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VIRTUE IS TRUE HAPPINESS.

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## Poetry.

### TO MY DAUGHTER.

AIR—'Wrap thy soul close,  
Virtue to introduce

Sweet Rose, thy bloom, when I am gone,  
Will surely tempt the beam of day,  
And haply in an hour when none  
Can be thy shelter or thy stay,  
In such an hour oh! think of me,  
And think of him who laid thee by,  
"In maiden musing, fancy-free,"  
And take thy virtue about thee.

For life is raked of good and ill,  
In sometimes labour, sometimes rest;  
If sorrow come from want of will,  
Yet strength of will may make us blest.  
And if that will indeed be free,  
Be these my latest words to thee.  
That, various as thy fate may be,  
Thou take thy virtue about thee.

Soon may we cease to wish, to weep,  
To take the ill, let slip the good,  
And ere we lay us down to sleep,  
Look on Creation as we slumber—  
And thus may 't thou strength be free,  
And meet the Fate thou canst not see,  
In hope, but not presumingly,  
Taking thy virtue about thee.

Pleasure's the only noble end  
To which all human powers should tend;  
And virtue gives her heavenly lore,  
But to make pleasure please us more.

## Literary.

### "ARE THERE NOT GREAT BOASTERS AMONG US?"

From Blackwood for October.

It is trite enough to say "How little do we know ourselves;" and because trite, the chances are, it is quite true. We are continually raising a laugh against the Americans, because they are given to swagger a little too much, whilst we industriously forget from what quarter their inheritance comes. If an individual may be allowed to make a national confession with as much indulgence as every individual is allowed to make his national boasting, let me be treated leniently if I venture—thus. There is not a more absurdly boastful people on the face of the earth than we, the "Great English Nation." We boast of everything belonging to us. If there be a difference between us and our Transatlantic brethren, it is in this, that as their boasting takes its character from democratic institutions, our boasting is characterized by a dash of aristocratic delicacy. There is more vulgar, that is all: but, nevertheless, as we are daily progressing towards them in politics, so we are in this respect, that our national swaggering is decidedly improving in vulgarity. That regards the manner of our boasting. The matter of it is to be found everywhere, and in everything. We boast of everything belonging to us, and of some few that do not belong to us: for swaggering Pride is twin-brother to Falsehood. We boast of a prosperity from which millions are running away; of a Representative system, which represents not much of the sense, but a very large proportion of the nonsense of the people; of a public morality, at which every man individually laughs in his sleeve—to which so many elections are giving the lie, by a total dis-

regard to the morals of their parliamentary candidates.

We make a very great fuss, and ever have done so, about our "Trial by Jury." A capital thing, indeed, in that theory which supposes the bulk of mankind quite honest, and quite competent. But as public honesty lessens, and political heats class men into parties, trial by jury may not be the best security to life or property. "Trial by jury," by all means, says the culprit, knowing there is at least one pig-headed brute in the jury-box, and perhaps more than one great rogue—that villainy is so hedged with the chicanery of law, and the not only permitted, but honored and fostered malignant subtlety of lawyers, that there is a very fair chance of Honesty being put out of countenance, and Crime walking off unblushingly, even with a triumphant ostronory. O, Ireland—Ireland! What is "trial by jury" there. A pretty boast indeed, that might, as it swells in the throat, choke the bragging mightiness of England. Bad is it, indeed, for a people, when the solemnity of law becomes a mockery—when the parade of courts, the ermine of Judges, and all the paraphernalia of justice, are only brought before a people to represent a farce. Law, as it is in its results in Ireland, exhibits the mighty doings for little ends which will make the present age ridiculous to posterity. Even in more sober England, is not the virtue of trial by jury deteriorating, simply because morals are deteriorating, knavery more taken under protection, and our great Parliamentary character, which should be the mirror whereby all institutions should dress themselves a sullied example? We are always averring that "Truth will prevail"—*magna est veritas et prævalebit*; and we never say this so impressively as when we desire some falsehood to prevail. And Truth does not prevail. On the contrary, all our great public acts of this our new era, of which we boast so much, have been obtained confessedly by "enormous lying;" and so much is lying in favour that it is an additional boast—it is the ornamental fringe to the national habit, to the cloak of national iniquity. The Reform Bill was fathered by enormous lying; so were the successful plottings of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The latter, having succeeded, think it not worth while to deny an iniquity of which, indeed, they think it better policy to brag. They laugh in your face, and say, How could you be such fools as to believe us, and still to think there are prophets on the earth? Our bragging daily and weekly press teems with swaggers about our "Honest Traders," free or shackled; while the universal adulteration of coffee with chicory was almost justified, or more than justified, by being treated by the late Government, in parliamentary debate, as a very admissible practical joke;—and not only so, but the privilege of cheating was with similar lightness extended to every other trade, by the argument of the notoriety that everything is adulterated. "Hæ nugæ seria dicunt in mala." A specimen of the truth of this has lately been exhibited. In a great city, so ill taken was the recent order of the Government, prohibiting the adulteration, that grocers felt themselves aggrieved, and withheld their votes from a candidate professedly in favor of Lord Derby's Government.

Very bad principles walk about our streets and

all public ways in masks, wearing on their brazen fronts large phylacteries of truth and honesty.—To proceed is to give rise to a very serious thought more fit for the sermon of a divine than my pen—that the "Prince of this world," who is the "father of lies," has a very large and truly governing influence in our affairs. It might be continued in this strain—as lying was the first instrument of temptation—"thou shalt not surely die,"—and beaming the very principle in our corruption, so it appears still its fruit, it begets its many children—and whatever be the iniquity, multitudes go about our high ways and by ways to proclaim "thou shalt not surely die" for it. If we had not too strongly active this principle within us, we should not have our diversity of opinions which are, and which are furthered by the mutual confusion of our Babel tongues. The heathen mythology gave their Cerberus his three mouths, representing, it may be presumed, the three great temptations which devour mankind—"the world, the flesh, and the Devil." Every man still makes up his sop of one virtue, though he does not always throw it into the right mouth, nor know how surely and quickly the other two may turn upon him.

Now, with regard to all this our national boasting, we see pride walking before, and know who cometh after. Pride goes before a fall. We were never so proud; and perhaps this marks our progressing, and is the finger-post to our steps. "Facilis descensus." There are who think all will be well, either from a habit of indolent thought, or vacuity of thought; and they thus admit deception into their own minds, and send it forth into others. This false hope stays honest doing. It is well characterized by the great historian Thucydides, wherein he treats of the argument of Hope, which encouraged the Molians. "You trust in Hope, and know not her character; Hope is never discovered until she hath irreparably deceived." This is the idea, perhaps not the words. When the day comes that people lift up their hands and say, "Who would have thought it?" they then, too late, discover the world's false hope to be the elder daughter of the Father of lies.

"Quorsum hæc?" Why set up as universal censor? Simply because the matter touches the quick of the individual man; because I feel myself somewhat progressing towards the condition of the nervous gentleman who finds too many annoyances come home to himself. If a man had but a single string of sensitiveness upon which only a Paganini might play, and he might be at liberty to reserve all the rest for himself, things might be endured; but when all his strings are stretched upon himself, the unfortunate instrument, and many cheats are playing upon all, it must be expected that he will be a little out of tune, and take the relief of complaining. The sensitive man was never in a worse predicament. He knows not what to wear, nor what to eat. So that these grave reflections—and grave they are—properly considered, have arisen from realising the last exposure of cheater, in extracts taken from the *Lancet*.

"ADULTERATED CAYENNE PEPPER.—The *Lancet* gives the following results of an analysis of twenty-eight samples of Cayenne pepper obtained at different shops.—That out of the twenty-eight