



# THE GARLAND.

"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1832.

NO. 4.

## POPULAR TALES.

Original.

### OSCAR AND LUTHERA.

One fine summer's day, when Nature appeared clad in her richest garb of loveliness and beauty, I was sitting on a little hillock a short distance from that delightful place, Fort G. inhaling the gentle breeze as it calmly blew over the face of the surrounding waters; at the same time contemplating on the glorious orb of day, gently retiring down the western horizon, tipping the hills with gold: but a few hours past, and I had been fatiguing and laboring under its all-powerful heat and brilliant rays.

Such moments as these are never lost on the reflective mind; with all the charms of nature around him he admires, he at once perceives the wisdom and goodness of the great Author, his heart becomes expanded, and he bursts forth in a song of praise. These were my feelings. I sat musing on the present, and reflecting on the past; and while engaged in this delightful recreation, it introduced afresh to my remembrance, a circumstance which, time-passing-over-events could never obliterate. It relates to the pure affection of two youthful lovers, whose attachment for each other was nourished, grew, and matured from infancy, and rudely severed by the chill hand of cruel fate. As far as the recollection of the event will serve me, for the entertainment of the reader, I will simply relate the facts.

In a small village in the north of Scotland, formerly resided two remarkable and ancient families, of the name of M'Nab and L'Dogan, equal in point of fortune, though in a country where so much party-feeling prevails, not in sentiment; but this proved no hinderance to either family from frequently conversing together, and being sociable, kind and free, as neighbors and kinsmen. In short, but few paces separated their dwellings.

It was the custom for the youth of each family to invite each other in turns to their happy and harmless festivities, in which they took great delight in celebrating, and striving to excel each other in amusements, on the return of a birth-day party. It was at these assemblies of innocence and mirth, that the first seed of a sincere and unfeigned attachment was formed between Luther a M'Nab and Oscar L'Dogan, of which distinctive evidence was given to every observant eye.

Those who are acquainted with this part of the continent, are already aware that Nature has lavished her beauties in rich profusion, in the variegated scenery spreading abroad her

luxuriant foliage, and presenting to the eye of the painter, a volume of grandeur: such as was not passed unobserved by the two lovers, who took pleasure in frequently walking along the banks of the gay and winding river, and often when the luminary orb of night had risen resplendently above them—when all was serenity and silence save the rustling of the leaves, or the motion of the brook, they would meet each other and pour out their whole hearts in mutual affection, each exchanging lovers vows,

"Unheard by stranger's ear  
Unseen by parent's eye."

None but those who have enjoyed like happy meetings, are able to describe the transport of their hearts; long and uninterrupted did these joyous meetings continue, except a longing desire to be united to each other by the unalterable tie of matrimony, whose bonds are sacred. But this was not to be. The unhappy circumstance which proved unfortunate to the lovers, was remarkably simple, yet ended in serious results.

It happened that young Lubon, to whose care was entrusted the scattering flocks on the hills, had been attending a neighboring holiday, and by which, was delayed beyond his usual time for gathering to fold his fleecy flock, and did not arrive till some time after the lovers had met. No sooner had Lubon discovered them leisurely strolling along the banks of the smooth and winding stream, than he hastily performed his task, and speedily returned towards home, singing as he went with great hilarity, for which he was very remarkable, these words:

A wedding-day is drawing near,  
Come friend and kin from far;  
I've seen the charming Luther a,  
 wooing the brave Oscar.

Thus, without intermission were their names carolled through the lanes and paths by his unseasonable mirth, till he reached the village, and the intelligence echoed to every listening ear. In the mean time, Oscar and Luther a, thought it advisable to return home sooner than usual, to prevent if possible, any undue surprise reaching the ears of their friends;—for hitherto they had not the least knowledge of their correspondence.

But alas! already had Oscar's parent learnt the cause of his frequent evening absence from home, and for which he could assign no reason before. No sooner had Oscar entered the room, than he found himself in the presence of an angry and enraged parent—hurried from the hour of tranquility, to moments of storm. Col. L'Dogan in a rage more of a maniac than a man, threatened most bitterly to terminate, if possible, the occurrence

of such an alliance, exclaiming: "Did I ever think that a son of mine would be united to a family whom I consider to be so opposite to my party and principles? No, think not that ever I will give my consent to any such notions, I would as soon marry you to a peasant's daughter—a——!"

All this was spoken with such vehemence and irritation, that Oscar refrained from replying a single word, either to allay his anger, or simply stating his own feelings. Reason at such a juncture and moment of passion, would have been deficient and useless. He retired to his room, but not to enjoy that sweet repose he had been wont to do. No: sleep had fled and the most heart-rending feelings had taken possession of his mind! he knew not if his dear Luther's parents were equally as averse to their happiness, as his parents had proved to be. It was not long before he had convincing proofs to the contrary—they were actuated by kinder and more genial motives, and took pleasure in cherishing and encouraging in their offspring those happy feelings, that they themselves enjoyed in early life. This afforded Oscar an opportunity of frequently visiting their house, but under the strictest privacy.

But few days had gone by, before he received intelligence that his father had procured a commission for him in the army, and that eventually he might be called out in a few days; which proved to be the case. This was a severe shock to Oscar's feelings, whose altered looks and expressions, bespoke the anguish of his mind, and plainly told the suffering he must undergo in being thus forcibly separated from one, whom from childhood he had loved, and increasing years had matured to the purest height of sensibility.

The time fixed for his departure being short was wholly occupied in preparations for his journey, so that he was deprived from visiting his beloved Luther, scarcely once in the interval. He resolved, however, to give one parting interview before he left his home.—These would be moments of sadness on the part of both; however, the day was fixed and hour appointed by the lovers. If it were possible for human imagination to describe this scene—their parting—none could better describe it, than those who were present on the occasion; but as they chose that spot of earth, and the accustomed tree, where oft they had met in silence, we may suppose no other than the eye of heaven witnessed the tears they shed, at taking their farewell leave; methinks, like our first parents when they left their Eden, when

"They hand-in-hand took their solitary way."

At length the day arrived for his departure. His friends and relatives wished him a happy and safe return. Although Oscar had advised his dear Luther to deprive herself if possible of this scene; yet, she was observed by his

penetrating eye at a short distance, wiping away the tears as they successively rolled down her swollen cheeks. She made a signal for a last farewell, which Oscar immediately returned. A moment scarcely elapsed, before the barque "glided o'er the briny wave," and hurried him from her sight.

"He is gone!" she cried, "and I am left alone; perhaps, to meet no more. \* \* \* Strengthen me O Heaven! to bear with patience his absence, and wait with resignation his return."

For a few days, she appeared to be of the same cheerful frame, and countenance, as usual; but alas, her inward sufferings, who was able to describe? No news had arrived by the promised time—no intelligence could be obtained as to the post or situation of the army, to whose command he was entrusted.—'Twas strange, yet with unwearied feet she often sought the lonely beach, and as oft returned sorrowful and dejected. Her spirits now began to lose their wonted cheerfulness, and the color to forsake her cheeks—she gave vent to the deepest sorrow—a sort of melancholy had resumed his loathsome reign in her mind, and she gave away to the wildest anguish.

The village was in a state of anxiety and consternation. One evening when the elements was raging violently, as if to add a deeper gloom to the event, a boat was observed beating against the storm, and endeavoring to gain the shore. When it arrived it was found to bear intelligence of Oscar. But what was the information it conveyed? of his health and safety? No: but that in the moment of victory he fell a martyr to his cause.

No sooner had this intelligence reached the village than all was distraction, despair, and gloomy sorrow. He was beloved by all; and by a special order the whole town put on mourning and the following evening his funeral knell was to be rung by muffled bells.—\* \* \* All seemed sadness and sorrow.

Many thought of his poor Luther, but were afraid to let it be known; not even her parents who were about her chamber, broke the event by a whisper; for by giving vent to that inward grief, she had brought herself to the bed of affliction, nor had she learned the death of her dear, lost lover. None dared to speak, nor did any mortal tongue disclose the event; but when the tolling of the Kirk bells began to sound their gloomy notes, she hastily inquired the cause. None dared to answer. She guessed the cause of their silence, and in a fit of phrenzy and despair, she leaped from her bed, ran through the village in this distracted state, exclaiming, "He's gone,—he's gone! Ah, cruel parents!" and sunk exhausted, never more to rise.

Her fate is recorded in the minds of every true lover to this present day. They never

pass the church without pointing to the stone, saying "there lies the true, faithful and heart-broken lover, Luthera M'Nab. P.R.Y.

*A Busy Pay-Day.*—A profligate young fellow, the son of a lawyer of some eminence in Rhode Island, on a certain muster or general inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer, engaged to pay for it on the next inspection day. He gave a note; but instead of inspection he inserted the word *resurrection*—making it payable on the resurrection day! When the next inspection day had come, and the farmer, unsuspecting of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call upon him before the note was out. 'But it is out said the farmer; you promised to pay me next inspection day; the time has come round and I want the money.' 'If you will look at the note again, said the young man coolly, you will find it has a long time to run yet.' The farmer was sure the note was due; or ought to be; but on spelling it over carefully, he found to his astonishment that it was not due until the resurrection day. He remonstrated with the young scape grace;—but all to no purpose, and he finally laid the cause before his father the lawyer. The latter took his son aside, and told him he had better settle the thing at once; for, said he, 'though the pay-day is far off, you bid fair to have business enough on your hands that day without having notes to settle.' The advice was taken.—*Constellation.*

*Natural Wonders.*—It is very surprising, that two of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, are within the United States, and yet scarcely known to the best informed of geographers and naturalists. The one is a beautiful water fall, in Franklin county, Georgia: the other a stupendous precipice in Pendleton district, South Carolina; they are both faintly mentioned in the late edition of Morse's geography; but not as they merit. The Tuccoa falls are much higher than the falls of Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full it passes down without being broken. All the prismatic effect, seen at Niagara illustrates the spray of Tuccoa. The table mountain in Pendleton district, South Carolina, is an awful precipice of 900 feet. Many persons reside within five, seven, or ten miles of this grand spectacle who have never had curiosity or taste enough to visit it. It is now however occasionally visited by curious travellers, and sometimes men of science. Very few persons who have once cast a glimpse in the almost boundless abyss, can again exercise sufficient fortitude to approach the margin of the chasm. Al-

most every one, in looking over, involuntary falls to the ground, senseless, nerveless, and helpless; and would inevitably be precipitated and dashed to atoms, were it not for measures of caution and security, that have always been deemed indispensable to a safe indulgence of the curiosity of the visitor or spectator. Every one on proceeding to the spot whence it usual to gaze over the wonderful deep, has in his imagination, a limitation, graduated by a reference to instances with which his eye has been familiar. But in a moment, eternity as it were, is presented to his astounded senses! and he is instantly overwhelmed. His system is no longer subject to his volition or his reason, and he falls like a mass of pure matter. He then revives and in a wild delirium surveys a scene, which for a while, he is unable to define by description or imitation.

How strange it is that the Tuccoa fall and Table Mountain, are not more familiar to Americans! Either of them would distinguish an Empire or State in Europe.—*Lady's Ju. Miscellany.*

*Domestic Otter.*—About a year ago, Mr. Loughlison, Buroside of Dunscore, captured a pair of young Otters, in a cleft of the bank of the Nith, near Dalswinton. One of them died shortly after its admission into civilized society, but the other has thriven nearly as well as if under the tutorage of its natural guardians, and at the present time is the greatest natural curiosity in the district. In the early days of its captivity, Mr. Loughlison sent the Otter to mess with his collie, and though it agreed with the fare passing well, her Ottership early showed a predilection for aquatic exercises, and may now be considered one of the best fishers in the Nith. The first fish it will on no account part with, and Mr. Loughlison considers it as much as his fingers are worth to attempt using an argument per force in this case, but all succeeding spoils are willingly given up. Water-hens, eels, frogs, &c. are all considered as prey in the Otter's vocabulary, and in short, when on her amphibious prow, all is fish that comes to net. She is not noted as a warrior, but yet displays no fear of the canine race; disports in the same lake with her master's dogs, evinces a novel penchant for waggishness, and has been observed, when in deep water, to mount upon the back of a large cur, and get safely ferried to the landing place. Mr. Loughlison has bestowed considerable pains in the tuition of his dumb protege, and is requited by all the attachment that is known to an Otter's heart. She follows him about, fondles him with many winning arts, and but for the sticking agent the first fish, might be considered in a better state of training than a lady's lap-dog.

Original.

## MY NATIVE LAND.

O Canada! the fond land of my youth,  
The scene of my earliest joy;  
If absent from thee thy 'meins' rance would soothe  
My soul in affliction's annoy,

Thy blue ether skies bring pleasure to me—  
None other my soul could arrest;  
Thy breezes are full of sweet harmony—  
Thy forests in beauty are dressed.

To wander at eve when deep saffron tints,  
Bespangle the soft smiling west;  
Or morn's rosy touch with crimson imprints,  
The orient clouds as they rest.

Alone 'mid thy groves my spirit delights,  
When e'en thy vales to the notes  
Of thy flitting warblers whose flights  
Of soft flowing music e'er float.

On the ear of the wanderer whist musing,  
Alone amid solitude still;  
And o'er his calm soul e'er sweetly fusing,  
Softly melting strains bantling ill.

Italian climes their genial skies may claim,  
And other lands may boast their worth;  
But round my heart shall ever cling the name  
Of Canada, that gave me birth.

That happiness we vainly seek to find  
In other lands, we find not there;  
Contentment is the charm that e'er must bind,  
Or make us happy any where.

My native land! in which I love to dwell—  
Its many faults, I alas must own,  
But nought of ill; for her my bosom's swell  
Can ever check or silent drown.

C. M. D.

## ROGER DIMON.

Concluded.

When he emerged from the forest into the little opening which with the blue smoke curling over the pine tops marking the residence of M'Donnell, the sun had just passed the meridian, and through the vistas of tall trees, showed the Canadian hills, undulating and melting into the far blue eky, clad in golden light. As he approached the spot where he had left all that was dear to him, the sad silence that prevailed went to his soul. The large and faithful watch-dog which never allowed any one to approach without permission, barked not; and Dimon's heart, insensible as he was to fear, beat quick and fast, and as he fancied, audibly, as he approached the door. He opened it,—still all was silent—no one appeared to welcome him, and a chill, like that of death, came over him. A partition of rough boards separated one part of the house from the other, and hastily throwing open the door between them, the first object that met his eyes was his dear Annette, seated on a low bed, her long beautiful hair dishevelled and fallen around her neck and shoulders, her head resting on her white hand, apparently insensible to the approach of any one. He spoke to her, but she heeded him not.

"Annette, my own dear Annette, will you not speak to me?" said Dimon, as he took her in his arms, and kissing her pale cheek, laid her back on the pillow. The sound of his voice seemed to recall her to recollection, and she opened her eyes and fixed them upon

him; but merciful heaven! what were his feelings when he saw in them the startling and terrible light of insanity.

"Oh Annette, will you not speak to me?—will you not tell me the cause of this fearful change?"

With a shudder she averted her face, and cried out in frenzied tones as she struggled to escape from him, "away base wretch! begone! release me instantly or dread the vengeance of my husband."

"I am your husband, and you are my own dear Annette!" said Dimon, as he effectually strove to quiet her.

While thoughts, maddening and terrible thoughts rushed through his mind with bewildering force, he heard a light step behind him, and turning his head saw it was his servant girl, Maria.

"Maria, for heaven's sake tell me what has happened?" he inquired with startling vehemence. "What has become of M'Donnell? has any one been here? has that accursed Frazer discovered our retreat?" were some of the questions he hurriedly poured forth.

Maria could say nothing, but looked at her loved mistress, and burst into tears.

"Maria," repeated Dimon, taking her hand to reassure her, "I must hear it all, know it all; take your own time, but conceal nothing."

From the account of Maria, mingled as it was with sobs and tears, Dimon learned, that early in the morning, an Indian had called with a request, that M'Donnell would go with him to assist in killing a bear and her cubs, which he said he had traced to a tree one or two miles up the river. Soon after M'Donnell left them, the dog which was lying near the door, suddenly sprang up, and with a furious bark, flew towards the woods which lay between the house and the river. Maria ran to the door, and saw three men armed, running towards the house, one of whom she saw was Frazer. The courageous dog instantly attacked them, but a pistol shot speedily despatched him, and the party bursting into the house, with loud threats demanded Dimon.—It was in vain Annette assured them he was not there; they fell to reproaching her, and Frazer with ruffian barbarity, seized her in his arms, swore fearfully, that the long-sought hour had at length come, and that she was now in his power. Mrs. M'Donnell interposed, but at a signal from Frazer, was seized by his accomplices, gagged and bound. At this moment Maria made her escape to the woods, and as the only chance of relief, hastened on in the direction taken by the Indian and M'Donnell. To her horror, she found his body at the distance of about half a mile, lying on the ground, shot through and scalped. Returning with all speed, she had nearly reached the house, when she heard screams of dis-

dress which she knew were those of her mistress; and thinking she too was murdered she hid herself in some fallen tree-tops, until she saw the three men depart, bearing in their arms a woman. She then ventured to enter the house where she found her dear mistress insensible; nor had she spoken except when once or twice in tones of terror, she called on her husband for help. At the moment Dimon arrived, she had been to the spring for water to cool the fevered lips of the wretched Annette; and to her great joy, found him there on her return.

"How long have the villains been gone?" said Dimon, as Maria closed her sad tale.

"About half an hour;" was the reply.—Hastily catching up his rifle, he commanded Maria to attend her mistress until his return, and then with the furious swiftness of a panther, flew down the pathway that led to the river. When about half way there, he found Mrs. McDonnell securely pinioned and bound to a tree. He spoke not a word, but cutting her bands, hastened onward. He was too late; the objects of his vengeance were beyond his reach—the canoe that contained them was rapidly vanishing far down the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence. "Villains, you have escaped now, but as sure as there is a God in heaven, vengeance shall overtake you!" said Dimon, as the canoe disappeared in a bend of the river, and with a sad heart, he hastened back to the bedside of Annette. \* \* \*

That beautiful and faithful creature survived but a few days the barbarous treatment she had suffered. In her last hours her reason returned; she was sensible of her approaching death, and hailed it as a most welcome event; and she breathed out her last sigh on the lips of her husband, while granting that forgiveness which so often with tears requested, for leaving her contrary to her wishes. In a lone grave in the green wood, the remains of the lovely Annette were laid, the two females, by their request, was removed to the nearest Canadian settlement,—and then Dimon gave himself up to the hopes of vengeance, ample and unrestrained vengeance. Some of Frazer's friends, who knew Dimon, and had learned from the officer the cause of mortal hatred he had given the latter, advised all proper precaution for his safety, but he laughed at their fears, and ridiculed their apprehensions of danger from such a source.

About three weeks after the event we have related took place, a grand military ball was given by the British officers at Montreal, and Major Frazer was amongst the most admired, and gayest of the gay. In the course of the evening, one of the servants put a small note into his hands, saying, that the person who handed it, wished him to read it without delay. "It is no time to be pestered with applications from young ensigns, who are anxious

to use my influence with the General for their own promotion," said Frazer, as he thrust the billet unopened, into his pocket, and again mingled with the gay and happy crowd.—When the company broke up, as he was handing a young lady to her carriage, a person whispered to him; "that if Major Frazer was at liberty, a gentleman who had some important business to communicate, would be happy to meet him near the royal barracks in half an hour."

"Tell him I will see him," was Frazer's reply, and he was on the ground at the time. In the shadow of the high building, that formed one side of the square, he observed a man in a cloak slowly pacing backwards and forwards, and walking up to him, was accosted in a tone which made him start, though but half remembered—"Are you Major Frazer?" "I am; but I am not certain that I recollect the person whom I have the honor of addressing."

"You remember Roger Dimon, and before we part, you will remember the wronged and murdered Annette;" said the other, in a voice that sounded like a knell to the conscience struck Frazer, who remained silent. "I have sworn vengeance," continued the deep toned voice of Dimon; "I might have taken it by a secret and sure blow—but I scorned to be an assassin—you have the reputation of being a man of courage—draw and prove it—one or both of us sees not to-morrow's sun."

While Dimon was speaking, he allowed his cloak to fall from his shoulders to the ground. The instant he ceased speaking, Frazer, whose hand had firmly grasped the hilt of his sword, drew it, and attacked Dimon so suddenly, that nothing but his superior agility saved him from death. The contest now commenced in earnest; both were excellent swordsmen, but the untutored vigor of Dimon was more than a match for the practised skill of Frazer; and the former passed his sword through the body of the latter with such force, that the hilt struck with a hollow sound, and with a single groan, he fell lifeless to the earth. In the morning, the body of the officer was found with a paper pinned on his breast with his own dagger, on which was written:—"This wretch, unworthy the name of man, is a sacrifice to the shade of the virtuous and murdered Annette, and a victim to the vengeance of Roger Dimon!" In his pocket was found the note he had thrust into it the previous evening; on it was written—"The tiger is abroad—let those who have reason to feel his wrath beware; this warning is from one who knows Roger Dimon!"

What became of Dimon was never known; from the moment that this sense of justice was satisfied, for the deep wrong he had suffered, he was never again seen or heard of in that quarter; yet his name is still blended

with the history of many of the most important transactions on that frontier; and the grave of Annette is still shown to those who have a curiosity to see where undisturbed and alone, beauty sleeps.

### THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD.

A tale of the French Revolution.

It was a dark and gloomy period during the French Revolution. The remorseless Robespierre had stretched his mad ambition to the utmost, and the terrible factions which he had raised to support him in his ascendancy, already began to tremble at the growing influence of the Royalists. The Jesuit and the Jansenist were burning with all the zeal of theological controversy, and the infuriated people giving themselves up to the unbelief of an unintelligible jargon or to the spirit of a false and dangerous philosophy. Religion, affrighted, had fled the country, and infidelity with all its attendant evils was stealing over it like an invisible curse. The very fountains of abomination seemed to have been broken up, and a deluge of pollution poured upon the land. The sanctuary and monastery were invaded, and the blood-thirsty tyrants becoming more merciless and sanguinary by the very dependency of their cause, heaped the most unprovoked vengeance on their wretched inmates.

While the fury of the Revolution was at the extreme height, a community of nuns in the suburbs of Paris were seized and condemned to the guillotine. On the day set apart for their execution, a ferocious mob had gathered in the streets of Paris, and as the victims passed along in their monastic dress, a faint murmur of disapprobation arose, not unlike that of the mingling of far-off waters. Many of them were in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and sung as they ascended the steps of the scaffold, the hymn of *veni creator* with most lively and musical voices. They reached the fatal guillotine, and with the black veil still down over their faces bowed their necks one by one, beneath the bloody axe. It was a martyrdom which even the old in crime could scarcely witness without feeling their bosoms heave as with the thrill of their best emotions. Barbarity had indeed become a business, and humanity been frozen hard by constant scenes of desolation and horror. But there was pictured in the countenances of nearly all, a something like the struggling of heart and mind, and the stout arm of the officer of the guard fell nerveless as he looked upon the massacre. He could no longer riot in the destruction of maiden innocence, and his pent-up feelings relieved themselves in tears. A victim who was just then on the eve of submitting to her fate, cast an eye of recognition upon the man who had shown so much humanity—and throwing her veil partly aside,

disclosed to him a familiar face. He rushed forward before the executioner, and in the agony of his spirit cried out—

“Spare her—oh! for mercy’s sake spare her!”

The multitude gazed in astonishment, and the executioner stayed his purpose. And the axe fell by his side,

*“Listless from his crimsoned hand  
The axe hung—clogged with massacre.”*

“And thy heart fails thee, does it, young man?” said he, with a fiendish smile. “Liberty of speech and action calls for the sacrifice, and it *must* and *shall* be made.”

“Oh! no,” cried he, “by your love for me, by all that is dear to our country and to human nature, I entreat you to spare that girl. She is innocent, and her father never opposed the liberty for which we contend.”

“I cannot now bandy words with you,” said he, “the execution must go on, and as I have no power myself to revoke the sentence which has been passed upon the nuns, it will be useless to trouble me with any further pleas for their safety.”

“Will you then prolong the execution of this victim until I have seen and asked her life of the proper authority. I know my prayer will be granted when they have heard her innocence and the cause of my anxiety.”

“Go, young man; but remember, unless you return in fifteen minutes from this time, your errand to yonder palace would be as well untold.”

Many minutes had not elapsed before the chivalrous youth had reached his destined place. It was not a wild freak of gallantry, nor a dream of wandering sense that urged him on to the accomplishment of so bold a plan. It was the prompting of a better nature and of early love. The beautiful nun had been the object of his attachment from his childhood; and although the turbulence of the times had separated them from each other for many years, he still loved her with unchanging affection.

At the out-breaking of the revolution, he joined the party of his father, and became a friend to Robespierre, and an enemy to the Bourbons. The blood-thirstiness of his leaders, sickened him to the very heart’s core;—but he could not retrace the steps which he had taken. It was immediate death or help on the work of destruction which had been so well begun. His conscience struggled for a while with his principles, but the latter prevailed and he became a frequent witness of the slaughter of his friends and acquaintances.—He saw the father of his beloved fall on the scaffold, and breathe out a prayer for the safety of his only daughter. He heard how, from this circumstance, she was forced against her will to embrace a life of conventual seclusion, and to seek in the cloister an asylum from the

cares and corruption of the world. But the affections of the artless girl could not thus easily be weaned from society. They were concentrated into one sublime feeling of love, and the convent and black veil were insufficient to lead her to the sole contemplation of holy and eternal things. The young liberalist loved her with a warm gush of youthful feeling and during the few moments which were allotted him by the executioner, pleaded like a mother for the preservation of her life. He gained his object and hurried back with the glad tidings. A thousand inquiring eyes were looking out towards the palace. No officer of the guard met their view. The cheeks of the maiden were pale with anxiety, and her brow was deeply furrowed with the lines of thought. The angel of hope which visited her but a few moments before, had fled, and she now gave her last look to the spirit's heaven. The allotted time had expired—she bowed her neck—the axe fell—and her "soul went back to God who gave it."

Just at the moment the officer was seen hurrying with unwonted human speed towards the fatal spot. He ascended the scaffold with the word PARDON trembling on his ashy lips, and as he looked around on the bloody scene before him he saw the yet unquiet flesh of his soul's idolatry—the words of grief became too big for utterance, and the energies of his noble nature within him. He reeled and fell prostrate amid the slaughtered Nuns. The dreamless, pulseless sleep of death had come over him, and his body was consigned to the same tomb as that of the unhappy victim whose life he had vainly attempted to preserve.

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1832.

*Metaphors.*—There is not perhaps any figure of speech so pleasing as the Metaphor. It is at times the language of every individual, but above all, is peculiar to the man of genius. His sagacity discerns not only common analogies, but those others more remote, which escape the vulgar, and which though they seldom invent, they never fail to recognize, when they hear them from persons more ingenious than themselves.

It has been ingeniously observed, that the Metaphor took its rise from the poverty of language. Men not finding upon every occasion words ready made for their ideas, were compelled to have recourse to words analogous, and transfer them from their original meaning to the meaning then required. But though the Metaphor began in poverty, it did not end there. When the analogy was just—and this often happened—there was something peculiarly pleasing in what was both new, and yet familiar; so that the Metaphor was then cultivated, not out of necessity, but for ornament. It is thus that clothes were first assumed to defend us against the cold, but came afterwards to be worn for distinction and decoration.

It must be observed, there is a force in the united words, new and familiar. What is new, but not familiar, is often unintelligible; what is familiar, but not new, is no bet-

ter than common-place. It is in the union of the two, that the obscene and vulgar are happily removed; and it is in this union, that we view the character of a just Metaphor. But after we have so praised the Metaphor, it is fit at length we should explain what it is; and this we shall attempt as well by description as by example.

"A Metaphor," says Lord Harris, "is the transferring of a word from its usual meaning to an analogous meaning, and then the employing it agreeably to such transfer." For example, the usual meaning of evening is the conclusion of the day. But age too is a conclusion—the conclusion of human life. Now there being an analogy in all conclusions, we may arrange in order the two we have alleged, and say, that as evening is to the day, so is age to human life. Hence, by an easy permutation—which furnishes at once two Metaphors—we say alternately, that evening is the age of the day, and that age is the evening of life.

There are others equally pleasing, but which we only mention, as their analogy cannot be mistaken. It is thus that old men have been called stubble, and the stage or theatre, the mirror of life.

In language of this sort there is a double satisfaction: it is strikingly clear—and yet raised, though clear, above the low and vulgar idiom. It is a praise too of such metaphors, to be quickly comprehended. The similitude and the thing illustrated are commonly despatched in a single word, and comprehended by an immediate and instantaneous intuition.

*Rural Repository.*—W. B. Stoddard, Esq. editor of this interesting semi-monthly miscellany, has forwarded us the 10 first numbers of the present volume. The best recommendation we can give it, is, that it has been published by the present proprietor in the city of Hudson, N. Y. upwards of eight years, and has a wide circulation, which it justly merits.

*Lady's Book.*—Through the politeness of the publishers of this work, we have received the September number.—The embellishments are, The Mother's Grave—The Tumblers Pigeon—The Fantail Pigeon—The Ornamental Artist—Cholera Hospital at Paris, and *Oh! leave me to my sorrow*, set to music. It sustains it previous character in every respect.

*The Ladies Mirror*, is the cognomen of a 4to publication, issued at Southbridge, Mass. semi-monthly, devoted to the propagation of literature. It is well executed and no doubt receives a suitable share of support from its Yankee friends.

*To Correspondents.*—We wish to have it distinctly understood by our Correspondents, that when we receive any communications, unless we deem them worthy an acknowledgement they need not put themselves to any unnecessary inquiries.

*The Maidens Choice* was unavoidably excluded.—It shall appear in our next.

*An Adventure in the Woods of Canada*, is of too great length—should the author be willing to trust our apyness in bridging, we will give it a place. *September* is rather late, but is a good essay.

*My Native Land*—"Et D." came too late for No. 4. It shall have a conspicuous place in No. 5. We shall expect an attempt at prose.

Original.

TO MARGARET.

Art thou not dear unto my heart?  
O search that heart and see,  
And from my bosom tear apart  
That which beats not true to thee.

But to my bosom thou art dear—  
More dear than heart can tell:  
And if a fault is cherished  
It's loving thee too well.

THEODORE.



## POETRY.

Original.

## THE MERMAID AND THE MOUNTAIN SWAIN.

Of a Mermaid fair in days of yore,  
My playful muse will sing;  
Her garb was green and the locks she wore  
Were like the raven's wing.

She dwelt within a mossy cave  
High arch'd with beauty rare,—  
Where boat the ocean's foamy wave,  
And the sea-gull nestled there.

A mountain Rover chanc'd to stray  
Upon the wat'ry beach,  
In search of love he bent his way,  
And fain her cave would reach.

A lover too, the Mermaid sought,  
But e'er had sought in vain—  
Until this day it chanc'd her lot  
To ease the Rover's pain.

'Twas glowing eve, the lingering ray  
Of Phœbus in the west,  
Upon the diamond wave did play  
And gild the mountain's crest.

The pensive Rover's loving strain,  
Upon his mountain reed—  
Swell'd in sweetness on the main,  
And bade its echoes speed.

The lonely tones of the Mermaid's song,  
His loving heart inspir'd  
As slow the beach he pac'd along,  
And his beating bosom fir'd.

'Twas fate that will'd, they meet, they greet,  
Each fondest passion speak:  
One fate now binds in bans most sweet,  
'Their hearts with rapture break.

The ocean maid and mountain swain,  
Were long a loving pair—  
The one would sport upon the main,  
The other mountains dare.

Among the rocks and mountains steep,  
His pipe could oft be heard—  
And on the cliff where Chamois sleep,  
Or floats the sky-fam'd bird.

And oft at night their mutual strains,  
Upon their sea-girl cave,  
Would echo o'er the silent main  
And still the rippling wave.

When hush'd the world, and silent all  
The caves of ocean keep;  
Save the murmuring Neptune's call  
Upon his tribes to sleep.

Her tales would tell of fairy caves,  
Of horrid gulfs below—  
Of strange abodes beneath the waves,  
And of their treasures low.

So pass'd their days, so fled their years,  
A happy, loving pair—  
'Till she dissolv'd in crystal tears,  
And he into the air.

C. M. D.

## MISCELLANY.

*The Blush of Modesty.*—"Paint us, dear Zeuxis," said some of the chief inhabitants of Cortona, "paint us a portrait of the Grecian Helen, and in her, the beau ideal of female loveliness."—"I consent," replied the artist, "on condition that you send to me, as models, six of the most beautiful maidens of your city, in order that I may select from each some particular charm."—"On the morrow they came, so beautiful in youth and gracefulness, that now for the first time the painter mistrusted the power of his art."—"Ye are indeed fair, my charming maids," he said; "but it is

indispensable that you should sit to me unveiled."—"Unveiled!" they all exclaimed in surprise:—"unveiled! never! never!" was echoed from mouth to mouth. By dint, however, of entreaties, but more by flattery, the courteous artist succeeded in allaying the scruples of five of them, but the constancy of the sixth remained unshaken.—"Though it were to be Venus herself," she cried, indignantly, "I would not consent."—All expostulation was vain—she fled blushing. Zeuxis took his pencil and colors—studied his models, and after a few weeks of incessant labor, produced his "Helen," the glory of his art, and the admiration of the world. The day of public exhibition arrived; the applause was unanimous—the candid and unprejudiced were enraptured—the jealous and envious reclaimed or overawed. But alone dissatisfied amidst the universal triumph the artist exhibited on his wrinkled brow the marks of discontent.—"Ever prone as thou art," said his friend Eretus, "to discover faults in thine own performance where none exist, what can now be thy subject of regret?"—"The drawing," replied Zeuxis, "is perfect, the subject faultless, and I might indeed write underneath it, 'henceforward it will be easier to criticise this picture than to imitate it; but there is still one thing wanting to its perfection.'—"And what can that be?"—"The blush of the sixth maiden."—*La Belle Assemblee.*

*Good Advice.*—In one of our courts in this city, a blacksmith who had the gift of stammering to perfection was called into court as a witness between two journeymen of his, in a law suit; the amount in question being about 75 cents. The judge, after hearing his testimony, asked him why he had not advised his workmen to settle, the cost being five times the amount of the disputed sum. In reply the witness observed—"I t-t-t-old the foo-o-ols to settle. I s-s-said the con-constables would take their co-o-oats, the lawyers their sh-shirts, and by j-j-jings, if they got into your Hon-Honor's court, you'd sk-sk-sk-skin 'em.

A country vicar giving his text out of He brews, pronounced it. He brews ten and and twelve (meaning the chapter and verse.)—An old toper, who sat half asleep under the pulpit, thinking he talked of brewing so many bushels to the hogshhead, exclaimed with great emphasis, 'and not such bad ale either.'

*Dining.*—Diogenes, being asked what was the best hour for dinner, replied, "for the rich when they please; the poor when they can."

## THE GARLAND.

Published at Hamilton, Gore District, U. C. every other Saturday, at 7s. 6d. per annum, by W. SMYTH, to whom all communications must be addressed, free of postage. Office of publication, North side of Court-house Square.

# The Garland Advertiser.

**RESOLVED.**—That to prevent surprise, and to afford time for proper investigation in matters that may effect the private rights of individuals, it is expedient to make it a standing order of the Legislative Council, that no Petition for a private Bill, which can effect the vested right, interest, or convenience of any person or persons other than the Petitioner or Petitioners, shall be received after the twentieth day of the Session, and that no Private Bill of the nature above described which may come up from the Assembly, after the thirtieth day of the Session, shall be proceeded upon in the Legislative Council. Truly extracted.

G. POWELL,  
Clerk, Legislative Council.

Journal, Legislative Council, }  
Upper Canada, 6th March, 1830. }

Editors of Papers throughout the Province will give the foregoing three insertions, and forward their Accounts for payment to the GAZETTE OFFICE, YORK.

## NEW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the Canadian Wesleyan Office, the following Books:—

	£	s.	d.
Bibles, . . . . .	0	5	0
Ditto, . . . . .	0	4	0
Horn on the Psalms, . . . . .	0	4	3
Duty of Family Prayer, . . . . .	0	0	2
Explanation of Sacrament, . . . . .	0	0	6
Burkett's Help and Guide, . . . . .	0	2	3
Whole Duty of Man, . . . . .	0	5	3
Law's Serious Call, . . . . .	0	5	0
Dr. A Clarke's Comments on } the New Testament, . . . . .	1	10	0
English Prayer Book, . . . . .	0	1	8

With a variety of other Books and Pamphlets, upon various religious subjects. Hamilton, Oct. 1832.

**TAVERN STAND TO LET.**—To let, that well known Tavern Stand in West Flamborough, formerly occupied by Mr. Peter Bamberger, and now in the occupancy of Mr. Sours. Possession will be given on the 5th January next—for term apply to the subscriber. **JAMES CROOKS.**

Nov. 7, 1831.

71f

## Job Printing,

EXECUTED to order, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, at the Garland Office.

## Fanning Mills.

**THE** Subscriber having long regretted the extortion practised upon Farmers in the above article, has been induced to establish a **FANNING MILL MANUFACTORY** in the village of Burford, where he will keep constantly on hand, *Mills of the newest patterns, and best materials*, which he will dispose of on the following terms:

For Cash, \$20  
On one year's credit, \$26  
Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Neat Stock, Pork, and most kinds of country produce taken in payment, if delivered within eight months from the time of sale.

Farmers in want of the above article, will do well to call and examine for themselves, before they make engagements elsewhere.

**THOMAS FOWLER.**

Burford, Aug. 30, 1832. gwtf50

## NOTICE.

**LOST** by the Subscriber a **RED M. LOCCO POCKET BOOK**, at or near Maslott's Tavern, Stony Creek;—containing some 4 or 5 dollars in cash, with some valuable papers; 2 notes of 25 dollars each; one signed by William Elsworth, the other by Jesse Wickershan, some other notes of less value, with a bond of \$200 value, and a number of receipts, &c. Any person finding said book and papers, will be handsomely rewarded, by returning them to the subscriber or leaving them at this office.

**SAMUEL HAVILAND.**

October, 1832. 2-3w

## NOTICE.

**FOUND** on the north line road of Gansborough, a piece of Calico, marked 28 1-2 yards. For further information inquire at Elder H. Ryan's in Gansborough.

N. B. The owner is requested to come and prove property, pay charges and take it away. **HENRY R. SMITH.**

Gansborough, Oct. 1832. 1-1f

## Linseed Oil

**FOR** sale by the subscriber. Wheat, Flax-seed, or Pork will be taken in payment, as well as money.

**JAS. CROOKS.**

West Flamboro', Feb. 16, 1830. 401f