

All departed save Anyta, and she dwelt for long years in the cabin of Onca.

LITERARY TRIFLES.

If you transpose what ladies wear.—*Veil.*
'Twill show what faithless lovers are:—*Vile.*
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;—*Levi.*
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do:—*Live.*
Transpose the letters yet once more,
What bad men do, you'll then explore.—*Evil.*

A gentleman for a long time paid his addresses to a lady; and finally pressing her to know what would be his fate, and she wrote the word *stripes*, and told him to make what he could of it; and govern himself accordingly.—*Persist.*

Why is a chronologist like a palm tree?—*He can supply you with DATES.*

Why is a tradesman like a good student in divinity?—*He studies his profits—prophe-cits.*

What net is the most certain to catch a handsome wife?—*A coro-net.*

Why is a doctor's prescription a good thing to feed pigs with?—*They would find grains in it.*

What is the difference between a good government and a bad one?—*A good one guides us, and the other MISGUIDES.*

Convert the words *new-door* into one word.—*One word.*

Why is education like a tailor?—*It forms our habits.*

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1831.

This number, which concludes one half of our year's labor, is embellished with a beautiful vignette head. This will be the only improvement on our part, for this volume; unless we have "ocular demonstration" of an improvement on the part of our subscribers. So far, we have exerted ourself to the utmost to please; we have made use of no false obdience, to act the part of an invigiler; we have made use of no nomination movement, to induce our subscribers to make advance payments. Far from it: our kind endeavor has been to convince the public that the Garland was got up for the purpose its motto imports, "To raise the genius and to mend the heart!" Satisfied that our subscribers would willingly assist us, if we requested. This is but an inkling.

At the earnest solicitation of our friends we have concluded all the articles in the numbers preceding, to accommodate such as wish to patronize us, who were unable to obtain the back numbers. We request an early return from our agents and friends, so that we can ascertain the size of the extra edition; to which, should the number be sufficient to pay the expense, there will be a separate index.

It is with no small degree of pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt of, from the Editor of the Cobourg Star, "a Chart, showing the interior navigation of the District of Newcastle, U. C., and the proposed improvement on the Otanabee river, &c. engraved by T. Evans."

We fear that many of our correspondents will be disappointed at not seeing their communications in our columns. Should they, we assure them that we have at present manuscript enough to fill three numbers entire. We have not room to return thanks individually, but make a general bow for past favors, hoping to propliate a prolongation.

Original.
EPITAPH ON A VICTIM OF A CANCER QUACK.

Here lies a fool flat on his back,
The victim of a cancer quack;
Who lost his money, and his life,
By plaister, caustic, and by knife.

The case was this, a pimple rose
South-east a little, on his nose
Which daily redd'n'd, and grew bigger,
As to much drinking gave it vigor;
A score of gossips soon ensur'd,
Full three score different modes of cure;
But yet the full-fed pimple still,
Defied all petticoat skill;
When led by fortune to peruse
A hand bill in the "Weekly News,"
Signed by six fools of different sorts,
All cured of cancers made of warts,
Fear wing'd his flight to find the quack,
To prove his cancer-curing knack:

But on his way he found another,
A second advertising brother—
But as much like him as an owl
Is unlike every handsome fowl,
Whose fame had raised us broad a fog,
And of the two the greater hog;
Who used a still more magic plaister,
Which sweat forsooth, and cur'd the faster.
This doctor view'd with momey eyes,
And scow'd up face, the pimple's size,
Then christen'd it in solemn answer
And said, "This pimple's name is cancer;
"But courage, friend, I see you're pale,
"My sweating-plasters never fail,

"I've sweated hundreds out with ease,
"With roots as long as maple trees,
"And never failed in all my trials,
"Behold these samples here in vials!
"Preserv'd to show my wond'rous merits,
"Just as my liver is, in spirits,
"For twenty loes the cure is done!"—
The bargain's struck, the plaister's on,
Which gnaw'd the cancer at its leisure,
And pain'd his face above all measure;
But yet the pimple spread the faster,
And swell'd like woad that meets disaster.
Thus foiled the doctor gravely swore
That "twas a right rose cancer-sore;"
Then stuck his probe beneath the beard,
And show'd them where the leaves appear'd:
Then rais'd the patients drooping spirits
By praising high the plaister's merits.
Quoth he "the roots now scarcely stick,
"I'll fetch it out like crab or tick,
"And make it rendezvous next trial,
"With six more plagues in this 'ere trial!"
Then purg'd him pale with jalap drastic,
And next applied the infernal caustic,
Which maving on with enger pace,
Consum'd one broadside of his face;
"Courage, tis done!" the doctor cried,
And quick the incision-knife applied,
That with three cuts made such a hole,
Oud flew the patient's tortur'd soul.

Come readers gentle, eke and simple,
If you have corn or wart or pimple,
To quack infallible apply,
Here's room enough for you to lie;
This skill triumphant still prevails,
Death is a cure that never fails.

Barton, Jan. 1833.

PHILOMÉDICUS.

Original.

GIVE ME A FRIEND.

Give me a friend whose tender heart
Can feel another's pain,
Who ne'er will bid the poor depart,
Nor treat them with disdain.

Give me a friend who is renown'd
For truth and constancy;
Whose mind in knowledge is profound,
Who feels with ecstasy.

Give me a friend whose tongue is free
From slander and from guile—
Who ne'er will suffer me, to be
Hurt by another's wife.

Give me a friend whose heart is true
To every one; and I
Will then bid this false world adieu,
Without a parting sigh.

JOHN.