

PAGE

MISSING

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.



To Raise the Genius,

To Mend the Heart.

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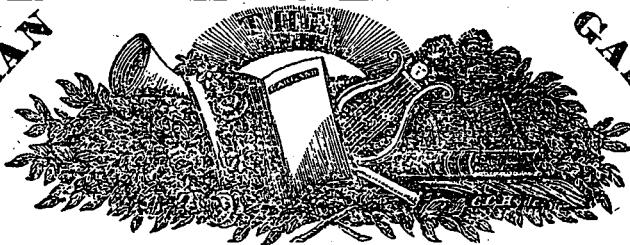
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AGENTS FOR THE GARLAND.

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

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REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR.

NUMBER ONE.—LUNDY'S LANE.

What with a long and harassing winter march from New-Brunswick to Kingston, and with hard fighting during the campaign of 1813, our Regiment, the 104th, was much cut up. The campaign of 1814 began by the enemy landing in strength on the Niagara frontier; and immediately on the report reaching the British head-quarters at Kingston, Sir Gordon Drummond marched in person with a force to meet him. I was Lieut. of the Grenadier Company, which, as well as the Light Company, was completed in number by Volunteers from the Battalion, and both of which were placed under the command of Maj. ***** of our own regiment. We were soon put in motion to meet Jonathan, and arriving at St. Catherines on the 24th of July, were attached to Colonel Scott's brigade;—hardly, however, had we got nested in a barn, when orders arrived for a march on to the Falls; the enemy, as was afterwards ascertained, having attacked our advanced guard at Lundy's Lane—we had been marched and counter-marched from two o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening, in a hot July day, when, within about a mile and a half, we heard guns—order was given for double quick—the night was pitch dark, but just as we proceeded, we were met by a staff officer with orders to form on the right of the Royals, who were posted in a ploughed field. The Grenadier company of the 103d regiment was added to our Major's command, and we were immediately hotly engaged, our right being thrown back to protect the flank. I often heard Sir G. Drummond's voice, "stick to them, my fine fellows," and our Major's word, was "level low, fire at the flashes." After being at this *pleasant work* for more than three hours, and when I began to be heartily tired of it, the enemy's fire ceased, and we had orders to bring forward our right shoulders, and charge. This movement was promptly executed, and in a few minutes we were close on a confused mass of the Americans. Our Major standing on a fence, had just cried out

"wait for the word, fire," when at that very moment a staff officer came with orders not to fire, as the 89th had driven the enemy down the slope of the hill. Jonathan took the hint, and called out "the 89th"—the word "recover arms" was given, and, even at such a moment of excitement, I could not but admire the discipline of British troops—not a shot was fired—but in one instant more, at least two hundred blue pills would have been given as a dose, and been washed down with cold steel. At the same time I must do justice to the American troops, they fought gallantly, and caused us great loss, and, at one period of the action, had possession of all our guns, but we got them back with interest, as we recaptured our own, and took and retained one of theirs.

The enemy retired on fort Erie, pursued by our troops. And here our Major had an opportunity of playing off a Yankee trick upon Jonathan. I was one of the subs of the advanced picket placed in a wood. Col. Drummond commanded on the left, the Major on the right. The enemy wished to take a peep at some batteries getting upon the left on the lake shore, and, coming out in force under cover of the wood, commenced a heavy fire on Col. Drummond's picket, but made no attack on our part of the position. No movements could be made by the Major to support his friend without endangering our right flank: but not long after the firing began, I saw him take the bugle boy, Lang, with him, and run down a road on our right, and soon after I heard the advance sounded on our front, and in rear of the enemy. Upon this, the American fire instantly ceased; the Major soon returned, and appeared somewhat exhausted with the exertion he had made in clearing himself of the riflemen, who were pelting back to the fort.—Thus the Major, and his bugle, completely defeated the object of our assailants.

Dr. D*****, who was surgeon on duty at the pickets, observed to me when he saw the Major run with the bugle boy at his heels, "the De'l is in the man; he is daft!"

A few days after, Col. Drummond was killed—the Major received a severe wound—and

Lang, the bugle boy, lost his arm in storming the breach at Fort Erie.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is no more delicate step in life than the operation designated by the elegant phrase I have selected for the title of my present lucubration. Much winding and caution, and previous sounding is necessary when you have a favor to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off what he naturally considers a cumbersome appendage to his estate, a man who has a claim upon his good offices. But this hazard is nothing in comparison with the risk you run in laying yourself at the mercy of a young gipsee, more fond of fun and frolic than any thing else in life. Even though she love you with the whole of her little heart, she possesses a flow of spirit and a woman's ready knack of preserving appearances; and tho' her bosom may heave responsive to your stammering tale, she will lure you on with kind complacent looks, until you have told your "pitiful story," and then laugh in your face for you pains.

It is not this either that I meant to express. Men are not cowards, because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has in general either self-possession enough to back out of the scrape, or, if it is inevitable to march with due resignation to his fate. In like manner, it is not that poor Pillgarlick, the lover, has a clear notion (persons in his situation are rarely troubled with clear notions) of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a hang-dog inclination to go backwards instead of forwards, a check, a sudden stop, in all his functions. He knows not how to look, or what to say. His fine plan, arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in his arm-chair, after a good dinner, and two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet upon the fender, proves quite impracticable. Either it has escaped his memory altogether, or the conversation by which he hoped to lead the fair one from different topics to thoughts of a tenderer complexion, and thus, by fine degrees (he watching all the time how she was affected, in order to be sure of his strength, before he makes the plunge,) to insinuate his confession, just at the moment that he knows it will be well received.

The desperate struggles and floundering by which some endeavor to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, narrated. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of

stainless pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter, to lose his heart to Miss —; and as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly; a very Dumbiedikes, but that he had a larger allowance of brain; he followed her everywhere; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage if she looked even civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affection, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened.—Mamma at last lost all patience, and one day when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing room, silent, uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good Lady abruptly left the room, and locked the pair in alone.—When his lordship, on essaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss — sat being most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek.—His lordship advanced towards her, but losing heart by the way, passed in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powdermine, he stopped before her—"Miss — will you marry me?" "With the greatest pleasure, my lord," was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unflinching voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.

Embarrassing Answer—"Come here, little girl, thou knowest thy Decalogue," said Mrs. Fry to a white-headed chubby-cheeked child, of about nine years of age, "What art thou enjoined by the fourth commandment?" "Murder, ma'am, if you please."

Reply Courtingly.—Mr. H.—, of the town of —, in his young days attended school with two young ladies, by the name of Mary Ann and Patience. One day H. was much puzzled in performing his sums. He went frequently to the master, for assistance, until the master, disliking the frequent interruptions, said to him sternly, "You must have patience." "Why not Mary Ann?" was the instant reply of H.—, He took Mary

Ann, but has since taken unto himself Patience also, whether in conformity with the order of the schoolmaster, we pretend not to say.

A swarm of Bees.—Be quiet. Be active. Be patient. Be humble. Be prayerful. Be watchful. Be hopeful. Be loving. Be gentle. Be merciful. Be gracious. Be just. Be upright. Be kind. Be simple. Be diligent. Be meek. Be lowly. Be long suffering. Be not faithless, but believing, and the grace of God be with you.

The Housekeeper and the Robber.—About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the Woodlands, a wild uncultivated barren range of hills in Derbyshire, bordering upon the confines of Yorkshire, had occasion to go from home. The family, besides himself, consisted of the servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper. At his departure he gave his man a strict charge to remain in the house, along with the females, and not on any account to absent himself at night until his return. This the man promised to do: and Mr. Webster proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the contrary, and not coming in, she and the servant girl, at the usual time, went to bed. Sometime in the night, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up, went down stairs, and inquired who was there, and what was their business? She was informed that a friend of Mr. Webster being benighted, and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodging. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led his horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he pertook, and was then shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his greatcoat, in order to dry it, when perceiving it to be, as she thought, very heavy, curiosity prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols, and their own large carving-knife? Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately perceived what sort of a guest she had to deal with, and his intentions. However, summing up all her courage and resolution,

she proceeded softly up stairs, and, with a rope, fastened, as well as she could, the door of the room in which the villain was; then went down, and in a great perturbation of mind awaited the event. Shortly after a man came to the window, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, said, "Are you ready?" She grasped one of the pistols with a desperate resolution, presented it to his face, and fired! The report of the pistol alarmed the fellow above, who attempted to get out of the room, but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villian, if you open the door, your a dead man." She then sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained, with the other pistol in her hand, guarding the chamber door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and on searching without, they found the servant man shot dead. Another villain, who was taken shortly after, met with his deserts: and the housekeeper, who had acted with such fidelity and unparalleled intrepidity, was soon after united to Mr. Webster.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

A small Matrimonial Breeze.—"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye, just tell me that, for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flanagan sent me home to yer house?" "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "an' it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, weeping over the could sod that covers me—then by St. Patrick I'll see how ye get along without me, honey."

Symptoms.—"I'll bet a sheep," said an old Merlith to his other half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy. For he is grinning at the plough, and he is grinning at the barn, and he is grinning at the table, and he is grinning to himself wherever he goes." "Poh," replied the old woman, "don't you know he got a love letter this morning?"

This world is becoming so refused and polished, that one can scarce stay in it, without slipping. We overheard a gentleman of colour a few days ago, inform another sable exquisite, that he had unfortunately raptured his 'expressibles, but that *forlin smiling*, they would be mended straight off.—*Mer. Adv.*

PRETTY BUSINESS FOR ZEPHYR.
He steals a kiss from my sweet Miss,
Before she can forbid it!
She sighs to find it was the wind,
And not her lover did it.

EXPIATION.

CONTINUED.

It was Sabbath, but Margaret Burnside was not in the kirk. The congregation had risen to join in prayer, when the great door was thrown open, and a woman, apparelled as for the house of worship, but wild and ghastly in her face and eyes as a maniac hunted by evil spirits, burst in upon the service, and, with uplifted hands, beseeched the man of God to forgive her irreverent entrance, for that foulest and most unnatural murder had been done, and that her own eyes had seen the corpse of Margaret Burnside lying on the moor in a pool of blood! The congregation gave one groan, and then an outcry as if the roof of the kirk had been toppling over their heads. All cheeks waxed white, women fainted, and the firmest heart quaked with terror and pity as once and again the affrighted witness, in the same words, described the horrid spectacle, and then rushed out into the open air, followed by hundreds, who, for some minutes had been palsystricken; and now the kirkyard was all in a tumult. In the midst of that dreadful ferment, there were voices crying aloud that the poor woman was mad, and that such horror could not be beneath the sun;—for such a perpetration on the Sabbath day, and first heard of just as the prayers of his people were about to ascend to the Father of mercies, shocked belief, and doubt struggled with despair as in the helpless shudderings of some dream of blood. The crowd were at last prevailed on by their pastor to disperse, and sit down on the tomb-stones, and water being sprinkled over the face of her who still lay in that mortal swoon, and the air suffered to circulate freely round her, she again opened her glassy eyes, and raising herself on her elbow, stared on the multitude, all gathered there so wan and silent, and shrieked out, "The Day of Judgment! The Day of Judgment!"

The aged minister raised her on her feet, and led her to a grave, on which she sat down and hid her face on his knees. "O that I should have lived to see the day—but dreadful are the decrees of the Most High—and she whom we all loved has been cruelly murdered! Carry me with you, people, and I will shew you where lies her corpse."

"Where—where is Ludovick Adamson? cried a hoarse voice which none there had ever heard before; and all eyes were turned in one direction; but none knew who had spoken, and all again was hush. Then all at once a hundred voices repeated the same words,— "Where—where is Ludovick Adamson?"—and there was no reply. Then, indeed, was the kirkyard in an angry and wrathful ferment,—and men looked far into each other's eyes for confirmation of their suspicions.—And there was whispering about things, that,

though in themselves light as air, seemed now charged with hideous import; and then arose sacred appeals to Heaven's eternal justice, horridly mingled with oaths and curses; and all the crowd, springing to their feet pronounced,—"that no other but he could be the murderer."

It was remembered now, that for months past, Margaret Burnside had often looked melancholy—that her visits had been frequent to the Moorside—and one person in the crowd said, that a few weeks ago she had come upon them suddenly in a retired place, where Margaret was weeping bitterly, and Ludovick tossing his arms, seemingly in wrath and distraction. All agreed that of late he had led a disturbed and reckless life—and that something dark and suspicious had hung about him, wherever he went, as if he were haunted by an evil conscience. But did not strange men sometimes pass through the Moor—squalid mendicants robber-like from the far-off city—one by one, yet seemingly belonging to the same gang—with bludgeons in their hands—half naked and often drunken in their hunger as at the doors of lonesome houses they demand alms, or more like foot-pads than beggars, with stern gestures, rising up from the ditches by the way side, stopped the frightened women and children going upon errands, and thanklessly received pence from the poor? One of them must have been the murder? But then, again, the whole tide of suspicion would set in upon Ludovick—her lover—for the darker and more dreadful the guilt, the more welcome is it to the fears of the imagination when its waking dreams are floating in blood!

A tall figure came forward from the porch, and all was silence, when the congregation beheld the father of the suspected criminal! He stood still as a tree in a calm day,—trunk, limbs, moved not,—and his grey head was uncovered. He then stretched out his arm, not in an imploring, but in a commanding attitude, and essayed to speak; but his white lips quivered, and his tongue refused its office. At last, almost fiercely, he uttered, "Who dares denounce my son?" and like the growling thunder, the crowd cried, "All—all—he is the murderer!" Some said the old man smiled; but it could have been but a convolution of the features—outraged nature's wrung-out and withering expression disdain, to show how a father's love brooks the cruelty of foolish falsehood and in justice.

Men, women, and children—all whom grief and horror had not made helpless—moved away toward the Moor—the woman who had seen the sight leading the way—for now her whole strength had returned to her, and she was drawn and driven by an irresistible passion to look at what had almost destroyed her judgment. Now they were miles from the

kirk, and over some brushwood, at the edge of a morass some distance from the common footpath, crows were seen diving and careering in the air, and a raven flapping suddenly out of the covert, sailed away with a savage croak along a range of cliffs. The whole multitude stood stock still at that carrion-sound. The guide said shudderingly, in a low hurried voice, "See, see—that is her mantle,"—and these indeed Margaret lay, all in a heap, maimed, mangled, and murdered, with a hundred gashes. The corpse seemed as if it had been baked in frost, and was embedded in coagulated blood. Shreds and patches of her dress, torn away from her bosom, bestrewed the bushes—for many yards round about, there had been the trampling of feet, and a long lock of hair that had been torn from her temples, with the dewy yet unmelting on it, was lying upon a plant of broom a little way from the corpse. The first to lift the body from the horrid bed was Gilbert Adamson. He had been long familiar with death in all its ghastliness, and all had now looked to him—forgetting for the moment that he was the father of the murderer—to perform the task from which they recoiled in horror. Resting on one knee, he placed the corpse on the other—and who could have believed, that even the most violent and cruel death could have wrought such a change on a face once so beautiful! All was distortion—and terrible it was to see the dim glazed eyes, fixedly open and the orbs insensible to the strong sun that smote her face white as snow among the streaks as if left by bloody fingers! Her throat was all discolored—and a silk handkerchief twisted into a cord that had manifestly been used in the murder, was of a redder and deeper hue than when it had veiled her breast. No one knows what horror his eyes are able to look on, till they are tried. A circle of stupified gazers was drawn by a horrid fascination closer and closer round the corpse—and women stood there holding children by the hands, and fainted not, but observed the sight, and shuddered without shrieking, and stood there all dumb as ghosts. But the body was now borne along by many hands—at first none knew in what direction, till many voices muttered, "To Moorside—to Moorside!"—and in an hour it was laid on the bed in which Margaret Burnside had so often slept with her beloved little Ann in her bosom.

The hand of some one had thrown a cloth over the corpse. The room was filled with people—but all their power and capacity of horror had been exhausted—and the silence was now almost like that which attended a natural death, when all the neighbors assembled for the funeral. Alice, with little Ann beside her, kneeled at the bed, nor feared to lean her head close to the covered corpse—sobbing out syllables that showed how pas-

sionately she prayed—and that she and her little niece—and oh! for that unhappy father—were delivering themselves up into the hands of God. That father knelt not—neither did he sit down, nor move, nor groan, but stood still at the foot of the bed, with arms folded amongst sternly, and with his eyes fixed on the sheet, in which there seemed to be neither ruth nor dread; but only an austere composure, which, were it indeed but resignation to that dismal decree of Providence, had been most sublime; but who can see into the heart of man either righteous or wicked, and know what may be passing there, breathed from the gates of heaven or hell!

Soon as the body had been found, shepherds and herdsman, fleet of foot as the deer, had set off to scour the country far and wide, hill and glen, mountain and morass, moor and wood for the murderer. If he be on the face of the earth, and not self-plunged in despairing suicide into some quagmire, he will be found,---for all the population of many districts are now afoot, and precipices are clomb till now brushed but by the falcons. A figure, like that of a man, is seen by some of the hunters from a hill top, lying among the stones by the side of a solitary loch. They separate, and descend upon him, and then gathering in they behold the man whom they seek Ludovic Adamson, the murderer.

His face is pale and haggard—yet flushed as if by a fever centred in his heart. That is no dress for the Sabbath day, soiled and savage looking, and giving to the eyes that search an assurance of guilt. He starts to his feet, as they think, like some wild beast surprised in his lair, and gathering itself up to fight or fly. But, strange enormity! a Bible in his hand! And the shepherd who first seized him, taking the book out of his grasp, looks into the page, and reads, "Whoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be surely shed." On a leaf is written, in her well-known hand, "The gift of Margaret Burnside!" Not a word is said by his captors—they offer no heedless violence, no indignities, but answer all enquiries of surprise and astonishment (O! can one so young be hardened in wickedness!) by a stern silence and upbraiding eyes, that like daggers must stab his heart. At last he walks doggedly and sullenly along, and refuses to speak, yet his tread is firm, there is no want of composure in his face, now that the first passion of fear or anger has left it; and now that they have the murderer in their clutch, some begin almost to pity him, and others to believe, or at least to hope, that he may be innocent. As yet they have said not a word of the crime of which they accuse him, but let him try to master the expression of his voice and his eyes as he may guilt is in those stealthy glances, guilt is in those reckless tones, and why does he seek to hide his right

hand in his bosom? and whatever he may affect to say, they ask him not, most certainly that stain on his shirt-collar is blood. But now they are at Moorside.

There is still a great crowd round the house, in the garden, and at the door, and a troubled cry announces that the criminal has been taken, and is close at hand. His father meets him at the gate, and, kneeling down, holds up his clasped hands, and says, "My son, if thou art guilty, confess, and die." The criminal angrily waves his father aside, and walks towards the door. "Fools! fools! what mean ye by this? What crime has been committed! And how dare ye think me the criminal? Am I like a murderer?" "We never spoke to him of the murder, we never spoke to him of the murder!" cried one of the men who now held him by the arm; and all assembled then exclaimed, "Guilty, guilty, that one word will hang him! O, pity, pity, for his father and poor sister, this will break their hearts!" Appalled, yet firm of foot, the prisoner forced his way into the house; and turning, in his confusion, into the chamber on the left, there he beheld the corpse of the murdered on the bed, for the sheet had been removed, as yet not laid out, and disfigured and deformed just as she had been found on the moor, in the same misshapen heap of death! One long insane glare, one shriek, as if all his heart-string at once had burst, and then down fell the strong man on the floor like lead. One trial was past which no human hardihood could endure, another, and yet another, awaits him, but these he will bear as the guilty brave have often borne them, and the most searching eye shall not see him quail at the bar or on the scaffold.

They lifted the stricken wretch from the floor, placed him in a chair and held him upright, till he should revive from the fit. And he soon did revive; for health flowed in all his veins, and he had the strength of a giant. But when his senses returned, there was none to pity him; for the shock had given an expression of guilty horror to all his looks, and, like a man walking in his sleep under the temptation of some dreadful dream, he moved with fixed eyes towards the bed, and looking at the corpse, gobbled in hideous laughter, and then wept and tore his hair like a distracted woman or child. Then he stooped down as he would kiss the face, but staggered back, and, covering his eyes with his hands, uttered such a groan as is sometimes heard rending the sinner's breast when the avenging furies are upon him in his dreams. All who heard it felt that he was guilty, and there was a fierce cry through the room of, "Make him touch the body, and if he be the murderer, it will bleed!" "Fear not, Ludovic, to touch it, my boy," said the father: "bleed afresh it will not, for thou art innocent; and savage though

now they be, who once were proud to be thy friends, even they will believe thee guiltless when the corpse refuses to bear witness against thee, and not a drop leaves its quiet heart!" But his son spake not a word, nor did he seem to know that his father had spoken, but he suffered himself to be led passively towards the bed. One of the bystanders took his hand and placed it on the naked breast, when out of the corners of the teeth-clenched mouth, and out of the swollen nostrils, two or three blood-drops visibly oozed, and a sort of shrieking shout declared the sacred faith of all the crowd in the dreadful ordeal. "What body is this? 'tis all over blood!" said the prisoner, looking with an idiot vacancy on the faces that surrounded him. But now the sheriff of the country entered the room, along with other officers of justice, and he was spared any farther shocks from the old savage superstition. His wrists soon after were manacled. These were all the words he had uttered since he recovered from the fit, and he seemed now in a state of stupor.

Ludovic Adamson, after examination of the witnesses who crowded against him from many unexpected quarters, was committed that very Sabbath night to a prison on a charge of murder. On the Tuesday following, the remains of Margaret Burnside were interred.---All the parish were at the funeral. In Scotland it is not customary for females to join the last simple ceremonies of death. But in this case they did; and all her scholars, in the same white dresses in which they used to walk with her at their head into the kirk on Sabbaths, followed the bier. Alice and little Ann were there, nearest the coffin, and the father of him who had wrought all this woe was one of its supporters. The head of the murdered girl rested, it might be said, on his shoulder---but none can know the strength which God gives to his servants, and all present felt for him as he walked steadily under that dismal burden, a pity, and even an affection, which they had been unable to yield to him ere he had been so sorely tried. The ladies from the Castle were among the other mourners, and stood by the open grave. A sunnier day had never shone from heaven, and that very grave itself partook of the brightness, as the coffin, with the gilt letters---"Margaret Burnside--Aged 18"---was let down, and in the darkness below disappeared. No flowers were sprinkled there---nor afterwards planted on the turf---vain offerings of unavailing sorrow! But in that nook---beside the bodics of her poor parents---she was left for the grass to grow over her, as over the other humble dead---and nothing but the very simplest headstone was placed there, with a sentence from Scripture below the name. There was less weeping, less sobbing than at many other funerals; for as sure as Mercy ruled the skies, all believed

that she was there—all knew it, just as if the gates of Heaven had opened and shewed her a white robed spirit at the right hand of the throne. And why should any rueful lamentation have been wailed over the senseless dust! But on the way home over the hills, and in the hush of evening beside their hearths, and in the stillness of night on their beds—all— young and old—all did nothing but weep!

The Season.—Spring, with all its accompaniments of light and song, has burst upon us early. Already the merry bird has found his way to the long deserted woods, and you may hear him at the break of day, as he sits upon the leafless bough, chaunting his hymn to the god of day. Already is the flower bursting the swollen bud, and the unfolding leaf is shooting its tiny form forth to catch the rain and the sunbeam. Already the earth begins to be spread with nature's velvet carpet, while the flowers, fanned by the breathing south wind, are cracking their buds and distributing their fragrance to the zephyrs—and too, business with its bustle and noise is animating every village and hamlet, and furnishing employment for the great family of man.—What an interesting picture is that of Spring! Who is able to paint it! It is the key that unlocks the seasons, and bids the earth rejoice. The same routine of nature is about taking place which has been notched in the past centuries; yet it is ever delightful, ever new; and men always welcome each season as if it was the first that had been; and part with each as if it were the last.

But we lose ourselves in the vastness of the subject, and wishing our kind patrons all the delights that the season presents, we will lay down our pen to enjoy the refreshing breeze that is just now pressing through our window, carrying to the blanched cheek of a pent-up editor its life-stirring influences, as it is warmed by the mellow rays of the sun—and content ourselves by giving a short selected article on SPRING.

"In the beautiful language of the wise man, the 'winter is now over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' In these moments we are the witnesses of the most beautiful and most astonishing spectacle that nature ever presents to our view. The earth, by an annual miracle, rises again, as from her grave, into life and beauty. A new creation peoples the late wintry desert, and the voice of joy and gladness is heard among those scenes that lay in silence and desolation.—The sun comes forth 'like a bridegroom from his chamber,' to diffuse light and life over every thing he beholds; and the breath of Heaven seems to brood with maternal love

over that infant creation it has so lately awakened into being."—*Gem.*

"Love covers a multitude of sins." When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is, to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like the painter who, being to draw the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes, and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top.

In all things preserve integrity; the consciousness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business and soften the harshness of ill success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the time may rob thee of other due reward.

A very tall Gentleman asked a smart servant, "how far is it from here to yonder?" "About three lengths of a Fool," said he;—"suppose you measure it!"

What is a Quill? It is a thing plucked from the *pinions* of one goose to spread the *o-pinions* of another.

Dogmas have driven more people mad, than the hydrophobia. Skull-cap cannot cure them; nor all the poppy and mandragora in the world restore them to the sweet sleep of calm philosophy.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1823.

Having indulged ourself in a short respite from the vexatious confinement of a printer's life, we find on our return that our little stock of patience is nearly exhausted, after viewing the heterogeneous mass of communications intended "to pass the fiery ordeal of our optics keen." We find it impossible to insert any of them in this number, but hope to give all on hand the "go-by," in number nineteen.

The wishes of Adelaide cannot be complied with at present.

The Lady's Book.—The April number of this justly esteemed publication is on our table. This, like its predecessors, contains a great variety of interesting matter, original and selected, with the usual number of embellishments.

Canadian Literary Magazine.—We have been favored through the influence of Mr. Gurnett, with a perusal of this work, and pronounce it worthy of an extensive circulation. We give a short extract from it on our first page, and intend to take another look at it before we issue another number. The typographical part of the work reflects much credit on the press of Mr. Dalton. We solicit a continuance of the exchange.

POETRY.

Original.
TO MY GOVERNESS.

When first beneath thy gentle care
I learning's mazy paths explor'd,
And thought so hard the thrice-conn'd task,
Or lesson long, or hard spell'd word.

I deem'd restrain'd unkind and rude;
Each study was a tiresome thing;
Nor thought that I one day should find
The pleasures that from knowledge spring.

But now I think with sad regret,
How oft I grieved thy gentle heart,
With disobedience to thy will,
When thou instruction would'st impart.

O let me thank thee here anew,
That whilst thou worldly knowledge gave,
Thou thought'st too, that "God is love,"
And that Emanuel came to save.

But should thy Savior call thee hence,
Before I leave this mournful clay;
May I be near, from off thy brow
To wipe the gathering drops away.

Then round thy grave shall scholars weep,
Like children round their parent's tomb;
"There shall the early violet spring,
"And latest flowers around it bloom." JANE.

MISCELLANY.

From the Rochester Gem.

Taste in Female Dress.—Personal neatness both in manners and dress, may be classed, if not among, yet very near the cardinal virtues. Lavater observes, that "persons habitually attentive to dress, generally display the same regularity in their domestic affairs!" "young women" says he, "who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular, a disregard of order, a mind but ill adapted to the details of house keeping; a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love; they will be careless in every thing. The girl of eighteen, who desires not to please will be a slut and a shrew, at twenty-five." The style of a female's dress, should in some measure, depend on the figure of the woman:—and the next thing worthy of notice is, the substance of which dresses are composed; but colors are of the most importance, most difficult of choice, and the most delusive to the wearer; and colors ill chosen are quite offensive to the eye.

"Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheek is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green!
In such a dress the sportive sea nymphs go;
So in their grassy beds fresh roses blow!"

Grass green, however, for the pale woman, appears not well; and the poet says,

"—Maids grown pale with sickness and despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Clod'd in the dusky mantle of the night."

And of the Brunet,

"The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own."

She may assume the orange, the scarlet, the flame color or the deep rose—either of which will heighten and animate her complexion, and impart a more dazzling lustre to her eye.

Rather Snarly.—"Take care grandman, or you'll twist your neck off," said a little urchin one day to an old lady who was tugging to get a comb through her tangled hair, till she had pulled her head round so that her nose and chin came over her left shoulder. "Go along to school you plague you," said she; at the same time cuffing his ear and stamping her foot. As he departed, she resumed, her task, when, by dint of perseverance, biting her lips, projecting her chin, and pressing her eyes together, till her face was as full of wrinkles as a baked apple, she succeeded in raking through. Then dropping both hands upon her knees, she sighed and exclaimed, "Oh dear me! I don't see how folks do that comb their hair every day, for I don't comb mine but once a week, then it e'na jest kills me."

Two country attorneys, overtaking a wagoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked him why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The wagoner knowing the matter, answered, that "his fore horse was a lawyer and the rest were his clients."

Why is a piano with a voice like a room prepared for a party?

Because it is for a company meant, (accompaniment.)

Why is an invaded country like a parasol?

Because its borders are infringed.

Why is a band of lawless rioters like cats?

Because they mew till late, (mutilate.)

Why is a flatterer like one wearied of his aunt?

Because he is sick of auntist (sycophantist.)

Why are mountebanks like pearl oyster fishers?

Because they thrive by divers expedients.

Why should you prepare your Apothecary's medicine when he is sick?

Because he has mixt yours, (mixtures.)

What word might properly be spoken to Eve after she had eaten the apple?

Insinuate, (in sin you ate.)

Why is a man with \$6000 wishing to make it \$30,000 like a paper maker?

Because he has 24 to acquire (a quire.)

Why am I like a needle approaching a magnet?

Because I am going to adhere, add here.)

Rights of Women.—A woman offering to sign a deed, the judge asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign? "He compel me!" said the lady, "no, nor twenty like him!"

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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