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LITTLE LILYBEL.

[This is one of the most recent productions of Gerald Massey, the English Labourer Poet.]

When unseen fingers part the leaves
And show us Beauty's face,
And Earth her breast of glory heaves
And glows from Spring's embrace;
When flower, on green and golden wings,
Float up—Life's sea doth swell
And flut, a world of veinal things—
Came little Lilybell.

And she is fair, O very fair,
Has eyes so like the dove!
And lightly leans her world of care
Upon our arms of Love,
It cannot be that ye will break
The promised tale ye tell;
Ye will not make such fond hearts ache,
O little Lilybell!

As on Life's stream her leaflets spread
And trembled in the flow,
We shudder lest the awful Dead
Pluck at her from below.
Breathe softly, low, ye winds that start,
O, stream, but faintly swell:
Your every motion smites the heart
For little Lilybell!

We tremble—lest the angel Death,
Who comes to gather flowers
For Paradise—at her sweet breath,
Should fall in love with ours,
O, many a year many come and go,
Ere from life's mystic well
Such stream shall flow, such flower shall blow,
As our sweet Lilybell.

O, when thy dear heart fills with fears,
And aches with Love's sweet pain,
And pale cheeks burn through happy tears,
Like red rose in the rain—
I marvel, sweet, if we shall see
The light and say, 'tis well!
When the Beloved calls for thee
Our dainty Lilybell.

THE HUSBAND AND THE ARTIST.

A late Parisian newspaper tells the story of a wealthy Englishman, who may be constantly seen at the grand opera and the Italian opera, and who enjoys a great reputation, not only as being a connoisseur of music, but further, as being a great amateur of painting. How the reputation was acquired, you will presently see.

He was, he is one of those Bedouin Englishmen, who live alternately in the European capitals, except when they are on an occasional jaunt to Egypt, or to China, or to India, or the Holy Land. He never travelled alone; his wife was with him—his bona fide wife—for, notwithstanding his errand, "so apt to weaken one's morals" he had all the English respect for the sex, and a true Englishman's love for his wife. She was a beautiful woman, one of those "keepsake" beauties, that, once seen, make a man dream forever. Her social success was very great in all the cities they visited. In Rome, after some years' marriage, they became acquainted with a German artist, of a good deal of reputation, who, to his art, joined the learning of a Benedictine, and knew the city of Rome, as well as Winckelman or Visconti. The German volunteered to be their cicerone in the Eternal City. They gladly accepted the offer. Many were the hours they passed with him, in the museum of the capital

in the Vatican, in St. Peter's, and in the other famous excursions they made in the environs of Rome.

The artist became in love with the English lady; she reciprocated his affection. The husband was a long time in seeing this stain upon his honor. Several months passed away before he perceived it for he was very much pleased with the artist, and they had long been on the most intimate footing. Although stung to the quick by such base faithlessness, and such gross violations of the law of hospitality and friendship, he said nothing; he disliked scenes. He was, nevertheless, determined upon complete revenge, and he appealed to cooler reflections to furnish forth a suitable punishment, as the passions are bad counsellors.

He left Italy, and retired with his wife to England, saying nothing but *au revoir* to the artist. When he reached England he told his wife of the painful discovery he had made, and gave her back to her father's hands.

He then returned to the Continent alone, and visited Germany, Russia and France, where he purchased a great many paintings. He then went to Italy, meanwhile continuing to purchase paintings; and at last—two years had now passed away since their last meeting—he called on the German painter, who still lived in Rome, and demanded satisfaction from him.

His challenge was accepted and the Englishman, according to European custom, much better than ours being the offended party selected the weapons; he chose pistols. During the past two years, he had practised daily for several hours, and his known address with the pistol had become an unerring certainty of shot. He sent the shot wherever he wished it to go.

The parties went on the ground—they were placed at thirty paces apart, and with the privilege of advancing ten paces before firing. The signal was then given—"One! Two! Fire!"

The word "Fire" was scarcely out of the Englishman's mouth, when the Englishman fired without moving. His antagonist's pistol fell from his hand, and was discharged by the fall, the ball burying itself in the ground. The Englishman's ball had shattered the artist's wrist; an amputation was necessary: the career of the artist was ended—and forever.

A few days after the amputation, the Englishman called on him, and without noticing the angry reception he met, said to the suffering artist

"If you think my vengeance is satisfied with your shattered hand, and wreck of your artist's career, you strangely underrate the agony of a dishonored husband; though I have condemned you to a life of vain regrets, to a never-ending series of impotent sighs, to a total oblivion by all amateurs and historians of art."

"O, sir," interrupted the artist, his face beaming with a ray of hope; "the last you cannot do. My Madonna, at St. Petersburg; my Luther, at Berlin; my Flight into Egypt, at Paris, my—"

The Englishman interrupted him in turn. "Spare me," said he, "the name of your work, but look over this catalogue and see if I have not the exact list of them all."

"Yes, they are all here—even the painting I finished the day before the duel."

"So I was persuaded. All the paintings in this catalogue are my property. Being my property, I do with them what I please; and I please to burn

them—yes to burn every one of them, that your name shall be effaced from the glorious roll of artists. In two hours from this time, your oil, your conceptions, your skill, will be as completely effaced from this world as the lines which the urethra traces in the sand are effaced by the rising tide. Fire is as destructive as water."

In vain the poor artist begged for mercy. The wronged husband was insensible to his supplications; and in two hours the servant brought to the artist's room a large earthen vessel, commonly used to contain oil, filled with ashes. It was all that remained of his paintings.

A FAMOUS WHALE STORY.

Nearly three years since, in company with over one hundred other passengers, I sailed with the ship Plymouth. Capt. Paulson, from San-Francisco to Realejo. A few days out we fell in with a whale some sixty or seventy feet long which kept our company twenty-four days, and only left us when we got on soundings—close to our port of destination. The whale, most of the time, kept directly under the ship's bottom, and so close, that on several occasions the keel must have touched him, as we could see that his back was scratched by the copper. He would come up to blow every thirty to fifty minutes, ranging a few rods from the ship—almost always to the windward—and then resume his berth under the keel, and whether we went fast or slow it was all the same to him.

On going down he would almost invariably come within two rods of the ship with his head opposite the mainmast, and slowly settle to his place, his flukes being even with the rudder.

On one occasion we lay becalmed for two or three days with two other vessels about a mile off. Our whale paid them a visit an hour or two every day, but always came back to his old quarters.

After he had been with us five or six days, we got tired of his company, and an attempt was made to drive him off by firing into him; and a few days after the effort was repeated, but he would not leave us. Thirty or forty heavy rifle balls were fired into him, some of which struck him in his blow hole, and drew blood, but all to no effect, and except on one occasion, when the ball hit him at the bottom of a spur on the back, (when he gave a slight shiver,) we could not perceive that he felt them, although many of the balls struck him, when not more than two or three rods from the ship.

On the days after the shooting, at every shot-hole would appear a white bulb, but, three or four days more he would show no signs of being injured.

During the passage we were close to many other whales, but our whale paid not the slightest attention to them. Persons on board, who professed to know, called this a Sulphur Bottom Whale, whether correctly or not I cannot say.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune*

HUMAN BODIES FOUND AT SEA.

Capt. Klockgether, of the ship Hindor, which arrived at this port a few days since from Bremen, met with quite an incident on his passage over. When forty days at sea, the weather being clear, an open box was discovered in the distance with, as it was supposed, no one in it. The captain immediately bore down upon it, when, on examination, it was found to contain four human beings, or in other

words, skeletons, as the flesh had been entirely stripped from the bones. The boat was filled with water but being of a light and airy structure, had continued to float for days, perhaps months upon the turbulent deep. In the boat were a large number of fish which no doubt preyed upon the bodies. A few remains of clothing were found in the frail bark, but so much torn as to preclude the possibility of telling whether they belonged to seamen or passengers. There can be no doubt that the bodies were those of some of the many unfortunates who were wrecked in some of the missing vessels. Is it not probable that they were a part of the crew or passengers of the missing steamer City of Glasgow? Capt. Klockgether still retains the boat. It can be seen on board his ship at Chase's wharf. The remains of the bodies on the arrival of the ship at this port, were decently interred.—[International]

THE GOVERNOR OF CHANDER NAGORE.

It is said that among the passengers by the steamer which brought out Lord Harris was a French gentleman, who somehow came to be taken or mistaken for the new Governor of Chandernagore. By virtue of this supposition every-body showed him every attention, and all who had not altogether forgotten their French grammar made it a point to hold a conversation, as opportunity offered, with him. He was generally esteemed as an intelligent, affable and in every way a very agreeable passenger. This attention and this esteem he enjoyed, not only from the company on board generally but in a marked degree from the greatest man among them—the wit, Lord Harris. At table he usually sat on his lordship's right, and engaged the lion's share of his lordship's conversation. Well, at length the voyage was at an end, and the Governor of Madras and the supposed, Governor of Chandernagore were obliged to part as the best friends must, sooner or later. Lord Harris landed at Madras, and our Frenchman came on to Calcutta. Here he went ashore and was received at the Government house but only to take charge of the Vice-regal cuisine. In short the supposed Governor of Chandernagore proved to be Lord Dalhousie's French cook!—[Belgal Hurkaru.]

A MICROSCOPIC WORLD.

The city of Berlin is situated in the midst of a broad, flat plain, and built upon both sides of the sluggish river Spree. Beneath the city there is a deep bog of black peat, through which borings for water have frequently been carried. Professor Ehrenberg, a gentleman whose explorations into the mysteries of microscopic life have attained for him a high position among the scientific men of the age, says that this peat at the depth of fifty feet swarms with infusorial life, that countless myriads of microscopic animals live there and wriggle and die. The perpetual motion of these little animals causes the whole mass of peaty matter to be in a state of constant, though generally imperceptible movement. In Berlin the houses, however, are wont to crack and yawn sometimes, in an exceedingly curious manner, even though built on apparently staple foundations; and Professor Ehrenberg believes this to be owing to the changes and motions of this invisible world—to the combined efforts of infinite millions of tiny forms, which conspiring in the same direction, produce sensible, and oftentimes disastrous movements of the surface, resulting in the injury or ruin of the buildings above.