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THE FUTURE LIFE.

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How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among 'as dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy ghost the presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind
In the splendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past
And meekly with my harsh nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearst the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which I love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

DEATH OF LORD DENMAN

A great light has been extinguished in England
Lord Denman is dead. A more sincere patriot,
finer man, a nobler judge, never lived. He was
an impersonation of justice and dignity, and he
in his way to fame and fortune by means so hono-
rable that his rise was the triumph of the great
virtues. In his nature there was not a particle of
egotism. There have been more impassioned
speakers, more showy politicians, but for equanimi-
ty of mind, for largeness of heart, and for truthfulness
of character, Lord Denman has no superior in
his day. This distinguished man was one of whom
a country had reason to be proud, and the genial
appreciation of his many fine traits, now that he is
no more, shows how generally he was understood
and respected.

Lord Denman would have attained a position in
any walk in life, but selection of his profession was
the happiest perhaps that could have been made.
He was something more than a mere lawyer. He
could rise above technicalities and construe acts of
parliament, when necessary, in the spirit of a states-
man. He was always the friend of the oppressed
and the stern rebuker of wrong. In his first great
office in life he had a Queen for a client, and one
of the worst Sovereigns that ever held a scepter
for his foe. But his courage was equal to the emer-
gency, and he nobly discharged his duty at the ex-
pense of professional advancement. There must
have been a brave heart beneath the gown whose

owner bearded the modern Sardapalus. All the
subsequent acts of his life were equally dignified and
noble, and at the head of the Court of Queen's
Bench he was a fitting expounder of that code
of laws which he did his best to purify and im-
prove.

The profession of the law is the high road to fame
where there are talents equal to the conflict which
the arena demands. But it is sometimes said that
while the faculties are sharpened in the process, the
feelings are blunted, and the moral perceptions im-
paired. If this be so as a rule, Lord Denman was
at least a splendid exception. He was a lawyer
possessed of a heart as well as a head—a man whose
sympathies were ever with the poor and the wrong-
ed. All the great social ameliorations of the age
found on him an earnest advocate, and while his
abilities commanded respect on the bench his pa-
triotism found occupation in Senate. There never
was a man sprung from the people who more rich-
ly deserved his patent of nobility, and if all aristo-
cratic honours were as judiciously bestowed a title
would command unqualified respect.

The same system of fraud that caused the
following terrible tragedy would have been engendered
by the continuance of the Hincks regime in
Canada. No doubt agents of the American govern-
ment were indirectly implicated in the swindle.
The Americans are putting down this corrupt office-
seeking set of politicians as we were trying to do.—[Ed. Sox.

THE GREAT FRAUD.

About ten years ago, a young man from the
United States, by the name of G—, went to Mex-
ico as a travelling Dentist. He was pleasing in
his manners, and made friends and money wherever
he went. The war which broke out between
Mexico and the United States, I suppose inter-
rupted his business, as it did the farming and min-
ing operations of a number of Americans, who
were obliged to abandon their farms and mines at
a great sacrifice of property.

When the war closed, Congress put aside three
millions of dollars to pay these men for their losses,
and a committee was appointed to decide upon
their claims and pay them their just dues. Among
these claimants G— appeared, who came to
Washington and set up a claim to nearly half a
million of money, for the loss of a silver mine which
he said he owned in Mexico. He brought able
lawyers to manage the business. After examining
his proofs, they said it was all right, and he was
paid 420,000 dollars, G— was now a very rich
man, he was young and handsome, and a great many
I dare say, envied his good fortune. After dash-
ing about in Washington and New York, leading
a life of gaiety and fashion, he went to Europe to
enjoy all that was to be enjoyed on the other
side of the waters. Everything seemed prosperous
and well with him, and his rise from a poor boy to
a rich man was thought to be very wonderful.

All the papers relating to the Mexican claims
had to be filed and put away for safe keeping in
the State Department; and while G— was in
Europe, it fell into the hands of a newly-appointed
Secretary, the Hon. Mr. Davis, to do this work.
This gentleman, it happened, had lived fifteen
years in Mexico.—While examining G— papers
about his silver mine, in order to file them, he
was extremely puzzled. "Why," he said, "I have
lived for years at San Luis where this silver mine

is said to be situated, and there is no such mine
there! Here is a clear cheat," and perhaps
there was no man in the United States, who was
so well acquainted with that locality, and of
course so able to expose the cheat, if there was
one. Thus God by his providence unravels the
designs of wicked men. But able lawyers had
examined the matter, and pronounced it all right;
the money had been paid out, and all the country
knew about it: could he dare to rise up and call
it all a cheat? "Yes," said Davis firmly, "I do
dare; there is no such mine as G—lays claim to
and government has been defrauded out of this
great sum of money by a lie."

He wrote to the Attorney-general whose bu-
siness is to look into such things but no notice
was taken of his letter.—He then published his
views in a newspaper, which President Fillmore
saw; and he immediately sent for Davis to ask
what he meant. Mr. Davis stated his suspicions,
and, before all the Cabinet, persisted in his de-
claration. "There is no such mine," he said. The
President immediately sent five gentlemen to Mex-
ico to explore the country, and examine and fer-
ret out the truth. They came back, and Davis
was in the right.

And now how do you suppose G—felt;
for he had got back from Europe, and a writ of
prosecution was against him. Oh he made quite
light of it; for he had powerful friends who had
the utmost confidence in his integrity, and mo-
ney enough to employ the ablest counsel in his
behalf; and sure enough, the first trial acquit-
ted him. But those who knew where the truth
lay, determined never to give up.

Another delegation was sent to Mexico, and
these confirmed what the other said, and brought
fresh evidence against him. The case was in the
court more than three years, and at last drew to a
final close. This was last March. There must have
been a terrible burden on his heart, although he
kept up a good appearance laughed and talked,
and was seen in the streets as usual; and besides,
he was on the point of marrying a beautiful lady
in Georgetown.

At last the case was given to the jury, and his
friends waited with anxiety and impatience for their
verdict. After twenty-three hours it came—GUILTY.
O, what a change of hopes and prospects.—
He was immediately taken into custody, and the
next day was led out a prisoner to receive his sen-
tence—the state prison. Clad in felon's dress, he
was carried to his solitary cell; but no sooner had
he entered it than he fell to the floor in the agonies
of death.—Unable to meet his ignominious fate if
the case went against him, he had provided poison
beforehand, which he had taken, and thus murder-
ed himself—adding suicide to forgery, and leaving
an impressive confirmation of the Scriptures, "The
way of transgressors is hard." "Though hand
join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."
"He that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own
death."—[Child's paper.

THE RAINING TREE.

The island of Ferro is one of the most consider-
able of the Canaries, and I conceive that name to
be given it upon this account—that its soil, not
affording so much as a drop of fresh water, seems
to be of iron; and, indeed, there is in this island
neither river, nor rivulet, nor well, nor spring, save
that only, towards the sea-side, there are some

wells, but they lie at such a distance from the city
that the inhabitants can make no use thereof.
But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all, re-
medies this inconvenience by a way so extraor-
dinary, that a man will be forced to sit down and
acknowledge that He gives in this, an undeniable
demonstration of His goodness and infinite Pro-
vidence.

For, in the midst of this island, there is a tree
which is the only one of the kind, inasmuch as it
hath no resemblance to those mentioned by us in
this relation, nor to any other known to us in
Europe. The leaves of it are long and narrow,
and continue in a constant verdure, winter and
summer; and its branches are covered with a cloud
which is never dispelled, but resolved into a mois-
ture, which causes to fall from its leaves a very
clear water, and that in such abundance that the
cisterns which are placed at the foot of the tree to
receive it, are never empty, but contain enough to
supply both man and beast.—Mandelst.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

There are few birds that have more deceived and
puzzled the learned than this. Some have describ-
ed it as an inhabitant of the air, living only on the
dew of heaven, and never coming down to the
earth. Others have acquiesced in the latter part
of its history, they have represented it as feeding
on flying insects. Some have asserted that it was
without feet, and others have ranked it among the
birds of prey.

The great beauty of this bird's plumage and the
deformity of its legs, seems to have given rise to
most of these erroneous reports. The savages of
the Muluca Islands, of which it is an inhabitant,
perceiving the inclination the Europeans had
for this beautiful bird, carefully cut off its legs be-
fore they brought it to market. Thus concealing
its greatest deformity, they considered themselves
entitled to rise in their demands, when they offered
it for sale. Deceit led to another. The buyer,
finding the bird without any legs, naturally in-
quired after them, and the seller as naturally as-
serted that it had none. Thus far the European
was imposed upon by others; in all the rest he
imposed upon himself. Seeing so beautiful a bird
without legs, he concluded it could only live in the
air, where legs were unnecessary. The extraordi-
nary splendor of its plumage asserted in this decep-
tion, and as it had heavenly beauty, it was asserted
it had heavenly residence. Hence its name, and
all the false reports that have been made concern-
ing it.

Error, however, is short-lived, and time has dis-
covered, that this bird not only has legs, but very-
large strong ones for its size. Soon after this dis-
covery was made, this harmless bird was brand-
ed with the character of being rapacious, of des-
troying all birds of a smaller size, and from the a-
mazing rapidity of its flight, well qualified for a
vast deal of mischief. The real history of this
pretty creature is tolerably well known; and found
to be as harmless as beautiful.

There are several specimens of the Bird of Par-
adise. Some of them are as large as a pigeon
though, in reality, the body is not much larger
than that of a thrush. The tail which is about
six inches in length, is as long as the body. The
wings are large, compared with birds of other di-
mensions. The head, the throat and the neck,
are of a pale gold color. The base of the bill and