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Poetry.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST.

BY WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Oh thank, Thou Maker—Great Supreme!
For all Thy works we see.
The heart's response, our highest theme,
Be grateful praise to Thee;
Thanks for thy shade and sunlight beam
O'er heaven's cerulean dome
Wherely Thy wondrous grace hath sent
A plenteous Harvest Home!

Oh, thanks that in the spring-time, Thou
Hd'st give refreshing showers,
And hang thy bright o'er-arching bow
O'er Summer's fruits and flowers,
The morning airs the cool breeze
The flashing sunbeams
But chiefly that Thy gift be given
A plenteous Harvest Home!

We bless Thee for the radiant hours
That crowned our Summer's noon,
The sunny days, the fragrant flowers,
The still calm nights of June;
The streams that fertilizing flowed,
With hopes of good to come,
But chiefly for Thy gift bestowed,
A plenteous Harvest Home!

While fanning airs their odors breathe
O'er all our fields so fair,
The daughters of our land shall wreath
The wheat-ears in their hair;
And fairy feet the dance prolong,
While mirth and gladness come,
And grateful voices hymn the song
Of glorious Harvest Home!

Out-breaking thanks and grateful praise
In every breast be found,
That Thou didst precious treasures raise
So bless the fertile ground;
That Thou didst cause each open field
A sea of corn to come,
And to Thy breathing creatures yield
A plenteous Harvest Home!

Biographical.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The last link of the chain which bound us as Britons to a warlike age, has now been suddenly snapped asunder, and while we look in vain for another name so amply to fill the page of history, we at the same time humbly hope, that the military spirit which in the Duke of Wellington had its greatest, most powerful, and most effective embodiment, has now forever fled from the wide realms over which Victoria reigns, and that the spirit of truth will now prevail, to fill the hearts of all her devoted subjects with a more genial more noble impulse than can be inspired by war, in its mildest manifestations, or in its most glorious achievements. It is a sickening tale at the best, even though crowned with all its gaudy trappings, and its splendid triumphs, and although calling in the aid of the greatest talents to its successful prosecution, it is an utter violation and debasement of every principle and feeling that would ennoble human nature. We subjoin a brief sketch of the Duke, condensed from the London Times:—

The Duke's Military Career.

The Hon. Arthur Wellesley, the third son of the first Earl of Mornington, was born in Merrion

Street, Dublin, on or about the 1st of May, 1769. There has been a good deal of dispute as to whether the Duke was born in Dublin, or at his father's country seat Dangan Castle, County Meath; but we have before us the file of the Dublin Freeman for the year 1769, and in the paper of May 6th, we find the following announcement amongst the births:—"Birth.—In Merrion street, the right hon. the Countess of Mornington, of a son." This piece of evidence, for which we are indebted to Mr. F. P. Colley, of Liverpool, a relation of the Wellesley family, is decisive of the birth place of the Duke. There is some uncertainty as to the day of his birth.—The birthday of the Duke was always kept on the 1st of May; but the parish register of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, states that "Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington," was christened by "Isaac Maun, Archdeacon, on the 30th April, 1769." The young Arthur Wellesley entered the army almost a boy. He obtained his commission as ensign and lieutenant in the year 1787; as captain in 1791; as major and lieutenant-colonel, in 1793; as colonel in 1796; as major-general, in 1802; as lieutenant-general, in 1808; as general in Spain and Portugal, 1811; and as field-marshal, on the 21st June, 1813. The year in which he received his commission as major and lieutenant-colonel was the year in which the war with France commenced; and that war continued (with two short intervals, one of a year, the other of a few months) to the final overthrow of the Emperor Napoleon, at Waterloo, in the year 1815. The first actual service of the great warrior was in the year 1794, in Flanders, under that brave, but incapable commander, his Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York. In May of that year lieutenant-colonel Wellesley embarked at Cork, in command of the 33rd regiment, and in the following month he joined the army in Flanders. The 10th of April, 1814, saw the close of the Peninsular War; the 11th of April, 1815, saw the Duke of Wellington at Brussels, organizing an army to resist the Emperor Napoleon, who had returned to France in triumph. On the 15th of June the French army crossed the frontier at Charleroi; on the 16th the Duke of Wellington encountered and repulsed Marshal Ney, at Quatre Bras; on the 18th of June, the battle of Waterloo again made Napoleon an exile and a captive, and prepared the way for the peace, of almost forty years' duration, which England has since enjoyed.

The Duke's Character.

If aught can lessen this day the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection that the life which has just closed, leaves no duty incomplete, and no honor bestowed. The Duke of Wellington had exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day, filled from dawn to night-fall with renowned actions, animated by unflagging energy in the public service, guided by unswerving principles of conduct and of statesmanship. He rose, by a rapid series of achievements which none had surpassed, to a position which no other man in this nation every enjoyed. The place occupied by the Duke of Wellington in the councils of the country and in the life of England can no more be filled. There is none with whom

the valour and the worth of this nation were so incorporate. Yet, when we consider the fullness of his years, and the abundance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, "*Satis diu vivisse dicito*," since, being moral, nothing could be added either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her inexorable limits, and the infirmities of age to lay a lighter burden on his honored head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms and the last counsels of his age, until, by lot unexampled in his history, the man who had played the most conspicuous parts in the annals of more than half a century, became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carries with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements. To what a century, to what a country, to what achievements was that life successfully dedicated! For its prodigious duration—for the multiplicity of contemporary changes and events far outnumbering the course of its days and years—for the invariable and unbroken stream of success which attended it from its commencement to its close, from the first flash of triumphant valor in Indian war to that senatorial wisdom on which the sovereign and the nation hung for counsel to its latest hour—for the unbending firmness of character which bore alike all labor and all prosperity—and for unalterable attachment to the same objects, the same principles, the same duties, undisturbed by the passions of youth and unrelaxed by the honors and enjoyments of peace and of age—the life of the Duke of Wellington stands alone in history. In him at least posterity will trace a character superior to the highest and most abundant gifts of fortune. If the word "heroism" can not be unfairly applied to him, it is because he remained greater than his own prosperity, and rose above the temptations by which other men of equal genius, but less self-government, have fallen below their destinies. His life has nothing to gain from the language of panegyric, which would compare his military exploits or his civil statesmanship with the prowess of an Alexander or a Cæsar, or with the astonishing career of him who saw his empire overthrown by the British General at Waterloo. These were the offspring of passion and of genius, flung from the volcanic depths of revolutions and civil war to sweep with meteoric splendour across the earth, and to collapse in darkness before half the work of life was done. Their violence, their ambition, their romantic existence, their reverses, and their crimes, will forever fascinate the interest of mankind, and constitute the secret of their fame, if not of their greatness. To such attractions, the life and character of the Duke of Wellington presents no analogy. If he rose to scarcely inferior renown, it was by none of the passions or the arts which they indulged and employed. Unvanquished in the field, his sword was never drawn for territorial conquest, but for the independence of Europe and the salvation of his country.—Raised by the universal gratitude of Europe and of this nation, to the highest point of rank and power which a subject of the British monarchy could attain, he wore those dignities, and he used that influence within the strict limits of a subject's duty. No law was ever twisted to his will no right was ever sacrificed by one hour's breath