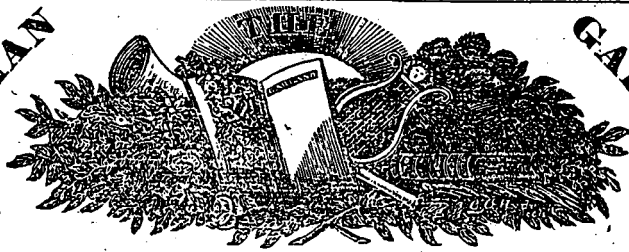


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"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. 10. HAMILTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1833. NO. 25.

From the Lady's Book.

THE KNIGHTS OF CALATRAVA;

By the Author of a Tale of "Roncesvalles."
(Continued.)

"And was the danger, the difficulty, the impossibility of the enterprize," demanded the king, "placed before your sage council? Even the daring and well-trained chivalry of the Temple," he added, "have quailed before the barbarian host, and I am asked to entrust the fortress their daring valour could not protect, to the hands of the unwarlike and peaceful inmates of a convent. By St. Jago! it passes belief and patience, and it is well the communication was made in private, rather than before my assembled court."

"The knights of the holy Temple," was the modest remark of the monk, "are not always in the red battle field; they too are governed by monastic rules; and when the strife is over, assuming the cowl for the helmet, they retire to their lonely cells, for prayer and meditation."

"Now, by my faith," exclaimed the king, in derision, "it is a pleasant matter to hear these sluggards of St. Mary, compare themselves with the most approved soldiers in the world."

"And why should they not?" said the speaker Ambrose, in a firm, manly voice, no longer concealing his intense emotions; "why should not the monks of St. Mary be named at the same time with the soldier-priests of the Temple? Do the warriors of the cross endure with patience and hunger and cold, fatigue, and watchfulness?—our fasts and vigils have prepared our bodies for a similar display of fortitude.—Can they suffer, without sigh or groan, pain and torture?—even in the midst of the blazing faggots, the brow of the most youthful of my associates, would be as tranquil as the sleeping lako at noon-day. A thou-

sand brethren of the several convents of our order wait but your assent to take steed and lance, and rescue the devoted fortress from the infidel or perish before its walls."

During the delivery of this spirited appeal, the surprise of the monarch was extreme, and his gaze rested earnestly on the group before him, as if seeking to detect some deception in the assumed character of those composing it. A pause of some duration ensued—the delegates of St. Mary awaiting respectfully the decision of the king. But it was not given at once. His first impulse was to except their proffered services, as a desperate remedy for the evils that surrounded him, but feelings of doubt and uncertainty resumed their sway, and restrained its immediate expression.—"There is some difference," he thought "between enduring privations and sufferings, with a fortitude induced by habit and a sense of religion, and to dash boldly and fearlessly, amid the frowning ranks of fierce and fanatic enemies." They are still but monks and priests."

"Who is there," he demanded, in a tone and manner in which decision was blended with a spirit of anxious inquiry, "to lead these brethren of the convent to battle, and emulate the deeds of the brave De Longueville?"

"One," replied the monk, "whose blade is as keen as that renowned warrior's, and whose war-shout has as loudly mingled with the discordant tebir; Diego Velasquez; and the same duty which led him within the walls of a cloister, now urges him to the battle-field." As he said this, he removed the hood that had partially concealed his face, and displayed to the king his well-known features.

"I had long supposed thee dead," exclaimed Don Sancho, warmly grasping his

hand; "and well remember the gloom that overspread Toledo, upon the disappearance of one of the best knights of Arragon. My prayers to Heaven," he added, "for aid and for deliverance, have been answered even when I had despaired of its favour.—Thy proffer is most willingly accepted, and I entrust the fortress of Calatrava to thyself and associates, in the full confidence that it will yet be preserved from the false mis-believers. The charter of possession shall be delivered to-morrow."

"We will do our best," said Diego Velasquez, as he took his departure with his companions, "but from God alone cometh the victory."

It was almost midnight, yet the Moorish camp which held in league the fortress of Calatrava, exhibited little of the silence and loneliness peculiar to that hour. Groups of chieftains and officers were to be seen reclining on the grass, or sauntering listlessly along the banks of the Guadiana, while those of meaner rank, unchecked by any severity of discipline, were holding discourse with the sentinels, or listening to the animated strains of the wandering story-teller. Bursts of harsh music from the horn, or atabal, would occasionally rise above the hum of the multitude, conveying to the warrior's bosom the thrilling recollection of some glorious battle-field; and at times, too, the peaceful harp or lute, more in accordance with the mild spirit of the scene, breathed forth the tender lay of love, or sang the beauties of the shady groves, and verdant pastures of the happy Arabian. A moon of unrivalled brilliancy shed a rich lustre over the landscape, lending a snowy whiteness to the graceful drapery of the tent, and causing the surface of the river to glow like a mirror of silver.—The standard of the Prophet, firmly planted amid the luxuriant grass, hung sullenly around its massy staff, as if scorning the tranquil scene, and sighing for the tempestuous atmosphere of battle. In the distance, the renowned front unilluminated by the oblique rays of the moon, rose like a huge mountain from the plain, or the grim evening cloud, when the orb of day sinks angrily into the bosom of ocean. But it was not alone the attractive splendour of the balmy summer night that beguiled the hardy soldiers of their repose. The few remaining defenders of Calatrava, despairing of a successful defence, especially since the de-

parture of the Temple knights, had entered into a convention for its surrender, unless previously relieved, at the expiration of a week from the date of the capitulation. The extreme reluctance of the Christians to yield up the important post, induced them to insist on the latest period for its execution, and the midnight of the seventh day was designated as the time for its fulfilment of the treaty. This term had now almost expired, and as the hour when the crescent should displace the standard of Arragon from the lofty towers drew near, the wakefulness and stir, among the Moslems, denoted their intention of availing themselves of their good fortune, without unnecessary delay.

Amid a luxuriant orange grove that adorned the verdant margin of the Guadiana, the Lady Zara, the daughter of the Moorish leader Abdallah, and her principal female attendants, were seated on embroidered cushions, while a crowd of princes and captains formed an admiring circle round the object of attraction.

"How beautiful," was the observation of the Lady Zara, as she directed her animated glance towards the river, "are the moonbeams playing on the calm surface of the Guadiana, and how soothing the murmur of the crystal ripples, as they lave the flowery shore!"

"The scene is fair," said the veteran Chebar, looking for a moment upon the object of her admiration, "but the rays of the full moon, streaming upon the marble palace of the Spanish king, at Toledo, and the crescent waving in triumph over the city, would to me be a far more splendid spectacle."

"I have seen," observed the young Prince of Cordova, gazing for an instant upon the lovely features of the daughter of Abdallah, but partially concealed by the transparent veil, "a sight far more beautiful than moonlit stream or palace, and have heard even now, a sound softer than the murmur of the sparkling ripples of the Guadiana!"

"To what next am I to be compared?" said Zara, playfully, in answer to the compliment; "the descendants of the Prophet are celebrated for fervour of imagination, and the romantic scenery of Spain is well adapted to give it scope and exercise.—And yet," she added, "it would afford me much gratification to behold the royal pa-

lace of Toledo, either in the pale moonlight, or by the gorgeous blaze of the noon-tide sun. When I was at Cordova, I heard much of the grandeur and stern magnificence of the ancient metropolis."

"The Lady Zara will soon enjoy that pleasure," observed the chieftain Chebar; "ere many days, the crescent of the Prophet shall wave in proud defiance over the boasted city of the misbelievers."

"The knights of the Temple," said Zara, archly, "have retired from the contest, and your march will be probably unopposed."

"By the turban of Mahomet!" exclaimed the Prince of Cordova, "it matters but little whether the dogs of the Temple are in the field or not. But they have acted wisely in not daring longer, to oppose our invincible host."

"When we regain possession," remarked another chieftain, playing with the gemmed hilt of his scymetar, "of the metropolis, formerly won by Moorish valour, the united force of all the misbelievers in Spain, though commanded by a second Pelago, shall not be able to expel us."

"By the might of Allah!" said the leader of the expedition, taking part in the conversation, "not only Toledo, but the remotest province shall be added to the dominions of the Caliph, and the north as well as the south resound with invocations to the Prophet of God. The hour is already at hand, when the surrender of Calatrava will usher in the commencement of a glorious series of successful achievements. Let the fleetest steed, Selim," he added, addressing one of the company, "be prepared to convey to the faithful at Cordova, the earliest tidings of the fall of the fortress of the infidel."

"Thou seemest sad, Almanzor," observed the Lady Zara, upon the departure of the officer, to a young chieftain who wore a green turban, and was otherwise richly apparelled; "does the splendour of the moonlit-scenery, or the anticipations of conquest to the Moslem arms, which swells with triumph every bosom, fill thine with dejection?"

"I have this evening," readily answered the chieftain, "been pondering on two circumstances, which, though happening at distant intervals, have reference to the same event. But it is useless to trouble the daugh-

ter of Abdallah and this company, with the recital."

"Nay," exclaimed the Lady Zara, "a story would add much to the enjoyment of this delightful hour, and it will not be less acceptable if it be tinged with the hue of romance or melancholy."

"As we were lazily crossing the desert," said the descendant of the Prophet, commencing his narrative, "an old man, who called himself a Syrain soothsayer, joined our train. His dress and general appearance were strange; and upon his offering to read me a page from the book of futurity, I ordered the caravan to halt; after many curious ceremonies and long pauses, he told me I should die in Spain near the Castle of Calatrava. I received the intelligence with indifference, and have seldom thought upon such a common adventure; but last night, I had a dream or vision, which forcibly recalled to my remembrance the prediction of the soothsayer, uttered long since. It seemed such a night as this; the moon gave distinctness to surrounding objects, that our camp was suddenly assailed by the bands of the misbelievers. I had scarcely mounted my steed, when a warrior having a white cross on his breast, attacked me, and in spite of my resistance, transfixed me with his lance."

"What should a soldier dream of but the battle-field?" exclaimed Abdallah, interrupting the narration: "I have, myself a thousand times, seen in my sleep the fierce conflict; nor, by the Prophet! does it become a soldier of the crescent, to be annoyed or disturbed by the idle caprices of the imagination."

"It moves me not," was the reply, "neither does it disturb me; but the vividness of the scene compels me to regard the occurrence as of singular character. The fortress of Calatrava, with its dark battlements and towers, appeared as now in the distance—the Guadiana rolled with its gentle murmur, its bright ripples—the camp exhibited the same stirring, animated appearance as at present, and I can readily point to the very spot where I was overthrown and slain by my fierce antagonist."

"We are governed by Destiny," observed the chieftain, Abdallah, "never can all the soothsayers, or astrologers in the world anticipate, or retard, its unerring decrees."

The pause which succeeded the remark of the Moorish commander was interrupted by a note of distant music, borne on the awakening midnight breeze, that mingled with it, without overpowering the strains of the cymbal and lute, the soothing dash of the river, and the rustling of the silken folds of the standard. It arrested instant attention, and the party awaited in some suspense for a repetition.

"By the turban of the Prophet!" exclaimed the Prince of Cordoba, "it was no Moorish horn or atabal; to me it sounded like the trump of the dogs of the Temple."

"The garrison of the fortress," answered Abdallah carelessly, "are coming to deliver us the keys; they have anticipated the appointed period by a few moments only."

He had scarce uttered these words, when a fierce and startling blast filled the air, and some moments elapsed ere its tremendous echoes ceased.

"* * * What a dismal—what a dreadful sound!" exclaimed the daughter of Abdallah, while a faint scream burst from her affrighted attendants; "it seemed as if the trump of the angel of death rang in my ears."

But her last remark was unheeded in the rising tumult. The shrill notes of the atabal—the harsh tones of the Moorish horn—the stirring cries Allah acbar!—to arms!—and the quick tramp of the war steed, were all mingled in one common din, and the peaceful moonlit camp was, as if by magic, converted into a scene of wild and tumultuous confusion. Ere the hasty preparations for battle were completed, a dark body was seen to advance, slowly and steadily towards the encampment. A dazzling splendour—the gleam of a thousand lances, like the vivid streak of the portentous storm—cloud-edged the upper surface of the moving mass.

"By the scymetar of the Prophet," exclaimed the veteran Chebar, who made one of a small party, that, a little in advance, was engaged in observing the motions of the enemy, "the dogs of the Temple are again in the field."

"It is rather," said Abdallah, "the feeble endeavour of the old men and boys of Toledo, to frighten us from Calatrava, and preserve their famed metropolis. We shall achieve two victories at once."

Concluded in our next.

ANECDOTE.

It is with ridicule as with compassion—we do not like to be the solitary objects of either; and whether we are laughed at or pitied, we have no objection to sharers, and fancy we can lessen the weight by dividing the load.—A gentleman who was present at the battle of Leipsic, told me a humorous anecdote which may serve to illustrate the above position.

It will be remembered that the British government had despatched a rocket brigade to that action, and that Captain Boger, a deserving young officer, lost his life in the command of it. After the signal defeat of the French at this memorable action, Leipsic became full of a mixed medley of soldiers, of all arms, and of all nations; of course, a great variety of coin was in circulation there. A British private who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if that coin was current there, 'O yes,' replied he, 'you may have whatever the house affords for that money; it passes current here at present.' Our fortunate Bardolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the identical shilling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation, elicited from 'mine host of the garter' by such a tender can be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation, very much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously heavy against him. This part of the profits he had a most charitable wish to divide with his neighbor. Taking therefore, his guest to the street door of his hotel, he requested him to look over the way. 'Do you see,' said he, 'that large hotel opposite? That fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five-franc piece into the bargain, if you will promise on the word of a soldier to attempt the very same trick with him to-morrow, that succeeded so well with me to-day.' Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord with the following speech, and a bow that did no discredit to Leipsic. "Sir, I deem myself bound to use my utmost endeavours to put

your wishes in execution ; I shall certainly do all I can, but must candidly inform you that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick with that gentleman yesterday ; and it is to his particular advice, alone that you are indebted for the honor of my company to-day."

THE STOLEN KISS.

The following anecdote, related of a highly respectable and talented clergyman now preaching in the vicinity of Lynn, Mass. is from the Messenger, published in that town. It appears that this clergyman had been settled there for some time, and had got pretty well along in years, when he became conscious that, in reference to worldly matters, there yet remained one thing needful to give him that weight of character which it was desirable he should possess, and also to enhance, if not to perfect, his felicity, viz : a helpmate. Immediately on the conception of this idea, he began anxiously to look about ; but having neglected the important matter so long, as might have been expected, he imbibed many of those strange and unaccountable notions, so peculiar to the single-blessed of either sex, after they have attained a certain age ; and these operated to his disadvantage in such wise that he found it extremely difficult to select one at whose side he could, without any fearful forebodings, stand before the altar of Hymen.

Now, it became known to the damsels round about there that Mr. — was thus circumstanced, and many there were who would fain have relieved his embarrassment. Some joined his church ; and many more were seen to blush like the first rose of summer if, in the progress of his dispensations from the pulpit, he should drop his eye towards the pew in which they were seated—though of course, they dare not acknowledge, even to themselves, any thing in particular, because of the great doubt relative to the vice versa of the case.

But to make a short story shorter. Travelling into town one night, about dusk, Parson — had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who, among other worldly possessions, had two or three as fine daughters as ever graced the county of Essex. He had scarcely knocked at the door, when it was hastily opened by one of the blooming maidens, who, as quick as thought, threw her arm around his neck, and—before he had time to say "Oh don't!"—brought her warm delicate lips to his cheek, and give him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain desired. In utter astonishment, the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something, when—

"Oh ! mercy, mercy ! Mr. — is this you ?" exclaimed the damsel ; " why I thought it was my brother Henry."

"Pshaw, pshaw !" thought the Prelate, "you didn't any such thing."

But, taking her hand, he said in a forgiving tone,

"There is no harm done ; don't give yourself any uneasiness, though you ought to be a little more careful."

After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the blush that glowed on her cheek, and the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom (for all this happened in summer) shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart, it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him to the door ; and it may be added, in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes—on what subject, it is not for us to say.

As the warm-hearted pastor plodded homeward, he argued with himself in this wise :

"If Miss — knew it to be me who knocked at the door (and I verily believe she did, else how would she know in the dark, before I had time to speak?—and is it probable that her brother would knock before entering ?) she must be desperately in —, pshaw, pshaw ! But supposing she did think me to be her brother—why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how much she must love a husband— for, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss before in my life."

We have only to add it was not long after this that Mr. — had occasion to summon a brother in the ministry to the performance of one of the most solemn, as well as pleasant duties attached to the sacred office : and that the lovely Miss — above spoken of, became Mrs. —

ROMANTIC.—"I recollect a pretty incident, which may not be uninteresting to the reader. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having been long addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure and sweet a disposition, every reason to suspect that she did not hold that place in his affections which was her right ; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits. The husband was far from being cruel, and really loved her, but his disposition was weak and his companions eloquent, and he seemed to grow worse rather than better in his habits. It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness, if not of derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled prof-

ligate when he found himself borne by a rapid steambot upon a journey which must necessarily be of several days duration, yet remembering distinctly that the fatal letter was left exposed and unsealed upon his wife's table. He recollected too, with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in an agony of disappointment and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, and turning pale with horror and indignation; perhaps fainting with anguish; alarming the servants; flying to her father—renouncing him forever. As soon as possible he returned, but with a sinking heart, to his dwelling, bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over her table busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth with a perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of peace and joy, and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips in a low music, that flows only from a heart at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around, and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts:

"Your letter is lying by me. The very, very letter containing the 'profound secret.' Now could I punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face on your return, after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity at the expense of honesty, delicacy and confidence. No. The letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I enclose it to you, with the sincere love of your affectionate wife, &c.

"What an angel!" uttered the conscience-stricken husband.

"She started up with a cry of pleasure—and as Charles met the light of her clear, unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her, and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He thenceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad; and if the pure and happy being whose influence had thus allured him to the path of right had perused all his subsequent letters, she would have found nothing concerning herself, save bursts of the sincerest admiration and the warmest love."

EXTRACT.—"Life is full of mysteries." If we were wandering through the purlieus of a vast palace, and found here and there a closed door, or an inaccessible entrance, over which the word 'mystery' was written, how would our curiosity be awakened by the inscription! Life is such a wandering: the world is such a structure: and over many a door forbidding all entrance, and over many

a mazy labyrinth, is written the startling inscription that tells us of our ignorance, and announces to us unseen and unimaginable wonders. The ground we tread upon is not dull cold soil, not the mere paved way, on which the footsteps of the weary and busy are hasting, not the mere arena on which the war of mercantile competition is waged: but 'we tread on enchanted ground.' The means of communication with this outward scene, are all mysteries. Anatomists may explain the structure of the eye and ear, but they leave inexplicable things behind: seeing and hearing are still mysteries. The organ that collects within it the agitated waves of the air, the chambers of sound that lie beyond it, after all dissection and analysis, are still labyrinths and regions of mystery. And that little orb, the eye, which gathers in the boundless landscape at a glance, which in an instant measures the near and the distant, the vast and the minute, which brings knowledge from ten thousand objects in one commanding act of vision—what a mystery is that!

And then, if the soul communicates with the outward world, through mysterious processes what power has that world—its objects, its events, its changes, its varying hues, its many-toned voices, what mysterious power have they, to strike the secret springs of the soul within, and awake admiration and reverence, towards that power, who spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the great and wide sea, and in whose Almighty hand, is 'the round world, and all they that dwell therein.'

JUPITER AND THE HORSE.—"Father of animals and men! so spake the horse, and drew near the throne of Jupiter; 'I am considered the most beautiful creature with which thou hast adorned the world, and my vanity leads me to believe it. But yet would not some different construction be better for me?'

'And what do you think will be better for you? Speak, I will hear your instructions,' said the good god, and he laughed.

'Perhaps,' spake the horse again, 'I should be flecter, if my legs were higher and more slender; a longer swan neck would be no disadvantage; a broader breast would add to my strength, and since you have ordained that I shall bear your favorite man, it might be well to create on me a natural saddle, upon which my benevolent rider might sit.'

'Good!' replied Jupiter—'have patience a moment!' Then Jupiter, with solemn look, spake the word of creation—'Let life enter the dust, and thou matter become organized and united!' And suddenly there stood, before the throne, the deformed camel.

The horse saw and trembled at the frightful spectacle.

'Here are higher and more slender legs,' said Jupiter, 'here is a longer swan-like neck, here is

a broader breast, here is a natural saddle: do you wish, O horse, that I should form you such ?

The horse still trembled.

'Go,' continued Jupiter, 'this time be taught without punishment. To remind thee now and then of thy presumption, the new creature shall continue, (Jupiter threw a persevering look upon the camel) and never be looked upon by thee without shuddering.'

SINGING—The American physician, Dr. Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints. "Vocal music," says this celebrated writer, "should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of a domestic life; and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact, which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions; nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquired by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons, who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by this exercise.

Several communications were received after the selections were made for the present number:—Some, or as many as are worthy, will be inserted in the closing number of the first volume; after which time the management of its columns, we hope, will not be inferior to the best publications of the country.

Original.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

Hail! beautiful moon, pale lamp of night,

Now slowly rising o'er the lake,
Yon vapors tinge with silver bright,
From thee their tints of splendor take.

How sweet to sit on such a night,
Upon Ontario's pebbly shore,
Beneath thy calm pellucid light,
And list the falls incessant roar.

Say, peerless queen, for thou canst't tell
Bid yonder mighty water fall
Plunge down yon dark and rocky dell,
When first you lit this earthly ball?

Or has it as vain mortals say,
Roll'd o'er these heights where now I stand,
Or has time scoop'd the rocks away,
With progress slow but mighty hand?

Vain man, a lesson learn—be wise;
Old Time who wears the rocks away,
Those gorgeous structures which you raise,
Will yet in shapeless ruins lay.

Then turn to virtue's hallowed ways,
Leave wild ambition's stormy shore;
In yon blue sky thy structure raise,
'Twill last when time himself's no more.

EDWARD.

Original.

STANZAS.

Adieu my love, forever farewell!

This world and I must part;
Its thoughts no more my bosom swell—
Another has my heart.

Dim are its scenes and dark its joy,
To the pilgrim's hoping soul;
Its brightest spots cannot but cloy
For here is not his goal.

Could'st thou, my Martha, only tell,
What's passing in my heart:—
Then too would thine in union swell
A sympathetic part.

Thou dearest object of its throes—
'Tis death to leave thee here;
'Tis worse than all life's many woes,
'To see thee shed a tear.

Ah, could thy lover in the tomb,
See from 'neath his grassy rest;
In place of smiles and wanton bloom,
Thy cheek in paleness drest.

'T would grieve him more than tongues can say,
A second death 'twould be;
'T would cause to weep his mouldering clay,
Ah this he could not see.

But do I say we part forever,
Must I no more behold thee smile,
And in thy tender wishes share?
My Martha, no! 'tis for a while.

Yes! yes! thy voice again shall cheer
My soul in heavenly joy;
Its soothing tones upon my ear
There shall flow without alloy.

Sing Seraphs, sing! Cherubs tune anew,
Thy harp immortal sound;
Ye scenes of earth, adieu, adieu,
For happier lands 't is bound.

August 9. 1833.

C. M. D.

Original.

TO C. M. D.

Thine eyes like dazzling orbs that move
With penetrating glance,
Dispensing rays of purest love,
My heart can no'er entrance.

For loveliest flowers to fade, are doom'd,
So transient are they all;
At morn they bud, at noon have bloom'd,
At evening fade and fall.

Yes, beauty 's but a short lived flower,
A dangerous glittering lure;
And it may give each passing hour,
Those wounds it cannot cure.

But thou hast charms I do admire,
That never will wear away;
That can the purest love inspire,
And hold a lasting sway.

Sincerity with pleasing grace,
Simplicity and love,
And modesty with blushing face,
Unite thy worth to prove.

Yes, matchless Sir, thy honor'd breast
Contains a purer gem
Than e'er a monarch yet possess'd,
To deck his diadem.

Oh! could my lips to thine be laid,
I'd breathe a sigh to part,
In ecstacy that should be paid,
A tribute from my heart.

DONNA MARIA.

POETRY.

THE ROBBER.

By William C. Bryant.

Beside a lonely mountain path,
Within a mossy wood
That crowned the wild wind-beaten cliffs,
A lurking robber stood.
His foreign garb, his gloomy eyes,
His cheek of swarthy stain
Bespoke him one who might have been
A pirate on the main
Or banded on the far off hills
Of Cuba or of Spain.

His ready pistol in his hand,
A shadowing bough he raised,
Glared forth, as crouching tiger glares,
And muttered as he gazed—
"Sure he must sleep upon his stool—
I deemed the laggard near;
I'll give him for the gold he wears,
A sounder slumber here;
His chair, or when I press his flank,
Shall leap like mountain deer."

Long, long he watched, and listened long,
There came no traveller by,
The ruffian growled a harsher curse,
And gloomier grew his eye.
While o'er the sultry heaven, began
A leaden haze to spread,
And, past his noon, the summer sun
A dimmer beam to shed,
And on that mountain summit fell
A silence deep and dread,

Then ceased the bristling pine to sigh,
Still hung the birchen spray:
The air that wrapped those mossy cliffs
Was motionless as they.
Mute was the cricket in his cleft—
But mountain torrents round
Sent hollow murmurs from their glens,
Like voices under ground,
A change came o'er the robber's cheek,
He shuddered at the sound.

'Twas vain to ask what fearful thought
Convulsed his brow with pain;
"The dead talk not," he said at length,
And turned to watch again.
Skyward he looked—a lurid cloud
Hung low and blackening there;
And through its skirts the sunshine came,
A strange, malignant glare,
His ample chest drew in, with toil,
The hot and stifling air.

His ear now caught a distant sound—
But not the tramp of steel;
A roar as of a torrent stream,
Swollen into sudden speed.
The gathered vapors in the west,
Before a rushing blast,
Like living monsters of the air,
Black serpent-like and vast,
Writhe, roll, and swooping o'er the sun,
A frightful shadow cast.

Hark to that nearer, mightier crash!
As if a giant crowd
Trampling the oaks with iron feet,
Had issued from the cloud.
White fragments of discovered rock
Go thundering from on high,
And eastward, from their eyrie-cliffs,
The shrieking eagles fly;
And lo! the expected traveller comes,
Spurring his charger by.

To that wild warning of the air,
The assassin lends no heed;
He lifts the pistol to his eye,
He notes the horseman's speed.
Firm in his hand, and sure his aim—
But ere the flash is given,
Its eddies filled with woods upturn,
And spray from torrents driven,
The whirlwind sweeps the crashing wood—
The giant pines are riven,

Riven, and wrenched from splintering cliffs,
They rise like down in air:
At once the forest's rocky floor
Lies to the tempest bare,
Ridder and steel and robber whirled
O'er precipices vast,
Along trunks and boughs and shattered crags,
Mingled and crushed, are cast,
The calamant and eagle made
At morn, a grin repeat.

A Terrific Joke.—I was one day, when a boy, at the Anatomical Theatre in Dublin, with a party of young friends, pupils to surgeons. Whilst I was gazing about, absorbed in wonder and curiosity, they, in their waggery, contrived to slip out one by one, and leave me alone in the middle of the room. Anon, I heard a rattling sort of noise close at my ear. I turned round, and there, at my elbow, stood a complete full grown skeleton, nodding his head, shaking his bones, and grinning at me! He had descended from his usual place (that part of the roof immediately over the centre of the room,) by means of a cord and pulley, through which appliances he could be occasionally let down so as to stand upon the floor.

A Gigantic Effort.—Cornelius Magrath, the Irish giant, made a show of himself in a room in College Green, on the left hand, going to the Parliament House. There he died; whereupon a party of the college lads got into the house, and up stairs, with a view of carrying off the body to be dissected at their anatomy-house.—Finding that they could not conveniently get the dead giant down stairs, they actually took out the window sash, and hoisted him out, body and bones, into the street, and thence to the college. Subsequently I saw his skeleton there, up against the wall in the anatomical theatre, among other skeletons of all ages and dimensions. I was one of the crowd under the window viewing the above enthusiastic exploit, which the parties to the "abduction" averred was for the improvement of surgery.

Why is a Surgeon setting a dislocated ankle, like a fellow running away? Because he's pulling heel.

Why is a man coming from under the doctor's hands like a certain news-paper in this town? Because he comes out weekly (weakly.)

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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