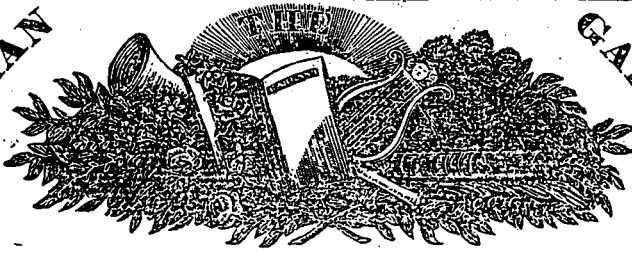


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"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1833.

NO. 21.

Written for the Canadian Garland.

ROLAND UPTON.

CONTINUED.

Thus our hero began his voyage, and having a fair wind he soon saw the green banks and black cliffs of his native land sink into an ideal shadow, while his ship like a white-bosomed swan, flew over the fleecy wave and kissed the pendent clouds, in her majestic career. Roland was much affected with the whole scene. On the shore stood hundreds of little children, and poor people, whom his charitable hand had wrested from misery and starvation, and who blessed him as far as they could see him. This, thought Roland to himself, puts me in mind of the career of man in this life. We see our infancy sink like yonder land in the ocean of time, through whose dizzy vista our memories intensely strain on the wild waves of youthful enthusiasm, tossed to and fro by the novelty of life and the passions and fancies of our hearts, we advance in hastiness and imaginary pleasures to manhood. Then comes a calm—a dead calm, and we look in vain for the ruffled billows of our youth. We see that we have attained nothing—all our hopes have fled; our heedless haste is checked, and we gaze on the waters of life, regretting what is past, and fearing what is to come. Ah, ideal worldly happiness thou glittering and unsubstantial shadow of a phrenzied hope; we grasp at thee as at a bubble, when you burst and leave us in depressed inanity and where we commenced our course. Retrace your steps saith the Almighty, become a second child, sanctioned by my spirit, and set your eyes and soul on that which liveth to eternity, even the Messiah's church. We will leave Roland again until we find him in the Mediterranean sea.

Whilst he was standing musing on the deck, the Captain came to him and told him very seriously, that there was evidently a great hurricane coming on, and that it would overtake them in less than half an hour. Roland turned round to the south east, whither the Captain pointed, and as he was a sailor, immediately seen the indication pointed out,

an immense purple mountain of clouds lay stretched in frightful expanse across the horizon, which the lightning frequently lit up like burnished gold. The sun grew dim and silvery, and the calm water began to heave backward and forward in violent trouble; the solemn and deep bellowing of the sea astounded the ear; the sea gulls were confused and hovered round the vessel, and the fish which before were flirting the silver and golden tide to the water's edge, gradually disappeared; the sun grew darker still, and all the crew flew to prepare for the storm; the sea rolled higher, and groaned quicker and deeper; the air was in a sudden blaze of light, and the black clouds wrapped the sky in their dismal folds; the thunders roared louder, and the big splashing rain commixed with the ocean's froth to deluge the ship with water; all were called to the pumps. Thus it lasted for ten minutes, when a cry that the vessel was sinking resounded every where; dozens of men rushed over board, and for a while the glare of the lightning, the thunder peals, with the waves running mountains high, allowed them scarcely time to breathe, or see whether they were sinking or swimming. At length the sea grew quieter, and they were enabled to hoist a boat out, into which as many as could get, jumped, and indeed the only individual left behind was Roland, who fell upon this determination rather than take the place of another who might be saved. Thus he clung, as he thought, to the sinking vessel. The boat had not gone far before she swamped and all that were in her perished. Roland saw it and sighed deeply. The ship, however, in which he was, still floated, although almost filled with water. In an hour's time, all was nearly calm again; the sun shone brightly and the frothy bosom of the Mediterranean heaved to and fro, in silent murmuring; not a vestige of the ship's crew could be seen, except pieces of cloths and wood here and there..... Roland had given up all hopes of ever seeing land again, and expected to sink with the first puff of wind, and had resigned himself to his Redeemer and his God.

Thus passed an hour, when to his surprise,

a small ship appeared making towards him, with its sails fluttering in the breeze, like the ocean-bird's wing. This proved to be an African-bound vessel, and was making for the coast of Algiers and Tunis. He made a signal to them, which they immediately saw and picked him up. Some of them were Turks and could talk broken English; the others were Moors. He learned that they had come from the coast of Italy, and were conveying a cargo of grain and fruits, to the port of the castle of the great Prince Algamba Astalpha, which they expected to reach that night.

Thus providentially was Roland rescued from a watery tomb, when all the rest of the crew were sunk in the deep. He could save nothing but his trunk of clothes and papers; and had not been long in the little ship before the breeze sprung up stronger, and he saw no more of the scene of death in the sea. If he had remained an hour longer on the wreck, he too would have slept in the dark bosom of the deep, and the swift dolphin would have gambolled over his body. Indulging in such thoughts as these, Roland fell upon his knees and worshipped his merciful Maker. He saw the hand of Providence evidently displayed in thus saving him so signally out of a crew of three hundred men who were in eternity.—The God of Enoch and Noah reigns forever in his power! That night the vessel reached its destined port, and thus we shall leave the tale until the morning dawns again. Roland did not quit the vessel, but being fatigued slept in her all night. The morning sun had risen in mellow redness above the tops of trees, and had lit up the black cliffs of the distant Atlas mount with golden hues, ere Mr. Upton arose to call to mind the horrors of the previous day. He made a fervent prayer to that Almighty Arm which had so triumphantly rescued him from an untimely fate. The dark waters of the Mediterranean were still and the crimson east threw its purple splendor over its breathless expanse. The melancholy sea bird screamed in the distance, or skinned with his white wings the water's tremulous level. Roland went upon land and ascended a neighboring hill, from which he had a fine view of the sea and verdant landscape. The city of Constantine between Algiers and Tunis appeared a few miles distant, with its mosques and palaces resplendent with golden light. One of these buildings was more conspicuous than the rest, from its situation on a hill and from its beautiful decoration of marble out works, gardens and stately trees, Roland's guide informed him that it was the castle of the Prince of Algamba Astalpha a banished Turkish nobleman and Governor of the place and Province, which, by his good government he had rendered prosperous and rich.

He recollected the name, and had no doubt but that this same man was the father of his

sweet smiling Almyra, from the description the old man, his guide, gave him. But how to make himself known or get acquainted with him, he knew not, for he was aware of the imperiousness and pride of these great Turks. However, he determined to visit his castle, and for this purpose returned to his vessel, dressed himself in the best manner, and did not forget to put on the beautifully flowered coat which his fair captive had given him. He then got the Captain of the vessel to introduce him to the Governor, which he promised to do that day about noon. Roland and the Captain, with some of the Governor's officers set out for the palace. As they approached this stately building, by the orders of the under Governor, they were conducted to the presence of the Prince by black soldiers, richly dressed in white gilt, with gold and silver, and with scarlet Turbans on their heads.— Roland thought to himself, surely I must be deceived; can the forlorn deserted nymph, Almyra, have such a father as the owner of these beautiful gardens and forest? The air was fragrant with a multiplicity of fruit trees, and all around was luxuriance of foliage.— The bees were humming among the lofty heads of the tamarind, the lime, the pomegranate, and the pine apple, whose wreathy clusters of yellow golden crimson, and snowy blossoms, were tossed gently in the aromatic breezes that blew from Spain over the sea.— Every thing had the appearance of Paradise. The most beautiful song birds, and others, with rainbow plumage, were sitting in rapidity among the woods and flowers. The hazel eyed gazell, and the tame antelopes, like lambs skipped and pranced about among the luxuriant shrubbery, and grass. Hundreds of splendidly accoutred servants and eunuchs were busy, or ranged in order for the first commands of their master. Such was the palace of the rich Prince Astalpha. All these things (although if any thing on earth could be so, they must have been) were in the thoughtful and christian heart of Roland, little admired or wondered at. He knew they were transitory & evanescent as the evening bow of the east. The better part of his soul was already in an incorruptible light; yea, even the eternal brightness of God. He was conducted into a fine lofty room, whose ornamented roof, rich carpets, silk hangings and windows of sparkling glass, were truly dazzling. On silk cushions the noble Astalpha sat, with some of his servants. His seat was raised above the floor, and every thing about him was grand and oriental, but not fantastical. In one hand he held an Arabic book; in the other a Turkish pipe, which he had a few minutes before, been using. As Roland approached him he bent his knee, and Astalpha in return raised his silken turban and wished him peace. Astalpha's appearance was very interesting; he

was nearly grey. There was a dignified air of wisdom about his face, and his actions were kind and even patriarchal. He had a deep black eye, a loud sonorous voice, and manners that would ensure reverence and love, as they did with all who approached him. After Roland had recited his sorrowful story and asked protection for the time, Astalpha, who had listened patiently, surveyed him with curious gaze, and his deep black eye fairly pierced through him. "Young stranger," says he, "you greatly excite my curiosity, as well as my sympathy; be seated on yonder cushion, I will tell you part of my history, which, perhaps will make you to dissipate my anxiety. It is now six years since I was banished from my native city, Constantinople, by the Sultan Mahmoud. I have since, thanks be to our great Prophet, prospered where you now see me, in riches and the love of a people, who were before oppressed. Providence has not in vain clothed you with that beautiful garment you now wear; my heart too truly tells me it was made by the fingers of her—my once-loved child. Oh! my Almyra! I see thy finger-work there! O, my last consolation—my lost lamb! I would give all I have to regain thee —"

The tears rolled down the grey beard of the venerable old man, and his face sunk on his bosom. Roland would have consoled him, but he was fearful lest it would be thought presumptuous.

"I have," resumed Astalpha, "an exact pattern of that flowered garment, made by the fingers of my daughter, who was wrested in tyranny from my bosom, by a woman's anger. She gave me it when I took my farewell leave of her, and pressed her soft rosy white form to my aching heart. She told me to remember her by it, as she bathed my feet in tears of filial love. Tell me, young stranger, how came you by it, and when?"

It is unnecessary here to repeat what has already been told the rescue of Almyra from death, by Roland. He told the whole story to the noble Astalpha, amid the mutual sighs of both. "Go," says Astalpha Algamma "bring her to me and I will give you all I have, my friend; may the blessed prophet speed you.... You have saved her from death; I will make her your wife, and you shall live with me;—haste my friend, haste. To-morrow morning you shall sail for her."

Thus ended the scene. Roland drank coffee with the Prince and his consort—for he did not adhere to the seraglio system. He had but one wife, the mother of Almyra. She was a beautiful woman, and looked much like her lovely daughter; tall and graceful with beautiful eyes and expressive countenance; but years had made her fade. These two noble persons seemed already like parents to Roland, and his heart rejoiced at the thought of

letting them see their long-lost daughter.... Early on the following morning, a ship having been got ready by the governor's command, Roland set sail to tell the good news to the diamond-eyed fair one, after taking an affecting adieu and swearing by the Prophet Mahomet, as they wished him to do, since they were Mahometans, that he would surely return as soon as possible with their daughter. Thus we leave our story until Roland again arrives in England, which he did safely. * * * * *

Roland from what happened to him on this voyage was more strongly convinced than ever that there is a God, by whose Providence we all live and breathe. He saw the evident display of his Maker's power in guiding him, whither he wished to go, and in rescuing him from so many dangers. His conscience told him there were favors that must not be overlooked in prosperity. He daily prayed more to his Maker, for that strength and faith which alone can render a mortal man above sublunary vanities and visionary dreams of earthly ambition. Were the world to continue for hundreds of ages to come, it would continue in the same darkness as to the light of God, in which it now physically is. There is an impassable veil of mystery between God and man which human learning as vainly attempts to fathom, as does darkness to become light. The only medium through which we can know God on earth is through that of the christian grace and faith in our Savior Jesus Christ. This is a truth at which infidelity sneers and human learning scoffs. But the time will be as certainly as we live, when this shall be known in a future state of intellectual being. The providence of the Almighty which blind men theoretically profess to own, but practically declare to be false, as they do the power of christian regeneration, by a considerate and dispassionate observer can be seen and felt less or more in our daily walks. Roland was thus strongly impressed with this truth, and he rejoiced in his heart in his God and Redeemer, whilst his soul on wings of divine love and ecstasy soared far above the decaying bubbles of this nether world; he loved to live and breathe in God his Creator.

He had only went as far as Gibraltar in the African galley, from which place he sailed in an English vessel and arrived as I have said, at his home. His heart was full of joy at the idea of telling his beloved Almyra the good news of his discovery. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of the glad-some meeting of this youthful pair; and as the pathetic Scottish bard beautifully says—

"Oh happy love! where love like this is found?
Oh! heart-felt joys! and bliss beyond compare."
TO BE CONTINUED.

Cato pleaded four hundred cases, and gained them all.

Original.

CONSTANCY REWARDED.

"Who would not envy the possessor of that delightful dwelling?" said Horatio Mortimer, a young student, to his teacher, Mr. R——, pointing at the same time to a beautiful white cottage, almost enveloped in willows and poplars, as they were taking a ride one fine morning in the latter part of May. It was surrounded by a beautiful green, interspersed with flowers, while at a little distance flowed a stream, clear as crystal, cooling the breeze that played along its surface. It was, indeed, a spot, on which nature and art had been lavish in their decorations; and the birds as if connoisseurs in taste and beauty, seemed to have selected its peaceful groves for their holiday sports; as they were skipping about in them by hundreds, and pouring forth their blithest notes, with all the gaiety inspired by the season. "They indeed possess an enviable situation," said he, "and enjoy happiness in a manner, by which, few, very few are rewarded; and as their history may be interesting to you, I will relate it."

"Among my old school-fellows was a young gentleman by the name of Russell L——; one who of all others I ever met, possessed the most remarkable faculty of attaching the hearts of his companions to himself. Toward me he always professed so much esteem, that I felt in his welfare all the interest of a brother. He made me the confidant of an attachment he had formed for a young lady, whose rank and fortune seemed to place her beyond, very far beyond his reach; but what to me seemed more unfortunate, was the evidence I soon perceived of the flame being reciprocal, and the parents of Belinda very hostile to its progress; the last was to have been anticipated, but in the first I thought I saw very early the deep drawn lines of grief, which in reality were soon traced upon the sequel. The vigilant parents of Belinda, finding it in vain to stop the advances of an attachment which they were determined not to countenance, by the mere dint of paternal authority, resorted to means more cruel indeed, and at the same time more effectual. "The advances of a rich foreigner were encouraged and a day fixed for the marriage of Belinda, without once consulting her wishes on the subject; and when she remonstrated, "My command," said the father, "it is your duty to obey."

The measures taken were too decisive and prompt to allow them an opportunity of avoiding the blow intended to sever them forever; and in despair, Russell left the country & went to South America. Left to her unhappy fate, Belinda's spirits were just able to bear the sickening ceremony which had united her to one, she from her heart disliked.... She was taken from the altar to her chamber, where, for three weeks her life was despaired

of; but she recovered finally, and when her health was so far restored as to permit the first addresses of her husband, she frankly told him that, although the laws of the country had placed her in his power, her heart was not hers to give.

The foreigner heard her with attention.... "Belinda," said he, "I am not so young as to be the fool of passion; I got some thousand pounds by you—keep your heart and welcome." His conduct showed that he did not disguise his true sentiments; but the situation of the innocent sufferer was truly deplorable. Her father's enmity, her husband's utter neglect,—for he treated her as a perfect stranger, was the fruit of her conduct. In the midst of a splendid establishment she was a perfect recluse, almost unnoticed and forgotten. But a few months passed in this situation, before a traveller from the West Indies brought her intelligence of the death of Russell, in South America where he had fallen, according to the account in storming an inland fortress, having followed the enterprising but unfortunate Miranda. Belinda received the unwelcome intelligence with a calmness that was astonishing to those who knew the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, but she alone was able to unravel the mystery.

"It is not," she used to say, "in stupid forgetfulness that I lull my cares to rest. The locket and hair poor Russell gave me, I yet wear, and think with a swelling heart on the delightful hours we have spent together. But then I recollect that he is gone, and often think while gazing on the stars that light up the boundless solitude of the deep bosomed heavens, perhaps from one of those celestial islands he looks down upon the world, and wonders, while he beholds the little space of time that divides us, that a tear should wet the cheek of his Belinda, or one impatient sigh be wafted upon the breeze that is hurrying her onward to that celestial place, and these are but the dawning of a more refulgent stream of light that flows perpetually into my heart. Led on by such reflections to the clear confines of heaven, I feel the sweet influence as it were of the air I breathe; and from the proud elevation of the immortal mind, the world with all its foolish gaieties has dwindled into utter contempt."

But after a long period of trial, a rapid succession of events changed the situation of Belinda. Her parents and her husband successively died, and she was left a widowed orphan, yet in her youth, at the early age of nineteen. The fortunes of two families descended to her—her husband's and her father's. Yet there was another circumstance that shed a dazzling lustre over the sequel of her story; the report of the death of Russell proved to be unfounded—he returned. Their meeting was too eloquent for words to describe, and after

their young fortunes had been tinctured with all that is romantic in fiction, their lives were crowned at last with all that is delightful in love, spotless in innocence, and hallowed in religion. "And my young friend," continued he, "there can be a moral taken from this simple narration, which may possibly prove instructing; that is—that wealth sometimes conduces to happiness, is undeniable; but that it is more frequently the source of disquietude and care, is equally true. Upon the temperament of the mind much depends. Would you seek the abode of content, go not to the lordly mansions of the great; seek it not in the parade of ostentatious pride, for as an old friend once remarked, "there's many an aching heart rides in a gilded carriage." But go to the peaceful cottager, who, with the little competency afforded by industry, feels himself contented—his is the pearl of price."

Unenvied as he is, he can boast a richer inheritance than Alexander of Macedon—the perpetual sunshine of health and happiness.

DONNA JULIA.

Original.

INDUSTRY'S REWARD.

There appears to be a fatal tendency in man to indolence and slothfulness, the reward of which is sure to be unhappiness. It may be asked then, is misery the desire of men and animals? All will say certainly not, but on the contrary, pleasure is their chief aim. Why do they then cling to that which will alternately lead them into misery? The reason is this: there is an evil proneness in natural man to error. He embraces indolence because it is productive of momentary pleasure, and sees not the viper sting that lurks beneath its inviting mantle; he sees not the gulf of vice and its enticing whirlpool of error and gives way to the depravity of his heart and sinks to her embrace, whose scorpion touch is sure to come. The God who made us has not only made us wonderful in body, but fearful in mind; He has commanded us by our very natures to be industrious, and has said your earthly happiness shall depend upon it. All creation is activity; our earth flies on the wings of swiftness, at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles a minute, and turns on her circumference of twenty-four thousand miles in twenty-four hours. The sun, a million-times greater than our globe, revolves with his immense round of fire and brightness, on its axis in twenty-five days; and all the planetary system buzz in grand harmony around him; the green forest waves its balmy arms and flowery face in activity an emblem of youth. In the summer it is crowned with fruit and seed, and in the autumn its yellow mantle drops off to revive again with the same activity. Our Creator denounces aloud, through his works all indolence; His glorious Son, our Redeemer bade his apostles work. Satan, e-

vil's champion, delights to draw us into this vortex of ruin; the mind of man is never so cheerful and strong or his body so healthy and blooming, as when he is industrious; he sees the works of his Maker in activity, and he delights to join in with them in doing good, what a joyful thought it is to think we are uniting our feeble aid in unison with his Almighty arm? yes, with God, whom we will see hereafter as our judge. How can the indolent and slothful stand in his presence? Do not the lilies of the field and the daisies of the hill scent the evening breeze, and the songsters sing his praises? How can you, Oh man! remain in idleness?

It is folly to suppose a man who is born poor must need be so always. Nothing is impossible to perseverance and industry; mountains sink before them, where mole-hills would set indolence aghast. The persevering industry of Buonaparte had like to have enslaved Europe. The industry of Newton gave him the wings of an angel, whereby he fathomed and unveiled immensity of space. See Lord Brougham and Mr. Hume for examples; see Franklin, the printer's boy, and then the philosopher, and Statesman.

I was travelling not long since on the road, and fell in with a man who gave a short and glowing account of what industry and prudence are capable of doing. He told me when he came to Upper Canada, three years and better ago, he and his family, a wife and three or four children, had but thirty dollars to begin the world with. He built a temporary house of logs, and boards, and bark, in the midst of winter, through whose chinks the inclemency of the weather found its way. He bought himself a farm uncleared, and other necessaries which caused him to go into debt to the extent of fifteen hundred dollars; for he had neither cattle nor farming utensils, and but a pair of horses, with which he conveyed himself to this Province. He now says he is the owner of six hundred acres of land, three hundred of which are cleared; he has good buildings on his lands, a hundred sheep, fifty head of cattle, a dozen cows, thirty or forty swine, employs a dozen hired men, owes about eight hundred dollars, and has several thousands owing to him; all this he has got as an honest man, and he is a truly pious follower of the Lord. Happy is the man who can live so in the Savior Jesus Christ. Many persons would wish to frighten men from the idea of being industrious, and truly religious too, but their sneers and reasoning only show their worldly wisdom—their vain attempts to frustrate the true christian's way of life. The ways of the world and the ways of Christ cannot be reconciled, I grant; for as well could light be darkness or death life; but to be his follower does not prevent us from flourishing by our hand's industry. The christian

can walk on earth with his heart in heaven and his eyes on earth. His hand can do good to others and himself, and he can go in triumph to his Father on high. C. M. D.

Merely a Hint.—We hope our patrons who are in arrears, will "take the hint" intended in our copying the following pithy article—if they do, and act upon it to our satisfaction, we shall not be constrained to speak plainer.

We "take our pen in hand," as our good old grandfathers used to say in writing to their sweethearts, to indite a small chapter on **MONEY**. It's a fruitful subject; inasmuch as it is the governing principle (if we may be allowed the expression,) of mankind, and axis of human ambition. *Money* is a good thing—a bad thing—a kind servant—a bad master—a thief in the temple of virtue—a ministering spirit to the needy—a villain in disguise—and, withal, a sad rake. What opens the fair arms of the young, lovely, and blushing girl to the embrace of the old, the infirm, and the ugly? *Money*. What builds up a fool in the opinion of the world? *Money*. What causes old ladies to look kindly upon the advances of a young man to a daughter? *Money*. What brings complimentary remarks from the old, and humble acknowledgements from the young? *Money*. What causes men to struggle for office?—*Money*. What is the criterion of right and wrong? *Money*. What is the cause of the wrangling, struggling, cheating, brow-beating, shuffling, and bowing, so prevalent among mankind? *Money*. What in fact is the great standard of human affection? *Money*. What makes the Printer struggle in the mire of politics? *Money*. What leads the editor to inform the public of these facts? *Money*. *What do we require at the hands of our readers?* **MONEY**. 錢 Do you take, sir? You are the very man we wish to hear from.—*Vermont Patriot*.

Turkish Cannon.—In our ships and in our batteries we seldom use a heavier gun than a 42 pounder. No man of war carries any cannon of a larger calibre; but the Turks make use, on land, of even eight hundred pounders. When Sir J. Duckworth passed the Dardanelles to attack Constantinople, in 1807, his fleet was dreadfully shattered by those immense shot. The Royal George, of 110 guns, was nearly sunk by only one shot, which carried away her cut water; another cut the mainmast of the Windsor Castle nearly in two; a shot knocked two parts of the Thunderer into one; the Repulse, 74, had her wheel shot away and 24 men killed and wounded by a single shot, nor was the ship saved but by the most wonderful exertion. One of these guns was cast in brass in the reign of Amurath; the difficulty of charging it would not allow its being charged more

than once; but as a Pacha once said, that single discharge would destroy almost a whole fleet of an enemy. The Baron de Tott, to the great terror of the Turks resolved to fire this gun. The shot weighed 1,100 lbs. and he loaded it with 330-lbs. of powder: he says, "I felt a shock like an earthquake, at the distance of eight hundred fathoms. I saw the ball divided into three pieces, and these fragments of a rock crossed the strait and rebounded on the mountain." The heaviest shot which struck our ships was of granite, and weighed 800 lbs. and was two feet two inches diameter. One of these huge shot stove in the whole larboard bow of the Active; and having thus crushed this immense mass of solid timber, the shot rolled aft and brought up abreast the main hatchway, the crew standing aghast at the singular spectacle.—*United Service Journal*.

Retrogarde Movement.—An experienced school teacher of our acquaintance, lately told us the following story. The boy who is the subject of it, deserves credit for his wit, if not for his punctuality. He had one winter morning, when the ground was cased in ice, reached the schoolroom at rather a late hour, whereupon Dominie inquired of him "why so tardy?" "Because, sir," said he, "I lost two steps backward, where I gained one forward." "Indeed! and if you slipped in that manner, how did you get here at all?"—"Why, sir, I turned and went the other way!"

Virtue.—"There is but one pursuit in life which is in the power of all to follow and all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that preserves makes every difficulty and advancement, and every contest a victory. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her, and zealously to labor after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is too late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly, for the heart of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence.

The Rev. Dr. C——, of Massachusetts, once gave a very characteristic rebuke to a certain lady belonging to his flock, who was a little more nice than wise. She was in the habit, as many other nice people are, of complaining whenever any body entered her house, of its being dirty, and not fit to besecen, and all that, when she knew well enough it was in the most perfect order. She might perhaps be fishing for a compliment; but those who angle for perch, sometimes catch a crab.

Hearing some person knock one day, and perceiving by a glance through the window, that it was the Rev. Dr., she cried out, "come in, if you can get in on account of the dirt."

"Pll try and wade through," said the par-

son, as he opened the door, and deliberately walked across the room, lifting his feet very high, like one travelling in mud. The nice lady blushed and fidgeted; but never again hinted a syllable to the Doctor about her house being dirty.

Muttons Baby.—The Boston Commercial Gazette relates a laughable anecdote of Amblard, the Frenchman in whose house the Duke of Orleans boarded while in Boston.—Amblard was a tailor. Having made a pair of pantaloons for a Mr. Lamb, but forgetting the name of his customer, he went into the market, and taking hold of a leg of mutton, inquired of the butcher, "Vat you call dis?" "That is mutton." "Ha mutton is it! Vell vat do you call de mouton's baby?" The butcher answered, "Lamb." "Oui!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "dat is him; Monsieur Lamb is de ver man vat for I make de pantaloons!"

The seven wonders of the world were lately exhibited at Washington City, in a new museum of natural curiosities.

1st. A widow at the age of 60 refused an offer of marriage.

2d. A dandy with only five cravats on his neck.

3d. A contented old maid.

4th. A lawyer who refused to be fed.

5th. A moderate doctor's bill.

6th. A tailor that was never known to cabbage.

7th. Congressmen that wished to adjourn the session, when there was money in the treasury.

Since exhibiting the above, a printer has arrived in this city, who has been paid all but four thousand dollars.

Carrick.—In a pamphlet written by doctor, afterwards Sir John Hill, of botanical memory, and published in 1759, the doctor asserts, that in the words *virtue, stirring, &c.* Carrick pronounced the letter *i* like the letter *u*. This drew from David the following epigrammatic reply, addressed to Dr. Hill:

If it be true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and, I hope, for the better,
May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for *U*.

Cutting Mistake.—A Frenchman, on landing at Dover, went into a barber's shop to be shaved. The poor man's cheeks were so much collapsed, that the barber was under the necessity of thrusting his fingers into his customer's mouth to assist the operation. "O, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, while the barber was dashing away, "me be cut." "Confound your thin lantern jaws," replied Strop, "I have cut my fingers through your cheek!"

Swearing.—Swearing is void of all plea. It is not the native offspring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor any way allied to our frame. For as a great man (Tillotson) expresses it, 'though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born with a swearing constitution.' But it is a custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits, who have no sense of honor, no regard to decency; but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.

Military Pride.—A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him some upon the advantage which his family would derive from the exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone—“Husband, will it be proper to let our children play with the neighbor's now?”

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1827.

Through carelessness a few errors occurred in our last number and were not discovered until too late to remedy. We publish the errata entire, as the best method of expressing our desire. The great similarity of certain words, often causes much *hard feeling*, toward "the printer." As we do not consider ourselves above acknowledging an error, when pointed out by a friend in a friendly way, we wish our readers, for the benefit of the author of "Roland Olyn," to read on p. 146, 2d col., 23d line (from top, *The freeness, curiosity and volubility* of the French, &c instead of "The loveliness, curiosity and nobility of the French," &c.

The Novelist's Magazine.—Accompanying the Lady's Book for June, we received a prospectus for this novel work. The following extract will disclose the features of the Magazine more fully than we can find language to—“The principal object of the Novelist's Magazine is to furnish a choice selection of approved novels, in such a form, and upon such terms, as may make them generally desirable and generally attainable. For this purpose, the best works, both of the present and past, are chosen, and reprinted in a way which, while it enables us to furnish a large amount for a cheap rate, combines also elegance and excellence of mechanical execution. The Magazine being printed on a large sheet, with double columns of small type, contains in each semi-monthly number of forty-eight pages, as much as two ordinary sized duodecimo volumes. “The terms are \$5 per annum, payable in advance—and all letters must be addressed, post paid, to C. Alexander & Co.

Number one, volume ten of the Rural Repository, improved and enlarged has been received at this office. Altho' the present appearance is very respectable, we cannot recognize the least resemblance of our old companion for 9 long years. Friend Toddard has our thrice-repeated good wishes.

The May and June numbers of the Shrine are before us. They are both very interesting.

To Correspondents.—Paul Pry does discredit to the author of some of the best poetical pieces that have appeared in the Gazette. It is void of feeling and sentiment and the measure is objectionable. Our young friend needs an occasional caution, and as he has heretofore received them in kindness, we trust he will this, and allow it to operate as we mean it should, to his advantage.

The poem signed Nira, undoubtedly is intended for satire and wit, but the term nonsense, better becomes it. Our occasional visitor, The Recluse, has sent us a tale, which will, if possible, be inserted in our next.

A number of communications have been received that we have not read. They will receive attention.

MOTIONS AND ADVANCE OF A COLONIAL AGE.

Young William was a comely lad, a farmer's son was he,
He cheer'd the hearts of Man and Dud, they lov'd him tenderly;

And kindly for him did provide a suit of battenrut,
A stately horse for him to ride, lest he should go on foot.
Young William being twenty-two upon the fourth of May,
The fether bought his loving son a farm upon that day,
And William he a wooing went, to love he was inclin'd,
And Cupid soon a maiden sent congenial to his mind;
She every virtue did possess that decorates a wife,
His love for her I can't express, she loved him as her life;
The young man came delighted with bosoms full of glee,
Will having first invited them to his social bee;
Some went to chop, and some to plan, with axes, square and line,

And some to score and hew bogan, or mark the fallen pine;
Some with voices loud and long, did halloo wo o, ha, gee,
And more had arms stout and strong, with handspikes
these agree;

But whiskey having run its race, and countless legions by it slain,
Its evil, sin and sore disgrace, Will could not bear again.
With talk, with work and jesting, each most willing was to show

His friendship in attending, the leader's he, he, he; [saw.
Then the clouds were getting pendant towards the setting
And objects so resplendent I loved to gaze upon;
The building being completed, all sitting on the ground,
Each with an (if) repeated a speech I turned round,
The sun had left our horizon, and fell below its plain,
Their sable native color the clouds resumed again;
The horn sounded homo to call, the gentle folks to dine,
They had their tools collected all, then formed in a line;
Well loaded was the table with solid food and pie,
They talked while they were able, knew well to egotize;
In order and sobriety they many years had seen,
But pleasure and society they seldom ever seen.
Alas! they had no teacher so far back in the wood,
There seldom went a preacher into their neighborhood;
But after twelve or fifteen years their circumstance improved,
The teacher's and the preacher's fears were very well removed;

The log-house was supplanted by one of frame and brick,
No kind of mills they wanted, they had them on the creek;
And now Will has assumed the office of a dal,
And well has he improved the stock which first he had.
I leave him now in plenty, and cast away my pen.
When his son is one and twenty I may take it up again.
Dublin, June 1835. T. J.

THE BROKEN VOW.

This lock of hair I'll praise it dear,
Long as those pulses shall beat,
Until the vital spark of life,
Shall from this breast retreat.

I ask'd her for a token
Of the vows we plighted there,
And she gave me for that token,
This lock of golden hair.

She gav'it in her goodness,
As a token of the past;
I'll hold it to my bosom
Long as this life shall last.

She gave it in the morn of hope,
In youths elastic joy;
Her feelings were then buoyant,
As an headstrong thoughtless boy.

Take this lock of golden hair,
And keep it for my sake,
Until the judgment trump of God
Sounds, rise ye dead, awake.

I blame her not, I chide her not,
For the sorrow she hath given;
And if we meet no more on earth,
O may we meet in heaven.

I never will forget her,
Though another charms her heart;
I never will forget her,
Though fortune bids us part.

Although she has forgotten me,
Forgot the vows she swore;
Yet I ever shall remember her,
Till time shall be no more.

Home, Grand River Tract,
June 1st, 1835.

THE RECLUSE.

RELIGION.

This is a charm that soothes the breast,
When pierced by keen despair;
Can phrenzy's potent arm arrest,
And all its horrors dare.

The sceptred monarch little knows,
With all his pomp and state,
The blissful spring that from it flows,
Though seldom to the great.

In fickle Fashion's glittering train,
This charm can ne'er reside;
The pert, conceited, trifling, vain,
Its beauties oft d. ride.

It cheers the martyr at the stake—
It glads his closing eyes,
And shows him he shall soon awake
To mansions in the skies.

Religion is the blessed charm
To fallen mortals given;
The tyrant Death it can disarm,
And waft the soul to Heaven. DONNA JULIA.

THE LOVER'S SONG.

My fair one, my fair one, spring is a coming,
And the birds their sweet jubilee are humming;
Then let us walk forth in the grove,
Nature enticing in lovely array,
Opens her charms to the soft sunny day,
And calls us my fair one to love.

My fair one, my fair one, the skies are a smiling,
And zephyr's soft voice, harsh Dorcas reviling,
Then come let us smile and be glad;
Why should pale sadness o'erpower us below,
When creation rejoicing bids all our hearts flow;
Th. n let us be mirthful not sad.

Flowery capp'd spring in her gayest attire,
With love laughing eyes our bosoms doth fire;
My fair one we'll joy with her too,
At the eve of the day when Sol's sinking beam,
Casts over the landscape his last golden gleam,
My fair one we'll joyfully woo.

Sweet daisies my fair one, thou emblem of spring,
Thou a spotless and pure let devotion o'er wing
Thy thoughts to the Giver of those;
In Him we'll rejoice and each raise our voice,
And hope after this to inherit that bliss,
Proclaim'd by his mighty decrees. C. M. D.
Hamilton, 4th April, 1835:

LOVE.

Some bonities have the power
By one bright triumphant glance,
With mystic spells to bind the soul
In painful, pleasing trance.

With no twilight in their passion,
They veer from blue to gloom,
From black despair to ecstasy,
Malaria* to perfume.

But some have not the power
To stamp the god of love:
At one bold stroke upon the heart,
With a look seems from above.

But like the painter's pencilling,
Their's is the work of time,
Which after various efforts,
Makes the portrait glow sublime.

With many a grace and tender glance,
And many a nameless charm;
They cast those spells around the heart,
That time cannot disarm.

Love like this is lasting,
And as pure as vestal fires;
While the thrill of sudden passion
Like the meteors glare expires.

Being founded in esteem,
It still brighter beams with years;
And when those hearts it warms are cold,
It glows beyond the spheres. NEWBURN.

*A pesential Italian vapor.

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