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Poetry.

THE BLIND GIRL.

She sits in silence all the day,
Our little gentle one,
And basketh in the welcome ray
Of the glorious summer sun;
The warm beams falling on her brow
Shed gladness through her mind,
But ne'er may she their radiance know—
The little one is blind.]

Her small hands hold a blushing wreath
Of lovely forest flowers—
Oh, well she loves your fragrant breath,
Sweet friends of summer hours!
But not for her each gorgeous hue
O'er your fair petals spread;
Alike to her the violets blue
Or rose's glowing red.

She looketh towards the quiet sky
In the still summer night,
But vainly on her darkened eye
Falls the pale moonlight;
In vain from the bright home above
The peaceful stars gaze down—
She knoweth not their looks of love
From gathering tempest's frown.

A mother speaketh to her child
In accents mild and sweet,
A brother through the wood-path wand
Guideth her wand'ring feet;
Each kindly deed, each gentle tone
"Tis to her heart's deep cell—
What would she give to look upon
The friends she loves so well!

And thou shalt see their faces yet,
Stricken, yet blessed one!
When all Earth's ruined ones are met
Before the Eternal Throne,
The cloud that dims thy vision now
Shall at thy word be riven,
And the first light thine eyes shall know
Shall be—the light of heaven.

Literary.

SMOKED BACON.—A SKETCH.

CHARLES LAMB, in his own good humored way, tells us of the introduction of "Roast Pig" into China by Chung Ping; but so far as I am aware has never said a word about the introduction of smoked bacon into England, an omission which is only pardonable from the consideration, that, as every Englishman is pretty well acquainted with that sort of thing, it must have been introduced by somebody. Cockneys at least would seem to delight most in the animal in this stage of its progress, if the thousand and one "Fine Wiltshire Bacon" shops which grace the great city be taken as an indication of their predilections that way. I have no wish whatever to disturb them in the enjoyment of their rasher, and will therefore turn my steps to the Northern half of the island, as the incident which came under my notice respects the introduction of smoked bacon of a peculiar flavor into Auld Reekie, by two cockneyed Scotchmen.

Sir James Fraser of Rutland Square, a very eminent advocate, had been presented with a couple of fine slabs by one of his clients at Dalkeith, and while perambulating Parliament Square shortly after, could not help mentioning the circumstance to a brother of the long robe, who, at once began to expatiate upon the very palatable improvement which would be effected upon the bacon if it were smoked, as this was the only thing which gave the Westphalia hams,

a title to so great celebrity. He had himself— he said—experimented upon the matter recently, by getting his cabinet maker to smoke a piece for him which he had got in a similar way, and he was greatly gratified with the result.

As may be imagined Sir James lost no time in using up the information he had received. A note was despatched to Mr. Borthwick of St. Andrew's Square, containing the aforementioned particulars, and requesting to know per bearer whether such a favor could be granted.

Sir James received an answer in the affirmative, and very shortly thereafter a stalwart Highland Porter might have been seen crossing the end of Lothian Road, pretty well laden, and John walking very primly behind him, to the workshop in Rose Street, to give the necessary instructions. The foreman who had been warned us to the affair, got two large nails driven into the wide chimney, and the slitches were hung up to remain there a fortnight or so, as the foreman thought from the quantity of shavings and wood consumed daily in the fire, two weeks would be sufficient to give them a nice flavor.

Solomon says, there is a time for everything under the sun,—well, it so happened at this particular time there were in Mr. Borthwick's workshop, three or four very dissipated workmen, who took the lead in all shop matters, and although I believe that such characters would not at the present moment be allowed so to control any workshop in Edinburgh, yet such was the fact at the time to which I refer, a period somewhat antecedent to 1835, the date of a great revolution in the northern metropolis.

Well these jovial fellows had nearly all the younger members of the workshop on their side. Many of them, were young lads from the country come in to push their way, and glad of the assistance and direction of those more experienced, even though now and then it should be at the expense of strict morality. Then these boon companions had a certain swaggering independent way of talking which was relished at first by these raw recruits from the country until they found out that it was all bomb,—that these pretenders to independence were the veriest sneaks in existence and that their asseverations, were exactly what the great people who inhabit Creation on the other side the lines would call—genuine bunkum.

But I had forgotten about the bacon.—Two of these worthies had been some years resident in London working as journeymen,—a fact sufficient of itself to seal their reputation, and also in some measure forming the connecting link between the Wiltshire Bacon of Newgate Street, and its introduction into an Edinburgh Cabinet Shop.

While in London they had acquired the habit of drinking beer during the day,—a practice common among printers and all other occupations, occasioned in a great measure by the very ill arranged social economy of that mighty city. Returning to their native home they brought with them their pernicious custom,—which however plausibly it may be defended in London, never could, north of the Tweed, and it became absolutely necessary that they should have a daily supply of Edinburgh Ale, or—Pot Yill—as they technically termed it, in order to remind them of Lon-

don. Here I would once more digress to say, that when such a custom is permitted by the foreman of any workshop, it is no use for the younger branches—however well disposed,—to refuse to comply. They would be sent to Coventry at once, and if they did not speedily oblige in they would be glad to leave the premises. As a necessary consequence then, the juvenile sabs were initiated into the custom, to train them for their future triumphs in London.

On the day following that on which John had made his appearance in the workshop in Rose-St. one of those wights went to the fire for the glue pot, and seeing the end of the slitch peering temptingly through the thick smoke it brought to his remembrance the rows of "Fine Breakfast Bacon" he used to see in the shops at Dalington of a morning as he trended towards the city. As he ruminated, the desire increased to apply a chisel to the corner of it, and as it was lunch time with him, he was convinced that a slice or two "done to a turn," accompanied by a pot of half-and-half, would relish very sweetly. He set himself to the accomplishment of the work, and the first action was to "ring the bolthead," a signal amongst cabinet-makers when a shop meeting is wanted. He was speedily surrounded by his companions, and the proposition to cut off a few slices was warmly submitted—the proposer declaring that by rounding off the corner nicely, the deficiency would never be known. The motion was enthusiastically supported by his boon companions; but one after another of the junior members slunk away to their benches without making any remark, determined to have no hand in the matter.

These members of the fraternity it will be observed took the negative side of that delicate principle—*obsta principiis*—which would say to all and sundry, Resist the appearance of evil. Solomon wisely says: "He that passing by meddleth with strife which belongeth not unto him taketh a dog by the ears;" but there is a material difference between interfering with other people's matters, and allowing ourselves to be compromised by the actions of others, when it is taken into account that by a silent acquiescence we not only countenance the evil, but become—as lawyers say—*particeps criminis*, and therefore morally bound for the consequences. He that is not for me is against me, is the divine touchstone for all our actions. This, however, is a digression.

The junior members of the shop, by their silence, allowed the Londoners to have it all their own way, and the apprentice, a young lad of about 16 years of age, was set to work, very much against his will, to cut and prepare rashers for each and all. Ale and biscuits having been procured a regular feed was the consequence, and so jovial did they become over the pic-nic that three of them went away to finish the day in an adjoining tavern. On the following day they came to their work late, and very frozzy looking, but kept on until about 12 o'clock, when the previous days proposition was again submitted, and cordially agreed to. The apprentice refused to act, but the Law of the shop was read, and a straight-edge immediately applied, so that he was glad to comply, as the punishment would have been merciless. Day by day the process