, in whose ears such sounds were melody; and that being was Terloggan. He waited impatiently until the storm had somewhat abated; and when silence began to indicate that the work of death was well nigh over, he descended the well-known cliffs to dart upon his prey. Unmoved by the horrid spectacle, (for the moon had broken from the clouds by which she had before been concealed,) he stood awhile gazing upon the scene of desolation around him, at a loss where first to begin his work of rapine.—But, to his surprise and momentary dismay, there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would interpose between him and his hard-earned booty, and who was even now loudly supplicating his assistance. To despatch this unhappy creature in his exhausted and helpless condition, was a resolution to some extent formed than executed. Whilst he was appearing to aid his escape from the jaws of death, one stroke of his hanger laid him a livid and mutilated corpse upon the sands before him. Terloggan then rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and laden with the most portable articles of plunder, retraced his footsteps to his hut.

"What luck?" exclaimed his fiend-like helpmate as he crossed the threshold of the door.

"Never better," rejoined Terloggan, pointing to his booty. He then described the success of his villainous stratagem, without even concealing the particulars of the murder; after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring which he had taken from the finger of the stranger.

"Give me the light, Meg," said the hoary villain. The hag obeyed. But no sooner had he examined the ring, than he recognized its form and a certain mark upon it. His countenance changed, and with a groan of agony, he quickly handed it to his wife. She knew too well from whose hand it must have been taken; and, after glancing at it for a moment, yelled out with supernatural energy: "Oh, my son, my poor son!" and fell senseless at the feet of her husband. Terloggan endeavoured to master his feelings until the fact should be ascertained. He arose with the dawn, and hastened to the spot where he had left the murdered corpse. It was indeed his son. The stroke of retribution had been complete.—Overwhelmed by despair, and stung by remorse, to which his heart had before been impervious, he determined on self-destruction. A few days afterwards his mangled body was found among the rocks, and interred on the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood. The chief incidents of his last terrible story are narrated in the neighbourhood which was the scene of its hero's manifold atrocities. His wretched wife perished a few weeks afterwards by the fall of her hut, occasioned by one of those dreadful storms which she and her savage helpmate had so frequently invoked.

Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years.

STRANGE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTS IN RELATION TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. LAWRENCE.

From the *New Orleans Delta*, of January 23.

Mr. Lawrence, as our readers have already been informed, disappeared on Saturday night last, and his friends having heard nothing of him since, join in the belief that he was murdered. The facts which we are about to relate are in relation to his disappearance, and indeed they are truly marvellous.

A lady of the highest respectability, who resides in the Fourth District, and who had for years been intimately acquainted with Mr. Lawrence, went on Sunday morning to visit her sister, who lives but a few squares from her on — street. She had on the previous night, been troubled with neuralgia, and on entering her sister's house, she requested her brother-in-law, a strong believer in mesmerism, to make a few passes on her head to ease the pain. The brother-in-law complied with her request, and she soon fell into a mesmeric sleep. As she sometimes spoke whilst in that state, he asked her what she saw. She answered, with a start, that she saw two men murdering another on the levee. When asked if she knew the man being killed, she said that it was too dark, she could not tell.

A few additional passes were then made to deepen the mesmeric influences, when she said "Oh, I see now, he's a dark complexioned man. Why," she exclaimed again, "is Mr. Lawrence. Why doesn't he shoot them? Why does not somebody go to help him?" and she called aloud, as if invoking aid.

She then went on in broken starts to say, "Ahl they've killed him—now they are taking paper money from him—now they are taking gold—there, one of them has taken his watch. Oh! they both carry him to the river, and now they throw him in. Poor Lawrence—now he is gone!"

Being still farther interrogated, she described the two murderers. One, she said, was a large, ugly man, with a heavy beard, and the other she said was a small dark man. Subsequently, she traced them to a large steamship that had mustersails, and had a great many people on board. The ship, she said was just leaving the wharf, and the two murderers were talking together. One had Mr. Lawrence's watch in his pocket.

This, it will be remembered, was on Sunday morning, some thirty hours before any alarm was felt by Mr. Lawrence's friends concerning him.—Several persons who are in every respect above suspicion, were present when the psychological disclosures we last related were made. The lady herself, when awakened, knew nothing of what she had apparently seen and described, and the whole matter was, throughout the day, made the subject of many a hearty laugh. Events which have since transpired, seem, however, to indicate that the psychological vision of Sunday was, alas, but too real. Mr. Lawrence has not been seen or heard of and his hat, the only vestige of him, has been found on the blood stained Levee, where the lady mesmerically described the murder to have been committed.

It will also be remembered that two steamships left this port for California on Sunday morning,