

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

No. 32.

Poetry.

INWARD LIFE.

Let us only be in earnest;
Let us see things as they are;
Free from sin a deceitful serpent,
Filled with trustful, heavenly care;
Then would He, the Friend of sinners,
Sit with us, and we with Him,
Raising all our better feelings
To their crystal fountain's brim;
And would break upon our vision
Glories not before conceived—
Glories could they be received,
Too refined to be believed!
O'er a world of sin and sorrow,
Heavenly rainbows still would gleam
And the ancient archangel's ladder
Would no longer be a dream!

THE DEAD.

BY HENRY ALFORD.

The dead alone are great!
While heavenly plans abide on earth,
The soul is one of dewless death;
But when they die, a mourning shower
Comes down, and makes their memory flower
With odors sweet the late.

The dead alone are fair!
While they are with us, strange lines play
Before our eyes, and chase away
God's light; but let them pale and die,
And swell the stores of memory—
There is no envy there.

The dead alone are dear!
While they are here, long shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all,
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

The dead alone are best!
While they are here, clouds mar the day,
And bitter snow falls nipt their May;
But when their tempest time is done,
The light and heat of heaven's own sun
Broods on their land of rest.

Literature.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

On a wintry afternoon in the month of February—carnival time—in Paris, I sat in my room, in the Rue Rambouillet, Quartier Latin, alone. The course of lectures in the College de France which I had been following, was suspended for the holidays. All serious things were put aside for that round of gaiety which was to fortify the Parisians against the supposed privations of Lent. I, however, had determined to eschew all pleasure for awhile. Upon a serious review of my career for some months previously, I had come to the conclusion, that nothing short of hard study and moderate fare, in my hermitage, far removed from the gaiety of Paris, in the time of carnival, could atone for the past, and bring me upon good terms with myself. So, upon this afternoon—being the third day of my voluntary confinement—I had returned from the restaurant, and putting on my dressing gown and Greek cap, sat down with my book open before me.

There is a solemn sensation in a wintry afternoon, when the dusk comes on early, and we sit quietly alone, which belongs to no other season. Mine was a retired street, and my room being *au sixieme*, I was as much removed from the bustle of Parisian life as if I had been in Palmyra or Pompeii. Yet, sometimes, in the pauses of my reading, out of the very solitude and stillness, perhaps from an involuntary listening for some sound, there grew up a low noise in the air, which seemed always about to become more distinct; but dying away, returned again, in a manner that perplexed me. I speculated upon the cause of it. I fancied it was the whole noise of the city blended and softened down into one deep murmur. I imagined the variety of sounds of which it was composed. I analysed it into the rumbling of vehicles, voices of people, bells, shutting of doors, working of machines, falling of waters, music, laughter, wailings; and, letting my fancy take such shapes as it would, I saw, in my reverie, many scenes from which such sounds might arise. I found pleasure in such fancies, and gave myself up to them easily. When I aroused, the sound was hushed; but on waiting awhile and listening attentively, the same murmur seemed to fill the air. A suspicion that it was a deception of a sense overstrained by listening, set me meditating; for with this, as with most trifling things which baffle our inquiries into their causes, I was reluctant, having begun my speculations, to give them up without coming to some satisfactory conclusion.

I rose from my seat and looked out of the window. In the square yard below, the bare branches of the trees were not stirred by a breath of wind. The sky was cloudy as if snow were about to fall: in the dusk, here and there, I saw lights at the windows. My neighbour, the daguerrotypist, who lived with his wife—a Norman woman—and four children, in a little erection upon the next roof, I could see smoking and reading by the fire. For three weeks, no body had been on his roof to pose for a portrait; the sun having altogether withdrawn his smiles from the people of Paris during that time, and the secret of taking photographic portraits *par tous les temps*, not having been then discovered. He was a cheerful man, and his wife was a cheerful woman, yet he was poorer even than I was. He had a little glass-case beside a shop-door in the Rue Dauphine, with an announcement that he would take portraits, in a style there exhibited, at two francs fifty centimes; or in family groups, of not less than four, at one franc per physiognomy; and directing the public to "M. Brisson, Rue Rambouillet, No. 2, top of the house." His roof was never crowded at the best of times, and in dull weather his occupation was gone. At such times, with the wind that way, I have missed the savory smell of soup or bouilli at the accustomed hour of cloven in the morning. A Frenchwoman can make soup of anything; and the poverty must be sad indeed, when she can no longer provide this.

I took an interest in this family. I climbed up their dark staircase one day six flights of stairs and a ladder, and as soon as I could recover my breath, demanded a portrait at two francs fifty centimes. They had attracted my attention from my window, and I was prompted more by curiosity than aught else to pay them a visit. The sun was feeble that day; and after "posing" eight times, and waiting while his wife gave an extra polish to the plate; and, finally, for the ninth time putting on that look of profound sagacity, mingled with good-humour, which all people try to get into their portraits, I was obliged to give it up. The time was not wholly lost; I had seen something of Monsieur Brisson's home in the time that I had waited, and this was my chief object in going to him. Indeed a portrait would have been of no manner of use to me, and I half suspected myself of a secret design in choosing such a dull day. So I rose to go away; and, after remarking upon the trouble to which I had put him, held out two francs in my hand. Poverty was written on his walls, and on his patched blue blouse; but he resolutely refused my offer, with a speech that would have brought down an avalanche of applause on the stage of the Gymnase, if he had pronounced it there in a tone a trifle more tragic than that in which he then spoke, and had paused to take the sense of the house on the propriety of his sentiment. That man's cheerfulness puzzled me. I strove to account for it upon philosophical principles, and thought all daguerrotypers in Paris must be cheerful, because they live on the roofs, and are most subject "to skyey influences." So I fell meditating deeply upon this subject.

When I looked out again, it was getting darker, and there was a slight fog, which made some lights, a long way off, across the houses tops, glimmer in a halo. Looking round my room, it had to me a drearier air than usual, with its scanty furniture, and floor of polished tiles. My fire was nearly out—if an Englishman could give the name of fire to a few chips of charcoal, shut up closely in a porcelain cylinder, standing out in the room, and communicating with the chimney by a rusty tin-pipe. I opened its little door; and kneeling down, was just in time to blow out the last remains of vitality. The weather was cold, but I did not care to light it again. It was becoming too dark to read, and I determined not to light my lamp. I sat down again, and wrapped my dressing-gown about me with a shiver. The great pipe, which my friend Louis Raynal gave me when he came back from Africa, hung upon the wall. I sat looking at its enormous bowl—carved into the face of an Arab, with a fierce grin and small black eyes—until I could scarcely see it; though now and then, I knew not why, it suddenly became more distinct. When I was tired, my eye wandered, and fixed itself upon the carving of the Crucifixion on the mantelpiece. This was of white wood, and consequently remain-