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## ARISE—THE DAY IS PASSING.

Arise! for the days is passing,  
While you lie dreaming on;  
Your brothers are cased in armour,  
And forth to the fight are gone;  
Your place in the ranks awaits you,  
Each man has a part to play;  
The past and the future are nothing  
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future,  
Of gaining a hard fought field,  
Of storming the airy fortresses,  
Of bidding the giant yield;  
Your future has deeds of glory,  
Of honour, (God grant it may)  
But your arm will never be stronger,  
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! if the past detain you,  
Her sunshine and storms forget:  
No chains so unworthy to hold you  
As those of a vain regret,  
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;  
Cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise for the hour is passing;  
The sound that you dimly hear  
Is your enemy marching to battle,  
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!  
Stay not for to brighten your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last.  
And, from dreams of a coming battle,  
You will waken and find it past.

—Household Words.

## The following will be interesting to our readers. THE NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

The information on Nebraska is meagre at the most. Altogether the fullest and most accurate account that has met my eye, is that to be found in the large volume of Colonel Fremont, containing reports of his Expeditions to California and Oregon in 1842-3-4. The volume contains, in addition to Fremont's narrative, reports on the botany of the country, by those having charge of these departments; also, astronomical observations, &c., &c. "Horn's Overland Guide" to California, is a thin book, and its information is confined to the routes pursued by emigrants. Owen's Geological survey gives information on the geology of Nebraska, and Schoolcraft's large work on the Indians gives quite full statistics on the Indian tribes of the territory.

Nebraska is so named from one of its largest rivers, the Nebraska or Platte. According to the returns of the last census, it contains 136,700 square miles, or territory as large as New England, New York and South Carolina. It should be stated however, taking the southern line at 37°, as Mr. Douglas proposes, the territory as thus organized, will be much larger than the portion that has usually been designated as Nebraska, embracing a large portion of Indian territory, and most of the Indian tribes, except the Chocktaws, the Greeks, the Chickesaws, the Seminoles, and a portion of the Cherokees.

Nebraska, as proposed to be organized, will be a vast region, having the various climates that are enjoyed in Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, that lie on its eastern border; only the climate, like the face of the country, is more Asiatic. The eastern

portion of it is chiefly prairie and rich alluvial. The middle is more sandy and barren, containing the great American Desert; and the western is mountainous, the highest mountains being covered with almost perpetual snow.

The inhabitants of Nebraska may be 75,000, mostly Indians. The whites are military men, Indian agents and missionaries. Within a week, paragraphs have appeared in the papers, announcing that a newspaper is about to be published at old Fort Kearney, called the Nebraska Democrat, and that a Post Office is to be established some forty miles from it, for the accommodation of emigrants—two important elements of beginning the work of civilizing the Territory.

Nebraska is, and must ever be mainly an agricultural region. It is far from the Oceans, and has no great lakes. The Platte river, though from one to three miles wide, is only navigable for steam boats forty miles.

From what even the Indians have accomplished in agriculture, the country seems to hold out great hopes to the farmer. The Indians there are mostly supported by agriculture, and according to returns before me, four tribes of Christian Indians on the northern and southern banks of the Kansas cultivate four thousand acres. From these they raised, in a late year, 80,000 bushels of corn, 2,690 bushels of wheat, and 12,000 bushels of oats, 4,000 hogs, and 200,000 melons of different kinds. They kept 660 working oxen, and a large number of horses. The annual value of their products is put down at \$31,000. The number of these Indians is placed at 1702.

The territory is not well wooded. Poplar, elm, birch, willow, pines, white oak, maple, and other trees, are found here in moderate numbers. The cotton-wood tree much abounds on the rivers wild animals, such as buffaloes, deer, elk, antelopes, abound in this country.

The Territory is capable of supporting a large population. The people are impatient to have an organized Territory, that they may make State after State of it. No wonder that the question, if that is indeed the question, whether these shall be free or slave States, should greatly excite the various sections of our land.—Correspondent of the New York Evening Post.

## SIR EDWARD BULWER AT EDINBURGH.

CIVILIZATION, PROGRESS, PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, NATIONALITY.

From this capital, still as from the elder Athens, stream the lights of philosophy and learning. But your countrymen are not less renowned for the qualities of action than for those of thought. I see an eventful and stirring age expand before the rising generation. In that grand contest between new ideas and ancient forms, which may be still more keenly urged before this century expires, whatever your differences of political opinion I adjure you to hold fast to the vital principle of civilization. What is that principle? It is the union of liberty with order. The art to preserve this union has often baffled the wisest statesmen in former times: but the task becomes easy at once, if the people whom they seek to guide will but carry into public affairs the same prudent consideration which commands prosperity in private business. You have already derived from your an-

cestors an immense capital of political freedom, increase it if you will—but by solid investments not by hazardous speculations. You will hear much of the necessity of progress, and truly, for where progress ends, decline invariably begins, but remember that the healthful progress of society is like the natural life of man—it consists in the gradual and harmonious development of all its constitutional powers, all its component parts, and you introduce weakness and disease into the whole system, whenever you attempt to stint or to force the growth. The old homely rule you prescribe the individual is applicable to a State. Keep the limbs warm by exercise, and keep the head cool by temperance. But new ideas do not invade only our political systems, you will find them wherever you turn. Philosophy has altered the direction it favoured in the last century—it enters less into metaphysical inquiry; it questions less the relationships between man and his maker; it assumes its practical character the investigator of external nature, and seeks to adapt agencies before partially concealed to the positive uses of men. Here I leave you to your own bold researches: you cannot be much misled, if you remember the maxim, to observe with vigilance, and inquire with conscientious care.

Nor is it necessary that I should admonish the sons of religious Scotland that the most daring speculations as to nature may be accompanied with the humblest faith in those sublime doctrines that open Heaven alike to the wisest philosopher and the simplest peasant. I do not presume to arrogate the office of the preacher, but, believe me, as a man of books, and as a man of the world, that you inherit a religion which, in its most familiar form, in the lowly prayer that you learned from your mother's lips, will save you from the temptations to which life is exposed, more surely than all which the pride of philosophy can teach. Nor can I believe that the man will ever go very far or very obstinately wrong who, by the mere habit of thanksgiving and prayer, will be forced to examine his conscience, even but once a-day, and remember that the eye of the Almighty is upon him. Nothing, to my mind, preserves a brave people true and firm though liberal spirit of nationality. And it is not because Scotland is united with England that the Scotchman should forget the glories of his annals, the tombs of his ancestors, or relax one jot of his love for his native soil.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

The city occupies a triangular promontory of land between the Bosphorus and its inlet, the Golden Horn. It is about three miles and a half in length, and from one to four miles in breadth, and is enclosed by a triple range of walls twelve or thirteen miles in circumference, and entered by twenty-eight gates. It is built on an undulating declivity, rising to the land side. Externally it has an imposing appearance, with its mosques, cupolas minarets and cypresses, and its port crowded with shipping; but internally it mostly consists of a labyrinth of ill-paved, crooked, dirty lanes, and low-built, small houses of wood, or rough-hewn stone. There is a number of public fountains which amply supply the city with water. Its population is estimated at 400,000, including Gelata and Para, and it is composed of about 150,000 Greeks and Armenians, 20,000

Europeans, 20,000 Jews, and the remainder Turks and Armenians.

There are between 300 and 400 mosques in the city and suburbs, 40 Mahomedan colleges, 87 hospitals, 29 Christian churches, 180 public baths, and 180 Khans or inns, besides numerous bazars, coffee-houses, and caravanserais. The seraglio is to the east of the city, and comprises an area of about three miles, separately enclosed by walls, and extending down to the sea of Marmora. The Golden Horn is a fine harbour, deep enough to float ships of the largest size, it can receive 1200 sail of the line, and is always full of mercantile and other vessels. On the north shore of the Golden Horn are the imperial dockyards. There is always a strong garrison of troops in this city, and many new barracks have been built by the late and present Sultan. The commerce of the port is extensive, but not so great as might at first be anticipated. The city is the see of the Greek, Armenian and Catholic-Armenian patriarchs.

## LORD RUSSELL, THE ANCESTOR OF LORD JOHN, HIS TRIAL AND DEATH FOR PROTESTANTISM.

He knew very well that he had nothing to hope, having always been manful in the Protestant cause against the two false brothers, the one on the throne, and the other standing next to it. He had a wife, one of the best and noblest of women, who acted as his secretary on his trial, who comforted him in his prison, who supped with him on the night before he died, and whose love, virtue, and devotion, have made her name imperishable. Of course, he was found guilty, and was sentenced to be beheaded at Lincoln's Inn Fields, not many yards from his own house. When he had parted from his children on the evening before his death, his wife stayed with him until ten o'clock at night, and when their final separation in this world was over, and he had kissed her many times, he still sat for a long while in his prison, talking of her goodness. Hearing the rain fall fast at that time, he calmly said, "Such a run to-morrow will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day." At midnight he went to bed, and slept till four, even when his servant called him, he fell asleep again, while his clothes were being made ready. He rode to the scaffold in his own carriage, attended by two famous clergymen, Talbotson and Burnet, and sang a psalm to himself very softly, as he went along. He was as quiet and as steady as if he had been going out for an ordinary ride. After saying that he was surprised to see so great a crowd, he laid down his head upon the block, as if it had been the pillow of his bed, and had it struck off at the second blow. His noble wife was busy for him even then, for that true-hearted lady printed and widely circulated his last words, of which he had given her a copy. They made the blood of all the honest men in England boil. The University of Oxford distinguished itself on the very same day by pretending to believe that the accusation against Lord Russell was true, and by calling the king, in a written paper, the breath of their nostrils, and the anointed of the Lord. This paper the parliament afterwards caused to be burned by the common hangman, which I am sorry for, as I wish it had been framed and glazed and hung up in some public place, as a monument of baseness for the scorn of mankind.—Dickens's Household Words.