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JERUSALEM--THE TEMPLE.

Y room opened upon a little terrace—the flat roof of a lower apartment of our inn at Jerusalem, and from this little terrace I was never tired of gazing. A considerable portion of the city was spread out below me; not with its streets laid open to view, as it would be in one of our cities; but presenting a collection of flat roofs, with small white cupolas arising from them, and the minarets of the mosques springing, tall and light at the poplar, from the long grass of the meadow. The narrow winding lanes, which are the streets of Eastern cities, are scarcely traceable from a height; but there was one visible from our terrace, with its rough pavement of large stones, the high house walls on each side, and the arch thrown over it, which is so familiar to all who have seen pictures of Jerusalem. This street is called Via Delorosa, the Mournful Way, from its being supposed to be the way by which Jesus went from Judgment Hall to Calvary, bearing his cross. Many times in the day my eye followed the

windings of this street, in which I rarely saw any one walking; and when it was lost among the buildings near the walls, I looked over to the hill which bounded our prospect; and that hill was the Mount of Olives. It was then the time of full moon, and evening after evening, I used to lean on the parapet of the terrace, watching for the coming up of the large yellow moon from behind the ridge of Olivet. By day the slopes of the Mount were green with the springing wheat, and dappled with the shades of the Olive clumps. By night those clumps and lines of trees were dark amid the lights and shadows cast by the moon, and they guided the eye in the absence of daylight to the most interesting points,—the descent to the brook Kedron, the road to Bethany and the place where Jesus is believed to have looked over upon the noble city when he pronounced its doom. Such was the view from our terrace.

One of our first walks was along the Via Dolorosa. There is a strange charm in the streets of Jerusalem, from the picturesque character of the walls and archways. The old walls of yel-

low stone are so beautifully tufted with weeds that one longs to paint every angle and projection with their yellow coloring and dangling and trailing weeds, —and the shadowy archways, where the vaulted roofs intersect each other, till they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine beyond, are a perpetual treat to the eye. The pavement is the worst I ever walked on—large slippery stones, slanting all manner of ways. Passing such weedy walls and dark archways as I have mentioned, we turned into the Via Dolorosa, and followed it as far as the Governor's House, which stands where Fort Antonio stood when Pilate there tried Him in whom he found as he declared no guilt. Here we obtained permission to mount to the roof.

Why did we wish it? For reasons of such force as I despair of making understood by any but those to whom the name of the Temple has been sacred from their earliest years. None but Mahometans may enter the enclosure now—no Jew nor Christian. The Jew and Christian, who repel each other in Christian lands, are under the same ban here. They are alike excluded from the place where Soloman built and Christ sanctified the Temple of Jehovah; and they were alike mocked and insulted, if they draw near the gates. Of course we were not satisfied without seeing all we could of this place—now occupied by the mosque of Omar; the most sacred spot to the Mahometans after Mecca. We could sit under the Golden Gate, outside the walls; we could measure with the eye, from the bed of the Kedron, the height of the walls which crowned Morian, and from amid which once arose the Temple courts—we could sit where Jesus sat, on the slope of Olivet, and look over the height whence the glorious Temple once commanded the valley of Jehoshaphat, which lay between us and it; but this was not enough if we could see more. We had gone to the threshold of one of the gates, as far as the faithful permit the infidel to go; and even there

we had insulted warnings not to venture further, and were mocked by the little boys. From this threshold we looked in; and from the top of the city wall we had looked down upon the enclosure, and seen the external beauty of the buildings, and the pride and prosperity of the Mahometan usurpers. But we could yet see more from the roof of the Governor's house; and there we went accordingly.

The inclosure was spread out like a map before us; and very beautiful was the mosque, built of variegated marbles, and its vast dome, and its noble marble platform, with its flights of steps and light arcades; and the green lawn which sloped away all around, and the row of cypress trees, under which a company of worshippers were at prayers. But how could we, coming from a Christian land, attend much to present things when the sacred past seemed spread out before our eyes? I was looking almost all the while to see where the Sheep gate was, through which the lambs for sacrifice were brought; and the Water gate, where the priest went down to the spring of Siloam for water for the ritual purification. I saw where the Temple itself must have stood, and planned how far the outer courts extended—the court of the Gentiles, the court of the Women, the Treasury, where the chest stood on the right of the entrance, that the right hand might give without the left hand knowing, and the place where the Scribes sat to teach, and where Christ so taught in their jealous presence as to make converts of those who were sent to apprehend him. I saw whereabouts the altar must have stood and whence arose, night and morning, for long centuries the smoke of the sacrifices. I saw where the Golden Vine must have hung its clusters on the front of the Holy Place, and where, again, the innermost chamber must have been,—the Holy of Holies, the dwelling place of Jehovah, where none but the High Priest might enter, and he only once a

year. These places have been familiar to my mind's eye from my youth up; almost as familiar as my own house—and now I looked at the very ground they had occupied, and the very scenery they had commanded, with an emotion that the ignorant or careless reader of the New Testament could hardly conceive of. And the review of time was hardly less interesting than that of place. Here my thoughts were led back to the early days when David and Solomon chose the ground and levelled the summit of mount Moriah, and began the Temple of Jehovah. I could see the lavishing of Solomon's wealth upon the edifice and the fall of its pomp under invaders who worshipped the son; and the rebuilding, in the days of Nehemiah, when the citizens worked at the walls with arms in their girdles, and in the full glory and security (as most of the Jews thought) of their Temple, while they paid tribute to the Romans. Oh the proud Mahometans before my eyes were very like the proud Jews, who mocked at the idea that their temple should be thrown down. I saw now the area where they stood in their pride and where, before a generation had passed away, no stone was left upon another, and the plough was brought to tear up the last remains of the foundations. Having witnessed this heart-rending sight, the Jews were banished from the city, and were not even permitted to see their Zion from afar off. In the age of Constantine they were allowed to approach so as to see the city from the surrounding hills;—a mournful liberty, like that of permitting the exile to see his native shores from the sea, but never to land. At length the Jews were allowed to purchase of the Roman soldiers leave to enter Jerusalem once a year,—on the day that the city fell before Titus.

And what to do? How did they spend that one day of the year? I will tell you; for I saw it. The mournful custom abides to this day.

I have said how proud and prosperous

looked the mosque of Omar, with its marble buildings, its green lawns, and gaily dressed people, some at prayer under the cypresses, some conversing under the arcades; female devotees of white sitting on the grass, and merry children running on the slopes: all these eager and ready to stone to death on the instant any Christian or Jew who should dare to set his foot within the walls. This is what we saw within.—Next we went round the outside till we came by a narrow crooked passage to a desolate spot, occupied by a desolate people. Under a high massive and very ancient wall, was a dusty narrow space, inclosed on the other side by the backs of modern dwellings, if I remember right. This ancient wall, where the weeds are springing from the crevices of the stones, is the only part remaining of the old Temple wall; and here the Jews come every Friday, to their place of wailing, as it is called, to mourn over the fall of their Temple, and pray for its restoration. What a contrast did these humbled people present to the proud Mahometans within! The women were seated in the dust, some wailing aloud, some repeating prayers with moving lips, and others reading them from books on their knees. A few children were at play on the ground, and some aged men sat silent, their heads drooping on their breast. Several younger men were leaning against the wall, pressing their foreheads against the stones, and resting their books on their clasped hands in the crevices.

With some this wailing is no form; for I saw tears on their cheeks. I longed to know if any of them had hope in their hearts that they, or their children of any generation, should pass that wall, and should help to swell the cry "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, that the King of Glory may come in!" If they have any such hope, it may give some sweetness to this rite of humiliation.—We had no such hope for them; and it was with unspeakable sadness that I, for one, turned away, from the thought

of the pride and tyranny within those walls, and the desolation without carrying with me a deep felt lesson on the strength of human faith, and the weakness of the tie of brotherhood.

Alas! all seem quite alike. Look at the three great places of prayer in the Holy City. Here are the Mahometans eager to kill any Jew or Christian who may enter the mosque or Omar. There are the Christians ready to kill any Jew or Mahometan who may enter the church of the Holy Sepulchre. And here are the Jews pleading against their enemies, "Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem, who said raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof. O! daughter of Babylon, that are to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewarded thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh thy little ones and dasheth them against the stones!" Such are the things said and done in the name of religion.

Original.

The Storm Fiend.

BY J. M'CARROLL.

"Ho! ho!"—said a sprite, at the dead of the night,

As he rose from the Danube's chill wave,
"The winds moan as wild as a desolate child
"And the world is as drear as the grave.

"Not a glimmering ray lights the travellers way,

"As he groups on the verge of yon steep,
"And the sailor's stout bark, through the tempest dark,

"Wildly rolls o'er the face of the deep.

"See that monk with grey hairs, telling over his prayers

"While the storm swings the old convent bell,
"He is seized with strange fears, as he fancies he hears

"A low knock at the door of his cell."

"And that beautiful girl, all rose, jet and pearl,

"Who starts from her slumbers, so pale,
"How she quails like a fawn as she peeps for the dawn,

"Thro' the casement that flaps in the gale."

"Ha, ha," said the sprite and he chuckled outright,

As the winds swept more rapidly past,
" 'Tis the rarest of glee for a rider like me
"To bestride such a terrible blast;

"With the lightning's red veins for my measureless reins

"And a cloud saddle fast'ned beneath,
"My charges shall fly through earth, ocean and sky,

"Till I win me a witherless wreath."

Then on them he swung, while the rocky hills rung,

As they trampled and foamed in their pride,
And the thunders loud thwack, as it fell on their back,
Seemed to tell forth each terrible stride,

"Till onward they dash'd, they so madly were lashed,

With the speed that the meteor moves,
While his demon-like mirth grew more fierce as the earth

Stagger'd under their hurricane hoofs.

But morning it came with its flushes of flame,
And the tempest deprived of its pow'rs,
Sob'd itself into calm, amid sunshine and balm,

And at last fell asleep 'mong the flow'rs.

But it came in too late, for the traveller's fate
Was then seal'd by a hand cold and stiff;

With a cry long and wild, for his wife and his child,

He was swept off that shuddering cliff.

And the mariner's sail, left a wreck by the gale,
Was now rolling thro' ocean's dark caves,

While the sailors in crowds hanging dead in the shrouds,

Turn'd green in the light of the waves.

And the monastery fell, for its turret and bell
Stood aloft in the whirlwind's pass,

And the quivering trunk of the grey headed monk

Was dug out from beneath the huge mass.

But the saddest of all was the gentle one's fall,
Who look'd out from the casement aghast,

The warm dew of repose that hung on the sweet rose,

It was chill'd by the wind as it pass'd;

And she droop'd from that hour, the poor delicate flow'r.

Tho' a youth pray'd and wept by her side,
But his tears were in vain, tho' they fell fast as rain,

For at length on his bosom she died.

Then so wild his despair, when her dark
glossy hair
Fell in clouds o'er her forehead of snow,
That he rush'd from the crowd with a laugh
long and loud
In the last fearful frenzy of woe.

And now on yon peak, rugged dizzy and bleak,
That but whispers back ocean's dull roar,
In the depths of despair he oft battles the air,
A poor maniac lost evermore.

And when in their might the winds traverse
the night,

And the face of the sky is o'ercast,
He laughs at the screams of the seagull, and
dreams

That he stabs the curst fiend of the blast.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

THE ENGLISHMAN, BOLINGBROKE, MARRIES
A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL.

MARRIAGE always effects a decided change upon the sentiments of those who come within the sacred pale under a proper sense of the responsibilities of the married state. However delightful the intercourse of wedded hearts, there is, to a well regulated, mind something extremely solemn in the duties imposed by this interesting relation. The reflection that an existence which was separate and independent is ended, and that all its hopes and interests are blended with those of another soul, is deeply affecting, as it imposes the conviction that every act which shall influence the happiness of the one, will color the destiny of the other. But when the union is that of love, this feeling of dependence is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. It annihilates the habit of selfish enjoyment, and teaches the heart to delight in that which gives pleasure to another. The affections become gradually enlarged, expanding as the ties of relationship and the duties of life accumulate around until the individual, ceasing to know an isolated existence, lives entirely for others and for society. But it is the generous and the virtuous alone who thus enjoy this agreeable relation. Some hearts there are too callous to give nur-

ture to a delicate sentiment. There are minds too narrow to give play to an expansive benevolence. A certain degree of magnanimity is necessary to the existence of disinterested love and friendship.

The beautiful Indian girl Menæ was of a noble, generous nature; she had never been selfish; and now that her affections had an object on which to concentrate their warmth, her heart glowed with a disinterested emotion.

With a native ingenuousness of soul that had always induced her, even without reflection, to consult the happiness of others in preference to her own, she had now an object whose interests were so dear that it was natural to sacrifice to them all her own inclinations. From the moment of her marriage she began to adapt her conduct to the taste of her husband. She adopted his opinions, imitated his manners, and gradually exchanged the ornaments of her tribe for those which accorded better with his fancy. It costs her not a pang of regret to throw aside the costume which she considered graceful, and had worn with pride in the meridian of her beauty and to invest her charms in a foreign drapery, which was far less becoming in her own eyes. Whatever her husband admired, became graceful in her estimation, and that which rendered her attractive to him, she wore with more than youthful delight.

A similar change took place in her domestic arrangements. Instead of the rude wigwam of the Indian, Bolingbroke had built a small but neat cottage—and had furnished it with some of the comforts, though few of the luxuries of his country, and his wife early endeavored to gratify his wishes by adapting herself to his habits of living. She learned to sit upon a chair, to eat from a table, and to treat her husband as a companion rather than a master. Hour after hour did she listen attentively to his description of the habits of his countrywomen, and carefully did she treasure up in memory every hint which might

serve as a guide in her endeavor to render her own deportment pleasing to him to whom she had given unreserved affection. From him she had learned to attach a name and an endearing value to the spot which he called his home, and for his sake she sought to throw every enchantment around the scene of their domestic enjoyments. With all that wonderful facility with which the female heart, when stimulated by the desire of pleasing, can mould itself to the wishes of another—she caught his opinions and learned to understand his tastes, entwining her own existence around his, as the ivy clings to the oak. Her cottage soon became conspicuous for its neatness and beauty. She transplanted the wild rose and the honeysuckle from the woods, and trained them over her door in imitation of the bowers that he had described to her. Her table was spread with the dainties which he had taught her to prepare, her furniture arranged in the order which he dictated—and all her household duties directed with the nicest regard to his feelings or prejudices. And had she no prejudices to be respected—no habits to be indulged—no wishes to be gratified? None. She loved with a pure devotion of a generous woman. She had a heart which could sacrifice every selfish wish upon the altar of affection—a mind so resolute on the performance of duty that it could magnanimously stifle every desire that ran counter to its own high standard of rectitude. She possessed talent and feeling—and to those ideas of implicit obedience and profound respect for her husband which constitute nearly the whole code of ethics of an Indian female, she added a nice perception of propriety, and a tenderness that filled her whole heart. She had no reserved rights. She was too generous to give a divided affection. In giving herself to her husband, she severed all other ties, and merged her whole existence in his—and the language of her heart was, "thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Such is the

hallowed principle of woman's love—such the pure sentiment, the deep devotion, the high-minded elevation of that passion when sanctioned by duty in the bosom of a well principled and delicate female.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

THE proud man is penetrated with a sense of his superior merit, and from the summit of his grandeur, treats all other mortals either with indifference or contempt. The vain man attaches the greatest importance to the opinions of others, and seeks their approbation with eagerness. The proud man expects that his shall be sought out; the vain man knocks at every door to fasten attention upon himself, and he supplicates for the smallest honour. The proud man disdains the marks of distinction which constitute a source of happiness to the vain man.—The proud man revolts at foolish eulogiums; the vain man inhales with delight the incense of applause, however absurdly and unskillfully administered.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD MAID.

BY F. E. F.

Man delights me not, nor woman neither.—*Hamlet.*
IN the spring of the year 18— I returned to my father's house, after an absence of two years at a fashionable boarding school in New York, where I had been sent to receive the last polish in what I may fairly say I had never been taught the first elements, viz: the accomplishments. Let that pass, however. It was not likely that in the little village of S—, where my father resided, my French would be put to the test; and as to my music, a naturally good voice, with plenty of pretension on my part, and ignorance on that of my listeners, stood me in the place of science. And so I returned home, at the age of sixteen, full of

health; high spirits and high notions. I was the eldest of seven children, five of them daughters; the pride of my father, the belle and *bel esprit* of the family, to whom, unfortunately for me, the rest looked up as to one superior, who was to do great things and make a great figure in the world, in which persuasion I fully participated. And when, at this distance of time, I look back upon myself, as upon a third person, I own I am surprised at the sway I was allowed with so few positive claims to superiority. I was showy, and passed for handsomer than I actually was; without wit or information, I had vivacity and pretension, and was pronounced a *bel esprit*. I was ambitious, had a great opinion of myself, and was determined to be a belle; and the wish is often parent to the power; at least it was so in my case, for I took immediately that stand in our small society, which was not only permitted, but fostered at home, and it succeeded. I was beyond all dispute the star of our little circle. I was called beautiful, talented, accomplished. My languages were taken upon trust, and my music really pleased. Nature had given me a good voice, and when I flourished off a bravura, in a style which even now I blush to think of, I was listened to in reverent ignorance; or if an English melody, as I pronounced distinctly, and sang with some spirit, was rapturously applauded.

How many a time have I been told by my admirers that they would rather hear my "Home, sweet home," or "Red, red rose," than a whole Italian Opera. Good souls! they had about as much idea of an Italian Opera as of the Arabic or the Chinese languages. No matter; they meant it as a compliment, and I, though not quite as ignorant as my audience, was too enough to be flattered.

My father was not rich; but he had a tolerable income, and a social, hospitable disposition induced him to receive as much company as his means

permitted; consequently a gay and pleasant circle was always to be met with at our house, of which of course I was the queen bee. And soon I began to have some particular suiters amid the throng of general admirers. The first was a plain widower of about forty, well to do in the world, who wanted to transplant some portion of the gait of our house to his own cheerless abode. But I hardly deigned the man a civil refusal. I had often heard my father say "his Charlotte was fit to grace a court," not to look with disdain upon a plain country gentleman, and visions of ambassadors, members of the cabinet or congress at least, floated in my brain. Where I was to meet with these grandees, or how I was qualified to fill such high stations, were questions I never troubled myself about. Mr. Loyd's addresses however, though deemed by my family much beneath my deserts, flattered their pride and seemed an earnest of the brilliant future which they all anticipated for me so sanguinely.

In one respect I think I differed from the common run of girls—I was neither a coquette nor romantic. I was fond of general attentions, but I never purposely misled an admirer; and to dreams of romantic love I never was given. I meant to marry; but ambition was my ruling passion. The "pride and power of place" dazzled my young imagination.

I had several suiters the first three years after my return home; but none that came at all up to my mark, and one alone that at all interested my feelings. Charles Conover I might have loved, had I permitted myself to have a heart. He was full of the brilliancy of talent, youth and hope; but, alas! he was only a poor young lawyer; and although I sighed, I refused him positively, and very glad was my father to see him walk out of his house with the half angry, half despondent air with which he made his exit.

I was now twenty-two; and already weary of the small society that I knew

by heart, I began to long for a more expanded sphere of action. My vanity, too, received at this time a slight check in the engagement of my second sister. Not that I envied her happiness, nor would for a moment have thought of the man she had accepted. But I was astonished to find another preferred where I had always considered myself pre-éminent. And Mary, though a gentle and pretty girl, I had never deemed my equal. But it was not that that wounded my vanity so much as the importance that she acquired at once in the family, with whom till then I had always been supreme.

Time passed on, and I had attained my twenty-fifth year, and my "lord out of Spain" had not made his appearance, and my brothers began to look on me as an old maid, and my father's anxiety on the subject was becoming as painful to him as mortifying to me, when, happily as I thought, I was invited to pay a visit to New York. What rapture filled my bosom! With what visions teemed my mind! "Now," I thought, "my destiny is about to be fulfilled." The family with which I was to stay were among the most fashionable of that gay city, and I was at last to make my *entree* into that charmed circle of which I had so often dreamed.

I arrived and was received with the kindest hospitality by the Smiths; soon put at my ease, and introduced to their gay friends. I was still a fine looking girl, and I received attention enough to flatter my vanity, and enable me to write home glowing accounts of my *belleism*. The second week of my visit I was invited to a small party of the very *élite*; and, it being generally understood that I was musical, I was urged to sing. With gracefully affected diffidence, but perfect inward confidence, I consented. I sat down to the instrument, and flourished my pretty little hands in a style that must have excited the smiles of the mere regularly taught and dashed at once into one of my

favorite bravuras. As I rose from the piano, I received the thanks of my hostess, without a suspicion of the *expose* I had made, until Miss V. succeeded me at the instrument. And never shall I forget the clear melody of that full voice, the simple but perfect execution of the style, the exquisite brilliancy of the accomplishment. Never shall I forget my shame, my anguish; for then, for the first time, I was sensible of the wretchedness, the ridicule of my music; and consequently of what I then felt to be the enormity I had perpetrated. Earth can inflict few sharper pangs or severer mortifications than I experienced that night. It had one good effect, however, I determined to keep all my music for the good people of S— alone. And though, at the moment, I would have been glad if the ground could have opened and swallowed me, I so far mastered my agitation as to join in the plaudits that rained round the fair performer.

A few weeks of pleasure, and my visit was drawing to a close; not, however, without exciting in one bosom at least more than passing admiration, Mr. Lewis, a wealthy and respectable merchant, followed me to S—, and made his proposals in form. My father warmly seconded his addresses, which deeply mortified me, as I felt the time had been when he would have looked upon them as almost as much beneath my merits as myself. However, I was not to be reasoned, or reproached, or flattered into accepting Mr. Lewis, and he returned to New York disappointed and surprised.

Charles Conover, who had really loved me with all the fervor of a first passion, finding that I had rejected a man of Mr. Lewis' fortune, took courage and again addressed me. If time had taken from my claims, it had added considerably to Charles'; and this circumstance, which naturally changed my father's views on the subject, was perhaps one of the strongest inducements to my pride to persist in a refusal to the

only man in whom I ever felt the least interest, or whom I believed to be truly attached to me. But what once would have been deemed romance would now be thought necessity; and I could imagine my cousin Augusta Willouby saying, "So; Charlotte Burns has taken up with Charles Conover at last. Poor thing, it was her last chance I fancy, ect.," and I would rather have died than have given Augusta Willouby an opportunity of triumphing over me. Augusta, it must be known, was my rival cousin, who when a girl, had hated me with all a girl's spite; while I, Heaven only knows why, disdained her as unworthy even of being a rival. She was very pretty, though possessing I think, an inferior mind of common tone. At any rate she was not too proud to be happy in a common way, but married a respectable and wealthy young man, whom I contemned, while the rest of the village looked upon him as a great match for her. I have said that I had merely despised Augusta; but now my feelings toward her were taking a more angry and bitter tone, as I found that, surrounded by all the consequence of a handsome establishment and carriage, she was beginning to look upon me as an old *forlornity*. And what stung me to the quick was that I saw it was not an affected scorn, but the genuine feeling of contempt which married women (no matter who or what their husbands) indulge themselves in toward their unmarried cotemporaries. How I longed to tell her that her establishment would have been to me no compensation for her husband; that I had *refused* better matches than him. I could, however, but *look* my disgust, and Augusta was too purse-proud and too happy to divine my looks.

The years of my youth had fled. I found myself looking upon the young people who now formed society as "boys and girls," and too old for a young lady, and too proud for an old one; I began to retire from a place where

I was evidently looked upon as an intruder, when again another vista opened upon me, more brilliant than the former. I was invited to pass a winter in Washington with our member's family.—"Ah! in Washington," thought I, "I am destined to close my career brilliantly; and so confound and dazzle friends and enemies. And then Augusta shall find which of us two is the old forlornity."

I went and joined fully in the dissipation of that oddly compounded society. With such crowds of men, and clever men, too, any woman that is tolerably passable is sure to receive attention, and I still retained enough of my old self to be a belle with the western members. But my taste had not become less fastidious, nor my standard less high, with my waning beauty—my feelings were yet fresh, though my complexion was not, I found the really great men of whom I had heard all my life, most of them old gentlemen with large families, and occupied by their duties. And if by chance there was a widower among them, that was neither bald nor gouty, alas! he was pouring forth his eloquence and heart to a pretty trifter of eighteen. One member of Congress however, of talents, station and fortune, who resided in the back part of one of our states, was captivated by my old fashioned graces, and old times wit. My friends heard of it at home. They thought the unlooked-for fulfilment of by gone hopes about to be accomplished. "What could I desire more? talents, station, fortune." Alas! they did not *see* the man. He was one to talk of but not to. I need not dwell upon his tobacco and accompaniments, the remnants of early habits, ect., ect. In short, he was an old man, and not an old gentleman, and I could not go. And, to the violent indignation of my friends, I refused him, to return home as I came.

The first time I went to an evening party, on my return home, Charles Conover introduced me to his pretty,

youthful bride. I saw she eyed me curiously, but with a look of mirth I could not not account for, as Charles had evidently made his former attachment no secret to her. He greeted me with the cordial, warm interest a man always feels for his love, and, joyous in his new wed happiness, he talked to me long and animatedly. As he turned afterward, and spoke laughingly to his pretty little wife, I heard her mirthful girlish voice answer, "Oh no fear of my being jealous of *her*. Such a droll, odd looking old affair—no, no; you must flirt with something younger and prettier if you want to make me jealous. Why, Charles, you told me she was handsome. I can hardly keep my countenance as I look at her." I had heard enough, and hastily changed my place. Let my readers imagine my sensations if they can.

Long since my brothers and sisters have married; and, on my father's death, the family dispersed! and I am living at lodgings, a solitary old maid, happy in having the means so to live; not to be forced to reside with a brother or sister, and expected to take equal interest and more than equal labor, for my nieces and nephews. As it is, they look upon me as "poor old Aunt Charlotte;" but at least I am not obliged to darn their stockings, and sew on their buttons and strings.

And now, reader, you may ask if I repent? I confess myself *punished*, but does that necessarily comprehend reformation of spirit? When I see T., whom in the plenitude of my arrogant gayety and commonplace wit, I used to call "Tommy duck legs," do I repent? No! I only see "two tominies rolled into one." And so I might go on through the whole list of rejected addresses. The faults I saw then I now see doubled and tripled by Time, and my vision has grown clearer to deficiencies than ever. I now begin to wonder that I ever could have found enough in their admiration to compensate for their prosy ways and weary conversation. Charles

Connover stands the test of time better than any of them; but even Charles Connover is growing somewhat of the "earth earthy;" and his eagle eye and brilliant smile have become considerably duller under the combined influence of wealth, good living and years.

No, they may, one and all, look upon me with horror; I suppose they do; though, to confess all my weakness, I still catch myself, as I sit knitting, building castles in the air, and peopling them with ambassadors, &c. &c., as of yore. Yet never do I feel that in the main I would not do over what I have done. The Augusta Willouby's taunt of "Charlotte's being on the wane" would have its same old influence; and so I must end by confessing that I am punished, but not corrected.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE QUAKER.

A DRAB-COATED gentleman from Rhode Island once applied to Mr. Webster to come on a certain day and plead a case for him, enquiring what would be the amount of the fee.—"Why," says Daniel, "I always liked the Quakers; they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I think \$1000 will be about right for my fee in this case." "The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heard this, but did not betray the least emotion. "Friend Webster," says he, "that's a great deal of money; but I may have more causes to plead. Suppose I give thee the \$1000, will thou try the others likewise?" "Yes," says Daniel; "as I have to attend the court I will plead in the others if you so desire, without charging an extra fee."—So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Meantime the Quaker had applied to all the folks that had

suits in court, and had got some four or five suitors to pay him from \$200 to \$300 each for the services of the great Daniel. "What," said the statesman, when he heard of it, "do you suppose I am to be let out by you, like a horse to hire?" "Friend Daniel," replied the Quaker, "didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine." Daniel laughed out, ready to split his sides, at this, and, considering himself firmly pinned, he went good heartedly to work and pleaded them all. So the Quaker made \$200 by the operation.

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

BY J. E. SNODGRASS.

AFTER practising my profession for a year or two in Virginia, amid the scenes of my boyhood's mountain circled home, I removed to Williamsport, a quiet little village on the Maryland side of the romantic Potomac.—During my residence in the latter place an incident occurred, the result of which will, perhaps, serve a useful purpose, while furnishing, as I have been requested to do, "a page for the *Liberty Bell*."

At the dawn of day in early spring, I was startled from slumbers, rendered, perhaps, unusually profound by the labours of the previous day. The cause was a scream which violently cleft the cold air with its piercing agony. I instantly sprang to my feet, only to have my ears saluted by shrieks still more startling. So loud had the voice now become, that it seemed to start from the bosom of the quiet river, echoes such as perhaps had never been heard since the days when its glassy tide used to reflect the warhoop of the Indian and the scream of the panther.

The voice could readily be distinguished as a female, though coarse and harsh in its tones. It soon ceased

however, as if stifled by the very intensity of the agony it had expressed. On subsequent inquiry of a servant, I obtained the following solution of the soul-troubling mystery.

In a hut a square or two distant, had lived, for some time, a coloured woman the mother of two children, whose wants she had supplied with the labour of her own hands. She had regarded herself as a "free woman"—free as the air of the surrounding hill—and she was so regarded by all who knew her. But she had no "free papers," having omitted to secure them, it was said through over-confidence in the source from which she had received a verbal pledge of freedom. Fatal omission too frequently made by the virtually freed!

Little did that sable woman dream, amid the quiet darkness which enwrapped her toil-worn frame in unconsciousness, that a still harder lot—O, how hard a one—was so near its awaiting! She was aroused at early dawn by a wrap at her humble door. She responded to the signal and bade the visitants enter. They did so; but for what purpose, suppose you, reader? To talk of work to be done by those who are glad to "to ask leave to toil," or utter other words of cheer? No—alas! No, far different the errand on which they came. One of them claimed her as his "chattel," and ordered her to be seized as his slave. It was done, and she was conveyed with her oldest child, to the county jail, some six miles distant, there to await the highest bidder for the blood and bones of his fellow men!

"Was it the fact of being sold into Georgia that caused those unearthly shrieks?" you ask. "Is that not a common thing in Maryland?"

It is far too common, I answer with shame; but it was not that which caused such intense agony. The cause was far worse even than that. I will tell.

Nestling warm in that mother's bosom through that sadly terminated night had lain a babe but a few weeks old—

a babe which, though coloured it was, and doomed to become as deep hued as its sable mother, was her baby still, with all the tender and helpless ways of a baby—and that mother loved it as fondly as the fairest skinned mother of this land could love her own. But it was deemed an *incumbrance* to its mother in the slave mart. So they tore it rudely from her bosom! It was that which caused the shriek of agonized affection—the speechless utterance of a bereaved and tortured soul! Yes they tore that tender child from its mother, and she became the inmate of a gloomy prison!

“For what cause?” you ask. “Had the woman committed any crime?”

Not the least possible crime was she guilty of, except it really be a crime to wear a black skin. But she was a slave; at least she was claimed as such. Besides you see they only transferred her from one prison to another; for what is slavery but imprisonment! In fact, it is generally imprisonment of the worst kind—*imprisonment for life*.

“What became of the babe?” some anxious mother impatiently asks.

I cannot answer further than it was left with a coloured woman, who promised its mother to take care of it. This it is probable, she was allowed to do until it was old enough for the Southern market.

Mothers of the land—ye who have born children, and felt the feeble pulsations of their little hearts respond to your own—know you not how to commiserate that cruelly bereft mother? I trust you. Then plead earnestly for the cause of the slave! Strengthen the hands of your husbands, and fathers, and brothers, and their stern conflict with the giant Wrong—amid their self-denials and their sufferings—in the face of private malace and public scorn! Woman can do much if faithful to her mission—so much that with the co-operation of the wives, and mothers and daughters of our guilty land, the “*Lib-*

erty Bell” would soon cease to send forth such heart-rending tones as the shrieks of the Childless Mother.

From the (Cobourg) Enquirer:
Lines, on seeing the Sword of a
Christian.

Thou dreadful instrument of war,
Thy glittering surface I abhor;
Thy fiendish slaughter I detest,
’Tis cruel at the very best.
Thou should’st not rend dear human veins,
Nor shed man’s blood for paltry gains.
Go beat thyself into a share,
The ground to turn and grass to tear;
And let all wars and fightings cease,
And reign forever glorious peace.

P. AMICUS.

CURIOUS NOTIONS RESPECTING THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

THE RED MOON.—It is believed generally, especially in the neighbourhood of Paris, that in certain months of the year, the moon exerts a great influence upon the phenomena of vegetation. Gardeners give the name of *Red Moon* to that moon which is full between the middle of April and the close of May. According to them, the light of the moon at that season exercises an injurious influence upon the young shoots of plants. They say that when the sky is clear, the leaves and buds exposed to the lunar light redden and are killed as if by frost, at a time when the thermometer exposed to the atmosphere stands at many degrees above the freezing point. They say also that if a clouded sky intercepts the moon’s light, it prevents these injurious consequences to the plants, although the circumstances of temperature are the same in both cases.

Any person who is acquainted with the beautiful theory of dew, which we owe to Dr. Wells, will find no difficulty in accounting for these effects, errone-

ously imputed to the moon. If the heavens be clear and unclouded, all substances on the surface of the earth which are strong and powerful radiators of heat, lose temperature by radiation, while the unclouded sky returns no heat to them, to restore what they have lost. Such bodies, therefore, under these circumstances, become colder than the surrounding air, and may even if they be liquid, be frozen. Ice, in fact, is produced, in warm climates, by similar means. But if the firmament be enveloped in clouds, the clouds, having the quality of radiating, substances gain upon the surface of the earth as much heat as such substances lose by radiation; the temperature, therefore, of such bodies will be maintained at a point equal to that of the air surrounding them.

The moon, therefore, has no connection whatever with this effect; and it is certain that plants would suffer under the same circumstances, whether the moon is above or below the horizon.—It equally is quite true that if the moon is above the horizon, the plants cannot suffer unless it be visible, because a *clear sky* is indispensable as much to the production of the injury to the plants as to the visibility of the moon; and, on the other hand, the same clouds which veil the moon and, intercept her light give back to the plants that warmth which prevents the injury here adverted to. The popular opinion is therefore right as to the *effect*, but wrong as to the *cause*; and its error will be at once discovered by showing that on a clear night, when the moon is new, and therefore not visible, the plants may nevertheless suffer.

Time for felling Timber.—There is an opinion generally entertained that timber should be felled only during the decline of the moon; for if it be cut down during its increase, it will not be of a good or durable quality. This impression prevails in various countries. It is acted upon in England, and is made the ground of legislation in France. The

forest laws of the latter country interdict the cutting of timber during the increase of the moon. M. Auguste de Saint-Hilaire states that he found the same opinion prevalent in Brazil. Signor Francisco Pinto, an eminent agriculturist in the province of Espirito Santo, assured him, as the result of his experience, that the wood which was not felled at the full of the moon was immediately attacked by worms and very soon rotted.

In the extensive forests of Germany, the same opinion is entertained and acted upon with the most undoubting confidence in its truth. Sauer, a superintendent of one of these districts, assigns what he believes to be its physical cause. According to him, the increase of the moon causes the sap to ascend in the timber; and, on the other hand, the decrease of the moon causes its descent.—If the timber, therefore, be cut during the decrease of the moon, it will be cut in a dry state, the sap having retired; and the wood, therefore, will be compact, solid and durable. But if it be cut during the increase of the moon it will be felled with the sap in it, and will therefore be more spongy, more easily attacked by worms, more difficult to season, and more readily split and warped by changes of temperature.

Admitting for a moment the reality of this supposition concerning the motion of the sap, it would follow that the proper time for felling the timber would be the new moon, that being the epoch at which the descent of the sap would have been made, and the ascent not yet commenced. But can there be imagined in the whole range of natural science, a physical relation more extraordinary and unaccountable than this supposed correspondence between the movement of the sap and the phases of the moon? Assuredly theory affords not the slightest countenance to such a supposition; but let us inquire as to the fact whether it would be really the case that the quality of timber depends upon the state of the moon at the time it is felled.

M. Duhamel Monceau, a celebrated French agriculturist, has made direct and positive experiments for the purpose of testing this question; and has clearly and conclusively shown that the qualities of timber felled in different parts of the lunar month are the same. M. Duhamel felled a great many trees of the same age, growing from the same soil, and exposed to the same aspect, and never found any difference in the quality of the timber when he compared those which were felled in the decline of the moon, with those which were felled during its increase; in general they have afforded timber of the same quality.—He adds, however, that by a circumstance, which was doubtless fortuitous, a slight difference was manifested in favor of timber which had been felled between the new and full moon—contrary to popular opinion.

Supposed Lunar Influence on Vegetables.—It is an aphorism received by all gardeners and agriculturists in Europe, that vegetables, plants, and trees, which are expected to flourish and grow with vigor, should be planted, grafted, and pruned, during the increase of the moon. This opinion is altogether erroneous.—The increase or decrease of the moon has no appreciable influence on the phenomena of vegetation; and the experiments and observations of several French agriculturists, and especially of M. Duhamel du Monceau (already alluded to) have clearly established this.

Montanari has attempted, like M. Sauer, to assign the physical cause for this imaginary effect. During the day, he says, the solar heat augments the quantity of sap which circulates in plants by increasing the magnitude of the tube through which the sap moves; while the cold of the night produces the opposite effect by contracting these tubes. Now, at the moment of sunset, if the moon be increasing, it will be above the horizon, and the warmth of its light would prolong the circulation of the sap; but, during its decline, it will not rise for a considerable time af-

ter sunset, and the plants will be suddenly exposed to the unmitigated cold of the night, by which a sudden contraction of leaves and tubes will be produced, and the circulation of the sap as suddenly obstructed.

If we admit the lunar rays to possess any sensible calorific power, this reasoning might be allowed; but it will have very little force when it is considered that the extreme change of temperature which can be produced by the lunar light, does not amount to the thousandth part of a degree of the thermometer.

It is a curious circumstance that this erroneous prejudice prevails on the American continent. M. Auguste de Saint Hilaire states, that in Brazil cultivators plant during the decline of the moon, all vegetables whose roots are used as food, and, on the contrary, they plant during the increasing moon, the sugar-cane, maize, rice, beans, &c., and those which bear the food upon their stocks and branches. Experiments, however, were made and reported by M. de Chauvalon, at Martinique, on vegetables of both kinds planted at different times in the lunar month, and no appreciable difference in their qualities was discovered.

There are some traces of principle in the rule adopted by the South American agronomes, according to which they treat the two classes of plants distinguished by the production of fruit on their roots or on their branches differently; but there are none in the European aphorisms. The directions of Pliny are still more specific; he prescribes the time of the full moon for sowing beans, and that of the new moon for lentils.—“Truly” says M. Arago, “we have need of a robust faith to admit without proof that the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, shall in one position act advantageously upon the vegetation of beans, and that in the opposite position, and at the same distance, she shall be propitious to lentils.”

Supposed Lunar Influence on Grain. Pliny states that if we would collect

grain for the purpose of immediate sale, we should do so at the full of the moon; because, during the moon's increase the grain augments remarkably in magnitude; but if we would collect the grain to preserve it, we should choose the new moon, or the decline of the moon.

So far as it is consistent with observation that more rain falls during the increase of the moon than during the decline, there may be some reason for this maxim; but Pliny, or those from whom we receive the maxim, can barely have credit for grounds so rational; besides which, the difference in the quantity of rain which falls during the two periods is too insignificant to produce the effects here adverted to.

Supposed Lunar Influence on the Complexion—It is a prevalent popular notion in some parts of Europe, that the moon's light is attended with the effect of darkening the complexion.

That light has an effect upon the color of material substances is a fact well known in physics and in the arts. The process of bleaching by exposure to the sun is an obvious example of this class of facts. Vegetables and flowers which grow in a situation excluded from the light of the sun are different in color from those which have been exposed to its influence. The most striking instance, however, of the effect of certain rays of solar light in blackening a light colored substance, is afforded by chloride of silver, which is a white substance, but which immediately becomes black when acted upon by the rays near the red extremity of the spectrum. This substance, however, highly susceptible as it is of having its color affected by light, is nevertheless, found not to be changed in any sensible degree when exposed to the light of the moon, even when that light is condensed by the most powerful burning lenses. It would seem, therefore, that as far as any analogy can be derived from the qualities of this substance, the popular impression of the influence of the moon's rays in blackening the skin receives no support.

M. Arago (who generally inclines to favor rather than oppose prevailing popular opinions), appears to think it possible that some effect may be produced upon the skin exposed on clear nights, explicable on the same principles, that by which we have explained the effects erroneously imputed to what is called the *red moon*. The skin being, in common with the leaves and flowers of vegetables, a good radiator of heat, will, when exposed on a clear night, for the same reasons, sustain a loss of temperature. Although this will be to a certain extent restored by the sources of animal heat, still it may be contended that the cooling produced by radiation is, not altogether without effect. It is well known that a person who sleeps exposed in the open air on a night when the dew falls, is liable to suffer from severe cold, although the atmosphere around him never falls below a moderate temperature; and although no actual deposition of dew may take place upon his skin. This effect must arise from the constant lowering of temperature of the skin by radiation. In military campaigns the effects of bivouacking at night appear to be generally admitted to darken the complexion.*

* Le hale de bivouac is an effect quite recognised. Hale is a term which expresses a state of the air which makes an impression upon the complexion, rendering it tanned and burnt.

THE MINISTERS HORSE.



CLERGYMAN'S horse that had never for twenty years, in his stall hard by the sanctuary, heard a hymn sung at the close of the afternoon service that contained more than four verses, was one day startled at hearing a fifth given out; and manifested his anxiety thereat, by kicking, winnowing, &c., but when a sixth was commenced he snorted out his indignation, broke his bridle, and started for home, with tail erect, and mane streaming in the wind. Six verses constituted an innovation that was not to be tolerated for a moment.

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN A NEWS-PAPER.

A CHILD beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are familiar, and he will progress immediately. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of the family being one of its heads, and having more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children, amused by reading or study, are of course more considerate and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings at a tavern or grog shop who ought to have been reading! How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given thousands to reclaim a son or a daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

MARRIAGE AND LONG LIFE.

THE influence of marriage on health and human happiness, is an interesting and important inquiry. As this institution is based on the natural laws of the human constitution, there can be no doubt, but that its relations, when properly entered into, are productive not only of happiness, but of a greater increase of health, as well as longevity of life. A European philosopher has recently made very extensive observations on this subject, and collected a great mass of facts which conclusively settle these points. His researches, together with what was previously known, give the following remarkable results. Among unmarried men, at the ages from thirty to forty-five, the average number of deaths only are eighteen. For forty-one bachelors who attain the

age of forty, there are seventy-eight married men who do the same. As age advances, the difference becomes more striking. At sixty there are only twenty-two unmarried men alive, for ninety-eight who have been married. At seventy, there are eleven bachelors to twenty-seven married men; and at eighty, there are nine married men for three single ones. Nearly the same rule holds good in relation to the female sex:—Married women at the age of thirty, taking one with another, may expect to live thirty-six years longer: while for the unmarried, the expectation of life is only about thirty years. Of those who attain the age of forty-five, there are seventy-two married women for fifty-two single ladies. These data are the result of actual facts, by observing the difference of longevity between the married and the unmarried.

TO STILL CROSS BABIES.

IF any squalling, squealing, miserable little codger hath a nose, you may still him this wise: In the midst of his screaming, press your finger gently and repeatedly across the cartilage of that useful organ, and in less than two minutes it will be asleep. The eastern paper from which this important discovery is derived, says in one minute, but we allow two, to prevent any disappointment.

It is estimated that in America, three hundred thousand drunkards have been reformed, and that more than five hundred thousand occasional and confirmed drinkers have forsaken their cups since the commencement of the temperance reform.

An Irishman, after looking a few minutes at Trinity Church, New-York, turned to a man who stood near him, and said, "By the living saints! and if you don't have to look twice to see the top of that."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

PRAISE.

Music has a mellowing and hallowing effect upon the human mind. Man evidently was formed to enjoy music and to be influenced by holy and heavenly melody. The best and most effectual music, is that used in song. Instruments have been constructed by man; and many of them produce sounds exquisitely melodious, tending to soften down the too highly tempered feelings and disposition of the soul, and to inspire man with a desire for mental pleasure; and with a disposition to advance the pleasure of all around him. But the human voice excels every other instrument of music to be found on earth, just as far as all the other works of God excel the works of man.

God, who has manifested his infinite compassion and love for man in the great work of human redemption; has appointed music as a means well adapted to give influence and impressiveness to the great truths of Revelation. The influence of music upon the emotions of the soul are well known to every one—"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds"—The soul is awakened, and invited by the spirit of the melody to receive the sentiment uttered in the song. Sweet affecting music, not the tone of the piano, nor the peals of the organ—but a melodious air, sung by strong and well disciplined voices,—such music reaches the fountains of thought and feeling; it tinges the emotions with its own hues,

whether plaintive or joyous; and it impresses upon the mind the sentiment which it conveys, whether it be religious, patriotic, or benevolent.

Some of the early legislators wrote their laws in verse, and sung them in public places. And many of the earliest sketches of primitive history are in the measure of lyric poetry. In this manner the memory was aided in retaining the facts; the ear was invited to attend them; imagination threw around them the drapery of beauty, dignity, or power; and then music conveyed the sentiment, and mingled it with the emotions of the soul. See what a power, and a charm, music gives to the theatrical performance—no play can be made attracting without it.—It was in view of the power of music, when united with sentiment adopted to affect the heart, that one said, "Permit me to write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws."

But what subject so well adapted to the power and effects of music, as salvation? There cannot be found in all the resources of thought, material which would furnish sentiment for music so subduing and overpowering, as the history of Redemption. There is the life of Jesus, a series of acts, Godlike in their benevolence; connected at times with exhibitions of divine power, and of human character, in their most affecting aspects. And as the scenes of Christ's eventful ministry converge to the climax, there is the tenderness of his love for the disciples—the last supper—the scene in Gethsemane—the Mediator in the Hall of Judgement, exhibiting the dignity of

truth and conscious virtue, amidst the tempest of human passion and malice by which he is surrounded. Then the sublimity, the awful moral and elemental grandeur of the crucifixion—the Saviour, nailed to the cross by his own creatures, crying, “Father forgive them, for they know not what they do”—and then while darkness shrouds the sun, and “nature, through all her works gives signs of wee,” he cries, “It is finished! and gave up the ghost.”

Such exhibitions of sublimity and power, when properly clothed with the influence of music, and impressed upon a heart rendered sensitive by divine influence, are well adapted to make the most abiding and blessed impressions. The infinitely wise Being has selected this as an efficient means to impress the mind with religious truth, and the heart with pious sentiment. In this work music and poetry could not be dispensed with—there is not in nature another means that would compensate for the loss of their influence. Their influence may not be as great as some other means in impressing the truths of Revelation upon the soul; but their influence is peculiar and delightful; perfecting the system of means.

Music and poetry were introduced as a means of impressing revealed truth, both under the old and the new dispensations. Moses made the songs, as well as the laws, of the nation. All the people were required to learn these songs in some instances, in order that their memory might retain, and their heart feel; the influence of the events recorded in their national anthems. Music

held a conspicuous place in the worship of the Temple; and under the new dispensation it is sanctioned by the express example of Jesus, and specifically commanded by the Apostles. And this duty is delightful to the regenerated heart. The truly pious experience the greatest joy in singing such spiritual songs as speak of Christ as an atoning Saviour, and, of the eternal bliss that awaits them beyond the grave.

Music should be a branch of the education of every youth. All should be instructed in the science. God has made the voice, and it should be cultivated and prepared for the pleasing and Heavenly employment of singing His praise.

INDEPENDENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE press is doing much to enlighten mankind; by issuing books and periodicals, of various descriptions, in different languages. Men embark in the business of book making for different purposes; some have for their object the advancement of some favorite science, or art; others wish to promote education and knowledge in general; some would disseminate some particular doctrine, or system of religion; and with many the object is gain. Books, consequently, are multiplied; some independent in their character, and free from sectarianism and party discord, tending to expand the powers of the soul, and to elevate, and bring out, all that is noble and generous in man; and others of a widely different character and tendency.

There are some generous and noble spirits among mankind,—who soar above all party and selfish views, and feelings,—devoting their energies to advance whatever is commendable, and generally useful. Authors, found among this class of men, will breathe a catholic spirit in all their publications, showing independence of thought, and evincing that the great object of their life is to bless the world. To them the world is indebted for the present advanced state of science and literature; and upon them depends the prosperity of learning, and the elevation and purity of thought and sentiment throughout the world.

But there is a vitiated taste for books and periodicals, quite too prevalent for the interest and improvement of society. A work is not valued unless it supports the principles of a certain community;—a periodical is rejected if it does not defend a particular association;—and the author that throws off the fetters of party, that breaks through all bigoted and groveling restraints, and manifests a benevolence that extends to all; is neglected, and left to contend with whatever obstructions may be in the way of his favorite object, as best he can. We shall not stop here to search for the cause of this; our object being rather to notice the evil effects of the existence of this poisoned and poisoning appetite. One effect of this is; to divert talent from its legitimate course, and employ it where the God who gave it, never designed it to be used. The man who possesses ability to do good on a large scale, or, in other words, to be generally

useful, but confines his talents to the interests of a few; contenting himself with serving a party, when he might serve a nation, or the world; comes far short of accomplishing what providence designed in his case. And yet, we see this every day; both in church, and state. Men of the finest abilities narrowing down their sentiments, and limiting their efforts, to a single point.—Making the voyage of life in a gally; when they might make it in a ship.—And it is also an evil resulting from this divided and sectional state of society, that an independent publication, one that leans to no side, except to the side of truth; has but few friends, and is but indifferently sustained. This occasions a loss to the world, of the talents of persons, who wish to be free and unshackled by sectional interests, and to labor to unite the whole human family in one common brotherhood.

An independent periodical has to contend with numerous obstacles, arising out of the existing state of society. Every religious party has its organ; every political compact supports its own newspaper; and other associations have their respective advocates. And it is so well understood that every party must support its own periodical, that an independent publication is regarded as an anomaly. It is looked upon as a stranger; few make its acquaintance; and it is treated as though it were an intruder, and had no business to make its appearance in enlightened and religious society; where every body has his own paper. Men have received such a party education that they can scarcely see any object to be gained by an indepen-

dent work. But let the friends to liberal principles, and a truly catholic spirit, not be disheartened; the air they breathe is pure; the principles which govern them are sound, and must be generally adopted, before "zions watchmen can see eye to eye," or, "The kingdoms of this world become the Kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ."

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

THIS number completes the second volume of the *Canadian Gem*. Our readers now have the work for the year in their possession; or at least we presume so, for we have sent all the numbers faithfully to every subscriber. We have aimed to fill our pages from month to month with articles, on various subjects, that should be both entertaining and useful, how far we have succeeded we leave our readers to judge. We are far from flattering ourselves that we have pleased all; that would be doing what we believe has never been effected yet. But we do believe that we have afforded the means of mental improvement to all who have read our pages; and if any have been profited by our labours, we are glad. The *Gem* has now secured an extensive circulation, for Canada, and must exert considerable influence, either for good or for evil. Judging from what we learn from our patrons occasionally, we conclude that our time and labor devoted to this work are not spent in vain; and so long as we can have good grounds for believing that we are doing good, we shall be encouraged to proceed in our work.

The third volume will be sent to none but such as pay in advance. None, therefore, need order it unless the cash accompanies the order for the work. We have tried the credit system too long, for our own good. A subscription list of five hundred paying in advance, is far preferable to one of three thousand on the credit system. Those who have taken the *Gem*, and paid for it; will please accept our thanks for their support. And those who have taken the *Gem*, but, *have not*, paid for it we hope SOON TO BE thankful to. We are a Canadian, by birth, feeling, and interest; and we love our country. We would be glad to serve its literary and religious interests. We have attempted to do so at no ordinary sacrifice; and we now look for that attention from our pledged supporters, that common courtesy, and honesty demand.

CHURCHES IN TORONTO.

THIS city is supplied with a respectable number of churches, several of which are substantially built, of brick, affording good specimens of architecture. These churches are owned by the several denominations in the place, as follows; namely: two by the Church of Rome; four by the Episcopalians; one by the Presbyterian Church of Canada; one by the Kirk of Scotland; four by the Wesleyan Methodists; one by the New Connexion Methodists; one by the Primitive Methodists; two by the Congregationalists; two by the Baptists; two by the Disciples; one by the United Presbyterian church; and two by the African Methodist Episcopal Church.