

Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. APRIL 29, 1854.

NO. 17.

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

There is a little mytic clock,
No human eye has seen;
That beateth on—that beateth on
From morning until e'en.
And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the live-long night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is the work of art,
Which knells the passing hour,
But art near formed, nor mind conceived
The life-clock's magic power.
Not set in gold, nor deck'd with gems,
By pride or wealth possessed;
But rich or poor or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream 'mid beds of flowers
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat
It warns of passing tides.
When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.
Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There is much wisdom in the following remarks of an able American contemporary. Indeed want of Union is the chief defect of Canadian temperance men. The organization of the sons has done a great work and it was done by a united mode of action. Whilst they were united, the old Temperance Society kept aloof from them. There are hundreds of single stalks of corn standing in all of our cities and towns (in the shape of temperance men) who whilst pretending to wish for the Maine Law, will do nothing for it, no not even take a temperance paper.—(EDITOR FOX.)

UNION IS STRENGTH.

A stalk of corn, standing alone in the field, is not able to keep its erect position for a single day—it falls before the gentlest breeze—it is altogether without strength; but when the reaper binds a hundred or a thousand of them together, in bundles, and sets them up, so that they lean one against another, they defy strong wind. Individually, they have no strength—none to keep themselves from falling, and, of course, none to spare to their neighbours, but when they are associated—bound together by one of their own number, they become strong. Where does the strength come from? It is not in the individual stalks which compose the shock, where, then? We can't tell, unless it comes from the bend which holds them together. The fact, then, seems to be that affiliated weakness produces strength. It is not that the modicum of individual force is thrown into the aggregate, and there is really no more strength in the whole, than the sum of all its parts, but the power is greatly increased—additional strength is created. Out of weakness we are made strong. The wiseman had some such result as this in his eyes, when he

said *two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour—and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.* And we guess that this might be the meaning of Samson's riddle—*out of the eater (the carcass of the dead lion) came forth meat* (food enough to sustain many). The dead lion is the individual standing alone, the swarm of bees, the emblem of associated strength. Should any one think it worth their while to attack our exposition, we shall not feel bound to go into any defence, as we do not profess to be so well skilled in that matter, as we ought to be.

There are plenty of dead lions in our cities and towns, who, standing alone, do but very little good. They would do much, if they were banded together: but as it is, the associated Bees bring about important results. The staff of accomplishment, in their hands. True they go out, each from the hive individually, but they all return, laden with honey to cast into the common stock. And it may turn out that when the lions lack, there will be plenty of honey in the hive.

The thought is most happily illustrated by the Christian church. As an association of individuals of one heart and one mind, it has stood the shock of two worlds for eighteen centuries, and she is sure, remaining true to herself and her Lord, to gain a complete and a glorious triumph over all her enemies at last. Her members have been bound together by a mysterious band—in that her great strength lieth, and, unless she turns traitress to her Leader, and breaks the band herself, she must be invincible.

What could the One Hundred and Twenty or the Three Thousand early Christians have done, single handed, each on his own hook without affiliation or mutual sympathy, against Judaism and Heathenism? or, rather, how could they have sustained themselves at all, in the midst of the ridicule and contumely of Greeks and Jews? They would have been scattered to the four winds, as they were; but, we think, they would have done but very little preaching, if they had not pledged themselves, as brethren of the same family, that they would, under all circumstances, adhere to the new faith, pray for one another, keep indissoluble the band of their union, and prove true to their great Leader. Man was not made with one hand, or one eye—he was not made to stand alone, an isolation—for, like the isolated stalk, he would bear but here and there a blighted kernel of grain, and fall to the ground before his fruit was ripened. No. Man was made with two hands and two eye—he was made for Union—made to be fastened to somebody, else by a bond which would make them both stronger and happier. Out of the strong came forth sweetness.

If another illustration of the principle, that "Union is strength," were needed, we would adduce the Temperance Society. What could have been accomplished without association and the pledge? What could John Tappan, and Lyman Beecher, and Hewitt, Goodell, and Leavell, and other men like-minded, have done, without a common bond of brotherhood? Why, just what they had been doing, before the temperance society was formed—little, or nothing. Intemperance would have continued to pour its lava upon every green thing. The Six Sermons might never have been preached, and the Maine Law would have been buried where the ransackers of Boston would like to have it buried—some fifty years deep in the rotting. Why, without concert without that strength of

purpose which is created by union, those fathers of the Temperance reform could not have taken the first step—they could not have screwed up their courage to even the pledge of "moderate use." That was an important step,—honour to the men who took it. Important, because it led to another, more important still. We have seen the benefits of the pledge—the benefits of union in the cause of temperance, and we are destined to see more of them. Outsiders may wonder at un-expected results which have been reached—un-expected to them, but not to others. We hope that they will not share the fate of those who *Wonder*, in another connection; but rather that they would understand the "manifest destiny" of the temperance cause, and become its friends.—*Boston Life Boat.*

TECUMSEH'S HONOR

AN INDIAN'S WORD AND GRATITUDE.

Their gratitude is remarkable, like the hospitality of the Arabs. It would seem, from the following, that Tecumseh was as honest as he was brave. Even in the poor Indian of the American wilderness, God has planted his seal—his seal of nobility and immortality. So it is with the colored man. There are thousands of instances of greatness in the colored men.—(EDITOR FOX.)

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* gives some deeply interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh:—

While the enemy was in full possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the river Raisin. The inhabitants along that river had been stripped of nearly every means of subsistence. Old Mr Rivard, (a Frenchman) who was lame, and unable by his labor to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages a pair of oxen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened, that, while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Maldeu, met him in the road, and, walking up to him, said:

"My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen."

Young Rivard remonstrated. He told the chief that if he took the oxen, his father would starve to death.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are the conquerors, and everything we want is ours. I must have the oxen, my people must not starve, but I will not be so mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you \$100 for them, and that is far more than they are worth, but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian agent, Col. Elliot, who was on the river some distance below, for the money. The oxen were killed, large fires burnt, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh.

Young Rivard took the order to Col. Elliot, who promptly refused to pay it saying "we are entitled to our support from the country we have conquered. I will not pay it."

The young man, with a sorrowful heart, returned with the answer to Tecumseh, who said, "He won't pay it will he?—stay all night, and to-morrow we will go and see

In the morning, I will go down to see the Colonel. I will not pay it."

"Do you refuse to pay it?" said Tecumseh.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "and I will not pay it for any reason for refusal."

"I bought them," said the chief, "for my young men who were very hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I have always heard that white nations went to war with each other, and not with peaceful Indians, that they did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I will not pay for them."

"You can do as you please," said the Chief, "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great King, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting ground supplied them with food enough, so that they can return."

This threat produced a sudden change in the Colonel's mind. The object of the war, as he well knew, would I had only a few more nations of the Red men, from the mountains, and, without them, they were a poor people on the frontier.

"Well," said the Colonel, "I must pay, I will give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "no rag money"—ratty bills.

The Colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard, and then said to the Colonel, "Give me one dollar more. It was given me, and, handing that also to Rivard he said, "Take that, it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money."

LOUIS BLANC—MARY HOWELL

As there have been so many attempts to make the person of M. Louis Blanc, a subject of public must have a very correct idea of him, and perhaps I may be excused if I send you an etching. He is nearly two feet tall, and I have heard it stated that his countenance is marked with such symmetry that you could trace this feature. His chest is full and fine, and hands and feet are peculiarly small. His complexion is of a dark hue. He has a clear and healthy countenance, and his face has a touch of the Hebrew, perhaps it is derived from the fact that he is a Jew. There is something in his eyes, which I can't say what he smiles, or wears a serious expression, I may say it has a tearful appearance. There is a strange tenderness about his eyes, and a softest string. It is only when you look into his eyes that he dilates into the man who is a people and smilingly fold himself, and with the human multitude as in a mantle. There is a fire in his dark eyes, and his head is a fine phrenologist. M. Louis Blanc, who was the first of his countrymen whom I met arriving in England in 1848, was born in Morley's Hotel, who rushed up to him, and embraced him with tears, saying, "I am a Socialist, and would endeavor to realize the principles of M. Louis Blanc's social theory, and should attain the presidential power. I have redeemed his promise by the union of the friends of Louis Blanc's friends wherever he could be seen."