

PAGE

MISSING



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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1833.

NO. 14.

POPULAR TALES.

Original.

THE JUVENILE RECLUSE.

'Twas a beautiful afternoon in the month of July—the sun still near the meridian, though verging to the west—the city was filled with loungers, collected together in groups at the corners of the streets, talking over the affairs of the day—the walks were crowded with the "military," parading about to show their fine close-buttoned standing-collared coats, beautiful white pantaloons, and other elegant etc.—the streets were filled with dashing equippages of every description—merchants and tradesmen of every class, walking to and fro, that I took my hat and cane and sallied out to saunter in the green, sweet-scented fields adjoining the city, to contemplate nature in all her beauty and loveliness, and to learn humility and meekness from the innumerable witnesses, to the power of Him that made them. I left the limits of the city, and clambering over some opposing fences, found myself in a beautiful meadow, belonging to my friend C—. Here, creation appeared more beautiful from every survey I took—the various kinds of the feathered tribe, tuning their notes, some soft, some shrill, seemed to vie in singing the praises of their common Father and supporter. Wandering alone, wrapped up in the intensity of my own meditations, I strayed far from the city, and strolled along until my attention was arrested by the noise of a water-fall; and turning my eyes around me, I perceived at some distance on the right, a considerable stream pouring down a ledge of almost perpendicular rocks; in all the grandeur and magnificence of nature;—casting the spray in different directions, which was whirled round and round and finally dispersed into mist by the force of the air, rising from the bottom of the chasm. I gazed intently on; "here," exclaimed I, "is yet another proof of thy power and wisdom, thou God so good and great! Ah! where would be the creed and belief of the atheist, were he now to consider this grand and stupendous work of thy hands? 'twould vanish in a mo-

ment, as does spray into empty vapors! 'twould be impossible, yes, utterly impossible, for one of the human species, on whom thou has bestowed so many and so noble faculties; to be insensible to thy omniscience and omnipresence." While I was studying this mighty and beautiful work, wrought by the hand of the Creator of this whole extensive universe, a train of melancholy, melodious and pleasing sounds came rushing on my ears, and completely captivated my senses. I listened, and having ascertained from whence they proceeded, I drew nearer the edge of the precipice, my foot struck a stone—it rolled off, and was precipitated down the fall—I heard the splash. In an instant the music was hushed. Again I listened—all was "still and silent as the grave," save the noise of the water as it joined the current beneath. But just as I, having despaired of again hearing those sounds so sweet so sublime, was about to retire to a farther distance from the stream, being made dizzy with viewing it, as it dashed swiftly by me, now forming small eddies and whirlpools, now murmuring and bubbling from the opposition of some large stones, my ears were again saluted by those charming strains, which had so suddenly absorbed my whole soul.—Being a passionate admirer of music, I stood still, lest I should lose any part of the performance. It ceased; I espied a small uneven path winding down the rocks; by it I descended the steep and craggy precipice, supporting myself by the shrubs and bushes that sprung from the crevices in the rocks, when by a sudden turn I found myself in the presence of a youth, leaning over his instrument, intent upon his own thoughts. I was afraid of disturbing him, and therefore stopping short, took a survey of the personage before me. He was a youth—over whom manhood had not yet gained its ascendancy—his cheeks still suffused with the tints of youthfulness, were covered with a soft down; his hair which was black, hung in graceful and clustering ringlets over his neck and shoulders. His forehead was partly concealed from my view, but what could be seen, showed it to be of exquisite beauty of mould; in short, he was a per-

fect *Adonis*, and seemed scarcely to have finished his sixteenth year. Surely, thought I, this must be the abode of "angels and departed spirits, made happy in the Lord." That form, so heavenly, so fair, cannot be subject to the incumbrances of mortality! or, am I deceived. And those sounds— I uttered this last part of my soliloquy, in a tone which disturbed the reverie, of the youthful votarie at the shrine of music. He looked up,—there was something in the glowing, and at the same time melancholy expression of his countenance, discovering an early acquaintance with the misfortunes of life, that struck me with awe and admiration. I felt as I had never felt before in the presence of any human being. The first look he gave, was expressive of surprise; but it soon gave way to a gloomy smile, with which, he asked me in a kindly tone, "what misfortune had led my steps to the abode of the most miserable of beings?" I replied in a voice of tenderness and respect, that I should esteem it a piece of particularly good fortune, if I could be of any service, to one, for whom, having found him in so extraordinary a situation, I felt the deepest interest. He shook his head, and with a look of extreme sorrow, saying, "never," motioned me to go with him. I followed him as if mechanically. We were soon beneath the cataract, in a beautiful cave, where contrary to the custom of recluses of ancient days, who were more *austere*, he had a rough pine table, a chair, a wooden bowl, a knife and hatchet, which composed most of his visible furniture. Handing me the chair, and desiring me to be seated, he went out and in a few minutes returned with a pitcher full of clear water in one hand, and a stone bottle in the other. Going to a chest, (which by the bye I forgot to mention, and which was placed in one corner) he took out a couple of tin cups, and saying that I would probably be thirsty after my walk, he poured out of the bottle a cordial which I do not know the name of, and requested me to drink. Some time passed in silence. I broke it first, by observing to him, that I was surprised to find one of his appearance and age, in so curious and strange a situation. He remained silent. I saw I had touched a tender cord, and therefore changed the subject to that of poetry and music; in which he was an enthusiast. After some considerable conversation on music and poetry in general, during which he evinced a great deal of proficiency and knowledge in both, I desired him to give me a specimen of his skill. After a short prelude, he commenced a strain of such ineffable sweetness, as made me forget myself and every thing around me. He continued it for some time; he finished, and was again silent. At last, remarking that it was getting late, he adverted to the subject of my first remark. "You may perhaps," said he, be astonished at my singu-

lar appearance, and the manner in which you find me circumstanced; but promise me that you will disclose it to no one, and I will furnish you with my history, which will allay all feelings of surprize that you may feel, and which I perceive you are anxious to know."— I readily complied; fearing that by acting otherwise I should be deprived of the knowledge of what I so ardently desired. Taking a paper from his chest, he gave it to me, and telling me that it was high time for me to be gone, wished me a farewell; saying, "if you would know more, call some future day—'tis too late now." I put the paper in my pocket, and telling him that I should make a good use of his invitation, retraced my steps, and gained the summit of the precipice with difficulty. The sun was slowly sinking beyond the horizon, and all nature was in a glow from the reflection of his departing rays, as they shone in resplendent glory towards the east. I walked quickly home, ruminating on what was likely to be the history of him whose retreat I had so accidentally discovered. On reaching my boarding-house, I ordered a light, and sat down to peruse the paper. 'Twas a strange and doleful history, interspersed with occasional stanzas, and scraps of poetry. I think it would be no breach of my promise, to publish some of them, to show the world how much excellence and talent is thus nipped in the bud, and hidden from society. But hark! what is that? Oh! 'tis the bell, summoning me to appear at the tea-table. Reader, you must be content to wait a short time for the rest; it shall come. Rest satisfied. A. B. C.

From the Lady's Book, for February.

THE DROVER.

In a small village in the western part of England, there stood a little hosted, whose successive occupants, for a long course of years, dispensed the good things of this life to the gossips, the politicians, and the loiterers of the borough. It was also in high repute with many wayfarers, drovers especially, who, travelling to the inland markets for the sale of their live stock, and returning with well-lined pouch, met a cordial reception from the jolly host of the "Heifer." It is indeed said, that by the way of compliment to these independent gentry, the ample sign presented its distant resemblance to the animal just named. Who the artist was, who had thus left a significant proof of his pictorial talent, has never transpired; it was indeed a subject of curiosity and ingenious speculation among the *virtuosi* of the village; but, except the very hazardous conjecture of its being justly fathered upon a "paur lean bodie," whose vocation was, and whose support depended upon whitewashing fences, houses, &c., no shadow of probability could lay this sin at the door of any other; and there swung upon its rot-

ten gallows, the ancient and ghastly sign-board, and there perhaps it still swings.

But, avoiding unnecessary digression, we will introduce the reader to the inn itself, a compound of wood and stone of various forms and dates, of but one story, and containing under its ample roof several rooms beside the general sitting and drinking apartment, which was entered immediately from the front. This apartment, ornamented by its bar, its shining pewters, and the more shining face of the veteran tapster, offered at least one convenience at the season of which we write; the vast expanse of fire-place was piled with well dried faggots, that sent a roaring torrent of flame up the chimney, and diffused a cheerful gleam among the group that clustered around the hearth. It was a cold, frosty night in November; the moon careered in her silver chariot through a cloudless sky, and the cricket chirped in the corner, as if in unison with the old fashioned clock that everlastingly ticked-ticked above its resting-place. There were ranged about the fire, four persons, (including mine host) whose features and expressions were fully revealed by the broad blaze, at which all gazed vacantly during a long pause in the conversation, only interrupted by a deep draught, and a long drawn sigh, as the liquor found its way to its destination.

"I say, old Harry, another flagon!" shouted one of the guests, into the ear of the nodding publican, as he despatched the contents of a huge measure, "another flagon! fore George, your malt has been well managed, old one."

The speaker was rather tall, and of a slender though muscular frame; his hair, dark as the raven's wing, curled profusely over his head, and luxuriated in a formidable pair of jetty whiskers, his eye was deep, restless, and fiery, and his whole demeanor testified that he was better off than one half of the world, and as independent as the other. At his loud summons the host bustled about with habitual alacrity, and soon satisfied his obstreperous wants. Of the other two travellers, the one was a short and somewhat plethoric body, with reddish sandy hair, gray eyes, and a huge mouth armed with a complement of the finest ivory; unlike the careless and rather tawdry dress of the tall stranger, his dreadnought of stout woolly cloth, betokened a deal of respect for his personal convenience; and the grave and severe expression of his embrowned features was hailed with no pleasurable emotions by the third individual of the group.

"It's a braw night," quoth he of the dreadnought, to the silent figure at his side, "ye ha doubtless travelled mony a mile in the twinkle o' the moon—ye ha may be been aboon Lun-

nun wi' yer quadrupeds and the journey is no that easy in these times?"

"And why not?—the roads are good, and the air makes one stir briskly, if he would not have his fingers chilled. But I did not say that I had been to Lond'n."

"Na—na—very true, but the bit whippie in your hand, wi' its knock down physiognomy, made me opine ye kenned the distinction between a cow and a sheep, and ye lo'ed the gowd o' the Lunners o'er weel, not to take yer beasties there. A gude market is Lun-nun?—if Ise mistaken, mayhap ye would inform me?"

To this interrogatory, characteristic as it was of the nativity of speaker, the drover returned *no direct* answer. "I have heard it said, that one might meet with a worse sale for his cattle than in the great city, but there are many towns between this and there, where the folks do not expect to get what is good without paying for it."

The gentleman of the whiskers listened with interest to this cross questioning, but observing its object waxing uneasy, he at once put a stop to its continuance. "Let him alone, Sawney, have you no manners, hold that wagging tongue within its walls."

"As yer honor wulls; only I don't see the harm of speering at the truth, if a man be honest and worthy like."

"Thank ye, gentlemen," said the drover, as he finished his can of ale, "thank ye both, but I shall be under the necessity of pushing a few miles further before the little hours, and it is scarce nine o' the clock yet. A merry sitting to you, friends." So saying, he paid the reckoning, whistled to his dog, that rose lazily from his snug corner, and left the house.

John Workman was one of these men, who, with a moderate degree of shrewdness, and an unwearied perseverance, have raised themselves from dependence and poverty to a competent livelihood, who are rich enough to be idle, but not too proud to labor. Long habitude in the occupation of a drover, had rendered its constant pursuit almost a matter of necessity; he seemed at a loss when unengaged in its duties, and he therefore continued to flourish his long-lashed whip, and shout forth commands to his obedient herds, as they proceeded to some populous city, even to the metropolis, there to satisfy the wants or luxurious whims of the purse-proud cits. It was indeed whispered that plodding John, (as he was familiarly called,) had other motives in visiting London than the mere sale of his live stock. The profits which previous industry had realized, were said to be vested in city property, and that he sometimes returned to his "grazing" with more money in his purse than all his horned cattle were worth, to improve his grounds, to enlarge his business, and increase the comforts of domestic life. One

thing indeed was wanting, which money failed to obtain, and that was a wife. His frequent absence, his roving and precarious life, were no temptations to his former fair school-mates, and though John had a near prospect of a grey head, and his fortieth year, none had ever heard him sigh for the pleasing charms of wedlock. It was indeed reported that a young damsel, now a doughty maiden of thirty-five, had received, and rejected his addresses, and that his heart had ever since remained proof against all amorous attacks. His only love, his most devoted attachment, was bestowed on his trade; his honesty, punctuality, and well-known responsibility, procured for him a large share of patronage. Unwearied and alone, he pursued his way over the greater part of England; alone, did I say? no; the only being for whom he evinced any extraordinary feeling—his faithful, old, and well-trained dog, trotted at his side, and momentarily cast a glance of affection towards his master.

In this way he left the hostelry of the "Heifer," reflecting seriously on the inquisitive curiosity of the Scot, and distrustful of the appearance of his companion. He had with him a large sum of money, chiefly in notes, and he felt desirous of reaching the next village, about ten miles distant, while the moon shone, and rendered the travelling comparatively safe. The atmosphere was beautifully clear, not a single cloud met his eye, as he threw a cautious glance around: the grass, the hedges, the trees, the very road, sparkled with hoar-frost, that seemed to reflect, as in unnumbered mirrors, the bright beams of the moon, and the glittering rays of the twinkling stars. Though he had travelled all the day, weariness did not oppress him, but his step was as elastic, and his eye as sprightly, as when he rose from his morning slumbers to commence the labors of the day. Nearly two hours had flown, and yet the expected village was not in sight, the well-known spire did not rise from its embowering grove to cheer the lone traveller, and he beheld, with no ordinary anxiety, the moon gradually sinking behind the western hills. Fear—a strange and undefined sensation crept over his mind; horrid tales of highway robbers, and mid-night assassins, rose from the recollections of his childhood, and though good fortune had ever spared him the displeasure of such an encounter, still, he verily believed that it might be his turn yet. To tell the truth, although John was usually undaunted in danger, he was now but illy prepared for a demonstration of his pugnacious qualities;—darkness had succeeded the uncommon brilliancy of the night; the cold, before unfelt, while visible objects engrossed the attention, became piercing and painful; light fleecy clouds swept hurriedly over the face of

Heaven, and the wind awoke with low and mournful music. John drew his upper garment more closely around him, and as he turned up his well-furred collar for the protection of his face against the driving snow, he muttered something of "snow-drifts, and the comforts of the chimney-corner," and then relapsed into silence. He had advanced but a short distance when he was startled by a low and rough growl, and pausing, he saw the fiery balls of his companion's eyes gleaming fearfully through the gloom. Again he uttered a discontented whine; the drover strained his hearing, attempting to catch the sound of any approaching danger, but the gusts of wind constantly sweeping around, rendered every effort unavailing; suddenly, however, a rumbling sound broke on his ear, and the next instant his eye could distinguish a light, covered cart, flying against the storm, as swiftly as a feather might have been borne upon it. It was impossible to hail it, and perhaps useless; he therefore bade Tray keep quiet, and pursued his way with renewed confidence, which was greatly increased on discovering that his journey was nearly at an end, and his apprehensions entirely unfounded.

It was usual with him on arriving at this part of the road, to send Tray forward to his well-known stopping place to give notice of his coming; and calling the dog to him, he patted his head and bade him "hie on." The animal bounded forward as if perfectly conscious of the importance of his mission, but scarce had the sound of his feet died away, before his loud bark came redoubled and fiercely on the air as if in contest with some one. The drover hastened onward, and to his astonishment discovered a man in furious battle with the dog, with difficulty defending himself with a heavy cudgel from his incessant and spirited attacks.

"In the name of fury," shouted John Workman, the equilibrium of his usual calmness destroyed by this unexampled impudence on the part of Tray; "in the name of Satan—you whelp of the devil—down! down!—Ah! bite, will you?" and he interlarded these exclamations and interrogations with a few well applied blows with his whip, that brought the animal crouching to his feet. "I ask pardon, friend," he continued, addressing the stranger, who stood leaning on his club, puffing and blowing from complete exhaustion, "has this unruly cur done you any injury?" "The dog is a carnivorous animal," said the stranger, wiping his brow; "and his muscular conformation has been peculiarly adapted for seizing and retaining, *unguibus ac dentibus*, all soft and yielding substances."

"Corni—ung—yes, yes, he can bite," observed the drover, doubtfully, and endeavoring to comprehend more fully the unaccus-

tomed language of the tall and uncouth form before him.

"*Deo adjuvant*, as we of the rod say our own arm hath helped us." Here he gave a swing and a flourish to his cudgel, by way of emphasis, and Tray, despite of his still smarting stripes, grumbled and writhed himself along the ground.

"Quiet! dog, quiet!" exclaimed the drover; "If I knew where to get such another, I might put an end to your marauding villainies; but be still now, and the halter may not fit you yet." At this apostrophe which may have been understood, the dog wagged his tail and fawned playfully on his master, who endeavored to get rid of his importunities, to enquire the purposed destination of his unexpected companion. This opportunity was afforded by the stranger asking in more homely terms than at first, "how far distant it was to the next village?"

"Not more than half-an-hour's walk in this brisk breeze: if yonder post do not deceive me, it must be at the court-yard of Dame Williams' inn, from there we may soon reach B—; do you rest at B— to-night?"

"By the favor of the gods, as we say, scholastically, I do indeed then and there to fix my nocturnal abode, that is to say, *vulgo*, to lodge for the night; when Phœbus wakes again, the road is before me, and business of ponderous import calls me to the Septentrional."

"The man *is out!*" thought the drover, utterly puzzled by this outlandish lingo. "The *what?*" said he aloud, "mayhap a plain man would better understand the king's English, if it is your condescension to be guilty of its use."

"Ay, ay; when we are at Rome, do as Romans do; but as the peasants of yonder domiciliary erection appear not to have retired to the arms of soporific Morpheus, let us exclaim with the Latin bard, *nunc est bibendum*, and to pursue the idea—Ah! I forgot; wilt empty a flagon by way of good company?"

"Now I understand you; and in truth the wind blows over cutting for a cold stomach, we will drink to better acquaintance, shall we not?"

"*Certe*, that is by all means; we shall, doubtless be better acquainted, but here we are at the very *Penates*—I beg pardon, at the threshold, and we may imbibe somewhat to melt the snow that—yes, let us enter."

They entered the tavern together, and drawing a small round table near the fire, called for a hot preparation of malt liquor, then much approved as a caloric. The drover had now a fair chance for scanning his companion's appearance. He was above the ordinary height, well and strongly made; his features sallow, and rather disagreeable than otherwise; his eyes were concealed by a huge

pair of green spectacles, above which rose a bold and not ill-formed forehead, shaded by long, dark hair. This figure was accoutred in a suit of rusty black that had evidently passed the climax of its charms, and contracted many blemishes incident to declining years;—sundry spots and sutures bore certain testimony to this fact, not to speak of the almost total absence of buttons, and the uncertain tenure of the only surviving member of that once numerous and respectable family. Over all was thrown what had once been a cloak, if we are allowed to reason as logicians say, "from the less to the greater;" its *breadth* sufficed to protect the upper limbs, but some unfortunate accident, or it may be, dire necessity had made off with full one half, and that the lower, so that the inferior extremities were exposed, guarded by a pair of huge jack boots, and covered with a mingled tument of mud and dust. The whole man was surmounted by a brownish black conical figure, surmised to be a hat, whose crown, however, had felt the force of gravitation, urged it may be, by an antagonist impulse to that which had flown away with the band and a large portion of the rim.

Such was the odd appearance that John Workman gazed at with wonder and pity, as they sat together advancing still deeper into more open familiarity; now conversing of the usual topics of travellers, or discoursing of their respective occupations, in which, he of the spectacles was far more communicative than the drover, whose habitual wariness was not easily surprised into indiscretion.

"Whose health shall I drink?" said John, with that smirking expression of half soberness, which is peculiar to the accustomed reveller; "do you travel with a name, or not? maybe like you can do as well without one;" eyeing the tattered garb of the stranger.

"*Consocie mie!* thou art in error; *gaudeo nomine Jeremieæ*, which is to say, they christened me Jeremy or Jeremiah, to which the *cognomen* is Birch, at your service, sir."

"Ay, yes—yes—Jeremiah Cognomy Birch—very pretty name—your very good health—might be a parson?—eh! a wet one, tho'—my name is John—John Workman—ah—hiccup!"

"Thy health, good John—thou dealest in cattle *muguni vaccæ te greges centum circumque*; but it behoves not *in foro loqui*, which is to say, to cry out secrets in the public, we may talk of that as we pass along the highway."

"Shall we walk?" grunted the drover, in whose head the fumes of the liquor had condensed into a blinding cloud that quite obscured his vision, both intellectual and physical; "we lodge at the 'Keys,'—well, we must be a jogging—as—as it is raining very hard, and the beasts will be 'unco tired,' as that

imp—impertinent red headed Scotchman would say—you don't know him—well, never mind; there's a shilling, Dame, good night."

Plodding John could not divest himself of the idea that he was at the tails of a few score of cattle as of wont, and he brandished his long-lashed whip, shouting at the top of his voice, and apparently endeavoring as well as his irregular gait would permit, to keep them at a proper pace and in proper order of march. Suddenly requiring, as he imagined, the assistance of Tray, he whistled the well-known note, but was surprised to find it unanswered by the usual tokens of attention and obedience. Somewhat alarmed, his scattered senses by degrees returned, he rubbed his eyes, and as he looked upon the empty road before him, he felt shamefully conscious of the indiscretion into which he had been betrayed. His companion calmed his alarm by reassuring him that the dog could not be far off, though out of hearing, and John then recollected that he had sent him on to the village, although he did not remember his subsequent recall.

But his alarm was soon renewed and increased at a question propounded by his newly acquired friend, respecting the safety of travellers in this part of the country; "For," said he, "I have unfortunately been made the intermediate vehicle of a mercantile transaction, and bear an onerous burthen of the argenteary representatives, which is *anglice*, bank-notes."

The drover completely satisfied with this proof of confidence, bethought him that a similar course on his part would enhance their mutual safety. "My good sir," said he, "your frankness is just to my liking, and we will stick by one another all the better for your being so well stocked, for you must know that I am as unlucky as yourself, and would be as unwilling to risk"—here he stopped; he had dropped his voice and looked around cautiously during the conclusion of his confession, and now his eye rested on the face of his companion. The spectacles had vanished—the sallow cheeks were covered with gigantic whiskers, and in the altered countenance he recognized the tawdry gentleman of the "Heifer." Dumb and aghast at this terrible discovery, he started back perfectly sobered—with difficulty he at length faintly exclaimed, "ruined! ruined!"

"Ruined, an' it so please ye," said a voice behind, in a tone of cruel mockery—"ye ha' a sonie and a pleasurable stare, mon!"

"Have I?—then try if my kick is like it," said the drover, as he dashed his heavily shod foot against the leg of the speaker—"and now ye villains for life or death."

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

It is ridiculous for a Doctor of Divinity to play the violin, because he thus becomes a Fiddle D. D.

THE UNDINE—AN ITALIAN TRADITION.

During the time of King Roger of Sicily, a nobleman of that Island went to bathe in the sea, by moonlight, near Messina. While bathing, he observed near him a water maiden, of a beautiful appearance, who was singing, and floating over the waves. Wherever he attempted to turn she followed; at last he laid hold of her by her long streaming hair, held her fast, pulled her to the shore, and asked her who she was and whence she came? As she made no answer, he covered her with his cloak and conducted her to his house.—Here the nobleman made every effort to induce her to speak, but in vain; suppressed sighs, tender imploring glances, and a pressure of the hands, where the only answers she made to his questions. He took her to wife and lived with her a long time happily, till one of his servants unfortunately suggested to him that his wife was an evil spirit, a mermaid, who intended to destroy him. Irritated with this thought, he went to her, talking with him her little child, and swore that if she did not immediately declare her name and her descent, he would put the child to death before her eyes. Agitated beyond measure, after attempting in every way to calm her husband's rage, but in vain, she spoke thus, with a melancholy voice:—"Alas! now that I must speak, our happiness is at an end. I am of the race of the water nymphs, who love the depths of the sea; but now I can love you no longer and live with you no more, but must leave you even this hour." She threw her arms about his neck, kissed him, and vanished, never again to return. And when the child was grown up and was walking one day on the sea shore, his mother suddenly rose from the waves, pulled him in with a strong arm, and sunk with him to the bottom.

Natural History.—The total amount of known British insects (according to the last census) is 10,012, which is nearly twice the number of ascertained birds, and more than ten times the number of ascertained quadrupeds thro'out the whole world. Mammiferous animals, in general, that is to say, quadrupeds and whales, may be located over the earth's surface (approximate) as follows:—There are about 90 species in Europe; 112 in Africa; 30 in Madagascar and the Isle of France; 80 in Southern Asia and Ceylon; betwixt 50 and 60 in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; from 40 to 50 in Northern Asia; above 100 in North America; nearly 190 in South America; and 30 to 40 in New Holland and Van Dieman's Land. Thirty species of seal and cetacea inhabit the northern seas; 14 the southern; and about 28 of these species occur in the intermediate latitudes. There are probably about 60 species which are chiefly

aquatic, viz. the cetacea; 20 species, such as the seals and monses, may be called amphibious, in as far as they come frequently on shore, although the saline waters of the ocean are their more familiar and accustomed homes; about 100 are able to support themselves in the air with bat-like wings; perhaps a dozen more can skim from a greater to a lesser height, as it were upon an inclined plane, by means of the extended fullness of their lateral skin; 15 may be said to be web-footed, and inhabit, for the most part the waters of lakes and rivers; nearly 200 dwell among trees; 60 are a subterranean people, and dwell in the crevices of rocks, or in the holes of the earth; about 120 ruminating and pachydermatous, and more than 150 of the carnivorous and gnawing tribes (glires) wander through the forest without any particular or permanent habitation, and are generally endowed with the power of rapid movement. In relation to their nourishment there are about 330 mammiferous animals of an herbivorous or frugivorous disposition; about 80 whose habits are omnivorous; 150 which are insectivorous, and 240 carnivorous degrees.

Dress of a Dandy 400 years ago.—"What could exhibit," says Mr. Henry, "a more fantastical appearance than an English beau in the 14th century? He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; hose of one color on the one leg, and another color on the other; short breeches, which did not reach to the middle of his thighs—a coat the one half white the other black or blue; a long beard, a silk hood buttoned to his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This was the height of the mode in the reign of King Edward III.

A certain rich physician, was lately complaining in a coffee-house, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand dollars each, and yet he could find no body to marry them. "With your leave Doctor," said an Irishman, who was present, stepping up and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take a couple of them if you please."

Lame Singing.—A few days since, a music-seller's boy was sent to the publisher's for a number of copies of the song, "I'd be a Butterfly," arranged for two trebles. On being desired to repeat his order, he replied, "I'd be a Butterfly, arranged for two cripples!"

Not bad!—Judge L. of N. H. travelling in a stage, was somewhat annoyed by a saddle which occupied the bottom of the coach. After crowding considerably on the part of the saddle aforesaid, he summoned the stageman

to the door, and the following dialogue took place. "I say, driver, any one coming in here, horseback?" "No!" "Then you may as well take out the saddle!"

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1833.

We have issued a few extra numbers of No. 14, as we intimated we should in our last, which we shall forward to all that have requested. Should we send to such as do not wish to subscribe, they are requested to return the same to us by mail, otherwise they will be considered as subscribers and charged accordingly.

To Correspondents.—The author of an Indian Legend, wishes us to return his MS. We will send him a copy of it in the next Garland. Had this been published at the time it was received, its great length would have excluded many articles than on file. Should he again favor us in this way, we humbly beg of him to be more concise. We have an eye on Donna Julia's Romantic Wishes, as well as her First Love.

The Female Wish, and lines to Miss H*** came too late for insertion in No. 14. We are extremely happy to find that our old friends have not forsaken us.

The Lady's Book for February is received. The embellishments are, a likeness of the Queen of Belgium, as she appeared on the morning of her nuptials; the Mermaid of Martin Meer; a full length likeness of Napoleon Bonaparte, and its usual quantity of choico music. Mr. R. C. Bushnell is agent for this town.

We give thanks to Mr. Sibbald for his kindness in forwarding us the February number of his Magazine. As it is not an equal exchange, we consider ourself greatly in his debt.

The Shrine and Monthly Traveller are also on our table—much improved, if possible.

If any critic should stamp the following as "bad poetry," the stigma must rest on the author; for in this case, as too often happens, we were requested to insert it *verbatim*. However, if justice to the writer, we will say, he is more capable of writing good than bad verse.

TO JANE *****

Alas! dear Jane, time was, I thought,
Thine was numberless love;
And dost thou think that I've forgot,
The garden and the pleasant grove?

Where first we met—where first I lov'd,
And pledg'd my vows not to be broken;
But since thou hast so faithless prov'd,
I've suffered more than tongue hath spoketh.

I've roam'd in foreign climes, to seek
A cure for unrequited love;
But yet, alas I can't forget
The garden and the grove.

When last I met thee, and I thought
That thou wouldst to thy vows prove true;
How eagerly each word I caught,
That there fell from my faithless you.

Oh! that I could these thoughts forego,
This pain of heart remove and cure
For "thou art present whereso'er I go,"
Wand'ring on my own or foreign shore.

"Oh, yes! believe me, when I tell thee so,"
That thee I never, never can forget;
Return and cure my agonizing woe,
Nor leave me now, false girl, by grief beset.

My peace of mind to me restore,
Give back the heart that thou hast ta'en;
But no I love thee I must forever more,
Let it, I pray thee, there remain.

'Twill be a solace to my aching heart,
To love thee, (thought that I've not return'd)
But this—'tis this that makes me smart,
That I from thee am ever spurn'd.

Let some more favor'd one thy hand possess,
My fondness still in secret I'll deplore;
Alas! thy coldness now doth rue oppress,
For love thee, Jane, I must forever more.

Barton, February, 1833.

F. E. Ja.

Ma. Eórror, Sir—Being confined to my apartment with the gout, I wrote the following, to beguile the tedium of a painful hour; it is at your service if you consider it of any value.

Yours, &c.

ITALY.

Old Rome, once Queen of land and sea,
Thy trophies all have fled;
Or wave in solemn mockery,
Like the banners o'er the dead:
Cold are those hearts of flame, that thought
This world for thee too small,
And many a change grey time hath wrought;
Since the vandals storm'd thy wall.

Oh, Venice! Venice! what art thou,
That were ocean's brightest gem?
A fallen star, all rayless now,
In a tyrant's diadem;
And yet thy skies as brightly shine,
Thy daughter sweetly smiles—
As when the ocean crown was thine,
And the sceptre of the Isles.

'Tis sweet to be on thy simboth sea,
Where the light gondola glides,
Like a phantom thing upon the wing;
O'er thy calm unruffled tides:
The charms of thy blue sky serene,
And pure unclouded air,
Dispel the gobins raised by epicure,
And the spectres of despair.

I love to hear thy gondolier,
On the Adriatic shore,
Pour forth his song as he glides along,
Keeping time with his noiseless oar;
I love thy gorgeous banquet hall,
Where the sprightly masquers greet,
When they hold the merry carnival,
And the youthful lovers meet.

The twinkling eye, the stifed sigh,
And heaving bosoms swell;
The Monk would wile from the holy aisle,
And the Dervise from his cell;
But, ah! time-hallowed land of bliss,
Fair queen of love and song,
Stern tyrants, harsh and merciless,
Have done thee fearful wrong.

Yes land of love, thou'rt like the dove
In the ruthless falcon's beak,
But e'er it's long in battle strong,
Thy vengeance thou wilt wreak;
Ho! rouse thee up—thy children all,
With trump and bugle shrill,
From city, town and hamlet call,
And the peasant from his hill.

Awake! awake! trance-stricken Rome,
Thy sculptured sires of yore,
Upon thee from their niches gloom;
Up! up! be men once more,
Let thy music be the battle hum,
The cannons thunder peal,
And the grating clang of life and drum,
Till the foe thy vengeance feel.

When thy oppressors in their gore,
Lie weltering on the plain,
And the Roman eagles proudly soar
O'er the relics of the slain;
Then hold the ball, the carnival,
And the sprightly jubilee;
But feast no more till the battle's o'er,
And the land of song is free.

Original.

IDLE HOURS.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew,
More idly than the summer wind;
And while they passed a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves,
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart where pure repentance grieves,
O'er guilty pleasures, loved too well.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew,
More idly than the summer wind;
And as they passed a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

Barton, March, 1833.

DONNA JULIA.

The lines following were sent us by "a friend," for publication, without the slightest intimation as to their origin. As we have in one or two instances been the dupes of literary thieves, we request our correspondents to add the word "original," to all such as have a just claim, in future.

SIC VITA:

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light,
Is straight call'd in, and "paid to-night."

The winds blow out—the bubble dies—
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies—
The dew dries up—the star is shot—
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Original.

THE FAIR MANIAC.

Yonder climbs the wilder'd fair one,
Up the mountain's craggy steep,
Unaw'd, though one false step might hurl her
Head-long to its basement deep.

She searcht not the wild woods lonely,
Nor the roaring of the blast;
But wherever night o'ertakes her,
Lays her weary limbs to rest.

Then rising early from her slumbers
Down the mountain's rugged steep
Descends, to where the rushing billows
On the sea-shore wildly leap,

Down her snow-white forehead loosely,
Streaming air in the wintry air;
Careless float her auburn tresses,
O'er her panting bosom fair.

Her azure eyes are fiercely gleaming;
She seems the statue of despair;
Yet her shrunken, haggard features,
Still the marks of beauty bear.

When alarm'd by hinds returning,
From the labors of the day;
She darts amid the dark recesses,
Where the fawn and roebuck stray.

And then within the fangled forest,
Weeks and months doth wildly roam;
Green roots her food, brown leaves her pallet,
Such's the hapless maniac's home.

But heaven in mercy soon will take her;
Where in peace the blessed sing
The praises of their great Creator,
'Neath Jehovah's shell'ring wing.

M. A. B. T.

Original.

STANZAS.

No more by sorrow chas'd, my heart
Shall yield to soft despair;
Now joy repels th'envy's dart,
And conquers every care.

Away from me, all baneful grief,
My peace no more destroys;
My Emma's bosom gives relief,
Emma, my hope, my joy.

F. E.

Original.

MARY AND EMILY.

Mary! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;
While Emily, wild, artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but one objection in it—
That verify, I'm much afraid
I should in some unlucky minute,
Foretake the mistress for the maid.

Nelson, February, 1833.

—A—

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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DREADFUL SCENE.

In the life of a sailor, lately published, we have the following narrative of a wreck of Havana, which we shall only preface by observing that the crew had been forced to take to the boat, which was upset. "Even in this moment of peril, the discipline of the navy assumed its command." At the order from the lieutenant for the men on the keel to relinquish their position, they instantly obeyed the boat was turned over; once more the expedition was tried; but quite in vain; for no sooner had the two men begun to bale, with a couple of hats, and the safety of the crew to appear within the bounds of probability, than one declared he saw the fin of a shark. No language can convey the panic which seized the strongest seaman; a shark is at all times an object of horror to a sailor; and those who have seen the destructive jaw of these voracious fish, and their immense and almost incredible power; their love of blood, and their bold daring to obtain it—alone can form an idea of the sensations produced to a swimmer by the cry of "a shark! a shark!" Every man now struggled to obtain momentary safety.—All discipline was unavailing, the boat turned keel up: one man only gained his security to be pushed from it by others—thus their strength began to fail from long-continued exertion. As however, the enemy so much dreaded did not make its appearance. Smith once more urged them to endeavor to save themselves by the only means left, that of the boat; and he desired those who held on by the gunwale, to keep splashing in the water with their legs, in order to frighten the monsters at which they were so alarmed.—Once more had hope begun to dawn; the boat was clear to her thwarts, and the men were in her at hard work, a little forbearance and a little obedience and they were safe. At this moment, when those in the water urged their mess-mates in the boat to continue bailing with unremitting exertion, a noise was heard close to them, and about fifteen sharks came right in amongst them. The panic was ten times more dreadful than before; the boat again was upset by the simultane-

ous endeavour to escape the danger, and the twenty-two sailors were again devoted to destruction. At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes about and rubbing against their victims. This was of short duration: a loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden death; a shark had seized him by the leg, and severed it intirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted than the long dreaded attack took place, another and another shriek proclaimed the loss of limbs some were torn from the boat to which they vainly endeavored to cling—some it was supposed sunk from fear alone—all were in dreadful peril. Mr. Smith even now, when of all horrible deaths the most horrible seemed to await him, gave his orders with clearness; and to the everlasting honor of the departed crew be it known they were obeyed, again the boat was righted, and again two men were in her. Incredible as it may appear, still however, it is true that the voice of the officer was heard amidst the danger; and the survivors actually, as before, clung to the gun-wale, and kept the boat upright. Mr. Smith himself held by the stern, and cheered and applauded his men. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not to be driven from their feast—in one short moment when Mr. Smith ceased splashing, as he looked into the boat to watch the progress a shark seized both his legs and bit them off just above the knees. Human nature was not strong enough to bear the immense pain without a groan; but Smith endeavored to conceal his misfortune;—nature, true to herself, resisted the endeavor, and the groan was deep and audible. The crew had long respected their gallant commander; they knew his worth and courage; on hearing him express his pain, and seeing him relinquish his hold to sink, two of them grasped their dying officer, and placed him in the stern sheets. Even now, in almost insupportable agony, that gallant fellow forgot his own suffering, and thought only of rescuing the remaining few from the untimely grave which awaited them. But the

endeavor of some of the men to get into the boat gave her keel on one side; the men who were supporting poor Smith relinquished him for a moment, and he rolled overboard and was drowned. His last bubbling cry was soon lost amidst the shrieks of his former companions; he sunk to rise no more. At eight o'clock in the evening the Magpie was upset; it was calculated by the two survivors, that their companions had all died by nine. — The sharks seemed satisfied for the moment; and they with gallant hearts resolved to profit by the precious time in order to save themselves, they righted the boat, and one getting over the bows, and the other over the stern, they found themselves although nearly exhausted, yet alive; and in comparative security; they began the work of bailing, and soon lighted the boat sufficiently not to be easily upset, when both sat down to rest. The return of the sharks was the signal for their return to labor. The voracious monsters endeavoured to upset the boat; they swam by its side in seeming anxiety for their prey: but after waiting some time they separated: the two rescued seamen found themselves free from their insatiable enemies, and by the blessing of God, saved." They were picked up next day by a brig.

WINTER EVENINGS.

"Impress the marks of wisdom on the wing."

Children: do you wish to be learned, wise and useful to yourselves and fellows when man or woman shall take the place of childhood, spend your "Winter evening" in study, in reading, and in some occupation that will give growth to the mind as well as the body.

Young Ladies: would you have health, friends, good characters, and good husbands; spend your "Winter evenings" in acquiring useful general and domestic knowledge: let your companions be your mother, industry, neatness, modesty; — good books, and *worthy Suitors*; and you will not feel the pangs of 'hope deferred.'

Young gentlemen: are reputation, and enjoyment of the social relations your aim; spend your "Winters evenings" in familiarising your minds with practical

sciences and business habits: read, reflect, and examine yourselves; associate only with the good, the wise, the virtuous and the fair, and you will find in 'Perseverance certain success.'

Parents: would you be honored in honoring your families, spend your 'Winters evenings' in teaching honesty, morality, temperance, industry, frugality, economy, friendship, kindness, charity, knowledge, self-education, and self-exertion, by example as well as precept: at your own firesides, and your children shall in due time rise up and call you blessed.'

The three Friends.—Trust no friend before thou hast tried him, for they abound more at the festal board than at the prison door.

A certain man had three friends, two of them he loved warmly; the other he regarded with indifference, though that one was the truest of his well-wishers. The man was summoned before a tribunal, and though innocent his accusers were bitter against him.

"Who among you;" said he, "will go with me and bear witness for me?—For my accusers are bitter against me, and the king is displeased."

The first of his friends at once excused himself from accompanying him on the plea of other business. The second followed him to the door of the tribunal; there he turned back and went his way through fear of the offended judge. The third on whom he relied the least, spoke for him, and bore witness to his innocence so that the judge dismissed and rewarded him.

Man has three friends in this world; how do they demean themselves toward him in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment? His best beloved friend *gold*, is the first to leave him; and accompanies him not. His *friends and kinsmen* accompany him to the portal of the grave, and then turn back to their homes. The third, whom he is most neglectful of, is his *good works*.—They alone go with him to the judge's throne, they stand before him, and speak for him, and obtain mercy and grace.—*Herder.*