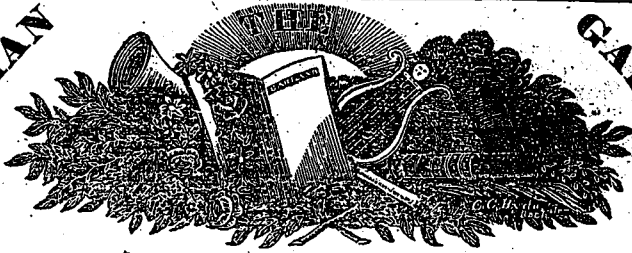


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“TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART.”

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1833.

NO. 22.

Written for the Canadian Garland.

ROLAND UPTON.

CONTINUED.

Roland found his future consort enjoying herself in her favorite place, a flower garden. Her eyes sparkled with delight at the rehearsal of his tale, and her countenance was lit up with the bright sunshine of the joy of her heart. Her black silken hair appeared to speak in beauty and expression. Roland durst not relate the dangers he had undergone, until the loss of a favorite servant forced him so to do. At this a tear involuntarily forced its way down her velvet cheek, like a dew drop shaken by the honey bee from the blue petal of the fragrant violet. Grief, however, seldom lasted long in Almyra's gentle bosom, for like an Angel she turned her eyes to that *Lamb* who holds in his hands the key of the fountain of joys and the effulgent beams of the morning star of righteousness. This happy couple appear to have been providentially brought together, so alike were they in all things. Almyra, I would remark, had become a sincere child of the shepherd of the faithful in God. When it was made known to Almyra what her father, the noble Prince Astalpa had wished Roland Upton to do, and what he had promised. She paused for a moment, and her cheek assumed a modest glow, like the bright flash of the lightning on a sun lit summer cloud. “If” says she smiling on Roland “my father so has promised it shall be as you would have it, I am an eternal captive to your goodness for my life, and thrice more so for your instruction—my bondage chains are gratitude—Hymen's ring would but little increase my love for you—your goodness is too great.” “My sweet Almyra, you are a princess—the heiress of a kindly fortune—the child of a noble and rich prince, and what is better than all, the possessor of a soul of goodness. With regard to Hymen's crown, you are at liberty to wear it or not for me. In it you will find flowers and thorns, but when modest affection and religion are its angels, it is the cement of the purest earthly bliss. Had you not the heart you have I would despise me; so great is the vanity of

men! The insignificant pomp of birth and wealth makes him soar on the gilded wings of the butterfly above those with whom he is equal whilst sunny fortune lasts; but soon comes the trying time—the withering blasts of winter—the cold stings of adversity—the chill and dismal grasp—the iron frown and its inexorable call of death—when all his splendor—all this gorgeous show of eranescent mortality, like the unreal vision of a dream—like the sunborn rainbow, or like the counter tints of the ephemeral butterfly shall vanish away, unseen and forgot.” It was no difficulty to reconcile Almyra to his determination for she longed to see her father and mother. Accordingly in a few days they had left London, and were cleaving the briny waves of the bellowing main. In their passage they passed through the straits of Gibraltar, and were in the Mediteranean sea. This sea is subject at times to the most violent storms, and consequently also to great calms. During a calm which had thus lasted for twenty four hours, the ship's crew had employed themselves in various ways—some in fishing—some in shooting at sea fowl, and some playing, as is usual, at games. Roland and Almyra however walked the deck arm in arm, in silent and amusing conversation, or in surveying the wide plain of water. The sun at that season of the year was not warm, and moreover the sky was cloudy. A contemplative mind can always find some thing to admire in any place. The wonders of God are seen in every thing; and when his works are seen through the mirror of religion, a mutual reflection of delight and beauty takes place.—So passed the time with these two young lovers. The sun although with all his yellow mellow splendor laid his head on the wide and tremulous cap of the Mediteranean. The diamond sparkling sea looked like an immense golden plain; myriads of fish flitted their many colored sides and fins in playfulness to his departing smiles, and the sea fowl with their snowy pinions screamed in their wild merriment in the blue and glimmering ether. Feeble is the hand of man when he attempts a description of God's power and

wonders. Ah thou most sublimely incomprehensible and glorious Jehovah, thou art beyond the devotion of our insignificance!—No sooner had the sable pall of the dark eyed night in gradual folds enwrapped the scene than her pale faced daughter in maiden modesty and in eastern richness emerged from out the opposite hemisphere; the mildly looking Cynthia, as if she wished to contrast her simplicity and unassuming beauty with radiant sleeper refulgent Sol. The waters caught her sweet and mellow caresses, and smiled anew like an oriental queen 'mid beds of roses; so rested the moon on Thetis' silent lap. Neptune's wild harp sang her lone serenade, and joined her stillness. Happy had it been if all had partaken of her innocency; but evil was abroad. The broad still face of the moon in silver peacefulness rose higher and lovelier in the eastern sky. Her pale mantle lay on the hushed and gloomy waters like sleep on the infant's eye lid. Myriads of stars sparkled and mingled with her smile, and studded the ocean's brim with dancing diamonds. Oh how beautiful it is to behold the works of omnipotence and to trace the finger of the Almighty! The clock struck the midnight hour, and its lone strokes tinged over the deep.—The air was a tomb of dark solitude, and the sea still heaved in calmness. At this time the captain and the mate and a few of the seamen began to prepare to put into execution their previously digested diabolical resolution. He and his friend, the mate, had determined to throw Mr. Upton overboard in his sleep, and by thus getting rid of him, to seize on his beautiful Almyra and obtain her hand by counterfeiting some falsehood to account for the sudden departure of Roland. The Captain was a Frenchman by birth, but he had long navigated an English ship. He thought by thus destroying Mr. Upton he would be able to get the consent of Almyra's parent to his marriage with her. He had even determined to marry her immediately against her will, and thus make himself secure, but this even his accomplices denied and declared they would betray him in such a case. To his accomplices he promised large sums of money as a reward. The Captain, the mate, and two seamen at this dead hour of night, as all was silent on board, and morpheus held in drowsy chains the eyes of men, came with a dark lamp into the room of Mr. Upton, who lay fast asleep. The two seamen were ordered to seize him, gag him, convey to the side of the ship, and heave him overboard. They advanced to him and looked in wildness and hesitation upon him, wholly in innocent and unconscious slumber. Their eyes grew diabolically grim and guilty—their hearts throbed so loud that you could have heard them several yards off; thus they stared motionless, unable to do any thing, whilst the Cap-

tain, afraid lest Roland should awake, was continually urging them on, and winking in savage eagerness. His face was pale and his eyes ghastly, like death, as the sombre glow of the lamp fell on his visage. His mate looked another way, as if ashamed to look on his murderous friends; now and then he would raise his hand to his mouth, or writhe himself in uneasiness. The English blood of the two sea men grew chill, their hearts faint at the perpetration of so black a crime. They hesitated to take advantage of a man asleep, otherwise their hearts were fit for any thing. The Captain gnashed his teeth and cursed them with his frown, and stepping forward, seized Mr. Upton by the throat. Roland awoke and wrested himself from the trembling grasp of the Captain; but before he had time to alarm the ship, the mate stunned him with a blow of a club, and he lay lifeless on the floor. The four men then seized him and threw him overboard, and he sunk to rise no more, as they thought, for the cold tomb of the water enveloped him. This done, they returned to rest, trembling at each other's shadow's and footsteps. When morning came, a general search was made all over the ship for Roland; his bed was there, but his clothes were not, and he had evidently been in bed. Poor Almyra was lurid with floods of tears, and over powered with sighs. The Captain summoned the ship's crew, and examined them strictly as to every thing, some he imprisoned for a day or two, but no discovery could be made. He offered a reward of a thousand pounds to any one who would tell if he knew of any conspiracy that had been contrived against Mr. Upton. Almyra offered all she was worth to any one who would tell; at length all attempts at discovery proving fruitless, it became a general belief, that he had thrown himself over board in his sleep. Some of the sailors said they knew he was in the habit of walking in his sleep, and one of his murderers said he had heard some noise in Roland's room that same evening. This was a habit that Roland was subject to, and poor Almyra confessed to the Captain that she had known him to talk and even to walk in his sleep. Thus was the grand secret confined to the bosom of four, and all the ship's crew lulled into a false notion of the death of Roland. The unsuspecting and beautiful Almyra was content with such a belief. She prayed to that Redeemer whom her last lover had taught her to know, for consolation.—She believed he had gone to Heaven, and that there again she would see him in glory with the bright eyed seraphs that sing the eternal praise of the mysterious God. Ah heavenly harmony, thought she, my soul will list to thee forever in celestial bliss with Roland! Earth flew from her soul, and she rested her head on the bosom of her God, as

she thought! Pearly showers of tears would at times blanch her downy cheeks, and trickle down her gentle bosom; but whilst gazing through their fountain, the joy of joys—the joy of grief—the Redeemer's comforter would light up her soul as does the beam of the sun the showery cloud on the snow capped Alps.

Soon after poor Roland was thrown overboard, the breeze sprang up and the ship began to advance on her way more briskly, and the sky grew hazy. But to return to our hero. How shall I say he was saved? that I cannot say. He had not, however, been long in the water before he came to his senses again, and finding himself about to sink, he began to swim. He could not see, for he had been blind folded. He continued swimming until he touched land, as he thought, and he found himself at last on land again, in truth. He must have been in the water till nearly morning, probably four or five hours. However, as soon as he found himself safe, he struggled no more but sank with fatigue on the ground, into a deep slumber. While Roland thus lay asleep, he appeared in a vision to awake. He was resting on a green bank with his head reclined on a mossy rock. Before him the wide outspreading level of the Mediterranean, heaved in silence and loneliness; nothing appeared to disturb its awful solitude; the blue-sky was cloudless and serene, and as an immense noiseless shroud hovered over the cold bosom of the ocean—Ah! thought he, this is the valley of the shadow of death! I am feasting on the unseen mysteries of the spiritual world! Where now are those dear recollections of my clayey tenement? Avaunt! ye earth-enjoyed thoughts! what do you avail now? Ah! that nether clay clad life appears like the unreal visions of a dream! My God, my Redeemer, in whom I trusted, receive thy servant! Thus emphatically cried Roland. As he thus gazed on the distant sea, he saw in the distance a boat with one rower approaching him; and as he drew nearer, he perceived that the occupant was an old man. His fleecy beard hung over his breast, and reminded him of the Patriarch of old. His face however, was bright and smiling; his dress was long flowing black gown. His whole mien was majestic and solemn. When he reached the shore, he came straight to the spot where Roland was reclining. Although Roland had never dropped his eyes from gazing on him since since he first saw him, still the old man kept his eyes on the ground, and never once looked as if he knew another was near. Silent as the tomb he walked as a saint; he stood by Roland, and thus commenced a few words to him: "My fellow pilgrim, why slumberest thou thus? Dost thou not see, thou art in the valley of the shadow of death? Take heed to thy ways and do not despair; great is the re-

ward, my son, of the persevering soul. I have trod in former days this desolate scene! Son of man, believe my word, thou shalt see thy God as surely as you live; yea, and all living men. Rest in hope, a Redeemer in holiness shall stand up in holiness in the latter day. Arise in faith and followme, and I will lead thee whither thou wouldst go.

Thus saying, he took Roland by the hand and raised him from his bed and led him to his boat, in which, when he was placed, the old man thus addressed him again:—"Roland Upton, I know your desire; your spirit longs to be on earth, for the sake of the beautiful Almyra. I will crown your hope and you shall see her ere the morning sun of earth opens your mortal eyes to life's realities, you shall see her more charming than ever; her heart pure as the mountain snow, and her smiles sweet as the sunbeam on the new-blown rose. But remember I will require this sacrifice at your hands:—Your first-born infant I will take from you at the age of two years, as a recompense for this favor. Remember this—farewell." Thus saying the old man vanished. At that moment the boat flew over the silent waves as if by magic, and the sound of celestial music, unearthly and overwhelming with rapturous sweetness from a beautiful damsel clad in silver, gold and whiteress, who sat playing on an instrument at the front of the boat, sunk on the ears of Roland, and his soul appeared to melt away as in a vision.

Concluded in our next.

Profit and Loss.—A doughty farmer, who owneth woodland on the bank of a river, but what river our deponent saith not, was frequently laid under contribution for wood by people to whom fortune had not granted such wani demonstrations of her favor. It was perfectly easy to discover how much of his fuel was filched, but not so easy to detect the thieves. Gripus adopted and practised a method of recovery of the stolen articles, without taking out a writ for tort, theft, or trover. His manner was when timber was stolen, to charge it, and pouncing upon the first unlucky wight he could detect, produce his bill.

"But I never took the half of this!"

"Well, somebody has. Pay for it, or I prosecute. Can't afford to lose it."

In this purelo Yankee method he kept himself whole, and by taking the whole business into his own hands saved the lawyers a deal of trouble.

Original.

STANZAS.

Sweet is the music of the thrush,
That echoes through the air,
When warbling from some neighboring bush,
To free the heart from care.

But sweeter far the voice of her—
The maiden of my heart,
Which makes the tides of rapture stir,
And Love's soft magic start.

Fair looks the sky at closing eve,
When tinged with crimson light,
And parting sun-beams gently leave
Their hues on cloudy night.

But brighter are the sparkling eyes,
Of my lov'd maiden dear,
When tender glances while she sighs
Beam from each diamond spher.

Red is the flush upon the rose
When bath'd in pearly dew;
And sweet the fragrant odor flows,
From summer's violet blue.

But redder are my maiden's lips,
More sweet her breath—and oh!
How happy will he be who sips,
These sweets from whence they flow.

But happier far with her to rove,
The matchless girl I love,
Lock'd arm in arm with hearts inwove,
All guileless as the dove.

BRITON.

Original.

A JOURNAL OF LIFE.

It was a delightful evening in the latter part of autumn, 182-, that a sudden change in my employer's affairs, made it necessary that I should bid adieu to my native place and follow him to a remote part of this province. A few days were spent in visiting my numerous friends, all of whom expressed sorrow at my unexpected departure; and lastly, I disclosed my intentions to my parents..... They heard it with fortitude—no objection was made. I now thought that all was ready for my departure; my young heart dreamed not of trouble or disappointment, nor of the trials and difficulties to be overcome in a land of strangers, my feeling were buoyant and playful as the lamb, my boyish heart expanded with joy at the idea of making a tour to a place then so little known. I watched the time appointed for our sailing, with deep feelings of anxiety, not dreaming of the pain that would rend the breast of my disconsolate parents. The steam vessel was announced, and I ran to my mother, to take an affectionate, but silent adieu; but she broke the spell by exclaiming,—

"Then you leave us, my dear boy! Alas! how little thou knowest of sorrow, or the grief of a parent's heart; or thou wouldst now relent the rash promise made thy employer."

"Tis done," I exclaimed, "my dear mother," falling on her neck, and bathing it with tears, "it is done, and I must not, I cannot break my promise; though I now too sensibly feel the pain of a separation."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed my mother, "it

is thy will—thy just decree, and I shall not murmur,

"But submit to thy Almighty Will,
And though thou slay me—trust thy goodness still."

On hearing this pathetic prayer, disclosing the anguish of a parent's heart, I could endure no more, but rushed with frantic despair from the house, and stopped not till I found myself on board the boat; and silently traversing the promenade deck, I watched the white cottage of my parent's home as it slowly receded from my view. I retired early to rest, and from fatigue of the day, I soon fell into a serene slumber; from which I awoke not till late in the morning. I arose and repaired to the deck. I found the vessel gliding silently on through that grand and romantic scenery, "The thousand Islands." Night again closed. Already had we reached the waters of the mighty Ontario. About ten the following morning, the wind suddenly changed, and rising almost to a hurricane, continued to blow with redoubled violence till night again closed upon us. Never had I witnessed such a scene of wild confusion; the waves ran mountain's high, and we considered our vessel doomed to destruction, together with her ill-fated crew. To add to the horrors of the scene, the vessel became perfectly unmanagable, and was drifting fast towards the shore, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of our brave commander and his persevering crew. Every wave made our fate more visible; till at length she grounded with such violence as to throw her nearly on her beams ends. Our fate seemed now inevitable; every wave beat over us with wild fury—threatening us every moment with instant destruction. We found we should not be able to contend long with the raging storm, and silently committed ourselves to the first Disposer of events, who heard our petitions and hushed the winds to silence, and the raging waves to rest.

Morning now broke upon us, and we discovered with joy a vessel bearing down to our assistance. We were immediately taken in tow. The power of the engine together with the praiseworthy exertions of our crew, we soon succeeded in liberating our vessel, and we proceeded on without further interruption to the port of her destination. Here I was happy to join my employer, who awaited my arrival with a carriage to convey me to the place of my future abode. The surrounding scenery was delightful, and remained unchanged till we came to the small village of ——. For a few miles the scene changed; nothing but swamps and cross-ways, until we arrived within a short distance of our intended home. Here the scene surpassed all I ever witnessed. The towering banks of the majestic river; the lofty spire of the lone village church, joined with the smooth and golden waters as they silently glided past us, made

the place almost enchanting. The village was equally delightful; the situation high and commanding, with a distinct view of the surrounding country. The place so much pleased us that we determined to make a short stay.

Late one evening, feeling an inclination to ramble, I strayed out several miles west of the village. Led on by the beauty of the scenery I had wandered some distance from the road ere I was aware of it, and had lost my way. The sun had just disappeared and night was drawing its sable mantle of darkness over the earth. Being much fatigued, I was on the point of sinking to rest on the trunk of a large oak, when something like harmony caught my ear. I started, turned, and listened. I distinctly heard the soft and mellow sounds of music which was borne along with the gentle breeze of autumn, when I was surprised at beholding through the thick foliage, the figure of a person robed in white. She had already discovered me and was making a rapid retreat; when calling to her, I requested her to be under no fear, I only wished for directions to the village of —, having lost my way. She assented and led me towards a small cottage. "This sir," said she pointing to a pathway, "will lead you to the village, which is some distance; and yonder is my humble dwelling, which is at your service for the night if you will accompany me." So kind an offer I did not hesitate to accept; beside, the graceful form and superior address of my kind young hostess had excited my curiosity, and I thought I perceived something in her expression which denoted mystery..... She was about the middle size, a fine figure, and the simplicity of her dress, a white muslin gown, covered by a light colored silk pelisse, added to its beauty. I accompanied her home, and rarely or ever have I met with such a scene of apparent happiness:

"Here contentment seemed to dwell,
In this lone, sequestered dell;
Where the lovely maiden roves,
Through the lonely, shaded groves."

I at once perceived she had not long been accustomed to this retirement. I received a polite introduction to her mother, who was equally kind and affable, and I spent the evening very pleasantly in relating my wanderings, &c. In the morning, being accommodated with a fine horse, I set out for the village. An unfortunate fall from this fractious animal compelled me again to return to my kind hostess; the hurt being more severe than I thought, made it absolutely necessary for me to spend several days at the cottage, during which time, I received every attention from the old lady and her amiable daughter. During my confinement I completely gained the confidence of the latter, who related to me a tale that would shock any heart possessed

of humanity. I will give it in her own words as near as I can remember:

"It is but a few years since we, with many others emigrated from England, in hopes of repairing our almost ruined fortune. My father decided on this place for our future abode. Being accustomed to all the gaieties of a large town, you may judge how little this retirement corded with my feelings. My kind father saw my distress, and one day asked me to accompany him to a friend's in the village. Here I was much pleased with the kind and sisterly affection of their only daughter. She begged me to spend the remainder of the summer with them; my father gave his consent and left me in their care. Here, sir, I spent many weeks and months of happiness, blessed with the society of so affectionate and amiable companion as Miss —. Seldom, if ever, were we separated, unless by sickness..... One day while walking in the garden I was much surprised at the sudden appearance of the junior brother. I gaily said, 'you have a message for my return, I suppose,' and was hastening to the house. He made me no answer but sprung forward, caught my hand in great agitation exclaimed, "stay, lovely Caroline; surely you cannot be unacquainted with my long and ardent attachment. Tell me, dearest Caroline, that I may but hope and I shall be happy."

"Alarmed at his disorderly looks, and fearing the disapprobation of his parents, I made him no answer, but liberated my hand and escaped to the house. I retired to my room early and prayed God to direct my actions..... Ever after this, all his attention was bestowed on me; months passed and he still declared me the idol of his heart, and repeated his vows of eternal constancy to me. In vain did I expostulate and point out the many difficulties and trials arising from such rash engagements. I even pleaded my youth and poverty, but he was inexorable and redoubled his attentions; he repeated his vows of eternal love and protection with such fervor, till at length he gained an ascendancy over my weak and childish heart; and, oh sir, too late I found myself in the power of the beguiling serpent, whose breath was pestilence and whose sting is death—you may easily guess the rest. I fell a victim, like many others, to a base and perfidious wretch, who drove me from his presence and bid me seek refuge in a strange land. Here he left me to hide my shame, a ruined and forlorn girl, wreathing in all the agonies of despair—a disgrace and spectacle of woe to my unhappy parents. That the pride of the family might not be mortified or tarnished, God knows what I then suffered. Yes, every thing but death, indeed death would then have been a welcome messenger to me. Oft in the agonies of despair, have I prayed to be liberated from this world of suf-

fering and cruelty. In this state of degradation and misery, the kindest of parents found me, forgave and received me to their bosom; and I, like the penitent prodigal son, in a few days returned to this humble dwelling, and I trust heaven yet has riches in store for me."

Several years had elapsed when my business called me to the lower Province. In passing through the now flourishing town of— I was much pleased to find my kind hostess a resident of the place—living in apparent affluence. Her amiable daughter, no more feeling the pangs of poverty, but like the sun at mid-day, shone forth in all her splendor. She was admired and beloved by all; the old and young, the rich and gay. On my return home, I called again, and was much pleased to find her the wife of a very respectable merchant in the place. Thus we see the storms of cruel fate subsided, and the ocean of life again assumes a peaceful and delightful calm. The remaining years of her life was crowned with perfect happiness, and her death bed like that of the dying Christian, smooth and tranquil,—her peace and harmony kissed each other; and gently whispered,

"Jeans can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I'll lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Home, June 1833, } THE RECLUSE.
Grand River Tract. }

Swiss Legend of William Tell.—The following extract respecting the hero of Switzerland is taken from a most valuable and excellent work, the History of Switzerland, which from the 20th volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia:—

William Tell, who was one of the sworn at Rath and noted for his high and daring spirit, exposed himself to arrest by Gessler's myrmidons, for passing the hat without obeisance. Whispers of conspiracy had already reached the vogt, and he expected to extract some further evidence from Tell upon the subject.—Offended by the man's obstinate silence, he gave loose to his tyrannical humor, and knowing that Tell was a good archer, commanded him to shoot from a distance at an apple on the head of his child. God, says an old chronicler, was with him: and vogt, who had not expected such a specimen of skill and fortune, now cast about for new ways to entrap the object of his malice; and seeing a second arrow in his quiver, asked him what that was for? Tell replied evasively, that such was the usual practice of archers. Not content with this reply, the vogt pressed on him farther, and assured him of his life whatever the arrow might

have been meant for. "Vogt," said Tell, "had I shot my child, the second shaft was for thee; and be assured I should not have missed my mark a second time." Transported with rage, not unmixed with terror, Gessler, exclaimed, "Tell! I have promised thee life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." Accordingly, he took a boat with his captive, intending to transport him across the lake to Kussnacht in Schwyz in defiance of the common right of the district, which provided that its natives should not be kept in confinement beyond its borders. A sudden storm on the lake overtook the party; and Gessler was obliged to give orders to loose Tell from his fetters, and commit the helm to his hands, as he was known for a skilful steersman. Tell guided the vessel to the foot of the great Axenberg, where a ledge of rocks distinguished to this as Tell's platform, presented itself as the only landing place for leagues around. Here he siezed his cross bow, and escaped by a daring leap leaving the skiff to wrestle among the billows. The vogt also escaped the storm, but only to meet a fate more signal from Tell's bow in the narrow pass near Kussnacht. The tiding of his death not only enhanced the courage of the people, but also alarmed the vigilance of their rulers, and greatly increased the dangers of the conspirators, who kept quiet. These occurrences marked the close of 1307.

Deny every thing, and insist upon proof.
—Lawyer Acmody figured at the bar in Essex county, Massachusetts, something like half a century ago. He had a student named Varnum, who having just completed his studies, was journeying to a distant town in company with his master. Acmody on his way, observed to his student, "Varnum, you have been with me three years, and finished your studies; but there is one important part of a lawyer's practice, of great consequence, that I have never mentioned. "What is that?" inquired the student. "I will tell it," replied Acmody, "provided you will pay the expenses at the next tavern." The student agreed; and Acmody imparted the maxim at the head of the article. The supper, &c. were procured; and on preparing to set off from the tavern, Acmody reminded Varnum that he had engaged to pay the bill. "I deny every thing, and insist upon proof," returned Varnum. The joke

was so good, that Aemody concluded it best to pay the bill.

Sheep vs. Babies.—Crossing a neighboring enclosure a few pavs since, we encountered a little urchin about twelve years of age, whose daily business it was to watch and protect a large flock of sheep, and who in the bargain, was encumbered with the care of a small child not remarkable for gentleness of disposition. Finding him in not a very pleasant mood, which seemed to be occasioned by the turbulent spirit of the 'little one,' we took the liberty of inquiring which was the lesser trouble of the two—the care of the sheep or child? The lad raised up his hands, and exclaimed in the most earnest manner—"I'd sooner, zur, mind forty sheep than one baby!"

If you ever noticed it.—A young buck who had been living in Boston, in a counting house, for a length of time, behaved so unruly that his master sent him home. On returning to his father's house, he was directed to take off his rattle traps and gewgaws, and go to work on the farm.—"Why, father, I have been to Boston, if you ever noticed it." "Well, then, it is my orders that you now go to work, if you ever noticed it." "I don't wan't to."—"Well, if you don't I'll give you a *licking*." Here the boy drew himself up into a consequential posture, folding his arms—"Father, I dont care for you, if you ever noticed it."—"That," says the father, "*I noticed sometime ago.*"

PROVERBS.—A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

A burthen which one chooses is not felt.

Accusing is not proving, where malice and power sit judges.

A crowd is not company.

A thousand probabilities do not make one truth.

A blow from a frying pan, though it does not hurt, it sullies.

A calumny, though known to be such, generally leaves a stain on the reputation.

Advice to all, security to none.

A cut purse is a sure trade, for he has ready money when his work is done.

Adversity makes a man wise, not rich,

Affairs, like salt fish, ought to be a good while soaking.

A friar who asks alms for God's sake, begs for two.

A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his own throat.

A great city, a great solitude.

THE CONFESSION.—A lady at confession, among other heinous crimes accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor; "I do it to make myself handsome." "And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so, father." The confessor on this took his penitent out of the confessional, and having looked at her attentively in the light, said, "well, madam, you may use rouge, for you are ugly enough, even with it."

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1823.

REMOVAL.—Our subscribers will in future call at the office formerly occupied by John Law, Esq., south-east corner court-house square; to which place our office is removed. Consequently, we are compelled to issue the Garland unaccompanied by its usual appendage—the advertiser. We consider this of minor importance to the loss of a single day in issuing our paper.

GREENBANK'S PERIODICAL LIBRARY.—During the interium of our publication we have received six numbers of Mr. Greenbank's Library, a prospectus of which we published in our last number. From a cursory perusal of these numbers we are decidedly of the opinion that the method adopted by Mr. Greenbank for the dissemination of useful knowledge, will ultimately prove successful. No work among our acquaintance possesses equal merit. The proposition is to furnish 48 octavo pages every week. The form, the type, the arrangement, the quantity of reading matter contained in a single number, will not only surprise and delight the reader, but will give it an advantage over every work now issued from the American press.—The sole object of the publisher appears to be, to make it cheap and accessible to all. The numbers received are open for inspection, by such as are desirous of obtaining a cheap and valuable library.

Among other things, during the hurry and bustle of the last few days, we had the exquisite satisfaction of receiving through the post office [PAID] a communication that afforded us a momentary suspense from the fear of "other things." We do not hold our youthful friend forth as an example, but "bluntly" to show we are not among the LEAST and last-to-be-remembered of his friends.—Gentle reader, excuse the MEASURE, and "do thou likewise," and may every subscriber give us an occasion to read, Mr.—

Editor—That I may not err,

Some money I enclose to pay,

For Garlands wrath'd in foliage fair,

That never can nor will decay.

The precept I bring is, "to owe not a thing,"

Enjoined to the Romans by Paul;

And I hope that one brother who owes to another

Will pay, as it's binding on all.

T. J.

*Romans, xiii. 8.

A subscriber handed us the following puzzle, with a request to have it inserted in the Garland:

MAX L KJSS XQU MX JQVF

MAT T KTSS TOU MT EOVE

MISCELLANY.

THE BROKON MATCH:

OR THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Now the Lady Katharine was out of all comparison the tallest lady in the peerage. You might tumble over all the pages of Burko, in his last and most excellent edition, without finding any lady within a head of her. She stands six feet two in a quadrille—what she stands in her stocking vamps to use the odious phrase of the hating people, I never heard, nor do I suppose I shall ever have the opportunity of knowing. I waltzed with her once, and I had a pain in my shoulder for a week afterwards.

Why is it that little men always fall in love with long ladies, and vice versa? I do not know, but I am sure that any one of a metaphysical turn could write a most admirable essay on the subject,—but I appeal to all my readers, if I have any, (and if I have not, nobody will know any thing of my appeal) to decide, on a careful inspection of the loves of all their friends and acquaintances, if such is not the fact. There must be something in the contrast.

But passing by all ratiocination, nobody doubts that my Lord Simoon is the shortest lord that used to be in the Upper House. He stands about four feet six. But to counterbalance such a defect (if it be one,) he is a very good fellow, and has at least fifty thousand a year. I wish that some kind fairy would take a couple of feet off my height, and add a similar length to my purse. The change would be most desirable. Let people say what they would, I should feel that I stood much higher in the world.

Well, with whom did my Lord Simoon fall in love? Why, with Lady Katharine of course.—The friendship between their families was very close, and they grew up together—no, not grew up—for there was no small dissimilarity in their growing, but they were in a great measure reared together, and the little Lord fell in love with the lofty Lady.

"My dear Simoon," said his mother, "there is nothing against Lady Katharine; she is amiable, accomplished, high born and high bred. No money to be sure; but you do not want that. Her connexions are first rate, and her family politics unimpeachable; but you know there is such a difference between you both in appearance—pardon me for saying it, my dear Simoon—that you will look rather awkward. You know what I mean."

"True, my dear mother, I do," said his Lordship, standing on tiptoe, and taking the utmost altitude his shoulders would permit him; "but then we shall never be seen standing or walking together. We shall either ride, or drive, or be seated in some way or another; and I shall insist that she always sits on an ottoman."

"A judicious precaution," thought the countess, but she said nothing.

"Why," said Lady Katharine, to her mamma, "Simoon is a good person enough. I have no particular objection to him—but he is so little."

"He has fifty thousand a year," said the Viscountess.

"Yes, I know that," said Lady Katharine, "but how should we look going into a ball-room?"

"I cannot say," replied the Viscountess; "but

it is a thing of more importance to get a ball-room to go into."

"We should be excessively quizzed," said Lady Katharine.

"People of fifty thousand a year are never quizzed, my love," responded the Viscountess, "or if they are they never hear it, which comes to the same thing. You must not be so great a fool as to refuse Simoon."

"Heigh ho!" said Lady Katharine. "I suppose then I must have him; but they will call us Glumdalea and Tom Thumb."

"Not to your face, my love," said the Viscountess; and think of his!"

"Four feet six to my six feet two," sighed the tall lady.

"No, my love, I was not going to say any thing so absurd. Think of his fifty thousand a year."

It was settled that Lady Katharine should marry Lord Simoon. A great ball was given that night by Lady Blossomy, and the lovers were both invited. Simoon does not dance. He would have no chance in waltzing. Her Ladyship does most vigorously.

"What a nice little fellow, said her first partner, Lord John Diamond, "is Simoon. Really he looks very happy to night, poor little thing. Does not your ladyship think so? He is as gay as a monkey."

Her Ladyship said nothing.

"Pon my soul," liaped her second partner, a Coronet in the Guards—"that Simoon is a deuced nice little creature. I don't think him that fool every body else does. Ho's a protty little plaything enough."

Her Ladyship sighed.

Sir Cornelius Murphy was her third partner.

"Your Ledyship," said the Hibornian, "knows Lard Simoon. Well then, he's a small patthera of a man—mighty like a well-grown baboon, specially about the mouth; but a good little creature after all. By my word, he'd make a fine match for your Ledyship. You would be purtilly paired, though not exactly matched."

Her Ladyship bit her lip, and looked angry, but Sir Cornelius saw it not.

Lady Katharine danced no more that night.

"I will not have him," said she to her mother,—"not if he had five hundred thousand pounds a year."

"And why," said the Viscountess.

"I don't know," replied the Lady Katharine. She felt no inclination to repeat the observations of her three partners.

"Well," said the Viscountess, you have thrown away a coronet and a fortune, because a man is not fit to be a private soldier in the Guards. You will repent it, Lady Katharine. He will soon find those who are not so curious in grenadiers as you are."

* * * *

Her Ladyship was a true prophet. Simoon is shortly to be married to a lady who is just an inch lower than Lady Katharine.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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