

CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.



"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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Poetry.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

BY C. SPENCER.

God not in the Whirlwind—nor in the Thunder—nor in the Flame, but in th' Still small voice.

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood—  
The Lord before him passed.  
A hurricane in angry mood  
Swept by him strong and fast.  
The forest fell before its force,  
The rocks were shivered in its course:  
God was not in the blast.  
Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,  
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud  
Came muffling up the sun;  
When, through the mountain, deep and loud,  
An earthquake thundered on:  
The frightened eagle sprang in air,  
The wolf ran howling from his lair:—  
God was not in the storm.

'Twas but the rolling of his car,  
The trampling of his steeds from afar.

'Twas still again—and nature stood  
And calmed her ruffled frame:  
When swift from Heaven a fiery flood  
To earth devouring came,  
Down to the depth the ocean fled,—  
The sickening sun look'd wan and dead.  
Yet God filled not the flame.

'Twas but the terror of his eye  
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small,  
Rose sweetly on the ear.  
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all  
In Heaven and earth might hear,

It spoke of pence it spoke of love,  
It spoke as angels speak above,  
And God himself was there.  
For oh! it was a father's voice,  
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

DEATH OF DUROC.

Napoleon's greatest misfortune, that which he felt deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break the enemy's ranks and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escort was struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, "Duroc, fate is determined to have one of us to-day." Soon after, as he was riding with his suite in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him. The cloud of dust their rapid movements raised behind them, prevented him from knowing at first who was struck.— But when it was told him that Kiigeuer was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted, and gazed long and sternly on the battery from which the shot had been fired; then turned towards the cottage into which the wounded marshal had been carried.

Duroc was grand marshal of the palace, and a bosom friend of the emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and purity of feeling the life of a camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him—for through all the changes of his tumultuous life he had ever found his affections and truth the same—and it was with an anxious heart and a sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay. His eyes were filled with tears as he asked if there was any hope. When told there was none, he advanced to his bedside without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand, and said, "My whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is, that I can serve you no longer, or be useful to you." "Duroc!" replied Napoleon with a voice choked with grief, "there is another life—there you will await me and we shall meet there again." "Yes sir" replied the fainting sufferer, "but thirty years shall pass away, when you have triumphed over our enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added with a faltering voice, "I have a daughter;—your majesty will be a father to her." Napoleon grasped his right hand, and sitting down at the bedside, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained with closed eyes a quarter of an hour in profound silence. Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "Ah! sir leave me; this spectacle pains you!" The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equerry and Marshal Soult, left the apartment, saying,

in heart-breaking tones, as he went, "Farewell, then, my friend!"

The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten—victory, trophies, prisoners and all, sunk into utter worthlessness, and as at the battle of Aspern, when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interests at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and entering it, passed the night in inconsolable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual, around him and the fierce tumult of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going to their bivouacs, the low rumbling of the artillery wagons in the distance, and all the subdued yet confused sounds of a mighty host about sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his grey great-coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, set apart from all, buried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dare not approach him, and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously and sadly on that silent tent. But immense consequences hung on the movements of next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their army yet unbroken—and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted only shook his head, exclaiming, "Everything to-morrow!" and still kept his mournful attitude. Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could master that stern heart! The magnificent spectacle of the day that had passed, the glorious victory that he had won, were remembered no more, and he saw only his dying friends before him. No sobs escaped him, but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and, at length, the moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the tented host, while the flames from burning villages in the distance shed a lurid light through the gloom—and all was sad, mournful, yet sublime. There was the dark cottage, with the sentinels at the door, in which Duroc lay dying, and there, too, was the solitary tent of Napoleon, and within, the bowed form of the Emperor. Around it, at a distance, stood the squares of the Old Guard, and nearer by a silent group of chieftains, and over all lay the moonlight. These brave soldiers, filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down with such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, they struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The solemn strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in fainting cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior—but still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rung with the melody. Such