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MISSING

WYLLYS SMYTH & CO.

# 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. 6.

## POPULAR TALES.

### THE WAGGONER.

CONTINUED.

He was lying one afternoon in the darkness and solitude to which he was now painfully accustomed, watching the dull flicker of the lamp, and the crackling of the embers of the fire. He was too weak to be able to raise himself from his bed. His thoughts were vainly pondering for the thousandth time, over the unaccountable situation in which he was placed. He could not conceive, any more than at the moment of his seizure, what were the reasons of it; he was a poor, ignorant, unoffending man, who had never injured or quarrelled with any one; and what, then, could be the meaning of what had been done to him? Was it true, or only a recollection of delirium, that he had heard a female declare her belief that he intended to murder her? If it were true, how could she come to form such a preposterous opinion? If it were false, what in the name of Heaven, could be the aim and scope of all this plotting? He tried to think over every action of his life for years past: whether he had incurred the ill-will of any of his companions or acquaintances who to be revenged on him had taken these means of ruining him, by persuading a lady that he had threatened her life—But again if that were so, why was he not lawfully arrested, examined openly in a court of justice and at once acquitted or convicted? What could the person, or persons in whose custody he was, want to do with him, or require him to do? What concern had they with his family and mode of life? If his death were their object, why was he still living, after they had so many opportunities of easily and secretly killing him? All these conflicting conjectures served only to bring on him a deeper doubt and darkness? and in the extremity of his misery, he closed his eyes, and fervently besought the protection of Providence. While thus piously engaged, the door of his prison was opened, and the old woman who attended him entered. She did not speak, as indeed she rarely did, but proceeded to tie the bandage over his eyes, by which he knew that he was going to receive a visit from his tormentors; and sure enough in a few moments, he heard some one step into the room, bringing with him a chair, on which he sat down close beside Fowler.

"William Fowler, how are you?" enquired the voice, whose tones were now fearfully familiar. "Weaker than yesterday," was the reply in a feeble voice; "and well it may be? Your cruelty is breaking my heart as well as

my health. May God forgive you; for if I die of this illness, I am a murdered man!"

"Fowler—Fowler," continued the person beside him, with some faltering of manner; "I have anxiously striven to find means of explaining all that has befallen you, and even setting you at liberty; but I cannot. I am, God knows, more sorry than otherwise, that ever I undertook what has been done;—but having gone thus far—" "Ha!" gasped Fowler in a fierce but feeble under-tone of exultation, "the devil is deep! He has you!"

"Well," proceeded the speaker, sternly; "be that as it may, I cannot now stop, or undo what has been done. It would be both ruin and death to me; for of course you would, immediately on getting your liberty, tell all;" "Ay!" gasped Fowler, unable to control himself, or dissemble.

"Well, then, now you have at once put it out of my power to free you, even were I so disposed. I cannot jeopardise my life to save yours. Fowler, you are a stubborn, and, had you the means, a revengeful man: you will therefore be well looked after. I must be short; for I thought I should have found you subdued into reason, but I am disappointed. This is, perhaps, the last time you will ever hear me speak to you; listen, therefore. To-night, whether you be well or ill, you will be removed from this place, by men fully armed, and set out on a journey to foreign parts.—You will be taken to America; and fifty pounds will be put into your hands the moment you land. A month afterwards you will receive five pounds; and then that sum will be paid you regularly every month. You are to live in America, mark me, for at least twelve years, possibly for the remainder of your life; and sure means are taken to prevent you ever attempting to send word to England, or escaping thither yourself. You will certainly not live one hour after you shall have set sail from America. I tell you this, William Fowler, not more solemnly than truly, that you may be neither rash nor foolish. Only continue in America, and you shall be both a rich and happy man. There are deep and dreadful reasons for all this, many of which you must not at present be made acquainted with. The lady whom ——" On hearing these last two words, William Fowler attempted to spit in the face of the speaker, making use of a ghastly imprecation.

"Well," continued the visitor, calmly, "I grieve to see your temper so fierce, as you are yourself the only one whom you can hurt. Farewell, William Fowler; farewell!"

and with these words, the mysterious speaker rose and stepped towards the door. "Come back a moment—come back!" cried Fowler as loudly as he could while the door was closing. It was re-opened, and he heard the sound of returning footsteps.

"Well, what is the matter?"—"You think you are concealed from me; but you are mistaken. I know you," continued Fowler in an agitated tone—"I recollect your voice. You are—*Sir William Gwynne!*"

Fowler heard his visitor suddenly utter a gasping sound, and spring from the seat on which he was in the act of sitting down: then he heard the sound of a stifled groan—of attempts to suppress violent emotion; and at length his visitor staggered out of the room, closing the door after him with an unsteady hand. Fowler was left alone for three hours: his food wretched stuff at best, was not brought him as usual; and, faint with hunger, and worn out with agitation and suspense, he at length dropped asleep.

Before twenty-four hours had expired, the wretched persecuted Fowler, in almost the last degree of exhaustion, was placed on board a sloop in the Channel. He lay in a state rather of profound stupor than sleep, in his hammock, when he was suddenly roused, in the middle of the night, and carried on board another vessel, which was a French Brig, bound for America. Confused as he was, he heard the respective crews taking leave of one another, in a confused jargon of French and English; and presently after, all became again quiet around him, he fell asleep. He had asked, while on board the former vessel, for a draught of beer, to quench his raging thirst; and the stupor which speedily followed, proved that it had been drugged.

On the third day of his passage, the bandage was removed from his eyes, and the pinions from his arms and legs. The light almost blinded him for some minutes, his eyes had so long been kept closed; and his benumbed and strained limbs seemed scarce to have the power of motion left them. At length he was able to see that he lay in a tolerably comfortable berth. Every thing about him wore a foreign appearance; and the poor waggoner, lonely and deserted, closed his eyes, sobbed, and shed tears at the recollection of his sufferings, and the illness which yet oppressed him. This was his situation, when a strange figure of a cabin-boy, his head hid in a great hairy cap, suddenly made his appearance at his bed-side, and said something to him in the French language. Fowler shook his head, intimating that he did not understand him. The cabin-boy, after making several motions, as if to make himself intelligible to the Englishman, presently withdrew, and returned with a basin-full of pea-soup or broth, which he proffered good-lu-

morely to his passenger, who rose up in bed, and eat it with absolute voracity. It was the first food he had taken with relish for many a long day. He was waiting for the re-appearance of the cabin-boy, to make signs for something to drink, when another of the crew made his appearance—a tall, muscular, uncouth-looking fellow, with a world of ill-fitting clothes, and his head covered with a great red nightcap—who in bad, broken English, asked Fowler whether he could dress and go on deck. Unprepossessing as was his aspect, Fowler felt a regard for him, merely for the sake of the few words he had uttered of English. They soon got into conversation about indifferent matters, chiefly touching the country to which they were sailing—America; of which the Frenchman gave him an enthusiastic description. When Fowler was able to leave his bed, this man helped to dress him, assisted him up the cabin steps and supported him while he walked to and fro on the deck; lost, for some time, in wonder and admiration at the novel scenery—the world of uninterrupted waters which surrounded him—the vessel, with all her sails bellied out by the fresh breeze bounding over the blue foaming waters, which sparkled and flashed in the vivid sunlight! He forgot for a while, his sufferings—the mysterious wrongs he was enduring; and while the momentary excitement and glow were upon his feelings, in an hour of unguarded confidence he told his new companion all that had befallen him in England, and the manner of his being conveyed on ship-board, as far as he himself recollected it. The sailor listened to him with features full of interest, which deepened however, into indignation as Fowler went on. His "Sacres!" "Pestes!" "Mon Dieu!" "Diables!" as the eager and foolish Fowler went on with his narrative, were incessant.

"Ah, ha, would not you kill de dam cruel man vat do you this, ver ever you see him, mon pauvre Anglais?" asked the sailor, clenching his fist. "No, no," replied Fowler, "but if ever I get back to England, I may get him hanged for it. Do you think I could get back? I suppose there are plenty of ships in America?"

"Ay, ma foi! ver good; but how you get de money for come?" inquired the Frenchman, shaking his head. "Oh, why, I'm to have fifty pounds directly when I get into America!" The sailor seemed confounded.

"Fifty pounds when you get America?—and you say you ill used? Begar, mon ami! I vish dat some one would take me away from my countrie, and use me the ver same bad way you are!"—"Oh," proceeded Fowler, "besides that, I'm to have five pounds a month for ever and ever, if I will but stop there?"

The sailor stared again, shrugged his shoul-

ders, and said, "Ah, sacre! you be ver well content wid you cruel, bon ami! You are lucky man! Begar, I wish I was kidnapp!—Do not you go away from America. Ah, ha! dam happy glorieuse countree! better than France or England! Ah, ha! lucky man!"

Little did poor Fowler imagine, while making these unreserved communications, that his newly found confidant was the ruffian heavily fee'd and hired by Sir William Gwynne and others, to accompany him to America—to watch all his doings—to pay him all the monies spoken of—and without hesitation to take his life, if he attempted to return to England!

When they reached America, Fowler had greatly recovered both his health and spirits. His curiosity was abundantly roused and gratified by the new and prodigious scenes he was approaching. On landing at New-York, he put up with several of the crew, at a small house of entertainment in the suburbs. All of them drank deeply; and Fowler was carried to bed in a state of insensibility. When he awoke, about the middle of the next day, he overthrew a stool that was placed by his bed-side; and on accidentally casting his eyes on the floor, he saw it strewn with bank notes! This circumstance soon collected his scattered intellects, and recalled him to a sense of the singular misery and mystery of his situation. In a foreign country, without a single relative, friend, or acquaintance among its inhabitants—smuggled from home in a fearful and atrocious manner, he knew not why nor wherefore—forbidden to return, under penalty of instant death, which he knew not when or how to evade. What was to become of him? What was he to do? The thought never occurred to one so ignorant and inexperienced as he was of putting himself at once under the protection of the civic authority of New-York; and even if it had, it is probable Fowler would have feared taking such a step, lest his murder should be the consequence.—He lay tossing about in bed, completely bewildered, and irresolute what to do. When he rose, he found his ship companions had left the house, even the one most intimate with him. He went down at once to the ship by which he had come, sought out the captain, and contrived to ask him—whether or not he would take him back again? He was promptly answered in the negative; and told that the ship was to proceed immediately to South America. Wearied and disappointed afraid of seeking out an English ship, lest his life should be sacrificed as had been threatened, he returned to the inn he had left, and endeavored to seek solace in drink. He was soon afterwards joined by several of the crew, and his own intimate friend among the number; and they all fell to drinking again. Fowler was in-

formed that they had leave of absence from their ship for a few days, before it proceeded to South America, and proposed to take a journey into the interior of the country. He was asked to accompany them; and, his fancy being inflamed with their accounts of the luxuriance and magnificence of the scenes he would witness, he consented. I need not describe their excursion. Drink, merry conversation, and incessant change of scene soon dissipated Fowler's moodiness, and he seemed to enjoy his jaunt as keenly as any of the party. One incident must be mentioned, as it materially influenced the fortunes of Fowler, and forwarded the scheme of those who had sent him from England. His favorite companion (Francis Leroux by name) took the opportunity one evening, when he and Fowler had strayed far from their companions, and were viewing a sweet cottage with a pretty patch of land about it, the whole of which was marked for sale, of making Fowler a proposal that greatly surprised him. He began by saying that he had long been tired of a sailor's life, and desired to settle in America; but had not a favorable opportunity till then; that he and Fowler seemed to have agreed very well on ship-board, and he did not see why they should quarrel on land.

"And so—what you say to we live here together? Is it not better than sail the great d— sea? You tell me you have money—fifty pounds—and so have I, little, what I save. We both buy this place, and both live and work here together, and so we get rich—very soon; and then we go home, you to your country, and I to my own! Eh! vat you say to this?" he inquired anxiously; at the same time taking out a small leathern purse, he shewed Fowler several pieces of gold coin, and notes for money on American banks.—Fowler, as soon as his astonishment had a little subsided, promptly refused to accede to his companion's proposal, saying that nothing should keep him from England;—that he would go back, come what might."

"Ah, mon ami! And what you do when you go there?"—"Find out the people that sent me away, and get them hanged."

"Aha!—First catch your fish, and then cook him; but what if him no bite? sacre!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

*Patent.*—When Charles the 2d saw a man climb to the top of the flag-staff on the pinnacle of Salisbury spire, "Odds fish!" said he, "this man shall have a patent, that no body shall do this but himself."

*A Judge's Advice.*—A certain Judge, after hearing a florid discourse from a younger, advised him to pluck out some feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them into the tail of his judgment.—*Percy.*



## THE HULAN AND HIS CHARGER.

Stand, my good charger! steady stand!  
In thy thick mane I wreath the my hand,  
As bounding from the yellow sand,  
We go to fight for Fatherland!

Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

Let others pant the prize to gain,  
In rival race on festal plain,  
Be ours to join the martial train,  
Where warrior's blood flows fast as rain!

Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

Hark! 'tis the clarion's clanging bray,  
'Tis answered by the joyous neigh,  
Forth to the battle's mad'ning fray,  
Glory or death, for us to-day!

Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

The sabre gleams, the cuirass clanks,  
Now side by side in charging ranks,  
Like Danube when he bursts his banks,  
We dash upon the foeman's ranks!

Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

## A TALE OF THE SEA.

In the year 18—, said Capt. M—, I was bound in a fine ship of about 400 tons burthen from the port of P— to Liverpool. The ship had a valuable cargo on board, and about ninety thousand dollars in specie. I had been prevented, by other urgent business, from giving much of my attention to the vessel while loading and equipping for the voyage, but was very particular in my directions to the chief mate, in whom I had great confidence, he having sailed with me some years, to avoid entering, if possible, any but native American seamen. When we were about to sail he informed me that he had not been able to comply with my directions entirely in this particular; but had shipped two foreigners as seamen, one a native of Germany, and the other a Frenchman from Brittany. I was pleased, however, with the appearance of the crew generally, and particularly with the foreigners. They were both stout and able-bodied men, and were particularly alert and attentive to orders.

The passage commenced auspiciously, and promised to be a speedy one, as we took a fine steady westerly wind soon after we lost soundings. To my great sorrow and uneasiness, I soon discovered in the foreigners a change of conduct for the worse. They became insolent to the mates, and appeared to be frequently under the excitement of liquor, and had evidently acquired an undue influence with the rest of the men. Their intemperance soon became intolerable, and as it was evident that they had brought liquor on board with them, I determined upon searching the fore-castle and depriving them of it. An order to this effect was given to the mates, and they were directed to go about the execution mildly and firmly, taking no arms with them as they seemed inclined to do, but to give every chest, berth and locker in the fore-castle a thorough examination, and bring ast to the cabin any spirits they might find.

It was not without much anxiety that I sent them forward upon this duty. I remained upon the quarter-deck myself, ready to go to

their aid, should it be necessary. In a few moments a loud and angry dispute was succeeded by a sharp scuffle around the fore-castle companion way. The steward, at my call, handed my loaded pistols from the cabin, and with them I hastened forward.—The Frenchman had grappled the second mate, who was a mere lad, by the throat, thrown him across the heel of the bowsprit, and was apparently determined to strangle him to death. The chief mate was calling for assistance from below, where he was struggling with the Guernsey man. The rest of the crew were indifferent spectators, but rather encouraging the foreigners than otherwise. I presented a pistol at the head of the Frenchman, and ordered him to release the second mate, which he instantly did. I then ordered him into the foretop, and the others, who were near, into the maintop; none to come down under pain of death, until ordered.—The steward had by this time brought another pair of pistols, with which I armed the second mate, directing him to remain on deck, and went below into the fore-castle myself. I found that the chief mate had been slightly wounded in two places by the knife of his antagonist, who, however, ceased to resist as I made my appearance, and we immediately secured him in irons. The search was now made, and a quantity of liquor found and taken to the cabin. The rest of the men were then called down from the tops, and the Frenchman, was made the companion of his coadjutor's confinement. I then expostulated, at some length, with the others upon their improper and insubordinate conduct, and upon the readiness with which they had suffered themselves to be drawn into such courses by two rascally foreigners, and expressed hopes that I should have no reason for further complaint during the rest of the voyage. This remonstrance I thought had effect, as they appeared contrite and promised amendment. They were then dismissed, and order was restored.

The next day the foreigners strongly solicited pardon, with the most solemn promises of future good conduct; and as the rest of the crew joined in their request, I ordered that their irons should be taken off. For several days the duties of the ship were performed to my entire satisfaction; but I could discover in the countenances of the foreigners, expressions of deep and rancorous animosity to the chief mate, who was a prompt, energetic seaman, requiring from the sailor, at all times, ready and implicit, obedience to his orders.

A week had passed over in this way, when one night, in the mid watch, all hands were called to shorten sail. Ordinarily upon occasions of this kind, the duty was not conducted by the mate, but I now went upon deck

myself and gave orders, sending him upon the fore-castle. The night was dark and squally; but the sea was not high, and the ship was running off about nine knots, with the wind upon the starboard quarter. The weather being very unpromising, the second reef was taken in: the fore and maintop-sails, the mizen handed and the fore and mizen top gallant yards sent down. This done, one watch was permitted to go below, and I prepared to betake myself to my berth, directing that the mate, to whom I wished to give some orders, should be sent to me. To my utter astonishment and consternation, word was brought me, after a short time, that he was no where to be found. I hastened upon deck, ordered all hands up again, and questioned every man in the ship upon the subject; but they, with one accord, declared that they had not seen him forward. Lanterns were then brought, and every accessible part of the vessel was unavailingly searched. I then, in the hearing of the whole crew, declared my belief that he must have fallen overboard by accident; again dismissed one watch below and repaired to the cabin, in a state of mental agitation impossible to be described. For notwithstanding the opinion which I had expressed to the contrary, I could not but entertain strong suspicions that the unfortunate man had met a violent death.

The second mate was a protege of mine, and as I have before observed, a very young man of not much experience as a seaman.—I therefore felt that, under critical circumstances, my main support had fallen from me. It is needless to add that a deep sense of forlornness and insecurity was the result of these reflections.

My first step was to load and deposite in my state room all the fire arms on board, amounting to several muskets and four pairs of pistols. The steward was a faithful mulatto man, who had sailed with me several voyages. To him I communicated my suspicions, and directed him to be constantly on the alert, and should any further difficulty with the crew occur, to repair immediately to my state room and arm himself. His usual berth was in the steerage, but I further directed that he should, on the following morning, clear out and occupy one in the cabin near my own. The second mate occupied a small state-room opening into the passage which led from the steerage to the cabin. I called him from the deck, gave him a pair of loaded pistols, with orders to keep them in his berth; and, during the night-watches on deck, never to go forward of the main mast, but to continue as constantly as possible near the companion-way; and call me up on the slightest occasion. After this, I laid down in my bed, ordering that I should be called at four o'clock for the morning watch. Only a few

minutes had elapsed, when I heard three or four knocks under the counter of the ship, which is that part of the stern immediately under the cabin windows. In a minute or two they were distinctly repeated. I arose, opened the cabin window, and called. *The mate answered!* I gave him the end of a rope to assist him up, and never shall I forget the flood of gratitude which my delighted soul poured forth to that Being who had restored him to me uninjured. His story was soon told. He had gone forward upon being ordered by me, after the calling of all hands, and had barely reached the fore-castle, when he was seized by the two foreigners, and before he could utter more than one cry, which was drowned in the roaring of the winds and waves, he was thrown over the bow. He was a powerful man and an excellent swimmer. The topsails of the ship were clewed down to reef, and her way, of course, considerably lessened—and in an instant he found the end of a rope, which was accidentally towing overboard, within his grasp, by which he dragged in the dead water or eddy that is always created under the stern of a vessel, particularly if she is full built and deeply laden, as was the case with this. By a desperate effort he caught one of the rudder chains, which was very low, and drew himself by it upon the step or jog of the rudder, where he had sufficient presence of mind to remain without calling out, until the light had ceased to shine through the cabin windows, when he concluded that the search for him was over. He then made the signal to me.

No being in the ship, but myself was apprised of his safety, for the gale had increased and completely drowned the sounds of the knocking, opening the window, &c. before they could reach the quarter deck, and there was no one in the cabin but ourselves, the steward having retired to his berth in the steerage.

It was at once resolved that the second mate only should be informed of his existence. He immediately betook himself to a large vacant state room, and, for the remainder of the passage, all his wants were attended to by me. Even the steward was allowed to enter the cabin as rarely as possible.

Nothing of note occurred during the remainder of the voyage, which was prosperous. It seemed that the foreigners had only been actuated by revenge in the violence they had committed; for nothing further was attempted by them. In due season we took a pilot in the channel, and in a day or two we entered the port of Liverpool. As soon as the proper arrangements were made, we commenced warping the ship into dock, and while engaged in this operation, *the mate appeared on deck, went forward, and attended to his duties as usual!* A scene occurred that is

beyond description; every feature of it is as vivid in my recollection as though it occurred but yesterday, and will be to my latest breath. The warp dropped from the paralyzed hands of the horror-stricken sailors, and had it not been taken up by some boatmen on board, I should have been compelled to anchor again and procure assistance from the shore. Not a word was uttered, but the two guilty wretches staggered to the mainmast, where they remained petrified with horror, until the officer, who had been sent for, approached to take them into custody. They then seemed in a measure to be recalled to a sense of their appalling predicament, and uttered the most piercing expressions of lamentation and despair.

They were soon tried, and upon the testimony of the mate, capitally convicted and executed.

Original.

## AN ADVENTURE

IN THE WOODS OF CANADA.

In the spring 183—, business called me to a remote settlement in Upper Canada. It was in the month of May, when I set out on my woody and romantic excursion; a time in which this country can be seen to the greatest advantage, and its beauties, scenery, and climate, best enjoyed. For then the opening of the forest-leaves,—their vivid-green, glossy beauty, and balmy scent, excite in our hearts an inexpressible admiration for the Author of Nature. The plains, covered with numberless shrubs, delicate and beautiful flowers and green waving grass; the woods, besprinkled and overspread with peeping daisies and our earliest flower, the Liverwort, besides many others attracting our attention, and the innocent gambols of squirrels and sprightly agility of numerous little tuneful birds, all conspire to render this a joyous and soul-soothing time.

This, by some, may be called exaggeration; but often have I in my native land, Canada, admired with a glowing and thankful bosom, such scenes. By a casual traveller in Canada, such things may not be so much noticed or relished; Nature has few real observers, and less just appreciators of her intrinsic beauty and worth. As much of my road lay thro' uncultivated tracts of country and wild and dense forests, I anticipated a feast of scenery similar to the above described. I love to view Nature in her native wildness; to gaze upon the silent workings of her mighty bosom; search into the sublime majesty of her actions,—and listen to the chorus of her groves.

The first day of my journey, nothing occurred of a novel character sufficient to rouse my imagination or strike my fancy. I stopped for the night at an inn, the dimensions or appearance of which were not very respectable;—indeed, I regret to say, inns now,

as then, throughout the province, are wretchedly deficient in comfort or respectability. However, feeling fatigued from my days ride, I returned to rest, determined to be off at the dawn of the morn in the east. I was awakened in the morn by the piping of a whippoorwill, an interesting Canadian bird, on the roof over my head. Just as his song was bidding adieu to his favorite night, and lamenting the approach of rosy-capped morn, I set out on my journey, to pass one of the most romantic days I ever saw. The morning was beautiful and fresh, and the balmy scent of the new-blown leaves mingled in many places with the plumb and bilberry blossoms and the "milk-white thorn," as that immortal poet of nature, Burns, beautifully denominates it, together with the warbling notes and mellow trills of the little feathered sylvan race, threw a cast of gaiety and sweet contemplation over my mind, in which I longed to dwell; but which state was ere long like all other visionary and transitory prospects of earthly pleasures, to pass away and give place to the most frightful experience of despair and anxiety. I travelled carelessly along, gazing at the tall trees and trying to distinguish some feathered harper, as I passed along.

It was well towards noon, and I had seen no human face, house, or settlement, for several hours; having travelled as I thought, ten miles from the last settlement. As I was threading my course along through the woods in rather an obscure road, a distant clap of thunder broke upon my ear, and roused me into more activity and attention as to my journey than hitherto paid. I was told, I should find the road obscure, and many paths leading from it; as well as that I should travel, often many miles without seeing a house. I had taken, as I thought, the plainest road and was therefore, in no apprehension of having lost my way. From this distant thunder-peal and the hotness of the air, an almost unerring harbinger of a coming storm, I was induced to spur on my horse to some house, or place of shelter; though at this time the atmosphere was clear and cloudless, as far as I could see. Before the lapse of an hour, I saw immense blue clouds come towering through the skies from the north-west.

\* \* \* The wind passed away and a wiry glare of lightning athwart the sky, preceded but a moment a continual bang of thunder. I began to be alarmed, for immediately before me, at the distance of a hundred yards, a tall pine lay literally riven in strings. This was the signal for a rush of rain which I never saw equalled;—accompanied with the most deafening thunder I ever heard. I dismounted and hid myself as well as possible, beneath a beech, the most shady tree we have, but was soon forced to seek a better shelter in the hollow of an oak.



Soon all was calm and serene. The forest looked greener, the blossoms smelt sweeter and the birds sung in unison with exulting and refreshed nature. With accordant spirits, but dripping clothes, I resumed my journey. I was ignorant of my real situation, until I found that my path was gradually dwindling into an Indian path. It was evident I had missed my way and had erred many miles out of the right track; and I began to get confused, and to contemplate a night spent in those wild and measureless woods, with all the anxiety and horror of despair that characterizes such a situation. The night was coming fast to clothe the forest head in darkness; the last rays of the sun as it sunk in sullen splendor behind a rising cloud and tipped the forest's wreathy head in spangled beauty, as if loth to part, left a melancholy gloom upon my mind. I had turned back again, travelling with difficulty the road, obliterated in a great degree by the late rain, and took a different track from the one previously, and the shades of night imperceptibly threw me into confusion and out of my road. I wandered about some time, not knowing whither I was going until impeded and frustrated in my further advancement by a large creek, swollen much with the late rain. I tied my horse to a tree and ascended another for safety, hoping that the moon would soon appear. To be continued.

If you ask me to point one tree more graceful than all others, I would point you out the weeping willow. Its long silk-like boughs droop not less pensively than the eye-lids of some sleeping beauty. And when the air stirs them what a delicious motion waves among them! Where is the painter who can impart that motion to his canvass? and where the poet, whose strains have such music in them as that which lives in the weeping willow?

The mind, which like the delicate leaves of the mimosa, shrinks from every touch, is ill calculated to solicit the assistance of the powerful, or to gain the favor of the great. The very looks of the prosperous it construes into arrogance; and it is equally wounded by the civility which appears to condescend, and by the insolence which wears the form of contempt.

*Character*—There is but little originality of character in the world. Most men are imitators. They do that they have seen others do, and they say things they have heard said. Few have the genius or courage to strike out a new path in thought or action. The general mode of education tends greatly to this result; every thing is based on books; youth are hardly allowed to think for themselves; they are not taught to look within and draw upon the resources which nature has placed there,

Mental go-carts and carriages are so abundant that the mind is not suffered to use its own legs.

### THE GAZETTER.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1832.

*The Gem*.—Mr. Scrantom, the proprietor of this paper has issued proposals—as will be seen by a notice in our advertising columns—for publishing the 5th Volume; together with a list of premiums for obtaining subscribers. *The Gem* is published at Rochester, Monroe Co. N. Y. by Edwin Scrantom, for \$1 50 cents per ann. and is worthy a more extensive circulation than it already has.

*The Monthly Traveller* for October is received. We have not had time, as yet, to give it an attentive perusal;—but presume it will not mar our previous opinion. *The Monthly Traveller*, is intended to serve the purpose of those who have not access to the uncounted miscellaneous publications of the day, but who are still desirous of availing themselves of their most valuable contributions. Each number contains 40 pages. It is published by Badger & Porter, No. 63, Court-st. Boston, Mass, at two dollars per ann. in advance.

*The Amaranth*.—We have received number 8 and 9 of a demi do bearing this title. Were we permitted to judge from the "quality" of the editorial remarks in number 9, we would think that the editors had made an attempt to be musical, by palming upon the credulous, stale puns. Instead of "hunting" for "squirrels," let them "hunt" for articles that have not been published in every *Yankee almanack* for the last half century! The selections of the *Amaranth*, generally, are such as will assist young genius to wing his eagle flight, and occasionally to shake from his plumes of light, rich dew drops. We hope that the enterprising publishers, Messrs. B. & G. H. Brown, will be amply compensated for their labors. The *Amaranth* is published semi-monthly at East Bridgewater, Mass. Terms— one dollar and fifty cents, per annum.

*The Ladies Mirror*, edited by W. N. Sherman, a notice of which will be found in No. 4, appears in a new dress.—The *Mirror* stands unrivalled in the New-England States.—We wish it success.

*To Correspondents*.—A communication from "a friend to the propagation of Canadian Literature," is under consideration.

Attention will be paid to *Love*, as well as several other communications in number 7.

Original.

### THE REJECTED.

TO MISS —

Oh, cruel maid! did'st thou but know  
How sore my heart is pain'd!  
By thoughts, which from reflection flow,  
That all thy love was feign'd.

Thy blandishments have caus'd to me  
Some painful hours to bear:  
My hope, my all design'd to be,  
Has proved as false as fair.

Now deck thyself in robes so fine,  
With beauty's witching smile,  
Perhaps thou may'st, like unto mine  
Some fond youth's heart beguile!

Yet leave him not in such a plight,  
As thou hast now lost me,  
His brightest prospects you may blight  
By thy vain coquetry.

Rejected now, P'N cease to think  
On loving e'er again,  
But strive to break each galling link  
Of thy afflictive chain.

# The Garland Advertiser.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME OF THE  
**ROCHESTER GEM:**  
*A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal.*  
**VOLUME V.—WITH 8 PLATES.**

**T**HE Fifth year of this paper commences January 1st 1833. The increasing patronage bestowed upon the GEM, induces the Proprietor to renewed efforts to make it worthy the liberal support it has received. He has therefore made arrangements to have the *Fifth Volume*, surpass any one previous to it.

The GEM is devoted to the dissemination of useful Knowledge—to Fictitious, Historical, and Biographical writings—to Essays, Poetry, Moral Readings, Sentiment and wit—and is intended to foster and encourage *Native Genius*. A patronage of upwards of *One Thousand* names for three years past, is all the editor offers by way of recommendation.

The GEM is published at Rochester, Monroe Co. N. Y. every other Saturday at \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance. It is printed in quarto form and paged for binding—and an index and title-page furnished at the end of the year.

Moneys can be safely sent by mail. All Letters must be *post-paid*, and addressed to the proprietor.

**EDWIN SCRANTOM.**

Rochester, Oct. 13, 1832.

### PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

To any persons who will obtain Four Subscribers and remit \$6 post-free, will be given the Souvenir or the Token, richly bound with 8 fine engravings.

For Eight subscribers and the money, will be given the Forget-Me-Not, 10 engravings and Junius' Letters, 2 vols. elegant.

For Six subscribers and the money, will be given the Christian Offering, and Affection's Gift, both elegantly bound and gilt with engravings. And for 12 subscribers, the Winter Wreath and Junius, will be added to the premium for six.

For Two subscribers and \$3, Vol 2d, of the Gem.

All the above works are perfect, and will be splendid *New Year's Gifts*. Any person so disposed can obtain one or more of them.—The premiums will be promptly paid to those who are successful.

Specimens of the GEM and subscription papers may be had at the office, or will be sent by mail to individuals who order them, post-paid. The Premiums likewise, may be seen at the office.

**R**ESOLVED.—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.

**J**UST 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.

### NOTICE.

**T**HE Subscriber having more than one year ago, notified those with whom he had dealings, the necessity there was of their making immediate payment, has now to inform those who did not avail themselves of it, that they will have themselves only to blame for the cost that will be incurred, as he can no longer delay putting all his accounts and notes into the hands of an Attorney for collection.  
**JAS. CROOKS.**

*West Flamboro', Oct. 8, 1832.* 5-1f