

THE SON OF THE EMPIRE

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A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand;
My name, the year and day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and be to be no more;
Of me, my name, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

THE NIGHT.

BY BARRY CORNWALL

Oh the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor
From the bud of the rose o'erblown.

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder
Like the wrath of thunder
When he shouts on the stormy sea.

And the winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

O the night, the night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time,
For sorrow then seareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest bird to its nest;
To care bright hours,
And dream of flowers,
And that balm of the weary—rest.

THE NIGHTMARE—A PICTURE OF THE DELIRIUM TREMENS.

The modifications which nightmare assumes are infinite; but one passion is never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Some times the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks which crush him on all sides but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Some-

at by serpents, tortured by demons, stung by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid on his breast and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony; and owls and tigers pursue his palsied footsteps; the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches and fiends float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed he feels superlatively wretched, he is rolling his eternal stone; he is stretched upon the iron bed of Procrustes; he is prostrated by inevitable destiny beneath the approaching car of Jugernaut. At one moment he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side, then to shun the sight of so appalling an object, he will close his eyes but still the fearful being makes his presence known, for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his visage, he knows that he is face to face with a fiend. Then if he looks up, he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with more than hellish malice.

Or he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted on his breast; mute, motionless and mulgiant; an incarnation of the evil spirit, whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly and incessant stare pierces him with horror, and makes his very existence insufferable. In every instance there is a sense of oppression and helplessness; and the extent to which these are carried varies according to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent; on the contrary, he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run with wonted facility. If pursued by any inimical Jarger he can hardly drag one limb after another; if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffectual; if involved in the fangs of any animal or the grasp of an enemy extrication is impossible. He struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all in vain; his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of any freedom; the benumbing stupor never departs from him; and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation, produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its constructed and inextricable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre, beside the mouldering dead—There is, in most cases, an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspect of the hideous phantoms which harass the imagination is bold and defiant; the sounds which greet his ear appallingly distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.

THE LONDON "INNS OF COURT."

Poets have talked much of the inspiration of the fields, woods, and mountains; and doubtless they have ennobling influences; but lofty dreams may be dreamt within the sound of the degenerated and ghastly chimes of St. Clement's church—

Paternoster-row, and great poems meditated in Monmouth Street and other solitudes of Seven Dials. Were it not for the hideous neighborhood by which it is in-land, I can conceive no town residence more delightful than Clement's Inn—that inn to which Master Justice Shallow belonged, and where he spent so merry a time. Old red-tiled houses, yet not too old for solidity and comfort, whispering trees, standing on green grass-plots; picturesque gateways, ready to admit the visits of your friends, yet shutting out the noisy world, and giving you a sense of seclusion, gravel-walks for pacing up and down, while you listen to the exterior hum of life coming towards you from the Strand; these are the elements which make Clement's Inn, to my mind, a spot to be coveted. Then, for mysterious intertangles of paths, and for a sense of close seclusion, defended towards the main approach by massive gates, what can be more admirable than the Temple? No enchanted forest in Ariosto or Spencer could be more secret or labyrinthine; and the bright lawn of the gardens, looking out on the moving pageants of the river, with the meditative trees and caving rocks that seem forever dreaming of past times, and the surrounding houses, substantial and grave, yet cheerful, made up, to my thinking, a quiet nest more delightful for being in the heart of London's vitality. Gray's Inn is stately and majestic; but it wants the grace and brightness, the ever-renewing poetry of trees; its gardens being out of sight as one stands in either of the squares. Lincoln's Inn, in the gardens of which Mr. Bickersteth used to walk by favor of the benchers, is a beautiful retirement, rendered beautiful by the noble pile of stone buildings, and picturesque by the rich Elizabethan architecture of a new hall; and Inigo Jones's chapel, raised aloft upon arches, with the open crypt, upon a level with the street, wherein the benchers are interred, is as good as a bit out of the "Mysteries of Udolpho."—[Dickens' Household Words.

DEATH OF THE SKIMMER OF THE PLAINS.

The Missouri Republican of the 11th inst., has in a telegraphic dispatch from a correspondent in Lexington, Mo., advices of the death of F. X. Aubrey, the most daring and enthusiastic traveller of the age. This dispatch states, that letters had been received there by express stating that F. X. Aubrey was stabbed in a row with Major Weightman, in Santa Fe about the 20th of August, and died immediately. Aubrey had just made the trip from San Francisco to Santa Fe, for a wager, in twenty-two days. Major Weightman was, two years ago, the delegate in congress from New Mexico, and an officer in the Army during the Mexican war. Nothing is said of the circumstances which terminated the earthly cares of the most intrepid traveller that the world has ever produced.

In 1848, Mr. Aubrey performed the journey between Santa Fe, and Independence, which gave to him his fame for perseverance and personal endurance. On the 12 of September of that year, he left Santa Fe with the intention of making a quick trip to the states, and he certainly accomplished it.

swim rocks and endure the rain for twenty-four hours, and travelled nearly six hundred miles of the distance in the usual way. By the aid of a steamboat which he found at Independence landing he made the whole distance from Santa Fe to St. Louis in a little over ten days—1,200 miles. No one accompanied him over the prairie, and a portion of the land trip was at the rate of one hundred and ninety miles to the twenty-four hours. This journey earned for Mr. Aubrey the sobriquet of the "Skimmer of the Plains," and he has worn it ever since, and the passion seems to have been innate for we find it announced by the telegraph that he had undertaken for a wager, to make the distance between San Francisco and Santa Fe in twenty-two days. Supposing him to have performed it then, taking his trip in 1848 from Santa Fe he may be said to have traveled from San Francisco to St. Louis in thirty-two days. For a series of years, Mr. Aubrey was engaged in extensive mercantile transactions.

A GLIMPSE AT NEBRASKA.

The Milwaukee News of Aug. 15th says—We are indebted to an intelligent gentleman, now in our city, who has just returned from a brief visit to Nebraska territory for the facts in the following article in relation to this interesting territory.

The shore of Nebraska along the Missouri ten miles up from the mouth of that river, is a bold bluff. A strip six or seven miles in width, of indefinite length, is covered with timber. The Nebraska shore present a beautiful contrast with the Iowa side—the former being much bolder and the scenery more variegated. The soil is very rich—Ten or twelve miles back from the river, there is an extensive belt of prairie land varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles in width with timber along the streams.

The valley of Platte river is beautifully timbered the soil fertile, and towns are springing up along the banks.

The country is settled along the Platte, with substantial farmers, and emigrants are rushing in with great rapidity. The emigrants are principally from the north-western States, and our informant, like all others who have visited the country, thinks there is not the remotest possibility of slavery ever being established in Nebraska. He saw nothing of the ferry where rangers, suspected of being Yankees, were asked to pronounce "cow" before they were permitted to pass over, but, on the contrary, thinks the general sentiment of the country is hostile to slavery, even if it were not precluded by the character of the soil and climate.

The Indians were all out on a grand hunt. The tribes consist of Sioux, Omahas, Gtoes, Pawnees, Pottowattamies and Sacs. They are constantly fighting among themselves, and our informant saw several who had been severely wounded in battle.

They have shown themselves friendly to the whites so far though it is apprehended that there will be difficulty between them and the squatters upon their territory. The Chiefs offer, however, to guaranty and protect a squatter's claim upon their lands for the sum of ten dollars.