

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE

# CANADIAN GEM

## AND FAMILY VISITOR.

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VOL. II.

TORONTO, MAY, 1849.


No. V.

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### THE JEWELER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE."

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 DRAUGHT of the pattern was placed in Stanwood's hands, together with the jewel case, which he opened to inspect the contents.

"Are you sick?" cried the employer, seeing his workman tremble and turn pale.

Charles made excuse, pleading sudden giddiness, and promising to bring back the precious articles in the evening—and every evening until the work was completed—half an hour before the shop closed, departed. The necklace was the same he had lost! Her "ladyship"—the lady of fashion and distinction—he made no doubt was his old customer; her coming to the city in quest of a jeweler confirmed suspicion. Among new workmen, new

tradesmen, who worked for a different class of customers, she, doubtless felt certain of evading detection; and, as some years had passed, the diamonds, remodded into fresh ornaments and reset, would surely escape recognition, or marked notice. He felt inclined to return to his employer and obtain the name of the lady, but after doubt and hesitation, thought it advisable not to raise suspicion. He remembered previous castigation, and resolved to act with caution, and make what he was entitled to—the most of his position.

Changing his ordinary daily dress, for apparel of a better description, he proceeded westward with the necklace in his pocket. With some difficulty he procured an interview with the nobleman, without stating the object of his visit. He was ushered into the well-remembered library, associated in his memory with every thought and feeling

which the former interview gave birth to; it looked the same as though he had seen it but yesterday. Yet how changed was he! The noble owner was slightly altered—time had not stood still—six summers had left their impress. Motioning his visitor to take a chair, he awaited in silence his communication, with an expression of face which seemed to imply expectation of claim for relief, or charitable donation.

"My lord! you do not recognize me!" said Charles, without accepting the proffered seat.

The peer, rather impatiently intimating ignorance of his person:

Poverty and suffering had no doubt done their work—as Stanwood confessed—yet he was the same party who had complained to his lordship, six years since, of the loss of a diamond necklace.

The peer said he remembered the circumstance well—the person of the jeweler was indeed changed. If he came to express contrition, he, for his part, could afford to pardon the slander, especially as the crime had brought its own punishment.

"I have come, my lord," said Charles sternly, "to save the real criminal from punishment."

"How, sir—what mean you?" exclaimed the peer.

Stanwood related exactly how the necklace had fallen again into his possession. The nobleman changed color—stammered—begged to have the article in his possession five minutes, that he might take it up stairs, and resolve the horrid doubts which his story had raised.

Stanwood declared it should not go out of his possession, save into the hands of a magistrate.

"Wait awhile," cried the nobleman hurriedly, as he rushed from the room.

In a quarter of an hour he returned pale in face, and with disturbed eye, and seating himself near Stanwood, said he understood him to say that he had not testified recognition of the necklace in presence of his employer or any one else—the secret was still in his own breast.

Charles replied, that what he had stated was the fact—he had acted more tenderly than he had been acted by.

"At what amount of money," said the peer, tapping the elbow of the chair, as though his fingers were striking the keys of a piano, "do you estimate the loss of your character—station—time?"

Stanwood burst into tears. He had lost everything, he said—what money could never replace or restore—the friends of his youth—the idolized being to whom he was betrothed—and if he thought of less important objects, a business which, in a few years, would have realized a fortune.

The nobleman dashed aside a tear as he turned to his writing-desk. He wrote an order on his banker for ten thousand pounds and handed it to Charles. There were not, he said, at present, sufficient assets—but if he presented the order two days hence it would be duly honoured. If he deemed that sum sufficient, all he required in return was, that he should complete the task for his city employer, and bury the secret forever. His restoration to competence might be easily ascribed.

to other sources than the real one. Charles complied with the conditions, and left the house a changed and happier man.

Two months saw Stanwood once more himself—in handsome lodgings, with a showy nag, fingers cleansed and purified from stains and marks of tool edges, and possessor, *in banco*, of ten thousand pounds. In such good trim, he must needs satisfy a lingering, longing curiosity to visit the neighborhood of the paddock which he had seen Clara enter, accompanied by her aged companion. By inquiries, he learned that the secluded mansion, hidden by plantations from the public road, was tenanted by an old gentleman and his niece, from the East-Indies, and—as matter of course with all East-Indians—reputed immensely rich. They were now at a fashionable bathing-place on the coast. To this resort posted Charles Stanwood, full of hope and wild expectation, on the discovery that the lady was still her own mistress. He contrived to meet and ride slowly past her carriage, to determine if he were recognized. She started, as though struck with the face, and he rode on. They met again, in the evening, at a public library, a fashionable promenade when the weather out-of-doors was unfavorable. On beholding, a second time, the apparition, the lady fainted, and was conveyed home by her uncle.

Stanwood called in the morning, was admitted. To Clara, he was as one risen from the dead. On her lover's bankruptcy, her father hurried her from England, promising they should return after a very short stay in the

East. Under one pretence or another she was detained in luxurious captivity—she could bestow no milder term on her unwilling residence in the Indies—till Mr. Benson fell sick and died. By his will it appeared she was bequeathed heiress of his wealth, under trust for a term of years, provided—such was his aversion to the jeweler—that she did not marry Charles Stanwood: if she broke this stipulation the property passed to the testator's only brother, a merchant at Calcutta, who was also appointed guardian. Her uncle being inclined to forsake commerce, she waited the arrangement of his affairs, and under his escort returned to England. Since her return, she had made repeated inquiries of mutual friends, but could learn nothing respecting Mr. Stanwood; all trace was lost.

The lovers found Mr. Benson, the guardian, far more tractable and considerate than his deceased brother. He very cheerfully executed an instrument reconveying his brother's property to his niece, on her marriage with the long-lost, and, by all but Clara, forgotten Charles Stanwood. Once more, the jeweler was visible in his old haunts, was seen in Bond street—not in his former capacity, but in a new profession—a loungee like ourself. From his lips—long after the aristocratic parties affected by this story were at rest—we gleaned what we have faithfully narrated; and have only to add that the career of Charles and his wife was smooth and unruffled.

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Nothing is so apt to corrupt the heart as sudden exaltation.

## BEAUTY OF COUNTENANCE --WHENCE?

IF we investigate the foundation of that which, in common parlance, passes for beauty of countenance, we shall find it to consist in a certain regularity of leading features. The Greek *ideal* displays a certain accord between the line of the forehead and that of the nose. That this produces a feeling of completeness with regard to the upper part half of the face is certain, because a nose, set on at an angle, seems as if it were stuck into the face rather than belonging to it. The upper lip is short, and the lips themselves the reverse of prominent. This also adds to the regularity of the countenance, inasmuch as a long upper lip, or lips pushed out, as in the negro, could not harmonize with the higher facial line, but must disturb it. Thus far we can account for the greater elegance of the Greek ideal cantour; the rest seems to be made out by sharpness of feature, by smoothness and decision of outline, by the absence of angles, and the idea of repose which a face so chiselled is sure to convey—for on “the human face divine,” as on the ocean, smoothness and repose are convertible terms. Such faces are ever, in words, admitted to be handsome. They possess nothing to offend and much to conciliate both the eye and the imagination—and hence the effect of such a countenance is pleasing, as far as it goes. But how far does it go? In the answer to that question comes our difficulty, inasmuch as it informs us that this sort of beauty, in practice, is often found to go a very little way indeed. So far from being a uni-

versal enchantment, *it enchants only a few*; and of this few many escape from the spell before they have well felt it, and are peradventure unchained, ultimately, by some countenance almost the reverse of this, as far as the Greek ideal is concerned. A result so perplexing of course sets us theorising again; and after much cudjelling of our brains and travail of our wits, we sagely find out that such countenances, though not “regularly handsome,” are “interesting.” What is the meaning of that? Why, that they contain something which interests us; which something is not contained in the regularity of a Greek or Roman ideal. Then comes the question, what is that something? and in the answer lies the solution of the difficulty for difficulty it is. That which forms the “interesting,” in contradistinction to the “beautiful” or the “handsome,” is, in plain terms, the expression of intellect and feeling. This accounts for the whole. This expression does not reside in the leading features, but in those minuter lines of the countenance upon which all the expression of the intellectual processes depends. In the countenances of most intellectual persons, whether male or female, the variety and play of expression is so varied and so perpetual, as totally to overcome the want of ideal regularity in the greater leading features; and hence such persons obtain a firmer and more lasting hold upon our imaginations and sympathies than mere regularity of feature can achieve. The one is inexhaustible, and never fails; the other is seen at a glance, and tires by mere repetition. Their junction in one face would be the

perfection of human beauty; but such a junction has been rarely, if ever, seen; and in the meantime the interesting divides the empire with the more regular beauty, and the countenance beaming with intellect and with the emotions wherewith we sympathise, every now and then carries away the prize from the regularly insipid; and this is the solution of this great mystery, which has, we suspect, astounded many and disappointed not a few.

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**SCOTCH BOY--STORM AT  
SEA--HOME.**

**T**HERE WAS an incident occurred on leaving port which interested me exceedingly. With the departure of almost every vessel, some poor wretches, without the means to pay their passage, secrete themselves till fairly out to sea, when they creep from their hiding places. The captain cannot put back for them, and he cannot see them starve aboard his ship; and so they get a free passage to this land, where every man can find work. So common has this become, that an officer is always hired to ransack the vessel while she is being towed out of harbor. Several were found hid away in ours, whom I saw shoved over into the "tug," as the tow-boat is called, without the least feeling of commiseration. They were such hard, depraved looking cases, that I thought it no loss to have them kept back from our shores. But at length the officer drew forth a Scotch lad about seventeen years of age, who seemed unlike his companions. Dirty and ragged he indeed was, but a certain

honest expression in his face, which was covered with tears, interested me in him immediately. I stopped the officer and asked the boy his name. "Robert S." he replied. "Where are you from?" "Grennock. I am a baker by trade, but my master has broke, and I have come to Liverpool to get work." "Why do you want to go to America?" said I. "To get work," he replied, in his strong Scotch accent. He seemed to have but one idea, and that was *work!* The object of his ambition, the end of his wishes, was the privilege of working. He had wandered about Liverpool in vain; slept on the docks, and lived on the refuse crumbs he could pick up; and as a last resort determined, all alone, to cross the Atlantic to a land where man is allowed the boon of working for his daily bread. I could not let him go ashore, and told the captain that I would see that his passage was paid. The passengers joined with me, and I told him he need not be alarmed, he would go to America. I was struck with his reply: said he, in a manly tone, "I don't know how I can pay you, sir, but I will work for you." I gave him clothes, and told him to wash himself and be cheerful, and I would take care of him. In a short time he became deadly sick, and at the end of a week he was so emaciated and feeble that I feared he would die. I said to him one day, "Robert, are you not very sorry now, you started for America?" "No, sir," he replied, "if I can get work there." "Merciful God!" I mentally exclaimed, "has hunger so gnawed at this poor fellow's vitals, and starvation so often stared him in the

face, that he can think of no joy like that of being permitted to work!"

Days and weeks passed away, wearisome and lonely, until at length, as we approached the banks of Newfoundland, a heavy storm overtook us. It blew for two days, and the third night the sea was rolling tremendously. The good ship labored over the mountainous billows, while every timber, and plank and door, seemed suddenly to have been endowed with a voice, and screeched and screamed, and groaned, and complained, till the tumult without was almost drowned by the uproar within. It did not seem possible that the timbers could hold together for an hour, so violently did the vessel work. I could not keep my birth, and ropes were strung along the deck to enable the sailors to cross from one side to the other. I crawled to the cabin door, and holding on with both hands, gazed out with strange feelings, upon the wild and ruinous waste of waters. We had a host of steerage passengers aboard, whom the captain was compelled to drive below, and fasten down the hatches over them. The sea was breaking madly over the shrinking, shivering ship, as if determined to crush it down; and at every shock of the billows, as they fell like thunder on the deck, the poor wretches below thought themselves going to the bottom, and kept up a constant wailing, screaming and praying, at once pitiful and ludicrous.— Still I could not blame them, for to one unaccustomed to the sea, the rush and roll of the waves on the trembling planks overhead are anything but pleasant sounds. One moment, as we as-

cended a billow, the jib-boom of our vessel seemed to pierce mid-heaven—the next moment in her mad and downward plunge, it would disappear in the sea, and tons of water come sweeping with a crash over our decks. Once the second mate, who was forward, was caught by one of these furious seas, and borne backward the whole length of the deck, against the after-cabin. As the ship pitched again he was carried forward, and the second time borne backward, before he could feel the deck, although the water was running in a perfect torrent from the scuppers all the while. Oh! it was a fearful night—the clouds swept in angry masses athwart the heavens, and all around was the mountaneous deep, over which our groaning vessel strained with desperate efforts and most piteous complaints. I turned in, sick of the sea, but I could not sleep, for one moment my feet would be pointing to the zenith, and the next moment my head, and immediately after, head, body, and legs, would be lying in a confused heap on the state-room floor. As a last resort, I stretched myself on the cabin sofa, which was bolted to the floor, and bade the steward lash me to it with a rope; and strange to say, in this position I dropped asleep and slept till morning. It was the soundest night's rest I ever had at sea. But it is startling to be waked out of sleep by the creaking of timbers and the roar of waves; and the spirits feel a sudden reaction that is painful. I staggered on deck, and such a sight I never beheld before. The storm had broken, and the fragmentary clouds were

flying like lightning over the sky, while the sea, as far as the eye could reach was one vast expanse of heaving, tumbling mountains—their basis a bright pea-green, and their ridges white as snow. Over and around these our good ship floundered like a mere toy. On our right, and perhaps three quarters of a mile distant, (though it seemed scarcely three rods,) lay a ship riding out the storm. When we went down and she went up, I could see the copper on her bottom; and when we both went down together, the tops of her tallest masts disappeared as though she had been suddenly engulfed in the ocean. The sun at length emerged from a cloud and lighted up with strange brilliancy this strange scene. It was a sublime spectacle, and I acknowledged it to be so, but added mentally, as I clung to a belaying pin and braced against the bulwarks to keep my legs, that I thought it would appear much better from shore.

Days and nights passed away, until at length a bird came and lighted on our rigging, and then I knew we were near my father-land. The last night came on with rain and storm, and we flew on before the gale with white wings spread, thankful that it bore us homeward. At noon next day the clouds broke away, and soon after we took on board a pilot. The sun went down in beauty, and the moon sailed up the golden sky, and the stars came out and smiled on the sea, and all was lovely and entrancing; but soon other lights flashed over the sea that far outshine both moon and stars—the lights from Sandy Hook. My heart leaped up in my throat at the sight, and an involun-

tary burst of joy escaped my lips. No Bay ever looked so sweet as New York Bay the next morning: and when my feet pressed my native land, I loved her better than ever. \* \* \*

I will only add that my protegee, the Scotch boy, was taken care of, and proved worthy of the interest I had taken in him. He is now on the fair road to wealth and prosperity.

The good packet England a few months after, left Liverpool for New York, and was never heard of more.—A better officer than her captain never trod a deck, and her first mate was also a fine man. He had been lately married, and went to sea because it was his only means of livelihood. Alas! the billows now roll over them and their gallant ship.

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#### THE FAMILY.

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**A**MONG the foremost are the domestic sentiments and morals. The Family is now, more than ever, the first element and the last rampart of society. Whilst, in general society, everything becomes more and more mobile, personal and transient, it is in domestic life that the demand for permanency, and the feeling of the necessity of sacrificing the present to the future, is indestructible. It is in domestic life that the ideas and the virtues which form a counterprize to the excessive and ungoverned movement, excited in the great centres of civilization, are formed. The tumult of business and pleasure, temptation and strife, which reigns in our great cities, would soon throw the whole of society into a deplorable state



of ferment and dissolution if domestic life with its calm activity, its permanent interests, and its fixed property did not oppose solid barriers throughout the country to the restless waves of this stormy sea. It is in the bosom of domestic life, and under its influences, that private, basis of public, morality is most securely maintained. There too, and in our days, there are almost exclusively, the affections of our nature—friendship, gratitude and self devotion—all the ties which unite hearts in the sense of a common destiny, grow and flourish. The time has been when, under other forms of society, these private affections found a place in public life; when devoted attachments strengthened political connection. These times are past, never to return. In the vast and complicated and ever-moving society of our days, general interests and principles, the sentiments of the masses, and the combinations of parties, have the entire possession and direction of public life.—The private affections are ties too delicate to exercise any powerful influence over the conflicts of that pitiless field. But it is never without serious injury that one of the vital elements of human nature is uprooted out of any of the fields of human action; and the complete absence of tender and faithful attachments in that almost exclusive domain of abstract ideas and general of selfish interests, has robbed political life of a noble ornament and a great source of strength. It is of incalculable importance to society that there should be some safe retreat in which the affectionate disposition—I would almost say passions—of the heart of man may ex-

pand in freedom; that, occasionally emerging from that retreat they may exhibit their presence and their power by some beautiful examples in that tumultuous region of politics in which they are so rarely found. But these social virtues must be nursed in the bosom of domestic life; these social affections must spring from family affections. Home, the abode of stability and morality, also contains the hearth at which all our affections and all our self-devotion are kindled; it is in the circle of the Family that the noblest parts of our nature find satisfactions they would seek for else in vain; it is from that circle that, when circumstances demand, they can go forth to adorn and bless society.

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#### THE CHARMS OF LIFE.

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**T**HERE are thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden, but oh! how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would.—There are ills that we cannot escape, the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils which beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligiments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy.—There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of the human race. It should not exist—it

must not. Do away with all of this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor much more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine every where—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts, if we would look around us.—The storms die away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful even when autumn breaths her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so bountiful, and we can live happier than we do.

Original.

**Ye are Brethren.**

Ye all are Brethren—from one Head,  
The human fam'ly takes its rise;—  
All by one common Parent fed,  
All shrouded by the self-same skies.  
One sun appointed rules the day,  
One paler orb your "queen of night,"  
Are ye not Brethren? mortals say,  
Should you of each be reckless quite?

Yes ye are Brethren, all as one,  
Partake the common atmosphere,  
For all the same laborious sun,  
Marks out the seasons of the year.  
His light and heat he deigns to shed,  
Your food and raiment to supply,  
And straw, or down, or fur, the bed,  
On which your weary limbs to lie.

Ye all are Brethren—from the dust,  
Ye rise and think and act awhile,  
Then own th' eternal mandate just,

And sink beneath the fun'ral pile.  
The mortal sleeps in death's cold night,  
But the immortal scorns decay,  
They sever but to re-unite,  
At the approaching judgment day.

Yes ye are Brethren, fragile plants,  
But germs of an immortal life,  
For happiness each spirit pants,  
Yet seeks it oft in reckless strife;—  
Forbear—seek it where ye may find,  
Seek it in Jesus crucified,  
Be of one spirit and one mind,  
Seek heav'nly bliss, since Christ hath died.

For ye are Brethren most, who feel,  
An interest in the blood Divine,  
Who're toiling on for Zion's weal,  
Among the ransom'd host to shine.  
One spirit sun his light affords,  
To cheer the darkness of your way,—  
One Spirit voice with kindly words,  
Is heard when e'er ye meekly pray.

Thus ye as Brethren often climb,  
By faith, the mountain Calvary,  
And there—O privilege sublime!  
View the Eternal Majesty.  
Ye see the God-made-man expire;  
Ye hear his last convulsive groan,  
And then with pure intense desire,  
Pursue him onward to the throne.

There meekly bow'd with tearful eyes,  
Oft may the brotherhood be seen,  
For while the God incarnate dies,  
The guilty soul from death to screen;  
No better homage can be paid,  
Than this, to worship all as one;  
Thus ye by grace divine are made,  
Heirs with the great *Eternal Son*.

"Ye are *My Brethren*," saith the Lord,  
"If ye but do my Father's will;"  
Then let your faith and works accord;  
Toil on for Christ, and worship still,  
Though Satan and his armies try,  
To cool the fervor of your love,  
Press on—through Christ his arts defy,  
And make one family above.

## THE UNION-JACK.

BY HARRY DANFORTH.

Continued from Page 97.

**B**UT the hesitation of the pirates was of short duration. We had scarcely begun to congratulate ourselves on our success, when the cries of grief on the part of the negroes became exchanged for shouts of rage, and, repairing again to their oars, the pirates rapidly brought the head of the boat around, and dashed up toward us. Their leader had evidently fallen, but this only inflamed them with the desire of revenge. We had barely time to note the horrible expression of their faces, glaring with revenge and the most savage passions; we had barely time to level the remaining muskets hastily at them and fire, though with what effect the confusion would scarcely allow us to perceive, when the bow of the barge grated against our sides, and immediately a boat-hook was fixed into the low bulwarks. One of the crew, with the blow of an axe, cut the implement in two, but, as he did so, a huge negro, whom we had noticed pointing at us, with violent gestures, after his leader's fall, started up, and, discharging a pistol, sprung, like a tiger, on deck, where the desperado stood, a brawny and gigantic opponent, keeping a charmed circle around him with his cutlass. Instantaneously, like a swarm of bees, the buccanniers clustered on the side of the vessel, and, despite our desperate resistance, eventually gained a footing, crowding around their leader, with ferocious and brutal looks, brandishing their weapons, and seeming to thirst for blood, yet to be

afraid to move until he began the onset. We had, after we found our effort unavailing to prevent the ruffians from boarding, retreated to the quarter-deck where we prepared to make our stand. To reach us, the assailants would have to pass the narrow passages on each side of the companion way, and these had been partially blocked up, with such efficiency as time would admit, by the water-casks that usually stood on the quarter-deck. Our whole force was drawn up within this little fortification.

The piratical leader, whose sudden authority appeared to result from that power which great strength and daring give a man in moments of peril, saw our hasty preparations, and the pause we have recorded was spent in scanning our position. Thus both parties remained, for a few seconds, inactive, eyeing each other, however, keenly, as men apt to do when about to engage in mortal conflict. On the part of the assailants, this scrutiny was carried on with feelings akin to those with which tiger gloats over the prey he knows cannot escape him; our emotions were those of men doomed to death, unaware of their fate, but resolved to see their lives as dearly as possible. On the one side was fiendish exultation, on the other manly despair.

"Have at them!" shouted the ruffian in Spanish, after this breathless pause had continued for nearly a minute, "revenge! revenge!"

As he spoke, he waved his cutlass and turned to his men, who, answering with a shout or rather a yell, dashed forward.

"Stand fast, my hearts," said the

skipper, confronting the foe at the pass on the right of the companion way, while I took the opposite pass on the left, "you strike for life or death."

Of the succeeding minutes I have no distinct recollection. There was a wild clashing of cutlasses, mingled with the reports of pistols and the shouts of angry combatants, while occasionally a shrill cry of agony, from some one desperately wounded, rose over the uproar. Our stock of fire-arms was scanty, so that we had little with which to oppose the foe except cutlasses, while most of the desperadoes were armed with pistols.— But our men were nerved with the energy of despair, and our defences, slight as they were, considerably retarded the approach of the foe. In vain the piratical leader, urging on his ruffians by his example, struggled to penetrate into our little circle; the skipper, bravely confronted him and sustained by four sturdy old men-of-war's men, hurled him back on his followers as often as he endeavored to clamber over our defences. So fierce was the contest in this quarter that the cutlasses, crossing each other in strife, formed a bridge over the two leaders, while the blades flashed so rapidly and incessantly as to conceal the real state of the conflict. The few hasty glances which I was able to cast toward my comrades revealed nothing except a wild confusion, from which I could extract only the fact that the skipper, though wounded desperately, maintained his ground. And my attention was soon wholly occupied by my own immediate opponents, for a party of the ruffians, seeing the determined opposition made to their leader,

made a diversion in his favor, and the fight on my side of the companion way grew as fierce as that maintained by the two leaders. Standing at the opening between the water casks, and sustained on either side by two of the crew, we beat down successively every man who attempted to pass our defence.— In this desperate struggle we were all speedily wounded, but I still continued cheering my men, for the thought of our innocent companions nerved me to the utmost. Again and again our defences were nearly surmounted; again and again, with gigantic efforts, we hurled back the assailants. Three several times was I wounded, one of my little party was shot dead, and all of us were streaming with blood, yet still we maintained the unequal combat. For the rest of the fight all was confusion.— Shouts and oaths, the rattle of blades, the crack of pistols, the dull, heavy sound of men falling to the deck; the groans of the wounded and the despairing shrieks of the dying met the ear, mingled in a wild uproar, like the noises in a fevered dream. During this *melee* I was conscious only that the gray-haired father of Ellen, taken the place of a scaman who had fallen, was fighting at my side, his silvery locks dabbled with blood from a cut in his head; and the spectacle roused all the energy within me. But I felt that our resistance could not much longer be protracted. We had suffered quite as severely as the pirates—for every man they lost there were three to take his place; while it had required, even at first, the whole of our little force to defend our barricade, and our thinned numbers could now

scarcely maintain their footing, and with the loss of one or two more would be totally inadequate to it. We had just, for the fourth time, beaten back our assailants, and a momentary breathing space ensued, the first since the pause I have narrated at the opening of the combat. A fifth attempt, I feared, would be successful. As I thought thus, I cast my eyes hastily around to the sisters, who sat, or rather cowered, under the shelter of the companion way. The eyes of the younger were fixed mutely, in tearful agony, on her bleeding sire, but the elder had her gaze fixed to windward, as if earnestly contemplating some object. With sudden hope, I followed the direction of her look.

I have said that the wind had died away before the pirates boarded us, and, since then, every faculty had been so absorbed in the terrible conflict for existence, that I had not been aware of the gradual revival of the breeze. Now, however, when the din of battle momentarily ceased, my ears were greeted with the sighing of the wind among the rigging, and the pleasant murmur of the water as it was parted under her bows, and glided along the sides—gentle and soothing sounds after the maddening uproar of the mortal strife. I became conscious also, the instant my eyes turned to windward, that the fog, which I have described as settling around us, was slowly dissipating, and, although it still lay thick and palpable along the surface of the water, higher up it thinned off, and finally disappeared altogether. The object which had attracted the elder sister's attention, was the tall

mast of a ship, rising majestically above the fog, not a cable's length distant, and, though the hull was visible, I saw, with what delight my readers can imagine, that the Union-Jack of my beloved country was floating from the mast-head.

"Huzza!" I cried, exhilarated beyond control, "huzza! The day's our own. Succor is at hand. Here comes our gallant flag."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet and torn up the deck beneath them—had a whirlpool opened under the brig and engulfed them, the pirates could not have shown more consternation than at these words. Every man looked round in search of the new comer, and, when the stranger was discovered to windward, no pen can describe the expression of amazement and affright which gathered on the faces of the negroes. If the approaching sail had been a basilisk it could not have riveted their gaze more completely. They stood staring at the tall masts, that rose majestically above the fog, their eyes distending with an astonishment that seemed to have paralysed them. At last, as the ship bore down on us, the mists rolled slowly aside from her; first her bowsprit shoved itself slowly out of the fog, then the white vapor curled along her side, and her forechains became visible, as she approached on the starboard tack; and, finally, like a magic picture emerging from the smoke of an enchanter's tripod, the whole symmetrical hull rose to sight, disclosing a row of teeth, frowning from their open and lighted ports. At this sight, the negroes no longer wavered. A cry of affright broke simultaneously

from them, and, regardless of their leader, who strove to inspirit them, they turned to flight, hurrying to their boat, into which they tumbled, pell mell, and pushed off, leaving behind, in their consternation, a third of their number, who were yet on our decks. Availing ourselves of this happy juncture, we sallied from our defence, and, cutting down those who resisted, chased the rest overboard.

The sloop of war was now close on to us, and, in a few hurried words, we acquainted her commander of our situation, and the character of the fugitives, whose boat was rapidly pulling into the fog. Not a second was lost in the pursuit. The sloop glided majestically by, and, just as she passed across our forefoot, a stream of fire gushed from one of her guns. Instantaneously I saw the splinters flying from the boat, which sunk almost immediately, leaving her crew struggling and shrieking in the water. We could see, even at our distance, the wounded wretches fighting for a plank, or squattering a moment on the water, like wounded ducks, ere they sank forever. In a few minutes all was still in the vicinity of the spot where the barge went down. The boats of the sloop were launched as soon as possible, and every effort made to save the drowning wretches, but only a few were rescued, to be reserved for a fate more ignominious.

The sloop proved to be the — of the United States navy, cruising among the islands in search of pirates. She had heard the sounds of strife, while we were yet hidden in the fog, and, suspecting the cause, for a gang of pirates was

known to infest the neighborhood, had come down to us, and arrived thus opportunely.

When we came to examine our crew, we found that three were either dead or mortally wounded, while no one had escaped unhurt. Our injuries, however were speedily dressed by the sloop's surgeon, and, on the whole, we had cause to be grateful.

How shall I describe the scene that occurred, after the pirates had been driven from our decks, and when the sisters, flinging themselves in their father's arms, wept hysterically, and embraced him by turns! How shall I record the eager anxiety they showed until the surgeon had pronounced their parent's wound a comparatively slight cut, which would be healed in a few weeks! How shall I picture these, and many other tender things which passed between the rescued family! My pen drops from my fingers, incapable of the task. But, if you should ever visit the village of Canandaigua and become acquainted with Ellen, now a matron with daughters only less fair than herself, you will hear the story from lips more eloquent than mine.

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THE friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

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NOTHING so uncertain as general reputation. A man injures me from humor, passion, or interest; hates me because he has injured me; and speaks ill of me because he hates me.

### VISIT TO THE TOMB OF WHITEFIELD.

"Mighty through God."—Paul.

**ON** a late journey through New-England, I stopped at Newburyport to see the tomb of Whitefield. The visit will always be memorable to me. It suggested reflections impressive and profitable. Whitefield's name belongs to Methodism; his partial separation from Wesley was a misfortune, but his life was spent in the same great evangelical movement. We must not forget that he belonged to the "Oxford Club;" that he was the first of the little band that carried the true light into the coal mines of Kingswood, and the first who had the courage to preach in the open air. His stirring eloquence prepared the popular mind for the systematic operations of Methodism in both England and America.

His remains are deposited in a vault under the Federal-street Church—a church in which he had often preached, and in sight of the house in which he expired. As we passed near the altar our attention was arrested by a massive marble cenotaph, erected to his memory by a wealthy gentleman of the town.—The sexton, having lighted his lantern, led us into a little vestry behind the pulpit, in the floor of which is a small trap-door. This he opened, and we descended into a dark apartment, much like a common cellar. On one side of this apartment is a door opening into the vault, which extends under the pulpit. We passed into it. The faint light of our lantern gave a solemn gloom to this dark but hallowed resting-place of the great modern evangelist. Three

coffins lay before us; two containing the remains of ancient pastors of the church. The lid of each was open sufficiently to show the head and chest, and the skeleton faces stared at us with ghastly expression as we held over them our dim light. Our footsteps and our subdued voices called forth a faint and trembling echo, and even this tomb of glorified saints seemed instinct with the gloom and dread of death, reminding us of the doom of the fall.

A slight depth of black mold covered the bottom of Whitefield's coffin, and on this lay the bare bones. I took his skull into my hands, and examined it with intense interest. What thoughts of grandeur and power had emanated from that abode of the mind, and stirred with emotions the souls of hundreds of thousands—emotions which will quicken their immortality? I held it in silence, but my mind ran over the history of the "seraphic man;" and started, and endeavored to solve, a thousand queries the attributes of his character, and the means of his wonderful power. My reflections followed me from the place.—I asked myself what constituted the peculiar efficiency of Whitefield's preaching.

Doubtless, the first, the strongest cause of it, was that remarkable combination of the unction from above, the "Holy Ghost and power," with intense natural sensibility, which distinguished him. He was "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." In him religion was from the time of his conversion to his death a continual impulse; zeal for souls an unbroken spell. All his theological opinions, his ideas of sin and holiness,

of heaven and hell, were not merely *thoughts*, but *sentiments*; not speculations, but unquestionable realities. They were appreciated by him as vividly as sensible facts are by ordinary men.— This vivid spirituality inflamed his entire soul, and made him pass through the churches like an angel of light—A spiritual unction seemed to drip down his whole person, like the anointing oil that went down to the skirts of Aaron's garments."

It has been said that all his sentiments were passions. Few, if any, ever had keener sensibilities. Remarkably strong affections characterized the whole course of his life. "While seeking religion," he says, "God only knows how many sleepless nights I have lain on my bed, groaning under what I felt. Whole days and weeks have I spent lying prostrate on the ground in silent or vocal prayer." It was the working of his strong sensibility that gave a charm to his preaching, and drew, as by magic, the multitudes after him. Under his first sermon, it was reported that "fifteen persons were driven mad," that is convicted of sin. His popularity was immediate and boundless. Speaking of one place, he says, "The whole city seemed alarmed, and the doctrine of the new-birth made its way like lightning into the consciences of the hearers." On visiting Bristol, multitudes came out of the city on foot and in coaches to escort him; and the people hailed him as he passed through the streets. His congregations were so crowded that he could with difficulty make his way to the pulpit. "Some hung upon the rails of the organ loft, others climbed

upon the leads of the church, and, altogether, made the church so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain.' Sometimes, after his preaching, the multitude, little children and old men, went weeping and wailing through the streets. When he visited Scotland the second time, the people crowded to the shore at Leith, weeping and blessing him; they pursued his coach to Edinburgh, pressing to welcome him when alighted, and hold him in their arms. "The effect which he produced," says a distinguished writer, "was maddening." At Cambuslang it was incredible. He says, "I preached, at two, to a vast body of people, and at six in the evening and again at nine. Such a commotion surely never was heard of, especially a eleven at night. For about an hour and a half there was such weeping, so many falling into deep distress, and expressing it in various ways, as is incredible. The people seem to be slain by scores. They are carried off, and come into the house like soldier wounded in and carried off a field battle. Their cries and agonies are exceedingly affecting. Mr. M. preached after I had ended, till past one in the morning, and then could scarcely persuade them to retire; all night, in the fields, might be heard the voice of prayer and praise." On returning to administer the sacrament, he says, "Scarce ever was such a sight seen in Scotland. There were upward of twenty thousand persons. Two tents were set, and the holy sacrament was administered in the field. When I began to serve at one of the tables, the power of God was fel-



by numbers; but the people crowded upon me so that I was compelled to desist, and go and preach at one of the tents while the ministers served the rest of the tables. On Monday morning I preached again to near as many: such a universal stir I never saw before. The emotion fled as swift as lightning from one end of the auditory to the other. You might have seen thousands bathed in tears, some at the same time wringing their hands, others almost swooning, and others crying out and moaning over a pierced Saviour." The cool-headed Scotch divines, unaccustomed to such scenes, wrote a pamphlet to prove they were diabolical, and a day of fasting was actually appointed for his being in Scotland. Such powers of discourse were, perhaps, never before witnessed. An ignorant man once characterized his eloquence aptly, when he said, Mr. Whitefield preached like a lion.

It was, I repeat, this prevalence of mighty feelings, the result of divine grace and natural sensibility, that chiefly constituted his eloquence. He *felt*, and the speaker who feels will make his hearers feel, whatever may be his other deficiencies.

Secondly, he had not only the soul of eloquence, but also the art. Elocution is not eloquence. A speaker may be eloquent without it; he may have it in perfection, and not be eloquent. But Whitefield, while possessing the moral and intellectual elements of the orator, neglected not the practical principles of the art. It is said that he studied and privately practiced the precise rules of public speaking. His gestures are said to have been remarkably

appropriate; those who heard him often, say that each repetition of the same sermon showed a studied improvement, and that several repetitions were necessary to perfect its effect. His voice was laboriously cultivated, and became astonishingly effective. Garrick, who delighted to hear him, said that he could make his audience weep or tremble merely by varying his pronunciation of the word Mesopotamia.

In the third place his style both of language and address, was natural—it perfectly comported with his strong natural feeling. Though he studied the art of eloquence, he was not artificial. The ornate, the florid style, so commonly received in our day as eloquence, was utterly absent in Whitefield. No one, studying his genius, can conceive, for a moment, that it was possible for him to use it. He was too much in earnest, too intent on the object before him. His language was always simple and colloquial, not fitted for books, but, therefore the better fitted for speech, abounding in abrupt transitions, and strongly idomatic—such language as a sincere man would use in earnestly entreating his neighbor to escape some impending harm. Though he did not like his reported sermons, they are evidently fac-similes of his style—direct, abrupt, full of local allusion, and presenting scarcely a single ornamental passage—the very speech of the common people. It would appear homely, even meager, did not the reader supply, in his imagination, the conversational manner, the tears, and the entreating voice of the speaker. Here is an example, taken at random:—

“ But, say you, all in good time ; I do not choose to be converted yet. Why, what age are you now ? I will come down to a pretty moderate age, suppose you are fourteen ; and you do not think it time to be converted ? and yet there are a great many here, I dare say, twenty years old, and not converted. Some are of opinion, that most people that are converted, are so before thirty. There was a young man buried last night at Tottenham Court, but seventeen, an early monument of free grace ! Are you forty, or fifty ? Is not that time ? Is it time for the poor prisoners to be converted that are to be hanged to-morrow morning ? If it is time for them, it is time for you, for you may be dead before them.— There was a poor woman, but two or three days ago, that was damning and cursing most shockingly ; now she is a dead corpse ; was taken suddenly, and died away. God grant that may not be the case with any of you ; the only way to prevent it is, to be enabled to think that *now is an accepted time, that now is the day of salvation.* Let me look around, and what do you suppose I was thinking ? Why, that it is a mercy we have not been in hell a thousand times. How many are there in hell that used to say, Lord, convert me, but not now ? One of the good old Puritans says, hell is paved with good intentions. Now can you blame the ministers of Christ, if this is the case ? Can you blame us for calling after you, for spending and being spent for your souls ? It is easy for you to come to hear the gospel, but you do not know what nights and days we have ; what pangs in our hearts, and *how we travail in birth till Jesus Christ be formed in your souls.* Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken, God help you, save, save, *save yourselves from an untoward generation.* To-night somebody sits up with the prisoners ; if they find any of them a sleep, or no sign of their being awake, they knock and call, and the keepers cry, Awake ! and I have heard that the present ordinary sits up with them all the night before their execution ; therefore, don't be angry with me if I knock at your doors, and cry, Poor sinners, awake ! awake ! and God help thee to take care thou dost not in an unconverted state to-night. The court is just sitting, the executioner stands ready, and before to-morrow, long before to-morrow, Jesus may say of some of you, *Bind him hand and foot.* The prisoners to-morrow will have their hands tied behind them, their thumb strings must be put on, and their fetters knocked off ; they must be tied fast to the cart, the cap put over their faces, and the dreadful signal given : if you were their relations would not you weep ? don't be angry, then, with a poor minister for weeping over them that will not weep for themselves. If you laugh at me, I know Jesus smiles. I cannot force a cry when I will ; the Lord Jesus Christ be praised, *I am free from the blood of you all :* if you are damned for want of conversion, remember you are not damned for want of warning.— Thousands that have not the gospel preached to them, may say, Lord we never heard what conversion is ; but you are gospel-proof and if there is any deeper place in hell than other, God will order a gospel-despising Methodist to be put

there. You will have dreadful torments; to whom much is given, much will be required. How dreadful to have minister, and preacher, say, *Lord God, I preached, but they would not hear.* Think of this, professors, and God make you possessors!"

Such a mode of address, fraught with the emotions of Whitefield, could not but interest a popular audience. How does it contrast with the polished phrases and formal mannerism of the pulpit generally! Who could go to sleep addressed in this direct style? Who could divert his attention from the subject to think of the speaker? I do not say that a more refined style is not appropriate to the pulpit; but, let its refinement be what it may, it should have these characteristics, of simplicity, point, and colloquial directness. This is the style of true eloquence; ornament pertains to imagination, and imagination belongs to poetry; but poetry and oratory are distinct. Genuine oratory is too earnest to admit of much ornament. Its figures are few, and always brief.—Its language is the language of the passions, not of the fancy, and the passions never utter themselves in embellished phrases, but always directly, pungently. The great mistake of modern oratory, especially in the pulpit, is, that we have confounded it with poetry.

Conscience is merely our own judgment of the moral rectitude or turpitude of our own actions.

Of all our infirmities, Vanity is the dearest to us: a man will starve his other vices to keep that alive.

## A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM.

BY J. WOOD JOHNS.

**W**E left Jerusalem in the morning almost at the time of opening the gates, a very early hour in the eastern climes. Passing out by the Jaffer Gate, we were immediately implored by the beseeching looks and armless hands of some of the lepers, who still have their quarters in the Holy City, for the love of Allah to give them foddah.\* Throwing a few paras to these descendants of the ancient lepers—for the disease, once inherited, seems, like that of Naaman the Syrian, to cleave to their descendants forever—we turned to our left with our faces toward the south. Descending, we passed the Valley of Gihon, in which is the pool called the Lower Pool of Gihon. Within this enclosure were the busy husbandmen, some tending the "unmuzzled oxen" treading out the wheat, whilst others were winnowing in the most simple manner imaginable, by throwing the threshed portion into the air, the wind carrying away the lighter particles, the chaff, and the heavier part, the wheat, falling to the ground, reminding us of the expression, "What is the wheat to the chaff, saith the Lord." A short distance beyond on the right were the ancient quarries whence, in olden time, were taken the stones used in the construction of the "City and Temples of old." The perfection to which the ancient quarriers carried their art may be imagined from the exactitude of the surface, both vertical and horizontal, which they display to

\* Name applied to the smallest Turkish coin.

this day. Passing these, we next met Camels loaded with stone for the Christian Church building on Zion. The interchange of "*ma selame,*" and "*salam elialkim,*" being given, you pass over the slightly undulating plain intervening between the once holy Jerusalem and the "City of David;" on the left we have the rugged hills of the desert of John the Baptist, amongst which, towering on high, may be seen Herodium, where was buried the haughty monarch, the murderer of the helpless babes of Bethlehem. Rising slightly, you next arrive at a massive convent, called that of the prophet Elias (Mar Elias); here is a well for the thirsty traveller to assuage his thirst, and "the well is deep," but on the top is not only a drinking vessel, but the same is filled with water from the well, ready for use, and having refreshed by a draught from the well, you refill the cup and pass on. Looking behind you, you have from this spot a charming view of Mount Zion, with a portion of Jerusalem. Its principal domes and towers may be distinctly seen, with the deep vale of Jehoshaphat, and the crowning heights of Olivet towering higher than the city.

Eastward of these are the hills surrounding the Dead Sea, bathed in the misty hues of the morn with the just risen behind them, and when viewed at this period they remind you of that morn when the heavy wrath bent over these devoted cities, now submerged beneath the awful sea of their just doom. In a few minutes Bethlehem comes in sight, but only for a glimpse, as the road here turns, and the rocky barren hills again hide it from our view. Be-

yond us, by the road side is a small Turkish building with a white dome built in honor of one alike beloved by Christian, Jew and Moslem—the fair and beautiful Rachel, Jacob's much beloved wife. The position by the road side, and within sight of Bethlehem, seems to point it out as the place where the patriarch buried his beloved wife out of his sight, after she had given birth to Benjamin, the son of his old age. The barrenness which hitherto has characterized the road now disappears: the terraces cultivated and bearing rich harvests of figs, olives, wheat and barley, smiling on every side, indicate the labor bestowed upon them by the husbandmen of Bethlehem.

Passing the gateway—literally a gateway, there being no gate—you are struck with the graceful appearance and the noble mien and bearing of the inhabitants, both men and women.—Looking in at the doors as you pass, you see many happy groups seated round their early meal; the venerable Patriarch, with his snowy head, receiving from the young members of the family that respectful treatment of which we find so many traces in the sacred volume. Inquiring for the house of the American Missionary, it is at once pointed out to you, by its brilliant whiteness, emblematic of the pure doctrines he has left home, far westward, to teach; doctrines here beclouded by the mists of a corrupted Christianity, or utterly unknown to the proud and haughty followers of the false Prophet. My visits to the Schools, the Church of the Nativity, and other places of interest, I leave for the next contribution.

## PHYSICAL MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN IN ENGLAND.

**P**RETTY children are seen in abundance every where—and so nicely kept! It seems to us that no body knows so well how to take care for the physique of children as the English.—They feed them with the simplest possible food, and are astonished when they hear that our young folks share the rich, heavy, high seasoned dishes of their parents. Oatmeal porridge is considered a suitable breakfast for infant royalty itself; and a simple dinner at one o'clock, the proper thing for children whose parents dine sumptuously at seven.—Exercise is considered one of the necessities of life, and a daily walk or ride (not drive) in the fresh air, the proper form for it. It might be superfluous to notice anything so obvious if it were not that so many people in good circumstances with us, neglect this, and keep their children immured in nurseries, or cooped up in school rooms, with no thought of exercise in the open air as amply requisite. We wish nothing so much for these benighted parents, as that they should once become acquainted with the habits and principles of a well ordered English nursery. A reform in that quarter is much needed among us, and we know of no people so well able to be our instructors as the English, who have certainly brought the nursery system to great perfection, both as respects the comfort and advantage of the parents and children.—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

**A WISE REMARK.**—Some men are wise, and some are otherwise.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### THE HOUR OF PARTING.

**I**T is *unavoidable*. Let this life be ever so long, it will have an end. Its last scenes will be viewed. Its last work must be accomplished. The hands must cease to be employed; the feet will refuse to move; the heart must cease to beat; the cheeks to glow; the eyes to sparkle; and the blood to flow.

*It cannot be far off.* What is our life? We have just received intelligence that three young men were drowned in the Bay, in front of this City, last Sabbath. They were sailing in a small boat, for pleasure, and the wind and waves proving too heavy for their little craft, capsized it, and the three were drowned. Their bodies have not yet been found. This sad catastrophe should prove a warning to sabbath breakers. But what is this life but a dream—a vapor—a tale that is told—a feather in the wind. What is beauty? While we stop to admire, the grace thereof perisheth. What is wealth? While feasting us, and carrying us along in the car of pleasure, he drops us to tempt some other sojourners on their way to eternity: What is power? We just put on the robe, and we are forced to leave it for a successor. What is fame? She just crowns us with her wreath of joy, then plucks it off to present it to others. Everything reminds us that here we have no continuing city, that we are rapidly moving on, as all have done who have lived before us. How fragi

the human body—how weak—how liable to disease and death.

*How necessary to be prepared.* There is no work nor device in the grave, and no repentance there. The eternal destiny of the soul depends upon the state of preparation at the last hour. Yes, the momentous hour is coming, the last hour; and it is a fearful and solemn one, even to the wisest and best. It will be an hour of parting. We must part with the friends we cherish, the kindred we so fondly adore, we must bid adieu to the scenes we love, and to all our pursuits; and it will be a parting of the soul and body. We may strive to banish the thought of our human weakness—we may immerse ourselves in the business of the world—we may drink of the pleasures of this life—but the reflection comes up; the hour of parting is coming.

*It may be very near.* It but seldom tarries for old age. Most of the human family come to their parting hour in the morning of life. It does not always wait for sickness and disease to waste the system. For many are cut down by a sudden and unexpected stroke. Nor does it in all cases wait for men to prepare. We see more persons leaving the world in a sinful state, than we do in a state of preparation. Not, however, that any have not time sufficient allowed them to prepare in; but many want too much time. They want to spend long lives in total neglect of all religious duties, and then have time enough added, in which to prepare for death. But the hour of parting may not be a year, a month, not even a day distant. It may be the next hour.

## FRIENDSHIP.

**F**RRIENDSHIP, is the state of minds, united by mutual affection, and abounding in acts of reciprocal kindness. There is but little friendship in the world, mankind content themselves to live without it. So many qualities, indeed, are requisite and essential to the existence of friendship, that few are prepared in the present state of Society, either to exercise or reciprocate it. A heathen writer says, "To live in friendship is to have the same desires and the same aversions." There is a general selfishness, and attention to individual interests among men, so that friendship is but little known, and seldom appreciated. This is to be regretted, as it is unfortunate for mankind. It should be the study and aim of all who wish well to man, to promote friendship in every grade of human society; as where this exists, there esteem and love must predominate over all that is hateful in the disposition leading to acts of benevolence and kindness.

The Book of Proverbs abounds with praises of friendship, and with encomiums on its value. "A friend loveth at all times." "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," the true meaning of which is, that true friendship is more operative than natural affection. "As ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so does the sweetness of a friend by hearty council." And the genius and obligations of the Christian religion inculcate this virtue. Indeed religion cannot exist without it.—There may be the name, and the shadow, but the substance is wanting: And

yet the world is full of persons making high pretensions to piety, in whose hearts there is not one drop of friendship, apart from selfishness.


### FOUL PLAY:

W e often hear men talk of fair play, but we are now about to give a very short chapter on the subject of foul play. We suppose that all men, every where, engaged in public business of any description, are liable to be imposed upon, or, as we will term it in this chapter, to meet with foul play; for the reason that they have often to deal with bad men, and dishonest persons, as well as with good men. But we think that of all classes of business men, printers and publishers of periodicals are the most exposed to this sort of game from their customers. We speak now of our own country. The credit system has so long been practiced here, and the views and desires of a large portion of the community, with respect to literature and intelligence, are such that in many instances the reader of a newspaper or magazine, never thinks of paying for it until he has been in receipt of it several years; and with many the thought or intention of paying is never indulged! We call this foul play.

But we started to write this chapter on account of something that relates to ourselves, more particularly. When the present Volume of the *Canadian Gem* commenced, we sent it to all our old subscribers, as well as new ones, with a notice printed on the cover, that where parties did not wish to be con-

sidered subscribers for this volume they could return the first number, before the second should be issued, and their names would be struck off our list; but where the number was not so returned we should consider the parties as continuing their subscriptions. A very few returned the number and we dropped their names accordingly; but others kept the first number, and after allowing us to send them the second, returned it; and a few allowed the work to be sent to their address for three months and then returned the third number. This, also, we call *foul play!* indeed there is nothing like fair play in it; not even the appearance of it. Such persons appear to think that printing, and the materials for publications, cost nothing. But what can be their sense of common honesty and justice? Had the *first* number been returned in *time*, and the postage *paid*, it would have been strictly in accordance with our request; but to take the numbers several months and then return one in token of a refusal to take the work for the year, and that without paying for the numbers received, is certainly, to say the least of it, very *foul play*. Such supporters of the press, and similar ones, are somewhat numerous in Canada; but as there is another class whose intelligence and honesty make it a pleasure for them to pay the printer, the press will be sustained, notwithstanding the numerous obstacles with which it has to contend. We hope the class for whom this chapter is intended, will profit by it. If they do it will be money in the printer's pocket—a rare thing in these “hard times.”

## TO OUR PATRONS.

 NE number more will make one half of the current volume, and as soon as it shall be issued all our subscribers who were in receipt of the *Gem* at the beginning of the year, and shall not have paid their subscriptions, will be entitled to pay 7s. 6d. each. We shall be glad to have our subscribers pay up immediately. It will be a saving to themselves, and better for us. The sixth number will be sent out in three weeks from the mailing of this one. If all in arrears would come up to the scratch within that time, it would enable us greatly to improve the remainder of the volume. Nearly four hundred are yet behind for the first volume, and about twice that number for this one. Now unless these pay their subscriptions we shall be at a pecuniary loss, in publishing the work; a loss, however much we might possess the inclination, we have not the means to sustain. We call the attention of our delinquent subscribers to this subject now, because we want *money*, and we want it immediately. We trust there will be a general move, and that the old score will be wiped off completely, by our next issue.

We have some subscribers in different parts of the province, who pay for the *Gem* at the commencement of every volume. They take an interest in the prosperity of the work, and they have no mind that we shall be spending our time, energies, and money, to provide a pleasing and profitable work for them and their families, and receive no remuneration. Many thanks to them. But

their number is too small to meet our expences while so many withhold the payment. We engaged in this enterprise because we saw, in this province, a vacuum left, even after newspapers and standard works had been employed for the edification of families and individuals. And where books and weekly papers are not read, there exists a still greater need of a work of this description. A portion of almost every family have but little inclination and less time to wade through heavy volumes of standard and other works; and will take but little interest in news and newspaper topics; for this class of persons the magazine is well adopted. It will engage their attention, and lead them out into the world, and beget in their minds a desire for knowledge which otherwise never would exist.

And besides containing articles written in a style calculated to create a relish for reading, the well-conducted magazine will afford valuable information on various subjects of importance, and will tend to make its readers both wiser and better. This is a department in literature and morality that we love.— The employment to us is pleasing, when we are so supported in it as to be at liberty to do justice to the work in hand, and to ourselves; but under other circumstances it becomes a work of mortification and pain. We look to our fellow Canadians for aid in our undertaking. Send us your names and subscriptions, and we will give you in exchange a good Canadian monthly, well worth the subscription. And by patronizing our publication you will assist in the diffusion of a sound and useful literature through-



out our beloved country. Now we want all of our subscribers, *particularly those in arrears*, to pay marked attention to this article, and to show it to their neighbors; and let the next three weeks prove to our satisfaction, that it has been read and well digested by all the parties concerned.

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### NOTICES.

WE are in receipt of the WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER, a Family Magazine published at Buffalo; Mr. J. Clement Editor. This work has reached its 12th Volume. It is managed with more than ordinary ability, happily combining the entertaining with the useful. The articles, both original and selected, are generally of a high order, and well adapted to the family circle. The length of time that this publication has been sustained by a discerning public, affords for it a good recommendation; and when examined it is found to be well worthy of the patronage it has received.

The work is published monthly at one dollar and a half per annum, in advance; each number containing 48 pages, octavo. It is taken in different parts of the province, and we should be glad to see its circulation on this side of the line increased.

THE UNFETTERED CANADIAN.—The publisher of this spicy monthly is, it appears, greatly encouraged to go forward in his work, as he is receiving quite as much support as he anticipated. This is as we expected; a very large proportion of the people of Canada

West are for a medical reform, and favorable to that system of practice in medicine, that applies to the vegetable kingdom for means to heal the human body from its numerous diseases. This will ensure a good support for a work specially devoted to the interests of the Botanical practice in the healing art, and properly conducted.

The *Canadian* aims at two things; one of which is, to prevent the Medical Profession of the Province from being incorporated by an act of the Legislature, thereby securing a monopoly and various exclusive privileges to the practitioners of the old school; and the other is, to elevate the Thomsonian practice to greater efficiency and to secure for it equal privileges with the other system. We cannot see how any reasonable person can object to either of these. If the Profession with its long standing in the world, its boasted superior science and knowledge, and the well grounded prejudice in its favor, cannot compete with the other system, then down with it. Medicine, like religion, should have fair play; but nothing more; and a free and intelligent people should be at liberty to choose their own physician. If Thomsonians will establish medical schools where students can be educated in the system, and prepared for the practice, no doubt they will yet get all the privileges to which they are entitled. The *Canadian* will be a powerful agent in the cause of medical reform in this province, as it will not only advocate the rights of practitioners, but also be employed to promote that knowledge of medicine, and of diseases, so indispensable for the successful practitioner.