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## WHERE ART THOU TYRE ? BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;  
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of Tyre—  
Beats on the fallen columns and round the headland roars,  
And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,  
And calls with hungry clamour, that speaks its long desire;  
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

Within her cunning harbour, choked with invading sand,  
No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every land,  
And like a prostrate forest, when autumn gales have blown,  
Her Colonades of granite lie shattered and o'erthrown;  
And from the reef the pharos no longer flings its fire  
To beacon home from Tarshish the lordly ships of Tyre.

Where is thy rod of empire once mighty on the Waves—  
Thou that thyself exalted till kings became thy slaves!  
Thou that did speak to nations, and saw thy will obeyed—  
Whose favour made them joyful, whose anger sore afraid.  
Who laid thy deep foundations and thought them strong and sure,  
And boasted midst the waters; shall I not aye endure?

Where is the wealth of ages, that heaped thy princely mart?  
The pomp of purple trapping, the gems of Syrian art;  
The silken goats of Kedar, Salan's spicy shore;  
The tributes of the Islands thy squadrons homeward bore,  
When in thy gates triumphant, they entered from the sea  
With sound of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery?

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! thy glory is laid waste:  
There is no habitation; thy mansions are defaced.  
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;  
No workmen fell the fir trees that grows in Shenir's vales.  
And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand years of sun,  
Or hew the mast of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot? take up thy harp and sing:  
Call the rebellious Islands to own their ancient king;  
Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair unbound,  
Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless and dis-crowned?  
There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of the sea,  
And sing the song of sorrow that thou remembered be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet nature still laments  
The pomp and pride departed, the lost magnificence,  
The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder now;  
The sea was proud to bear thee and wears a troubled brow.

## THE JAPANESE AND LOO CHOO ISLANDS.

We had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on the above subject, delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Association, before a large and lugubly respectable audience in Buffalo, on Saturday evening, the 15th of February by Bayard Taylor.—*Dunnville Independent.*

The lecturer said that if any person had asked for information concerning Japan, three years ago, the answer would have been, "We know nothing about it;" but since public attention had been drawn to that quarter, and an expedition dispatched from this country, stories which had accumulated for years were brought to light; the musty chronicles of the old Jesuit Missionaries were exhumed and translated, the narratives of the early voyages revived, volumes of records of the Dutch consulted, and to the astonishment of all it was found, that instead of a people knowing nothing about Japan, they know as much about the lives, characters, and habits of the people, as was known to any Eastern nation half a century ago. His audience was no doubt familiar with Japan as found in books, but it would perhaps be interesting to them to listen to the narrative of one who had stood upon the soil, although his travels did not reach beyond 150 yards from the beach. In the Island of Loo Choo, which was tributary to Japan, more facility for acquiring information has been extended. The Japanese are a more peculiar and original people than was generally supposed, and contrary to the common opinion, there were many radical differences between them and the Chinese, a running comparison of which might not be uninteresting. The two nations were classed by ethnologists as belonging to the great Mongolian family, but still there existed a difference between them. The two nations from time immemorial had been always enemies, and their languages were totally different in tone, accent, and in grammatical construction. The Chinese language abounded with consonants and nasal sounds, and was spoken with a twang which no Scotch professor of Psalmody could ever hope to reach; but the Japanese, on the contrary, was articulate, and distinct, abounding with open vowel sounds flowing easily, the syllables short and musical, and none of them composed entirely of consonants, as was the case with the Chinese. One curious point of difference was that the Chinese were unacquainted with the sound of R in their language, and in pronouncing foreign words they substitute for that letter C, while the Japanese on the contrary have no letter C, and in place substitute K. The Chinese have a complexion of a dusky yellow, which gives them the appearance of an animated lump of clay, and they do not possess any of the symmetry of form which distinguishes the Circassian and other races. The complexion of the Japanese was a dark olive, eyes somewhat large and not so obliquely set as the Chinese, and foreheads more open. Their countenances were agreeable and expressive, and frequently expressed what was passing in their minds, in spite of themselves; and it was a subject of remark among the officers of the expedition, that they were as finished gentlemen in their manners as could be found in any part of the world. The

officers of the expedition succeeded in starting them. The ease with which the Japanese adapted themselves to American customs was truly remarkable. When invited to sit at table to partake of refreshments, they exhibited no hesitation or embarrassment, and used their knives and forks with as much dexterity as if they had never known chop sticks. The expedition had on board twenty Chinese, and one of the Japanese espying them, said, "Is it possible that you have Chinese among your men?" To which the interpreter, with more dexterity than truth, replied, "These men are the servants of our sailors," and thus were the members of the expedition reinstated in the good opinion of the Japanese. The models of their vessels were not unlike the celebrated yacht *America*, having concave lines and a sharp box. Many writers affirmed that the Japanese, in their personal appearance, were very similar to the natives of southern Europe, but the lecturer thought they bore a much stronger resemblance to the Peruvians. There was a great difference between the Chinese and the Japanese in their moral characteristics. Kemper shows the distinction in this respect. Although written more than a hundred years ago, the country has changed so little that his statements give a correct picture of Japan at the present day. He said that the Chinese are peaceable, modest, great lovers of the sedate, speculative, and philosophical way of life, but withal given to fraud; but the Japanese, on the contrary, are a warlike people, inclined to rebellion, ambitious, and always bent on high designs. A peculiar characteristic of the Chinese was imitation,—not that imitation which was the parent of invention, but rather like the parrot which repeated the task given to him without a comparison of any principle. The Japanese, on the other hand, were the most curious and enquiring people in the world, with the exception, perhaps, of the genuine Yankee.

Some time ago the Governor of Canton took it into his head to have a steamboat built in imitation of the European nations, and the Chinese took for their model a small English steamer which ran upon the Canton river, and made a perfect copy of it,—the only difference was that the original could go and the copy could not. The mental energy of the people of Chiuu seemed hopeless of improvement, for even during the present rebellion the great mass of the people entertained the most profound apathy; and for his (Mr. Taylor's) part he would exclaim with Tennyson,  
"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

The Japanese have allowed the Dutch to have commercial intercourse with them that they may be well posted up in matters pertaining to other countries. They were so well informed on these matters that an American seaman who was rescued from shipwreck in 1849, received intelligence from them, when caged in the interior of the country, of the war between the United States and Mexico, and the battle of Palo Alto and Buena Vista, and one of the officials inquired whether Mexico was still in existence. Upon showing this man a map of the United States, he pointed out New York, New Orleans, Washington and San Francisco, and another native inquired whether the Pacific Railroad was built,—to which question the lec-

organized force of Anglo-Saxons. The Japanese were generally armed with the old match-lock, and the body-guard of the king carried old English, Tower Muskets and bayonets. He accounted for this from the excessive jealousy of the sovereign of allowing even his army to be well armed.

Mr. T. believed that the American expedition, even if it did not open Japan, which was not exactly its object, was at least the entering wedge and the crevice which it had made would become wider and wider, until the great result shall have been accomplished. The lecturer next related his experience on the Island of Loo Choo. In regard to this Island, the world has heard so much from Basil Hall and Sir Edward Belcher. It had been considered a modern Paradise, where a primitive and innocent race had found a refuge, and where vices were unknown, but unfortunately there was more romance than reality in that description, for Captain Hall was completely overreached by the cunning Loo-Chooans. Belcher, who followed Hall saw through their designs more plainly; and not Commodore Perry has torn off the cloak which concealed their deformity, and turned the paradise of their Island into a home of bondage the most abject that man had ever endured. The lecturer then narrated his journey through the Island, on which occasion he was subjected to a most rigid system of espionage—indeed, to such an extent was it carried, that at almost every village which they entered they found that the inhabitants had fled. They all seemed to shun them, and should they by chance enter a Japanese cottage before the inhabitants had received notice to escape, they exhibited the utmost terror and astonishment. Mr. Taylor visited the interior of the Island, and was struck with the luxuriant vegetation, the beautiful timber and the productive soil. He next pointed out what appeared to him a remarkable parallel, and which had escaped all historians, which was that, socially and politically, the Peruvians and Japanese were nearly identical.

He concluded his remarks amidst great applause, by alluding to the immense advantages which would accrue to this country—particularly the western shore—if a trade were opened with those parts of Asia; and should the Pacific Railroad project be carried into execution, thus connecting the wealthy and powerful cities of the Atlantic seaboard with the Pacific coast, a free and unrestricted intercourse with Asia would conduce in an eminent degree to the wealth, prosperity and happiness of this country.

## VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

My opinion decidedly is, that the whole country traversed by the rivers issuing from the slope of the Eastern Cordillera, from Santa Cruz de la Sierra, in Bolivia, to the mouth of the Ucayali, in Peru, is one immense gold and silver region; gold being found in the flats near the rivers, and silver in the mountains. I will venture to predict that the same region contains diamonds and other precious stones, some of which are probably unknown to the lapidary at present. The silver mines of Carabaya were immensely productive when worked by Salcedo—so much so, that the