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The deep blue sky,—a summer's sun,—the floating fleecy clouds, like ships upon the boundless and eternal ocean,—the western breeze, fanning the trees and flowers, the grasses and meadows,—ah! how often have I gazed on the glorious scene, and pored into that deep blue sky which seemed to cover, as with a veil, some happy and blessed world from the corruptions of earth. There reigns, one may imagine, innocence with purity, happiness with the celestial music of angelic armies, praising the ETERNAL ONE FOREVER and FOREVER.

THE SUMMER CLOUD.

I love to gaze on the deep blue sky,
The summer cloud that floateth there;
On the summer sun that shineth high,
Above our earth with verdure fair.

That cloud 's so pure in snowy whiteness,
So peacefully floats o'er the sky;
The sun sends down such glowing brightness,
That rapture fills the soul and eye.

The gentle breeze from the far off west
Bright forest leaves is gently moving;
Those pure white clouds seem all at rest,
While o'er the sky they're silent roving.

Ah! that azure sky, so calm and still,
May hide from us a heavenly home;
Whose skies still lovelier clouds may fill,
Where friends departed happy roam!

Bright summer cloud! whither is it going?
Or o'er the sky doth it uncertain stray?
Or, like poor man on earth, not knowing,
Hither, thither wander to find truth's way?

Ah! I love to gaze on that deep blue sky,
On the summer cloud that passeth there;
To feel the breeze as it passes by,
To admire the earth so bright and fair!

Of a better land methinks they tell,—
Those clouds of friends in a far off home;
Where spirits, lost from earth, may brightly dwell,
No more uncertain doomed to roam.

August, 1854.

C. M. D.

SLIDING SCALE OF A WIDOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

How rapid is the progress of oblivion with respect to those who are no more!—How many a quadrille shall we see this winter, exclusively made up from the ranks of inconsolable widows! Widows of this order exist only in the literature of the tombstone. In the world and after a lapse of a certain period, there is one sort of widows inconsolable—those who refuse to be comforted, because they can't get married again.

One of our most distinguished sculptors was summoned, a short time since, to the house of a young lady, connected by birth with a family of the highest grade in the aristocracy of wealth, and who had been united in marriage to the heir of a title illustrious in the military annals of the empire. The union, formed under the happiest auspices, was of short duration.—Death, un pitying death, ruptured it, by prematurely carrying off the young husband. The sculptor was summoned by the widow. He traversed the apartments, silent and

"Sir," continued the widow, "I am anxious to have a funeral monument erected in honor of the husband whom I have lost." The artist bowed. "I wish that the monument should be as superb, worthy of the man whose loss I weep; proportioned to the mending grief into which his loss has plunged me, I care not what it costs. I am rich, and I will willingly sacrifice my fortune to do honor to the memory of an adored husband. I must have a temple—with columns—in marble, and in the middle—on a pedestal—his statue."

"I will do my best to fulfil your wishes, madam," replied the artist; "but I had not the honor of acquaintance with the deceased, and a likeness of him is indispensable for the due execution of my work. Without doubt you have his portrait?"

The widow raised her arm, and pointed despairingly to a splendid likeness, painted by Anaprey Duval. "A most admirable picture," observed the artist, "and the painter's name is a sufficient guarantee for its striking resemblance to the original." These are his very features; it is himself. It wants but life. Ah, would that I could restore it to him at the cost of my fortune!

"I will have this portrait carried to my studio, madam, and I promise that the marble shall reproduce it exactly."

The widow, at these words sprang up, and at a single bound, throwing herself towards the picture, with arms stretched out, as though to defend it, exclaimed, "Take away this portrait! carry off my only consolation! my sole remaining comfort! never! never!"

"But, madam, you will only be deprived of it but a short time, and—"

"Not an hour—not a minute could I exist without his beloved image! Look you, sir, I have had it placed here in my own room, that my eyes might be fastened upon it without ceasing, and I wash my tears. His portrait shall never leave the spot one single instant, and I will be satisfied that will I pass the remainder of a miserable and sorrowful existence."

"In that case, madam, you will be compelled to permit me to take a copy of it. But do not be uneasy—I shall not have occasion to trouble your solitude for any length of time, one sketch—our sitting will suffice."

The widow agreed to this arrangement, she only insisted that the artist should come back the following day. She wanted to see the sketch on the instant. A great wall, belonging to the mausoleum erected, the sculptor had remarked that he had another thing to wish first. This difficulty she could never have surmounted if she had not been rich.

"Impossible!" replied the artist, "I have given my word; but do not distress yourself: I will apply to it so diligently that the monument shall be finished in as short a time as any other sculptor would require who could apply himself to it forthwith."

"You see my distress," said the widow, "you can make allowance for my impatience. Be speedy then, and above all be lavish of magnificence. Spare no expense: only let me have a masterpiece."

"Ah! at last: this is fortunate," replied the widow, with a gracious smile.

"I have made my design," said the artist, "but I still want one sitting for the likeness. Will you permit me to go into your bed room?"

"Into my bed room? For what?"

"To look at the portrait again."

"Oh! yes, have the goodness to walk into the drawing room: you will find it there now."

"Ah!" said the artist, surveying the portrait.

"Yes, it hangs better there," observed the widow; "it is better lighted in the drawing room than in my own room."

"Would you like, madam, to look at the design for the monument?"

"With pleasure," replied the widow—"Oh what a size. What profusion of decorations. Why, it is a palace, sir, this tomb!"

"Did you not tell me, madam, that nothing could be too magnificent? I have not considered the expense; and, by the way, here is a memorandum of what the monument will cost you."

"Oh, sculptor!" exclaimed the widow, after having cast an eye over the total adding up. "Why this is enormous!"

"You begged me to spare no expense," said the sculptor.

"Yes, no doubt I desire to do things properly," replied the widow; "but not exactly to make a fool of myself."

"This, at present, you see, is only a design," observed the artist, "and there is yet time to cut it down."

"Well, then, suppose we were to leave out the temple and the columns, and all the architectural part, and content ourselves with the statue? It seems to me that this would be very appropriate."

"Certainly it would," replied the artist.

"So let it be, then—just the statue alone."

Shortly after this second visit the sculptor fell desperately ill. He was compelled to give up work; but, on returning from a tour in Italy, prescribed by his physician, he presented himself once more before the widow, who was then in the tenth month of her mourning. He found this time a few roses among the cypresses, and some smiling colors playing over half shaded grounds. He brought with him a little model of his statue, done in plaster, and offering in miniature the idea of what his work was to be. "What do you think of the likeness?" he inquired of the widow.

"It seems to me a little flattered. My husband was as very well, no doubt, but you are making him an Apollo!"

"Really? Well, then, I can correct my work by the portrait."

"Don't take the trouble," said the widow, "a little more, or a little less like, what does it matter?"

"Excuse me, but I am particular about likeness."

"If you absolutely must—"

"It is in the drawing-room, yonder, is it not?"

"I'll go in there."

At the door he turned round, and a young man, who had been standing behind him, his manners were so good, and he was so well dressed, he seized the fair widow's hand and kissed it, and then, after her health, "Who in the world is that?" asked he, pointing with his finger to the statue which the artist had placed upon the mantelpiece.

"I wish to model a statue for my husband's tomb," said she.

"You are having a statue of him made? 'Tis very magnificent."

"Do you think so?" said the widow.

"It is only great men who are thus cut of marble, and at full length," replied the young man, "it seems to me too, that the deceased was a very ordinary personage."

"Well, I think his bust would be sufficient," observed the widow.

"Just as you please, madam," said the sculptor.

"Well, let it be a bust, then," said the widow; "that's determined."

Two months later, the artist, carrying home the bust encountered on the stairs a merry party. The widow, grasping her hand to the elegant dandy who had caused the statue of the deceased to be cut down, was on her way to the Mayor's office, where she was about to take a second oath of conjugal fidelity. If the bust had not been completed, it would willingly have been dispensed with. When some time later the artist called for his money, there was an outcry about the price, and it required very little less than a threat of legal proceedings before the widow consoled and re-married, concluded by resigning herself to pay for his funeral homage, reduced as it was, to the memory of her departed husband.

FLIGHT OF THE HIBOONS.—The baboon is a large, man-shaped creature, too well known to need description here, but still very numerous in Kaffaria. They are usually found in herds and troops together, varying in size and number, and if attacked or disturbed are very savage. A strange encounter with one of these troops once occurred to the author. Whilst on an excursion to Perrie bush about sixteen miles from King William's Town, he started from the village alone for the purpose of visiting the saw pits, which were about a mile or more towards the midst of the forests. Having reached these and traversed the brush on hand he was informed of a small rivulet at some distance further on among the woods forming some very picturesque cascades, and the banks of which were covered over with a rare kind of flower. He therefore started alone upon a ramble in search of it, and succeeded in making it out. Seduced by the wild loveliness of the scene he advanced further on, at the other side of the stream, along what is called a Kafir path, but soon getting off this he became entangled in the bush and underwood. The foliage overhead being so thick as to exclude the sun, a small pocket compass was the only safe guide, and while trying to find out this, he was saluted by a volley of broken sticks and berries from above. Never dreaming of such an attack, and not being able to see the slightest vestige of any animal, he was obliged to retreat, and when he