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No. VII.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE--A FACT.

BY G. BURDETT.

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 MR. Best cast a furtive glance around him—every thing was arranged in the most costly and *recherche* style. They entered a parlor magnificently furnished, and closing the door, Ellen threw off her hat and thin shawl, showing her delightful husband all her surpassing charms.

"All that you behold is now your own—an hour since it was mine," said Ellen, approaching her husband timidly, and tendering him her *petite* hand, which he clasped affectionately. "Believe me—I speak the truth. I know you thought me crazed—but listen, and you shall now know how much cause I have had for my conduct.—But remember that you are master here, and whatever happens, do you assert your rights, and mine."

"Surely you cannot mean deceit," said Mr. Best, gazing anxiously on his lovely wife, and utterly at a loss to account for her strange conduct.

"Trust me, try me, believe me—I will now tell you all I have to tell, for I expect every moment, that he will come home.—Three years ago, my father died, leaving me, his only child, in the charge of his brother, my uncle, George Chiffney. His immense wealth was all left in his charge, until my marriage, and I was to be allowed my own selection. My uncle, who was poor compared with my father, seeing the advantages which this great accession of wealth would bring him, has not only used every effort to prevent my marriage, by spreading reports injurious to my reputation, but, for the last three months, he has actually kept me a close prisoner within my room, in my own house, from which I chanced

to escape this morning. The servants all know my rights, and have only been deterred from protecting and ascertaining them by fear of my uncle, who would stop at nothing to gain his ends. When I gained my liberty this morning I determined, if possible, to find some person who would protect and defend me against my uncle's conduct, and—you know the rest," she added, blushing as he clasped her to his bosom, and vowed to protect her, and defend her rights as he would his own.

She started from his embrace, and, begging him to be seated, rang the bell, and when a servant answered the summons, she told him to send all the servants up.—They soon appeared, when she addressed them:—

"You know my position in this house—that I am the owner and right-mistress of every thing here."

"We do," they responded, and she continued:—

"This Gentleman, Mr. Best, is my husband, and, as you value your places, you will obey him. Go now, remember what you have heard." The servants retired, respectfully bowing to the new married pair.

"And now sir," said she, addressing her husband, "you are convinced. Be what I know you are and can be, and maintain your rights." Ere she could say farther, the door was suddenly opened, and a coarse, hard featured man, of about fifty years of age, entered, and stood for some moments gazing upon the happy pair, who were seated on the sofa.

"What is your business here, and with that woman, sir?" he demanded

of Mr. Best in a stern voice, looking at the same time as though he would annihilate him:

Mr. Best made no immediate reply, but measured Mr. Chiffney (for he it was) from his feet to his head, leisurely and undauntedly. Mr. Chiffney then addressed Ellen.—"Pray Miss Sanctity, be pleased to explain what this man is doing here alone with you?"

"She need not take that trouble, sir," replied Charles, "and let me warn you to address her more respectfully, too. That lady is my wife, and by virtue of my authority as her husband, and master of this house, let me ask what business you have here?"

"Your wife! You master! Well! that is too very good!" and Mr. Chiffney laughed heartily and leud:

Mr. Best, curbing himself with difficulty, merely said:—

"Come, sir, your presence is disagreeable. If you wish to transact any business, be speedy, we wish to be alone."

"Why, you impertinent scoundrel!" was all he had time to utter, as Charles seized him by the collar, and shook the old ruffian till he gasped for breath. "Scoundrel, you would have said, you lying, old, cheating, old villain. If you were not so old, and utterly contemptible, I would not leave a whole bone in your carcass. I tell you again that lady is my wife,—this is her house, and in it or out of it I will maintain her rights. I know all your villany, and all your tricks. I give you one hour to depart, and if the next sees you in this house, I will drag you before the bar of justice, where you may be com-

spelled to make some disagreeable confessions; so begone, and pack up," and Mr. Best loosened his hold of the old woman, who sank tremblingly into the nearest chair.

"Do you mean to say, too, Ellen, that you are married to that man?" asked he contemptuously. She did not deign to reply, but drew closer to her husband, who was twining himself strongly around her young heart, and to whom she now looked up confidently. Mr. Chiffney turned to Charles as if for farther explanation, but he said—

"Don't look at me, sir. Ellen has told me all about your infernal villainies, and I repeat that the sooner you leave this house the better it will be for you."

"And who the devil are you, sir?"—demanded Mr. Chiffney, stalking up to Charles, and goaded to madness by his conduct. "Who are you sir, that dare to use this language to me in my own house."

"My name is Charles Best, at your service. The son of an honest man, sir, and one who will love, cherish, honor, and protect this lady, my wife, so now be warned in time."

Mr. Chiffney sprang to the bell handle, and sounded a peal that brought the servants up in a moment; for, expecting a scene, they were all prepared and during the short time they had been alone, they resolved to stand by their young mistress and her husband.

"Turn this vagabond out of the house!" he roared as they entered the room; but not one advanced a step.

"You see, sir," said Charles, "I am as well known here as yourself. But

you seem to doubt me still. John, go to Mr. Chiffney's room and pack up every thing belonging to him—remove them instantly."

"Yes, sir," answered the mineal and vanished.

"You see, sir," said Mr. Best, "there is no use in resisting, and I now tell you, that if you hesitate another moment to do as I have bid you, I will take such steps as will not only steep you in infamy, though I believe you would care little for that, but will compel you to disgorge the thousands which you have stolen from my wife.— And do not think that I married Ellen in the hope of getting wealth. No, sir; large as her fortune is my own is larger, and I have no need for her wealth, and it is only through pity to your years and name that I spare you from exposure.

Mr. Chiffney cast a look of mingled hatred and revenge upon Ellen, who had remained silent, but as her face showed, not an uninteresting spectator of the scene.

"And you, you huzzy, you strum—"

"Don't call that lady names," said Mr. Best, again seizing Mr. Chiffney. "Don't do it. Do not tempt me too far, you old scoundrel. My stock of patience is not very large, and it is now almost exhausted.—Let me tell you, once for all, you had better retire; you are wasting precious time, if you think you can stir me from my purpose. Begone, sir, I pray you."

Mr. Chiffney uttered not a word, but gazing steadily and with a demoniac fierceness upon the pair, he retired, and as the door was closed, Ellen placed

her hands within her husband's, and looking into his eyes confidently and imploringly, she said, "May I prove worthy of your love, your noble and generous conduct, and oh, may you never repent your hasty marriage with one whom your generous, confiding heart trusted and believed."

Mr. Best clasped his lovely wife to his bosom, and was about to utter his thanks for her love and confidence, when the report of a pistol was heard. Ellen turned pale, but Charles, releasing her, and saying, "That old villain has been doing more mischief," rushed out of the room, and Ellen followed. On proceeding to Mr. Chiffney's library, the door was found fastened, but one vigorous kick sent it off the hinges, and on the floor, bathed in blood, with a discharged pistol in his hand, lay Mr. Chiffney, who goaded to desperation by the discovery of his villainies, had rushed thus unprepared into the presence of his Maker. In his left hand he held a piece of paper, which was handed to Charles by a servant, who read it. It was merely "I die cursing both of you." Drawing his shrinking wife from the room, Charles gave directions to summon the Coroner, who soon came, and having examined into the case, a verdict of suicide was rendered: and thus closed the mortal career of one who had every quality to make him honored and respected, but whose wicked heart ever prompted him in the wrong course.

As for Mr. Best and his beautiful wife, who can doubt that they live happy? Two hearts like their own, coming together as they did, must beat

in unison. Ellen was easily persuaded to dispose of her property here, and retire to the South, with her husband, who, before he departed, did not forget Capt. Jones or his other shipmates, all of whom had ample cause to remember the SAILOR'S WIFE.

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Original.

Lines on the death of an Infant by its Father--C. M. D.

He came, a beam of light from He'ven,  
A gentle lamb, a lovely flower,  
To its fondling parents given,  
To greet them for an hour.

Then to ascend to realms of light,  
To him who formed the soul so fair,  
Mingling with spirits as pure and bright,  
And in their praise of God to share.

Too good, too pure, for grov'ling earth,  
Loved herald of a happier world,  
Mortal for an hour! then by a spirit's birth,  
It's mind in glory was unfurled.

Thou hast seen the early bird of spring,  
Come the harbinger of future flowers,  
O'er fields of snow its song of gladness fling,  
And with us spend a few bright hours.

Thou hast seen the budding rose in June,  
Opening fast its lovely form;  
Nipped by the frost—it bloomed too soon;  
And the bird was slain by a northern storm.

So lovely babe—thou angel spirit,  
Thou came'st to point to an endless spring,  
And stayed for a while a thing of light  
'Pon earth—then fled on an angel's wing.  
Toronto, August 24, 1849.

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"While thousands fall by clashing swords,  
Ten thousands fall by corset boards!  
Yet giddy females, thoughtless train,  
For sake of fashion yield to pain,  
And health and comfort sacrifice,  
To please a foolish coxcomb's eyes."

**"PEACE, OH, VIRTUE--PEACE IS ALL THY OWN."**

**I**N a pleasant village in the state of \_\_\_\_\_, there lived, some years since, a worthy young lady who was most beloved by those who knew her best. She was not rich—I do not know that she could be called beautiful—but she possessed a warm heart, was virtuous, useful, and happy. In an evil hour, temptation lured her to the pitfall of ruin; she became the spoiler's prey, losing by one false step, her self respect, the smiles of approving friends, and the fair name and honorable position before the world, which a life of integrity had hitherto made her own. He who had beguiled her, left the place as soon as her fall became known, and, I believe, never returned to it again. An outcast from the home to which she had brought disgrace and sorrow—frowned on, not only by the world, but by those who had before admired and loved her, and reproaching herself even more severely than others censured her, Julia found, indeed that sin brings its own punishment. Life appeared to her wrung feelings, a burthen too grievous to be borne; but she had inflicted that burthen on another, who, innocent as yet of every crime, demanded to be cherished and cared for. The thought of her babe nerved her heart with strength to endure the lot which she had drawn upon herself; for its sake she lived on, and life was, to her, from that time, one constant, never ceasing struggle. She was poor, and under the world's condemnation; all blamed, and the kindness of those who pitied her, was expressed in such a manner as to

be, often, more painful than the contemptuous neglect of others.

Time rolled on—the child of the erring one bloomed into early womanhood, and was singularly pleasing in person, and interesting in character. Julia had striven, to the sacrifice of comfort and even of health, to procure her daughter the advantages of education, and her heart now throbbed with something of a mother's pride and joy; when she saw the lovely girl admired and caressed wherever she appeared. But this dawn of happiness was short, and suddenly clouded. She, who had sinned was not permitted to lose, in her child's propriety, a sense of her guilt before God. It pleased her heavenly father to afflict the young girl with a strange and apparently, hopeless malady. The mother's spirit was broken by this new trial, but the daughter had early given her heart to God, and bore her misfortune with cheerful submission to his will—never desponding, but keeping always in mind, that promise so precious to the Christian's soul; "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." After the lapse of many months, she recovered in some degree, her health, but was never able to exert herself sufficiently to obtain her own livelihood. He, in whom she trusted, watched over her, and raised up friends who ministered to her wants. She had always been a docile and affectionate child, and as she advanced in life, these qualities became more remarkable. Her mother, frail as she had been, was still her mother; and no daughter ever watched beside a parent's pillow in the languishing hours of decaying nature, with more dutiful

attention or more loving solicitude.— Julia's melancholy journey was at last ended: her aching head was laid on its last pillow; her wayworn form sank to its couch of rest. The bitter consequences of her fall, pursued her to life's latest sigh. The child for whom she had labored so long and so faithfully, was an object of ceaseless anxiety until her eyes were closed in death. She was never permitted to know that this loved and helpless one, would not be entirely dependent on the cold charity of the world; and she died, mourning with keenest selfupbraiding over this thought. But the orphan's God sustained the orphan's heart—the wind was “tempered to the shorn lamb.” Mary's filial piety had won the love of many, and a worthy and respectable family cordially invited her to become one of their number. From her mother's grave she accompanied them to a safe and peaceable home—of that home, she remained a cherished and beloved inmate until her marriage with a gentleman whose wealth and generosity enabled her to show that kindness to others, which, in her time of need, had been shown to her. The dependent orphan, shrinking from the gaze of the world, through a keen sense of the dishonor which rested on her very existence, became the mistress of a hospitable home; the wife of an admiring and indulgent husband, and able, if she had so chosen, to hold a high command in society. She was still humble in heart, although grateful and happy in spirit; and she used the influence which her means and disposition enabled her to exercise, with a sincere wish to promote both the present

and the highest good of her fellow beings. She adorned the circle in which she lived closing a well-spent, though not long life, without fear and without regret—realizing the promise which the Lord our God hath given to his believing children, that; even in the valley and shadow of death, He will be with them—and leaving with all who knew her, good evidence that she had gone to be with Jesus. Do not the lives of this mother and daughter present examples worthy of notice, of the providence of God to both punish and protect?

To our view, the weary, anxious life of the mother, is an instance not to be mistaken, of the truth, that “the way of the transgressor is hard,” while the reward which the gentle virtues of the daughter received, even in this world—her guileless life and happy death, afford confirmation strong; and beautifully persuasive, that the meek and lowly of heart, find favor with the King of kings, and that “the Lord will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him.”

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#### BE USEFUL.

It is a truism, that time passes rapidly away. The wheel is constantly revolving; and carries with it our griefs and our joys—and finally life itself. The ancients represented Time with a forelock, to show that it should be seized without delay, and that if once lost, it cannot be secured. The duration of a man's life should not be estimated by his years, but by what he has accomplished—by the uses which he has made of time and opportunity. The industrious man lives longer than the drone; and by inuring our body and mind to exercise and activity, we shall more than double the years of our existence.

## OUR OWN BROAD LAKE.

The author of the following beautiful poetry, Mr. Macqueen, of Goderich, (to their credit be it said,) has lately been made Clerk of the Huron District Court, by the present Canadian Government.

From the Huron Signal.

We cannot boast of high green hills,  
Of proud, bold cliffs where eagles gather,  
Of moorlane glen and mountain rills,  
That echo to the red-bell'd heather.  
We cannot boast of mould'ring towers,  
Where ivy clasps the hoary turret,  
Of chivalry in Ladies' bowers,  
Of warlike fame, and knights who wore it—  
But, had we Minstrel's Harp to wake,  
We well might boast our own broad lake!

And we have streams that run as clear,  
O'er shelvy rocks and pebbles rushing—  
And meads as green, and nymphs as dear  
In rosy beauty sweetly blushing—  
And we have trees as tall as towers,  
And older than the feudal mansion—  
And banks besprent with gorgeous flowers,  
And glens and wolds, with fire-flies glancing;  
But prouder—loftier boast we make,  
The beauties of our own broad lake.

The lochs and lakes of other lands,  
Like gems may grace a landscape painting,  
Or where the lordly castle stands,  
May lend a charm, when charms are wanting;  
But *ours* is deep, and broad, and wide,  
With steamship through its waves careering,  
And far upon its ample tide  
The bark her devious course is steering;  
While hoarse and loud the billows break  
On islands of our own broad lake!

Immense, bright lake! I trace in thee,  
An emblem of the mighty ocean,  
And in thy restless waves I see  
Nature's eternal law of motion;  
And fancy sees the Huron Chief  
Of the dim past, kneel to implore thee—  
With Indian awe he seeks relief,  
In pouring homage out before thee;  
And I, too, feel my reverence wake,  
As gazing on our own broad lake!

I cannot feel as I have felt  
When life with hope and fire was teeming;  
Nor kneel as I have often knelt  
At beauty's shrine, devotedly dreaming.  
Some younger hand must strike the string,  
To tell of Huron's awful grandeur,  
Her smooth and moonlit slumberings,  
Her tempest voices loud as thunder;  
Some loftier lyre than mine must wake,  
To sing our own broad, gleaming lake!

T. MACQUEEN.

July 9, 1849.

## EASTERN BATHING.

HERE are very few persons among us who have not heard of Mr Buckingham, the oriental traveller. Mr B. is, professedly, a most zealous friend of cleanliness, and of all the other virtues which conduce to health, of body and purity of soul. In his lectures of Egypt, he gives a particular account of one form of bathing as practised in that country, from which we think every individual may derive important hints.

The following are his remarks as reported for the New-York Observer.

Baths are extremely numerous, in Egypt; and so great are the advantages which attend the use of them, that it is greatly to be lamented they are not universal. They are so favourable both to health and to pleasure, that I could desire no private house should be without its bath; but it is surprising to think that in many cities of England there is no bath at all; or if there be one, it is in some obscure corner, so far off as to be of little general use.

Among the Mahommedans, baths are as numerous as their mosques. I doubt if in their cities a single street can be found, without one or more of them. There is a general conviction in the East, that personal cleanliness is favourable to morality; while, on the other hand, vice and filth go naturally together. Baths are to be had at all prices. For a single *para*, (in value about one-fourth of one of your cents,) you are furnished with a private apartment, hot water, a towel and soap, and have liberty to stay half an hour.

It is common with the Mahommedans to practise ablution before prayer; and they all bathe once a day at least. But while a bath may be had for a quarter of a cent, they ascend in price, according to the scale of accommodation, until, for some, you must pay five dollars. Separate baths are provided for the sexes; and the sanctity of this separation is such, that a man who should violate it would be in imminent hazard of being murdered on the spot.

Entering into one of these costly baths, for example, before dinner, the windows of which are darkened with coloured glass and odiferous plants. The air is cooled by showers from a fountain. Agreeable attendants are provided to amuse you with conversation. Some of these are *improvisatori*, who will, off-hand, invent for you an interesting tale, in prose or verse; or if you prefer music, they will sing you an Arabic song, and accompany it with the guitar. You are then conducted into a warm chamber, and thence into another yet warmer.

Here, perhaps, you will find singing birds and some books; but of the latter, the native bathers rarely make any use. Your chamber grows warmer and warmer, till at length you are glad to pull off your clothes.

You are then laid out by your attendants on a marble slab. They are armed with gloves made of the Cashmere goat, which is rough, but not sufficiently so to give you pain. They then commence the process of *champooing* you. They draw out every joint, and let it go, till it cracks like a pistol. They twist about your arms; they bend your elbows, and thence passing down the back, they proceed in a similar manner, till you hear a report from each one of the vertebrae.

Under a process so unusual, a stranger reposes his chief confidence in the fact, that others have undergone it before him, and have escaped injury. This loosening of the joints is said to give suppleness to the frame; under which persuasion it was practised, as we know, by *Athleta*, the runners and the wrestlers of the Greeks.

Your persecutors next proceed to a process of violent friction over your whole body, and

you are surprised to discover that by means of these various operations, they have actually brought off from your body material substance to the weight of a pound, or even two pounds. Medical men well know that the epidermis is always coated with deposit, which is the effect of insensible perspiration; and any one will believe them who has passed through the manipulation I have described.

After it is completed, the skin feels like satin, and partially retains this delightful smoothness for a day or two. I am well persuaded, that half the diseases which prevail among us may be traced to obstructions of the skin; and that the use of the bath, accompanied by severe friction, conduces in an eminent degree to health and long life.

After you have undergone this series of cracking and rubbing, they finish off by plunging you into a bath of rose-water up to the neck. You are then furnished with coffee, the *chabouque*, or long pipe, and with sherbet, a liquor compounded of the juice of the pomegranate, orange and citron, but contaminated by no admixture of alcohol.

Such an indulgence may be censured as extravagant, and to some persons it would undoubtedly be so; but those who have money will use it for their gratification; and if that is the object, I know of hardly any way in which it may be more certainly secured. It is the fashion in London and in New-York, for gentlemen to attend public dinners. On the propriety of this practice, I pass no opinion; but I may be permitted to state what are not unfrequently some of the consequences. A man eats twice as much as he would at home, and drinks three times as much; and after vociferating, perhaps, and cheering for three or four hours, he goes home, falls asleep, and gets the night-mare; wakes next morning with the headache; finds his tongue furred, and his nerves unstrung; sends for the doctor; swallows physic; yawns; is snappish and irritable; and, in short, is not a man for two or three days after. Then comes reflection, and then regret. Now, of the two modes of enjoyment, which is the most rational—an oriental bath, which costs you five dollars, and leaves you next day a healthier and a better

man; or a public dinner, which costs you ten, and leaves you the wish that you had staid at home?

#### HINDOO CHAMPOOING.

Not unlike one part of the Egyptian bathing, (as described by Mr. Buckingham in the foregoing article,) is the Hindoo process of champoing. This has lately been introduced into Europe. How strange that cleanliness is so much neglected in the United States. For though we do not believe that the matter which ought to be removed from the skins of decent people ever amounts to one or two pounds, as intimated by Mr. B., we do most fully believe that the coating which covers, like a varnish, the skins of most people claiming to be decent, but yet neglecting to bathe, sometimes amounts to several ounces. Nor are these remarks on bathing and champoing—nor is bathing itself—out of place, even in mid-winter. There must ere long be a reform on this subject in our community, if we mean to be at all a healthy people. But now for a description of the champoing:

One of the attendants on the bath extends you on a bench, sprinkles you with warm water, and presses the whole body in an admirable manner. He cracks the joints of the fingers and of all the extremities. He then places your face downwards, pinches you over the kidneys, seizes you by the shoulders, and cracks the spine by agitating all the vertebrae; strikes some powerful blows over the most fleshy and muscular parts; then rubs your body with a hair glove till you sweat; grinds down the thick and hard skin of your feet with pumice stone; anoints you with soap; and lastly, shaves you and plucks out the superfluous hairs. This process continues for three quarters of an hour, after which a man scarcely knows himself—he feels like a new being.

A late law of the state of Maine repeals all restrictions upon the botanic practice of medicine. This is the ninth state which has done the same. We are onward.—*Thomsonian*, 1838.

Original.

#### A D R E A M.

BY MISS M. F. HAYWARD.

I dreamed wealth unbounded was mine, that  
my store  
Had Fortune increased, till I asked, for no  
more;  
That my eyes ranged o'er earth, far as sight  
could extend,  
Yet saw not the bounds of my own fertile land;  
That my home was a palace,—yet was I not  
blest,  
For with all those treasures came care and  
unrest;  
And though words of affection were breathed  
in my ear;  
"T was my gold that was worshipped—the heart  
spoke not there.

Then I dreamed I was gifted the peerless in  
mind,  
And my name high in Fame's glowing temple  
was shrined;  
That mine was that genius—the poet's high  
dower,  
To sway o'er men's passions a limitless power  
They gathered around me, the noble and proud  
And I heard the applause of the glittering  
crowd;  
But cold was that pageant, and weary to hear,  
For tho' mind bowed in homage, *the heart spoke*  
*not there.*

Then I dreamed I was beautiful; faultless and  
fair,  
All blended perfection in loveliness rare;  
And the guerdon of beauty, the world's hollow  
praise  
Was mine; then I listed those sweet burning  
lays,  
And deemed them all beautiful—but cruel and  
cold  
Came the bitter conviction—a false tale they  
told;  
For disease and misfortune all beauty can mar,  
And I learned but too soon, that *the heart spoke*  
*not there.*

Still changing I dreamed that a sceptre I bore,  
And the arms and insignia of royalty wore;  
That I reigned a proud monarch with absolute  
sway,

O'er realms that from Indus to polar seas lay:  
That crowds in my presence obsequious bowed,  
And armies unnumbered my mandate obeyed;  
Yet my heart 'neath the purple throbb'd weary  
with care,

For constrained was that homage, *the heart  
spoke not there.*

Then I woke, and the visions of grandeur and  
pride

Were gone; yet I mourned not thus quickly  
they died;

For I woke to calm trust in the fond faithful  
few

Who tried by life's changes prove constant  
and true.

Oh! why then, worn toiler, this vain eager  
chase

For that which can yield thee so little of peace;  
Dost seek for real pleasure? turn from that  
false glare,

And rest in thy home, *for the heart speaketh there.*

Original.

### INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

BY C. M. D.

**M**AN is said to excel by his reason. Reason is what truly distinguishes him from the brute creation. As wonderful as is the power of man, through this mighty gift of God, yet few think, until it is calmly considered, that there is another wonder in animal creation—instinct in animals. Vain man *supposes*, too often, that Providence can do nothing on earth except through his reason!—Futile thought!

The Almighty can use various ways to bring about the same end. Thus, with all our pride, we are often excelled by animals through the mysterious gift of instinct. It is altogether likely that there are in the wide universe of worlds, (that the mighty powers of the telescope have brought to the knowledge of the human mind,) powers and gifts, given by God

to his creatures, far exceeding and exceedingly more wonderful than the reasoning powers of man, or the instinct of animals. No doubt there are degrees inferior and superior of instinct, as there are degrees in intelligence among rational creatures and angels of light. Some of the bright worlds in infinite space may be inhabited by beings more perfect in form and beauty, and more excellent in mind and comprehensive in thought. Oh! the wonders and powers of Jehovah's Creation! Mind hath never conceived, and can never imagine, even its vastness and infinite variety! What Philosopher, yet ever told or could imagine, the impulsive agency that bids the mustard seed vegetate in the ground, and mount, from an atom, to a tree, wherein the birds of heaven may rest? What hidden power commands it to move? What hidden power commands the sap of the mighty oak and pine to ascend from the roots to the topmost branch?

There is an instinct of plants and an instinct of animals: the power of this gift in animals, at times, almost equals reason in man. We have all beheld, year after year, the migration of the feathered creation. Some may reasonably ask, what teaches the little bird to wend its unerring way from southern climes to northern regions, when winter is over and spring has come? What impels the mighty flocks of ducks, geese, pigeons, snipe, black-birds, and thousands of songsters, to traverse, annually, our continent from south to north, and north to south, unerringly, always at the same seasons of the year? The answer is—the inward impulse of instinct implanted by nature—which is truth!

The power of instinct can be imagined when one sees a bird, without compass to guide or reason to direct, always come at the right season and leave in time to avoid the winter, and travel direct from north to south or *vice versa*. When the bird leaves the south, where the weather is warm, what tells it that winter has left our climate? When the birds leave us, as they mostly do in September and some as early as August, when our weather is still fine and plenty of food still remaining, what proclaims the approach of winter? What bids the young

that never were in the sunny south, to follow the footsteps of the old, or perhaps alone? Why should they not fly south instead of north in the spring, and north instead of south in the autumn? The guiding power of instinct whispers to them how to act.

We have all noticed the fact that birds, and even the common tree-frog, will herald the approach of rain by peculiar cries, as surely as will the Indian by the moon, or the white man by atmospheric signs. The cock of the woods, a splendid Canadian bird, the robin, the whippoorwill, and the little grey tree-frog, by peculiar sounds are sure harbingers of approaching rain. How often I have admired and watched the ingenuity and trouble taken by birds, particularly the partridge and the sand-piper, to coax an enemy from its young. The partridge flutters on the ground as if it were wounded nearly under your feet, for a hundred yards, taking you directly from its concealed brood. The sand-piper will fly towards you and then retreat, always directing you on a wrong scent. The little squirrel lays up its well-stored granary in some hollow tree, anticipating a time when no food can be found. The beaver chooses a proper place for his dam, fells his trees with an eye equal to an experienced woodsman, so that they always fall right, avoiding injury himself. The deer, when chased by wolves, is said to pass through water to dull the scent. The cuckoo of Europe and a bird of the same species in America and Canada, lays its eggs in the nest of other birds, always leaving some of the owner's own eggs therein to allay suspicion of the wrong done, yet, at the same time, tumbling some out to make room for its own. This I have seen done: and it is said that when hatched, the young cuckoos eject the proper tenants of the nest and remain its sole occupants. In this way the cuckoo makes other birds rear its offspring! What teaches the bird so to act?—The answer is—instinct!

We have all read of the memory, revenge, and gratitude of the elephant; of the wonderful affection of the dog, his great sagacity; of the reasoning powers of the cat; and, the tricks of the monkey and the parrot. Some birds

and animals, while feeding, place a sentinel to warn the rest of danger. The buffalo and many animals when attacked form a circle and place their young within it. In Northern Europe, Sweden, Iceland, and Norway, where the sun, during part of the year, never sets, the animals, guided by instinct, still take their usual rest. Instinct impels the salmon to leave the ocean to deposit its eggs in our rivers.—Such are the wonders of INSTINCT.

July, 1849.

#### LETTER FROM MOUNT CARMEL.

CARMEL—NAZARETH—SEA OF GALILEE.

How bold is the scenery of this Mount.— How fraternal is the hospitality of the brethren at the Convent. How awe-inspiring are the reminiscences of the mission and miracles of Elijah on this spot. Stand in the mouth of the cave, and look over the sea for the small cloud which gives promise of rain after the famine. Cast an eye down to the banks of the Kishon, where fell the priests of Baal. If one had resolved to be a hermit, where should he prefer to mark the succession of day and night, to live on herbs and die alone, rather than on this majestic and desolate mount?

If you conclude to live in the social world a little longer, set your face in a north-east position towards Nazareth, nine hours distant.— Descend on the north-side of Carmel, pass through the walled town Caïpha, leave some villages on the right, drink at a sweet brook, ford the Kishon, where a baggage-mule sticks fast in the mud, break through the wild grass, tall as reeds, admire the wheat, and wish that it covered all these rich plains and valleys. In one place you meet a caravan of camels from Damascus, in another you count the ploughmen slowly turning up the surface, and in another you gaze at the distant board of flocks. What a lovely country this might be, if the wing of a benignant government were stretched over it, and if the intelligent and enterprising people had the possession of it. The want of wood and of metals on which to exercise the mechanic arts is indeed a calamity. Where the raw material does not exist, what can be

done? You may feed on fine wheat in harvest, but you must live under the shelving rock or burrow in the ground, till you can manufacture brick or hew stone. Where can you find a board for a door or a table?

The birth-place of Mary is not less peaceful and attractive than when we lodged here on our way to Jerusalem. Memorable Nazareth, rural secluded spot, where Jesus spent his youth.

Again we climb over the north-eastern hills to reach the sea of Galilee. In two hours we pass some villages, one of which is Cana. We are pleased with the frequent sight of booths, made of wild grass or olive boughs, on the flat roofs of the houses whither we are told the master ascends to pray or to sleep. The dog or the goat is often seen in a similar position.

Tabar appears on our right in solitary grandeur. We are impressed with the richness of the soil. The surface becomes undulating.

In eight hours diligent travel from Nazareth, the most lovely lake in Syria opens to our view, and we descend to its border at Tabarea, (Tiberias) once celebrated for power, learning, and wealth. Nearly every christian association with this lake is pleasant, the demoniacs and the curses on Capernium excepted. But the call of the disciples, the draught of the fishes, the multitude seated in companies on the grass, the preaching in the boat while the people stood on the shore; the prayer by night on the mountain, the walking on the sea, the hushing of the tempest, the stater in the mouth of the fish, the interview between Jesus and the disciples after the resurrection, many miracles of healing the sick—where shall the enumeration end?—all these events which occurred in or near this lake.

Sea of Galilee, sea of Tiberias, or lake of Gencsaret, is in our eye a most placid sheet of water, 16 miles long and 8 wide, enclosed by hills, grand, exuberant, and greedily sloping.—The Jordon flows through it. The fish so abound in its transparent waters that we can almost catch them with our hands. The ducks of various names swim undisturbed. It is, I suppose, a part of the Moslem religion not to take the life of a peaceful bird.

There is only one poor boat floating on this lake. This is employed in the service of the government, to transport provisions to a military encampment on the opposite shore. But let us secure a sail, notwithstanding the unhappy alienation between the Turkish captain and our Jewish host. Sad poverty,—the wreck of a boat, and yet this the only one, with two oars and a pitiful substitute for a sail!—But a thousand things seem to lend enchantment to the hour.

The sun declines, the lake is smooth as a mill-pond, the silence is unbroken by sound or bell, or horn, shout or laugh. You land two miles north of the town, and enjoy an ablution at the hot baths. The sick and invalid resort hither for natural or supernatural cure. A profuse perspiration is induced. The hot water boils up from many orifices in the sand: the atmosphere around is filled with vapor, as from a vast cauldron. The bath-house of Ibrahim Pacha, constructed in Egyptian marble, was costly and tasteful, now neglected. I have visited many hot springs, those in your Virginia and others, but I never felt water of such intense heat when flowing from the ground. I cannot doubt that it would cook an egg in 30 minutes. The water becomes cool in a large open cistern, and then the invalids are able to bathe in it.

Tiberias retains little claim to its ancient honor. The wall, the mosque, the houses of the people, appear to be smitten with age.—Where is Capernaum? where is Bethesda?—There are ruins found in several places on the north and east of the lake, but I believe that antiquaries do not pretend, with much confidence, to identify the position of these ancient cities.

TRAVELLER.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—The celebrated French physician, Dumoulon, on his death bed, when surrounded by the most celebrated physicians of Paris, said—"My friends, I leave behind me three physicians, much greater than myself." Being pressed to name them, each believing himself to be one of the three, he answered—"Water, Exercise, and Diet."

## A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

## LEAF THE FIRST.

SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

WILLIAM, my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you now we have a very polite invitation."

"Why, my love, just as you please, you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."

"Well, then, Harriet, suppose we go—that is, if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes, because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."

"Why my love, you will enjoy yourself there, I am sure; and wherever you are happy I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear, William?—my white satin with blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace; you always no better than I about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in any thing, now take your own choice—but I think you look very well in the white satin."

"There, William dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be to-night, and you must promise me not to leave me there for a moment, for I shall be so sad if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee!  
No! by yonder star I swear!

"Oh, William, dearest William, how beautiful that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."

"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do anything in the world to give you one moment's happiness? Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last."

"Oh, do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall be many years happier than this, for will not our love be stronger and deeper every year; and now, dearest, I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful creature she is—Oh, how miserable I should be without her—she has weaved a spell around my heart, and one that never, no, never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding me on to virtue and

happiness, and can I ever love her less than now?—can I ever desert her? can I ever speak of her in less than terms of praise? Oh, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure, happy, happy man that I am."

## LEAF THE SECOND.

SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear, I will thank you to pass the sugar; you didn't give me but one lump."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hogshead of vicegar: James, keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan, keep still bawling: I declare it is enough to set one distracted—there, take that, you little wretch."

"Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are rather too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your own business; you're always meddling with what don't concern you."

"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right than I have—you are always fretting and fuming about nothing."

"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspapers all up."

"Thomas come here—how dare you abuse—I'll teach you to tear it again—there, Sir, how does that feel—now go to bed?"

"Mr. Snooks, you horrid wretch—how can you strike a child of mine in that way, come here, Thomas, poor fellow, did he get hurt, never mind, here's a lump of sugar; there, that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil the children; you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child—it's strange that a woman can never do any thing right."

"Can never do any thing! Faith, Mr. Snooks, if nobody did any thing right in the house but yourself, what would become of us?"

"Let me tell you, ma'am, this is improper language for you, ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer. You're as snappish and surly as a-a-she-dog, and if there's a divorce in the land, I'll have it—you would wear out the patience of Job"

"Oh dear, how mad the poor man is; well, good night, my dear—pleasant dreams."

"There, she's gone! Thank Heaven, I'm alone, once more. Oh, unhappy man that I am, to be chained down to such a creature—she is the very essence of all ugliness—cross and peevish. O, that I could once more be a bachelor. Curse the day and hour that ever I saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce; I can't live with her any longer; it is utterly impossible."

**The Character of our Saviour as sent to the Senate of Rome by Publius Sentulus, President of Judea in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar.**

**P**UBLIUS Sentulus, as was usual for the Governors of those provinces that were subject to the Romans, sent to the Senate of Rome an account of what happened, and he, thinking the appearance of our Saviour worthy their notice, sent them the following advice about him:

"There appeared in those our days a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us. The people receive him as a Prophet, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. His stature is somewhat tall and comely, and his countenance so reverend, that it strikes the beholders with fear and with love.

"His hair is of a silbert color, full ripe, and straight, almost down to his ears, but from thence downwards, somewhat curled, and more orient, waving about his shoulders; a seam parts his lovely tresses in the middle of his head, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead, very plain and smooth; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth are of a charming simmetry; his beard, not long, but somewhat thick, of the same color as the hair of his head, and forked in the midst; his look is very innocent; his eyes, grey, clear and quick. He is austere in reproving, but very courteous and winning in admonishing. In his conversation there is an agreeable mixture

of pleasantness and gravity; many have seen him weep, no one remembers to have seen him laugh.

"His body is streight, and of a just proportion; his hands and arms are curious and delectable; he is very temperate in speaking; modest and wise.

"A man for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."

Original.

### THE CHANGES OF THE SEASONS.

BY C. M. D.

**S**o apt are we to complain at the works and things of God as we find them in nature, that it is not at all uncommon to hear persons complain of the sudden changes of the seasons, and of the weather from heat to cold. Little is known by those who thus act, of the usefulness of this variety in weather and in seasons. When we contemplate with a philosophic mind, and behold with a poet's eye, nature, as she appears in the different seasons of the year, then only, can we appreciate this wise arrangement, and admire with wonder, the beauties of creation, animal and vegetable. Our Canadian climate is one in which the four seasons of the year are distinctly marked, and gradually, and beautifully blend, the one into the other; varying sometimes a week or two. This fact makes our climate delightful and invigorating—one of a striking, yet healthful variety. Yet, so many are there of our people, who think our country has a bad climate! Alas for the discontent we too often indulge in. There are three kinds of climate on our Globe—The dry hot climate of the tropical regions, with its opposite, the rainy seasons. This climate prevails in many parts of the globe, particularly in the southern part of this continent, or rather, of South America, the West Indies, South Pacific Islands, the East Indies, and other parts of Asia. There we find the earth scorched and dried up for six months without rain, everything panting for water—and for the other six months, these regions are flooded with constant rains, thus having but two seasons. Then we find a second climate about the poles, and arctic and antarctic cir-

cles: It is one of nearly constant ice, frost and snows, varied with a short summer in which the snows and ice merely melt a little. Then we have the climate of the temperate zone, in which four seasons are more or less distinctly marked; this is our climate and that of most of North America. How beautiful are the changes! No sooner do we loose the snows and ice of winter than the genial breath of spring comes, gently fanning us from the south. In a day, as if by magic, we behold the little birds of spring appear with loved notes and songs to greet us, as often before, yet as welcome as when in our boyhood we loved to listen to them. The little Blue Bird sweetly whistles above us; the Robin chirps his merry lay from the budding grove; the Swallow twitters in the clear blue sky and seeks his last year haunts; the Woodcock soars aloft; and the Whippoorwill sings at dusk and ope of day. The groves just bursting into bloom, emit a balmy perfume, and scent the silent air. Sweet flowers burst from their winter sleep: All nature smiles with gladness. So the power of God hath called all nature to rejoice, to rise in songs—in love—in life and bloom. This jubilee begins in march and ends in June. Then we see nature arrive at perfection. The birds have paired and built their nests; they sing to their young. The Thrush, and the Cat-bird cheer the groves. The waving meadows resound with the music of various birds. The verdant grain waves like ocean water, to the gentle western wind. Then we see the glorious harvests, rich and lovely to behold. We see the tassled corn and various kinds of grain burden the fertile land. The orchards show forth their precious fruits. The deep blue Sky, and the clear bright Sun; the green waving fields; the golden harvests; the refreshing showers, with the vivid lightning, and looming thunder; are types of mature summer: this commences in June, and ends in September. Lo the grass begins to wither; the Cricket cherrups; the Birds have stopped their songs, and congregate in flocks and families; the leaves begin to drop suddenly to the ground; the forests, like man, begin to droop, and loose their greenness; the seeds lie buried

in the earth, awaiting a wintry sleep; bright sunny days, and cold nights, mark the change. This is autumn, from September to November; a beautiful and healthy bracing season. Then comes the sleep of nature, the hoary north sends forth its winds and clouds. Nature, like aged man, turns white, and sinks in death. All those changes are beautiful, and are necessary.

July 24, 1849.

**FUTURE PREVALENCE OF OUR LANGUAGE.**

THE history of the future is clearly foreshadowed by the prevalence of our race and language, both at present and in coming time.

The English is already spoken by a more numerous population than any other language.

Look at the table:

British Islands,	28,800,000
Canada and Northern Provinces,	2,100,000
West Indies, Guiana and Bermuda,	1,000,000
Australian Colonies & New Zealand,	250,000
India,	250,000
Africa—Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone and Liberia,	300,000
United States,	22,300,000
<b>Total, - - - - -</b>	<b>55,000,000</b>

The French is spoken by about	35,000,000
The German " "	40,000,000
The Russian " "	45,000,000

Hindustan is divided into several distinct languages, though all derived from a common stock—the Sanscrit.

The Chinese are divided into a number of provinces, the people of which do not comprehend each other, though their written language is the same, and the Mandarin dialect is generally employed by the high officers of government.

From this tabular statement of the present, let us turn to the future. We know by mathematical certainty that, unless some unusual dispensation of Providence occurs, our own race in America in 80 years will number 240,000,000; and that there is nothing in human view to prevent their peaceable spread through the whole

American Continent. As the French, Dutch, Swedish and Spanish have disappeared as far as the Rio Grande, so all others will vanish as far as Cape Horn.

Australia, the Sandwich and other numerous Islands of the Pacific, a landed territory more extensive than the whole of Europe, will soon speak no other language than our own. There are eight distinct colonies upon New Holland, New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land, and the emigration thither from the British Islands has reached as high as 16,000 in a single year.

Africa spreads out her wide fields, and the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, as fine a country as the globe contains, already numbers a quarter of a millron of Europeans, and the prospect of their extending through the rich territories on the north, is almost indefinite—very much, in fact, like our prospects on our continent. In this connection we must not overlook the present and future emigration to Africa by the blacks of America. These numbers are more than eight millions! distributed as follows:

United States—free	380,000
“ Slaves	3,000,000
West Indies	2,609,000
Brazil and South America	2,500,000
Total - - - - -	8,480,000

The majority of these speak English. But a few days since the public was gratified with a letter from President Roberts of Liberia, written in a highly commendable style, stating that his now adopted country has been recognized as an independent nation by England, France and Prussia. Liberia has already received 100,000 natives of the adjoining tribes, under the protection of her laws. In connection with Sierra Leone, it extends 400 miles along the coast. And if at this early day colonization to Africa has begun among the colored class, how much will the stream enlarge under the pressure of the dense population which another century will witness in our land. They will be as glad to return to their original country as we now are to remove to the West or as Europeans are to cross the Atlantic.

Egypt, though nominally free, is fast becoming a British dependency, being necessary as a thoroughfare to India. A numerous English society is collecting at Cairo, and an English church is erected. Although France may extend her power over the Barbary States, it is plain, especially in view of the great colony of the Cape of Good Hope, that four-fifths of Africa will speak the English language. According to this calculation the proportion of the whole area of the globe over which our language will extend, is the following:

North and South America—sq.	miles,	15,000,000
Australia and Pacific Islands,		3,500,000
Africa,		8,500,000
Total, - - - - -		27,000,000

The earth contains 50 millions of square miles, and by the above estimate the half will be used over much more than one half of it—to say nothing of its prevalence in Europe and Asia. In Asia the British possess Hindoostan, containing a million of square miles, and 150 million of inhabitants. They have large territories in Farther India between Burmah and Siam; they hold most of the Peninsula of Malacca; a part of Borneo; an island on the coast of China; and Aben in Arabia. The latter guards the entrance of the Red Sea as Gibraltar watches the Mediterranean.

Not only does it seem likely that our language will extend over more than half the globe, but over by far the most fertile and productive half. And it is not generally known how immensely fruitful are the tropical countries and what a numerous population they can support.

Belgium has 338 inhabitants to the square mile. Holland has 222 and exports provisions largely. If this can be done in a cold climate, where one-half of the year lives upon the products of the other half, what may we not expect of the rich tropical regions which are fruitful the whole year? Probably the entire landed surface of our globe, when science shall be applied to agriculture, and when the principles of order and industry shall be everywhere

prevalent, will support on an average 200 to the square mile. This would swell the amount of population more than a hundred times greater than it now is—and according to these speculations our own expressive language will daily be spoken by more than one-half of the entire number.

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### I see a Man.

I do not see his shabby dress,  
I see him in his manliness;  
I see his axe; I see his spade;  
I see a man that God has made;  
If such a man before you stand,  
Give him your heart—give him your hand  
And praise your maker for such men;  
They make this old earth young again.

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### What might be done?

What might be done if men were wise—  
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,  
Would they unite,  
In love and right,  
And cease their scorn of one another?

What might be done? *This* might be done,  
And more than *this*, my suffering brother—  
More than the tongue  
Ever said or sung,  
If men were wise, and loved each other.

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### The Pledge.

A pledge we make,  
No wine to take;  
No brandy red,  
To turn the head;  
No whisky hot,  
That makes the sot;  
No fiery rum,  
That ruins home;  
Nor will we sin,  
By drinking gin;  
Hard cider, too,  
Will never do;  
Nor brewer's beer,  
Our hearts to cheer.

To quench our thirst we always bring,  
Cold water from the well or spring;  
So here we pledge perpetual hate  
To all that can intoxicate.

## THE STAGE: A PROMOTER OF IMMORALITY.

BY J. W. M.

WHEN a disease that is infectious exists, and is likely to spread its contagion, it becomes the duty of all persons to warn the ignorant and unwary, and to apply those antidotes which are the most operative and the most lasting. Although many good men are uniting their efforts to effect the good of the rising generation—to train children to habits moral and religious—and to remove them from that heathenish darkness, which too much and too long has pervaded the region of the poorer classes of society—yet, I think with all their zeal, and all their endeavors, the desired end will not be accomplished, unless the great evil of our theatres be pointed out in a more general and public manner than has been hitherto done. It is this object which dictates the present observations; and, doubtless, the discussion of so general a question as the good or evil tendency of the stage, will prove of the greatest utility in assisting the labors of those benevolent individuals, who employ their time and their property, and exert their influence, in favor of the general good.

For my own part, I am not aware of a more delusive amusement than the stage. Nothing, perhaps, has contributed more to corrupt the morals of a people, than play-houses and stage-poets. Nor is it difficult to make this appear so to the candid inquirer, if he will call to mind the means that are used to accomplish the intention of the authors. Let us not forget the general *sentiments* of most plays. There we find that pride, resentment, and false honor are conspicuously sanctioned; that piety is very often represented in a ridiculous light; and that those who assume the character of public instructors, are made to be “wolves in sheep's clothing.” It is frequently the case, that the grossest licentiousness is considered a minor fault, and matrimony, the ordinance of our Creator, is made a scene of burlesque, and contemptuous merriment. Is not the rake frequently the favorite of the piece? and at the end of the play he often gets rewarded for his libertinism. Yet notwithstanding the no-

tority of these facts, there are individuals, who, bearing the character of fathers, lead their children to those haunts of immorality! As a parent, I would raise my loudest voice against those sinks of iniquity, and lead the young and tender mind to a more chaste and innocent amusement. But can it be said that the theatre is a means of inculcating morality and forming virtuous habits? Where is this lesson of morality taught? Is it in the representation of *fictitious* characters and incidents, made pliable to the nod of the stage-poet, or is it in the lives of *real* characters of the worst descriptions, with which theatres are at times favored?

I have spoken of the *sentiments* which generally pervade our plays—I will now speak of the *language* which they contain. And here I have no hesitation in saying that it is equally bad with the sentiment; for can it possibly be denied that our plays are abounding in jests on serious and religious subjects? So sensible do some of our play-poets seem to be of the utility of this method to ridicule Scripture truths that every nerve is strained to accomplish this object; and, as a preparative, they often indulge their anxious auditory with phrases of a double import. Indeed, they well know that drollery is a powerful engine to do mischief to religion. Reason, with all its batteries, has never been able to shake it. Experience concurs with its dictates; and the greatest shrewdness and sagacity have never been able to discover any flaws in its moral principles. But there is no fence against this flail of profane and scurrilous drollery, that, with its apish tricks and buffoonery, is able to render, not only the wisest man in the world, but the most solid and substantial truths, ridiculous. This plan, we know, is practically adopted in many departments of life, in which we see men put off with a jest what they can never answer with all their wit or talent. Do not our plays also, abound in profane oaths? And if these vices I have enumerated be tolerated, as they certainly are, by a crowded auditory, what need is there of further proof that our theatres are great corrupters of public morals?

With respect to the *effect* produced on an assembly by such sentiments and such language, we need only bring to our remembrance the nightly occupation of particular places, where the fallen victim of her own folly and guilt occupies a seat, to catch some unwary youth, deprive him of his property, ruin his reputation, and bring disgrace upon his connections. "Perhaps there is not in the world so compact and concentrated a mass of human depravity to be found, as in the *one shilling gallery* of the large theatres, when any piece of low and indecent buffoonery is to be performed. The very lowest, foulest dregs of fomenting grossness and vice are there, walking in tumultuous ebullition. Satan, certainly, has not on earth another agent so teeming with future evils." This fact is still more important and alarming, in the scale of argument, when we know that "on the lower classes the higher are built. They must stand or fall together. At any rate, if the former fail, the latter cannot keep their places. If you sap or corrupt the foundation, the superstructure must be endangered. Of the lower classes is the foundation of society formed. Here, then, in the theatre, is engendered the dry-rot, which, penetrating the heart of the oak that supports the state, destroys its very nature, and renders it not only useless, but highly insecure and dangerous."

It would be no difficult thing to carry our thoughts to the audience at minor theatres; but confirmation of the above opinion is fully in the consciences of all readers. And now I ask, if theatrical entertainments produce an effect so great, as to bring *such* an assembly together, where can possibly be the advantage of attending on them? for the exhibition must be congenial to the feelings and notions of this auditory, else they would not nightly *pay for their admission*.

I might easily paint the character and practice of some of our performers and playwrights; but I have no wish to say anything of living personages more than this—does their practical comment on the parts they represent to their audience for imitation correspond with the spirit of the doctrines

of the benevolent and heaven-taught Jesus?

Indeed, after all that can be said in favor of the stage, experience and observation urge me to say of plays, as Cowper does of cards, if not to rank them among the most demoralizing of

—“all the tricks  
That idleness has ev'ry yet contrived,  
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,  
To palliate dullness, and give time a shove.”

I would close by observing that the present subject is not a question of mere good nature. The public morals are involved in the regulation of the public pleasures; and an honest censor should chastise the encroachments of false taste with as strong a hand as that with which he would repel the inroad of a new vice. Food for man is not more essential than morality to nations.

### HOME.

The world is all before me  
To choose where'er I will—  
The blue sky blending o'er me  
Lights valley, plain and hill;  
Oh! many a nook enchanted,  
In virgin beauty drest—  
With Eden freshness haunted—  
Is wooing in the West.

And many a fount is flowing  
With none to hear its tale,  
And only wild flowers showing  
Its pathway in the vale!  
And many a boundless prairie—  
Like some remembered scene  
In boyhood's dream of fairy—  
Where man hath barely been!

And many a sunny highland  
Is gleaming far away—  
And many a spicy island  
Where summer loves to stay—  
And strange, bright birds are courting  
The warm and balmy breeze,  
Like winged lustres sporting  
Amid the gorgeous trees!

And lands that live in story,  
Where deeds of old renown  
In lay and legend hoary  
Have won a deathless crown;  
Where gray tradition lingers  
O'er tomb and classic fame,  
Which Time's effacing fingers  
Have touched with hallow'd strain.

But, oh! to me far dearer,  
And lovelier each morn,  
The homely landscape nearer—  
The spot where I was born!  
And were I like the swallow  
The wide world doom'd to roam,  
My heart unchang'd would follow  
The path that points to HOME!

### ROMANCES.

IT is probable that of all the causes which have injured the health of woman, the principal has been the prodigious multiplication of romances during the last century. From the cradle to the most advanced age, they read them with an eagerness which keeps them almost without motion and without sleep. A young girl, instead of running about and playing, reads, perpetually reads; and at twenty becomes full of vapors; instead of being qualified for the duties of a good wife or nurse. These causes, which influence the physical equality, influence the moral man. I have known persons of both sexes, whose constitutions would have been robust, weakened gradually by the too strong impressions of impassioned writings. The most tender romances hinder marriages instead of promoting them. A woman, while her heart is warmed by the languor of love, does not seek a husband—a hero must lay his laurels at her feet. The fire of love does not warm her heart, it only inflames her imagination.

### THE SABBATH.

ONE of the greatest blessings God has conferred on man is the sabbath. It may be considered:

1. As a cessation from labour. What a slavery would life be without the sabbath! There would be no rest for either man or beast; no intermission in the duties and avocations of life; life itself would be one continued round of toil from the cradle to the grave. But there is a day of rest given in mercy to man; and how delightful is the repose of the sabbath on this day. The din of business is no longer heard in the city; the plough lies motionless in the field; the tired horse, released from the yoke, roams at large;

and the peasant, who has been separated from his family during the week, on this day joins them around his homely fire. Such is the effect of association, that the very aspect of nature seems hallowed on this day; a sacred tinge seems to rest on every flower, on every leaf, on every blade of grass.

2. The sabbath may also be considered as a season of peculiar privileges.

"This is the day the Lord hath made;  
He calls the hours his own."

But with what different feelings do men hail the approach of this sacred day. To some it only presents a day of worldly pleasure; to others a day of business, who, though their shops or offices may be closed, devote the day to travelling or correspondence; and to many it is a day of weariness. They long for the tedious hours to be gone; but with what different feelings does the Christian hail the approach of this day. No sooner do its sacred hours dawn upon him, than he exclaims—

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

"The king himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray."

This day frees him from a vain world, and calls him to the house of prayer, the scene of his dearest associations, his highest enjoyments, and his holiest desires. The sanctuary is open; the word of life is expounded; Jehovah comes down, and communes with his people from off the mercy seat, and they are made glad. Here he spreads the banquet of his love, and says, "Eat, O friends! Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" And they do eat and drink, and exclaim with the church of old, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to his banquetting house, and his banner over me was love." And with the patriarch, "Surely this is none other than the house of God; it is the gate of heaven."

3. The sabbath may also be considered as a type and emblem of heaven.

"Day of all the seven the best;  
Emblem of eternal rest."

Yes, there remaineth a rest (or a sabbatism), the keeping of a sabbath to the people of God; but how different is the heavenly sabbath from the sabbath on earth! The heavenly sabbath is perfect in its nature, and eternal in its duration. It is perfect in its nature. What imperfections attend the believer in the performance of his most sacred duties here. Often when he enters the sanctuary, he exclaims,

"Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone;  
Let my religious hours alone."

But the world will not be gone; worldly thoughts intrude themselves into his mind. He may charge them to stay at the foot of the mount, while he ascends to hold communion with his heavenly Father, but they will not stay; so that he is compelled to exclaim, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." But no sin or imperfection shall ever tarnish the duties of the heavenly sabbath. "There shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts." "Nothing shall enter that defileth, or that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie." There will be no body of sin there to clog, no world to allure, no enemy to annoy, no coldness, no barrenness, no spiritual desertion, no wandering thoughts, no doubts or fears. No, the Christian will have laid aside his armour, and have entered into the joy of his Lord.

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul!"

The heavenly sabbath is eternal in its duration; here the sabbath is soon over. The Christian may exclaim, with Peter, "Lord, it is good to be here;" but he must again descend the mount, and have to combat with the things of time and sense. But it will not be so there: there "they serve God day and night in his temple," there

"Congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths never end."

"Him that overcometh will I make, a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." No, the believer will have joined the anthems of the upper temple, and will be for ever engaged in ascribing "Salvation to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

ONESIPHORUS.

### THE SLABBY SURTOUT.

HAD taken a place on the top of one of the coaches, which run between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. It was in the month of June, a season when travellers of various descriptions flock towards the modern or western countries, as their business or fancy leads. As we rattled along Prince street, I had leisure to survey my fellow travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first order, dressed in white great-coats and Bencher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which he puffed away with marvellous self complacency. Beside me sat a comely and modest young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of this youthful mourner and her baby, indicated that they belonged to the lower class of society; and though the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably at such times cast upon her child, seemed to touch even them, and disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the widow sat a young gentleman of plain, yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand, so small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all

probability, were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not, might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstorfine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard, observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it into the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly in the centre guard," said one of the dandies. "Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion. "It may capsize the coach," rejoined the first, a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

The morning being fine at our first setting out, the ride was peculiarly pleasant. The dandies talked of horses and dogs, and fowling pieces, and percussion caps every now and then, mentioning the names of Lord John and Sir Harry, as if their acquaintance lay among the great ones of the land. Once or twice I thought there was an expression of contempt in the countenance of the young man in the surtout, but in this I might be mistaken. His attention was evidently most directed to the mourner beside him, with whom he appeared to wish to get into conversation, but to lack, for a time, a favorable opportunity.

While we were changing horses at the little village of Uphall, an aged beggar approached, and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few halfpence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropping a half-crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other. "Showing off Jack," said the one. "Ay, ay, successful at our last benefit you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a hoarse-laugh. At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment and he continued silent.

(To be Continued.)

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

**M**AN is capable of great mental culture. — His Creator has raised him in the scale of beings—blessed him with reason and judgment — and, made him capable of so enriching his mind with the treasures of knowledge and wisdom, as to be fitted for extensive and permanent usefulness, and great enjoyment in this life. But the mind needs cultivation. In its native state, it has justly been compared to the unpolished marble; and there is no greater difference between the block just taken from its bed, and the one over which the artisan has passed his skilful hand, than exists between the unimproved mind, and the one well instructed, and finely polished and decorated by science, and an acquaintance with men and with things. Proper education and knowledge will bring out the powers of the mind, give to them a right direction, and show to man the superiority of his own soul, and the exalted position that he is designed to occupy among the creatures formed by the Great Creator.

As Mental Culture is essential to the full développement of the intellectual powers, it should be the aim of all, but especially of the youth, to improve their minds by reading and study, and the use of such sources of instruction, and knowledge, as they can secure. And all may improve their minds. Where this is not done, in countries such as our own, it is more for the want of the desire, than it is for the want of the opportunity, or the means.— Some, it is true, have greater privileges than others, in this respect; but where there is a strong thirst for knowledge, all obstacles will be surmounted, and this inestimable treasure will be secured. If the time wasted, by most persons, were but devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and the improvement of the mind, in various ways; it would vastly increase the amount of learning, and useful intelligence and knowledge among mankind. Let the youth of Canada be deeply impressed with the correctness of this remark, and properly employ their time in the great work of improving their minds, and it will tell, both upon their happiness and usefulness.

## ASIATIC CHOLERA.

**D**OES any person start at the heading of this article, and begin to conclude that the dreadful disease named is not a fit subject to be written upon in a magazine; let that individual pause a while first, and hear what we have to say upon the subject. Situated as we have been for the last four weeks, in the midst of the ravages of the cholera, which has swept off not less than four hundred persons in that time in this city; it would be remarkable if the subject should not be fresh in our thoughts; and unfeeling, a stoick, indeed, must that person be who can remain unmoved where there is so much human suffering and death. Whole families have been consigned to their last resting place, in the course of a few days—parents have been called to part with all their children—children have been deprived of both their parents; ties indeed the most sacred; and bonds the most affectionate, have been severed in an hour! Nor has this destroyer confined his attacks to the ranks of the intemperate and profligate; many of strictly temperate habits and good moral character have been among his victims. We have just received a note to attend the funeral of the third member of a respectable and pious family who has been removed by this disease within the last 48 hours; all of whom were married persons; and one or two more members of this family, are also attacked, and at this moment suffering all the pain and apprehension common to this most mysterious and malignant contagion!

Were none but the low and sunken in sin, made the victims of cholera, others might indulge in presumption, and consequently, not be brought to acknowledge their dependence upon the Divine being, or rightly to consider that the lives of all are in His hands, and that their only safety and wise course is to trust in Him at all times. The most skeptical can scarcely fail of being convinced that this is a judgment from Heaven, sent upon the people of numerous nations of the earth, on account of their sins. Not so much perhaps as a punishment; but used by the infinitely wise Being as a means to awaken a slumbering church, and to lead his enemies every where.

to see their wretched condition while exposed to all the consequences of transgressing the Divine laws. All are liable to be attacked.—The worst members of society have been taken, and the best have also been among the victims of this awful malady.

Medical aid, in most cases, proves to be of but little service except in the very first symptoms of the disease; and in many instances the attack is so sudden and deadly, as to defy all human interference no matter how soon attempted. There yet remains much that is mysterious connected with this subject. It has elicited a great amount of speculation and experimenting, in medical science and practice; and all to little purpose. The first class of the medical profession in every part of the world where cholera has raged, have given the question every attention in their power. They have employed all the means available in the investigation; and yet but little is known as to the causes, nature, and remedy, of this malady. Twenty years investigation has made the profession but little, if any, wiser upon these points. The most that is known of the cholera is, that as a pestilence it has gone from land to land, spreading in every direction; and sweeping off hundreds of thousands of our race in its course!

Looking at the progress and ravages of this contagion, the question is forced upon the mind, What are its moral effects upon the people in places visited by it? It is an agent of Divine providence, doubtless, and employed for some wise purpose, not to make the world worse, but, to make it better. Surely if anything is capable of producing a deep solemn and moral impression on the mind, this must be. What can be better calculated to remind men that they are mortal, that the great business of this life should be to prepare for the one which is to come; and that those only are wise who prepare to meet their God? It is only in extreme cases, and where the ordinary means fail of accomplishing their intended end, that God has recourse to extraordinary measures. But in cases of the kind much will depend upon christians, and the churches. The great and principal agent employed to

save men from their sins, is the gospel; and when the world becomes so wicked that men will not be awakened, nor converted by this means; the Lord makes use of such means as are calculated to alarm sinners and lead them to obey the gospel. Not that any other agency is to do the work of the gospel, but they are employed to direct attention to the one grand agency, and to convince men that the doctrines and teachings of the word of God are true. It follows then that christians must do their duty, that the churches must be active; and that the gospel must be faithfully employed when the judgements of God are being visited upon a people, or they will not accomplish the end designed.

How great must be the responsibility of christians, and of christian ministers, provided our views of the subject are correct; and how deeply guilty they must be where they do not wake up, and discharge their duty faithfully, and fearlessly; in times such as the present.—These are solemn times. All may not be sensible of it, but many are; and all should be. There are those who could sport, gamble, and take the inebriating draught upon the coffin of a mother, or a wife! such are lost to all moral sentiment and influence, and make no distinction between the life of a man and that of a beast. Nothing but the sound of the Trump of God to bring the world to judgement will produce solemnity in their souls. They will sport on; the ravages of the destroying angel make no impression upon their minds. But all mankind are not of this class, and therefore it is to be hoped, at least, that this season of sickness and death will result in some moral and religious good to mankind. Christians should seize upon the occasion, and direct as many as possible to the only sure source of consolation and hope.

#### AN IMPROVEMENT.

IT will be seen that we have printed the greater part of this number of the *Gem* in smaller type than we have used for previous numbers; this is a decided improvement; as it enables us to give much more matter in the same space. We intend to print the future

numbers in this type. Of course it increases our expenses; but this we will submit to willingly, provided it be but properly appreciated by our Subscribers.

#### TO OUR PATRONS.

**W**e have a few words to say to our Patrons upon a subject which deeply concerns our own interests—one which we have named a few times heretofore—it will not, therefore, be altogether new to them. We had hoped to have been saved from again calling the attention of our Subscribers to the fact, that many, very many, of those who receive the *Gem* are still behind in respect of the *cash*! Were there but a few, or a small proportion of our Subscribers, in arrears, we should never call on that few through our pages; but when by far the greater number of our Patrons thus neglect us, we have no apology to make for naming the circumstance as we do. A few of those who receive the *Gem* have cashed up; many thanks to them; they appear to understand that paper and ink cost something—that Printers cannot live upon the wind—that the expenses of a Printing Office amount in a year to no trifling sum—that an Editor, like any other operating man, cannot long live by his labors, unless paid for them. If all, or one half even, of our Subscribers were of the class of which we now speak, we could meet all our *cash* engagements, and devote our time and attention to the pages of the *Gem*, in a way that would render it tenfold more interesting than it is at present; but neglected as we are at present, we can do neither.

Many are now in arrears for two years subscription. Will not each of these Mail to our address, IMMEDIATELY, three dollars? that being the price for the Two Volumes *now*. Many more have not yet paid for the current Volume. Will not each of those cash up a dollar-and-a-half? that being the price for the Volume *now*. As it is inconvenient for the extra half-dollar to be sent in a letter, let two join and send three dollars in one envelope; where this is impracticable, let one dollar be mailed, and the postage thereon paid, and the balance can be arranged hereafter. Now, we flatter our-

selves that this call will not be in vain. This is a favorable season for persons to raise means to pay their small debts; and we doubt not our Subscribers are all *now* looking out for the little odds and ends, due them, from various sources, as well as for larger sums. Let those in our debt remember us; and do it in some tangible form. We want money. Our expenses are heavy, and must be met; and unless we are paid for our work and materials, we must abandon the publication of our Magazine, and turn our attention to something that will pay expenses, at least.

We commenced this Publication because we saw, or thought we saw, an opportunity to render ourselves somewhat useful in this, the land of our birth, and we should be glad to continue our labors in this way; but, this will depend much upon that part that shall be acted by our present delinquent Subscribers.

#### ANOTHER OFFER.

**W**e have many Subscribers on our List who have not yet paid for the current Volume of the *Gem*, and who are now entitled to pay a dollar-and-a-half for the year, as they did not avail themselves of the opportunity to get the work at a dollar. Now, every one of these who will procure for us a New Subscriber, and send to our address two dollars, free of postage, shall have a receipt, for the pay for the *Gem*, in full, both for himself and his Subscriber for the year; and we will forward the back numbers to the New Subscriber at once. This will be equal to giving half-a-dollar for the Subscriber! We hope that all in arrears will accept of this offer. Every one that does will save to himself two-shillings-and-six-pence—help us to an additional Subscriber—pay an honest debt—and, save us the trouble and expense of sending an agent for the amount.

#### OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We are obliged to send out the *Gem* without an engraving, for two or three issues, but we will endeavor to make it up before the end of the volume, by putting more than one in several of the numbers.