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## Poetry.

### THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

I love the banging hammers,  
The whirling of the plane,  
The crushing of the busy saw,  
The creaking of the crane,  
The ringing of the anvil,  
The grating of the drill,  
The chattering of the turning-lathe,  
The whirling of the mill,  
The buzzing of the spindle,  
The rattling of the loom,  
The puffing of the engine,  
And the fan's continuous boom—  
The clipping of the tailor's shears,  
The driving of theawl—  
The sounds of busy labour,  
I love, I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,  
The reaper's cheerful song,  
The drover's oft repeated shout,  
As he spurs his stock along;  
The bustle of the market man,  
As he hies him to the town;  
The holla from the tree-top,  
As the ripened fruit comes down;  
The busy sound of thrashers,  
As they clean the ripened grain,  
And the quaker's joke and mirth and glee,  
Nenth the moonlight on the plain,  
The kind voice of the dairyman,  
The shepherd's gentle call—  
These sounds of active industry,  
I love, I love them all.

Oh! there is good in labour,  
If we labour but aright,  
That gives vigor to the day time  
And sweeter sleep at night.  
A good that bringeth pleasure,  
Even to the toiling hours—  
For duty cheers the spirit  
As the dew revives the flowers.

Oh! say not that Jehovah  
Bade us labour as a doom!  
No, it is richest mercy,  
And will scatter half life's gloom!  
Then let us still be doing  
Whate'er we find to do—  
With an earnest willing spirit,  
And a strong hand free and true.

## Literature.

### ALICE BURTON.

BY WILLIAM H. CARRY.

Many are poets, who have never penned  
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:  
They felt and loved and died but would not lend  
Their thoughts to meaner things.—BRONN.

Immortal Bard! thou hast recorded a truth  
whose melting tone lingers on the ear like the  
faint sound of dying music from a distant  
harp; so sweet and melancholy, awaking to  
the bosom feelings of sublimity too exquisitely  
beautiful for language to define. And this,  
then, must be the poetical inspiration of the  
soul whose bright and visionary ideas, hoigh-

tened by enthusiasm, are too deep and delicate  
for sound.

Indefinable poetry! thy theme is ever love,  
and in its hallowed bosom thou art gently re-  
volving, often touching the sensitive chord that  
leads to the heart; arousing all those tender  
feelings by which it is actuated, until it over-  
flows and seeks relief in heavy and repeated  
sighs.

It was at the close of a warm sultry day in  
August, that Alice Burton, absorbed in deep  
reflection, was seated in a bower formed of  
lattice work, interspersed by the hand of na-  
ture with vines and flowers of various kinds;  
reclining gracefully at the open window, her  
head was resting on her snowy hand, whose  
pallid softness stole through the opening of her  
raven tresses like moonlight through the wav-  
ing trees. Her features, though beautiful and  
perfect in their regularity, seemed to have lost  
all their expression in sadness; yet the liquid  
light of her dark eye, at times wildly dilating,  
betrayed a soul of deepest enthusiasm and  
depth of feeling. Ever and anon a heavy  
sigh would escape her bosom, as her head  
wandered back to those golden hours when  
'love's first dream' was realized, hours that  
were beguiled with the object of her young  
and guileless affection; her noble, devoted  
Arthur. And you will ask why she sighed  
over such a happy retrospect! perchance  
in imagination, your own heart could best di-  
ctate an answer, if like her you were about  
to separate for years from one whose existence  
seemed interwoven with your own by the ties  
of deep and reciprocal love. Her reverie was  
now broken by the sound of approaching foot-  
steps; hastily turning in the direction from  
whence they proceeded, she beheld the manly  
figure of her lover advancing towards her. A  
graceful form of muscular powers almost her-  
culean to the eye, set forth his height; giving  
him a noble and commanding appearance, such  
as inspires love and demands respect. His  
features though melancholy were remarkably  
handsome, and seldom failed to enlist the sym-  
pathies of any close observer; but the keen  
penetrating glance of his eye revealed a soul,  
brave and fearless in its passion, though con-  
trolled by feelings ardent, generous and hu-  
mane. Such was Arthur Dayton, to whom  
Alice now arose, tremulous with emotion, and  
extended her hand.

'Dear Alice,' he exclaimed, after having  
gallantly conveyed her hand to his lips, 'thou  
art unusually pale to day, and very sad; mo-  
thinks, dearest, from the pallor of thy cheek,  
thou art seriously indisposed; has ought oc-  
curred, my love, to wound thy tender feelings  
farther than our coming separation?'

At the sound of the last words tears invol-  
untarily started to her eye, for it had touched  
a spring which controls the fountain of the hu-  
man heart. Hastily assuming composure, she  
replied in a voice yet nervous with agitation,  
that to the painful subject to which he had just  
reverted, her present unhappy state of feeling  
must alone be attributed; and raising her  
dark eyes, all humid with tears, to his own be-  
dewed with sympathy, she continued:—'Alas!

dear Arthur, since we must indeed part to-  
night, and for so long a period, too, you must  
promise to write to me frequently; but shall  
if I should be able to find you—'

'Then, dearest Alice,' he replied, 'this  
heart will have ceased to beat. Doubt not my  
constancy, love; for you setting sun will as  
soon forget to perform his revolution, the moon  
her destined course, and all the minor lumina-  
ries of heaven to shine as Arthur Dayton to  
forget his pledged vows. Surely, beloved,  
thou canst not doubt me!' The all-yielding  
tenderness of her eye, that mirrored a confi-  
ding soul, was her eloquent though silent re-  
sponse.

Thus, held the lovers sweet converse, until  
the last ray of the setting sun had departed  
from the distant hills; and yet they lingered,  
for the softness of the twilight hour seemed to  
harmonize with their feelings. The shades of  
evening gradually deepened, urged the imme-  
diate departure of Dayton, as necessary to the  
preparation of his journey. Gently retaining  
the hand of Alice, he arose from her side,  
vacating the seat on which he had passed so  
many delightful hours. For a moment he  
gazed into her lovely face, and in the next he  
 essayed to bid her farewell; but his lips trem-  
bled and refused their office.

'Oh, Alice, Alice!' These words were all  
she heard. She arose, she clung to his em-  
brace, exclaiming in the anguish of her grief,

'Oh stay, Arthur dearest, stay; we must  
not part, resign that fatal commission that  
consigns thee to the wars, and, perchance to an  
early grave, for thine own sake, for the sake  
of thine own Alice, oh say, will you abandon  
it at once.'

A heavy sigh bursting from the depths of  
his soul, was the only audible answer, as he  
pressed her to his young and throbbing bosom.  
He felt her warm heart beating in hasty con-  
cert with his own, and in silence the lover  
drank that happy hour as the holiest, sweetest  
draught of his existence. Though as he tore  
himself away, he feared in the words of the  
poet, that to him,

"Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
She was gone and forever."

Mr. Burton, the father of Alice, having  
been long and successfully engaged in mer-  
cantile pursuits, was supposed to be wealthy,  
but unfortunately such was not the case.  
Characterized as a man of noble and intel-  
lectual endowments, he was also proud and  
ostentatious. He had always indulged in a  
prodigal style of living, which, of late years,  
had somewhat exceeded his income; conse-  
quently his business was unprepared to meet  
any serious reverse of fortune that might oc-  
cur. From the decease of his wife, he had  
placed his whole heart upon his daughter,  
whom he tenderly loved and guarded with the  
affectionate solicitude of a kind and indulgent  
parent. Aware of the ardent and mutual at-  
tachment that existed between her and Day-  
ton, and actuated solely for her welfare, he  
generally interposed, and informed her lover that