



Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C. W. OCTOBER, 14, 1854.

NO. 41.

INDIAN LEGEND.

Mr. P. Willis writes from Idlewild: "When Cop-
 ay, our Ojibbeway friend, was here a day or two
 ago, he told the children an Indian legend of the
 water lily, how it came to earth—heave it flower
 at it is. One of our fair neighbors, who happened
 to be a listener, thus rendered the beautiful story into
 verse."

A star looked down from its glowing throne,
 In the azure-vaulted sky,
 And said—"I am weary here alone,
 Doing naught but throb and sigh.

"Far down in the valleys of earth I see
 The red man's children at play;
 The innocent sound of their careless glee
 Rises faint on the air all day.

"I will speak to the brave at their council fire,
 And ask them to let me dwell
 Where earthly love may warm my heart,
 With its human, holy spell."

So they told the star she might at night
 Come, when the wood and wigwam were still,
 And sit on the mountain and throw her light
 Through the vale and along the hill.

She came all trembling, but when the morn
 Woke the birds and the children again,
 The star sat grieving and all forlorn,
 For she knew her hope was vain.

"Not near enough yet! I can hear and see
 The red man's children at play,
 But they waste neither wish nor thought on me,
 From morn till the close of day."

Then they bade her alight on the tree-top old,
 That lulled them to sleep with its song;
 And she rocked and wailed and shivered with cold,
 Impatient the whole night long.

At length the children awoke once more,
 And they heard the pine tree sigh,
 But took no heed of the watching star,
 Between them and the sky.

She saw them skim in a light canoe.
 O'er the lovely lake below,
 But the longing, that hourly tenderer grew,
 How could she make them know!

She pondered another night away,
 And at length, when the morning broke,
 She dropped from her height with a hopeless plunge,
 And sank in the silver lake.

The star was shivered! but every ray
 Was caught by a faithful wave;
 Each scintillant beam grew a snowy flower,
 Where she thought to find a grave!

And when the maiden, in birch canoe,
 Seeks lilies for bosom and brow,
 The star is content, for she softly says—
 "I have conquered! They love me now!"

pour down upon the more fair and wealthy and
 sunny realms of the south and west of Europe, as
 in the days when the Roman Empire was over-
 whelmed.

Frederick William, King of Prussia, is the broth-
 er-in-law of the Czar, but a very different kind of
 a man. He is about fifty years of age, despotic in
 feelings, but somewhat liberal by compulsion. He
 would gladly join the Emperor of Russia in his
 plans if he dared; but his people is otherwise in-
 clined. He is fat, "a good looking," tolerably
 "good natured," and somewhat stupid sort of a
 man. Should the present war continue for several
 years, he will probably be found on the side of
 Russia. His present declaration of neutrality is
 merely designed to gain time to watch the course
 of events for one campaign, and then shape his
 course according to results.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is twenty-
 three years of age, and has succeeded in raising
 small mustaches for his handsome face, and a
 small loan for his exhausted treasury. He has a
 high broad forehead, a good form about five feet
 ten inches in height, and he is an expert and an
 excellent horseman. He exhibits no signs of extra-
 ordinary, administrative capacity, and will prob-
 ably add little to the reputation of the house of
 Hapsburg. He fell in love with a young lady
 last fall, at first sight, and was recently married to
 her. His government is almost bankrupt, in pecu-
 niary resources; his people are discontented; and
 his empire is exposed to desperate peril between
 the contending interests and nations now at war
 on the continent of Europe. He is greatly indebted
 to the Emperor of Russia, and would join him
 in the partition of Turkey, but for the dread of the
 vengeance of the Western powers, and the oppo-
 sition of his own people. His position is perilous,
 turn which way he will; and neutrality is almost
 impossible.

Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, is but thirty-
 three years of age, though he has one daughter
 married and two more betrothed. He is rather
 small in stature, with a sallow, sad and mild expres-
 sion of countenance. He is a favorer of reforms
 in his empire; is just and merciful in his rule, and
 delights more in superintending his schools and
 public improvements than in marshalling his arm-
 ies, and making for battles; but forced into war for
 the existence of his empire, as he is, he will doubt-
 less maintain the ancient reputation of his gallant
 and warlike race. Thus far, in his difficulties with
 the Czar, he has shown a moral courage, a firmness,
 and moderation, and an energy, in preparing for
 war that have elicited on his side the sympathies
 of nearly all civilized nations. He has no wife.
 Sultans do not marry. He is evidently a sincere
 and zealous Mohammedan though he has stipulated
 with the Western powers that he will place the
 Greek and Christian population of his empire on
 the same footing as to civil rights as the Turks.

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, is rather be-
 low the middle stature, with a dull and drowsy eye,
 a countenance that ordinarily expresses but little.
 He is about forty-four years of age, and has had an
 adventurous life. From an artillery officer in Swit-
 zerland, a rowdy in New York, a special police
 officer in London, and a prisoner at Ham, he is
 now firmly seated on the most dazzling throne of
 Europe, and wields a power second only to that
 of the Emperor of Russia. Public opinion has
 undergone a great change in regard to his mental
 capacity since he ascended the throne of France.

He has manifested an ability of a high order as a
 ruler and statesman; and at this moment exercises
 a greater influence over affairs of Europe than any
 other sovereign, not excepting the Emperor of Rus-
 sia. And this influence he has wielded wisely for
 his own interests and, thus far, for the honor and
 interests of France. He enters on the conflict with
 his great antagonist of Russia with a dauntless spi-
 rit, and an energy of preparation, that shows
 much of the metal of his uncle "of glorious memory."

Queen Victoria, of England, rules over the
 most populous, wealthy, and powerful empire on
 the globe. On her dominions the sun never sets;
 and under her government the people of England
 and Scotland, at least, enjoy more freedom than
 under any other monarchy. Queen Victoria is
 now thirty-five years of age; of a mild and amiable
 disposition, and is an exemplary wife and mother.
 But as a ruler, she exercises little real authority.
 Her Cabinet Councillors and Parliament are the
 actual rulers of the British Empire. The usual
 power of England is nearly as great as that of all
 other nations combined, and her commerce and
 manufactures greater than those of any other
 nation.

Oscar, King of Sweden, is now in the prime of life
 and personally, is strongly inclined to the Czar, in
 the present war. But his people, almost unanimo-
 usly, are hostile towards Russia. An armed neu-
 trality is his declared position, and to this position
 and its rights the Czar accedes.

The King of Denmark is under personal obliga-
 tions to the Emperor of Russia, but is compelled
 by his position and the voice of his people, to
 adopt the policy of neutrality.

The King of Belgium is controlled in his policy
 by dread of his powerful neighbor of France.

Christina, Queen of Spain, is fully occupied, just
 now, with the insurrectionary movements of her
 own people, who are disgusted with her open pro-
 fligacy, her disregard of the welfare of her subjects,
 and the arbitrary principles of her government.
 She is young yet, but her reign will probably be
 short.

The King of Sardinia would be a liberal if back-
 ed by any power that would enable him to contend
 with the myrmidons of Austria.

The King of Naples is an unmitigated tyrant;
 blood-thirsty, cruel, and resolved on maintaining
 "the divine right of kings," and such is the temper
 of his subjects towards him, that he has a fair chance
 of meeting a sudden and violent death. A few
 years ago he was an accomplished horseman and
 charioteer, and might be seen frequently driv-
 ing through the streets of Naples, with a free and
 recognition to his people. He is now seldom
 seen, except when surrounded by his guards. He
 is a Bourbon of the French family, and is friendly
 to Russia; but his influence among European na-
 tions is of little account.

Otho, King of Greece, is a mere cipher, a tool,
 in the hands of England and France.—*American
 Paper of July.*

blonde, just entering her twentieth year, of whose
 small and airy figure and wavy tresses of com-
 plexion, gave her the appearance of a beautiful
 child rather than a grown woman. She seemed to
 take no notice of the ungainly death-sprinkled mo-
 chaw, to his shirt-sleeves and with a leather apron
 but it afterwards transpired that she made some
 excuse to gain a nearer look of the person who had
 been pointed out to her by some such distinguish-
 ed name as the Cromarty poet. A few evenings
 after to meet the same young lady under circum-
 stances a little more favorable to sentiment and rom-
 ance. Just as the sun was sinking, he was saun-
 tering along one of his favorite walks on the hill
 —a tree-shaded glade—enjoying the delightful pros-
 pect of the enchanting shore and waters of the
 Cromarty Frith, when he unexpectedly found him-
 self in her presence. She was sauntering through
 the wood as leisurely as himself—now and then
 dipping into a volume in her hand, which had not,
 however, in the least, the look of a novel, and which
 proved to be an elaborate essay on Causation. They
 passed each other, however, without any sign of
 recognition. As she disappeared, with a quicken-
 ed pace, from his sight, she reminded him that her
 presence was in harmony with the picturesque
 forest and the gorgeous sunset—furnishing a most
 appropriate figure for a lovely scene. She proved
 to be the daughter of a respectable widow lady,
 who had come to reside at Cromarty, had received
 a superior education, and at once made good her
 claims to a place in the highest intellectual circles.

Our accomplished mason soon found that she had
 a turn even for the severe walks of literature and
 had formed a habit of composition in the style of
 the best English models. Her natural shyness
 rapidly wore away under the attractions of Hugh's
 intelligent conversation and they became great
 friends. He was nearly ten years her senior, had
 read many more books, and was well qualified to be
 her intellectual counsellor. She visited him, after
 some maidenly scruples had been resolved by the
 sanction of her friends, while working in the church-
 yard, and soon became one of his most constant
 guests. They conversed together on literature,
 philosophy and science always, however, avoiding
 one subject namely, "that mysterious affection," as
 Mr. Miller quaintly expresses it, "which sometimes
 springs up between persons of opposite sexes when
 thrown much together. Love formed the one col-
 linary subject which, from some curious contingency
 invariably escaped them. He had even made up
 his mind to lead a bachelor's life. Still he was not
 altogether as obdurate as the rocks of his favorite
 scene. In spite of his tough, stony Scottish
 heart, he sometimes indulged in ideal visions. For
 sixteen or fifteen years, as he tells us, with his im-
 mutable career, he had often fancied in his solitary
 walks a female companion by his side, with whom
 he exchanged many a thought, and gave expression
 to many a feeling, and whose understanding was
 as vigorous as her taste was tasteful and her feel-
 ings exquisite. But these visions at length faded
 into thin air, in the presence of his new found
 friend. He had no hope that the feeling would
 be mutual. He had never ended himself on his
 good looks. Though in point of strength and ac-
 tivity, he was conscious of his superiority to his
 fellows, in his personal appearance he felt that he
 was below the average make.

With his lack of faith in his own charms while he
 admitted that Beauty had made a conquest of
 the 'Beast,' he had not the slightest expectation

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, is fifty-nine years
 old, six feet one inch high, erect and soldier-like in
 form, haughty in demeanor, proud of his person,
 and when young, was decidedly handsome. He
 is intelligent, shrewd, stern, resolute, and by no
 means wanting in personal courage. He is a good
 disciplinarian, but not a skillful commander in war.
 He was proved in his younger days. His informa-
 tion in regard to the condition and policy of all
 nations is minute and extensive, his plans vast, his
 ambition boundless. In the last respect he truly
 represents the Russian character and sentiment.
 The same disposition prevails in Russia now to

the Emperor of Russia. Public opinion has
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 capacity since he ascended the throne of France.

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A ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.

The following romantic love tale is taken from a
 sketch of the life of Hugh Miller, the stone mason,
 the geologist, and the famous writer and poet.
 Thus he won a wife:
 "He was visited one evening by a female friend,
 who was accompanied by two ladies, whom he
 had not seen before—one of them a charming

With his lack of faith in his own charms while he
 admitted that Beauty had made a conquest of
 the 'Beast,' he had not the slightest expectation