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## THE COURT OF DEATH

Far in a cave of dark resort,  
—The gloomiest in Creation—  
Death called around his ghostly court,  
And thus made proclamation :—  
"Hitherto yeimps of pain and strife  
Through years of practice wiser,  
Who most can shew the spoils of life  
Shall be my chief adviser."

With hasty steps the Plague rushed in  
His frenzied arms extending;  
With spotted breast and burning skin  
His dismal suit commending :—  
Close, as the trophies of his sway,  
A City lay deserted;  
Shorn of its thousands in a day,  
—The remnant broken-hearted.—

Next came pale Famine, stalking slow  
For bread and water raving;  
With haggard looks and shrieks of woe  
Some succor vainly craving;  
A Province pushed the shade along—  
Swept from their homes forever;  
And much I thought his claim was strong  
To gain his Sovereign's favour.

Then next advanced the fiend of War  
To tell his sanguine story;  
Nations of Ghosts clung round his car—  
And lo he called it glory!—  
The monarch threw with ghastly smile  
His creaking jaws assunder;  
But ere he reached the meed of toil,  
The palace shook with thunder;

And dancing to the crashing sound  
A damsel was before them;  
War, Famine, Plague, stood mute around,  
The syren's spell was o'er them—  
Her cheek was flush'd, and as she gaz'd,  
Her eye with fire was glowing,  
And in her hand, in triumph rais'd,  
SHE HELD A GOBLET FLOWING.

"Avaunt! ye sickly imps, and vain"  
She cried, "Go seek your slumbers,  
A World of victims forms my train,  
And time but swells their numbers;  
And all who love the luscious sin,  
My rosy wine-cup wooing,  
Nor life, nor friends, nor heaven shall win  
Back from their own undoing.

When these weak tyrants scourge the land  
—Though dreadful man's condition—  
They hold in trust from God's right hand  
The secret of their mission;  
But every slaughtered one of mine,  
By fate or foe not driven,  
Self-killed, great monarch, seeks thy shrine,  
Lost both to earth and heaven!"

—New Brunswick Paper.

## REMARKABLE FORTUNES OF A YOUNG GIRL.

We find the following singular story narrated as a fact by Mr. Jony, in his "Hermit in the Provinces," a work professing to detail authentic and curious matter relating to the various provinces of France. Mr. Jony states that he received the narrative from the lips of Monsieur and Madame Dupre, who were aided in the recital by the actual letters of the heroine.

In the town of Havre de Grace, France, not many years ago, there lived an aged couple, Monsieur and Madame Dupre. In themselves, these personages were worthy and respected, but circumstances

of a romantic and remarkable nature connected with their family, rendered them objects of peculiar interest, not only to their neighbours and fellow-citizens, but to all who visited the town of Havre. One of the near relatives of this venerable pair was destined to a career in life such as we shall only find a parallel to in the pages of Arabian fiction.

Aline Dupre was born at Martinique in the year 1763. Her father possessed one of the best estates on the island, and spared no pains or expense in educating his daughter, whose rare qualities, both of person and mind, well merited the most careful development. At the age of fourteen, when womanly charms are almost mature in that clime, Aline was the pride of her family and the admiration of the upper circles of the colony. In private society, no one surpassed her in vivacity of spirit; in the ball-room, the graces of her person and movements were unrivalled, and she possessed musical talents well fitted to enhance and complete the impression made by her appearance and address. Such was Aline Dupre when an unforeseen accident gave a sudden turn to her prospects and fortunes. Excited by oppression, real or imaginary, a numerous band of negroes made their escape from their masters, and spread the most serious alarm over the whole island. Profiting by the scantiness of military force stationed there at the time, these runaways committed various outrages and made threatening demonstrations at many different points, calling everywhere upon their fellow-slaves to join their standard.

None of the negroes in the employ of M. Dupre had acceded to the insurgent band; but the station of that gentleman, and the high opinion entertained of his talents and activity, caused him to be pitched upon as a leader of the militia raised for the suppression of the mutineers. M. Dupre filled with energy and success the duty entrusted to him. The fugitives were surrounded and captured, but only after a desperate struggle, in which M. Dupre received a mortal injury. He survived it long enough to permit him to receive from France the cross of St. Louis, which the Governor of the colony, the Marquis de Bouille, had requested for him. Soon after receiving this reward, M. Dupre died, recommending with his last breath his daughter Aline and his only son to the care of the Governor.

The Marquis de Bouille did not neglect the charge committed to him. It had been the purpose of the late Dr. Dupre to return to France, where he had a small patrimonial property, and where various members of his family were settled. This intention had been partly formed with the view of completing the education of Aline and her brother, and in the hope of seeing them well established there in life. The Governor of Martinique determined to fulfil the wishes of the father in this respect. Finding the young Dupre, who was a year or two older than Aline, to have an inclination for a military life, the Marquis arranged that he should go to France and enter the regiment of Bouillon, while the sister was to be placed for a time in the seminary of St. Cyr, the highest institution then existing for persons of her sex.

Aline and her brother accordingly embarked in a vessel bound for France. That vessel however never reached its destination. Its fate remained unknown for seven years, at the end of which time a letter containing disclosures concerning it was received by one of the friends of the

Dupre family residing in France. This individual was a young lady who had spent some years of her youth in Martinique, and had been the playmate and dear friend of the young Aline. The letter alluded to was delivered by the ambassador of a great power, and it was from his sovereign—a crowned queen. That queen was Aline Dupre! The strange vicissitudes which placed Aline in this position were detailed in the communication to her friend, nearly as follows:—

The vessel which bore the brother and sister, intended to land on the western coast of France. Soon afterwards, however, when the passengers attracted by the beauty of evening in that latitude, had assembled in a group on deck, an old negress in attendance on Aline, pointed out a dark spot in the sea at a distance. The captain was present at the moment, and was observed to turn pale as he turned his eyes on the object pointed out, but he made no remark, and the passengers retired for the night. In the morning they found nothing but haste and alarm on board. The vessel was pursued by a swift santine Algerine corsair, of size which almost rendered it hopeless for a petty merchantman to attempt any resistance. Nevertheless, the crew took their arms, resolved to sell their liberty dearly. The pirates were not long in coming up and boarding, and as might have been expected, soon overpowered all opposition.

Aline had kept close beside her brother, determined to perish with him if he fell, and when the capture took place, she was bound with him to the same chain. This association greatly lessened her sufferings on the occasion, but it did not last long. When the corsair reached the port of Algiers, an order was issued for the conveyance of all the male prisoners ashore, and the retention of the females. The language spoken around was unintelligible to Aline, but she soon became sensible of the intended separation. Her agony was dreadful at the moment, the past mishap seemed insignificant in comparison with this crowning ill. She fell on her knees before the barbarians of the vessel, and used every entreaty, by words and gestures, which might have a chance of moving them to permit her to accompany her brother. Her tears and imploring looks fully expressed the meaning which her language could not convey, but they were totally disregarded, and her brother was hurried off with his companions. All hope seemed to depart with him, and Aline fell down in a swoon.

Her insensibility, at least to a partial extent, was of long continuance, every return of the powers of reflection serving only to renew her grief, and throw her back into a state of lethargy, which rendered her heedless of all around her. Zara, the old negress, watched over her with incessant care. When Aline regained something like consciousness, she found herself on board a different vessel, and again upon the open sea. Zara informed her that she had been purchased by an Armenian merchant and was now on the way to Smyrna, whence after taking on board some Circassian Georgian captives, Achmet, as the merchant was called, intended to proceed to Constantinople. Zara likewise added, that Achmet seemed to take a strong interest in her restoration to health. This last piece of intelligence was anything but pleasing to the poor captive, and her mind was so heavily pressed with a foreboding dread of the fate which seemed to await her, that she resolved to escape from it at the cost of her life. No other way of affecting

this object was in her power save that of starving herself.

For two days she maintained this determination, and was already beginning to feel her strength diminishing when some proceeding on the part of Zara changed altogether the train of her thoughts. The old negress, like many of her race, affected the power of reading the cards, or of telling fortunes, and she artfully led her languid mistress to express a wish to know what would be her brother's fate, the subject ever uppermost in her thoughts. Zara used the opportunity given to her, most dexterously. Consulting the cards, she assumed, after a time, an aspect of great joy. "Your brother shall yet be free, and great!—the cards declare it; and by you—by you—shall be saved." The suggestion of such a possibility made an instantaneous and striking impression upon Aline, and raised in her mind a new course of action. She resolved to desist from her abstinence, and preserve her life, in the hope that whatever might be her own fate, she might yet have it in her power to alleviate the suffering of her beloved brother.

When the vessel arrived at Smyrna, it chanced that while Achmet was getting on board his other captives, he met the French Consul in society, and mentioned his having with him a beautiful young lady of French descent. The consul immediately requested to see her, and after some difficulty this was accomplished. On seeing Aline, Monsieur L——, generously offered to purchase her from the Armenian and set her at liberty.

"My brother," said Aline, "will you set him, too, at liberty?"

"Alas," said the consul, "that is not possible. How could he now be found out? The intervention of the Sultan alone, I fear, could avail to discover his retreat, and procure his freedom."

"The Sultan!" replied Aline; and for a few moments she remained in thought.

"Well," continued she at length, "I cannot, and will not, since such is the case, accept of liberty myself."

The consul pressed her to alter her resolution, but the generous girl held firmly by the purpose. The slight hope of her finding in Constantinople some means of liberating the poor captive of Algiers, kept her fixed in the determination of remaining with the Achmet. It seemed to her as if some secret power urged her onward to the Turkish capital.

But, as she sailed thither, doubts and fears took possession of her mind. Her whole chance of success was founded on her personally seeing the Sultan, Abdul Hamed, or some great courier from whom she might beg the life and liberty of her brother, but she remembered, and shuddered to remember, that she might become the purchased slave of some rich but obscure Turk, and might be shut out for ever from the light of day among strangers. With these thoughts in her mind, she proceeded to the presence of Achmet, and assuming a bold and firm tone, she said:

"Armenian, your fortune and mine are now in your hands. If I have observed aright, you do not confound me with these poor ignorant slaves, who have bodies and no souls. Such as these subjugate the eyes, but not the heart. My character is different from theirs, and so will my destiny be. It will be a high one—your fortune shall be a high one—your fortune shall rise with it. In