

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLE, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

No. 8.

Poetry.

THE TEAR.

Whence comes the silent tear,
Which oft bedews the eye?
Dwells it on hope or fear,
Or mournful agony?

Comes it from the heart,
Where sorrow can oppress?
It's care that gives the smart,
Or poverty's distress?

A tear is like the sun,
Or dew upon a flower,
Joy wills that it shall come
To greet the happy hour.

A tear is like a cloud,
When hope doth seem to flee,
When grief doth mourn aloud
The power of destiny.

The parent sheds a tear,
From pure affection's tie,
When death doth seek to tear
His mortal sovereignty.

A tear is at command,
To the passions of the soul,
It ever is at hand,
And awayed by their control.

J. H. D.

Literature.

THE IRISH HEART.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a pleasant sight to look upon James and Nora in their early childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent. They were the youngest of a cabin-full of children; and though they did now and then get a cuff from the elder ones, with the hasty words, "Get out of the way, you spalpeen," they were the pets and playmates of them all.— Their love for each other was extreme; and though James, early in his boyhood, evinced the Irish predilection of giving knocks, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about, it was his delight to gather the May-gowans that grew about the well, and put them in Nora's curly hair; and then he would sit before her, with his little hands resting upon his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older they might be seen weeding the "pratias,"* side by side, or hand in hand, gathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was ever serious and earnest.

When the young maiden was milking the cows, her soft low voice might usually be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But plaintive tones were rarely heard from James. He came home from his daily labor whistling like a blackbird, mocking the cuckoo, or singing, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, or the facetious air of Paudsen O'Rafferty. At dancing, too,

he excelled all the lads of the neighbourhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three-part reel, or four-part reel, or rowly-powly, to the tune of The Dusty Miller, or the Rakes of Ballyshanny, with such a quick ear for the music that all the lasses declared they could "see the tune upon his feet." He was a comely lad, too; and, at weddings and Christmas carousals, none of the rustic dandies looked more genteel than he, with his buff-coloured vest, his knot of ribbons at each knee, and his *caubeen*,* set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good natured and mirthful, he was a great favourite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Nora's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gaiety of his disposition, he had a spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish imagination. Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses, and a pleasant jaunting car, and in the farmhouse and the jaunting-car, Nora was ever by his side; for with the very first guinea that crossed his hand, sure he would send for her. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathize with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castles in America, and every penny that she could earn at her spinning-wheel was laid away for passage money.— But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the married sisters, with their little ones, and neighbours from far and near, came to bid him farewell and give their parting blessing. The good mother was busy to the last, storing away some little comfort in his sea-box. Nora, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated, for the thousandth time, "And Jimmy, *mavourneen*, if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting me? You will send for your own Nora soon?"

"Forget you!" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom: "When the blest sun forgets to rise over the green earth, maybe I'll forget you, *mavourneen dheelish*!"

Amid oft-repeated words of love and blessing he parted from them. Their mutual sorrow was a little softened by distant visions of a final reunion of them all in America. But there was a fearful uncertainty about this.— The big sea might swallow him up, he might sicken and die among strangers, or bad examples might lead him into evil paths worse than death.

To this last suggestion, made by an elder sister, Nora replied with indignant earnestness. "Led into evil courses, indeed!" she exclaimed; "Shame be on you for spaking that same! and he the dacontest and best behaved boy in all the county Longford. You don't know the heart of him, as I do, or you'd

never be spaking of him in that-fashion; It's a shame on you, and indeed it is. But och, *currah dheelish*,* let him not sicken and die there in a strange country, and the sister not there to do for him!" And, overcome by the picture her own imagination had drawn, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In a few weeks, came a first letter from James, written on board the ship in which he sailed from Dublin. About seven months later, came a letter dated New York, saying he had obtained work at good wages, and, by God's blessing, should soon be enabled to send for his dear sister. He added a hint that one of those days, when he had a house of his own, perhaps the father and mother would be after coming over. Proud were they in the Irish cabin, when this letter was read aloud to all who came to inquire after the young emigrant. All his old cronies answered, "Troth, and *Ad* do well shywhere. He was always an *acent*, *cland*, *spitid* boy, as there was widin' *great* ways of him. Not a man in the ten parishes could dance the *Balldrum* jig wid him, *thy* how."

Time passed on, and no other letter came from James. Month after month, poor Nora watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight of her father, when he returned from the distant post-office, for he promised if he found a letter, to wave his hand high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill, fronting the house. But no letter came; and at last Nora fully believed that her darling brother was dead. After writing again and receiving no answer, she at last wrote to the son of a neighbor, who had emigrated to America and begged of him, for the love of humanity, to ascertain whether James was dead or alive, and send them word as soon as possible. The Irishman to whom this urgent epistle was addressed, was at work on a distant railroad, and had no fixed place of residence; and so it happened that Nora received no answer to her anxious inquiries, for more than a year and a-half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:

"Dear Friends—Black and hovy is my hart for the news I have to tell you. James is in prison, concernin a bit of paper, that he passed for money. Sorra a one of the nabors but will be lettin down the tears, when they hear o' the same. I don't know the rights of the case, but I will never believe he was the boy to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is upon him. It may be some comfort to know that his time will be out in a year and a-half, any how. I have not seen James sense I come to Ameriky; but I heard tell of what I have writ. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your hearts from sinkin down with this hevry sorrow. Your friend and nabor,

"Mike Murray."

Deep, indeed, was the grief in that honest family, when these sad tidings were read.— Poor Nora buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. The old mother rocked violent-

*Potatoes.

*Opp. †Darling. ‡Sweet darling.

§Sweet Virgin.