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## Poetry.

### A LITTLE THOUGHT.

Where the sweet waters met  
Gracefully an eedling,  
Lay the white violet  
Peacefully sleeping;  
And a star shadow fell,  
Silvery gleaming,  
Soft on the snowy bell  
Blissfully dreaming.

Up from the ocean's lone  
Storm-hatched dwelling  
Came a deep thunder tone,  
Mournfully swelling,  
Through the air solitary  
Cloud banners waving,  
Marshalled the tempest rude  
Astrigly raving.

Morn o'er the billows shone,  
Pityfully frowning,  
Where has the floweret flown?  
Lovely and glowing?  
Far down the chilly tide,  
Broken and faded,  
Wanders the "fairy's pride,"  
Lorn and degraded.

Thus on the stream of years  
Youth is a blossom;  
Hope, like the stars, appears  
Bright on its hoorn;  
Age is the coming cloud,  
Faltering never;  
Sorrow the tempest's rowd,  
Blighting it ever!

L. V. SMITH.

Who that hath ever been,  
Could bear to be no more.  
Yet who would tread again the scenes  
He trod through life before!

## Literary.

### AN EPISODE OF THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

From Chamber's Journal.

Brave old Denmark was sincerely neutral during the great French Revolution; but England, by a very questionable act, seized two Danish frigates—under search-warrants—and towed them to British ports. This arbitrary insult appears to have induced both Denmark and Sweden to join the "Northern Armed Neutrality," which they did in the middle of December 1800. Upon this, England embargoed all Danish and Swedish ships in our ports, and seized all, or nearly all, their colonies. Shortly afterwards, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker (commander-in-chief of the fleet), Admiral Lord Nelson, and Admiral Graves, sailed for the Baltic with some forty-seven ships of war. They passed without opposition through the Sound, and the Swedish fleet of seven ships of the line and three frigates, could not, or did not, leave Carlscrona to sea to the Russian fleet, it was frozen up, besides which, the demise of the Emperor Paul caused a vacillation in the councils of Russia. The result was, that little Denmark was left unaided to bear the brunt of mighty England's vengeance.

Upon the crown-prince of Denmark—afterwards Frederick VI., one of the best sovereigns that ever ayawed a northern sceptre—devolved the management of the nation's affairs; for he had been regent since 1784, in consequence of the mental derangement of Christian VII. The

crown-prince was a brave and energetic man, and he made every possible preparation to defend Copouhagen—himself assuming the very responsible post of commander-in-chief. The land defences consisted of the Citadelle Frederikshavn, the Crown Batteries, and if they were as formidable in 1801 as they were when we saw them in 1850, they indeed possessed tremendous powers of destruction—also batteries on the shore of the island of Amak—Amager, as the English call it—which is separated from Copenhagen by a narrow arm of the sea called Kallibostrand.—The Danish fleet was moored in the inner harbour, which is a very strong position, as the entrance is defended by booms, and batteries are along its east or seaward side.

On April 1, 1801, the English fleet loomed onniously in the horizon, and it became evident that a fearful combat was close at hand. The crown-prince issued his last orders to Admiral Fishor, the gallant commander of the Danish fleet, and to the officers in command of the several batteries. A terrible day and night was that for the Danes! They knew that with the morrow's sun many of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, must fall; and in case victory should declare on the side of the assailant, they knew not what horrors of war might befall their city.—Yet the Danes—as brave and noble a people as any upon earth—yielded not to despair. They bitterly felt the cruel nature of their position, and with characteristic fortitude and unflinching resolution, prepared to meet it. They might be conquered, and their capital given to the flames—they knew that; but undauntedly did they rely on their native bravery, and the justice of their cause; for they believed they were engaged in a struggle of right against might.

At the hour of seven o'clock on this momentous evening of the 1st of April, a "mess" of sailors on board a Danish ship of the line, the outermost of all in the harbour, had just received, in common with their shipmates, an extra allowance of *brandevin*—white corn-brandy, somewhat like whisky. They were filled with feelings of high professional pride and confidence, and eagerly pledged one another, with patriotic resolves to conquer or die in the morrow's conflict. Some tossed off their allowance with national toasts.—One man among them held his *brandevin* untasted until all the others had swallowed theirs.—This man was a sailor who had volunteered to serve in the man-o'-war on the previous day.—He was a native of Copenhagen, and hitherto had spent his life in the merchant service; but he had offered himself patriotically on this great emergency to fight in his country's cause. There was nothing remarkable or striking in his appearance; he was a sun-burnt, hardy-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, and slight rather than muscular in appearance. Like many of his countrymen, his hair was very light flaxen, and his eyes bright blue. His name was Anton Lundt.

"Come, messmate," said one of the sailors, "what is your toast?"

Anton Lundt started a little, his lip quivered, and his eyes grew lustrous with hidden emotion. Holding his glass on high, he exclaimed with fervour: "For Pigeon, og yort Land—for Rosine og gamle Danmark!" (For the gulls and our

country—for Rose and old Denmark!) and drained his *brandevin* to the last drop.

"Ah!" exclaimed his messmates, "your sweetheart and your country—no toast can be better than that! Hurrah for Rosine and old Denmark!" Anton Lundt dashed the cuff of his sleeve over his eyes, and turned aside with a glowing heart, and a prayer on his lips.

On the eventful morning of the 2nd April—

To battle force came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,  
By each gun a lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Nelson was the chief in command of the English ships engaged on this eventful day, for Sir Hyde Parker could not possibly come up with his portion of the fleet, as wind and tide were both dead against him. Of Nelson, then, and his ships, it is that Campbell sings:

It was ten of April morn by the chime;  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

And well might the boldest hold his breath! It was no ordinary foe that British valour had to contend with, but one of the bravest and most skilful both by sea and land in the whole world. At length the dread signal flew "along the lofty British line," and each gun—

From its adamantine life,  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

The appalling roar of a thousand cannon shattered on the part of the Danes, and soon the very wind of heaven was stilled by the thundering reverberations of the artillery. We leave the historian to describe minutely the progress of the fight, and turn to the ship of Anton Lundt.

We have already said that this ship was the outermost in the inner harbour, and as the combat deepened, she was exposed to the heavy broadsides of two English seventy-fours. She was moored stem and stern, but her stern moorings were shot away, and she consequently drifted in such a position, that both the English ships poured in an awful fire that raked her fore and aft.—In a few minutes, her bowsprit was cut to shivers; her foremast was splintered and tottering; her mainyard broken up; her mizen-mast entirely carried away, and drifting under her counter; her bows riddled with shot; and her upper decks strewn with dead and dying. Only about half a dozen of her guns could be brought to bear, and although the crew made every possible attempt to manœuvre the ship, so as to recover her original position, they entirely failed in doing so; and it was obvious that the unfortunate vessel would soon be a mere floating shambles, if not altogether shattered to pieces, and sent to the bottom.

If a boat could have been sent ashore with a hawser, the ship would speedily have hauled, so as to avoid being raked, and also her own broadside would have been available; but it would have been hopeless to send off a boat, as every yard of intervening water was ploughed up with round and grape shot, and a boat would have been specially aimed at, and sunk before she had gone a couple of lengths. Moreover, every boat