



# THE SON OF THE EMPEROR

## Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. AUGUST 12, 1854.

NO. 32.

### THE INDIAN'S DEATH SONG.

BY STICCOLO.

Farewell to the land where the war-whoop hath rung;  
Where the bow of the Indian was seldom unstrung;  
Where the Delaware's hand has been red in the night,  
And the scalp of the Mingo hath told of his might.

Farewell to the lake whose blue waters now rest—  
To the spear that so oft I have dipp'd in its breast;  
To the deer-trodden hill—to the stream-gladden'd dell,  
To the home of my fathers, forever farewell.

And, oh! where that fireball sinks in the west,  
My spirit will soon with the beams be at rest:  
There the shadows of life and its sorrows are o'er,  
There the blood of the foeman shall stain us no more.

Farewell to my tribe—to my kindred—my home;  
My forefathers beckon,—I come—O, I come!  
They wait in the hunt, and their bright plumes they wave;  
O! haste, my slow spirit, and wing o'er the grave.

Ye brave, gather round me, and sing of the fight—  
Of the deeds of your chieftain, who falls in his might;  
Who led ye so oft in the war-path along;—  
His glories and conquest, let these be your song.

Farewell to my graves, ever faithful; for, oh!  
The mighty have fallen,—the great is laid low:  
I die,—yet as free and unfettered I sleep,  
As the sea-fowl reposes to rest on the deep.

Behold yonder mountains, resplendant and bright,  
Undim'd by a shadow—undark'nd by night:  
I go,—O! I go to the home of the blest—  
To the land of the spirit—the hills of the west.

Already the bow for a Lero is strong;  
For my name is there spoken, my glories are sung:  
The Great Spirit smiles as he beckons me home,  
From the graves of my fathers;—I come, O! I come.  
Point Levi, Quebec, August, 1854.

### ADVANTAGES OF A PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The ancient heathen acted on the idea that bodily exercise was the true foundation of all social and mental, as well as physical growth and development. They had no doubt that the mind could not, by any probability, be in a healthy state, unless the body also was in a condition of perfect health. The same ideas were possessed by the ancient Jews; and hence, in the laws of these people, we find the most minute and careful hygienic enactments, side by side with those for the suppression and punishment of vice or immorality.

Gymnastic exercises, and a regular habit are found to be as old as the earliest records of the inhabitants of Greece; and as with the descendants of the Puritans, the church and the school house are erected simultaneously with the huts of the early settlers, so were gymnasia built for the training of the youth of every considerable town in Greece. These gymnasia were always under the control of the government, and the gymnasiarch had power to manage as he saw fit.

The buildings were constructed with porches. These were used for conversation and oral instruction. Within the inclosure were covered apartments for exercise in the winter or stormy weather, and others not covered for milder seasons—walks for those not engaged in the games, and cold and

The gymnasiarch had the general supervision of the gymnasium, and could expel such teachers, sophists, and philosophers, whose teachings he considered injurious to the young, or prejudicial to the interests of the nation. Another class of officers had for their duty, to inspire the youth with a life of morality and another regulated the diet of the pupils, and acted as surgeons and physicians.

The education of the Greek youth was divided into three parts: grammar, or a knowledge of the language by which he was to make his thoughts known; music, which has already been defined; and gymnastics, or the exercise of every power and faculty of the body, and the latter as the basis of all advancement in the former, occupied more time and attention than all others, and continued through the entire lifetime. It was an every day occurrence, to see the gray-headed sage and philosopher engaged with the lads in their sports, and the highest, either in church or in state, deemed it no way derogatory to their duty, to recreate in this manner their faculties of body and mind.

In Ionia, and some other States, the girls were secluded and brought up in sedentary habits; but in Sparta, and among the Dorians, the laws compelled the people to provide for a full and free education of the women. The god Apollo and the goddess Diana were twins, and each is represented with the fullest and most perfect physical and intellectual development—and each free of the slightest stain upon their reputation of chastity and purity. The Spartan girls were taught to sing, to dance, to shoot with the bow, to throw the javelin, to run, and every exercise befitting their strength; and all this in the presence of the youth of the other sex, the citizens, magistrates and kings; and they were always remarkable for their dignity of manners and purity of character. When the stranger remarked to the wife of Leonidas, "You are the only women who can maintain an ascendancy over men," she replied to his remark, "Undoubtedly, for we are the only women who bring men into the world."

Among the Romans, a similar attention was paid, for a time, to the strengthening and thorough development of all the human faculties, and it was the result of this alone which gave to Rome the proud title of "Mistress of the world;" but when effeminacy and sloth attacked the females, and afterwards the male youth of that proud city, inevitable but great was the fall thereof. A similar lesson, but less marked, is taught by all nations that have risen from a state of savagism or barbarity. Their very condition obliges them to exercise their faculties, and by that exercise comes power, which raises them in the scale of humanity. It is by this exercise alone that man grows as an individual, or as a nation. It is by the exercise and activity of such functions of the body and of the mind, that we can recognize the existence of such a faculty; for until such existence is demonstrated by use, we may say the power is ready to be born into life, but we cannot say it already is in existence. How many persons are there that have never yet enjoyed more than a partial—a half existence—and how many are there each day dying—losing their faculties by neglecting to use them.

The fable of the apes on the border of the Dead Sea, who, for a long time, neglected their faculties,

they have lost by refusing to use their faculties, has become an every day reality, in regions not so far from us as the Dead Sea.

The Orientals have the art of dwarfing trees, until the pear and the oak do not exceed a foot in height; but we have the art of dwarfing men, until we need not send to Central America for Aztec children, their parallels, or those nearly their parallels, ride up and down Broadway, and are said to be found in Fifth avenue.

Compare the workmen of the tailor's work room, or the slender limbs of dry goods clerk, with the perfect physical developments of a Ravel, and we shall see what we are, and what we should be if we but comprehended our duty to ourselves and our Maker.

There is no other means by which any organ, or faculty, either of the body, mind or sentiments, can be made to develop itself, to become strong and active, but by proper and constant exercise and use.

It is true that we may continue to exist, and the experience of many among us proves the fact, even without the development or active exercise of any valuable faculty of mind or body; but we were not created simply to exist—to stay here till we die, but were placed here by our Creator to live and to be active—to attain perfection by the development of our every faculty—to be more exalted souls, wedded to pure, strong and healthy bodies; making the universe subject to our wills, and keeping complete control as well of our passions and appetites.—*Scalpel.*

### TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arriv'd  
Harre, hot foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood hounds of this reign of terror, stripped of every wreck of property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer in a strange land, to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

"The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up-stairs either from America or Britain but whether an American or Englishman I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who, in his life, was bishop, prince and prime minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly lighted room, sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the down-cast brows, and gazed upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form vigorous, even with the snows of fifty, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

He pointed out his story in French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am bound to fly to the New World without a friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have seized me with horror, that a life of labour would be a Paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to your friends? A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward—his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend—not one in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied those few words.

"Who are you?" he cried as the strange man retreated towards the next room; "what is your name?"

"My name," he replied with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sunk into a chair gasping the words.

"Arnold the traitor!"

Thus, you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow.

### KOSSUTH AND SHAFTSBURY.

These two sketches are from the pen of Mrs. Stowe's travels in England. That of Kosuth is apposite, showing the situation of a truly patriotic man. His course has been one of virtue and lofty patriotism, his reward neglect and poverty. Louis Napoleon's life has been one given to deceit, ambition and treachery, his reward is the smiles of harlots,—the hollow plaudits of the world,—a cringing nation,—the praise of a fleeting world. Lord Shaftsbury is a very benevolent and excellent man.—*Editor Nov.*

LORD SHAFTSBURY.

People here are sometimes amused by the vivacity with which the American papers are exhorting Lord Shaftsbury to look into the factory system, and to explore the collieries, and in general to take care of the suffering lower classes, as if he had been doing anything else for those twenty years past. To people who know how he has worked against wind and tide, in the face of opposition and obloquy, and how all the dreadful statistics that they quote against him were brought out expressly by enquiries set on foot and prosecuted by him, and how the same statistics have been reiterated in the ears of successive Houses of Parliament till all these abuses have been reformed, as far as the most stringent and minute legislation can reform them—it is quite amusing to hear him exhorted to consider the situation of the working classes. (The reason for this, perhaps, is that the