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THE TWO WORLDS.

A land where sweetest roses fade,
And smiling youth goes quickly old;
A land where sunshine turns to shade,
And beauty takes a different mould;
A land of change, a land of care,
Whose fleeting joys are little worth;
A land whose smiles become a tear—
That land is earth!

A land of love where naught can sever,
And beauty blooms with lustre fair;
A land where youth is young forever,
For time exerts no influence there;
A land where streams of pleasure flow,
And golden harps to all are given;
A land where we our God shall know,—
That land is heaven!

CONVOLVULUS, OR MORNING GLORY.

The glory of morn is a young spirit given,
In its beauty and freshness, to duty and heaven,
The glory of Noon is a life of cross bearing;
A spirit the marks of the Crucified wearing,
In the city where angels their anthems are singing;
And a forehead serene with its silver hair shining,
Holy Hope and firm Faith as the day is declining
And a vision of rest as from Pisgah's top given,
And a heart fixed on God is in glory of Even.

HOW TO WIN A MISTRESS. AN AFFECTING STORY

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads: but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistress thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter, even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man—the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility—stood respectful looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress though at the cost of a noble pain which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to the

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and degrading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex and that nothing was too much for his valor and strength. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task, and dared neither to look at her father or the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd, and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with pretty pretence the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother stepped out of the crowd, and coming up to her notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said—

"Now, sir, put an end to this mummery," and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoiced to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if to encourage his mistress. They mount the hill—they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something, then ascends at a quick rate, and now, being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other.

The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet and then cast on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead.

The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between middle and top—he rushes—he stops—he stutters, but he does not fall.

Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but, it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort, the lady lifts up her arms to enlighten him. See! he is almost at the top—he stops—he struggles—he moves side-ways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other.

Now he is all but on the top he halts again—he is fixed—he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level—he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See! at last he is on the top, and down he falls with his burden.

An enormous shout! He has won! he has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress; and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron, pale as death, looks on from the

impatience. They reached the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind, "Samson himself might take a rest after such a deed."

"Part them," said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together.

These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them.

"God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron; "sir, they are dead!"

GLOVES AND CIGARS.

"I must really have a pair of gloves, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the evening paper but he laid it down and looked crossly up. "Really," he said, "you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week that I gave you money to buy a new pair."

The wife colored and was about to answer tartly; for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness; but remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," she said, "Surely you have forgotten, James. It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves, and I have been out a great deal, as you know, in that time."

"Humph!" said Mr. Morris, taking up the paper again.

For several minutes there was a silence. The wife continued her sewing, and the husband read sulkily on, at last as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured a remark, by way of an indirect apology.

"Business is very dull, Jane," said he, "and sometimes I do not know where to look for money. I can scarcely meet my expenses."

The wife looked up with tears in her eyes. "I am sure, James," said she, "that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a new dress this winter, because the one I got last spring would answer, I thought by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was retanned. And as to the gloves, you know you are very particular about my having gloves always new, and would me if I appear on the streets with a shabby pair."

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct; however, like most men, he was too proud to confess his error, except indirectly. He took out his pocket-book, and said

"How much would satisfy you for a year, not for gloves only, but for all the other necessities? I will make you an allowance, and then you need not ask me for money whenever you want a pair of gloves or a new handkerchief."

Mr. Morris dropped his newspaper as if it had been red hot, and stared at his wife. "I believe," said he, "you women think that we men are made of money. I don't spend ten pounds in gloves and handkerchiefs in half a dozen years."

Mrs. Morris did not reply instantly, for she was determined to keep her temper, but the quickness with which the needle moved, showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last she said, "how much do you spend on cigars?"

This was a home-thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker, and consumed twice as much on this needless luxury as the sum his wife asked. He picked up the paper and made no reply.

"I don't wish you to give up smoking, since you enjoy it so much," she said, "but surely cigars are no more necessary for a gentleman, than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady; and if you expect twenty pounds on the one, I don't see why you should complain of my wanting ten pounds for the other."

"Pshaw!" said her husband finally, "I don't spend twenty pounds a year in cigars. It can't be."

"You bring home a box every three weeks; and each box, you say, costs about twenty-four shillings, which at the end of the year, amounts to more than twenty pounds."

Mr. Morris flinched on his seat. His wife saw her advantage, and smiling to herself, pursued it.

"If you had counted up," she said, "as I have every shilling you have given me for gloves' handkerchiefs, shoes and ribbons during a year, you would find that it amounted to ten pounds; and if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost you would see that I am correct in my estimates as to them."

"Twenty pounds! It can't be," said the husband, determined not to be convinced.

"Let us make a bargain," replied the wife.

"Put into my hands twenty pounds to purchase cigars for you, and ten pounds to purchase gloves, &c. for me. I promise faithfully to keep both accounts correct, with this stipulation, that at the end of the year, I am to retain all I can of the ten pounds, and their return to you all that remains of the twenty pounds."

"It is agreed, I will pay quarterly, and commence to-night." After that he pursed, and counted seven pounds ten shillings into his wife's hand.

And how did the bargain turn out? Our fair readers have, no doubt, guessed already. Jane continued, during the year, to supply her husband with cigars, and at the end, looked at her account by which it appeared that Mr. Morris had smoked away twenty-two pounds, while his wife had only spent eight pounds on gloves, handkerchiefs and shoes; the two pounds she had saved having just enabled her to keep her husband's cigar box full without asking him for the money till the year was up.

Mr. Morris paid the balance with a long face, but without one word of complaint. He has ever since been very economical, and has never spent a shilling more on cigars, and has given ten pounds to his wife.