



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

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INDIAN LEGEND.

Mr. P. Willis writes from Idlewild: "When Coppy, our Ojibway friend, was here a day or two ago, he told the children an Indian legend of the star lily, how it came to earth—heavenly flower it is. One of our fair neighbors, who happened to be a listener, thus rendered the beautiful story into verse:"

A star looked down from its glowing throne,  
In the azure-vaulted sky,  
And said—"I am weary here alone,  
Doing naught but throb and sigh.

"Far down in the valleys of earth I see  
The red man's children at play;  
The innocent sound of their careless glee  
Rises faint on the air all day.

"I will speak to the brave at their council fire,  
And ask them to let me dwell  
Where earthly love may warm my heart,  
With its human, holy spell."

So they told the star she might at night  
Come, when the wood and wigwam were still,  
And sit on the mountain and throw her light  
Through the vale and along the hill.

She came all trembling, but when the morn  
Woke the birds and the children again,  
The star sat grieving and all forlorn,  
For she knew her hope was vain.

"Not near enough yet! I can hear and see  
The red man's children at play,  
But they waste neither wish nor thought on me,  
From morn till the close of day."

Then they bade her alight on the tree-top old,  
That lulled them to sleep with its song;  
And she rocked and wailed and shivered with cold,  
Impatient the whole night long.

At length the children awoke once more,  
And they heard the pine tree sigh,  
But took no heed of the watching star,  
Between them and the sky.

She saw them skim in a light canoe,  
O'er the lovely lake below,  
But the longing, that hourly tenderer grew,  
How could she make them know?

She pondered another night away,  
And at length, when the morning broke,  
She dropped from her height with a hopeless plunge,  
And sank in the silver lake.

The star was shivered! but every ray  
Was caught by a faithful wave!  
Each scintillant beam grew a snowy flower,  
Where she thought to find a grave!

And when the maiden, in birch canoe,  
Sought lilies for bosom and brow,  
The star is content, for she softly says—  
"I have conquered! They love me now!"

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, is fifty-nine years old, six feet one inch high, erect and soldier-like in form, haughty in demeanour, proud of his person, and when young, was decidedly handsome. He is intelligent, shrewd, stern, resolute, and by no means wanting in personal courage. He is a good disciplinarian, but not a skillful commander in war.

pour down upon the more fair and wealthy and sunny realms of the south and west of Europe, as in the days when the Roman Empire was overwhelmed.

Frederick William, King of Prussia, is the brother-in-law of the Czar, but a very different kind of a man. He is about fifty years of age, despotic in feelings, but somewhat liberal by compulsion. He would gladly join the Emperor of Russia in his plans if he dared; but his people is otherwise inclined. He is fat, "a good looking," tolerably "good natured," and somewhat stupid sort of a man. Should the present war continue for several years, he will probably be found on the side of Russia. His present declaration of neutrality is merely designed to gain time to watch the course of events for one campaign, and then shape his course according to results.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is twenty-three years of age, and has succeeded in raising small moustaches for his handsome face, and a small loan for his exhausted treasury. He has a high broad forehead, a good form about five feet ten inches in height, and he is an expert and an excellent horseman. He exhibits no signs of extraordinary administrative capacity, and will probably add little to the reputation of the house of Hapsburg. He fell in love with a young lady last fall, at first sight, and was recently married to her. His government is almost bankrupt, in pecuniary resources; his people are discontented; and his empire is exposed to desperate peril between the contending interests and nations now at war on the continent of Europe. He is greatly indebted to the Emperor of Russia, and would join him in the partition of Turkey, but for the dread of the vengeance of the Western powers, and the opposition of his own people. His position is perilous, turn which way he will; and neutrality is almost impossible.

Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, is but thirty-three years of age, though he has one daughter married and two more betrothed. He is rather small in stature, with a sallow, sad and mild expression of countenance. He is a favorer of reforms in his empire; is just and merciful in his rule, and delights more in superintending his schools and public improvements than in marshalling his armies, and arising for battles; but forced into war for the existence of his empire, as he is, he will doubtless maintain the ancient reputation of his gallant and warlike race. Thus far, in his difficulties with the Czar, he has shown a moral courage, a firmness and moderation, and an energy, in preparing for war that have enlisted on his side the sympathies of nearly all civilized nations. He has no wife. Sultans do not marry. He is evidently a sincere and zealous Mahomedan, though he has stipulated with the Western powers that he will place the Greek and Christian population of his empire on the same footing as to civil rights as the Turks.

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, is rather below the middle stature, with a dull and drowsy eye, a countenance that ordinarily expresses but little. He is about forty-four years of age, and has had an adventurous life. From an artillery officer in Switzerland, a roady in New York, a special police

He has manifested an ability of a high order as a ruler and statesman; and at this moment exercises a greater influence over affairs of Europe than any other sovereign, not excepting the Emperor of Russia. And this influence he has wielded wisely for his own interests and, thus far, for the honor and interests of France. He enters on the conflict with his great antagonist of Russia with a dauntless spirit, and an energy of preparation, that shows much of the metal of his uncle "of glorious memory."

Queen Victoria, of England, rules over the most populous, wealthy, and powerful empire on the globe. On her dominions the sun never sets; and under her government the people of England and Scotland, at least, enjoy more freedom than under any other monarchy. Queen Victoria is now thirty-five years of age; of a mild and amiable disposition, and is an exemplary wife and mother. But as a ruler, she exercises little real authority. Her Cabinet Councillors and Parliament are the actual rulers of the British Empire. The naval power of England is nearly as great as that of all other nations combined, and her commerce and manufactures greater than those of any other nation.

Oscar, King of Sweden, is now in the prime of life and personally, is strongly inclined to the Czar, in the present war. But his people, almost unanimously, are hostile towards Russia. An armed neutrality is his declared position, and to this position and its rights the Czar accedes.

The King of Denmark is under personal obligations to the Emperor of Russia, but is compelled by his position and the voice of his people, to adopt the policy of neutrality.

The King of Belgium is controlled in his policy by dread of his powerful neighbor of France.

Christina, Queen of Spain, is fully occupied, just now, with the insurrectionary movements of her own people, who are disgusted with her open profligacy, her disregard of the welfare of her subjects, and the arbitrary principles of her government. She is young yet, but her reign will probably be short.

The King of Sardinia would be a liberal if backed by any power that would enable him to contend with the myrmidons of Austria.

The King of Naples is an unmitigated tyrant, blood-thirsty, cruel, and resolved on maintaining "the divine right of kings," and such is the temper of his subjects towards him, that he has a fair chance of meeting a sudden and violent death. A few years ago he was an accomplished horseman and charioteer, and might be seen frequently driving through the streets of Naples, with a free nod of recognition to his people. He is now seldom seen, except when surrounded by his guards. He is a Bourbon of the French family, and is friendly to Russia; but his influence among European nations is of little account.

Otho, King of Greece, is a mere cipher, a tool in the hands of England and France.—*American Paper of July.*

A ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.

The following romantic love tale is taken from a

blonde, just entering her nineteenth year, but whose small and airy figure and waxen clearness of complexion, gave her the appearance of a beautiful child rather than a grown woman. She seemed to take no notice of the ungainly dustbesprinkled mechanic, in his shirt-sleeves and with a leather apron; but it afterwards transpired that she made no excuse to gain a nearer look of the person who had been pointed out to her by some such distinguished name as the Cromarty poet. A few evenings after he met the same young lady under circumstances a little more favorable to sentiment and romance. Just as the sun was sinking, he was strolling along one of his favorite walks on the hill—a tree-shaded glade—enjoying the delightful prospect of the enchanting shores and waters of the Cromarty Frith, when he unexpectedly found himself in her presence. She was sauntering through the wood as leisurely as himself—now and then dipping into a volume in her hand, which had not, however, in the least, the look of a novel, and which proved to be an elaborate essay on Causation. They passed each other, however, without any sign of recognition. As she disappeared, with a quickened pace, from his sight, she reminded him that her presence was in harmony with the picturesque forest and the gorgeous sunset—furnishing a most appropriate figure for a lovely scene. She proved to be the daughter of a respectable widow lady, who had come to reside at Cromarty, had received a superior education, and at once made good her claims to a place in the highest intellectual circles.

Our accomplished mason soon found that she had a turn even for the severe walks of literature and had formed a habit of composition in the style of the best English models. Her natural shyness rapidly wore away under the attractions of Hugh's intelligent conversation and they became great friends. He was nearly ten years her senior, had read many more books, and was well qualified to be her intellectual counsellor. She visited him, after some maidenly scruples had been resolved by the sanction of her friends, while working in the churchyard, and soon became one of his most constant guests. They conversed together on literature, philosophy and science always, however, avoiding one subject namely, "that mysterious affection," as Mr. Miller quaintly expresses it, "which sometimes springs up between persons of opposite sexes, when thrown much together." Love formed the one solitary subject which, from some curious contingency invariably escaped them. He had even made up his mind to lead a bachelor's life. Still he was not altogether as obdurate as the rocks of his favorite science. In spite of his tough, sinewy Scottish heart, he sometimes indulged in ideal visions. For fourteen or fifteen years, as he tells us, with his inimitable naivete, he had often fancied in his solitary walks a female companion by his side, with whom he exchanged many a thought, and gave expression to many a feeling, and whose understanding was as vigorous as her taste was faultless and her feelings exquisite. But these visions at length faded into thin air, in the presence of his new found friend. He had no hope that the feeling would be mutual. He had never prided himself on his good looks. Though in point of strength and ac-