

# THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.



To Raise the Genius,

To Mend the Heart.

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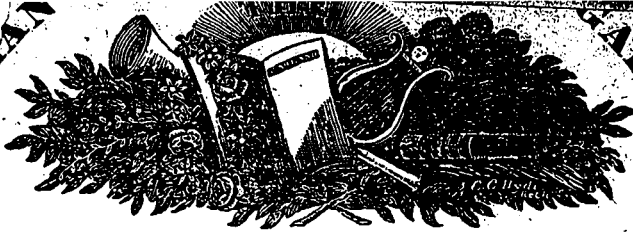
## AGENTS FOR THE GARLAND.

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

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NO. 17.

## POPULAR TALES.

## EXPIATION.

Margaret Burnside was an orphan. Her parents, who had been the poorest people in the parish, had died when she was a mere child; and as they had left no near relatives, there were few or none to care much about the desolate creature, who might be well said to have been left friendless in the world. True, that the feeling of charity is seldom wholly wanting in any heart; but it is generally but a cold feeling among hard-working folk, towards objects out of the narrow circle of their own family affections, and selfishness has a ready and strong excuse in necessity. There seems, indeed, to be a sort of chance in the lot of the orphan offspring of paupers. On some the eye of christian benevolence falls at the very first moment of their uttermost destitution—and their worst sorrows, instead of beginning, terminate with the tears shed over their parent's graves. They are taken by the hands, as soon as they have been stretched out for protection, and admitted as inmates into households, whose doors, had their fathers and mothers been alive, they would never have darkened. The light of comfort falls upon them during the gloom of grief, and attends them all their days. Others, again, are overlooked at the first fall of affliction, as if in some unaccountable fatality; the wretchedness with which all have become familiar, no one very tenderly pities; and thus the orphan reconciled herself to the extreme hardships of her condition, lives on uncheered by those sympathies out of which grow both happiness and virtue, and yielding by degrees to the constant pressure of her lot, becomes poor in spirit as in estate, and either vegetates like an almost worthless weed that is carelessly trodden on by every foot, or if by nature born a flower, in time loses her lustre, and all her days, not long, leads not so much the life of a servant as of a slave.

Such till she was twelve years old had been the fate of Margaret Burnside. Of a slender form and weak constitution, she had never been able for much work; and thus from one

discontented and harsh master and mistress to another, she had been transferred from house to house, always the poorest, till she came to be looked on as an incumbrance rather than a help in any family, and thought hardly worthy her bread. Sad and sickly she on the braes herding the kine. It was supposed that she was in a consumption, and as the shadow of death seemed to lie on the neglected creature's face, a feeling something like love was awakened towards her in the heart of pity, for which she showed her gratitude by still attending to all household tasks with an alacrity beyond her strength. Few doubted that she was dying, and it was plain that she tho't so herself; for the bible, which, in her friendlessness, she had always read more than other children, who were too happy to reflect often on the Word of that Being from whom their happiness flowed, was now, when leisure permitted, seldom or never out of her hands, and in lonely places, where there was no human ear to hearken, did the dying girl often support her heart when quaking in natural fears of the grave, by singing to herself hymns and psalms. But her hour was not yet come, though by the inscrutable decrees of Providence doomed to be hideous, and sad with almost inexpiable guilt. As for herself, she was innocent as the linnet that sang beside her in the broom, and innocent she was to be up to the last throbbings of her religious heart. When the sunshine fell on the leaves of her bible, the orphan seemed to see in the holy words, brightening through the radiance, assurances of forgiveness of all her sins, small sins indeed, yet to her humble and contrite heart exceeding great, and to be pardoned only by the intercession of Him who died for us on the tree. Often, when clouds were in the sky, and blackness covered the book, Hope died away from the discoloured page, and the lonely creature wept and sobbed over the doom denounced on all who sin, and repent not—whether in deed or in thought. And thus religion became in her an awful thing—till, in her resignation, she feared to die. But look on that flower by the hill-side path, withered, as it seems, beyond the power of sun and air,

and dew and rain, to restore it to the beauty of life. Next day, you happened to return to the place, its leaves are of a dazzling green, its blossoms of a dazzling crimson, and its joyful beauty is felt over all the wilderness. So was it with this Orphan. Nature, as if kindling towards her in sudden love, not only restored her in a few weeks to life, but to perfect health; and ere long she, whom few had looked at, and for whom still fewer cared, was acknowledged to be the fairest girl in all the parish—and the most beautiful of any while she continued to sit, as she had always done from her very childhood, on the *poor's form* in the lobby of the kirk. Such a face, such a figure, and such a manner, in one so poorly attired, and so meanly placed, attracted the eyes of the young ladies in the Patron's Gallery. Margaret Burnside was taken under their special protection, sent for two years to a superior school, where she was taught all things useful for persons in humble life, and while yet scarcely fifteen, returning to her native parish, was appointed teacher of a small school of her own, to which were sent all the female children that could be spared from home, from those of parents poor as her own had been, up to those of the farmers and small proprietors, who knew the blessings of a good education, and that without it, the minister may preach in vain. And thus Margaret Burnside grew and blossomed like the lily of the field, and every eye blessed her, and she drew her breath in gratitude, piety, and peace.

Thus a few happy and useful years passed by, and it was forgotten by all but herself, that Margaret Burnside was an orphan. But to be without one near and dear blood-relative in all the world, must often, even to the happy heart of youthful innocence, be more than a pensive, a painful thought; and therefore, though Margaret Burnside was always cheerful among her little scholars, and wore a sweet smile on her face, yet in the retirement of her own room, (a pretty parlor, with a window looking into a flower-garden) and on her walk among the braes, her mien was somewhat melancholy, and her eyes wore that touching expression, which seems doubtfully to denote, neither joy nor sadness, but a habit of soul which, in its tranquility, still partakes of the mournful, as if memory dwelt often on past sorrows, and hope scarcely ventured to indulge in dreams of future repose. That profound orphan-feeling embued her whole character: and sometimes when the young ladies from the Castle smiled praises upon her, she retired in unutterable gratitude to her chamber, and wept.

Among the friends at whose houses she visited were the family at Moorside, the highest hill-farm in the parish, and on which her father had been a hind. It consisted of the master, a man whose head was grey, his son and

daughter, and a grandchild, her scholar, whose parents were dead. Gilbert Adamson had long been a widower; indeed his wife had never been in the parish, but had died abroad. He had been a soldier in his youth and prime of manhood; and when he came to settle at Moorside, he had been looked at with no very friendly eyes; for evil rumors of his character had preceded his arrival there, and in that peaceful pastoral parish, far removed from the world's strife, suspicious, without any good reason perhaps, had attached themselves to the morality and religion of a man, who had seen much foreign service, and had passed the best years of his life in the wars. It was long before these suspicions faded away, and with some they still existed in an invincible feeling of dislike, or even aversion. But the natural fierceness and ferocity which, as these peaceful dwellers among the hills imagined, had at first, in spite of his efforts to control them, often dangerously exhibited themselves in fiery outbreaks, advancing age had gradually subdued; Gilbert Adamson had grown a hard-working and industrious man; affected, if he followed it not in sincerity, even an austere religious life; and as he possessed more than common sagacity and intelligence, he had acquired at least, if not won, a certain ascendancy in the parish, even over many whose hearts never opened nor warmed towards him, so that he was now an elder of the kirk, and, as the most unwilling were obliged to acknowledge, a just steward to the poor. His grey hairs were not honored, but it would not be too much to say, that they were respected.... Many who had doubted him before came to think they had done him injustice, and sought to wipe away their fault by regarding him with esteem, and shewing themselves willing to interchange all neighborly kindness and services with the family at Moorside. His son, though somewhat wild and unsteady, and too much addicted to the fascinating pastimes of flood and field, often so ruinous to the sons of labor, and rarely long pursued against the law without vitiating the whole character, was a favorite with all the parish. Singularly handsome, and with manners above his birth, Ludovic was welcome wherever he went, both with young and old. No merrymaking could deserve the name without him, and at all meetings for the display of feats of strength and agility, far and wide, through more countries than one, he was the champion. Nor had he received a mean education. All that the parish schoolmaster could teach he knew; and having been the darling companion of all the gentlemen's sons in the Mansie, the faculties of his mind had kept pace with theirs, and from them he had caught, too, unconsciously, that demeanor so far superior to what could have been expected from one in his humble condition, but which at the same time, seem-

ed so congenial with his happy nature, as to be readily acknowledged to be one of its original gifts. Of his sister, Alice is sufficient to say, that she was the bosom friend of Margaret Burnside, and that all who saw their friendship felt that it was just. The small parentless grand-daughter was also dear to Margaret, more than perhaps her heart knew, because that like herself, she was an orphan.... But the creature was also a merry and a mad-cap child, and her freakish pranks, and playful perverseness, as she tossed her golden head in untameable glee, and went dancing and singing, like a bird on the boughs of a tree, all day long, some strange sympathies entirely won the heart of her, who, throughout all her own childhood, had been familiar with grief, and a lonely sheder of tears. And thus did Margaret love her, it might be said, even with a very mother's love. She generally passed her free Saturday afternoon at Moorside, and often slept there all night with little Ann in her bosom. At such times Ludovic was never from home, and many a Sabbath he walked with her to the kirk, all the family together, and *once* by themselves for miles along the moor, a forenoon of perfect sunshine, which returned upon him in his agony on his dying day.

No one said, no one thought that Ludovic and Margaret were lovers, nor were they, though well worthy indeed of each other's love; for the orphan's whole heart was filled with a sense of duty, and all its affections were centered in her happy school, where all eyes blessed her, and where she had been placed for the good of all those innocent creatures, by them who had rescued her from the penury that kills the souls, and of whose gracious bounty she every night dreamt in her sleep. In her prayers she beseeched God to bless them rather than the wretch on her knees—their, images, their names, were ever before her eyes and on her ear; and next to that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, and comes from the footstool of God into the humble, lowly and contrite heart, was to that orphan day and night, waking or asleep, the deep bliss of her gratitude. And thus Ludovic to her was a brother, and no more; a name sacred as that of sister, by which she always called her Alice, and was so called in return. But to Ludovic, who had a soul of fire, Margaret was dearer far than ever sister was to the brother whom, at the sacrifice of her own life, she might have rescued from death. Go where he might, a phantom was at his side, a pale fair face for ever fixed its melancholy eyes on his, as if forboding something dismal even when they faintly smiled; and once he awoke at midnight, when all the house were asleep, crying, with shrieks, "O God of mercy! Margaret is murdered!" Mysterious passion of love! that darkens its own

dreams of delight with unimaginable horrors! Shall we call such dire bewilderment the superstition of a troubled fancy, or the inspiration of the prophetic soul?

From seemingly significant sources, and by means of what humble instruments, may this life best happiness be diffused over the households of industrious men! Here was the orphan daughter of forgotten paupers, both dead ere she could speak; herself, during all her melancholy childhood, a pauper even more enslaved than ever they had been, one of the most neglected and undervalued of all God's creatures, who had she then died, would have been buried in some nettled nook of the kirk-yard, nor her grave been watered almost by one single tear, suddenly brought out from the cold and cruel shade in which she had been withering away, by the interposition of human but angelic hands, into heaven's most gracious sunshine, where all at once her beauty blossomed like the rose. She, who for so many years had been begrudgingly fed on the poorest and scantiest fare, by penury ungrateful for all her weak but zealous efforts to please by doing her best, in sickness and sorrow, at all tasks, in or out of doors, and at all weathers, however rough and severe, was now raised to the rank of a moral, intellectual and religious being, and presided over, tended and instructed many little ones, far, far happier in their childhood than it had been her lot to be, and all growing up beneath her now untroubled eyes, in innocence, love and joy, inspired into their hearts by their young and happy benefactress. Not a human dwelling in all the parish, that had not reason to be thankful to Margaret Burnside. She taught them to be pleasant in their manners, neat in their persons, rational in their minds, pure in their hearts, and industrious in all their habits. Rudeness, coarseness, sullenness, all angry fits, and all idle disposition, the besetting vices and sins of the children of the poor, whose home-education is often so miserably and almost necessarily neglected, did this sweet teacher, by the divine influence of meekness never ruffled, and tenderness never troubled, in a few months subdue and overcome, till her school-room every day in the week, was, in its cheerfulness, sacred as a Sabbath, and murmured from morn till eve with the hum of perpetual happiness. The effects were soon felt in every house. All flowers were tidier, and order and regularity enlightened every hearth. It was the pride of her scholars to get their own little gardens behind their parent's huts to bloom like that of the Brae, and in imitation of that flowery porch, to train up the pretty creepers on the wall. In the kirk-yard, a smiling group every Sabbath forenoon waited for her at the gate, and walked with her at their head, into the house of God; a beautiful procession to all their pa-

rents eyes, one by one dropping away into their own seats, as the band moved along the little lobby, and the minister sitting in the pulpit all the while, looked solemnly down upon the fair flock, the shepherd of their souls!

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE IRON SHROUD:

OR ITALIAN VENGEANCE.—CONCLUDED.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would let him, but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments, to lead him day by day to so appalling a death unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted by all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity. Alone he was to perish! alone he was to wait a slow coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming!

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could even meet that, all horrible and revolting as it is, if it might overtake now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry until it come? How can I outlive three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence, none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad looking at it. Oh, for a deep sleep to fall upon me! that so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of cup that is presented to me, that my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance, and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed; and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate was to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect

the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breath, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to him—he burst into tears; and as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed,—"Oh, my God! my God! you alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit!"

Another morning dawn upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and *two* days!—and all would be over! Fresh food fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was the prayer answered in what he now saw. The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head! The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as gazed, he and as his steps traversed the narrow area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wallings. With folded arms and clenched teeth—with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground—with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe, the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wild range of the world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon the part of the wall which was over the bed of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them; but his blood freezes as he reads:—

"I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed me to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to my unhallowed purpose! Miserable wretch, whoe'er thou art,

that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with this tremendous engine which, in a few hours, must crush you as it will the needy wretch who made it!"

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears "Prepare!" Hope forsook him. There was the sentence recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in the garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warning spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, "Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do so much."

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming thro' one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut thro' the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breezes it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loath to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had

vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes he had looked once more again upon the gorgeous splendour of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive-tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner exposed upon the waves to the worst fury, of storm and tempest; or a very wretch, loathsome with disease; plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to grasp out the remnant of infelicitous life beneath those verdent trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered?

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals sleeping heavy; and when not sleeping silently brooding over what was to come, talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confusion mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the one solitary window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and in raising himself suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could hardly stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier, for such it was. The iron beadstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and foot, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which when made to play, set in motion, though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected the transformation.

The object was, of course to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish, which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were so dimished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled with him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi;—and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it entered through the rock passages like reverberating peals of thunder.—This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively put forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, ~~even as he sat cowering beneath it~~; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only, must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon the wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front.—Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crush of horrid death.—But the concussion was so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on, came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothering groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his iron shroud.

A gentleman ordered his servant to awake him at six o'clock, that he might get ready to

start at seven by an early coach, in which he had taken his place, for the country. The gentleman awoke and called his man—'What o'clock is it?' 'Just seven, your honor.' 'Seven—did I not tell you to awake me at six?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And why did you not?' '*Because your honor was asleep.*'

Original.

### FEMALE WRITERS.

I have often wondered it is not more fashionable for the more beautiful and amiable part of mankind, the female sex, to contribute to the literary fame and knowledge of our country. We have, I must, however, confess, some striking examples in the present age of gifted and sentimental female writers; for instance, who can read unmoved the beautiful and impassioned poems of Mrs. Hemans. The charming and delicate pages bear the impress of the loftiest genius, accompanied with exquisite sentiment, flowery thoughts, and the most moving pathos. This is an admirable copyist of nature's charms, and has a wonderful tact in unravelling the tender ~~emaste~~, and beauteous virtues, hopes and passions of her sex. Her lines are like the Zephyr's soft sighing amid beds of roses, or the southern breeze that kisses the new-blown balmy flowery head of a grove of beautiful trees. Another thing in which she excels, and which alone render her name immortal, is the enchanting soothing spirit of devotion to our Creator, which is breathed over her invaluable writings.

The silver toned and feeling lines of Miss Landon, are also famous, as they are deservedly admired. Her priceless verses are like nectard dew drops on the petals of the newborn rose, so bewitchingly true, and so gilded with female loveliness and simplicity. Indeed, I think the muses are the natural department of the female pen, which can truly feel richly paint and winningly entice. I might mention others, though less famous authoresses of the present age, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Edgeworth, &c., were it necessary; but what I have said gives to prove the capability and beauty of female genius and composition. The Grecian Sappho, so famous for her love ditties, and sparkling wit, and writing, has emulous rivals in the present day, in every thing but her rather extreme licentiousness. It is to be hoped that the Canadian fair will not let their lovely pens lie dormant; let them join our own sex in writing with our strength and boldness of composition, their delicate imagery and sentimentality. Nothing add such parian smoothness to our natures as the voice and writings of accomplished women, and nothing gives religious devotion and piety such irresistible charms, as woman's voice and tender inspirations.

C. M. D.

### THE FAMOUS ROBBER.

A famous robber in the reign of King William III. infested the Island of C—, and made frequent incursions into the interior of L—. This daring marauder was represented by the villagers to have been a nobleman, under sentence of outlawry, who secured himself in a cave on the island where he deposited all the contributions he successfully obtained from travellers. By adopting the practice of shoeing his horse the contrary way, he frequently escaped detection; and even when hotly pursued, the fleetness of the noble animal he rode, preserved him from his enemies. Thus the fame of the horse nearly rivalled that of the master, whose exploits became so bold and frequent that the whole country rose up against him, and finding himself too closely surrounded to hope for success, he was obliged to surrender and implore the mercy of the King.—The King, it is said, not disinclined to show favor to a man whose personal valor, determined perseverance, and fertility of reason, were interesting. The condition was this: he should go to a thicket in the forest and kill a monstrous tiger which was known to be in that place; as he had committed many depredations on the flocks of the inhabitants, and had even destroyed men. To accomplish this, he took a loaded gun and mounting his horse rode to the place, (near which numbers had gathered to behold the exploit) and bounded into the thicket. For some time they heard the crackling of the bushes, but at length all was silent, and they waited in breathless anxiety the report of the gun; but near half an hour elapsed before any thing was heard. At length a noise like thunder rent the air, and the bushes at a distance were seen to shake, and in a few moments horse and rider bounded out, to the astonishment of all, with a lion close at their heels; but as soon as the savage animal saw the multitude, he stopped and was about to retrace his steps, when a well-directed shot from the outlaw's gun laid him on the ground. The King was so well pleased with the adventure that he restored him to his former dignity and honor. It is said that the same horse King William rode at the battle of B—. G—.

*Genteel Impudence.*—"I am much obliged to you,"—"Not at all sir!" Where is the difference between contradicting thus flatly, and saying you lie sir?

*Difference of Opinion.*—"In company a few evenings since with a collection of ladies and gentlemen, the conversation was turned on a certain married couple, who lived in a very unsociable manner, having passed a whole year without speaking to each other in the time. "They must live very unhappily," said one of the company. "I should think so,"

said another. "Now I should think," replied a lady, "that they live *unspeakably* happy."

### LITERARY TRIFLES.

Pray, ladies, who in seeming wit delight,  
Say what's invisible, yet never out of sight?  
*The letter i.*

What is that word in the English language of one syllable, which if two letters be taken from it, become a word of two syllables?—*Plague.*

My first is every thing; my second more than every thing; and my whole is not quite as much?—*All-most.*

Why is a piece of lend bought and not paid for, like a particular kind of poetry?—*An acrostic—An acre-on-tick.*

My first is founded on doubt; my second on certainty; and my whole is the idol of the age?—*Pleasure.*

I would go far in my second to fetch my first, and with reluctance part with my whole?—*Friend-ship.*

Why is a lawyer like a poker?—*He is often at the bar.*

Why is the letter T, like an island?—*It is in the middle of water.*

Why is the letter E, like London?—*It is the capital of England.*

My first makes time, my second spends it and my third tells it?—*Watchman.*

*Persian story.*—Sandi the Persian, tells a story of three sages, a Greek, an Indian and a Persian, who in the presence of a king of Persia, debated on this question: "Of all evils which is the greatest?" The Grecian said, "old age oppressed with poverty;" the Indian answered, "pain with impatience;" the Persian pronounced it to be, "Death without good works before it."

*An insinuation.*—A coxcomb who often intruded in a library where he did not subscribe, one day had his dog turned out by a crusty old fellow, who gave him a tremendous kick, saying, "You are no subscriber at any rate." The master took the hint, and never more annoyed the establishment by his presence.

### THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

*Something New.*—We request such as are satisfied of the fact, that the Garland will be continued at regular periods, to remit the amount of their several subscriptions, as we are in want of funds to make the necessary arrangements for enlarging and otherwise improving the second volume. We wish subscribers to bear this in mind, as being "dun" number one. Where we have agents, their hands is the proper medium through which subscriptions ought to pass. Will our agents attend to this call? or shall we have to disgrace our columns with a similar request?



MR. EDITOR—At a leisure moment, I sat down and wrote the answer to the following beautiful lines, supposed to be sung by a young bride, to her partner on the evening of her marriage; if you deem them worth a corner in your next little "Garland," they are at your service. E. D.

"Oh take me, but be faithful sill,  
And may the bridal vow  
Be sacred kept in after years,  
And warmly breath'd as now.

"Remember 'tis no common tie,  
That binds my youthful heart;  
'Tis one that only truth should weave,  
And only death can part.

"The joys of childhood's happy hours,  
My home of riper years—  
The treasured scenes of early youth,  
In sunshine and in tears.

"The purest hopes my bosom knew,  
'When my young heart was free,  
All these, and more, I now resign,  
To brave the world with thee.

"My lot in life is fix'd with thine,  
Its good and ill to share;  
And well thou know'st 'twill be my pride,  
To sooth each sorrow there.

"Then take me, and may fleeting time  
Make all our joys increase;  
And may our days glide sweetly on,  
In happiness and peace."

MY ANSWER.

Yes, dearest maid, I do thee take,  
And here I plight my vow,  
That ever shall in after years,  
My love be warm as now.

The joys of childhood tho' gone by,  
We've greater joys in store;  
To make thee blest will be my pride,  
And love thee more and more.

The charms of youth tho' past and gone,  
Yet thou must not repine;  
Thou hast a friend who will thee shield,  
When Nature's on decline.

Full well I know what thou resign'st,  
To brave the world with me;  
But if my heart's a recompense,  
That heart I give to thee.

And I too know 'twill be thy pride,  
To sooth each anxious care;  
And I will strive through life to make  
Thee happy every where.

Come then, and may our joys increase,  
As time glides swiftly by,  
'Till death shall part us here on earth,  
To meet again on high. EL DONADOR.

SPRING.

Welcome spring! with thy summer breezes,  
How much unlike the past,  
When all to me seem'd cold and dreary,  
With winter's chilling blast.

I love to see the little birds,  
As they gaily flit around,  
And seem as if they'd welcome thee  
With their merry chirping sound.

I love to see the fields assume,  
Their grass of verdant hue;  
Bespangled o'er with gaudy flowers,  
And wet with evening's dew.

I love to see the trees once more,  
With leafy limbs array'd;  
And oh! I love to sit beneath  
Their quiet, cooling shade.

I love to hear the swelling streams,  
Proclaim they're free once more,  
From their cold and icy covering,  
And assume their native roar.

I love to see the tall trees waving,  
As the warm wind's passing by;  
And each sun-lit cloud fast fleeing,  
'O'er the distant summer sky.

Then welcome, spring! thou bring'st with thee,  
A charm to soothe the sad;  
With thy summer sun and calm blue sky,  
And woods with ivy clad. M. A. B. T.

THE DYING CHILD.

"Pray, mother, what brings music here?  
Do listen to the song—  
So soft, so sweet, so beautiful—  
The night winds bear along!"

"Oh! listen to its clear, sweet notes!  
'Tis music so sublime!—  
O pray what brings such music here  
At such a doleful time?"

My child, I hear nought but the wind,  
Which with a mournful sound,  
Sweeps its course swiftly through the trees,  
And strews their leaves around.

Now dimmer grew his sparkling eyes,  
His face more deadly fair;  
And from his feeble hand he dropp'd,  
His book of infant prayer.

"Oh mother, dear, I know it now,  
'That song for me is given;  
It is the angels choral hymn,  
That welcomes me to Heaven."

ALTA.

STANZAS.

Oh! I have shed the burning tear,  
Of mingled shame and grief;  
And I have felt the pang severe,  
That scarce admits relief.

I mourn that folly round me throws,  
Her poisonous influence still;  
And while my cheek indignant glows,  
I'm pensive to her will.

Sick of a nature prone to err,  
How longs my soul for rest;  
Where grief and shame no more shall share,  
The calm untroubled breast.

A hope so cherish'd and so dear,  
I may not fix below;  
In Heaven alone shall every tear  
Forever cease to flow. JANE \*\*\*\*\*

ROMANTIC WISHES.

"Oh Eva! might we choose our path of life  
Free from wild pleasures and ambitious strife,  
To joys more peaceful should our footsteps tend,  
And seek in virtuous affluence a Friend.

A cottage by whose side clear streamlets run,  
And gilded only by the orient sun;  
Where bright Aurora with her purple ray,  
Sheds o'er the eastern sky, the dawn of day;  
In peace we'd tread the daisy's coated veil,  
To breathe the fragrance of the morning gale—  
Or with our Book retire to woodbine bowers,  
While evening dew revived the drooping flowers.  
Or whilst thy beauties, Nature, stood display'd  
Invoke the Muse beneath the moonlight shade:

Thus blessed with fair content our hours should slide,  
Like streams that calmly through their channels glide,  
To guide our steps be fair Religion given,  
And as we'd sink in life, we'd rise towards Heaven." DONNA JULIA.

Two Oxonians, dining together, one of them noticing a spot of grease on the neckcloth of the other, said—"I see you are a Grecian."  
"Poh," said the other "that's far fetched."  
"No, indeed," said the punster, "I made it on the spot."

What is your name? said a gentleman to a porter. My name, replied the fellow, is the same as my father's. And what is his name? said the gentleman. It is the same as mine. Then what are both your names? Why they are both alike, said the porter.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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*Machine for making pins.*—Some further reflections are suggested by the preceding analysis but it may be convenient previously to place before the reader a brief description of a machine for making pins, invented by an American. It is highly ingenious in point of contrivance, and, in respect to its economical principles will furnish a strong and interesting contrast with the manufacture of pins by the human hand. In this machine, a coil of brass wire is placed on an axis; one end of this wire is drawn by a pair of rollers through a small hole in a plate of steel, and is held there by forceps.—As soon as the machine is put in action.

1. The forceps draws the wire on to a distance equal in length to one pin; a cutting edge of steel then descends close to the hole through which the wire entered, and severs a piece equal in length to one pin.

2. The forceps holding the wire moves on until it brings the wire into the centre of the *chuck* of a small lathe, which opens to receive it. Whilst the forceps returns to fetch another piece of wire the lathe revolves rapidly, and grinds the projecting end of the wire upon a steel mill which advances towards it.

3. After this first, or coarse pointing, the lathe stops, and another forceps takes hold of the half pointed pin, (which is instantly relieved by the opening of the *chuck*,) and conveys it to a similar *chuck* of another lathe, which receives it, and finishes the pointing on a fine steel mill.

4. This mill again stops, and another forceps removes the pointed pin into a pair of strong steel clams, having a small groove in them by which they hold the pin very firmly. A part of this groove, which terminates at that edge of the steel clams which is intended to form the head of the pin, is made conical. A small round steel punch is now driven forcibly against the end of the wire thus clamped, and the head of the pin is partially formed by pressing the wire into the conical cavity.

5. Another pair of forceps now removes the pin to another pair of clams,

and the head of the pin is completed by a blow from a second punch the end of which is slightly concave. Each pair of forceps return as soon as it has delivered its burthen; and thus there are always five pieces of wire at the same moment in different stages of advance towards a finished pin. The pins so formed are received into a tray, and whitened, and papered in the usual manner.

About sixty pins can thus be made by this machine in one minute; but each process occupies exactly the same time in performing.

*A fine Chance for the Ladies.*—Heretofore, with the single exception, we believe, of the Princess Daskkoff, *Doctorates* have been only conferred upon males, but females are now about to participate in these learned distinctions.—The Legislature of Indiana has chartered a new College, called "The Christian College," at New Albany, alike open to males and females, with power to confer degrees. In the female department, they have established the Degrees of *Doctress* of Natural Science, of English Literature, Belles Lettres, the Fine Arts, and of Arts and Sciences—so that in a few years, *Doctresses* will be made as rapidly as our medical schools make Doctors of Medicine. Our young men had better be on the look out or they will be completely overshadowed by the learned *Doctresses* who will issue from this College.

*Great Canal of Goetha.*—This magnificent water-line, which passes through the heart of Sweden, and unites the North Sea and the Baltic, was opened with great solemnities on the 26th of September last. It will admit vessels drawing 9 1-2 feet water, and 22 feet in width; and they may make the passage into the Baltic in eight days, with the aid of steam-boats across the lakes which occur in its line. It has been 22 years in construction, and cost rather more than \$10,430,000, (£1,285,000), of which \$7,378,334 were contributed by the state.