



Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C. W., JANUARY 7, 1854.

NO. 1.

THE CAVES OF THE DEEP.

BY C. B. STON NEWCOMB.

Deep in the Caves of the dark blue ocean,
Down beneath the wild wave's motion,
Silently and
On the calm breast
Of the great sea-mother, in her soft arm
Bodies of cold men, her soft arm
Bodies of old men,
Bodies of young and fair.
And the trailing weed that the sea doth breed,
Weeds that limbs, and, with clinging greed,
Twine in golden hair.

Deep in the soul of the dark-blue ocean,
Stilled is life's unceasing motion
Beneath the deep,
The dreamless sleep,
Their eyes are stony, they do not weep
For the things that seem
Are a weary dream,
They wait for the Real below;
And the changeless song of the loiling
"Bequeath them not, for they have long
Forgotten the world of woe.

Deep in the soul of the dark-blue ocean
Slumber souls in blest unmotion
And oh! that I
In the deep night lie;
And hark from the day my weary eye,
For the aching sight
Abhors the light,
And the sun-heat burns my brain.
Receive thou me to thine arms, oh sea!
For I fly from earth, I fly to thee,
O Eternal Sleep! again.

Uncle Jolly.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Well, I declare here it is, New Year's coming again, and cold as Greenland, too," said Uncle Jolly, as he poked his cotton nightgown out of bed—"frost an inch thick on the windows, water all frozen in the pitcher, and I an old bachelor. Heigho! nobody to give any presents to—no little feet to come patting up to my feet to wish me a happy New Year." Miserable piece of business! Wonder what ever became of that sister of mine who ran off with that poor artist? Wish she'd turn up somewhere with two or three children for me to love and pet. Heigho! It's a miserable piece of business to be an old bachelor."

And Uncle Jolly broke the ice with his frosted fingers, and buttoned his dressing gown tightly to his chin, then he went down stairs, followed a cup of coffee, an egg, and a slice of toast. Then he buttoned his suitcoat snugly over them, and went out the front door into the street.

Such a crowd as there was buying New Year's presents. The top-shops were filled with grandmas, grandmas, and aunts and uncles and cousins. As to the shopkeepers, what, with telling prices, answering forty questions in a minute, and doing up parcels, they were as crazy as a bachelor tending a crying baby.

Uncle Jolly slipped along over the icy pavements, and finally halted in front of Tim Nonesuch's toy-shop. You should have seen the shop windows! Beautiful English dolls and dolls a-piece, dressed like Queen Vic's babies, with such plump little shoulders and

arms one longed to pinch 'em: and tea sets and dinner sets, cunning enough for a fairy to keep house with. Then there were dancing Jacks, and jumping Jenny's, and "Topsy," and Uncle Toms' as black as the chimney back, with wool made of a raveled black stocking. Then there were little work-boxes, with gold thimbles and bobbins, and scissors in crimson velvet cases, and knives that equipped so naturally as to make you hop on the table, to get out of the way and little innocent looking boxes containing a little spry mouse, that jumped into your face as soon as you raised the lid, and music boxes to place under your pillows when you had drunk too strong a cup of green tea, and vinaigrettes that you could hold to your nose to keep you from fainting when you saw a dandy.—Oh! I can tell you that Mr. Nonesuch understood keeping a toy-shop; there were plenty of carriages always in front of it, plenty of taper fingers pulling over his wares, and plenty of husbands and wives who returned thanks that New Year's day.

"Don't stay here, dear Susy, if it makes you cry," said the elder of two little girls; "I thought you said it would make you happy to come out and look at the New Year's presents, though we couldn't have any."

"I did think so," said Susy; but it makes me think of last New Year's when you and I lay curled together in our little bed, and papa came creeping up in his slippers, thinking we were asleep, and laid our presents on the table, and then kissed us both, and said, "God bless the little darlings!" Oh! Katy—all the little girls in that shop? and their papas with them. I want six papas, and little Susy laid her head on Katy's shoulders, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

"Don't dear Susy," said Katy, wiping away her own tears with her little pinafore; don't cry—mamma will see how red your eyes are,—poor sick, tired mamma,—don't cry, Susy."

"Oh, Katy, I can't help it. See that tall man with the black whiskers, (don't he look like papa?) kissing that little girl. Oh! Katy," and the tears flowed afresh.

Uncle Jolly couldn't stand it any longer; he rushed into the toy-shop, bought an armful of playthings helter skelter, and ran after the two little girls.

"Here, Susy! here, Katy!" said he. "here are some New Year's presents from Uncle Jolly."

"Who is Uncle Jolly?"

"Well he's uncle to all the poor little children who have no kind papa."

"Now, where do live, little pigeons? got far ago?—toes all out your shoes here in January? Don't like it,—my toes ain't out of my shoes;—come in here and let's see if we can find anything to cover them. There now, (sitting them both to a pair,) that's something like; it will puzzle Jack Frost to find your toes now. Cotton clothes on? I don't wear cotton clothes;—come in here and get some woolen shawls.—Which do you like best, red, green, or blue?—plaid or stripes, hey?"

"Mother won't like it? Don't talk to me;—mothers don't generally scratch people's eyes out for being kind to their little ones. I'll take care of that, little puss. Uncle Jolly's going

home with you. "How do I know whether you have got a dinner or not?" Pre got a dinner,—you'll have a dinner, too. Pity I can't go. New Year's day, too. "How do you know?—p-h-e-w! I don't know about it. My old bones up those rickety stairs,—they are hard to mend; did you know that?"

Little Katy opened the door, and Uncle Jolly walked in,—her mamma turned her head, then with one wild cry of joy threw her arms about his neck, while Susy and Katy stood in the doorway, uncertain whether to laugh or cry.

"Come here, come here," said Uncle Jolly; "I didn't know I was so near the truth this morning, when I called myself your Uncle Jolly; I didn't know what made my heart leap so when I saw you there in the street, Come here I say; I say, don't you ever shed another tear; you see I don't,"—and Jolly tried to smile, as he drew his coat sleeves across his eyes.

Wasn't that a merry New Year's night in Uncle Jolly's little parlor? Wasn't the fire warm and bright? Were not the tea cakes nice? Didn't Uncle Jolly make them eat till they had tightened their apron-strings? Were their toes ever out of their shoes again? Did they wear cotton shawls in January? Did cruel landlords ever again make their mamma tremble and cry?

In the midst of all this plenty, did they forget "papa?" No, no! Whenever little Susy met in the street, a tall, princely man with large black whiskers, she'd look at Katy, and nod her little curly head sorrowfully, as much as to say,—"Oh, Katy, I never can forget my own dear papa."

Discovery of the Palace of Shushan.

The commissioners engaged under the mediation of England and Russia in marking the boundary line between Persia and Turkey, have recently come upon the remains of the ancient place of Shushan, mentioned in the books of Esther and Daniel, together with the tomb of Daniel the prophet. The locality answers to the received tradition of its position; and the internal evidence, proving its correspondence with the description of the place recorded in sacred history, amounts almost to demonstration. The reader can turn to Esther, chap. 1, where he will read of a "pavement of red and blue, and white, and black marble," in that place. That pavement still exists, and corresponds to the description given in the sacred history. And in the marble columns, the dilapidated ruins, the sculpture, and the remaining marks of greatness and glory that are scattered around, the commissioners read the exact truth of the record made by the sacred penman. Not far from the place stands a tomb; on it is sculptured the figure of a man bound hand and foot with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him to devour him. No history could speak more graphically the history of Daniel in the lions den. Other interesting discoveries may be expected. The Persian arrowheads are found upon the place and the tomb. Glass bottles, elegant as those placed upon the toilet-tables of the ladies of our day, have been discovered, with other indications of art and refinement, which bear out the statements of the

Bible. Thus Twenty-five hundred years after the historians of Esther and Daniel make their records, then histories are verified.

WHAT A SCOTCHMAN MAY BECOME.—At a meeting held in Edinburgh last week to obtain from the British Government "justice for Scotland," Sir A. Alison, historian, related the following anecdote. "to show how Scotchmen rise all the world over":—"Gentlemen, one very curious thing occurred to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over, and with this anecdote I will conclude. Marshal Keith had the command of the Austrian army, which long combated the Turkish forces on the Danube, under the grand vizier, and after a long and bloody combat, the two generals came to a conference together. The grand vizier came mounted on a camel with all the pomp of eastern magnificence. The Scotch Marshal Keith, from the neighborhood of Turfhill, in Ayrshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long conference, and after the conference, the Turkish grand vizier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that no one should accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, and when the conference in the tent was closed, the grand vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith, said, "Oh, Jonno, hoo'su'wa ye, maun." (Loud laughter.) And he then discovered that the grand vizier of Turkey was an old school companion of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before from a parish school near Methlie. (Laughter.)

WHAT A GOOD TEMPERANCE STORY CAN DO--

The influence of the Press. Not long since, the New York Tribune published a story entitled "Hot Corn,"—a truthful, thrilling picture of the privations and distress of a poor girl, who earned her living by crying hot corn through the streets of New York. Mr. Pease of the Five Points House of Industry, announces that, from August 1st to Sept. 9th the sum of £1,089, in unsolicited donations, has been received from that philanthropic institution, most of which may be set down to the credit of that article. There can scarcely be a stronger proof of the power of the public press, when its columns are devoted to the advocacy of benevolence, and the improvement of the social and moral condition of the mass of the people. The author of the tale referred to has thus unwittingly, perhaps, been the means of doing great good. Such instances are incentives to exertion, and illustrate the truth of the text: In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which may prosper, either this or that.

A NEWSMAN'S DOG.—The Albany Knicker-

bocker gives an account of a wonderful dog belonging to one of its carriers. The carrier, falling sick, sent out a boy to deliver the papers, who, being acquainted with the dog, was followed by the dog, which stopped at the door of every subscriber, never missing one in a list of 600. "At the door of the subscribers who had not paid for a long time the dog was heard to howl."—New York Tribune.