

THE GARLAND:

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.



To Raise the Genius,

To Mend the Heart.

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HAMILTON, U. C.

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THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 5.

POPULAR TALES.

THE WAGGONER.

Passing over a period of more than two months, we come to the morning of the 8th of March, 1761. It was between the hours of three and four o'clock, and the weather was miserably inclement. A cold easterly wind swept howling down the road, driving fast-falling piercing sleet full into the face of a man who, almost perishing with cold, poor fellow, sat on the shaft of a small cart laden with greens, scarce able to hold together with his benumbed fingers the two ends of an old piece of sacking to protect himself from the wet. It was pitch-dark, and the carter's thoughts were sad and cheerless. While driving slowly on his way to Wrexham, from which he was distant about eight or nine miles and to the market of which place his cart-load of vegetables was consigned, he suddenly leaped off the shaft on which he had been sitting; for he heard himself called by his name from the right side of the hedge. He was almost petrified with surprise and alarm, and stood motionless a moment or two, while his cart drove slowly past him.

"Fowler! William Fowler! speak for your life!" was repeated in a louder and distinct tone; and the astounded carter caught sight of two or three figures approaching him at but a few yards distance. A recollection of his friend Dick Forster's adventure flashed across him, and off he sprang down the road at the top of his speed, in a contrary direction to that in which his horse was moving.—He made for a farm-house, about a quarter of a mile off, where he was known, and whither he was pursued—but by how many he knew not. He was fast outstripping his pursuers, when one called out, "stop Fowler, stop, before a bullet overtake you!" Fowler flew forward, however, like the wind, but suddenly stumbled over a large stone lying in the highway. He was in the act of rising and again rushing forward, when the report of a pistol fired at but a short distance from behind him, and the ball of which he heard hissing close past him, brought him to his knees; when two men, quite breathless, made up to him. "You—fool and coward!" exclaimed one of them panting for breath, "take that for the trouble you've give us!" and he hit the poor carter a heavy blow on the side of the head. Fowler, however, was a little of a bruiser, and springing to his feet in a moment, he levelled his assailant to the ground with a swinging blow between the eyes, and was preparing to do the same for the other, when a third suddenly

stole up to him from behind, and with the butt-end of a horse-whip or walking-stick, felled him at one stroke to the ground, where he lay completely stunned. When he recovered his senses, he affrightedly found himself in precisely similar circumstances to those which he had so often heard his friend Forster describe. He was moving on rapidly in some kind of vehicle, with his eye bandaged, his arms fastened to his side, his legs tied together, and a gag in his mouth. He attempted to rise from his seat, bound as he was; but was instantly forced down by the two men between whom he sat. He moaned and gasped piteously; when one of them addressed him, saying, that if he was not a fool, he must know that resistance was useless; and that if he would hold his peace, the gag would be taken out his mouth. "If you mean to be silent, nod your head three times," continued the voice. He complied, and the gag was the moment after withdrawn.

"For pity's sake, what have I done?" he commenced.

"This pistol and your head must become close acquaintance, unless you are silent," said the gruff voice which had addressed him from the first. Fowler sullenly resigned himself in silence to his fate, which he expected would be murder. After a long interval of twenty minutes, during which not a syllable was spoken by any one within the coach, he was again addressed: "There are three persons in this coach besides yourself, who have each loaded pistols, which will be fired at you if you make the least uproar or resistance. We shall shortly alight, and you must suffer us to do with you what we wish and then we will not hurt a hair of your head. It will be useless to cry out; for we take you to a house which is at least a mile from all others, and there will be none but ourselves. So, remember what your life depends upon," concluded the voice; and presently the coach drew up. Fowler was then led out, his legs having been first untied, and conducted through the same places which had been traversed by his predecessor Forster, till he was finally led into the same room where Forster had been sworn and questioned, as described. He was placed in a chair; and the same voice that had spoken to Dick Forster proceeded to address Fowler, and in a similar strain of solemn menace:—"That wretched man, Richard Forster," he was told, "has deceived us, and broken his tremendous oath taken in this very room;—for which he must, and will certainly die.—there is one even now waiting from hour to hour, from day to day, a favourable moment

to dismiss him." Fowler's blood run cold.—
 "But as for you—we are safe. There neither is, nor can be, any mistake here: so, at once to business. Your name is Wm. Fowler?" "Yes."

"Married?" "No."

"Are your father and mother both dead?" "Yes."

"Are you an only son?" "Yes."

"What do you do for a living?" "I am gardener and servant to Thomas Tripster, a farmer at West Severn."

"What do you get a-week?" "Eight shillings, and board and lodging."

"You would like to have more than a pound a-week, without any trouble, wouldn't you?" Fowler paused.

"Do you hear me sir?" repeated the voice more sternly. "Yes, I hear. I should like it, if it were honestly earned." There was a pause.

"You wouldn't mind, I dare say, whether you spent more than a pound a-week in England, or abroad?" "Abroad!" echoed Fowler.

"Yes; I say, abroad. America for instance." "What! must I then be sent out of the country like a rogue?"

"Silence! be obedient; answer the question put to you." Fowler continued silent, however, and was observed to clench both fists, pinioned though his arms were: to his sides.

"Have you heard the question put to you, Fowler?" inquired the voice. "Yes," replied Fowler, in sullen monosyllable.

"Well, William Fowler, since this is then your humor, we must take our measures accordingly. We will give you five minutes by a watch, to consider your answer to the question which has been put to you. *We shall not tell you when the time has expired*: but if you have not given us an answer by then, you shall certainly have three bullets through your head, and be buried in an hour after, under the room in which you are now sitting.—Think!"

There was a palsyng pause. One—two—three minutes passed, and yet Fowler had not opened his lips. He heard the snapping sound of a pistol being cocked: he fell down on his knees, groaning—"Lord have mercy upon me!" He continued silent a few seconds longer: he felt the cold tip of a pistol touching his ear—his resolution faltered, and he murmured, though scarcely audible, "Well I don't care to live abroad; but I should like to know why?" "You have your life by a hair's breath," replied the voice which had before addressed him, "but are a stubborn fool.—Ten seconds longer, and you would have died!"

"May I now ask a question?" "No sir—

unless you are careless about living to hear the answer!" Fowler muttered to himself.

"What are you saying, you sullen fool?" he was asked. "Only this," he replied with a reckless air, "that if there is any one here says I'm in *England*, and among Englishmen, I say he's a liar, that's all."

"Poor devil!" muttered a voice, in a compassionate tone; but it was instantly answered by several exclamations of "St!—st!—Hush!"

"Fowler your hands look very black and cold," said the same voice, in a kind tone.—
 "And well they may," replied Fowler, sullenly, "being bound down so long and tightly."

"Well, suppose we were to loose them;—would you use violence?" "I should be very likely, shouldn't I when my eyes are bandaged, and my legs tied," replied Fowler bitterly.

"Let his arms be unpinioned," said the voice authoritatively; and it was obeyed.

"There is a fire in the room?" said Fowler. He was answered in the affirmative.

"I am dying with cold; let me sit by it." He was instantly set down beside the fire, and sat warming his hands for some time in silence.

"Will you undo my legs?" "No," was the prompt reply, by several voices.

"So help me God," continued Fowler, in an imploring tone, "I will sit still, and not attempt mischief. For God's sake, untie my legs—untie my legs, and then I shall be sure you do not mean to murder me." "Pshaw, fellow, who talks of murdering you?" was the petulant reply.

"Gentlemen, only consider, what can one do against so many, even if he were never so disposed? For mercy's sake, unbind me, or I shall go mad; for I feel like a bullock prepared for the butcher!" and a visible tremor testified the reality of his emotion. A faint whispering conversation went on for a few moments; and he was then told in a decisive tone, that his request could not be complied with, that he must be content to sit with his legs tied for at least a quarter of an hour longer; and that if he said more on the subject, his hands would be retied also. He received the answer in silence; but his lips quivered with fury. He heard a faint rustling as if of some one moving papers: and was presently further addressed by the voice of one who sat beside him.

"William Fowler, you must now be convinced that you are in the power of those who can do what they will with you; but all they wish is, that you would let them send you, peaceably and comfortably, out of England, to a place where you may live as you like, and have plenty of money, on this only condition, that you will not try to return. There are good reasons for this. There is one here who

has been told, on oath, that—' (here the speaker's voice faltered, as if with the embarrassment of conscious falsehood,) 'that you are bent on taking away her life—that—that—never be happy till you are removed from England.'

"What!" exclaimed Fowler, nearly at the top of his voice, involuntarily recoiling from the speaker, rising for a moment from his seat, and elevating his hands with amazement.

The speaker proceeded, but in a somewhat broken tone. "It matters not whether you deny it or not, or even whether it be true or false in itself—it is *believed*; and the lady will die of terror, or you must quit for foreign parts, where she will handsomely provide for you." Fowler continued silent; but the person who had been speaking to him observed that so much of his face as was not concealed by the bandage over his eyes was become of a corpse-like colour.

"Every thing has been done to persuade the lady that you mean her no harm; it *has*, indeed." The speaker paused, as if waiting for a reply; but poor Fowler spoke not. He seemed utterly stunned by what he had heard. There was a dead silence in the room for some time.

"Fowler," said the voice, in a gentle tone, while the speaker took hold of his hand; 'do you hear what I am saying?' Fowler's lips moved, as though with the vain attempt to speak, and presently he was heard muttering absently "*Kill a lady!*" * *

"You said she was *here*," stammered Fowler.

"Yes: and you shall hear for yourself," was the reply. "Open the door!" continued the speaker, in an authoritative tone. He was obeyed; a door was unlocked. Presently was heard the rustling of a female dress, and the sound of half-stifled sobs and sighs.

"Ah!" shrieked a female voice, 'there he is! I shall die! Take me away. He has sworn——' and she fell, as if in a swoon.—One or two of the persons present affected to be attending to her; and shortly were announced symptoms of recovery.

"Do you hear, Sir?" inquired the voice of him who had so long addressed Fowler; 'this lady swears she is in fear of her very life for you, guilty wretch——' "Then she is a liar greater than there is in hell, and you are all devils!" roared Fowler, springing from his seat, and tearing off the bandage from his eyes; for while his hands were resting upon his knees, they happened to come in contact with the knot of the cord which tied his legs; and while the attention of those around him was for a moment directed to the female who had just entered, Fowler contrived unperceived, to slip the knot, dropped the cord, and sprang from his seat, as has been told, with

the air of a madman. In a twinkling, he had felled to the floor a man on his left, who was in the act of levelling a pistol at him; but he had scarcely hit the blow, when he shared a similar fate, for he was the next moment himself completely struck senseless on the floor by a fearful blow on the head, from the butt-end of a pistol.

When Fowler recovered the possession of his faculties, he found himself in such strangely altered circumstances, that he could scarcely persuade himself that they were *real*—that he was himself awake. He was so weak that he could hardly prop himself up on his elbows in a bed, laid upon the floor of a small room, apparently a cellar, which was lit by a little lamp burning in a niche of the wall, and the ruddy glow of a small wood fire. He looked round him for an instant, with a confused bewildered stare, and then fell back on his bed exhausted with the effort of sitting upright.—He did not know that he had lain there for upwards of a fortnight, during which time he had suffered all the agonies and paroxysms of a violent brain fever, without having received any medical assistance! It was fortunate that he was during all that time, tied hand and foot for he might have destroyed both himself, and those around him. He had been bled several times in the temple by a few leeches applied by the old woman who attended him; and this, added to a low spare diet, was the only means adopted to snatch a poor unoffending individual from a cruel and premature death! His mysterious captors, indeed, could not, even had they felt so disposed, summon in medical assistance without risking fatally their own safety by discovering their almost unparalleled atrocity. But they would have rejoiced in nothing so much as his death under disease for that, they supposed, would have rid them from a world of suspense and trouble—an infinity of peril.—Twice did one of the complotters urge upon his principal the dark and bloody proposition of murdering their prisoner as he slept; but was answered, that Fowler's death was not required—only his absence from England.—Nevertheless, one incident will show the fearful jeopardy in which Fowler had been placed: he awoke once at midnight, and found himself alone, the pinioning cords loose about his arms, and a keen edged butcher's knife lying close by his right hand! To be Continued.

More than one.—A clergyman of Blackheath, was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions; which was very unbecoming, both in the eye of God and man, seeing as he observed, that they were both one. "Both one!" cried the husband, "were your reverence to come by our door sometimes, you would think we were twenty."—*Eng. Magazine.*

Original.

MY NATIVE LAND.

BRITANNIA'S Isle, farewell to thy far distant shore,
Land of my birth, which I shall see no more!
I love to think upon thy charms and festive mirth,
And praise the verdant soil that gave me birth.

How many joys upon thy happy banks are found,
Which makes the heart with rapturous pleasure bound;
And fills with sweet delight, our moments as they glide,
Down life's vast current, misery's flowing tide.

Thy verdant valley's deck'd with fragrant flowers round,
And thousand little warblers pleasing sound,
To soothe our cares, and draw our minds to Him above,
Who send His gracious blessings, out of love.

How sweet to wander at the close of evening day,
Along thy crystal streams, and trace their way
Down through verdant pastures, where the bleating lamb
With playful antics skips beside its dam.

And hear the peasant as returning from his toil,
Singing some verse in honor of his soil;
Or see his lovely children and his partner fair,
Cling round his waist the envid kisses share.

But farewell native land! no more shall I with joy
Behold the maid I lov'd, when but a boy—
Or the sweet scenes of childhood and of early hours
Farewell! to thy sweet vales and ancient towers.
Niagara, October, 1832. "EL DONADOR."

THE CLEPHT.

A tale of the Morea.

Upon the establishment of the Moslems in Greece, many of its natives withdrew from the plains and fixed their abode in the mountains and natural fastnesses of country, preferring the scanty and precarious means of subsistence they found there, to plenty with Turkish Tyranny. Here they organised a system of plunder, which, though more frequently exercised against the Moslem agas, was too indiscriminate to exempt them from the hatred and execrations of their lowland countrymen, whose herds and flocks, cord, wine, and money were frequently transferred to the *limeris*, or mountain station of these descendants of the heroes of the Peloponnesus.

It was in the lofty ranges of mountains, which diversify the surface of the Peloponnesus, or Modern Morea, that these *Clepths* or robbers, as they were denominated, were found in the greatest numbers. Here their communities bore some semblance of government, if it could be so called. Freedom, for which they had renounced the luxuries of life and even security of existence, was too precious in their eyes to be bartered for any equivalent. Their head men or captains, therefore, had, generally speaking, as little real power over them as any other chiefs of freebooters; but in some parts of the Morea, they were selected from an ancient family, and were conspicuous for valour or personal prowess, which circumstances gave them a moral influence over these hardy and fearless mountaineers.

A band of the Clepths had taken possession of a very strong part of that lofty range, which the ancients named Taygeton, and which is called at the present day Makynon. Its precipitous cliffs, had cost the Turks dearly in

their repeated attempts to expel the robbers, whilst the richly cultivated slopes, in the middle region, and the plains of the Eurotas, or Iri, towards the valley of Sparta, afforded the Clepths abundant resources both in winter and summer.

Tradition amongst these people as well as amongst their lowland neighbors, reported, that they were the pure, unmixed progeny of the ancient Spartans, and there were many traits in their manners which showed at least, a resemblance between them. Their songs discovered a strange medley of Christian and Pagan images, and the great personages of Laconian antiquary were not unfrequently referred to, though the actions attributed to them savored strongly on the legends of the Caloyers or Monks.

Cruel, when engaged in their raids, or in an affray, showing no mercy towards a Turk and little towards a monk, for whom they felt almost equal hatred, these outlaws manifested for their friends and connections even those of the plains, the kindest feelings, and towards the fair sex, of whatever rank and nation,

* * * * * they usually chose a degree of gallantry and chivalrous devotion, in which the most polished nation could not excel them.

A party of these Taygetian Clepths had descended the western side of the mountain, towards dark one stormy night for their raids. Their object was to sweep the farm of a rich and niggardly aga of his sheep and *diminion*, (wheat,) of which these ancient Spartans were in need.

"*Paios cisi*—?" exclaimed the foremost Clepht, raising his long gun to his shoulder, "Who art thou?"

The question was addressed to a figure in white, seated upon an antique door-way, buried by time almost to the soffit.

As no answer was returned, the unerring aim was taken, but before the querist could fire, a companion seized his arm. "Be still 'tis a woman: *an the! o Theos* (please God) we will know what she does here.

It was, indeed, a Turkish maiden; one of matchless beauty; young and weeping.—Her tender form, which had long borne the pelting of the pitiless element, drooping with fatigue: but the expression in her face was that of grief,—of that grief which seemed to say, "all other ills are nothing.

The rough Clepths, though on an expedition of robbery,—perhaps of murder,—were not proof against a sight which melts the roughest,—beauty in tears. "Tsara," said one of them, "do you wrap your cloak about the woman, and stay with her till we return; she shall be taken care of but must go to our limeri. Her ransom will be worth looking for."

The man complied, and whilst his fellow

pallicars departed on their raid, he tended the weeping girl in the most delicate and feeling manner.

"Whence and what art thou, maiden? and why here, in this lone wood, when the tempest is abroad? Has a cruel father thrust thee forth? or has a faithless lover?"—Here the sobs of the mourner became more audible. The tender hearted Clepht, albeit a robber by profession, a Spartan by descent, and a sworn foe to the Turkish race, was infected with her grief, and if the sacred drops of pity could perforce have found egress, his weather-beaten cheeks would have been bathed in tears. By slow degrees he extracted from the sorrowing girl the sad tale, that her affections had been captivated by a Greek; that her parent, on discovering their passion, had ejected her from her only home, and she had wandered from place to place, till compelled by the storm to seek shelter in the wood.

The *eclaircissement*, which seemed to relieve the poor girl, had scarcely ended, when the other pallicars hastily returned. They had been discovered or betrayed; and some Albanians were in pursuit of them.

"Away!" said the leader of the disappointed Clephts; "let us leave the woman, Tsara; we cannot encumber ourselves; we must take our route through the ravines, and up the steepest path.

"Dmetri," replied the other, the maiden is in distress; she will be safer with us, than with the villainous Albanians. Let us convey her to our chief; I will bear the burthen."

When this, Tsara, nothing loth, raised the Turkish damsel in his vigorous arms, and borne her along as if she were but a pigeon. The party plunged into the thickest part of the wood, gained the green ravines, smiling with corn and olive trees, climbed the almost perpendicular crags, aided by casually grasping reached their limeri, where their captain greeted them.

"Brothers! God be praised! ye have a goodly booty. How? could ye find nothing in the farm of Aga Hassan but a woman? A little maize or diminion or a sheep or two, would have been as well. But *agrios Petros!* the girl is beautiful—she is an angel!"

"She will be ransomed, no doubt," said Tsara "and ten purses will reward us for our disappointment to night. We entrust her to your care, captain."

This captain was a Colcotroni,—brave, that is, fearless, but somewhat of the ruffian predominated in his character. "What am I to do with her? he asked, his eyes fixed upon the trembling, blushing Toorki. 'We *confide* her to your care,' repeated several voices, laying a stress upon two of the expressions.

The wildness of the scene, the rough manners of the Clephts, the inauspicious reception given her by the captain, and perhaps

the keenness of air in this high region, gave a new impulse to the feelings of the Osmanli nymph, who forgot for a moment, her late griefs in the peculiarity of her situation. She was at the mercy of the chief of a band of robbers.

She was conducted to their best apartment, a natural cavern, in which their powder, and stores, and provision were deposited. Assurances of safety, of protection, of assistance; were made to her; she was told to "fear nothing."

The helpless condition of a defenceless female is itself a sufficient protection to her against nine-tenths of mankind; with the one tenth it is an invitation to cowardly insult.—The Clephts were proverbially forbearing on such occasions; there were some exceptions; Captain Colcotroni was one.

The charms of the Osmanli damsel overpowered these sentiments of honor, the pride of Clephtic magnanimity, the severity of even Spartan discipline, and self-denial, in the breast of the captain. The wretched girl sunk under his brutal violence. She proclaimed the wrong she had endured, and expired in a frenzy, produced by the combined operation of grief, compunction, and the bitterness of shame.

"Captain," said Tsara, who had begun to cherish an interest towards the young female, which in a bosom-less rough might have merited the name of love. "you have violated the sacred law of hospitality; you have disgraced the name of a Spartan Clepht; you are unworthy of your post."

"How is this? Bearded! Bear him off, and hurl him down the precipice!—What! you hesitate? Then this shall ensure obedience."

His gun leaped to the shoulder of Colcotroni, and Tsara's was equally ready. The pallicars, however stepped between, and two of them disarmed the captain. He reviled them in the most approbrious terms threatened them with vengeance from his own arm, from the Turks, from Heaven,—for these people are singularly pious, or rather superstitious.

Disregarding his clamours, some of the Clephtic band now proceeded to the cavern, where lay the body of the dishonoured, the murdered Toorki; they brought it forth, placed it on the ground before the stupefied Colcotroni; they pinioned his limbs, bound him closely to the corpse, and bearing the living and the dead on their spears to the edge of the precipice, they scrided a deep defile, that was beset with bristly crags, without a word, they swung their load till it acquired a sufficient momentum to carry it far away, and at the word "loose!" it was launched into the air.

A wild preternatural howl burst from the

lips of Colocotroni, and a slight echo was heard amongst the crags when he fell. All then was quiet.

Tsara succeeded to the captainship, and his name is distinguished among the Clephitic heroes of the Morea.

Original.

SEPTEMBER.

The month of September is always a welcome one to me, for it recalls many grateful recollections of boyhood. It seems to be the balance on which the departing summer hangs, and nature with her green mantles of foliage—her flowers and her fruits in it lie down as in a lap of sleep. The beautiful and various appearance of our large forests, with their colors of red, yellow, and green, intermixed, presents to the eye a landscape of painted scenes, in which the imagination delights to range.—The silence of the woods at this season of the year, previous to the equinoctial rains, adds greatly to our pleasure in wandering in them. The falling of the leaves of the trees one by one, alone strikes the listening ear. Whilst settling enjoying the fine scent of the forest, and watching the motion of the leaf as it tumbles to the ground in a whirling line from the yellow head of its parent, it reminds us of the passing nature of time. The air in September is in this country generally salubrious, though there may be remnants of sickness remaining from August, it has none of the warmth of June, so oppressive sometimes, nor its sudden chilly days. The weather is even and calm and on a poise, which ends in the equinoctial storms. It is in this month that most of our birds take their flight to the south. Frosty mornings, succeeded by fine temperate days, are very conducive to health. In fine, we find in it a beautiful change from the sultry heat of August. October is frequently in part, composed of weather similar to that of September, but the woods are by this time bare, and the cold rains render it unpleasant. In the four seasons of the year, there is ever something agreeable to man.—When spring is gone we long for summer; and after it, hail the nut-brown fleeces of autumn, and all her maturity of things. The farmer, in it, delights to gaze upon his new wheat, presenting a wide mantle of green.—He views his stock and fat herds as they come playing home to their yards, and welcomes the icy locks and fleecy garb of hoary winter with his furious gales, which will seat him by a snug and warm fire. Thus it is, and so it ought to be. Divine Providence has so disposed every thing for the comfort of his creatures, that our unhappiness generally results from our own want of sense or contentment. If we are content with our lot, virtuous and industrious, we will seldom fail to be happy.

C. M. D.

DESCRIPTION OF A FACE:

OR LINES ABOUT NOTHING.

"There was a man,"
But mark th' assertion's quoted,
And it should be noted,
That I never can,
Nor will, stake my own credit
On so unlike a thing,
Unless it bring [said it,"
Some better proof than mere, "some one hath
With a "local habitation and a name,"
But how he came,
By both, or either,
I' faith I know not—neither
Was it essential, at this time, [rhyme.
I' have named the thing, save to make out the
He was the queerest creature—
Voice, manner, form, and feature.
There is no doubt,
That ever wore a wig,
A mile too big,
And wrong side out,—
Or, that ever had a passion
For that exploded fashion—
A ragged coat,
Without a wife to sew't
There was an air—a grace
About his face,
Which would at once enable
The blindest to perceive,
And to believe
The story yet to tell, was not a fable.
His forehead? Phœbus! have you e'er yourself
Seen half a cheese set edgewise on the shelf?
An epicurean figure any how,
It gives a notion of his ample brow.
And then his eyes; why get the cook, or so,
Upon a tin to make a face of dough, [sho'd be,
Then pierce two holes, just where the eyes
And at the bottom two grey spots you'll see.
His nose was neither aqueline nor Roman,
Yet 'twas a nose,
(As I suppose,)
But such another, no man
Did ever quiz
Upon a phiz.
A half grown gourd,
Pared off one side and stuck against a board,
Gives a resembler
Of his nasal member.
The mouth and chin—
Fancy a great gash, in
A watermelon,
And you have the first;
The last he fell on
When he was a youth,
And broke it off, so now, to tell the truth,
He had no underpinning to his face at all,
Or if a little, it was very small.
Of such a mortal, one could not but augur
The strangest things; and I have yet to tell,
A tale more wondrous than Monchausen's maugre
His was the oddest tale that e'er befell.
The story, reader, never yet was heard,
But if it should be told, I'll send you word.—Y. Mirror.

A clergyman, of a country village, desired his clerk to give notice, that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was "going to officiate for another clergyman." The clerk, as soon as the sermon was ended, rose up, with all due solemnity, and called out—"I am desired to give notice, that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going to a-fishing with [another clergyman]."—Mr. L., of course, corrected the awkward, yet amusing blunder.

The following is an instance of most shocking ingratitude: Beau Brummell, having borrowed some money of a city dandy, whom he patronized in return, was asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened."—"No."—"Why, there's that fellow, Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds, has had the face to ask me for it, and yet I called the dog, Tom, and let myself dine with him."

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1832.

Human Capacity.—"We know not the bounds of taste, because we are unacquainted with the extent and boundaries of the human genius." True. The mind, in ignorance, is like a sleeping giant; it has immense capacities without the power of using them. By listening to the lectures of Socrates, men grew heroes, philosophers, and legislators; for he of all mankind, seemed to have discovered the short and lightening path to the faculties of the mind. To give an instance of human capacity, that comes more immediately under our notice, "what graces, what sentiments, have been transplanted into the motion of a *miracle*," of which a savage has no conception! We know not to what degree of rapture harmony is capable of being carried, nor what hidden powers may be in yet unexplored beauties of the imagination, whose objects are in scenes and worlds, we are strangers to.

The Lady's Book for October is, as usual, replete with good things. The embellishment are a colored plate of the Fashions; Embroidery, fancy patterns; a Woodpecker;—a Peacock; the celebrated Barcarolle, set to Music, and a view of the Athenian Buildings, Philadelphia, (which the publishers forgot to send us a copy of; but the view is fresh in our recollection.) Aside from all this, it contains the Prize Tale, written by Miss Leslie. We forbear expressing our opinion of it, further, than that it is a fair portrait of American nobility, Miss Leslie bids fair.

To Correspondents.—Lines On Fallen Warsaw, shall have a place in number 6.

Dick Higgins, is every thing but English.

The Honey Moon is not admissible, for several reasons. One objection is— and a very good one— it is not poetry.

"When maidens enter into life,
And blushing miss becomes the wife."

We hope our York correspondent will have a different idea of "Connubial Bliss," after a little experience. Hear what Mrs. Montague says on this subject:—"I can define matrimonial happiness only like wit, by negative: 'Tis not kissing, that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding, that's too sour; 'tis not raillery, that's too bitter; nor is it the continual shuttlock of reply, for that's too tart. In short, I hardly know how to season it exactly to my taste; but I would neither have it tart nor awfully sweet. I should not like

to live entirely upon methaglin or verjuice." She fancies that one finds in matrimony a variety, in the charming vicissitudes of

Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling.

As an alleviation, we refer him to the "choice" of our fair correspondent.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Ever, Oh Hymen! I add to thy tribe,
Lest such be my partner, my muse shall describe;
Not in party too high, nor in statue too low,
Not the least of a clown nor too much of a beau.

Be his person genteel, and engaging his air—
His temper still yielding, his soul too—sincere;
Not a dupe to his passion, 'gainst reason to move,
But kind to the sweetest, in the passion of love.

Let honor, commendable pride in the sex,
His actions direct, his principles fix;
No groundless suspicion must be ever surmise,
Nor jealousy read, every look in his eyes.

If such a blest youth should approve of my charms,
And no thought of interest his bosom alarms;
Then in wedlock I'll join, with a mutual desire,
And prudence shall cherish the wavering fire.

CYNTHIA.

Original.

THE FORLORN MAID.

The sun had set. The western sky
Drew down its curtains yellow;
The twilight swallow flitted by—
The thrush sung sweet and mellow:

From off the elm amid the mead,
Adorned with flow'rets gay;
Or hawthorn's rich and fleecy head,
And cheer'd his lingering ray.

The bird of night began his flight,
And scroated far in the air;
The buzzing flies before my eyes
Were glittering ev'ry where.

The sable shades of evening fell,
Drawn from the caves of night;
The mountain's head and sun-less dell,
No more appear'd in sight.

The beetle's buzz sung drowsy sleep—
The night-bird's flapping wing,
Across my path did gliding sweep
And o'er the woodlands spring.

The fire-fly's spark amid the dark,
And valley's dizzy gloom—
Served to light the lone-bound wigh.
To a welcoming home.

Till on the night's engulfing shroud,
The moon in splendor hung—
And silver'd o'er the passing cloud,
'Twas on which its beams were flung.

My lonely path did silent lay,
Across an upland plain;

Where church-yards lone and tomb-stones grey,
The wanderer's feet restrain.

Echo's voice was hush'd and still—
Zephyr's sigh was faint and low,
Whispering round the southern hill,
In whining plaint of sorrow.

Lone upon mine ear a voice's flow,
In this most sweet there came,
That fill'd my soul with rapturous glow,
No earthly bliss can claim.

Upon a tomb there sat a maid
With garb as white as snow;
But not so white as where a braid
Of raven locks did flow.

From off the grave away she fled—
Her lover slept beneath:
The moon's pale glance a brow o'er spread
As white as icy death.

Her lightsome step and flowing dress
Behind the tomb-stones fled,
And left me gazing in distress,
As silent as the dead.

C. M. D.

POETRY.

Original.
TO MISS B.

I love thee not, then fare thee-well,
Thou art not what thou wast to me;
All broken is the mystic spell
Th at bound my heart and soul to thee.

I cannot love a soul like thine,
So prone to wiles and treachery;
Although thou wert a form divine,
And pure as vestals e'er should be.

O thou art changed in mien and mind,
In feature and in every thing;
For round thy heart remorse hath twined
Its folds, and planted there its sting.

No solace cans't thou hope from heav'n,
Should'st e'er thou mock its throne with prayer,
While o'er thy wayward path divine,
To the broad ocean of despair!

And yet that sweetly beaming smile,
Might sweetly win my heart again,
Did I not know its framed in guile,
And artful as the Siren's strain.

It may not be—my passion's o'er,
Thy folly rang the parting knell;
Then try thy wily arts no more,—
I love thee not, vain girl, farewell.
York, October, 1832.

L. R.

MISCELLANY.

The Gallant Host.—It is the custom, says a late London Magazine, to protest that the age of chivalry is over, and that the spirit of our ancient nobility has evaporated. The following anecdote is worthy of the century of Louis the Fourteenth; or, may we not be permitted to say, the court circle of George the Fourth? A lady of rank, having lost a jewel of considerable value at one of the parties at Devonshire-house, sent a description of it to the groom of the chambers, that it might be restored to her, if found. Some days subsequently, Lady Elizabeth received it back from one of the domestics of his grace's establishment; but having shortly afterwards occasion to visit a shop of an eminent jeweller at the west end of the town, an accidental inquiry on her part, respecting the value of the ornament in question, led to the discovery that he had sold just before, to the Duke of Devonshire, the fellow to that formerly purchased by Lady Elizabeth. His grace, not choosing that one of his fair guests should have cause to remember with regret a visit to his house, had replaced the lost jewel!

A short Courtship.—A certain old gentleman being desirous that his only son Patrick, should commit matrimony: Accordingly he dressed Pat up, and directed him to M—s. On arriving at the gate, Pat cried out in an audible voice, "Halloo the house!" The lady very deliberately approached the door, looking in a very bad mood for courting, asked him his business, Pat bawled out, "will you have me for a wife?" to which the lady replied, "No sir." "Well I told daddy so but he would have me call up, tho'!!!"

The Fair Sybil.—A distinguished literary lady, not long since, wrote to a gentleman, entreating him in earnest terms, to be her companion when she sat for her picture as a sybil. The gentleman probably could not refuse without giving great offence; but he had a wife, with whom he was on such confidential terms, that they mutually opened, in case of absence of either, each other's letters." Thus it happened that the fair sybil's note fell into the hands of, and was opened by, the gentleman's wife, who also taking upon herself to answer it, replied to this effect:—"That her husband, knowing, or caring little about portrait-painting, was scarcely a *proper* companion for a lady in a painter's studio; but that she, (the wife) understanding the subject, and having a taste for it, would be, if agreeable, his substitute, at the place and hour appointed." An answer was requested, but none arrived.

'I have make one thousand dollar dis morning, before breakfast,' said a Frenchman who kept a retail shop in Boston. 'A thousand dollars before breakfast!' said a neighbor with a dubious air.

'Qui—yes sare,' returned the Frenchman, rubbing his hands with great glee—'I have clear one thousand dollar clear.'

'You've sold all your goods then?'

'O no! sare, I have not sell one good—I have all de good in my shop.'

'How did you clear so much money then?'

'I have mark de good all up.'

'Marked them all up!'

'Qui, Monsieur, I have put on de high price, so as make clear one thousand dollar, and keep all my good in my shop.'—N. Y. *Constellation.*

A Quaker gentleman, covered with his beaver, was once in company with a lady rather too much uncovered, who drank a toast to his "broad bottomed beaver." The Quaker having thanked her for the honor she did him, observed filling up a bumper, "in return for thy civility, Maria, I drink to thy absent handkerchief."

An impudent fellow quizzing a gunsmith on the Strand, asked him whether a curious pistol, which he saw in the window, would go off. To which the gunsmith replied, "To a certainty, if it were within your reach."

The aim of the poet is, after all, an extremely humble one, since, all that he seeks is to appear like his own writing desk—namely, to be covered with *bays—baize.*

THE GARLAND.

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

The Garland Advertiser.

RESOLVED.—That to prevent surprise, and to afford time for proper investigation in matters that may effect the private rights of individuals, it is expedient to make it a standing order of the Legislative Council, that no Petition for a private Bill, which can effect the vested right, interest, or convenience of any person or persons other than the Petitioner or Petitioners, shall be received after the twentieth day of the Session, and that no Private Bill of the nature above described which may come up from the Assembly, after the thirtieth day of the Session, shall be proceeded upon in the Legislative Council. Truly extracted.

G. POWELL,

Clerk, Legislative Council.

Journal, Legislative Council, }
Upper Canada, 6th March, 1830. }

Editors of Papers throughout the Province will give the foregoing three insertions, and forward their Accounts for payment to the GAZETTE OFFICE, YORK.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the Canadian Wesleyan Office, the following Books:—

	£	s.	d.
Bibles,	0	5	0
Ditto,	0	4	0
Horn on the Psalms,	0	4	3
Duty of Family Prayer,	0	0	2
Explanation of Sacrament,	0	0	6
Burkett's Help and Guide,	0	2	3
Whole Duty of Man,	0	5	3
Law's Serious Call,	0	5	0
Dr. A. Clarke's Comments on } the New Testament,	1	10	0
English Prayer Book,	0	1	8

With a variety of other Books and Pamphlets, upon various religious subjects. Hamilton, Oct. 1832.

TAVERN STAND TO LET.—To let, that well known *Tavern Stand* in West Flamborough, formerly occupied by Mr. Peter Damberger, and now in the occupancy of Mr. Sours. Possession will be given on the 5th January next—for term apply to the subscriber. JAMES CROOKS.

Nov. 7, 1831. 71f

Job Printing,

EXECUTED to order, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, at the Garland Office,

Fanning Mills.

THE Subscriber having long regretted the extortion practised upon Farmers in the above article, has been induced to establish a **FANNING MILL MANUFACTORY** in the village of Burford, where he will keep constantly on hand, *Mills of the newest patterns, and best materials*; which he will dispose of on the following terms:

For Cash,	\$20
On one year's credit,	\$26

Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Neat Stock, Pork, and most kinds of country produce taken in payment, if delivered within eight months from the time of sale.

Farmers in want of the above article, will do well to call and examine for themselves, before they make engagements elsewhere.

THOMAS FOWLER.

Burford, Aug. 30, 1832. gwtf50

Printing Ink.

JUST received and for sale at the Canadian Wesleyan Office, from the manufactory of T. J. & G. W. Eddy, all kinds of **BOOK and NEWS INK**, of different qualities and prices, viz:

No. 2, in 9lb. kegs,	75 cents per lb.
No. 2, in 9 1-2 do.	75 do do.
No. 3, in 38lb. do.	60 do do.
No. 4, in 38lb. do.	50 do do.
No. 4, in 37 1-2 do.	50 do do.

In addition to the above prices, on the large kegs, five shillings, York, will be added for each keg, and on the small size, two shillings, York. 35

Books For Sale.

AT the Office of the Canadian Wesleyan, by A. K. McKenzie, Book Agent for the Canadian Wesleyan Connection, viz:

	Price.
Canadian Wesleyan Hymn Book,	3s 9d
do. do Discipline,	1 3
Benson's Sermons,	10
Sturm's Reflections,	12 6
Sherlock on Providence,	5
Watt's Life of Wesley,	3 9
History and mystery of Methodist Episcopacy,	1 3
A. Powell's Book,	1 3
Trial of A. Powell's Book,	1
Treaties on Dancing,	71-2

Apply to A. K. MCKENZIE, Agent.
Hamilton, June 27, 1832.