

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.



To Raise the Genius,

To Mend the Heart.

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HAMILTON, U. C.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY WYLLYS SMYTH.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY			1	2	3	4	5	JULY	1	2	3	4	5	6
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31				28	29	30	31		
FEBRUARY						1	2	AUGUST					1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28				25	26	27	28	29	30
MARCH							1	SEPTEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		8	9	10	11	12	13
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		15	16	17	18	19	20
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		22	23	24	25	26	27
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		29	30				
	31							OCTOBER			1	2	3	4
APRIL		1	2	3	4	5	6		6	7	8	9	10	11
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		13	14	15	16	17	18
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		20	21	22	23	24	25
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		27	28	29	30	31	
	28	29	30					NOVEMBER					1	2
MAY				1	2	3	4		3	4	5	6	7	8
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		10	11	12	13	14	15
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		17	18	19	20	21	22
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		24	25	26	27	28	29
	26	27	28	29	30	31		DECEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6
JUNE							1		8	9	10	11	12	13
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		15	16	17	18	19	20
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		22	23	24	25	26	27
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		29	30	31			
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29							
	30													

Garland Pr. Hamilton. U. C.

Hamilton and Vicinity, in 1833.

We give below a synopsis of the Trade, &c. of this village, more for the benefit of those concerned, than the mere hope of patronage. Hamilton contains about one hundred and twenty dwelling houses and upwards of one thousand inhabitants.

Public Buildings.

Court House, Can. Wes. Chapel,
Presbyterian Church, Epis. Meth. do.

Taverns.

Plumer Burley's, William Dailey's,
Geo. Carey's, J. Bradley's,
Geo. Davis', John Bradley's,
J. Boyes,

Stores.

C. Ferrie & Co. Mr. Phelan,
J. Young, J. Durand,
R. Prentiss, J. Stinson & Co.
T. Brown & Co. J. Rolleston,
S. Green, & Co. C. B. Duncan & Co.
E. & J. Ritchie, M. Cheeney,
S. Mills, Hardware, T. Ison, Hardware.
Downs, Cameron & Ferguson, F. Leonard.

Watch-Makers.

T. Baker, Edward Magill.

Saddlers.

E. Alfred, D. Allison,

Merchant Tailors.

M'Curdy & Co. H. Wittmer,
W. Clark, T. Hartnell,

Cabinet Makers.

H. Clay, John Snook,
H. Clark, W. Scobell.

Boot and Shoe Makers.

D. Dewey, J. Sproule,
Mr. Fish, W. Kelsey.

Bakers.

Matthew Bailey, M. M'Arthur.

Newspapers.

Western Mercury, Free Press, Canadian Wesleyan, and Garland.

- 1 Druggist, J. Winer.
- 1 Tin and Sheet Iron Manufactory, Ed. Jackson & Co.
- 1 Hatter, C. J. Plumb.
- 3 Milleneries, Miss Price, Misses Parson's and Miss Duncan.

THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1833.

NO. 9.

POPULAR TALES.

THE FORSAKEN GIRL.

"They parted—as all lovers part—
She with her wronged and broken heart;—
But he, rejoicing he is free.
Bounds like the captive from his chain;
And wilfully believing she
Hath found her liberty again."—*L. E. London.*

If there is any act which deserves deeper and bitter condemnation, it is that of trifling with the inestimable gifts of woman's affection. The female heart may be compared to a delicate harp, over which the breathings of early affection wander, until each tender chord is awakened to tones of ineffable sweetness. It is the music of the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of fountains, or the songs of Houris, in the Moslem's paradise. But wo for the delicate fashioning of that harp if a change pass over the love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness sweep over its delicate strings, and they will break, one after another—slowly perhaps—but surely. Unvisited and unrequited by the light of love, the soul-like melody will be hushed in the stricken bosom, like the mysterious harmony of the Egyptian statue, before the coming of the sunrise.

I have been wandering among the graves—the lonely and solemn graves. I love at times to do so. I feel a melancholy not unalloyed to pleasure, in communing with the resting place of those who have gone before me—to go forth alone among the tombstones, rising from every grassy undulation like ghostly sentinels of the departed. And when I kneel above the narrow mansion of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel a strange assurance that the spirit of the sleeper is near me—a viewless and ministering angel. It is a beautiful philosophy, which has found its way unsought for and mysteriously into the silence of my heart, and if it be only a dream, the unreal imagery of fancy, I pray God that I may never awaken from the beautiful delusion.

I have been this evening, by the grave of Emily. It has a plain white tombstone, half hidden by flowers, and you may read its mournful epitaph in the clear moon-light, which falls upon it like the smile of an angel, through an opening in the drooping branches. Emily was a beautiful girl—the fairest of our village maidens. I think I see her now, as she looked when the loved one—the idol of her affections, was near her, with his smile of conscious triumph and exulting love. She had then, seen but eighteen summers, and her whole being seemed woven of the dream of

her first passion. The object of her love was a proud and wayward being—whose haughty spirit never relaxed from its habitual sternness, save when he found himself in the presence of a young and beautiful creature, who had trusted her all on the "venture of her vow," and who had loved him with the confiding earnestness of a pure and devoted heart. Nature had deprived him of the advantages of outward grace and beauty; and it was the abiding consciousness of this, which gave to his intercourse with society a character of pride and sternness. He felt himself in some degree removed from his fellow men by the partial fashioning of nature; and he scorned to seek a nearer affinity. His mind was of an exalted bearing, and prodigal of beauty. The flowers of poetry were in his imagination, a perpetual blossoming; and it was to his intellectual beauty that Emily knelt down—bearing to the altar of her idol, the fair flowers of her affection—even as the dark eyed daughters of the ancient Ghebers spread out their offerings from the gardens of the east, upon the altar of the sun.

There is a surpassing strength in a love like that of Emily's—it has nothing gross, nor low, nor earthly in its yearnings—it has its source in the deeper fountains of the human heart—and is such as the redeemed and sanctified from earth might feel for one another, in the fair land of spirits. Alas! that such love should be unrequited—or turned back in coolness upon the crushed heart of its giver!

They parted—Emily and her lover—but not before they had vowed eternal constancy to each other. The one retired to the quiet of her home—to dream over again the scenes of her early passion—to count with uniting eagerness the hours of separation—and to weep over the long interval of "hope deferred."—The other went out with a strong heart to mingle with the world—girded with pride and impelled forward by ambition. He found the world cool, and callous, and selfish; and his own spirit insensibly took the hue of those around him. He shut his eyes upon the past—it was too pure and mildly beautiful for the sterner gaze of his manhood. He forgot the passion of his boyhood—all beautiful and holy as it was—he returned not back to the young and lovely and devoted girl, who had poured out to him in the confiding earnestness of woman's confidence, the wealth of her affection. He came not back to fulfil the vow which he had plighted.

Slowly and painfully the knowledge of her lover's infidelity came over the sensitive heart

of Emily. She sought for a time to shut out the horrible suspicion from her mind—she half doubted the evidence of her own senses—she could not believe that he was a traitor—for her own memory had treasured every token of his affection—every impassioned word and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last, the doubtful spectre which had long haunted her, and from which she turned away, as if it were a sin to look upon it, now stood before her—a dreadful and unescapable vision of reality. There was one burst of passionate tears—the overflow of that fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope in the desolate bosom,—and she was calm—for the struggle was over, and she gazed steadily and with the awful confidence of one whose hopes are not on earth, upon the dark valley of death, whose shadow was already around her.

It was a beautiful evening in summer, that I saw her for the last time. The sun was just setting behind a long line of blue and undulating hills, touching their tall summits with a radiance like the halo that encircles the dazzling brow of an angel—and all nature had put on the rich garniture of greenness and blossom. As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily—I found the door of the little parlor thrown open; and a female voice of a sweetness, which could hardly be said to belong to earth, stole out upon the soft summer air. It was like the breathing of an Æolian lute to the gentlest visitation of a zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen, and these words—I shall never forget them—came upon my ears like the low and melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams:—

Oh—no—I do not fear to die,
For Hope and Faith are bold;
And life is but a weariness—
And earth is strangely cold—
In view of Death's pale solitude
My spirit hath not mourned—
'Tis kinder than forgotten love,
Or friendship unreturned!

And I could pass the shadowed land
In rapture all the while—
If one who now is far away
Were near me with his smile.
It seems a dreary thing to die
Forgotten and alone—
Unheeded by our dearest love—
The smiles and tears of one!

Oh! plant my grave with pleasant flowers,
The fairest of the fair—
The very flowers he loved to twine
At twilight in my hair—
Perchance he yet may visit them,
And shed above my bier
The holiest dew of funeral flowers—
"Affection's kindly tear!"

It was the voice of Emily—it was her last song. She was leaning on her hand as I entered the apartment—her thin white hand resting on her forehead. She rose and welcomed me with a melancholy smile. It played over her features for a moment, flushing her cheek with a slight and sudden glow—

and then passed away, leaving in its stead, the wanness and mournful beauty of the dying. It has been said that Death is always terrible to look upon. But to the stricken Emily, the presence of the destroyer was like the ministration of an angel of light and holiness. She was passing off to the land of spirits like the melting of a sunset cloud into the blue of heaven—stealing from existence like the last strain of ocean music when it dies away slowly and sweetly upon the moonlit waters.

A few days after, I stood by the grave of Emily. The villagers had gathered together, one and all, to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to the lovely sleeper. They mourned her loss with a deep and sincere lamentation—they marvelled that one so young and so beloved should yield herself up to melancholy, and perish in the spring time of her existence. But they knew not the hidden arrow which had rankled in her bosom—the slow and secret withering of her heart. She had borne the calamity in silence—in the uncomplaining quietude of one, who felt that there are woes which may not ask for sympathy—afflictions, which like the canker concealed in the heart of some fair blossom, are discovered only by the untimely decay of their victim.

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

"Unheeded, pass not by
The bravery of woman; trust we good Sir Knight,
It bears us good record in olden deeds
Of chivalry, and even beams as glorious
As woman's love!"—Decker.

It is delightful to record instances of the glory in which the most lovely objects of the creation have distinguished themselves, so as to render them equal to the much, though unjustly, vaunted superiority of man. Confessing, however, that woman appears in the most beautiful, because delicate light, in her domestic character; still we are pleased at finding her, occasionally, emerging from those tender duties, to assert her rights to the rewards of heroism. We have, therefore, the agreeable task of mingling with our sketches of woman in her more subdued character, a record of woman's valor, nothing less than the institution of a *female order of Knighthood!* which was created by Don Raymond, the last Earl of Barcelona, (who, by a marriage with Petronilla, only daughter and heiress of Romino, the monk king, united that principality to the kingdom of Arragon,) who, in the year 1149, gained the city of Tortosa from the Moors.

In the course of the ensuing winter, however, the Moors, having recruited their army, laid siege again to the place; for a length of time the inhabitants bore the siege firmly, and with the utmost and uncompromising bravery, but having suffered extreme privations, they

applied to Don Raymond for relief; the latter however, having experienced very ill success himself, was unable to succor the city,—when every hope having vanished, it was proposed to yield it to the Moors. Upon hearing this cowardly project, the females of the city instantly offered themselves to defend the place, and having attired themselves in the habits of their husbands and brothers, they made a resolute sally upon the Moors, and with such heroism that they compelled their enemies to raise the siege, and returned triumphant to the city! So resolutely did they fight, that the Moors fled in dismay, and made no farther attempt upon Tortosa.

Raymond was delighted by the report of the bravery of those intrepid females, and, entering the city for the express purpose, he rewarded them by the grant of several privileges and immunities. Moreover, to perpetuate their memory, he instituted an order of knighthood, somewhat resembling a military order, into which none but those brave ladies who had succeeded in preserving the city, were admitted. The badge of the order resembled a friar's capouche, of a crimson colour, and sharp at the top; it was worn upon the head dress. He also ordained, that at all public meetings the women should have the precedence of the men; that they should be exempt from all taxes, and that all the apparel and jewels left by their husbands (whatever might be the value of them,) should be lawfully their own. These privileges, with many others, they long enjoyed, and were universally honored and esteemed.

At the present eventful period, we have also a bright example of the heroism of woman, and in one of the noblest causes, too, that has ever inspired the sympathy of human nature. The poor Poles were assisted in their brave attempts to redeem themselves from Russian thralldom, by their females, and the name of Plater, the lady who led the female troops, will descend to posterity, associated with the records of the noble, tho' unsuccessful, struggle of the Poles.

GENIUS.

"Genius," said the most celebrated among the oriental magi, "was born afar from his parental home, with wings, but without hands, in a thick and interminable forest." The apologue is intended to exhibit his utter destitution, coupled with an ambition which is forever restless. He is from his home—an exile; without hands, he is unequal to the task of providing for himself, in the struggle of his fellow-men. In the forest, without a guide, he is in perpetual bewilderment; and the sole object of his aim and endeavor, is the glory of that blue sphere which he discovers in the brief opening of the trees above him. His inspiration and his native home are alike ima-

ged by his wings. The philosopher continues: "his sole endeavor is to extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he is involved, and regain the dwelling for which his fate had designed him, and which smiles down so attractively upon him. Without hands, every branch and vine forms an insurmountable impediment, and all in vain does his feet seek out a beaten pathway. The only means left him is to leap up into the sky, and thus attain the fair prospect which his inward spirit prompts him to claim and consider his own. But the boughs are so intimately intertwined above, that all his efforts are fruitless, and he is always beaten back: after a short life of protracted struggle for his freedom and enlargement, he sinks down despondingly upon the earth which denied him a home, but willingly furnishes a grave." Then, "as the sage pursues his picture, comes autumn," whom he describes as "a gentle and melancholy matron, with a sadly sweet sorrow, who bending the branches closely above, and strewing the serg leaves over him, performs for him the offices which all other hands have withheld. In course of years, men, mortified by self-rebuke, gather about the frail shelter, and build one of stone in its place; but, methinks," continued the sage, "the flowers and leaves had been the more fitting memorial, since they tell of a bloom and beauty which were unrivalled, a shrinking spirit; which the storms crushed, and of an odor which survives, and even hal-lows decay." New-York Mirror.

• Esq. Brazenface, who we have stated to be notorious for abusing witnesses, was one day examining a man, before the court, respecting some corn, and as usual, insulted him with a thousand questions irrelevant to the case, when the following dialogue ensued.

Esq. B. What do you know respecting this corn?

Witness. I helped plant it and sow it sir.

Esq. B. What else?

Wit. When it was ripe, I helped gather it into the barn, helped husk it, and carried some of it to mill to be ground.

Esq. B. (In an angry tone,) Then what did you do with the husks?

Wit. I gave some of them to my horse, some to my cow, some to my hogs, and if you had been there, you should have your share of them.

A general burst of laughter was heard all round the court-house, and Esq. Brazenface sat down in mortification and chagrin.

Natural Inference.—Curran was once asked what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, with great gravity, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

Original.

TO ————

I met thee first amid the crowd,
When my heart was gay and free;
'Twas there I plied the silken vow,
Of love and constancy.

'Mid scenes so gay and bright,
Time unmeasured quickly flew;
Nor could'st one sad reflection,
With sorrow's tear our path to strow.

This dream at last is ebbing,
This wild delusion of the heart;
For the voice of wayward fate decreed
It wise that we should part.

The dreaded hour is past—
Our last farewell is ta'en;
Oh, yes! it was our last adieu,
Never to meet again.

York, Dec. 1832.

M. A. B. T.

THE WAGGONER.

CONTINUED.

The baronet walked about, frequently stopping, evidently in deep agitating thought; and at length sat down exhaustedly in his chair in silence. He closed his eyes with his hands, and looked that moment as wretched a man as breathed.

"How am I to know, sir, that you are not, after all, a common swindler—have come here with this trumped up stuff for the basest of purposes?" inquired the baronet, with a scowl of mingled pride and despair.

"By going to the parish of Griststone, and for yourself comparing my copies, which I will, *once more*, Sir William," continued Oxleigh, with stinging emphasis, "cause to be put into your hands to-morrow, with the original registers and certificates; and if you prove me wrong—that I have deceived you in any thing—hand me over at once to the pillory, transportation or death!"

"I will, sir!" replied the baronet, with a searching look at Oxleigh; who resumed—

"Sir William, I am a lawyer, and a calculating one. I have looked well to the end of what I am doing. Permit me, therefore, to say, that my arrangements will not allow of delay. You must choose your alternative—haggery, or baronetcy with £30,000 a year! And again, Sir William," continued Oxleigh, drawing out his words slowly, "there are always what we lawyers call *MESNE PROFITS* to be accounted for! What will become of you?"

The baronet shuddered. The bare possibility, the distant contingency of such a thing, was frightful. To be not only shorn of his title, income, and standing in society, but have to disgorge one, two or even three hundred thousand pounds to his supplanter! Fearful thoughts and prospects—bloomy schemes began to gleam before the disturbed intellects of Sir William Gwynne. What an awful change had a few minutes only, wrought in him, his situation, his prospects! Here was a low fellow, a scoundrel, swindling pettifogger, bearding and bullying him in his own house, flashing ruin, disgrace and starvation

before his shrinking eyes—coolly goading and edging him on to the perpetration of villany and cruelty, and requiring, doubtless, a participation in the profits! These maddening thro's kept him long silent.

"Are you, permit me to enquire, thinking of what I have said, Sir William?"

"I am thinking you are too great a villain to live, sir; and that I had better knock you on the head and so rid the world of such a ruffian!" replied the baronet, with a desperate air.

"Suppose you *did*, Sir William; a lawyer like an eel, is hard of dying. I have made such arrangements, as, even were you to succeed in killing me on the spot, here this night, and which would not possibly be without danger," glancing from his pistol to Sir William—"it would do you no good, but rather ruin you at once in every way, with no possibility of escape. I told you I had calculated, Sir William——"

"Oh!—your terms, sir!" gasped the baronet, interrupting Oxleigh, as though he felt his fate pressing on him.

"Why, I don't know, exactly whether I could name them at a moment's warning. It is, I presume, superfluous to say, that I must be paid well for any service that I may render you. Nay, may I not name any terms I choose! Is it not I who am to dictate?"

"What are your terms, sir?" repeated the baronet, with an air of consternation at the tone which Oxleigh spoke: "whatever they are name them at once. Don't hesitate, sir.—You know, of course that you are a scoundrel; but circumstances have made you safe, and protected you from a fury that would have annihilated you," gasped the baronet, stamping his foot upon the floor. "Name your terms at once. They may be so exorbitant and monstrous that I may determine at all risks to refuse them, and defy you, devil out of hell as you are."

"Well, Sir William, it is of course for yourself to know your own interests. Let me, however, request you, Sir William, to bear in mind what small courtesy you have this evening deserved at my hands. I would have treated you with the pity due to misfortune."

"Oh, God! oh, God! that I must bear all this!" groaned the baronet, compressing his arms upon his breast. Oxleigh smiled.

"I have little further to add to what I have said, Sir William, unless you are disposed to come to terms. It will be a terrible thing for you if I leave your house to-night without something like a very definite understanding with you. I will be straight forward with you, *Sir William*, and in a word or two tell you that to secure my secrecy and co-operation in concealing the fact of this young Fowler's existence,—sending him abroad and keeping him there; you must convey to me the fee

of a certain estate of yours, in the neighborhood of the house where I live, worth, as I reckon it, £2000 per annum; and further, must cause it to be believed by the world that I have been a *bona fide* purchaser of it."

The baronet bit his lips but evinced no symptoms, of astonishment or anger; "well, Sir," said he, moodily, "I suppose I must consider your proposal."

"But allow me, *Sir William*, do you consider it *unreasonable*, supposing you to have ascertained the truth of my representations?"

"Certainly, sir, you *might* have been more extravagant," replied the baronet, gloomily, and with a reluctant air.

"But further, *Sir William*, this must be done with no ill grace—no airs of condescension! It must be done as between *gentlemen!*" continued the attorney; and you and I must hereafter know each other, and associate together as equals—the baronet's blood boiled, and his eye flashed—"we must be intimate, and I shall expect the honor of your good word, and introduction to your friends of the country generally." As Oxleigh said this, the tears of agony were several times nearly forcing themselves from *Sir William*. He rose from his chair, exclaiming in a low tone, "I—I cannot think that all this is real."

"Will you allow me to remind you that pen, ink, and paper are before you, *Sir William*, and will you favor me with your written promise to convey to me the property in question?"

"It will be time enough to think of that, sir, to-morrow after we shall have inspected the parish register."

"Excuse me, *Sir William*, but, with submission, we can do it now *conditionally*.—Nothing like written accuracy on such occasions as these."

"Well, sir, exclaimed the baronet, with a profound sigh: and flinging himself down in his chair, he seized pen and paper and wrote, pretty nearly to the dictation of the attorney:

"*Sir William Gwynne*, baronet of Gwynne Hall, Shropshire, engages to convey to Job Oxleigh Esq. of Oxleigh, in the same county, the fee simple of a certain estate of the said *Sir William Gwynne*, situate in the same county, and known by the name of 'The Sheaves,' now of a rental of £2000 per annum, provided the said Job Oxleigh shall prove the truth of his representations, and make good the undertakings specified by him to me, this 15th of October, 1760. And, as the said estate entailed upon me, I hereby engage to suffer a recovery of the same, in order to cut off the entail, for the purpose of alienating such portion thereof as is above specified. *William Gwynne*, Gwynne Hall, 15th October, 1760."

Mr. Oxleigh carefully read this agreement over, folded it up, put it into his pocket-book, and expressed himself satisfied with it. "Now, *Sir William*," said he, in an altered tone, "we understand one another, and may therefore proceed to business." "Mr. Oxleigh—Mr. Oxleigh, not quite so fast, Sir! I have not yet ascertained the truth of your extraordinary representations; till which is done, I will not stir one step in the proceedings. I expect in the course of to-morrow, to be shown the marriage, baptismal, and burial registers, and to be put into possession of the name and residence of the young man we have been speaking of. And you will allow me, Sir, to take this opportunity of telling you two things; that if I should find myself, after all, deceived by you by my God, I will get you hanged; or, if that cannot be done by law, I will shoot you through the head. And I beg secondly, that you will not talk so much like my equal—in such strain of familiarity with me. Sir, I will not bear such freedom. It chokes me to hear the tone of your speech to me. We shall never be friends so long as you forget that I am a gentleman and a baronet, and you—but no matter, Sir, it is against my nature to endure liberties of any kind." The baronet said all this sternly and bitterly, and drew himself up to his full height as he concluded. The attorney was abashed by the flashing eye and proud bearing of the baronet, and stammered something indistinctly about the respect "certainly due to misfortune."

"Sir, your attention a moment," said the baronet, abruptly, seeing Oxleigh rising as if to go; "tell me what is to be done in this matter, supposing all to prove true that you have said. How is this young man to be found?" how is he to be got securely rid of?" inquired the baronet, anxiously. "Why, *Sir William*, I see no other safe and sure way than—kidnapping him in the night—blindfolded—his arms bound—and in that fashion convey him abroad. We could soon get him to the Channel."

"And who is to do all this? Must we have *more* depositories of our secret?" inquired the baronet, with a bitter smile, echoing the expression a short time before used by Oxleigh; "Do you pretend to say that your own hands are sufficient for this cruel—this horrid work?" "No *Sir William*; nor yet are yours sufficient, even with mine: but we must neither of us, *therefore*, be idle. We must hire at least two desperate fellows, and pay them well—stop up their mouths with bank notes; and, besides, there is no need for them to be entrusted with the reason of what they are doing; we can easily give them any story we like."

"It is a frightful business! Here the devil has taught you how to make a villain in a moment out of a man who, but an hour ago,

might have believed his soul to be full of honor and nobility! I am undone! I am fit for hell, for even listening to you!"

"Well, it is easily remedied; I can tell you a way of preserving spotless honor——"

"What do you mean, Sir?" inquired the baronet, abruptly.

"By simply giving up your *all*,—surrendering your title and estate to a—waggoner—a common waggoner,—making up to him two or three hundred thousand pounds—and earning your own bread for the rest of your life.—That, now, *Sir William*, would certainly be noble!" The baronet groaned. "We are all the creatures of circumstances, *Sir William*; we must all yield to fate?" "Patter your nonsense elsewhere, Sir?" replied the baronet angrily; "I want no devil's preaching *here*!"

"I wonder, *Sir William*," retorted Oxleigh, thoroughly nettled by the lofty bearing of the baronet, and the contemptuous tone in which he addressed him, "you can so easily forget that I, who am really and in fact *your master*, yet consent to become your friend—your adviser! Have I not been moderate in my demands? what if I had demanded half your fortune?"

"And how do I know but you will hereafter? Let me advise you, Mr. Oxleigh, not to irritate a desperate man; for I now tell you, that if you, *were* to increase your demands on me above what is already, perhaps, too easily conceded, I would certainly take your life!"

"*Sir William*—I had better be frank with you, as I said before—I never thought I should be free from danger, though 'nothing venture, nothing have;' or that my life would be otherwise than in perpetual jeopardy, and so I will tell you at once what arrangements I have made to provide for my own security. I have drawn up a full statement of the matters which I have mentioned to you this evening, sealed it up and placed it in the hands of my London agent, with explicit directions for him to open it, when he hears of my death, either naturally or violently, for at least nine years to come; so that not only would it do you no good to take away my life, *Sir William*, but it would immediately ruin you."

"Ah! well, here then, is an end of our bargain. Give me up the paper I have put into your hands! I will not treat with you on such terms!" said the baronet, his face blanched to a whiter hue than before.

"You cannot help yourself, *Sir William*!" replied the attorney, calmly. "Only be pleased to reflect, and you will yourself see that you cannot." * * *

"Mr. Oxleigh," said the baronet, suddenly, "I have been thinking of this matter. Supposing all to be as you say, and it should prove necessary to send this man out of the country, there is surely, there can certainly be, no need for *my* appearance or meddling

in the business? I need not personally have a hand in it! Cannot I leave it all to you, Mr. Oxleigh, and your assistants?"

"Then, *Sir William*, what security would you have? How would you know that I had really performed my promise to you? That I had not played you false? Besides, *Sir William*, this is a dangerous, a very black business—a perilous, a deadly job; and I cannot consent to bear it upon my own shoulders—to stand alone in it. You must help me, *Sir William*—must work as hard and risk as much as I. Our hands must both assist in removing this obnoxious person!—I am a man of my word, *Sir William*!—I cannot forego this! To be equally safe, we must be equally guilty, *Sir William*! equally committed to each other!"

"Pray, *Sir*, what did you say this young man's name was?"

"William Fowler Gwynne; but he goes by the name of William Fowler only."

"Does he know that he bears the name of Gwynne, *Sir*? Has he any inkling of what you have now been telling me?"

"No more than the dead!"

"What is he now?"

"I am not quite sure, *Sir William*. He is poor and ignorant; a carter, I believe, or waggoner; but I shall know more by to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow, then, *Sir*, we must part," said the baronet. "Be here to-morrow at nine, and we will say more on the subject. Good evening, *Sir*."

"Good evening, *Sir William*; good evening. I shall be with you at nine to-morrow; and hope we shall then be better friends. Good evening, *Sir William*," and Oxleigh presumptuously tendered his hand to the baronet, who reluctantly laid his cold fingers—the flesh creeping the while with disgust; in those of Oxleigh; and in a moment or two he was left alone. He sat back in his ample arm-chair, for nearly two hours, in stupefied silence. He was to have written three or four important election letters, and one to his intended wife that evening; but being now unequal to the task, he thrust his table from him, rung for candles, and went to bed, saying to his valet that he was ill. It need hardly be said that he passed a fearful night; several times being on the point of leaping out of bed, and committing suicide. True to his time, the villain Oxleigh made his appearance at the Hall as the clock was striking nine. The baronet met him with a fevered brow and bloodshot eyes; and in half an hour's time, both of them had stepped in the carriage, which *Sir William* had ordered to be in readiness. They drove rapidly into Somersetshire, and the baronet returned thunderstruck with what he had seen; ample and indubitable corroboration of all Oxleigh had told him overnight; a ruined and a

blighted man. It was long before he recovered the stunning effects of the disclosure. He gradually became passive in the bands of Oxleigh. The servants at the Hall, and the baronet's friends, equally wondered what could be the reason of Oxleigh's perpetual presence at the Hall.

To be Continued.

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1831.

The New Year.—Gentle Reader! the wheels of time have swiftly hurried another year to a close! When we take a retrospective glance of the past, we tremble for the future! Many that partook of the festivities at the birth of Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Three, will, ere it has followed its predecessor, pass from time into eternity! He, who sustains us from day to day, "is no respecter of persons.—The rich the poor, the high the low, the lord and beggar, all find the same resting place. How true then, that "the days of man are few and full of trouble." Instead of rejoicing at the future, let us mourn over the past—the grave of some departed friend! Consider, reader! and

Count o'er the ties He's broken—
Count o'er each perish'd token.

The Canadian Magazine.—We understand that Mr. Sibbald, a gentleman every way qualified, will issue the first number of a monthly work under this title, early in this month. Not possessing a prospectus, we are unprepared to give it a further notice. Should Mr. Sibbald favor us with a copy, we will anatomize it. Mr. Colin Ferrie is an agent for this vicinity.

The Canadian literary Magazine.—We gave notice in our last number, that a "young gentleman" was about to issue to the world such a thing. We have since learned that the editor is a lad, recently from England, and more recently from this village,—a master Kent. The first number is in embryo.

The Rochester Gem.—We have received the first number of volume 5. We have had occasion to speak of this work before, but we are right sure the present number exceeds any previous one; and it contains, by way of embellishment, a correct view of the Yankee Capitol. The Gem has many valuable correspondents. We by no means wish to insinuate that its editor is incapable of "acting editor and correspondent." His remarks, generally, are characteristic of the heart, from whence they flow. As a specimen, we give the following extract from his address to the patrons of the Gem, at the close of 1832:

"Patrons and friends! Another year is closing upon us—a new one is opening. Time is like the restless and destructive volcano; ever heaving up the poor disquiet spirits that cluster upon its verge—ever bursting into eternity with its victims, as if to fill its shoreless portals! Each year it changes its cognomen, as if to notice in each century the eventful periods in the whole world! But we all have a work to do, each for himself. It is well, occasionally to turn our attention to the mighty machinery of the Universe, and as we attempt to contemplate that which we can ill understand, centre our thoughts in adoration upon the Great Author. But we should not stand and idly gaze away our precious hours until our sand is spent—we should learn wisdom from the past, to profit us in the future.

Patrons—you who had but one year longer to live in the commencement of 1832, are now about closing your career! Do you know which of you it may be? You who had ten to live at that time, have now one less. Those little sands, alas! how fast they fall!—yet Death has been busy through every second. He has taken his millions within the past year, and yet his march is on. Time cannot outstrip him—No, he makes time help him on in his dreadful work. But death is the door-way to Eternity! are we any of us prepared to enter?"

ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE GARLAND.

As whispering low the passing breeze
Its wild harp tunes amid the trees,
Singing the fleeting year to rest:
It breathes the Will of that Wise Power,
By whose command each passing hour
And year is onward press'd.

There's some will sigh and drop a tear,
O'er by-gone scenes of grief;
While others happier will appear,
Whose bosoms find relief.

We, grateful for our Patrons' praise,
And for their generous aid;
Give thanks to those whose sunny rays
The GARLAND'S leaves display'd:
We thank them, that our rising sun
Through them, its summit soon will win.

To hail the Genius of our youth,
And bring to light its latent fire,
Array'd in wisdom, taste and truth—
Has been our sole desire.

Oh happy land, in which we live!
Our fate, fair Canada, and thine
So link'd, we must together thrive,
Or sink beneath a common shrine.

The star of knowledge is our guide,
With it our race begun;
Through friends and foes, what'er betide,
Thus far its course has run.

Now, ominous another year
Comes smiling on the world;
Expectant hope and future fear,
Our fancy has unfurld.

Its tale is hidden from the eye,
And from the scan of all but One—
Who sitting on His throne on high,
Doth future events plan.

And if the GARLAND'S fragrance, still
Should win each fair-one's care,
We'll still exert our utmost skill,
To charm the witching fair.

All hail, New-Year! welcome again!
Bring pleasure in thy train;
Health, peace and happiness to cheer
Each coming day, throughout the year,
And soothe the throes of pain.

C. M. D.

Hamilton, January 1, 1833.

To Correspondents.—We have the satisfaction of laying before our readers the productions of several "highly talented" individuals. Such an acquisition, we think, speaks volumes in our favor. We have, however, a number who are possessed of so little genius, that we shall be "under the necessity of consigning them over to Morpheus." If "the girl I love," is recognized by a "Youth," he must be blessed with a keener conception than was Astrea. He reminds us of Narcissus, a very beautiful youth, who, falling in love with his own shadow in water, pined away into a daffodil. His "To Miss," did miss—the columns of the Garland.

"Ceres," is any thing but the goddess of poetry. We shall deem it an act of justice if she styles herself the goddess of agriculture.

There is a slight modality existing between the "Midnight Scene," and good sense.

"A Student," will accept our thanks for his "adieu to autumn." We hope to hear from him again.

Can our Lockport correspondent inform us of the etymon of the "Coaster?" It is on file for a second reading.

Adventure, evidently by a young Englishman, describing a perilous tour, is received. The quotations are very imperfect; and should we attempt a revival, we fear the consequence. We discover a peculiar quaintness in his style, worthy a further trial. "If y a quelque chose de gracieux dans ce tableau." We solicit a continuance.

Friendship is a good essay. It shall have a place. We return our sincere thanks to the writer, for our Address. Also, for his kind feelings towards us.

POETRY.

Original.

LOVE IN THE ARMY.

A fighting old soldier fell madly
In love with a stirring coquette,
Who pester'd her lovers most sadly—
Like twice in the claws of a cat.
At times she was pleasant and funny,
But soon without reason got vex'd;
This moment far sweeter than honey,
More-blister than aloe the next.

Her form was a perfect Madonna,
As sculptor e'er chisel'd from stone;
Her voice far excell'd in Cremona,
For music, and sweetness of tone.
Her lips were like putting red cherries—
Her color Siberia's snows;
Her foot was as neat as a fairy's,
Her cheeks far out-crimson'd the rose.

Her lovers, spell-bound by her magic,
Whin'd, fretted and wheedled in vain,
'Till the wise-ones declar'd something tragic,
Would flow from her tickle disdain.
She enter'd all day on a pony,
Or saunter'd the streets up and down;
A flirting with each Macaroni,
And dandified spoony in town.

The soldier long strove to unfetter
His heart-strings, but finding it vain,
Resolved to indite a war-letter,
To each of the dandified train.
Less skilled with the quill than the rapier,
And having spoil'd many a pen
And neat little sheet of gilt paper,
He verbally challeng'd his men.

To meet him, prepared with a swivel
A shot for the fair-one to take;
But fighting they reckon'd uncivil,
So gave up their claims for his sake.
The soldier a love-tale in verses,
Address'd to the fair-one in rhyme;
The tongue of tradition rehearse,
Their tenor (as follows) sublime:

"Have mercy bright mirror of beauty!
Compassion I pray thou wilt take,
On him who would count it his duty,
To lay down his life for thy sake.
I've danc'd in the Spanish Bolero,
With Frenchmen in all parts of Spain;
Ten places besides Talavera,
Where thousands lay dead on the plain.

"To raise my sad heart above zero—
That thirty below it doth stand;
Accept of the hand of a hero,
Yours, ever love, SAMSON SHARPBRAND,"
He waited three weeks for an answer,
And like an old soldier he swore,
On hearing a puppet-show dancer,
She fled with twelve minutes before.

JEREMY LOVESICK.

Original.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

Thy last sweet looks cling to my heart
So firmly, time can never move
Them thence, and oft my tears will start,
Till we shall meet again, my love.

My heart sincere for thee was fram'd;
My mind from thee doth never rove,
For months of thee each night I dream'd
With all the ecstasy of love.

There's none on earth so good, so fair—
None that can charm like thee, my love;
Thy winning smile and modest air,
Strange magic wrought on me, my love,

Then say the gentle word I wish,
And hie to church with me, my love—
I'll kiss away the maiden blush
Then on thy cheek will be, my love.

When thou say'st *yes*, life's future hours,
Will sweetly speed away my love;
We'll pass the thorns and cull the flowers,
That chance flings in our way, my love.

Barton, Dec. 1832.

YOUTH.

Original.

LINES ON EVENING.

When the sun no more is seen,
Brightly glowing in the west;
When misty clouds o'ercrest the sky,
And all has sunk to rest.

When nought is heard but the southern breeze,
Gently passing by;
Then softest strains of music seem,
In the wind's wild notes to sigh.

When the silent stream is stealing,
Through some sweetly shaded grove;
And each gentle wave seems striving,
Not to wake the peace above.

Such is the evening's blissful hour,
As a time for rest 'twixt given;
A time to lift our hearts in prayer,
Up to the throne of heaven.

York, Dec. 1832.

M. A. B. T.

Original.

MILD AUTUMN ADIEU!

Mild autumn adieu! from thy flowers
Their fragrance and beauty have flown,
To the Mussulman's ever-green bowers,
Where winter's chill blast is unknown.
Through the groves of the Harem they steal,
To the Minaret dome and Kiosk,
Sultana's with sweets to regale
The infidel hordes of the Mosque.

Sweet autumn! all fled is thy fruit
That tempted like gold on the tree;
And the winged musician is mute,
That hymn'd his last anthem to thee:
Far, far from the boughs of the lime,
Where thy dirge-note he mournfully sung—
He hath flown to a sunnier clime,
Where the vines with rich clusters are hung.

All scattered around are thy leaves,
To moulder upon the cold ground—
The blast o'er them dolefully grieves,
With a wailing and sorrowful sound.
Old Winter all hoary with years,
Drives on with his chiming sleigh bell;
All nature in mourning appears,
As he toloth thy funeral knell.

Dark vapors o'er shadow the sky,
As they rush through the dim atmosphere;
Ever changing their forms as they fly,
What a strange group of phantoms is there.
Through the key-hole and lattice, the breeze
Is chanting a canzonet shrill—
Loud wail the bare boughs of the trees,
While the snow gathers deep on each hill.

Grim Winter with frowns on his face,
Comes wrap'd in his mantle of snow;
His approach at the eaves you may trace,
Where his icicles silently grow.
Cold Winter, oh speed thee away,
That Spring her green leaves may unfold,
And Summer, her offspring, array
In emeralds spangled with gold. A STUDENT.
York College, Dec. 1832.

Hellidorus says, "Women are a compound of trees; the tender hearted of weeping willow, the stubborn of knotted oak, and old maids of crab tree!"

Gratitude.—A celebrated advocate being on the point of death, made his will, and bequeathed all his wealth to idiots and lunatics. On being asked the reason, he replied that he wished to return his riches to those from whom he had drawn them.

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.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By Robert Gillilan.

Minstrel sleeps!—the charm is o'er,
The bowl beside the fount is broken,
We shall hear the harp no more
Whose tones to every land hath spoken!

Minstrel sleeps!—and common clay
Claims only what is common now;
Eye hath lost its kindling ray,
And darkness sits upon his brow!

Minstrel sleeps!—the spell is past,
His Spirit its last flight hath taken;
Magic-wand is broken at last
Whose touch all things to life could waken!

Minstrel sleeps!—the glory's fled,
The soul's is returned back to the giver,
All that e'er could die is dead
To him whose name shall live for ever!

Minstrel sleeps!—and Genius mourns
Tears of woe, and sighs of sorrow;
Though each day his song returns,
The Minstrel's voice, it knows no sorrow!

Minstrel sleeps! and Death, oh! thou
Hast laid the mighty with the slain—
His mantle fallen, is folded now,
And who may it unfold again?

The Horned Owl.—It is during the placid serenity of a beautiful summer night, when the current of the water moves silently along, reflecting from the smooth surface the silver radiance of the moon, whence all else of animated nature seems sunk in repose, that the great horned owl, one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribes of our forest, may be sailing lightly and rapidly on, intent on the destruction of the objects designed to form its food. The lone steersman on the landing boat observes the nocturnal prowler gliding on extended pinions across the water, sailing over one hill and then another, or suddenly sweeping downwards, and again rising in the air like a dark shadow, now distinctly seen, and now mingling with the sombre shades of the surrounding woods, fading into obscurity. The bark has now floated to some distance, and is opposite the newly cleared patch of ground; the result of a first attempt at cultivation, in a place shaded by the trees of the forest. The moon shone brightly on his hut, the high fence, the newly planted orchard, the tree, which spared by the axe, was as a roosting place for the scanty

stock of poultry which the new comer has procured from some neighbor. Among them rests a turkey-hen, covering her offspring with extended wings. The great owl, with eyes as keen as those of a falcon, is now seen hovering above the place. He has already espied the quarry, and is sailing in wide circles meditating his plan of attack. The turkey-hen, which at another time might be sound asleep, is now, however so intent on the care of her young brood, that she rises, on her legs and purs so loudly, as she opens her wings and spreads her tail, that she rouses her neighbours, the hens, together with their protector.

The cacklings which they at first emit soon become a general clamour. The squatter hears the uproar, and on his feet in an instant, rifle in hand; the priming examined he gently pushes open his half closed door, and peeps out cautiously, to ascertain the cause by which his repose had been disturbed. He observes the murderous owl just alight on the dead branch of a tall tree, when, raising his never failing rifle, he takes aim, touches the trigger, and the next instant sees the foe falling dead to the ground. The bird is unworthy his farther attention, and is left a prey to some prowling opossum or other carnivorous quadruped. Again all around is tranquility. In this manner falls many a great owl on our frontiers, where the species abound.

The Pole and Parisian.—The following narrative is going the rounds of the French papers:—

“Ten years ago, M. Joseph Strasze-wich, a young Luthuanian enjoying a large fortune, made a visit of pleasure to Paris, and lodged at the hotel des Bains, in the rue St. Thomas du Louvre. One morning, as he was on the point of going out to keep an appointment, a young man of interesting appearance, in a state of great agitation, came into his apartment, and said—“You are a Pole: I have served with your brave countrymen under Napoleon: I know they never refused to render a service when it was in their power. With this confidence I came to tell you, that I am suffering from an unexpected loss. I have immediate need

of a sum of money, (which he named.)—To you this is a trifle; to me it will rescue my wife and children from despair." The sum, though not considerable, was too much to give to a man who had no claims, and who did not even mention his name. M. de Straszewich hesitated a moment; but the next humanity overcame prudence, and he placed it in the hand of the supplicant. Upon the recent insurrection in Poland, M. de Straszewich took up arms in the cause of his country. This being lost, his estate was confiscated, and himself again in Paris, as a refugee. A few days ago a gentleman entered his lodgings, and asked him if he recollected his person.—M. Straszewich answered him in the negative, and the visitor then declared himself to be the person whom he had formerly saved from ruin, and said, "Thou may have forgotten that act of benevolence, I have not. I know your misfortunes, and am come to repay the money so kindly advanced, with interest;" at the same time placing upon the table a sum amounting to about double that which had been so generously advanced. The visitor then declared that he was M. L., at the head of a commercial house at Bordeaux, in great prosperity, which he owed intirely to M. Straszewich. M. L. then urged his benefactor to come and visit his family, who would receive him with open arms. M. Straszewich accepted the original sum advanced, but refused the interest, declaring that he could not make up his mind to derive any profit from money laid out under these circumstances. He expressed his acknowledgement for the invitation to Bordeaux, but declined it, resolved to maintain his independence.

THE GENESEE FARMER and Gardener's Journal, published by L. Tucker & Co. Rochester, N. Y.—N. Goodsell, Editor.

The leading object has been and will be, to impart that information, tending in the greatest degree to the improvement of the Agriculture, Horticulture, and Domestic Economy of the country.

The first volume can be supplied to all new subscribers and bound in a neat manner, for such as desire it. In soliciting the patronage of the public, and especially of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, the publishers ask aid no further than an intelligent farming public may think they deserve.

Conditions.—The Farmer is printed every Saturday, in a quarto form, on fine paper and fair type, with a title page and index making 416 pages a year, at \$2 50, payable in 5 months, or \$2, if paid in advance.

JOB PRINTING done at the office of the Garland.

The Shrine.

VOLUME SECOND.

ON the first day of January next, will be issued the first number of the second Volume of *The Shrine*,—conducted by a number of Undergraduates in Amherst College. This publication will be issued regularly ever month, six numbers forming a volume of at least two hundred octavo pages of original matter. The Editors will say nothing of the merits of the first volume:—they refer those who take an interest in literary periodicals, to the numbers already published, and to the notices which appear in the public prints.

Terms.—One Dollar for the Volume;—to be paid always in advance. Persons procuring five subscribers, and forwarding five Dollars, will be entitled to a volume free of charge.

N. B. The work will be enlarged, and otherwise improved, if the subscription list shall warrant such an increase of expense. It is requested that subscribers names be sent by the first of December next.

Soap & Candle Manufactory.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the public that he has commenced the above business in the town of Hamilton where he intends to carry it on in all its various branches.

The highest price will at all times be paid in cash, for Tallow and Soap Grease. Persons wishing to purchase SOAP and CANDLES, either by Box or Retail, are requested to call at the Stores of Collier, Ferrie & Co. in Hamilton, Brantford and Waterloo, where they will find a good supply, and at the lowest Market prices.

THOMAS ORR.

Hamilton, 20th Nov. 1832. Swg3d

FOR SALE—Fifty acres of Land, on the North end of Lot no. 35, 2d Concession in the township of Westminster, within three miles and a half of London Court House, well watered, and good improvements on it. A good chance for payment will be given giving good security. For particulars, enquire of James Jackson, who lives on the premises, or at this Office, or of Samuel Conwell, near Dundas. Dec. 22, 1831

E. ALFRED, Saddle and Harness Maker, Hamilton, U.C.