

*Dignified conduct of a young Lady.*—Eliza, a young Parisian, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married the next day, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, "That a man of the world would not be so old fashioned, as to regard God and religion." Eliza started! but quickly recovering herself, said, "from this moment, then, sir, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honor God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely." The match was broken off.

*Wise Men.*—Which is the greater, the sage, who rises above and keeps aloof from the storms of the world, and only gazes on without mixing in them; or he who leaves the heights of his peaceful rest, to plunge boldly into the tumult and the war? 'Tis a noble sight when the eagle cleaves the thunder cloud, as he soars upwards into the clear firmament; but nobler is it when, hovering in the clear sky, above the darkness of the storm, he dashes through it to his nest in the rock, where his unfledged little ones lie trembling.

Dr. Hale used to say that "laziness grows in people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. I have experienced that the more business a man has the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time; that is a talent committed to every one of you, and for the use of which you must account."

*A fair Inference.*—A gentleman of reduced fortune came to a person who had formerly been his servant, to borrow money of him.—The upstart servant gave him a very mortifying reception, and asked in a haughty tone, "Sir, why do you give me all this trouble?—upon my honor, I have no money to lend you, or any one else." "I am certain what you say is false," said the gentleman; "for if you were not rich, you dare not be saucy."

*Blackberrying.*—"Oh! Mother! Mother!" exclaimed a little girl, the other afternoon, as her eye fell upon an African funeral passing the window, "look wot a sight of people are going to the black burying."

"Sir, I shall fine you for not wearing a white cravat with your academic dress," said a strict disciplinarian to an unfortunate freshman, on a raw morning in January. "Fine me! I assure you sir, my cravat is white."—"How can you say so sir, do I not see that it is blue." "O sir it was white when I put it on this morning, but it looks blue from the cold."

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply;—

whereupon the other in a rage said:—"I hope I shall soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

A gentleman, meeting a man in the street, remarked that Mr. —, who was just passing, and had recently failed "looked below tide."—"Far from it," replied his friend, "for he has overrun the banks."

*What's in a Name?*—The proprietor of a respectable ladies' seminary, in the neighborhood of Greenwich, has lately had the following rather astounding announcement displayed over her gateway:—"Young ladies educated and boarded by *A Bull*."

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for the gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it!" was the pithy reply.

### THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1833.

*Montreal Museum.*—Agreeable to a notice in our last number, we now give an extract from the prospectus of this valuable acquisition to Canadian Literature. We inadvertently omitted to mention that number 1, is embellished with two beautiful lithographic engravings—one a plate of the London Fashions, the other an elegant frontispiece—a good specimen of native genius. We deem any further remarks superfluous, as the work carries its own recommendation.

Since our last number was issued we have received a number of interesting and valuable communications; besides many that are not so valuable. For the former we are thankful. Our intention is to publish one article from each correspondent, if possible, in each number. We have often wished that all our poets would for once, try their skill at prose-writing. Donna Julia's poems are excellent; prose exquisite—in our next. Our youthful poetess, Jane, is welcome. An Indian Legend, is too lengthy—as soon as limits will allow. Does "Philomedicus" wish us to insert his "epitaph on a victim of a cancer quick," in the Garland? "The way-worn Traveller," too late for this number—we solicit a continuance.

Original.

#### THE LOST BARK.

The little bark with sails unfurl'd,  
Had left the sandy shore;  
The rising wave before her hurli'd,  
O'er which she's lightly bore.

A darken'd cloud hung o'er the sea,  
The bleak winds whistled by,  
The foaming surge in agony,  
Around the boat did fly,

Now mad'ning thunder roar'd on high,  
Fork'd lightning pointed down;  
All thought destruction's hand was nigh—  
But still the bark flew on.

The rain in rapid torrents fell,  
Upon the helpless bark;  
Which toss'd upon the foaming swell,  
And all around was dark.

A cry of horror now arose,  
Brave seamen then did weep;  
The bark in shatter'd pieces gone—  
All's sunk within the deep.

February, 1833.

M. A. D. T.