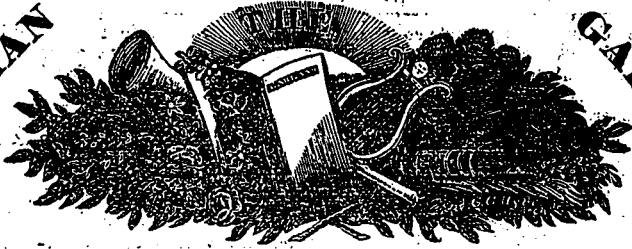


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"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

Original.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

There is not in the world a more endearing relation than that of pure disinterested friendship, and there scarcely lingers a recollection in our bosoms that is not in some degree coloured with its tints. The world and its pursuits are enemies; often fatal enemies to this generous passion, and as generally have they proved its bane, that it has been the subject of frequent disputation, whether disinterested friendship in any instance really exists throughout the whole circle of humanity. It is sufficient for the present purpose to endeavor to picture an instance in which the brightest links of friendship were woven round the brows of two once dear companions, and destined, as it proved, awhile to grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, and to burst at last asunder by a single touch. The young Rockwell's were cousins—their parents resided in the neighborhood of each other, and they were playmates from infancy. The elder, Edgar, was but a few months older than Charles, and the ties of kindred and of similar pursuits naturally led them to esteem each other; nor was the ingredient most essential to confidential friendship, similar dispositions wanting, and while they spent their early lives in the quiet enjoyment of peace and harmony; never was there a happier or truer example of the warmest attachment exhibited. If one of them was unwell, the other seemed to partake of his pain; if one was ill treated, the other was the first to resent it; if one suffered disgrace at school, the other was the first to weep for it; and if one received the meed of praise, the other was always the most elated. Often have they been seen in their various situations, and they were still the same. But as it always happens, time changed the aspect even of their loves.

The young Rockwell's had not yet arrived at manhood when they had both the misfortune to lose their parents—their separation was the consequence. Edgar went to reside with a wealthy relation, while Charles continued at his native place and was obliged to

content himself with the correspondence of his friend. This relation was an uncle to them both, and as he was apparently without nearer heirs, the young Rockwell's naturally suffered their expectation to be directed towards his fine farms and heavy chests, for the old man, though not absolutely miserly, had still a greater share of avariciousness than was to be commanded. Mr. Ross was shortly after these circumstances called to England for the purpose of settling the affairs of a distant relation there, who had bequeathed him a considerable estate, and embarked, leaving Edgar in the capacity of sole agent to manage, with a dangerous malady, from which he only recovered with the loss of his reason, and was sent to an hospital from which he escaped, and all traces of him was for a while lost. As yet, however, the Rockwell's remained the same—but the trying moments were approaching. Accounts were received of the death of Mr. Ross—the will was produced—it was thus: That in consequence of Madeline Ross, the whole estate was willed to Edgar Rockwell—but that should the said Madeline be living, then it was the will of her father that she would be his sole and only heir; and Edgar consequently came in possession of the whole property. Elevated by success which he never dreamed of, he became a new creature; the city and the style of a nobleman was aspired to, from the plain and simple life of a country farmer, and the correspondence and intimacy of his once dear friend was abandoned for the company and smiles of flatterers. Charles was forgotten—but in the simplicity of his heart he still loved that friend to whose bosom he had once been so dear, and to whom, faithful to his early vows, he cheerfully resigned all the wealth he saw him in possession of. Nothing stings ingratitude so deeply as forgiveness—and Edgar, elevated as he felt himself, could not bear to hear the character of his friend extolled above his own. Fortune had made him jealous already, and he resolved on his cousins ruin, and the next visit he paid to the country he purchased some obligations held by one of his acquaintances against Charles—and

with as little ceremony as possible consigned him to a gaol from which he was not released until his affairs had completely run to ruin— for, unprepared as he was, for treatment so grossly treacherous, he made no exertions to retrieve his affairs, and gave himself up to despondency. But one of those unlooked-for events which, often where the whole prospect of life wears the face of settled fatality, comes to reward the virtuous and punish the vile, was at hand. The unfortunate Rockwell, half-distracted with the complicated ill-fortune which followed him, left his house and his remaining friends and went to New York, where, after wandering a long day without a mouthful to eat, he sat himself down on the steps of a house in one of the principal streets, and without a hope or a wish this side of the grave, laid his feverish brow upon the cold marble and resigned himself to his fate. He had not sat long before a young lady, elegantly attired, appeared at the door, and alarmed at the pallid hue which by the bright moonlight, she discovered on his cheek, she called the servants and had him brought into the house. He told his misfortunes and his name, but little did he know who heard the sad recital. It was Madeline Ross. But that was not all—from the hour that her father's curse had been pronounced upon her for non-compliance with a wish he had that she should marry a favorite of his—she had lived a retired and comparatively happy life with a friend of hers in the city and having been denied all communication with her former home, she only knew that her father was dead, and that his estate was given to Edgar Rockwell—but she had never troubled herself to ascertain what was the fact—that by that will she was only excluded on the presumption of her having deceased as was reported, and which presumption she had never before cared to remove—she now determined to punish her vile relation. The plan was no sooner fixed upon than it was put into execution. She accompanied Charles to Philadelphia, where Edgar then resided, and went with him to his house. Upon applying for admission their names were required, Charles sent in his; the answer brought by the servant was—“My master knows nothing about Charles Rockwell, nor does not choose to be disturbed by beggars.” Tell him, replied Madeline, he is himself a beggar. Madeline Ross is mistress of this mansion. The sequel can be better imagined than described. A few weeks saw Edgar Rockwell stripped of his proud trappings, abandoned and scorned by those friends whom the splendor of his fortune had drawn around him, and left without a comfort, save those which charity supplied; and a few months only elapsed before the once persecuted, yet innocent Charles

Rockwell was made the happy husband of the amiable and lovely Madeline Ross.

DONNA JULIA.

From the Lady's Book.

THE KNIGHTS OF CALATRAVA;

By the Author of a Tale of "Roncesvalles."

CONCLUDED.

By this time the ardent soldiers were completely arrayed for battle. Ten thousand scymetars flashed fiercely, and ten thousand voices shouted the formidable *tecbir*.

“I will lead my warriors against the infidels,” said the Prince of Cordova to the Moorish commander, “and ere the sand hath told the sixth portion of an hour, yon plain shall be as free from an enemy, as the desert is destitute of vegetation.

A wave of Abdallah's blade was his answer, and the earth trembled under the rapid charge of the eager cavalry. Aware of the impetuosity of the Moorish soldiers, the Christians halted, and presenting a firm front, sustained, not only without shrinking, but repelled the furious assault. Again, the atabal sounded the charge, and, again the followers of the Prophet, with loud shouts, threw themselves upon the serried lances. But the defenders of Calatrava still maintained the same unyielding and martial front, in despite of the tempest-like onset of the Cavalry, preserving the while a stern silence, which was strikingly contrasted with the rude clamour that burst from the ranks of their turbaned enemies. A second time were the Africans driven back, after suffering severe loss; and when the officers were preparing to lead to a third attack, the diminishing numbers of their troops, they sullenly refused to advance. In the mean time the Moorish commander awaited with a feeling of indifference, the encounter of the Prince of Cordova with the unexpected enemy, being assured of its successful termination.

“By the Prophet of Allah!” he exclaimed, in some surprise, upon beholding the repulse of his countrymen, “the eager haste of our soldiers has been the cause of their check; let them advance in more compact order, and the defeat of the misbelievers is certain. Amazement held the chieftian mute, as the disastrous results of the second attack, in despite of the prejudices, became apparent.

“May the wrath of Eblis pursue the recreants,” he muttered, giving way to his indignation, as he beheld the reluctance

of the Moslems to encounter a third time their formidable adversaries, and was about spurring his charger to the scene, when the Prince of Cordova presented himself. His green turban, (for he boasted his descent from the Prophet,) was torn and soiled, his armour of the same colour, was dyed a deep crimson, and his right arm hung bleeding and powerless by his side. "By Allah! I have seen a strange sight," was the angry salutation of the Moorish leader, unheeding the distressed appearance of his officer; "thy thousand warriors recoiled from an equal number of infidels, like the gazelle from the savage leopard. Is it the first time they have been engaged with the dogs of the Temple?"

"Yonder array," was the faint reply of the Prince of Cordova, "consists not of the red-cross soldiers, nor did they in the most desperate conflict, ever exhibit such valour and stubbornness, as those whom we have just encountered!"

"By the turban of Mahomet!" said Abdallah fiercely, "I could have excused thy failure, were thy opponents the stern warriors led by De Longueville; but cowardice or treachery has brought this dishonour upon the crescent, and it shall be strictly looked into."

The brow of the unfortunate prince, vied in colour with the deep hue of his armour, at the imputation, and his left hand sought the hilt of his scymetar; but ere he could raise the weapon, strength and life failed him, and he fell stiff, and heavily to the earth. The bosom of Abdallah glowed with the most intense passion, yet his voice and manner was calm, as he ordered the whole army to advance. But the soldiers had scarce moved from their stations, when for the first time, the thrilling war-shout of "God and St. Jago for Spain!" uprose from the ranks of the Christians, and the hitherto motionless body rushed boldly and impetuously against the advancing squadron. The fiery fanaticism of the Moors, the chief source of all their victories, was opposed by the stern enthusiasm of their adversaries, and, after the lapse of an hour, the victory remained undecided. While the combat still raged with undiminished fierceness, the emotion of those not immediately engaged in its sanguinary labours, were of the most intense and interesting character. The Lady Zara and her attendants had retired on the first alarm, to the

centre of the extensive encampment, and every moment she expected to hear the shouts of Moorish triumph. But the wild tumult of the midnight strife continued unabated, and while the animating tecbir pealed widely, the swelling war-cry of the foe ran as sharply, ever and anon blended with the portentous echoes of the appalling trumpet.

"That dreadful sound," exclaimed the daughter of Abdallah, as a louder and nearer blast fell startling upon her ears, "and, holy Prophet! it seemeth to proceed from the camp itself."

Ere her attendants could reply, the form of a warrior, was seen to advance slowly and with exertion, to the station they occupied.

"How goes the battle, Almanzor?" said the Lady Zara, as she recognized the chieftain; "we have been more than an hour in a fearful state of suspense."

"It is all over," was the faint reply; "the misbelievers are storming the camp."

A shriek of dismay followed this announcement while the wounded chieftain proceeded—"The Syrian was right—the lance of the leader of yon host is stained with my heart's blood—and I die within sight of Calatrava."

"My father!" exclaimed Zara, in a voice scarce audible.

"Is in Paradise, and I go to join him."

As he said this, the descendant of the Prophet breathed his last, and, at the same moment, the daughter of Abdallah, overwhelmed with the dreadful tidings, sank fainting to the earth.

The king of Arragon had passed a restless and anxious night, for the following day would disclose the fate of Calatrava and his metropolis. Few eyes indeed were closed in the hours of darkness—preparations for flight or resistance were made in their fears expecting to behold the Moorish javelins glitter in the early rays of the sun.

"Take thy station at the window, Ferdinand," said Don Sancho, as he arose from his uneasy couch, and sought the presence chamber, "and tell me, for thy sight is quick, if aught appears coming from the direction of the ill-fated fortress."

The page obeyed; but more than an hour passed away, ere his eye rested on any object, save the blue peaks of the far-off

mountain, or the wide extended plain that bounded Toledo.

"See'st thou nothing," demanded the king impatiently. "Diego Velasquez," he added "promised me, on his faith, ere the sun was two hours high, to advise me, whether victorious or defeated, of the result."

"There is something like a speck at the extremity of the plain," observed Ferdinand, "which I saw not before."

A few anxious moments elapsed, when the object was declared to be a horseman, approaching at the top of his speed.

"The attempt has failed," said the king, sorrowfully to himself; "I was but a silly old man to trust to the arms of monks and priests, in my greatest need; besides, they were but a thousand, while the Moors and Africans counted ten times that number.—Make you out," he hastily added, turning to his page "the cognizance of the horseman?"

"It is Diego Velasquez," said Ferdinand, after a few moments' pause, "the leader of the convent forces."

"Why tarries his lagging steed?" again demanded the king.

"The knight has halted, and is about to display his pennon—by St. Jago!" shouted the page, regardless of the royal presence, "it is no pennon, but the standard of the Moors, that Diego waves in triumph."

An exclamation of deep gratitude to Heaven burst from the relieved heart of the monarch, and he hastened to feast his eye on the interesting spectacle. The vision of the page had not deceived him. The crescent gleamed palely, amid the fluttering folds of the embroidered ensign, but while the royal gaze was still rivetted in mute admiration, upon the symbol of Moslem victory and power, it suddenly disappeared, and the next moment was trailing in the dust. The shout from the walls that hailed this most welcome exhibition, seemed to shake the firm foundations of the city, and pierce the very heavens. The praises of those who had wrought the high deliverance, resounded throughout Arragon, and in the struggle which ensued for centuries after, against Moorish dominion and conquest, no hands were readier with lance and blade, and no hearts glowed with more zeal, than the hands and hearts of the cloistered KNIGHTS OF CALATRAVA.

THE BUCCANEER.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
As fast the white rocks faded from his view.—*Heroides.*

Whilst our country was yet in its infancy, and but a short time previous to the commencement of that ever memorable struggle which terminated in the political separation of the colonies from the mother country, there cruised off the shore of the West India Islands, a Rover, known by the name of the Black Buccaneer, a name given to him from the colour of his vessel, whose exterior was painted black, the better to be screened from observation when the Government cruisers obliged him to seek shelter and concealment amongst the creeks and inlets of the islands.

Rumor had widely disseminated the daring exploits of this notorious Buccaneer, whose illicit proceedings were principally, if not exclusive directed against the flag of Great Britain; but his enmity to that nation not only proved detrimental to their commerce, but also acted suppressively to ours, as we, at that time, acknowledged allegiance to the country, from whose oppressive enthrallment our illustrious forefathers subsequently emancipated themselves and their posterity.

Unparalleled success had hitherto invariably attended the most desperate actions of this man, and his numerous captures at length called the attention of the British Governor, who fitted out a vessel for the express purpose of freeing the ocean of one who proved so great a scourge to the commercial interest of G. Britain and its dependencies. The command of this vessel was entrusted to an experienced officer, and we sailed from the United States Colonies with orders to let nothing with our time and duty, until we had accomplished the object of our expedition.

At sunrise, on the fifth morning subsequent to our departure, we discovered a vessel to leeward. Orders were instantly given to bear down, when after an hour's sail, we discovered her to be a foretopsail schooner, lying low in the water, and shaping her course south-westerly. While she perceived it was our intention to hail, she wore round and lay to, awaiting our approach.

As we drew near I had an opportunity of examining her more minutely, and every one on board asserted that she was the most beautiful craft they had ever be-

held. Her tall spars had a graceful, though no more than ordinary, rake and the delicacy of their taper was only equalled by the proportionate treachery of the cordage that enshrouded them. The bows were exceedingly sharp, and bespoke the utmost fleetness, while the cutwater rose with a grace curve from the briny element, and was handsomely gammoned to the bowsprit. But one feature deteriorated from her extreme beauty, and that was the dark colour of her hull, which was slightly though imperceptibly from afar, relieved by a thin streak of red, that marked the lower chambers of her channels. Even the masts and yards were of the same dingy colour as the hull, and the only trait that broke the gloom of the head gear was the snowy white canvass that fluttered aloft. Yet, amidst all this beauty there was something suspicious in her appearance, probably imparted by the tenebrity of her hue, or, perhaps, engendered by the recollection of our errand.

As we neared her, five or six forms were observed, scanning us with apparent interest. Yet, still she lay in the winds' eye, her topsails thrown aback, and she resting, as motionless as a gull sleeping upon the ocean. We were dashing the spray aside, and every moment attaining a lessened intervention. When we had approached within hail our vessel wore round, and, hoisting the cross of St. George, fired a gun, that the strange sail might satisfy us of her nation, by showing her colors. Scarcely had the echo of our gun died upon the breeze, when a great black banner, bearing no device, unfurled itself from the stern of the stranger, and was instantly run to the extremity of the gaff.

"The Black Buccaneer," shouted fifty voices simultaneous, and the echo of their words were succeeded by a fearful, though brief silence. Then the momentary surprise was over, every man in accordance with the order of our commander prepared for action—the guns were loaded and run out of their respective ports—the magazine illuminated—the logerheads lighted—the decks cleared, and all things prepared to execute the work of death. In the meantime the Buccaneer was no ways backward in imitating our example; his vessel was swung round until his broadside was brought to bear full upon us, and her decks, which before showed but five or six forms, were

now literally crowded fore and aft; then orders were given to commence the action, and the huge cannons belched forth the iron messenger of death.

"We must board," said our commander, after a quarter of an hour's cannonading, in no signal advantage was gained by either party. "Fill away, my men, and stand by to heave the grapnels." The mandate was obeyed, and in a few moments we were lashed, and fought yard arm, with the bravest and most formidable Buccaneer that ever ploughed the ocean.

The pirates were the first to board, headed by their notorious chieftain; they sprang upon our deck and fiercely assailed our seamen; for a long time victory remained undecided, but then the Buccaneers began to falter; still they fought hand to hand, and with the infuriated frenzy of men who had experienced an opposition they did not anticipate, but still the tars of Old England met them with all the coolness experience had taught, so essential to victory. By this time one half the assailants lay dead or wounded upon the deck. Their cheering shouts were still heard, though faint, and almost drowned by the clash of arms, and the groans of the wounded and dying. Again they faltered and returned apace, but then the voice of their commander was heard above the ruthless din, urging them to another effort; again they formed and rushed madly upon our seamen, but they met the same pertinacious opposition as before, and they once more broke and retreated. At this critical moment, when the pirates were retreating step by step from our quarter deck, their chieftain rushed forward, and cutting a passage with his sword, sprang down the hatchway, and rushing into the light room seized the burning lamp, then shivering the partition of glass that separated it from the magazine, he entered. Those upon deck beheld the strange movement, with wonder that can better be imagined than described, and both parties dropped their weapons to learn the issue of so strange an adventure.

Our commander, accompanied by a few of the officers, immediately descended, and the sight that met their agonized gaze was truly terrifying; the Buccaneer was standing amongst the open powder with a lighted lamp in his tightly clenched fist; his face was blackened, and a stream of blood gashed down his cheek from a sabro cut in the

forehead; which knit brows and resolution stamped in his countenance, he stood regarding those who began to crowd the light room.

"Stand back," he shouted, "if you regard your own safety stand back, for by my soul, he who first advances, seals the doom of all on board."

* * * *

There was something so terribly resolute in the tones and gestures of the pirate, that those around receded apace, but still continued to gaze with blanched cheeks & trembling lips upon the daring form of the determined Buccaneer.

"In the name of heaven, what do you intend?" asked our commander, breaking the painful silence, and scarcely believing the scene arrayed so palpably before him.

"Listen. Years have I cruised in these seas, but never have assaulted a vessel, but those who wore that detestable ensign of tyranny that now floats from your gaff; fortune has hitherto favored me, and I have been a scourge to your hated kingdom; to day fate has decreed it otherwise; but though defeated, I still have the means of purchasing my freedom; and now, Britain, it remains for you either to grant my release or to suffer the death your refusal must certainly bring."

"Our orders were especially to capture you," returned the commander, evasively, "and you are now our prisoner."

"And I?" said the Buccaneer, glancing with a significance that could not be mistaken upon the deadly material that lay opened around him.

"Will your own safety prove no barrier to the execution of your hellish scheme?"

"I would ask you, sir Briton," resumed the Buccaneer, "whether it is more preferable to be hanged amidst the scoffs and gibes of unpitiful victors, or to end one's existence by his own hand, and purchase with his death the destruction of his victorious enemies? Believe me, sir, there is a discrepancy between self-destruction here, and perishing ignominiously at the extremity of the yard arm."

"Your life may yet be saved," said the commander."

"Were the probability ever so flattering I would not submit it to the ordeal, but it is useless to parley; will you suffer me and my vessel with all my brave crew that has

survived this bloody conflict, to proceed on our course?"

"On conditions that—"

"No conditions will I accept," interrupted the Buccaneer; "it is I who have the power to name and exact conditions, not you, sir Briton; you rest in my power—the lives of all on board are at my will—what is to prevent me from firing the magazine, and revenge myself by destroying my captors? I've seen the day when my own life would prove no greater obstacle to the accomplishment of my revenge, did such an opportunity as this offer, than the smallest particle of sand against the inroad of the clashing wave. But do you accede to my purpose?"

"There is no alternative," said the commander, after a pause. "Your desperation has baffled us, even when we expected in victory—you are free, Sir."

"And my crew and vessel?"

"Is as subject as ever to your command."

"Have I the honor of a British officer to that effect?"

"You have," said the commander.

"Enough!" exclaimed the Buccaneer, and ascending, he gained his own vessel, and was soon lost sight of in the distance of the wide expanded billows. * * *

Years had flown by, and the memory of the Buccaneer had long ceased to occupy any mind. Our country had nobly asserted her independence at Lexington and Bunker's hill, and a splendid naval victory had been achieved in the British Channel by the renowned Paul Jones, who was then on the coast and every hour expected in port.

The report of a gun burst upon the breeze, and a lofty ship was seen to enter the harbor. The citizens flocked by thousands to the beach to welcome the hero who had so nobly displayed the prowess of America on the very coast of Great Britain. A boat was seen pulling from the frigate—an officer was seated in the stern—a lively murmur passed through those that crowded the wharves—the boat stranded, and Paul Jones leaped on the shore; but what was my astonishment at beholding in the countenance of the hero of the Bon Homme Richard, the stern though not unpleasing features of the Black Buccaneer.

JOURNEY IN ALGIERS.

Two volumes, describing a scientific tour in this Regency, have lately been published in Paris and London, and supply the information which is contained in the following notice :

"As critics, we have nothing to do with the political question involved in the French occupation of Algiers ; but as philanthropists, we may be allowed to say, that if, as a consequence, civilization shall extend among the savage hordes of Africa, the French will deserve the gratitude of the human race, upon whom they have already conferred an immense benefit, by the destruction of a nest of pirates, which the jealousies of the maritime governments of Europe suffered to exist, during so many centuries, upon the confines of the Christian world.

M. Rozet, the author of the work before us, is a distinguished geologist, and an engineer-geographer to the invading army under Bourmont, he had great opportunities for observation, of which he has made a judicious use. The third, and to the general reader, most interesting part of his work, is yet unpublished. It is to contain a description of the country, an account of the population of the different cities and towns, and of the manners, customs, and pursuits of the inhabitants. The portion now under review, is chiefly made up of scientific details, including the geography, geology, and natural history of the country ; all subjects which, though not minutely, are very ably discussed. In the second volume, M. Rozet gives an interesting account of the seven tribes which compose the population of the regency.

Though with a fine climate and productive soil, many years must elapse before Algiers can be rendered a serviceable colony to the mother country, either financially or politically. The only secure part of the country is included within a circle of ten miles round the city, and even there the settlers are exposed to the sudden incursions of the Berbers, whose hostility to strangers forms part of their religious creed. These tribes, who inhabit the mountains of the lesser Atlas, from Tunis to the empire of Morocco, are the ancient Numidians described by Sallust, and are precisely the same, with regard to manners, customs and civilization, as at the period of the war of Jugurtha, 109 years before Christ. Even their mode of warfare continues the same. When the French armies appeared before them, they dispersed and fled with the rapidity of lightning, but would suddenly and unexpectedly re-appear, and attack their retreating enemies with the most extraordinary boldness. No reliance can be placed upon either their apparent submission or their good faith.

When the Moors and other tribes became

civilized by contact with the nations of Europe, and began to build cities, the Berbers, preferring their old savage independence, retired to the mountains, which they defended, inch by inch, against invasion ; and they have never yet been subjugated. Nevertheless, they frequent the city of Algiers, and serve as domestics or carry on trade there ; but this communication with comparative civilization has not softened the ferocity of their manners, and they still mercilessly butcher every stranger who appears in their mountains.

Patience is a plaster for all sores.

Patch by patch is good husbandry, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.

Praise the sea, but keep on land.

Praise without profit, puts little in the pocket.

Pride goes before and shame follows after.

Pride, perceiving humility honorable, often borrows her cloak.

Save a thief from the gallows, and he will be the first to cut your throat.

Say well is good, but do well is better.

Send not for an hatchet to break open an egg with.

Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed this morning.

Some are wise and some are otherwise.

That is but an empty purse that is full of other folks' money.

Such as the tree is, such is the fruit.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1823.

This number closes the present volume of the Garland, and it is with heartfelt gratitude that we tender our sincere acknowledgments to our numerous friends ; for the encouragement we have received at their hands, with a hope that the present patronage will be continued and extended, as the merits of the coming volume shall deserve.— The first number will be issued as soon as the necessary material can be procured for enlarging and improving its appearance ; probably about the first of October.

At the time we issued proposals for volume two, we stood alone—seemingly without a friend. But since that time we have received from an unexpected source, a promise of all that we lacked ;— and in order to make it an object for the subscriber to pay in advance, we shall reduce our terms to twelve shillings and six pence per annum. So it will be perceived, that after deducting cost of paper, postage, &c. very little will be left to remunerate us for our services.

Our agents will oblige us by collecting subscriptions in their vicinities, and forwarding them to us. We return our thanks to such as have already paid us. Correspondents are requested to continue their contributions, and accept our thanks for the past.

Original.

IN DAYS TO COME.

In days to come—in unknown years,
Yet unexplored by time;
How many hopes, how many fears,
May strew this stormy clime:
Yet if at friendship's sacred shrine,
Our vows sincere we pay,
Full many a thornless flower shall twine
Around us on our way.

In days to come—the chilling blast,
Of base ingratitude,
May o'er our ruined threshold light,
In dark and morose mood;
Yet, oh! if virtue's smiling face,
And angel meim be there,
She'll drive it from its resting place,
In morbid despair.

Yet after all, the woes that crowd
Around us sternly here,
Have wasted like a morning cloud,
In clearer, purer air;
When age comes on if at the breast,
Religion's anchored fast;
We'll hail beyond a port of rest,
A happy home at last.

DONNA JULIA.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the lush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Flung earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
And pray for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.

Thou for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
When'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

ON SEEING AN INFANT PREPARED FOR THE GRAVE.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Go to thy rest, my child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undisturbed,
With blessings on thy head:
Ereah roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart had learned
To sorrow, and nose to stray,
Before thy young feet turned
The dark and downward way,
Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,
Shall love with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward wing detain?
No! Angel, seek thy place
Mid Heaven's cherished train.

DELIRIUM PETICOATUM.

Mr. Jeremiah Swipes entered an apothecary store a few nights since, with a pale, haggard and wo-begone countenance; and after three or four heavy sighs, asked a young man behind the counter if he had any 'poisons'?

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "we have a variety of poisons."

"Well—fill this 'ere bottle with laudanum—I'm sick—and want some poison. Oh! my heart."

The last ejaculation somewhat astounded the apothecary, and rather put him on his guard, for the wo-begone appearance of Jeremiah was well calculated to excite suspicion; he therefore filled the phial with colored water, and handed it to the customer. "Will this do the business," asked Swipes, shaking the mixture and looking volumes of despair. "I think it will," replied the young man, "I have never known it to fail yet, even in the most desperate cases of your complaint, which appears to be delirium peticoatum."

"Oh sir—I will take all, and here's a quarter of a dollar, adieu sir."

The young wag determining to see the effect of his new nostrum, followed the desperate lover through a number of streets, until they reached a rickety old building in Essex street, which had from time immemorial borne rather a doubtful character. Jeremiah knocked at the door, which was soon opened by a sturdy looking wench, who if she did not, as Byron has it, "walk in beauty's light"—at least walked in the light of a two cent candle, which she held rather gracelessly in her hand.

"Oh, Susan!" exclaimed Swipes, drawing his hand across his eyes, "I have come to bid you a long and last farewell: THIS 'ere bottle what I've got in my hand holds the stuff what will unite time and eternity. I told you, you treated me so cruelly, I meant to take poison."

"Take it and be hanged," replied Susan, snubbing up her nose, "but before you do I think you had better settle up your score with the widow for six weeks board and lodging; washing in the bargain."

"But Susan, you wont have me?"

"You? ha! ha! why I'd walk barefoot all the days of my life, and die in the almshouse, afore I'd have you."

"Then the think's settled," groaned Jeremiah, "behoid the victim of your cruelty!"

Suiting the action to the word, he swallowed the contents of the phial, and lay down on the pavement as he expressed it, "to sleep the sleep of death."

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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