



# Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. APRIL 15, 1854.

NO. 15.

## THE ECHOES OF SPRING

How sweet are the echoes of spring!  
 How bright are its scenes and its sky,  
 The birds as they warble and sing  
 And insects as busily they fly.

Echoes of spring—voices of spring,  
 Are thousand-tongued—beautiful true;  
 The hill sides and valleys they ring,  
 As the brooklets go bubbling through.

Echoes of spring—the rush of the flood,  
 The *Caw* of the crow, song of the wren,  
 The blue gay in wild olden wood,  
 And the wild fowl in morass and fen;

Are echoes of Spring—so is the wind,  
 That sweeps from the far far off west,  
 And flowrets and grasses that bind,  
 Our meadows so charmingly drest.

Echoes of spring, the sun-light on high,  
 The butterfly's beautiful dress,  
 The young of all creatures with opening eye,  
 That bursts on creation to bless;

These are thy echoes spring, lovely spring,  
 With bright flashing eyes, hearts full of joy;  
 Sound little brooks, ring woodlands ring  
 With voices rejoicing—the time to employ.

Toronto, April 11, 1854. C. M. D.

## CLARENDON'S OPINION OF THE CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

He was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simil laudent*; whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half the mischief without great parts of courage, industry and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him: *ausum eum, quæ nemo auferret bonus; perfecisse, quæ a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possunt*—[he attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded.] Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired, more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable conception and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet, as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them, and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it, nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but exacted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

Thus he subdued a spirit, which had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates, to awe and govern those nations by an army that was devoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which he feared most, France, Spain or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him.

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government; but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be out of too great a contempt for his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave wicked man.

This is the opinion of a bitter churchman and violent and prejudiced monarchist.

## "AH MASSA, YOU NO UNDERSTAND IT."

A few years since, there lived in one of our large cities, a poor colored woman named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the few friends who knew her, she was familiarly called poor Betty. She had been kind and good at service. Some eighty years had shed their blight upon her robust limbs before they yielded to the hardship of toil. She had acquired a hard constitution by sporting for twenty years upon her native hills, upon the burning sands of Africa, before the slave ship stole its guilty accursed way over the waters, laden with chains and manacles to bind her limbs and mar her sable beauty, to ag-

grize her soul, and to subject her to the horrors of the middle passage. Betty had long been blind, and was said to be one hundred and five years old. An aged daughter, whom God, in his mercy to this bruised reed in a strange land, had kindly permitted to be the companion of her bondage and freedom, arranged and administered the few comforts which former industry and present charity had furnished her decayed cottage. Betty was indeed, a relic of former days, and was noted, both for her good sense and her discreet, warmhearted piety.

Mr. B. was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signature was better than silver on the Exchange, because it would be more readily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his bounty gave impulse to many benevolent operations. Notwithstanding the pressure of business Mr. B. often found time to drop in and see what became of poor Betty. His voice and even his step had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark, wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant thing to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion.

One day Mr. B. took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stooped and entered the cottage door, he said,

"Ah, Betty, you are alive yet."  
 "Yes, thank God," said Betty.  
 "Betty," said Mr. B., "why do you suppose God keeps you so long in this world, poor and sick and blind, when you might go to heaven and enjoy so much?"

While Mr. B.'s tone and manner were half sportive, he had uttered a serious thought, which had more than once come over his mind. Now comes the sermon.

Betty assumed her most serious and animated tone, and replied:—

"Ah, massa, you no understand it. Dare be two great tings to do for de Church, *one be to pray for it, and the other be to act for it*. Now, Massa, God keep me alive to pray for de Church, and he keep you alive to act for it. Your gits no do much good without poor Betty's prayers."

For a few moments, Mr. B. and his friend stood silent, thrilled and astonished. They felt the knowledge, the moral sublimity of this short sermon. It seemed to draw aside the veil a little, and let them into heaven's mysteries.

"Yes, Betty," replied Mr. B. in the most serious and subdued tones, "your prayers are of more importance to the Church than my aims."

This short sermon preached by poor Betty was never forgotten by Mr. B. or his friend. It made them more humble, more prayerful, more submissive in afflictions.—*Parents Magazine.*

## A WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE: OR THE FIRE-FLY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps, and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber, as if to refresh and strengthen

her after her labour. The grass was at ready fading upon the borders of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone unobscured bright into the little chamber, slanting its rays upon the pane of the half-open window, together with the crapes, one which adorned it, upon the newly mown floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window-frame, his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labour of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom and rankled her forehead of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful or two of their supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was also greatly distressed, but did not speak, because he saw that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he held a wooden spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the worthiest men in the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little cottage with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from incumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees, which had already borne the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education, he had chosen her because she was known as the most pious, industrious and well behaved maiden in the village.

They had lived happily together; but the typhus fever broke out in the village and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness she herself was attacked with it, and his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them both into blind rages, but as with the return of part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the redemption of a peasant in the country a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, kindly lent him three hundred crowns to purchase the cottage, with the grounds belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty five in money and twenty-five in labour. Till the year he was taken sick her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and daughter-in-law, found the note among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, calling Heaven to witness, that her husband had paid off the whole except fifty crowns. But all of this was of no avail. The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided that the whole claim against her was valid. The heirs insisted upon payment; and, as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn them out of doors; little Ferdinand had prayed for her—