

Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. JULY 22, 1854.

NO. 2)

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

WRITTEN BY JUSTICE STORY, IN 1833.

When'er you speak, remember every cause
Stands not on eloquence but stands on laws—
Pregnant in matter, in expression brief,
Let every sentence stand in bold relief;
On trifling points, nor time nor talent waste,
A sad offence to talent and to taste;
Nor deal with pompous phrase, nor e'er suppose
Poetic flights belonging to reasoning prose;
Loose declamation may deceive the crowd
And seem more striking as it grows more loud;
But then good sense rejects it with disdain,
As naught but empty noise, and weak as vain.
The froth of words, the school-boy's vain parade
Of books and cases—all his stock in trade,
The pert conceits, the cunning tricks and play
Of low attorneys strong in long array,
The unseemly jest, the petulant reply,
That chatters on, and cares not how, or why,
Studious avoid—unworthy themes to scan,
They sink the speaker and disgrace the man;
Like the false lights, by flying shadows cast,
Scarce seen when present, and forgot when past,
Begin with dignity; expound with grace
Each ground of reasoning in its time and place;
Let order reign throughout—each topic touch,
Nor urge its power too little or too much.
Give each strong thought its most attractive view,
Indiction clear, and yet severely true,
And as the arguments in splendor grow,
Let each reflect its light on all below.
When to the close arrive, make no delays,
By petty flourishes, or verbal plays,
But sum the whole in one deep solemn strain,
Like a strong current hastening to the main!

I'M SAD, YET KNOW NOT WHY.

BY MARY FRANCES TYLER.

The sun is shining very bright
In yonder azure sky,
And sheds on me its cheering light—
I'm sad, yet know not why.

The lovely flowers are looking up
With almost speaking eye,
I love to view each tiny cup—
I'm sad, yet know not why.

The winds in yonder shimmering grass,
They almost seem to sigh;
I love to hear their breathings pass—
I'm sad, yet know not why.

The trees all clad in vernal hue,
Delight the passer-by,
I dearly love to see them too—
I'm sad, yet know not why.

The little stars shine e'er so bright,
From out their home on high;
Altho' I love to see their light,
I'm sad, yet know not why.

The moon looks down with silver glare
Into mine anxious eye,
Aye, well I love to see it there!
I'm sad, yet know not why.

I see the waters broad and blue,
So calm untroubled lie;
I love a scene like this to view—
I'm sad, yet know not why.

I feel that earth few joys can give,
I know that I must die;
And tho' I would not always live,
I'm sad, yet know not why.

FRIEND ISAAC HOPPER.

Upon one occasion, Friend Hopper went into the Court of Chancery, in Dublin, and kept his hat on, according to Quaker fashion. While he was listening to the pleading, he noticed that a person, who sat near the Chancellor, fixed his eyes upon him with a very stern expression. This attracted the attention of lawyers and spectators, who also began to look at him. Presently, an officer tapped him on the shoulder, and said—

"Your hat, sir!"

"What is the matter with my hat? Inquired he

"Take it off," rejoined the officer; "you are in his Majesty's Court of Chancery."

"That is an honour I reserve for his Majesty's Master," he replied. "Perhaps it is my shoes thou meanest."

The officer seemed embarrassed, but said no more and when the Friend had stayed as long as he felt inclined, he quietly withdrew.

One day, when he was walking with a lawyer, in Dublin, they passed the lord lieutenant's castle.

He expressed a wish to see the council chamber, but was informed that it was not open to strangers.

"I have a mind to go and try," said he to his companion. "Wilt thou go with me?"

"No, indeed," he replied; "and I would advise you not to go."

He marched in, however, with his broad beaver on, and found the Lord Lieutenant surrounded by a number of gentlemen.

"I am an American," said he. "I have heard a great deal about the Lord Lieutenant's castle, and if it will give no offence, I should like very much to see it."

His Lordship seemed very much surprised by this unceremonious introduction; but he smiled and said to a servant—

"Show this American whatever he wishes to see."

He was conducted into various apartments where he saw pictures, statues, ancient armour, antique coin, and other curious articles. At parting, the master of the mansion was extremely polite, and gave him much interesting information on a variety of topics. When he rejoined his companion, who had agreed to wait at some appointed place, he was met with the inquiry—

"Well, what luck?"

"Oh! the best luck in the world," he replied; "I was treated with the greatest politeness."

"Well, certainly, Mr. Hopper, you are an extraordinary man," responded the lawyer, "I would not have ventured to try such an experiment."

When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the Sergeant at arms if he might sit upon the throne.

"No, sir. No one but his majesty sits there."

"Wherein does his Majesty differ from other men?" inquired he. If his head were cut off, wouldn't he die?"

"Certainly, he would," rejoined the officer.

"So would an American," rejoined Friend Hopper.

As he spoke, he stepped up to the gilded railing that surrounded the throne, and tried to open the gate. The officer told him it was locked.

"Well, won't the same key that locked it unlock it?" inquired he. "Is this the key, hanging here?"

Being informed that it was, he took it down and unlocked the gate. He removed the satin covering from the throne, carefully dusted the railing with his handkerchief before he hung the satin on it, and then seated himself in the royal chair.

"Well," said he, "do I look anything like his Majesty?"

The man seemed embarrassed, but smiled as he answered—

"Why, sir, you fill the throne very respectably."

There were several noblemen in the room, who seemed to be extremely amused by these unusual proceedings.—*Mrs. Child's Life of Hopper.*

NOT ASHAMED OF THE SHOP.

One day, while Friend Hopper was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day. When he read it aloud, his host remarked—

"Those people are very respectable, but not of the first circle. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our set. Their father was a mechanic."

"Well, I am a mechanic myself," said Isaac. "Perhaps, if thou hadst known the fact, thou wouldst not have invited me!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed his host, "that a man of your information and appearance can be a mechanic?"

"I followed the business of a tailor for many years," rejoined his guest. "Look at my hands! Dost thou not see the mark of the shears? Some of the mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there, I often walked the streets with the chief justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honor, and I don't think it did to him."

JOHN HOWARD.

The celebrated philanthropist, was born in 1726 at Hackney, and was bound apprentice to a grocer by his guardians; but being possessed of a fortune, he purchased his indentures, and made two tours on the continent: one of them for the purpose of viewing the ruins of Lisbon. Having lost his first wife, who was much older than himself, and whom he married out of gratitude for her attention during sickness, he had made a second choice in 1752. For several years he resided on his estate at Caddington, near Bedford, occupied in educating his son, and in executing plans to render comfortable the situation of his tenants and laborers. Nor was his kindness limited to worldly benefits; it extended to eternity, watching over their morals, and inculcating the principles of vital Christianity in their hearts; in short he was a universal blessing. He had already obtained experimentally some knowledge of a prison, having been captured on his return to Lisbon, and confined in France but his appointment in 1773, to the office of high sheriff of Bedford, induced him to look more narrowly into the subject, with the hope of ameliorating the condition of the captive.—Here, then, commenced that philanthropic career which closed with his life. Not only were all the prisons of his country repeatedly visited, but, in several journeys, he examined minutely those of the continent, to remember (as Mr. Burke beautifully expresses it) the

forgot, to attend the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." His glorious course was terminated by fever, in Russia, Jan. 20, 1790.

The humanity and benevolence of a man who, at the expense of thirty thousand pounds, travelled between fifty and sixty thousand miles, enduring the fatigue and dangers, and changes of heat and cold, rain and snow, is indeed above all praise. Yet it was unstained by pride. The love of God, the love of Christ which ruled his heart in life, led him to request that no other inscription might be put on his grave than this—"Christ is my hope."

He wrote the State of the Prisons in England and Wales, and an account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe.

CHARLES JAMES FOX AS A GAMBLER.—This incredible recklessness produced its natural result.

At twenty-five years of age, he was oppressed and almost spirit broken by the enormous amount of his debts. Gibbon says that about this time he sat at play without interruption, and rose from the table a loser of £11,000, whilst his entire inheritance, from these liabilities lost the estate of his fond and foolish father the almost incredible sum of £140,000. It is easy to imagine how much his political influence must have been impaired by a character which, if only on this account, was held by all the wise and good as little else than infamous. None of these excesses, however, seemed to cool the ardour of this remarkable man. On the 7th of April, 1772, he made his motion for leave to bring in a bill to correct the marriage act then in force. He spoke with great ability, and answered Mr. Burke and Lord North in a signal manner, yet we are told that on that very morning he had returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds the preceding day; that finding some company at Hockerell, he set up all the night, drinking, and had not been in bed when he came to move his bill, which he had not even drawn up.—*Eclectic Review, November, 1853.*

CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—From the "Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory for 1854," published in Baltimore, we derive some important facts relative to the progress of Catholicism in the United States. The entire Catholic population of the United States is stated to be 1,732,600, in the jurisdiction of various arch-dioceses, as follows: Baltimore, 377,500; New York, 425,000; New Orleans, 222,500; Cincinnati, 332,500; Oregon, 5,000; San Francisco, 75,000; Nebraska, &c. (Apostolic Vicar), 5,300. In these arch-dioceses, there are 41 dioceses, 1,712 churches, 746 other stations, 1,422 clergymen, in ministry, 182 clergymen otherwise employed, 34 ecclesiastical institutions, 590 clerical students, 57 male religious institutions, 45 literary institutions for young men, 171 female religious institutions, 112 female academies, 131 charitable institutions. The total of the Catholic population is supposed to be understated, as the returns from many districts were incomplete. During 1853, there was an increase of 9 dioceses, 1 archbishop, 6 bishops, 113, priests and 167 churches.

The number of colleges in the United States under Catholics is 24, and the theological seminaries number 29, with 4 preparatory seminaries. There are also 26 periodicals published in the United States devoted to the spreading of Catholicism, 20 of which are weekly issues.