

Pages Missing



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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1933:

NO. 23

Written for the Canadian Garland.

ROLAND UPTON.

CONCLUDED.

Roland Upton awoke the following morning and found himself reclining, to his surprise, on silk cushions in the house of a stranger. A fine olive coloured African girl was watching over him humming some strange tune. In the surprise of the moment he sprang from his bed, and the watching maiden affrighted, ran to alarm the house. When the master came, Roland perceived him to be a Turk, and addressed him in the Turkish language. The Turk informed him that his men, whilst fishing on the previous day, had found him floating in the water, and thinking him but recently drowned, had in humanity brought him to his house, and that he had caused him to be rubbed, warmed and brought to life, as he was.

This Turk was very rich and a pious Moslemite. When Roland heard all the circumstances thus related, he turned his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed, Oh, thou gracious God, why art thou so good in thy Providence to me? He then called to mind his wonderful vision, and the promise of the old grey headed man. Almi Mustapha, the Turk, in whose house he was, then told him that he could shew him the city in which the great Astepho lived, and taking him to the brink of a hill, he pointed out the city a few miles distant. After thanking Almi a thousand times and telling him he would soon reward him, Roland departed for the city. The sun had not yet streaked the east with his crimson glow, but every thing was sweet, balmy and harmonious. In warm climates, the morning is the only beautiful time, but at that time, owing to innumerable musical birds, and the vast profusion of fruit trees and flowers in such latitudes the morning is like paradise. Truly, Roland's heart had reason to exult.—But stay, we must see what has become of the sorrowful Almyra. The vessel and the Captain arrived safely in port the following day after this dark deed. The Captain had endeavored to soothe the mind of Almyra, by every thing in his power, and blot from her

memory the loss of Roland. He tried also to win her affection secretly, which, in her grief, she did not perceive. Upon his landing, he immediately accompanied her to her father's house, under an escort of well-dressed servants; and he himself was dressed in the most splendid manner. When he had introduced the mournful Almyra to her father, the old man rising from his couch, ran to his child, and with tears of delight streaming down his eyes, embraced her a thousand times, as likewise did her mother. A more affecting meeting could not be seen; the old Prince threw aside all his ideas of royalty, and dropped on his knee and thanked the Lord of his Prophet for the blessed restoration of his daughter. Poor Almyra, however, was too much grieved to take so much delight; her heart was sunk within her. When her father had a little recovered from his excess of joy, he enquired of his daughter why she looked so sad and melancholy. When she told him the reason he was very much affected; but endeavored to pacify her by all sorts of amusement and novelties in his power.—When Almyra and her mother had left the room, Astalpa began to thank the Captain, and promised him any thing he might ask as a reward. The Captain replied that he asked nothing, but that he hoped his Highness would fulfil his promise to the restorer of his daughter, as he had promised to the drowned gentleman, Mr. Upton. This was all he asked or required; and now therefore, since that gentleman was dead, and since he had safely brought his daughter to his Highness and his Nobleness, he trusted that the sublime Astalpa would give the lovely Princess Almyra to her preserver and keeper in matrimony. The dignified Astalpa replied that he thought himself bound to fulfil his promise, but that he would first ask Almyra's consent; and whatever she agreed to he would do:—thus ended the debate. All this the Captain asked with the utmost assurance of villainy. The dark mystery of his wickedness was hidden beneath a black sunken eye, and a brazen scowling brow. Little did the good father suspect the serpent-like deceitful-

ness of his evil soul. The two sailors who were in the secret of the heinous affair, did not long survive their arrival, for to crown his consummate blood-thirstiness, and feed the jaws of Satan within him, he had them both slain secretly. So sure is one vice to lead to another, so great is the sin of human nature! Almyra when asked with regard to her consent to the marriage with the Captain, did not refuse directly, but required forty days to mourn for her lover previous to giving any answer; which request settled all things for the present, and evaded the dark coming doom of villainy. Roland approached the palace of Astalpa just as the clouds on the distant sea began to blaze with the beams of the sun. His furnace colored face had not as yet emerged above the distant prospect.—The matin hymn or music was flowing melodiously and aromatic perfumes left sweetness on the air. Luckily, two officers of the Prince knew him at once, although his looks were changed and his dress shabby and homely. These two men, who had been intimately acquainted with him when he was at the Court before, immediately conducted him into the presence of their Prince; but the first he met was the lovely Almyra. He met her in front of the palace walking in the flowery parterre adjoining the gardens. She was dressed in deep mourning and her face was muffled up by a mourning hood and thick veil. He could perceive her looking at him, for she perceived he was an Englishman, but he could not recognize her until unveiled.—Almyra stopped when she got even with him and looking intently at him for a few moments, shrieked and fainted away. Roland was thunderstruck, and so were the two black officers; for they knew not who she was.—They immediately, however, raised her from the ground, and several female servants had then arrived. She was conveyed to her own chamber by them, for when poor Roland ascertained who she was, he could not be recognized by her, and was forced to wait until she recovered, buried amid his sighs and tears. In the meantime, however, he was taken into the presence of Astalpa, who was scarcely less astounded than was his daughter. For a time he would not believe but that he was another man. When, however, he found out the whole circumstances of the case, he fell on his knees and devoutly thanked God, and embraced Mr. Upton with the tears of gladness, bedewing his snowy beard. The whole palace was in an uproar, and officers were immediately despatched by Astalpa Algamba to arrest the Captain and his mate, and confine them. They had, ere this, heard of the affair and the appearance of the man they had thought dead, and the former shot himself on the spot, but the mate was taken. He confessed the whole affair, and

gave an account of the murder of the two sailors who had assisted in the conspiracy by order of the Captain. He further confessed that it was the intention of the Captain to have robbed the Castle and have taken the innocent Almyra away by force, if her father did not comply with his wishes and demands. This fellow had been a pirate, and the mate had been an accomplice in many other black acts of his. By the forgiveness of Roland, the mate was released, and made one of his servants.

When Mr. Ellison, the mate came before Roland and Almyra, he fell on his knees to entreat them to save his life for by the command of Almyra's father, he was to be hung. Mr. Upton gazed on him for a moment, and with tears gushing from his eyes, with a faltering voice he thus addressed him—"My friend as I trust you will be now, I freely forgive you all that you have done to me and this young Princess; but the God of our Father and our Saviour only can forgive that sin which you have sown to His divine nature. Flee from Satan and embrace God's mercy and grace." This was too kind for poor Mr. Ellison and he sunk in a flood of tears and was ever afterwards a changed man.

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

My dear reader, peruse this with a considerate heart. Pause and weigh it well. The wonderful escape of Roland surprised the old Prince no less than every one else: Astalpa and his wife both embraced the Christian faith, and become pious followers of the righteous holy lamb of Jehovah. So may all men do! Prince Algamba did not forget his promise to Roland, and he and his beautiful mistress, the lovely darkeyed Almyra were united in matrimony.

Thus the heartfelt desire of the Christian couple were crowned with bliss and thankfulness. Yea, the Jehovah of Moses, the Sovereign of Joseph, will uphold his faithful children. Roland and Almyra Upton lived with their father, the old Prince, for two years in the most happy and tranquil manner. Their days were spent in worshipping God, doing good to men, or in rambling, as did Adam and Eve, in the cool retreats, the flowery bowers, the melodious umbrageous halls of nature's great Pantheon. They poured the contemplative eye with untiring delight o'er creation's varied richness. 'Twas a sunny and beamy evening in May, when the Sylvan thickets melted into soft euphony and Pan with his shepherd's pipe kept time to its jubilee. When Flora, Pomona and Ceres with blooming chaplets crowned the scene, and Diana with her woodland nymphs skip in innocent playfulness o'er the verdant theatre—thus smiled nature when Roland and Almyra, two years after their marriage, were walking in the parks of Algamba with their

little first-born, and amiable boy, clinging in fond talkativeness to its father's hand.—They sat down upon a mossy bank near a pactolean rivulet and were enjoying themselves in sweet converse and heartfelt communion of sentiment, when lo! in the distance there approached a stranger as they thought. He was closely wrapped in a sable shroud—his hair hung to the middle of his shoulders in curly whiteness, and his ancient beard shadowed his venerable time-beaten breast with its reverent grayness. His step was gentle and firm, and his figure stately and solemn. Thus he passed this beautiful couple while the father was dandling in his lap his little curly-headed son, and the lovely smiling mother, Almyra, was pressing to her affectionate bosom, an infant daughter. He passed them—Roland watched him with fixedness of gaze, for alas he knew his errand.—The stranger turns and fixing his deep gloomy eye on Roland as he approached, says—“Roland! Roland! tremble not.” Poor Roland was pale as snow—and the tears gushed from his eyes as he stared on the silent-looking eyes of the grey-headed sire. His little boy clung to his neck and kissed him, and smiling asked him why he wept. Almyra looked at her husband with a melting look of goodness, for she knew not any thing that was to transpire:—Roland himself had forgotten it in his happiness and connubial bliss. But he now remembered and sighed in vain. “Oh Roland, my friend, why weepst thou?” began the sage: “Hast thou forgotten thy covenant with me in times gone by? I come to claim my own. Fear not 'twas thy condition. Let thy lisping boy be mine. He shall be my son. Ah parents he is mine—thou canst not save him.” This said, he seized—when Roland, trembling, said: “Spirit not of earth, I remember thy goodness to me; thou art just—but to give the first thing of my hope and love, torments this mortal heart of mine; alas, how great is our worldlines!—Our carnal nature loves the clayey incorruptions of the world. If I had been mindful of my God I had not thus forgot his goodness in fondness for the mortal babe. Oh, stranger of an invisible world, give me until morning and thy will be done.” “Be it so then, son of visionary happiness.—Adieu till then.” All again was void—silent as the visions of the past—still as the flickering of an unmeaning dream—mysteries of mysteries sank in overwhelming wonder on the dazzled eyelids of Roland, and he lay on the ground insensible. The gentle heart of Almyra throbbed in amazement; but she clung with maternal fondness to the little innocent of her white-heaving breast. The shades of evening had come, and the dim stillness of night, the last echo of the woodland melody had whispered its parting, and the last tint of

crimson eve gave way to the spangled host of Heaven. The hush of creation—the wind whose dwelling place no man listeth like the habitation of the vanished spirit moaned in the loneliness of solitude, and proclaimed the unreal happiness and wisdom of earth. Roland related the wonderful cause of the visitation of an unearthly spirit to them. He recounted the supernatural hand of God in his escape from the ocean's fathomless waters, and told weeping but resigned Almyra, that it must be so. It was impossible to conceal the cause of their grief from the reverend Astalpa, and his consort, who were filled with amazement at the recital of the wonderful revelation of the all-glorious sublime Jehovah. In the morning when the whole family were seated in a rich and splendid room of the palace on silk cushions and sofas, thinking on such mysterious things—suddenly a darkness overspread the eyes of all, and the palace shook. Lo! there stood before him the spirit of Albert Romley; his face was gloomy, his grey locks were wet with tears. “Son of man, rememberest thou me: fulfil thy promise.” “Angel of light,” cried Roland, “do as thou wilt: here is the offspring of my loins: the darling of his father: a tie that binds my soul to earth: ah wicked man that I am: I have forgotten whose gift he is: take the innocent issue of our love: Almyra, my love, bid thy son adieu—check that tear—yield him in resignation to God. Why murmur at his decree. He rides in glory on the whirlwind of eternity.—He shines an eternal now—on the eyeless plains of immensity his soul exists in love. Sublime essayer of the universe—unimpeachable prince of glory—thy will be done even now and ever.” “Son of clay,” replies the angel, “stay thy purpose: thy meekness is accepted: I am the spirit of Albert Romley, the merchant of Constantinople. I am he who by the will of God on high, raised thee from the ocean's bottom—tremble not my friend—inasmuch as thy soul had compassion on a christian brother in a strange land, and in the hands of enemies: so has it pleased God to reward thee. Receive thy offspring again: I require it not: goodness done in the grace of God shall be rewarded even on the earth. Verily angels rejoiced in the pity thou hadst on me. Roland adieu. Remember me.” Thus vanished Romley, and rejoicing filled the palace of Astalpa Algamba.

I AM THAT I AM, says the mighty one: even be it so Jehovah our Maker. It was at the request of a friend that I undertook to write the above tale, and I hope it will be found interesting to all who read it. Its fictitious part must not be considered, and one reason why it was thus written, is from a belief the author has always indulged that morality and religion may be greatly advanced by a ten-

perate commixture of imagination and fiction in their delineation. I hope none will suppose that from this I approve of novels in general. Oh no, by no means. I will on the contrary give it as my opinion that nothing in the modern world has tended so much to undermine the simple but sublime fabric of the Christian religion as the poisonous diffusion of novel works. They give a false coloring to earthliness—throw a dark scarf over Heaven and bear the holiness of the true Christian with the false ideas and unreal decoration of this vain unthinking world.—The honor and veneration paid to Sir Walter Scott for his countless folios of novels are as surprising as they are undeserved. I kick against the mind of many here no doubt.—But the present age is greatly vitiated in mind by his works. As a philanthropist, I lament that Sir Walter Scott ever penned a novel. His works may do some good, but they will do a vast more of evil. I wrote the above tale to show my readers that the Providence of God rules when we think in our folly it does not. He will not let the righteous fall.

C. M. D.

TRELAWNEY.

A report that this gentleman was in this country has been noticed, but with a doubt of its authenticity. Since that time, testimony from various quarters assures us of the confidence of many intelligent persons that the report was well founded. It is at least established that some one who passes for Mr. T. has been travelling in different parts of the United States, and in Canada. The Cincinnati Chronicle specially informs us that he has been in that city, and we hear of him as fallen in with, if we mistake not, by the Editor of the Portland Advertiser, in his recent tour, and by others.

Mr. T. is favorably known to the literary world by his "Adventures of a Younger Son," and is recollected as a companion of Lord Byron in his days of political as well as poetic celebrity.

One of the most prominent events in the life of Mr. T. and which was nearly its closing scene, is thus related in Dr. Howe's "Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution."

"The next object was to get possession of the grotto or mountain retreat of Ulysses; and it was a most difficult one to accomplish; for force could not effect it; starvation could not, for it was well supplied with provisions; and as for fraud, it was not expected, for the cavern was

held by an Englishman. Trelawney, who had so far ingratiated himself with Ulysses as to obtain the hand of his sister, and he now bid all Greece defiance. The capture of it was effected only after much lost time, and the occurrence of deeds within it, the relation of which would appear more like romance than history. Trelawney, after having been desperately wounded,* and perhaps getting fatigued with his solitary situation, retired with his young bride and passed to the Ionian islands.

*This affair has been variously represented, and as the character of some Englishmen, and an American, as well as that of Mavrocordato, must depend something upon the explanation given of it; and as my acquaintance with the parties gave me an opportunity to know all the particulars, I am induced to give them. Ulysses had, in the opinion of many, been false to his country; he had, it was confidently asserted, tried to procure the assassination of Mavrocordato; at any rate, he was virtually setting the government at defiance, though keeping up the appearance of submission. His favorite resort and strong hold, and which he preferred to the Acropolis of Athens, was a remarkable cavern on Mount Parnassus, the entrance to which cannot be attained, except by climbing up a precipice by the help of ladders; it is very spacious, and contains in one of the apartments a living spring, and the rocks so hang down over the mouth of it, that no shot or bomb can be thrown into it; it is divided by nature into different apartments, and art has formed store rooms, magazines, and every necessary for the reception of a supply of provisions for years. Trelawney was left by Ulysses in possession of this cavern.

Fenton was a Scot, a young man endowed with great personal advantages, but a cold blooded deliberate ruffian; he was admitted to the cavern by Trelawney, and became his pretended friend; he soon offered to go to Napoli and act as a spy upon the government; but he was at the same time, in correspondence with government, through the agency of Mr. Jarvis, and had offered to procure the capture or death of Ulysses, and the delivery of the cavern into the hands of government, on the payment of a certain sum. Being informed by Jarvis that his plan would be listened

to, Fenton started for Napoli. On-arriving at Napoli, he had several interviews with Mavrocordato; what plans were agreed upon is not known; this is known, that in some of his letters to Jarvis, Fenton had offered to kill Ulysses and Trelawney, if necessary. After making his arrangements with government through Mavrocordato secretary of state, Fenton, in order the better to conceal from the inmates of the cavern, that he had been plotting treason against them, induced the government to issue a public order for him to quit Napoli in two hours, as being a suspicious person. He then went in the cave and told Trelawney every thing, and that he had persuaded government he was sincere in his offer to murder his friend and benefactor; of course Trelawney would discredit any accounts he might hear of it, as he could not conceive such baseness possible. Still Fenton went on hatching his plot, and the strangest part of the story is, that he chose for the instrument of his crime, a young Englishman of family and education, and that the arch villain should be able to persuade him to it. His victim (for I must call Whitcomb the victim) was about nineteen years of age, had been a midshipman in the British service, and had come to Greece burning with enthusiasm for her cause, and still more with a desire to distinguish himself by some daring act; he was full of vanity and ambition, daring and headstrong, indeed, but generous and proud; and I believe, would then have shuddered at the bare thought of what he was afterwards induced to commit. He left the party of soldiers with which we were, and in the mere spirit of wandering, went to the cavern of Ulysses; he was met by Fenton, and carried up the cavern. In one single day Whitcomb became the admirer of Fenton; thought him the noblest, the most romantic; the bravest of men; in one day he thought him injured and abused by Trelawney, learned to hate Trelawney, believed that Trelawney despised him, and meditated injuring him; and on the third day he swore eternal friendship to Fenton, and that he would stand by him at all hazards, in any attempt to regain what he believed his rights.— Still Fenton dared not propose his horrid plan; he had wound his coil about his victim, but feared that the springs of virtue might not yet be poisoned. Two days

more were passed in riot and drinking, and Whitcomb was excited by wild plans of power, and of becoming prince of the surrounding province, if Fenton could become master of the cavern, and there was only Trelawney in the way. On the sixth day they were to meet Trelawney after dinner on the ledge, in front of the cavern, to practice pistol firing; this was the moment Fenton chose for the execution of his plan; he got Whitcomb intoxicated, and made him believe that he feared Trelawney had a plot to murder them both,—Whitcomb swore to stand by his friend to the last, and promised to be ready on any signal. It was Trelawney's first fire, and after hitting the mark, he went a little forward, and in his usual cold, unsocial way, stood with his back to them; Fenton raised his carbine, (which was not loaded,) and pointing it at Trelawney, snapped—he looked with pretended dismay at Whitcomb, as begging him to second him, cocked and snapped again; 'He turned upon me such a look—I knew not what I did. I raised my gun, pulled the trigger, and fell from my own emotions;' these were the words of the mad boy, who had become all but an assassin. Two balls with which his gun was loaded, had lodged in the back of Trelawney, and he was apparently dying.

The soldiers rushed in, and Whitcomb heard the voice of Fenton, who was supporting Trelawney, crying, 'There is the young traitor; shoot him, cut him down, do not let him speak;' but Whitcomb ran, gained an inner apartment, and taking off his sash, fastened it, and threw himself over the precipice. By some strange means he got safely to the bottom, after running some time he was met by some soldiers of Ulysses, and carried back to the cavern half distracted. On entering, he asked, 'Where is Fenton?' 'At your feet;' and he looked down upon his bleeding corpse. There was a Swiss in the cavern who had seen the transaction; he had seen the emotion of Whitcomb before the affair, and could not believe he committed the act; and when he heard Fenton crying out to kill him, without letting him speak, he became convinced; he ordered a soldier to fire upon him; the ball just passed Fenton's head—he turned round quickly, and seeing the Swiss, whom he knew to be a dead shot, aiming another musket at him—with-

out showing the least emotion, he turned fully in front of him, put his hand on his breast, and cried, "Fire again; I am ready;" received the ball through his heart, fell, rolled upon his face, and expired without a groan. Whitcomb was put in irons, and kept until Trelawney, against all human expectation, recovered a little. He ordered him to be brought before him, his irons taken off, and be set at liberty; nor did he seem to have the least idea that Whitcomb had fired upon him, and he continued to treat him kindly. Whitcomb said, "I could not stand this generosity; I confessed to him the whole; I even gave it him in writing, and he dismissed me.—Trelawney recovered, and Whitcomb is ruined and desperate; he has blighted the hopes of his highly respectable mother, and wounded the pride of his brave brothers, who are officers of the British army."

Original.

MAJESTY OF GOD.

My God, how mighty must thou be,
In wisdom and in power!
How weak is man compared to thee,
With misery for his dower.

My grateful heart would ever praise
Thee for this act benign,
That thou, offending man wilt raise
To worship at thy shrine.

Oh, who that ever hopes to rise
Immortal from the grave,
That would not now be timely wise,
His precious soul to save.

I'll bend the knee with awe profound
In adoration still,
To him, who globes in orbits bound
And empty space can fill:

To him who shone in lustre ere
The sun sent forth a ray—
Whose moments countless ages are,
If measured by our day.

Imagination cannot bound,
Or fix thy certain place;
And thought can never travel round,
Or cross thy kingdom's space.

None, all creation's vast expanse,
Or laws, can analyze;
Nor can our superficial glance
Unveil its mysteries.

But thou, Omniscient canst descry,
These mysteries alone;
Thou seest beyond those things, where I
In thought am overthrown.

But why should I unobey feel,
At being thus confined?
Or seek those secrets to unveil,
Ne'er known to mortal mind.

This earth abundance has in store
Of all that we require;
Until aost our sprites shall soar,
And join the heavenly choir.

Dublin, 1833.

T. J.

TONGUES.—There are some human tongues which have two sides, like those of certain quadrupeds—one very is smooth, the other rough.

Anecdote of the late Lord Orford.—No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting, as the late Earl of Orford.—Among his experiments of fancy, was a determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the 'four in hand,' and commenced a new kind of chase, with 'breast-high' alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his chariot-eering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavor to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of 'fiery-eyed steeds' to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they bounded, to the dismay of hostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stage, the phaeton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

HOLY WATER.—A very good story is related by Lambert in his travels respecting the efficacy of Holy Water.....A friend of mine, says he, was once present at the house of a French lady in C——, when a violent thunder storm commenced. The shutters were immediately closed and the room darkened..... The lady of the house, not willing to leave the safety of herself and company to chance, began to search her closets for the bottle of holy water, which by a sudden flash of lightning, she fortunately found. The bottle was uncorked and its contents immediately sprinkled over the ladies and gentlemen. It was a most dreadful storm, and lasted a considerable time; she therefore redoubled her shriekings and benedictions at every clap of thunder and flash of lightning. At length the

storm ceased, and the party providentially saved from its effects; which the good lady attributed solely to the precious water. But when the shutters were opened, and the light admitted, the company found to the destruction of their white gowns and muslin handkerchiefs, their coats and waistcoats and breeches; that instead of holy water the pious lady sprinkled them with INK.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1823.

Volume Second.—Having with the assistance of our numerous friends and contributors conducted our first volume nearly to a close, with infinitely more success than we anticipated at our commencement, we now present our readers and the public, proposals for the second volume, as will be seen by a reference to another column, with additional hopes, and shall spare neither pains nor toil to make it more entertaining than the present volume. To enable us to do so, we trust those correspondents to whom we are so much indebted will continue to aid us with their productions, and that many new ones will soon be added to the number. We have concluded to preserve its present form, and increase the number of pages to sixteen. On a paper such as ours, the postage amounts nearly to one-third the price of subscription; it is, therefore, necessary that we should enlarge it to reduce the proportion this exorbitant charge bears to the value of the paper. In order to effect this purpose we hope that each subscriber will promptly pay up his respective debt; as the sums due us though small, amount in the aggregate to a sum which would make us quite independent and inspire us with a spirit of alacrity and enterprise, to which we might otherwise be a stranger. In our past efforts we have endeavored to give wing to the flights of native genius, and to display as much variety both of original and selected matter as our scanty space would permit; but with the intention of affording our readers a richer treat in future, we have ordered several additional periodicals of acknowledged merit which will add considerably to the expenses of our establishment.

We shall send extras of the prospectus to all such as we think are willing to assist us in obtaining subscribers to the forth-coming volume.

To Correspondents.—There are a few particulars necessary to be understood by such as are in practice of writing for their own amusement, and afterwards sending it to us for publication. To this we have no objection, if the postage is paid. Let this hereafter be borne in mind, and we shall feel relieved from a great tax. Another thing is necessary to be kept in view; that is, the confidence some authors have in their own productions. So much so, as to request a publisher to insert them *verbatim*. Was it not that the character of our paper was at stake, we should be tempted to gratify them in many instances; much to the amusement of our *cits*, and the mortification of the author. Our wish is to cultivate native genius; but it must undergo a series of pruning in order to bring it into a bearing state. There are exceptions.

Newburn shall be attended to in our next number. Will he, at our request, try prose-writing?

Edوارد has every encouragement. In our next Try again.

Crillon is thought worthy of another trial. A plain story is preferable. Not too frequent use of unmeaning metaphors, friend C.

The Spy in Philadelphia and Spirit of the Age, is the title of a paper about to be issued in Philadelphia, Pa. We are obliged for want of room to postpone a suitable notice until next week. We are authorized to receive subscriptions.

CANADIAN GARLAND,

SECOND VOLUME—ENLARGED.

Devoted to Original and Select Tales and Essays; Original and Select Poetry; Notices of New Publications; Historical, Scientific, and Philosophical Information; The Fine Arts; Biography; Selections from Foreign Periodicals, with a variety of miscellaneous matter—pathetic, moral, and humorous, &c.

It would be ungrateful in us were we to hesitate to express our warmest thanks to a generous enlightened community, under whose fostering care and patronage we have been enabled to publish the *First Volume* of this first-born of Canadian Literary Journals. If our readers feel the same satisfaction that we do in its result, it could hardly be expressed. Our young, free, and rising country has, no doubt, feelings in unison with those of the publisher—in the triumph of perseverance and industry—we should forget any difficulties which have opposed us or disputed our even walk and progress. As the army of Hannibal on the flowery plains of Italy, gazed with undaunted eyes on the bleak and snow-clad cliffs of the Alps, that had melted under their industry, so may we (to compare less with greater exploits) look back on our journey of editorship. We have seen our contemporaries fall in battle, but undaunted, we have trod on their ruin to triumph and renown. Is it not curious to remember that a century ago the solitary forest stood undisturbed where now we enjoy all life's luxury? Then the wild deer stood in wild fitness and grazed on the trees, or snuffed in the distance his foe, the wolf; then the golden-plumaged turkey gambolled on the prostrate ancient trees with their mossy covering, on the spot where we now strike five hundred numbers of the *Garland*.

When the savage *Pict* drove before him the Roman soldiers on the borders of Caledonia—when *Fingal* fought; and *Ossian* sang, did he think of the modern Athens—literary *Edinburg*; of the commercial *Glasgow*, with her money-hunting merchants? Oh, no! Did the wild *Briton*, clothed in the skins of the *Eis*, when he paced the forests of England in hunting accoutrements, dream of *Eton's* fame—of *London's* wealth? Nay! Ah! what did the red *Indian* dream of *America*—of *Canada*? We yet may become great in Literature and Fame: Who can presage to the contrary? Let us then improve the taste of our country, by

Grasping "the works of nature and of art,
To raise the Genius and to mend the heart."

We have it in common with the world.

We intend to issue a volume of the *Garland* every six months. Its size will be double what it is at present; as each number will consist of SIXTEEN pages of the present form and size, instead of eight; and to continue it semi-monthly, with this titling alteration: that instead of the vignette being annexed to every number it will be only attached to the first. This disposition will both enable us to get in more reading matter, and at the same time render each number and columns less unconnected and unbooklike, (to use a coined expression.) The *Garland* in its present form is too small to be entertaining, or for inscribing a sufficient variety of reading matter; but we trust by the proposed plan this defect will be remedied, and we shall have more room to improve its contents and selections. There will be no addition to the price of the volume, since its size will remain the same, consisting of 203 pages. The public will have the advantage, however, of getting two volumes in the year, and of having in each number double the quantity of reading compared to what it now contains.

Terms.—The *Garland* will be published every other Saturday, in the village of Hamilton, Gore District, U. Canada, on a superior sheet of fine paper, with a fair type, making at the end of the volume 208 large octavo pages, including a splendid title-page and copious index, for the low price of seven shillings and six pence, payable in advance. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months.

SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

The following is probably the most perfect specimen of Alliteration extant. Whoever has at any time attempted to imitate an acrostic more fully is aware of the embarrassment of being confined to particular initial letters. Here the whole alphabet is fathomed, and each word, in each line claims its proper initial. It is worthy, the indefatigable perseverance of another Dean Swift.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed.
 Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade.
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,
 Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
 Every endeavor, engineers essay,
 For fame, for fortune—fighting furious fray;
 Generals' gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
 How honors Heaven, heroic hardihood!
 Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill,
 Kinsmen kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!
 Labor low levels loftiest longest lines— [mimes.
 Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous
 Now noisy, noxious numbers' notice nought
 Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
 Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
 Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarrel 'quest;
 Reason returns, religious right redounds,
 Swarrows stops such sanguinary sounds,
 Truce to the Turkmen—triumph to thy train!
 Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
 Vanish vain victory, vanish vict'ry vain!
 Why wish we warfare? wherefore welcome were
 Xorxos, Ximoes, Xanthos, Xiviers?
 Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
 Zeno's Zarpator's, Zoroaster's zeal,
 And all attracting—against arms appeal.

MISCELLANY.

A SKETCH.

Lady Ellersville had been married three years to a dull, proud, cold, handsome man, whom she neither liked nor disliked; let it not be imagined that her character was, therefore, necessarily cold and heartless. She had been brought up in the seclusion of her school room; she had not been allowed to associate with other girls, for fear of contamination;—she had read no books that had not been previously perused with care by her mother or governess. Her time had been divided between her masters and the proper exercise for health; but in these walks she had never visited the cottage of the poor, lest she might be exposed to infection, or hear tales of woe that might be injurious to the innocence of a pure, unsullied mind. The school room was apart from the rest of the house, and she had never been permitted to leave it except at stated and appointed times; nor were any visitors admitted within the sacred precincts to interrupt the course of her studies.

When with her parents she was treated with all kindness and affection, but she had nothing in common with them; she knew not their objects of interest; their friends were almost unknown to her except by sight; she could not enter into the subject of their conversation, and when she came forth into the world, she had learned as many languages, read as much history, acquired as many accomplishments as any young lady of her age, and had reflected as little upon any subject that has to do with real life. She imagined, as many girls do, that marriage was as much the object of being brought out, as dancing is

the object of going to a ball, and looking well the object of dressing for that ball. Ellersville was proposed to her, and considered by her parents as an unexceptionable partner, young, handsome, and rich; she accepted him calmly, dutifully, and without any manner of hesitation. She meant to love him, knowing it was right so to do; and she persuaded herself that she really did like him very much. In high life, romance is not the besetting sin of very young ladies; their characters do not unfold; like Undine, they do not find out they have a soul until it is sometimes too late. Matches, apparently the most worldly, and heartless, are occasionally formed by those in the recesses of whose hearts the warmest affections, the most disinterested feelings, are lying dormant. Often, very often, their minds are well regulated, their principles strong, and these affections, if they cannot have vent in love for their husbands, consecrate themselves on their children. But alas! too often also they lead to the most lamentable results.

THE ORPHAN BOY.—How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child robbed of his mother, excites universal commiseration, and affection from every bosom.—We look forward with anxiety to every future period of his life; and our prayers and our hopes attend every step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his, on the grave of her, whose maternal heart has ceased to beat; for we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth! His father would, but cannot, supply her loss. In vain the whole circle of his friendships blend their efforts to alleviate his sorrows, and to fill the place occupied by departed worth: a mother must be missed every moment, by a child who has ever known and rightly valued one, when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels so soft as her's—no voice sounds so sweet—no smile is so pleasant! Never shall he find again, in this wild wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness, as he experienced from his mother! The whole world are moved with compassion for that motherless child, but the whole world cannot supply her place to him!

A GOOD RUN OF BUSINESS.—One of our eminent dentists was asked the other day by a friend, "how goes business?" "A pretty good run," was the reply. "I have within an hour, pulled out a grinder for Mr. WALKER, another for Mr. RIDER, a third for Mr. TROTT, and a fourth for Miss GALLOR."

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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