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SWEET NORMANDIE MY NATIVE LAND

Throughout his course the glorious sun
Hath never shone on greener vales,
The sweetest perfume flow'rs possess
Young Zephyr from their breath inhales;
From my fond heart can ne'er depart
The spell which home has thrown o'er me.
And their's my love shall ever be
Who speak but well—but well of Normandie

A mother's love, a father's care
A sister's gentle heart were mine,
And they are still in Normandie,
And there too Friendship hath its shrine.
Then marvel not if joy I feel
When others speak in praise of thee,
If dear to them how dearer far
Art thou—art thou to me sweet Normandie.

O! bear me back to Normandie,
It is the dear, the happy land
Where pleasure blest my childhood's days,
And youth and joy went hand in hand.
Where'er I rove I cannot love
The stranger land, tho' bright it be.
With half the warmth I feel for thee
For thee my own—my own dear Normandie.

—Com.

REFORMATION OF WILLIAM WIRT.

A TRUE INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.

The distinguished Wm. Wirt, within six or seven months after his first marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and he moved to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits went with him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits, in bacchamalian revelry. His true friends expostulated with him to convince him of the injury he was doing himself. But still he persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked on him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married, with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. After some months' attention, he asked her hand in marriage. She replied:

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks."

This reply to Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was, that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all further consideration on the subject, and he left her. Her course towards him was the same as ever—notwithstanding his resentment and neglect.

In the course of a few weeks, he went again and solicited her hand. But her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms proposed as insulting to his honor, and vowed it was the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin.

One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog-shop, dead drunk, a young lady whom it is not necessary to name, was

passing that way to her home not far off, and beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face. After he had remained in that way for some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being great, he went into the grog-shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and the name on it. After pausing a few minutes, he exclaimed:

"Great God! who left this with me? Who placed this on my face?"

No one knew. He dropped the glass, exclaiming, "Enough! enough!"

He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst, but not his debauch, the handkerchief or the lady, vowing if God gave him strength never to touch taste, or handle intoxicating drinks again.

To meet Miss Gamble was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in the carriage or on foot, he popped around the nearest corner. She at last addressed him in a note under her own hand, inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she still bore affection for him he would agree to her own terms.—Her reply was:

"My conditions now are what they ever have been."

"Then," said Wirt, "I accept them."

They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened, while honours and glory gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame; while patriotism and renown live after him with imperishable lustre.

How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the noble-hearted Miss Gamble, the friend of humanity of her country and the relative of Lafayette.—*Near*

RELIGION OF THE JAPANESE.

The established or State religion of Japan is that of Buddha, but it has many varieties, and superstition prevails among its votaries. The peculiar tenet of the Buddha sect is, that the souls of men and of beasts, are equally immortal, and that the souls of the wicked are condemned to undergo punishment and purification, by passing after death into the bodies of lower animals. The ancient sect called Sinto (though its adherents are few) seems to have been originally simple and pure in its tenets. They consider the founders of the Empire as the immediate descendants of the Supreme God, who came down from Heaven into Japan, and have continued without interruption to exercise sovereign authority.

They believe the spirit of their ruler to be immortal, and consider the Supreme Being too great to be addressed in prayer, except through the mediation of the Midaelo, the son of Heaven, or the inferior spirits called Kami, to whom temples are specially erected. They have some conception of the soul's immortality, and believe that a happy abode immediately under heaven is assigned to the spirits of the virtuous, while those of the wicked shall be doomed to wander to and fro under the firmament. Their practical precepts are directed to lead to a virtuous life, and obey the laws of the Sovereign. The Dairi or ecclesiastical Sovereign, seems to be the grand head of all the sects, and appoints the priests. Every sect has its respective Church and peculiar idols. The inferior divinities are innumerable, as almost every trade has its tutelary

God, and in one temple no less than 33,000 are said to be ranged around the Supreme Deity.

Monks, religious beggars, and singing gins, go about the country, and levy considerable sums. In literature the Japanese are said to excel. They study medicine and astronomy, history, poetry, and several of the natural sciences are cultivated, and there is a prevalent taste for drawing, engraving and music.—The same or guitar is ever more variably made a part of female education, as the piano is in enlightened countries. Schools generally abound. The children are stimulated to emulation and worthy achievements by the recital of songs in praise of their deceased heroes. A few of the more studious acquire the Chinese language, and some of the physicians are able to understand Dutch, and even Latin. The Japanese have many of the arts in a perfection not yet attained by their more civilized contemporaries. In those of melting and refining metals, they excel. Their copper, iron, and steel, being celebrated for their purity. The finer products of European art are imitated by them, and telescopes, thermometers, clocks and watches are manufactured at Kangaski.

THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The N. Y. Independent publishes the following passage from a private letter to one of the editors, dated Mosul, Dec. 6, 1851, and doubts, notwithstanding the opinion of the gallant Colonel, if the Hebrew scriptures from Moses to Malchiam a mere translation from the original Chaldee, and that the few chapters of Daniel and Ezra, which are written in what is commonly called the Chaldean dialect are all that remain to us of the language really spoken by Moses and Isaiah. This is a nice nut for oriental scholars to crack. Here is the extract.—"We spent last evening with Col. Rawlinson, who is now here. He surprised me—but perhaps not you—by saying that the inscriptions at Koyunjik are all in Hebrew, which, he claims, was never the language of the Jews, except during their captivity and for a short time after, when they used no other, after which, he says, they re-adopted their own tongue, the Chaldee (so called). On one of the bulls in Koyunjik which you saw—one of six together—he reads Sennacharib's account of his campaign against Phoenicia, in the third year of his reign. The cities he took are given in their geographical order, as they lie along the coast. While he was at Sidon, the colonies whom his father had planted in Samaria revolted, and drove Tabol, who Sennacharib had sent as their ruler, out, who fled to Jerusalem to Hezekiah, where he was hospitably entertained. The revolted colonists, bearing that Sennacharib was coming to punish them, sent for help to Egypt, wherefore Sennacharib marched first down the coast to fight the Egyptians before they united with the colonists—defeated them and again placed Tabol over the revolted colonies. He then demanded of his friend Hezekiah tribute which the Jew declined to give, and he took ten of his cities, till Hezekiah sent him thirty talents of gold, three hundred talents of silver, and the vessels of the house of the Lord, with a retinue of young men and damsels as slaves. With these he returned. Afterwards he was busy with wars in Babylonia, Media, Asia Minor, etc. for some fifteen years. Then, Col. Rawlinson thinks he made a second campaign, when he lost his whole army, fled home and was murdered. Of this campaign nothing is said in Koyunjik for every king wrote

his own history, saying nothing of his predecessor and not alluding to his apparent successor. Of course Sennacharib had no opportunity to do this and he was disposed, of the campaign. He (Sennacharib) says he left his image and a record of his victories upon the rocks by the sea in Phoenicia. Col. Rawlinson is in hope of finding portraits of Hezekiah and his court, perhaps of Isaiah. I have been over Koyunjik but once and then the trenches were very muddy, and we did not half see or a quarter enjoy them. I mean to go again while Col. Rawlinson is there, and see Sennacharib's bull and his Phoenician campaign.

CATHARINE THE GREAT.

There never was a greater contrast presented in the life of any woman than that which appears in the life of Catharine of Russia, the wife of the great Peter. In her youth we find innocence, virtue, courage and self-denial, fortitude in adversity, and equanimity in good fortune and elevation. But what shall we say of those later years in which great talents and commanding will, were sullied by excesses such as no female sovereign has ever been guilty of since the days of Messalina—cruelty which was never relieved by remorse, and a thousand shameful and violent deeds, which utterly unsexed and degraded the perpetrator!

She was born in a village near the little town of Derpal in Latoria. She was the only child of her parents, poor peasants, who had nothing to bequeath her but their virtues. She was still very young when her father died leaving her widowed mother entirely dependent upon her for support. Nobly did she fulfil her task. They lived in a small cottage with mud walls and thatched with straw, and Catharine worked with her needle all day long, the feeble right would allow, and when night fell, too poor to light a candle, they sat around the fire, talking, and were content and happy.

Catharine excited great admiration in her neighbourhood. She was tall, her figure was symmetrical, her skin was white as the driven snow, and her face was the fairest that ever the sun shone on. She walked to perfection, the coquetry, and without the grace and statelyness of her pace, were the envy of the village maidens, who all endeavoured to imitate her. But there were some things in which it was not easy to imitate her. She evidently set very little value upon bodily charms as compared with mental acquirements. Her mother had taught her to read the old Lutheran minister of the parish had entrusted her in the truths of religion; and to these advantages she added quick observations, sound judgement and a strong but well-trained imagination. She got many offers of marriage from peasants in the neighbourhood, but declined them all declaring she could not leave her mother. But the latter died when she was sixteen, and she then gave up the cottage, and sought an asylum in the house of the minister, as governess over his children. So great was her vivacity, her amiability, and her prudence, that he came to love her as his daughter, and employed masters to teach her music and dancing, and every other accomplishment that could add to her charms. These were the happiest days of Catharine's life. A pure and simple heart beat within her breast, she was basking in womanhood, and surrounded by every fascina grace. The time passed along pleasantly, the king the