

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

To Raise the Genius,



To Mend the Heart.

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*Brockville,
Brantford,
Burford,
Belleville,
Colborne,
Colchester,
Credit,
Dunville,
Lloyd Town,
Merrickville,
Grimby,*

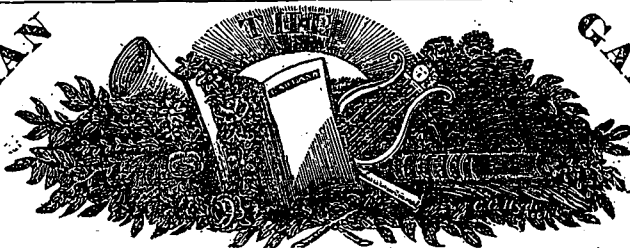
H. E. Russell,
John Wallace,
Geo. W. Whitehead,
A. B. Grant,
Joshua Lind,
A. McCormick,
J. Carey,
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Thos. Ginty,
T. Smyth,
H. Nelles,

*Kemptville,
London,
Napancee,
Nelson,
Port Hope,
Peterboro',
Streetsville,
Stoney Creek,
W. Flamboro,
" "
York,*

W. H. Bottom,
L. Lawrason,
John Benson,
Geo. K. Chisholm,
W. Wilkinson,
P. D. Hayward,
W. Clay,
J. Williamson,
Doct. Mullen,
James Harris,
J. S. Howard,

HAMILTON, U. C.:

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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1833.

NO. 16.

POPULAR TALES.

Original.

THE UNFORTUNATE UNION.

"Look into those they call unfortunate, And closer view'd you'll find they are unwise."—Young.

It was a sweet May morning and the new blown flowers of spring lifted up their heads and shed abroad a delightful fragrance in the fresh air; the birds warbled forth their sweetest songs, and as they skipped from bough to bough, seemed conscious the newly-risen sun had come to light up a joyful season over the peaceful cottage of Harville. It was Laura's wedding day, and at an early hour, a happy group of laughing faces had assembled at the mansion of Mr. Harville, in obedience to the general invitation that had been sent throughout the neighborhood. The marriage of an only and idolized daughter which was now to be consummated, was an event which called forth all the generous and anxious feelings, of a venerable and tender father. He had witnessed the progress of this attachment with varied hope and fear—hope, that the youth his child had chosen would prove as virtuous and amiable in after life, as he had affectionate and fond in the short period of courtship's smiling day, and fear, lest a different result would give him cause forever to upbraid himself for permitting the union of his Laura with one who was almost unknown to him. But this was now to have no bearing with her destiny.

Oscar Dudley was already at the side of his chosen one—a tall and beautiful youth with health glowing on his cheek and intelligence, sparkling in his eyes. He stood up before the reverend clergyman and pronounced his vows untrembling, while others trembled even to the fairest of the village maidens. They were then crowned with flowers, and the song and the merry tale went round, and the rustic dance filled up the intervals until the sun retired, and the full moon threw a mellow tint upon the deep shade, and the still quiet that young love delights in, came to succeed the noisy mirth of the gay festival. Dudley had a pretty little residence not many miles from

Mr. Harville's, where he retired with his lovely companion, and devoted his time to its improvement. But there was early observed a shade in his character; he was reserved and often subject to fits of melancholy and ill humor. His companions were chiefly strangers in that country, who came and went without seeking an acquaintance with the neighboring cottagers, and Laura was scarcely permitted to see them. Thus, though he was a man of reputed fortune and she sincerely loved him, and though every thing seemed to smile around the youthful pair; they were not happy; Laura mourned over the lost confidence of her husband, who frequently spent the tedious night in company with his strange companions. Still, however, to a superficial observer, the Dudley's were extremely happy, the surrounding scenery grew more and more beautiful. Oscar was liberal with his purse, and a style of living was adopted at once, neat and splendid, and had Laura been capable of enjoying pleasure without the participation of her husband, she might have made the world all sunshine. But she could not; amid the overflowings of his wealth and in the possession of health and friends, she saw him melancholy and drooping; she watched his cheek day by day, and smiled or wept as she saw it bright or sad. Thus passed two long years, and was spring the third time since their union! One evening as the family of Dudley was seated around their cheerful fire,—it was a dreary night in March, the winds were whistling without, the rain pouring down in torrents, and the earth seemed agitated by the contending elements, the little circle drew more closely round the fire, Laura leaning her head on the shoulder of her husband, silently listening to the storm,—as they were thus seated, the trampling of horses feet were heard approaching; they grew more and more distinct, and presently a loud knocking was heard at the gate of the cottage. Oscar seemed greatly agitated, arose and left the apartment, two strangers made their appearance and inquired for Mr. Dudley. The answer that he was unwell and could not be

seen, did not satisfy them; they pled the urgency of business and proceeded unasked to the chamber where Dudley had retired, into which they had no sooner entered, than they declared that their business was to arrest him as a criminal and carry him before a magistrate for examination on the charge of being concerned in counterfeiting. Laura, who had followed the strangers to the apartment of her husband, fainted when she heard their errand. It but was some fearful foreboding of her own,—the unravelling at once of his strange and mysterious behavior, and when she recovered it was but to see him dragged away, pale and almost lifeless, and in such a dreadful night from her fond care, perhaps never to meet again on this side of the grave; nor was this all; her Dudley a criminal, his character consigned to infamy, and her life to sorrow. It was a sudden blight of all her hopes, the unlooked-for crush of all her expectations, the fall from honor, respectability and wealth, to disgrace, infamy and poverty! These were enough to weigh down a stronger frame, and wreck a firmer constitution than Laura's; but woman is great in suffering, and she waited patiently the result, and when the day of trial came, she went and set by her husband within the bar. It was a cruel sight to see two so fair and young, and hitherto so much respected and envied now sitting side by side, awaiting a conviction or acquittal, which, though directed against one only, was to involve the other in all its most lasting consequences.—The pleading was brief and the charge decidedly against the prisoner the jury returned a verdict in a few hours of GUILTY, and the unhappy man stood up by the side of his unhappy wife for the last time, to receive the sentence that was to sever him from his beloved Laura and all worldly connexions! then he was chained and carried away to his damp and sepulchral dungeon, there to await the day and hour of execution.

* * Laura carried to her home! Yes, the happy home of her childhood! Ah! how different indeed from the happy morning of her wedding day. But thus are thy ways, O Providence, and we must submit. Her father welcomed his beloved child to her once happy home, and though the rustic dance was not again heard on the garden green, though the pensive traces of cherished inquietude vanished not wholly from Laura's cheek, yet often in the still and quiet evening, her softly plaintive voice and the tinkling of her sweet guitar were heard and a calm and resigned smile played upon her cheek incessantly.

DONNA JULIA.

Natural History—Luxury amongst the Birds.—The motion of the Indian Ixora lighting up its nest with a glow-worm, has usually been considered a popular fable; but the con-

ductors of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" state, that an informant of theirs, a gentleman long resident in India, tried various experiments on the subject, and always found that when he took away the glow-worm out of the nest, that it was replaced by the birds with another, which was not used for food, but was stuck on the side of the nest with clay for a lamp.

LAIRD OF FAWDONSIDE.

The following story was related by an old gentleman, resident for fifty years in Northumberland, but who had been born and educated near the scene described, where it was, in his youth, a common fireside legend.

The Laird of Fawdonside, an estate immediately above Abbotsford, on the course of the Tweed, was one night riding home in a state of intoxication from market, when, just as he reached a place about half a mile from his own house, he encountered that celebrated and very generally reprobated character, the devil. Fully aware of the danger of his situation, the laird thought he would give his holiness the cut celestial, and pass on. But Satan was not an acquaintance to be shaken off so easily: he fairly intercepted the laird as he was about to give him the go-by; and, altho' Fawdonside attempted then to take a more desperate course and rush past, he found himself, notwithstanding all his personal exertions, obliged at last to come to a quiet *tete-a-tete* with his enemy. The conversation which ensued, ended in a proposal on the part of the devil, that Fawdonside should purchase a right of passage, by agreeing to deliver up to him whatever living thing he should first meet as he approached his house. The laird, calling to mind that a favorite greyhound was in the habit of coming out of the house to meet him on similar occasions, consented to the proposal, though not without some compunctious qualms in regard to the faithful and beloved creature which he was thus consigning to destruction. Chance determined that his feelings of regret should be exercised on a much worthier object. As in the somewhat similar case of Jephthah, his daughter, a child of ten years, was the first person whom he met. No words could express the horror of the poor laird, as the fiend, who had dogged him, appeared at his back to claim his victim. He could only plead a respite. After much entreaty, "the enemy" consented to allow him a few days to take leave of the child. It being then settled that the rendition should be made next Thursday at Galashiels kirk, Satan disappeared.

Before the appointed day, Fawdonside had consulted the clergyman of the parish as to what he should do under such circumstances. The minister, who happened to have some knowledge of diablerie, proposed a scheme, by

which, with the assistance of his brethren, he hoped to counteract the designs of the Evil One. On the day appointed, the child was brought to Galashiels kirk, where, being placed at the sacramental table, it was "hedged" round, if not with "divinity," at least with a dozen able expounders of it; and such a praying and preaching commenced as had never before shaken the walls of that place of worship. When Satan at last appeared, the minister of the parish entered into a warm exposition with him on the subject of his unreasonable bargain with Fawdonside; and altho' the Tartarean monarch expressed no little vexation and rage at being balked in his demand, he was soon brought to reason. In the end, he agreed to accept a little dog in lieu of the child; which creature being immediately thrown to him, he vanished through the roof, taking a considerable part of it with him, and leaving behind him, to use the words of old Aubrey, "a marvellous perfume of sulphur."

THE IRON SHROUD:

OR ITALIAN VENGEANCE.

The castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylia, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur; and here, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the victim was immured, whom revenge pursued—the dark, fierce and unquenching revenge of an Italian heart.

Vivenzio, the noble and generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace; the young, the brave, the proud Vivenzio, fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage, for the roof and floor and sides were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciouly constructed. High above, there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner, and beside it a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it.—Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate—of the living grave that had been prepared for him.

He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy.

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings.

The stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed—the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought might be fancy; but the other was positive. His pitcher of water, and dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near his door. He had been visited therefore during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were affected without awakening him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form as in their manner of arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron which formed the walls could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he new he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi, and the speediest death would be the quickest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily; tho' not without a faint hope that by keeping watch by night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a ferocious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he were armed. The worst that could befall, if neither bribe nor prayers, nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desir-

ed end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched..... Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there was his days's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but five! Here was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast?

It was evident there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely.—They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such fine art, that the mark of division was imperceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them, he could not discover any thing,—absolutely nothing,—to relieve his doubts, or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller;—but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of the two windows.

With intense anxiety Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness to watch for any appearance that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge, (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in) about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floor. He stopped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real or imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing to the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his at-

ention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking with faint division of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were four! he could see only four; but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the floor lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. He was now certain, that by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! for had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguished alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon was smaller. The roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard of device for producing exquisite misery—lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, he thought, than by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his

mind, and he started up with a frantick air. "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—"Yes! it must be so! I see it! I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God!—support me! it must be so!—Yes, yes, that is to be my fate! You roof will descend! these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death!—Oh, fend—oh, devil, is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony; tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face; he sobbed aloud; he tore his hair; he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from the posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water;—and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept—but his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when at last, ensheathed nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly dreams harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick as though writhing between its iron walls.—Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands, to be sure he had yet space enough to live—and muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio; but it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the three windows that now alone remained! The three! there was no more! and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as

well as the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that its walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which, in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be reprieved.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

The African grey Pelican.—It is somewhat singular that the opinion of the pelican feeding its young with its blood is as general in Housa as it is among the lower class of people in Europe; and to this belief I must acknowledge myself a proselyte! I have stood for a long while together by the side of this stupid animal, watching its motions, and seeing it bending its head for its offspring to extract their nourishment. The young ones thrust their beaks into a small aperture at the lower part of the back of the neck of their parent, and they swallow the substance that flows freely through. If it be not blood that issues from the old bird, it is a red liquid so closely resembling it, that the difference cannot be perceived. I took a sketch of the pelican feeding its young in this manner, in Housa, which is now in my possession, and I should not have said so much on the subject, if my assertions had not been questioned by some of my countrymen.—*Lander's Record.*

Flying Fish.—Beyond 22° of latitude Humbolt found the surface of the sea covered with flying fish, (*Exocetus volitans*), which sprung into the air to a height of twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen feet, and sometimes fell upon the deck. The great size of the swimming bladder in these animals, being two thirds the length of their body, as well as that of the pectoral fins, enabled them to traverse the air a space of twenty-four feet horizontal distance before falling again into the water. They are incessantly pursued by dolphins while under the surface, and when flying are attacked by frigate birds, and other predatory species. Yet it does not seem that they leap into the atmosphere merely to avoid their enemies; for, like swallows, they move by thousands in a right line, and always in a direction opposite to that of the waves. The air contained in the swimming bladder has been supposed to be pure oxygen; but Humbolt found it to consist of ninety-four parts of azote, four oxygen, and two of carbonic acid.

The Husband.—The fond protecting love of a devoted husband is like the tall and stately poplar, that rears its foliage beside some happy cot, to which its leafy honours affords reviving shade; while its spreading branches shelter the melodious songsters of the verdant grove, who within its hallowed precincts nurture their callow brood, unmolested by the wanton tyranny of the school boy's prank.

Oh! 'tis the effulgent Egean shield, which casts far and wide its bright defensive rays around the timid, shrinking form of the best most tenderly beloved object of his warm heart's pristine love and veneration.

The hallowed love of such a husband, is the far-off goal to which the adorning wife's most ardent wishes fly, borne upon the strong untiring pinion of woman's faithful and unending love. Cheered by the smile of such a being, the envious summer's parching heat, the ruthless winter's pinching cold, impart no pang; they pass unheeded over her sheltered head, light as the fleecy cloud; unregarded as Zephyr's balmy breath. Supported by his manly form, what sorrow, what anxious care can assail her bosom's calm repose? Serene as the smooth surface of the glassy lake, unruffled by the storm's rude blasts, her peaceful hours speed on pleasure's wind.

How beautiful is such a union! Oh! 'tis a sight that angels might delight to fix their lingering gaze upon, lost in mute rapture and admiring awe. Mutually giving and receiving strength, the blissful pair tread life's thorny path on light fantastic toe, gaily tripping on, unmindful of all, of care or woe—his powerful arm each dangerous briar removes; her delicate fingers presents to his refreshed senses each beautiful flower that shed its perfume on their illumined way.

STORY OF A TRAVELLER.

The following is taken from Buckthorne's narrative in Irving's "Tales of a Traveller."—He had gone out into the world—had experienced the coldness of its selfishness, and the bitterness of its adversity, and had returned again to the haunts of his childhood, to spend the remainder of his days:

"As I was rambling pensively through a neighboring meadow, in which I had many a time gathered primroses, I met the very pedagogue, who had been the tyrant and dread of my boyhood. I had sometimes vowed to myself, when suffering under his rod, that I would have my revenge, if I ever met him, when I had grown to be a man. The time had come; but I had no disposition to keep my vow. The few years which had matured me into a vigorous man, had shrunk him into decrepitude. He appeared to have a paralytic stroke. I looked at him and wondered that this poor helpless mortal could have been an object of terror to me; that I should have

watched with anxiety the glance of that falling eye, or dreaded the power of that trembling hand. He tottered feebly along the path, and had some difficulty in getting over a stile. I ran and assisted him. He looked at me with surprise, but did not recognize me; and made a low bow of humility and thanks. I had no disposition to make myself known, for I felt that I had nothing to boast off. The pains he had taken, and the pains he had inflicted, had been equally useless. His repeated predictions were fully verified, and I felt that little Jack Buckthorne, the idle boy, had grown to be a very good-for-nothing man.

"This is all very comfortless detail; but as I have told you of my follies, it is right that I show you, how for once I was schooled for them. The most thoughtless of mortals will some time or other have his day of gloom, when he will be compelled to reflect.

"I felt on this occasion, as if I had a kind of penance to perform, and I made a pilgrimage in expiation of past levity. Having passed a night at Leamington, I set off by a private path, which leads up a hill through a grove, and across quiet fields, till I came to the small village church. It is an old low edifice of grey stone, on the brow of a small hill, looking over fertile fields, towards where the proud towers of Warwick castle lift themselves against the distant horizon.

"A part of the churchyard is shaded by large trees. Under one of them my mother lay buried. You have no doubt thought me a light, heartless being. I thought myself so; but there are no moments of adversity, which let us into the feelings of our nature, to which we might otherwise remain perpetual strangers.

"I sought my mother's grave; the weeds were already matted over it, and the tombstone was half hid among the nettles. I cleared them away, and they stung my hands;—but I was heedless of the pain, for my heart ached too severely. I sat down on the grave and read over and over again the epitaph on the stone.

"It was simple, but it was true. I had written it myself. I had tried to write a poetical epitaph, but in vain; my feelings refused to utter themselves in rhyme. My heart had gradually been filling during my lonely wanderings; it was now charged to the brim, and overpowered. I sunk upon the grave and buried my face in the tall grass and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we learn how hard it is to find true sympathy

—how few love us for ourselves; how few will befriend us in our misfortunes—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. O my mother! exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave; O that I were once more by your side sleeping, never more to waken again on the cares and trouble of this world."

"I am not naturally of a morbid temperament, and the violence of my emotion gradually exhausted itself. It was a hearty, honest, natural discharge of grief, which had been slowly accumulating, and gave me a wonderful relief. I rose from the grave as if I had been offering up a sacrifice, and I felt as if that had been accepted.

"I sat down again upon the grass, and plucked one by one, the weeds from the grave; the tears trickled more slowly down my cheeks, and ceased to be bitter. It was a comfort to think that she had died before sorrow and poverty came upon her child, and all his great expectations were blasted."

A worthy clergyman in the country caused a road to be made through his grounds for the accommodation of the neighborhood. While he was superintending the workmen, a nobleman rode by, whose life was not quite as regular as it ought to be. As he passed, he accosted the clergyman thus—"Well, doctor, for all your pains I take it this is not the road to Heaven." "True," replied he, "for if it had been, I should have wondered at seeing your lordship here."

A glorious bull is related in the sketch of Dr. Sims, of a countryman of his, for whom he prescribed an emetic, who said with great naivete, "My dear doctor, it is no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach either time."

Latour Maubourg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master—"you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

A husband, whose ears were constantly assailed by the unruly tongue of his wife, bore the sound of her incessant alarm with the greatest patience. "It is very clear," said one of his friends, "that you are afraid of

your wife." "I am not afraid of her," said the husband, "but of the noise she makes."

Original Anecdote.—During the passage down the Sound of one of our elegant steam-boats, says a correspondent to the *N. Y. Gaz.*, the last summer, a gentleman not much accustomed to polished society, came so late to the dinner table, that he found it difficult to obtain a seat. He stood some time with his hands in his pockets, looking wishfully at the smoking viands. He was at last noticed by the captain, who relinquished to him his own chair and plate, when he commenced carving a pig that lay before him.

Having finished, he passed portions of the dish to all the ladies in his immediate vicinity, and then heaped a plate for himself. He soon perceived a lady who had not been served, and inquired if she would be helped to some pig? She replied in the affirmative, and he accordingly handed her the plate which he had reserved for himself. Her ladyship feeling her dignity somewhat offended at so bountiful a service, observed with protruded lips, loud enough to be heard all around—"I don't want a cart load!" The gentleman at her remark, became the object of attention of all at his end of the table, and determined to retort upon her for her exceeding civility, watched her motions, and observed that she had dispatched the contents of the plate with little ceremony. When this was accomplished, he cried out, "Madam, if you'll back your cart up this way I'll give you another load!"

THE CANADIAN GARLAND. HAMILTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1832.

A Curiosity, in the shape of a criticism, purporting to be from York, may be seen at this office. It is a fine display of talent.

The Canadian Magazine, for March, is in our possession. Mr. Sibbald's improvements are very prominent. The contents are very interesting.

The Lady's Book for March, has been received. This number is full of good things, and embellished with a portrait of Donna Chiara, the Maids Stratagem, a full length portrait of Talleyrand, and "Come dwell with me," in the music line.

The Montreal Museum comes to us very irregular; but those that have felt under our observation, manifest a disposition to persevere in their undertaking.

To Correspondents.—Female Writers, in number seventeen.

The Famous Robber, in our next number.

We promised in number 15 to publish a small piece of poetry, (Cantilena) but we cannot unless the author will consent to an interview, (we mean —A—.)

From the Recluse's MISS.

Original.

And what is this world? 'Tis a troublesome place,
A place where all things conjoin,
To poison my bliss, to shorten my days,
To deprive me of all I call mine.

And what is this world? 'Tis full, full of sorrow,
'To disturb the travellers rest;
'Tis revel and riot to-day, and to-morrow
Will add to each pleasure a zest.

And what is this world? 'Tis a vain empty show,
Fill'd with nothing but guile and deceit;
For the wicked are trying t'effect her'd below,
The ruin of virtue complete.

And what is this world? 'Tis exempt from delight,
'Tis a coin that's well mix'd with alloy;
'Tis a scene of commotion, where nothing is right,
Where happiness all tends to destroy.

And what is this world? 'Tis a grand masquerade,
Where all try ascendance to gain;
Where a medley of humbugs and games are display'd,
'Tis a stormy and fatuousness main.

And what is this world? 'Tis a bursting bubble,
'Tis nothing but folly and care;
'Tis a mixture of imprudence, weakness and trouble,
Where goodness and virtue are rare.

And what is this world? 'Tis a frail fleeting thing,
'To soon pass forever away;
There's nothing but virtue to which we may cling,
'To save us, when all is decay.

From the same.

Written on his passage to America.

As merry glides the bonnie ship,
O'er seas and waters wide;
How charming 'tis to sit and hear,
The roaring of the tide!

As dashing 'gainst the ship, the spray
Bespatters all around;
And as the ship doth cut her way,
'The mirthful fish do bound.

Shewing their scales of red and green,
So beautifully shining;
'Tis as fine a sight as e'er was seen
When the western sun's declining.

His rays ting'd with the ocean's brim,
Reflect their light afar;
While in the heavens is never dim,
The glowing ev'ning star.

This is a sight on which to gaze,
With wonder and delight;
I love to watch bright phœbus' rays,
Yield to the black of night.

ODE ON SPRING.

Hail fairest daughter of the year!
With Flora's sweetest garlands crown'd;
Beneath thy genial steps appear,
The opening flowers that deck the ground.

Alternate smiles and tears ere thine,
The angry brow and laughing eye;
Now clouds obscure thy face divine—
Now clear and pure the azure sky.

Thy tears no latent woe bespeak,
Thy clouds are but an airy dream,
Like transient frowns on beauty's cheek,
Or bubbles on the placid stream.

For soon the lustre of thy eye,
And smiles dispel the pearly tear;
So peeping from an April sky,
The sun's returning beams appear.
Barton, March, 1833. DONNA JULIA.

THE ADIEU.

What is it moves the pensive heart,
With palpitations new?
Is it that genial hopes fore'er depart?
No! 'tis the parting sigh, adieu!

What is it dims the glowing eye,
That shone with radiant blue?
Is it that absence rends affection's tie?
No! 'tis the parting sigh, adieu! JANE

SONNET.—Original.

I love to roam at close of eve,
O'er plains and fallies wide,
To whisper vows that ne'er deceive,
'To my true love by my side.

I love to hear the night-bird's song,
In some delightful grove;
I love the moments to prolong,
'That keep me with my love.

Some talk of love's insipidness,
And fickleness beside;
I shall not trust its pleasures less,
Whate'er shall me betide.

I love to hear my love's sweet voice,
As she sings a song for me;
When free from ev'ry plaguing noise,
We sit *sub tegmine fagi*

I love to twine among her hair,
The rose and lily sweet,
The pink, the fairest of the fair,
'That e'er the eye can greet.

F. E.

ON THE DEATH OF E..... L.....

Sweet child, thou'rt gone! then calmly rest
Within the silent tomb;
Thy soul has fled where all are blest,
That's snatched away in bloom.

Many a sorrow would have grieved thee,
Had'st thou stopp'd on earth a while;
This sinful world would have deceived thee,
With its sinful ways of guile.

I loved thee in thy childish play,
I've fondly seen thy bright eyes beam,
Which now are closed from every ray,
In death's calm silent dream.

But sleep on child! 'twill be my doom
Ere long to rest like thee,
Within the cold and peaceful tomb,
From care and sorrow free.

M. A. B. T.

TO MISS J.....S.

Could but my heart express the love,
O daisel, sweet, it feels for thee;
It would a climax blessing prove,
And make your heart feel more for me.

Thst soft, and sweet, and gentle smile,
That beams upon thy peachy cheek,
It seems my struggling love to wile,
And more than words or volumes speak.

O lovely nymph, how can I flee
The sweetness of thy hazie eye?
Whose very glance is ecstacy,
Who'er it's smile falls soft on me;
And makes me heave a lover's sigh.

Thy deep black hair, thy lily brow,
So high, so round, and all so fair;
Thy little hand, like mountain snow,
Are charms thy lover cannot bear,
Without his heart's expression flow.

What adds still more to all thy charms,
And makes thy beauty purer still,
Is that devotion's kind alarm,
Thy tender breast with rapture fill,
And glorious trust in God instil.

My shame for thee, as thus confess;
If thou wilt fan, it yet may find
A welcome sanction in thy breast,
And cure my anxious hoping mind,
With all thy charms and worth imprest. C. M. D.

Man has 246 bones: the head and face 63, the trunk 39, the arms 64, and the lower extremities 80. There are in man 201 muscles or pairs of muscles.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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

THE CANADIAN GARLAND ADVERTISER.

RECEIVER GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
York, U. C. 18th February, 1833. }

THE LEGISLATURE having by several Acts passed during the last Session, authorized the Receiver General to raise by Loan, on Government Debentures, the undermentioned sums of money, on the credit of the Public Revenues of this Province :

£70,000, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act granting to His Majesty a sum of money, to be raised by Debentures, for the improvement of the Navigation of the River "Saint Lawrence."

£20,000, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act granting to His Majesty a sum of money for the improvement of Roads and Bridges in "the several Districts of this Province."

£4,050, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "an Act to provide for the erection of a Bridge across the River "Trent, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

£7,500, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act for affording further aid towards the completion of "the Welland Canal, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

£1,500, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act granting a sum of "money to defray the expenses of erecting a Bridge over the Grand River, "at Brantford, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

£58,291 13 4, Provincial Currency under an Act entitled "An Act to afford relief "to the Sufferers who sustained loss "during the late War with the United "States of America."

£84,333 6 8, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act "to authorize the Receiver General to borrow a sum of money, "for the purposes therein "mentioned." The Interest not to exceed five pounds per centum per annum, payable half-yearly, in this Province, or four and a half per cent. in London.

ALSO.

£10,000, Provincial Currency, under an

Act entitled "An Act to raise a sum of "money to improve certain Roads in "the vicinity of York, and for other "purposes therein mentioned."

£2,000, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act to provide for "the improvement of certain Inland "Waters in the District of Newcas- "tle."

(The Principal and Interest on the two last mentioned Acts to be paid from the Tolls, &c. arising therefrom.)

NOTICE is hereby given, that Sealed Tenders for said Loans, or any part thereof, will be received at my Office, until Thursday, the 11th day of April next.—The said Tenders to express the particular Acts under which the parties may respectively wish to contract, with the lowest rate of Interest, addressed to the Receiver General of Upper Canada, and endorsed "Tender for Loan."

No Tender will be accepted for a less sum than seventy-five pounds, Currency.

JOHN H. DUNN.

4w24 *H. M. Receiver General.*

N. B.—Editors of the several Papers in York, are requested to give the above four weeks insertion in their respective publications.

The Editors of Papers published within this Province, are also requested to insert the above notice till the 11th April next. **JOHN H. DUNN.**

THE GENESEE FARMER

AND GARDNER'S JOURNAL.

A weekly Agricultural Paper, published in Rochester, (N. Y.) by L. TUCKER & Co. N. GOODSSELL, EDITOR.

THE FARMER is printed in quarto form, suitable for binding, on fine paper and fair type, making an annual volume, with the title page and index, of 424 pages, at the low price of \$2 50 per annum, or \$2 if paid in advance. No subscription will be received for a less term than six months, and all subscribers must commence with the volume, Jan. 1, or the half volume, July 1,

The third volume was commenced, Jan. 5, 1833.

The first and second volumes can be supplied to new subscribers.

Subscriptions to the Farmer will be received at this Office, by W. Smyth.

JOB PRINTING done at the office of the Garland.