



Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C. W. DECEMBER, 9, 1854.

NO. 49.

INDIAN NAMES.

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"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, rivers and lakes are designated by their names?"

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;

But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.
Yes, where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the World;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute of the west,
And Rappahannoc sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their Memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
With her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides their lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though you give the winds their dust.

STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

About fifty years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow, named Mosier. Her husband had been dead many years; her only daughter was grown up and married, and living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.—And thus the old lady lived alone in her house by day and by night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful; did her work quietly during the daylight, and at eventide lay down and slept sweetly.

One morning, however she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind; which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought of some unknown evil, that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unloading herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day; and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated her assurances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, "I can not think any one would hurt you for you have not an enemy in the world. As the day was declining, Mrs. Mosier sought her home, but ex-

pressed the same feeling, as she left her daughter's house. On the way home she called on a neighbor who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions which had nearly driven her into fear, and from the lady of the house received answers similar to those of her daughter. You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime—surely no one will disturb or molest you; go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you. Here Rover (said she to a stout watch dog that lay on the floor) Here Rover! go home with Mrs. Mosier, and take care of her." Rover did as he was told, the widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down on the outside of the bed; and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and, perhaps, chid herself for needless fear she fell asleep.

Some time in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all; but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor. The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepping cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing; but now for, the first time, felt the dog move as he made a violent spring from the bed, and at the same instant something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises like the pawing of the dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all. This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately—but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep; and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed—and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which had been uplifted to take her life, and which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with the grasp of death; and neither dog nor man could utter a sound till all was over. The man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her cattle, and her land. And instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property to him and his as the only heirs apparent—but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of night. A fearful retribution waited for him. The widow's apprehension communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves by what unseen power we know not—the sympathy of the other woman who loaned her dog—and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself—formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained without reference to that Providence or overruling power which numbers the hairs of our heads, watches the sparrow's fall, and shapes our ends, control them as we will.

CONVENTS.

To those who have paid a visit to the Cathedral in course of construction in this city by the R. C. Bishop, we would ask, has the enquiry never suggested itself—what mean all these recluses and

niches, these apartments and passages? They are never yet concealed anything, because it has not for many centuries, when Romish priests may be seen, accompanied with their assistants of the same name? No, no money for this purpose, but for a purpose far more prejudicial to the interests of society and the liberty of the people. The fact is self-evident that while the superstructure is being raised, it is destined to become a charnel house, where religion must be sacrificed. The young female will yet be incarcerated within its walls leaving her happiness outside its massive doors, while inside she will be struggling with the laws of her existence, stifling all the fond throbbing of a woman's soul, and burying herself alive, virtuous, untaught, and debased, the prey of a accretious priesthood. This is what Rome offers as her holiest oblation to heaven, and it is such places as these that are designated "retreats of piety" by Roman Catholic authors. To part the youthful heart from gentle bosoms, and replace them with lamps of marble is the avowed intent of Popery in order that all feeling may be eradicated.—Convents are simply reservoirs into which the young and virtuous may be conducted down to ruin.

What are the characteristics of those who are thus decoyed? The unsuspecting girl of religious inclinations, whose mind might have run into the stream of heavenly bliss but for the blasting, withering influence of Conventual happiness. This is the class which Rome decoys and degrades, the first vernal budding of youth and piety, and makes it a sacrifice upon the altar of depravity; and it is only when the mirage melts away that the dreams of bliss become unrealized, and present instead the aspect of a moral wilderness. If convents are pious recluses and training schools of virtue, and if felicity is ever to be found within their precincts, what use for iron grated windows and lofty walls of stone and brick? Why must Paradise be made so much like a prison?

It is a fact evidenced in the history of Convents that at Rome the majority of nuns die of madness before they reach the age of twenty five! Now ponder on this fact, and estimate if possible, the amount of misery and moral prostitution of every thing lovely in virtue which must result from the ruthless plucking of noble-minded females from our social circle, should the laws of our country permit the establishment of a convent in our midst. If Popery were all we fit its way—and we fear it has now acquired too much power and influence—its selfish and cruel aims would cover our empire. The convent of Montreal should be an example to the people of this Province.

In the apartments of the Inquisitors of Spain the French soldiers found sixty-two young women virtuous, corrupted, and ruined; and innumerable proofs are afforded us of horrid guilt in the penitential convents—many of the unhappy victims seeking refuge for peace in the waters of the Tiber. If such scenes have had an existence in other lands have we not reason to suppose that like abominations will be carried on in our own. Yes, so sure as permitted to exist, so sure will its walls re-echo maddening yells of outraged innocence.

But, answer some, religion must not be interfered with. "Religion" that heavenly angel in whose outraged name Rome does her darkest deeds, beneath whose skirt she always hides her guiltless acts, burying them the deeper in its folds the more truculent they are! Religion which

never yet concealed anything, because it has nothing to conceal, religion, which would as the decoy to these prisoners, forsooth make the plea for preventing their escape, and concealing the crimes of which they may be made the victims—say, shall that be taken as a valid plea which is in truth the darkest feature of the case; and shall Rome be permitted to be transformed into a gulf of female innocence to prevent the entrance of justice and the escape of woe? We hope therefore, every right thinking man will supplicate the Legislature against the establishment of such an institution, and if ineffectual, to petition the sovereign queen of the realm that no convent shall be permitted in this section of His colonial dominions—Britain, which should know no slave upon her soil, will ere long we trust, issue an edict scattering the convent houses of Rome, which we regret have an abode in other colonies.—St. John's New Brunswick Constitution.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

A Protestant lady entered the matrimonial state with a Catholic gentleman, on condition he would never use any attempts in her intercourse with her to induce her to embrace his religion. Accordingly, after their marriage, he abstained from conversing with her on those religious topics which he knew would be disagreeable to her. He employed a Romish priest, however, who often visited the family, to use his influence to instil his popish notions into her mind. But she remained unmoved, particularly on the doctrine of transubstantiation.

At length the husband fell ill, and, during his afflictions, was recommended by the priest to receive the holy sacrament. The wife was requested to prepare bread and wine for the solemnity by the next day. She did so; and on presenting them to the priest, said—"These, sir, you wish me to understand, will be changed into the real body and blood of Christ after you have consecrated them."

"Most certainly," he replied, "Then, sir," she responded, it will not be possible, after the consecration, for them to do any harm to the worthy partakers, for, says the Lord, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed," and "he that eateth me shall live by me." "Assuredly," answered the priest, "they cannot do harm to the worthy receivers, but must communicate great good." The ceremony was proceeded in, and the bread and wine were consecrated, the priest was about to take and eat the bread. But the lady begged pardon for interrupting him, adding, "I mixed a little arsenic with the bread, sir, but as it is now changed into the body of Christ, it cannot of course do you any harm."

The principles of the priest, however, were not sufficiently firm to enable him to eat it—confused, ashamed, and irritated, he left the house and never more troubled the lady with the doctrine of transubstantiation.

THE LONDON TIMES.

An American, who not long ago visited this establishment of the leading newspaper of the old world, has written an account of what he saw. This our readers will be interested to note. He says:

Among many other famous places in London, I visited the office of the London Times. To view