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NO. 1.

THE CAVES OF THE DEEP.

BY C. BENTON NEWCOMB.

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

Deep in the soul of the dark-blue ocean,
Stilled is Lat's increasing 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 toiling throng
Is forgotten, for they have long
Forgotten the world of woe.

Deep in the soul of the dark-blue ocean
Sumber souls in bliss unmotion
And oh! that I
In the deep might lie;
And hush from the day my weary eye,
For the aching sight
Ablurs the light,
And the sun-heat burns my brain.
Receive them 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 morning again, and cold as Greenland, too," said Uncle Jolly, as he poked his cotton night cap out of bed—frost an inch thick on the windows, water all frozen in the pitcher, and I an' a hunch on. Hough! nobody to give any presents to—no little feet to come patting up to my bed to wish me "A happy New Year." Miserable piece of business! Wonder what ever came 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. Hough! 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 suitout 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 grandpas, 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 pavement, 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's," and Uncle Tom's as black as the chimney back, with wool made of a raveled black stocking. Then there were little work-boxes, with gold thumbies and bodkins, and scissors in crimson velvet cases, and makes that equirred 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 drank 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 don't come every 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 cuddled 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 have 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,—dear 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 pythings 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 any-thing to cover them. There now, (fitting 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?—

home to you. "How do I know whether you have got any dinner or not?" "I've got a dinner,—you I have a dinner, too. Pity I can't go my own way—New Year's day, too."

"Topsy, where are you?—p-h-e-w! I don't know about your old bones up those rickety stairs,—they are hard to mend; did you know that?"

Little Jolly opened the door, and Uncle Jolly walked in. His 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?

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 rains, 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

Bible. Thus Twenty-five hundred years after the historians of Esther and Daniel make their records, their 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 Torrif, in Aberdeenshire, 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 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, Johnny, hoo's a'we, 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 Methil. (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, intances that, from August 1st to Sept. 9th the sum of £1,089, in unsolicited donations, had 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 this 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 Knickerbocker gives an account of a wonderful dog belonging to one of its editors. The carrier, falling sick, sent out a boy to deliver the papers, who, being acquainted with the route, was fel-