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## TO A FLOWER FLOATING ON A STREAM.

BY SYLVICOLA.

Float on, float on thou lovely gem  
The rippling streamlet bright and clear,  
Reflecting every summer beam  
Ne'er held a thing than thee more fair  
Float on, each flower beside the stream  
Sighs farewell on the passing air

Sweet flower where couldst thou find a rest  
More soft, more lovely than that couch  
As pure as thine own virgin breast  
As stainless in its gentle touch;  
Some snow-flake wandering from the blest  
Might own its shadowy home were such

The sweetest smile from summer's lip  
Shall beam around thy mirror bed  
The purest tears that twilight weeps  
Shall be upon thy pillow shed;  
The star that beams while beauty sleeps  
Will hold its vigils o'er thy head.

## HOW RUSSIA FIRST GOT THE CRIMEA.

Chambers's Repository contains an account, which will be interesting at the present time, of the means by which Russia became possessed of the portion of territory which English and French forces are now trying to wrest from her. It forms part of a biographical sketch of the famous

Suvaroff, or in English Swarrow.

Who loved blood as an Alderman loves marrow.

Catharine had huddled up a peace with the Sultan in 1774, partly on account of the fear of danger, and partly because of the menacing tone of the British Cabinet; but no sooner was England involved in war with the United States of America, and France preparing to strike in the revolted colonies than the Empress, true to the traditional policy of St. Petersburg, forthwith commenced whilst yet the ink was wet with which she had subscribed a covenant of "perpetual peace" with Turkey, active provocations for a renewal of the war by offensive demonstrations in the Crimea, on the Kuban northward of the Caucasian Cordillera, and on the shores of the Black Sea. In 1776, Suvaroff fully possessed of the designs of the Czarina, left St. Petersburg for Cherson, the most southern point of the Russian frontier towards Turkey; and without even a decent pretence for hostilities, at once attacked Dhost Ghiray, khan of the Crimea; drove him off to seek such redress as Constantinople might afford; and set Schaim Ghiray, a kinsman of the deposed khan, and the supple tool of Russia in his stead. General Suvaroff next proceeded to erect forts on the Kuban, and provoke hostilities with "the handitti of Circassia;" but with such ill fortune that he abandoned the task to Major-general Kayser and busied himself with "the delicate mission"—a much better one at all events, than a guerilla warfare with the Tcherkessi, of removing some 20,000 Armenian families from the Crimea to the district of Catherineoff in Russia where they would be more manageable than in their own country. Nearly a third of these unfortunate perished by the way of fatigue and privation, and hundreds threw themselves in despair under the hoofs of the Cossacks' horses as the riders, in obedience to Suvaroff's orders, pricked them on with their spears, as if goading cattle to market or to pasture. The Sublime Porte loudly remonstrated against these proceedings of the Russian general, and even went so far as to parade a numerous fleet in the Black Sea; but the deplorable

war with America and her European allies, including the ministry of Lord North from affording the Sultan more than "moral" help, the Capudan Pacha returned with his fleet to Constantinople, after receiving a contemptuous note from Suvaroff in reply to his demand for an "explanation" of the Russian doings in the Crimea, and the appearance of Russian corsairs in the Black Sea to the effect that the legitimate Khan of the Tartars, Schaim Ghiray had been pleased to call in the aid of his august ally, the Empress of all the Russians who had enabled him to dispense with the assistance of the Sultan; and that with regard to the scandalous epithet of "corsairs," applied by Capudan Pacha to her imperial Majesty's ships, that was a grave offence, which must be answered for hereafter. The Sultan was at length induced to acknowledge Schaim Ghiray as the rightful Khan; and that point gained, comparative tranquility prevailed till 1782, when the tragi-comic farce was played out. Large bodies of Russian troops having been quietly drawn together, and judiciously posted, the Prince Potemkin issued a proclamation setting forth that Schaim Ghiray had solemnly abdicated his Khanship, entirely of his free will, in favor of the Empress of Russia, to whom, therefore, all Nogay Tartars were bound and required immediately to swear allegiance. To facilitate the due performance of this solemnity—at which Suvaroff and his soldiers were of course to assist—a grand feast was provided in the open air for the Nogay chiefs and their dependents; when, after they had devoured 100 oxen and 800 sheep, with 82,000 pints of sago-brandy, the oath was administered to them collectively; and Suvaroff immediately despatched a special courier to inform Prince Potemkin of the completion "of that act of faith and homage" by the intoxicated Tartars.

Doubts, however, were not long in suggesting themselves to the mind of General Suvaroff as to the degree of binding force which an oath, however solemn in itself, or impressively administered, might be expected to have upon the consciences of men who, "he was grieved to discover, were entirely destitute of religious reverence," the result of which was an understanding between him and the Prince Potemkin, that all the tribes of Nogay Tartars should be gradually removed to the wilds of Ural, and that in the mean time they should be, as opportunity offered, as quietly as possible, and under plausible pretext disarmed. This scheme went on prosperously for some time; but at last a large body of Nogays on their way to the Ural steppes suddenly refused to move further in that direction overpowered and broke away from the escort, and fled for shelter to the southwest bank of the Kuban in the plains of Caucasus. Suvaroff pursued them thither, with the determination of taking signal vengeance upon the "oath-breaking infidels"—a promise which he thoroughly redeemed. By day-break on the morning of September 11, 1782, a large encampment of Nogays was discovered—whether the precise delinquents he was in quest of the general did not stop to enquire—and presently the Russian squadrons burst upon the surprised and defenceless tribe, and "the massacre," we read "continued till noon"—till, in fact, there were none left to slay; all—men, women, and children—having been destroyed by Suvaroff's express orders, "they being godless Heathens, who did not respect their oaths!" This terrible example, if we may believe the Russian historians, produced the desired effect; and the enforced migration of

the Nogays encountered no further opposition, Catharine soon afterwards sent the successful general the Grand Cross of the Empress, Order of St. Wladimir, as a public testimony of her approbation of the service he had so bravely performed in our service, and particularly in the general Prince Potemkin for the reunion of the various nations of the Russian Empire. Suvaroff returned to St. Petersburg in 1785, after having thoroughly pacified the Nogay Tartars, one of whose chiefs, Mursa Bey—a great eater, who drank pure sago-brandy with his meals, and was always carried by his servants to bed—The Russian general rewarded him with great attachment and esteem, and took leave of him with many expressions of affectionate regret.

## THE ALBATROSS.

One fine afternoon when on a ship with her crowd of passenger was in the southern Atlantic, or men properly the southern Indian Ocean, and farther to the southward than the tracks of most vessels, being as I remember, in latitude as high as 25 degrees, the albatross came about in unusual numbers. The weather was light, the bird was eager for sport, at anything thrown from the ship, and our passengers eager for sport, it being the first week after we had got into the bird latitudes. The mate who had the deck was willing—probably with the captain's knowledge—to indulge them. Fastening a large hook to a spare log-line, and baiting it with a big piece of pork, we soon had a victim out of the flocks that were following close astern and landed him, without assistance, over the taffrail upon the poop. We were all astonished at his size, which was so much larger than appeared from the deck, and as may be supposed, I had a peculiar curiosity respecting the bird of "the Ancient Manner."

The albatross is the most poetic object on the Ocean. There is nothing in all nature so noble, free, ethereal, spiritual—nothing animate, that brings the sense of infinity, and mystery, and boundless space into the daylight. His home is in the southern Ocean, below 20 degrees south of the line. Here he ranges alone, or in company, over wastes of water that it takes fast ships from 45 to 60 days to sail across. His flight is not high; it is long low swings a mile or two each way. Except in alighting and getting under weight again he rarely moves his wings, only sometimes giving a few grand strong flaps, then sailing away, now on one side, now on the other, now far astern and again across the ship's bows, he may be watched in any weather, going over a hundred miles of distance to two ships one. No gale sends him to leeward, no calm lessens the swiftness with which he shaves with level wing the deep. Sometimes there came hand-drops of this kind at once, at others I have watched a solitary one for days together. I never saw one alight, except to pick up something which had fallen or was thrown from the ship. Their alighting and rising is goose-like and ungraceful, but once aloft, their motions have an almost supernatural sublime beauty. It is possible they may sleep at night on the waves, but we never fell in with them as we did with Cape Pigeons in the dark.

On a ship's deck they are powerless, except to sit out with their strong bones and bills. So far from being able to perch on mast or throat, they are web-footed, and can not fly from the deck, or even

stand upon it, except momentarily—Their plumage is white, spotted with black, and is usually with various shades of brown and grey. Fifteen feet is a good average length, and some are more than that we caught, and some less than that, and I heard of one being as long as thirty-two feet. The expression of their eyes as they look around them, helpless on the deck, etc., etc., might be ascribed to a poor old man who had the mark of pirates. Nothing, but for an ever worn a look so high, so imploring, yet so stern, I confess that it filled me with grief and anger, and shame for my species, to see the captives abused by Jews, and mentioned as such than dogs. I knew them to be stupid, foolish birds, content only in filling their stomachs with disgusting garbage, so cruel as even to eat each other, tearing and devouring a disabled one that may be thrown to them, without mercy. Yet I could not bear to see our "enterprising young gentlemen" cut off their wings to make pipe stems of the little bones, and skinning their feet for purses, while the poor ignorant things were alive.

A retired whaling Captain told me that once in the south Pacific, when it was blowing fresh, the part of a yard, on which were seven men, gave way, and the yard swung to the leeward, precipitating the men into the sea. He said the birds had them before a boat could reach them. They saw them from the deck pick at them as they were swimming, and when the boat reached the place, there were traces of the blood on the water. The blood might have been occasioned by the fall, and the birds attracted by that or only by curiosity.

## BUILDINGS, TEMPLES, AND RELIGION OF JAPAN.

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing from Commodore Perry's Squadron, remarks as follows in relation to the religion, temples, &c., of the Japanese:—

"The streets are wide and straight, and the better class of houses two stories high, plastered, and roofed with elegant tiles. The interior is very clean and neat, and the rooms, covered with mats, and separated from each other by sliding screens, that are closed or removed at pleasure. There are no chimneys in Japan. A charcoal fire is built in a little sand pit in the middle of the floor, around which the family are usually found, seated on their knees, drinking tea and smoking their pipes. Not a chair,—or any other piece of furniture, can be seen. Tubs of water are kept in front of each house, as well as on the roof, in readiness against any fire, for conflagrations are so frequent and extensive that whole towns are sometimes burnt down.

The temples, chiefly dedicated to the gods, are beautifully situated in the suburbs. The entrance to them leads generally through rows of elegant trees and wild camellias. They are large plain structures, with high peaked roofs, resembling the houses pictured on Chinese porcelain. In the space immediately in front, is a large bell for summoning the faithful, a stone reservoir of holy water, and several roughly hewn stone idols. The doorway is ornamented with curious looking dragons, and other animals carved in wood. Upon entering, there is nothing special about the buildings worth noting, the naked sides and exposed rafters have a gloomy appearance. The altar is the only object that attracts attention. It is much the same as