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Poetry.

THE TELEGRAPH.

Oh, well I know that science will become
The new auxiliary of arms to the Rhine,
Leagues 'gainst the people, warchfully prepare
All great appliances to their stern chronic,
And keep the spirit of liberty in check,
Or crush it into "order;" clear 'tis seen,
That for the people a service and chief good,
The aid of commerce and man's common weal,
I am not sought by all, but that as swift
As fly my lightning, king may call to king,
Asking advice of aid, or giving none
O'er land. — Feel I not through my quak nerves,
How Prussia vibrates in Austria's hand,
And both shoot trembling sparks to the grim eye
Of the night-black double eagle of the North,
While the Republican Phantom fluctuates
As either moves by wire, and passes dark
O'er lands "death waters, through the forest dark,
Till Freedom, like a fly, is all smothered.
The rest is understood! But oh, vain care,
Deep self-deception of sin-washed kings!
For though strong armies at an instant called
By me, may hurry into distant lands —
To Poland—Italy—Italy—Turkey—France—
Knowledge has been before them—friendship, too;
By free and daily intercourse of peace,
The spirit of human brotherhood has found
Its natural sympathy in distant hearts.
HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Literature.

CHARLES AND ELEANOR.

There is no occasion to search abroad for tales of misery that accerate the feelings of sympathy in the bosoms of all who compassionate the sorrows of others, and lean to mercy's side, as they scan the errors of human nature.

In the north-west corner of Hackney church yard, beneath the spreading shade of a little grove of trees, under a plain and simply inscribed stone, lay the remains of Eleanor Belgrave, once the beauty of the village, and the toast of all the country round. Though a very few years have passed since she "pranked the sod in frolic mood," and rose and set like the sun, brilliant in native loveliness, and free from stain, she is now forgotten; no one turns aside from the foot-path to ponder over her narrow house, and breathe a sigh to the memory of one who, when alive, had a sigh and a tear for the sorrows of all.

When the large National school, and House of Industry, now stand and occupy the space of several acres, about twenty years ago, a little forest of trees waved their green heads in the gale, and a simple cottage appeared through the rustling leaves in the centre of a flower garden, the abode of content and peace. It was occupied by Captain Belgrave, an officer on half-pay, and his only child Eleanor. He had seen long and arduous service in the pestiferous jungles and sun-scorched deserts of Hindostan; he went over to that country as a Subaltern, and took with him all his earthly possessions—his sword, to cut his way to fortune, and his wife to partake with him in the enjoyment of it; but he was one of the numerous East India adventurers who set out with hope and expectation, and returned overwhelmed with care and disappointment.

He had married the daughter of a country curate, without fortune, but rich in every virtue, and—

Rich with temper, whose unloaded ray
Could make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

She accompanied him in all his campaigns: on the eve of battle lulled his soul into tranquillity, and when victory sent upon his plume, repressed the sallies of exultation by leading him to mortalize on the field of the slain, where he perhaps might soon be destined to lie. Like the good Samaritan, she poured balm into his wounds, and was unto him as a "ministering angel" in all his troubles. Mr. Belgrave was amongst the first that planted the red cross banner of St. George on the towers of Seringapatam and trampled the Moslem crescent in the dust. A false report of his death had spread to the base of the "Ghaut" mountains, where his wife remained in the hut of a friendly Hindoo, to wait the event of the battle.

The dreadful tale reached her ears, and she expired, leaving an infant brought prematurely into a world which no one from choice would ever enter.

The scene when Mr. Belgrave reached the cottage, is indescribable—

We call'd the ways of heaven unjust,
For reason fled before despair,
And silent, low in beds of dust,
Lay all that would his sorrows share.

He laid his hand, trembling, alternately upon his pistols, and his burning brain. The humane idolator led him to the palanquin where the lovely, unconscious innocent was sleeping—the last pledge of love left by a saint in heaven. The dream of suicide faded away, the lesson of the Hindoo, to live for his child, awoke to reason the suffering of the grateful Christian. He remained in India till his little Eleanor was nine years old, employing as housekeeper, nurse, and friend, the Hindoo, who had closed the eyes of his lamented wife in death, and he did for her the same office, with unfeigned regret.

Every tie that bound him to India was now broken, and he drooped under a malignant disorder, which only the climate of his native country could remove. He reached England with his little girl—the rank and half-pay of captain, and a few hundred pounds, the remnant of a handsome fortune lost in a vessel, bringing it home.

He built a cottage near Hackney, into which he took his late wife's mother, who for several years trained up the youthful Eleanor in wisdom's way, and made her mistress of all the arts, elegancies and accomplishments of life. Captain Belgrave's health recovered, and in the society of his lovely daughter he was as happy as human nature, under his circumstances could be expected.

Eleanor was beloved and admired by all: Charity from her hand was doubly grateful, the voice of compassion sounded more sweet from her lips than those of another: she had not only the heart, but the manner to bestow, which made the receiver forget his sufferings

In the sympathy of the giver, and bless the misfortune that made him acquainted with her benevolence.

Eleanor Belgrave was tall, and finely formed; her bust would have done honour to a Praxiteles; her cheeks were blooming as the rose of Spring, lightly resting upon the white down of the swan, her teeth like a fleecy cloud seen through the vermilion tinge of a parting rainbow; her forehead, whereon beamed intelligence open and pure as "monumental alabaster," and her hair flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and shaded eyes brilliant as the evening star, tinged with heavenly blue from the first soft rays of the rising moon. Such was the appearance of Eleanor at the age of eighteen, and her form was an index of her mind—a jewel worthy of being enclosed in so fair a casket. Detold of pride, free from conceit, warm, kind, tender, and free hearted—to her might well be applied the words of an ering, but accurate judge of human nature—

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong.
For friends in all the age's you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

In India Captain Belgrave had been very intimate with a Captain Marchmont of the navy, who died upon that station, and his son, a youth of twenty two, and a lieutenant, called upon the captain at Belgrave cottage, to deliver him a mourning ring, and the dying remembrances of his old friend, recommending his son to his care.

Captain Belgrave received him with the welcome of a parent, and invited him to make the cottage his home. Eleanor recollected Lieutenant Marchmont, as one of her youthful companions at Bombay, and they were delighted to meet again. Maturer years had altered both in their appearance, but their hearts, bound in friendship's chain, were now riveted by love, and Captain Belgrave saw with delight, a growing passion between them. Charles bore a noble character; and the old man would say, "to leave my child with such a protector would be a cordial drop in the last cup of existence, and direct the bed of death of every fear."

I pass over every thing which would constitute a novel, to record only the plain tale of truth; the lovers were married, and Belgrave became a little Eden of love and joys too bright to last. War broke out about this time in all its fury, and Charles Marchmont was called into active service, as one well calculated to defend the shores of his native land, and bear the vengeance of Britain upon her faith-breaking foes.

This was a death-blow to Eleanor; for Charles was too much of a hero, to hesitate between love and glory—

He did not think, as some have thought,
Whom honour better crown'd,
The name a father's glory sought,
Could make the son renowned.

But well he thought a gallant sire
Whose noble deeds had done
To glory's path should bid aspire
A brave and gallant son.