

# THE SON OF AN EMPIRE AND A



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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 the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;  
Not 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 resplendence 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 harsher 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 wast the glory of the sky,  
Will 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 the impersonation of justice and dignity, and he won his way to fame and fortune by means so honorable 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 equanimity 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 his 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 held rise above technicalities and construe acts of Parliament, when necessary, in the spirit of a statesman. He was always the friend of the oppressed—the stern rebuker of wrong. In his first great contest in life he had a Queen for a client, and opposed the worst Sovereigns that ever held a scepter to his foe. But his courage was equal to the emer-

owner bearded the modern Sardanapalus. 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 improve.

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 impaired. 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 wronged. All the great social ameliorations of the age found on him an earnest advocate, and while his abilities commanded respect on the bench his patriotism found occupation in Senate. There never was a man sprung from the people who more richly deserved his patent of nobility, and if all aristocratic 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 government 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 Mexico 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 interrupted his business, as it did the farming and mining 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 dashing 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—'s papers

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 business 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 declaration. "There is no such mine," he said. The President immediately sent five gentlemen to Mexico to explore the country, and examine and ferret 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 money enough to employ the ablest counsel in his behalf; and sure enough, the first trial acquitted 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 sentence—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 murdered 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 considerable of the Canaries, and I conceive that name to be given it upon this account—that its soil, notwithstanding its aridity, is so fertile that it produces

well; 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, remedies this inconvenience by a way so extraordinary, that a man will be forced to sit down and acknowledge that He gives in this, an undeniable demonstration of His goodness and infinite Providence.

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 moisture, 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.—Mandelslo.

### THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

There are few birds that have more deceived and puzzled the learned than this. Some have described 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 Malucca Islands, of which it is an inhabitant, perceiving the inclination the Europeans had for this beautiful bird, carefully cut off its legs before 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 inquired after them, and the seller as naturally asserted 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 extraordinary splendor of its plumage assisted in this deception, 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 concerning it.

Error, however, is short-lived, and time has discovered, that this bird not only has legs, but very large strong ones for its size. Soon after this discovery was made, this harmless bird was branded with the character of being rapacious, of destroying all birds of a smaller size, and from the amazing 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 Paradise. 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