

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.



To Raise the Genius,

To Mend the Heart.

CONTENTS.

| PROSE. | | | |
|-----------------------------|----|-------------------------------|----|
| The Highwayman, | 73 | Finn's last, | 80 |
| Autumnal musings, | 75 | Plagiarism by the wholesale, | 80 |
| The Waggoner, | 76 | | |
| Anecdote, | 78 | POETRY. | |
| Hurry and Despatch, | 79 | Dejective Musings, | 76 |
| Notice to Agents, | 79 | On the Death of a young Lady, | 79 |
| “ of Gem, Shrine and Lady's | 79 | To Miss H*****, | 69 |
| Book, | 79 | Acrostic to Maryann, | 79 |
| Notice to Correspondents, | 79 | Song of the returning Exiles, | 80 |
| Friendship, | 80 | On leaving the St. Lawrence, | 80 |
| | | Pastoral Poetry. | 80 |

AGENTS FOR THE GARLAND.

| | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Brantford,</i> | John Wallace, | <i>Kemptville,</i> | W. H. Bottom, |
| <i>Burford,</i> | Geo. W. Whitehead, | <i>Nelson,</i> | Geo. K. Chisholm, |
| <i>Belleville,</i> | A. B. Grant, | <i>Port Hope,</i> | W. Wilkinson, |
| <i>Colborne,</i> | Joshua Lind, | <i>Rochester, N. Y.</i> | H. Van Valen, |
| <i>Colchester,</i> | A. McCormick, | <i>Streetsville,</i> | W. Clay, |
| <i>Credit,</i> | J. Carey, | <i>Stoney Creek,</i> | J. Williamson, |
| <i>Dunville,</i> | J. S. Minor, | <i>W. Flamboro,</i> | Doct. Mullen, |
| <i>Lloyd Town,</i> | Thos. Ginty, | “ | James Harris, |
| <i>Merrickville,</i> | T. Smyth, | <i>York,</i> | J. S. Howard, |
| <i>Grimsby,</i> | H. Nelles, | | |

HAMILTON, U. C.:

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY WYLLYS SMYTH.

THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1833.

NO. 10.

POPULAR TALES.

Original.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A few years since, when the now populous and fertile Province of Upper Canada was one wide forest, but here and there interspersed with a little settlement, travellers often found themselves unsafe, as there were some miscreant wretches who had come thither to gain a livelihood by theft and barefaced robbery. Among these, one who had made himself the terror of the passing traveller, was known by the appellation of *Wild Robert*—the most daring, sly, artful and intriguing fellow that had ever cried "your money," as he presented his pistol to the alarmed and defenceless stranger. Of his residence no one knew any thing, but a thousand vague conjectures were in circulation respecting it.

"Well," said he, one bright day in August, as the sun was about sinking behind the western hills; "I have found no money to-day—hard times, these. I had better be a beggar and live by asking alms of the poor housewives, than think to live independently in this occupation; but who comes here * * * a lady, by the powers." He was roused from his reverie by the approach of a female stranger, with deep anxiety depicted on her countenance; her hair dishevelled and fluttering in the wind, a few lonely tears on her face and other prominent marks of mental agony about her. She was apparently about eighteen—a lovely girl—and not less so for her dishabille, or emblem of sorrow. *Wild Robert* arose from the moss-covered stone on which he was seated when she approached, and with a low bow, politely inquired what was her pleasure.

"Can you show me the road to Kingston?" said the lady. "I have, by some careless negligence, wandered from my home into this forest, and am lost in its deep ravines."

"I can tell you madam," replied Robert; "but you see it is near sun-set. Lady, it is five miles to your father's house, and your gentle limbs are already fatigued with the burden of the day. Tarry with me this evening; my hut is a poor one, but what it affords you shall be welcome to."

"Thanks for your kindness, sir, but my mother's heart will be chilled with fear when she hears, solemnly over the waters, the toll of the evening bell, and finds her daughter absent, she knows not where; I must return—will you show me the road?"

"No, lady, no! tarry till the morning dawns again, and I will attend you to your father's roof; but go this night, you must not." Her

fatigue and reason at length prevailed, and she consented to remain with him. "Follow me, then!" said Robert, and led the way deeper into the ravine, until a little hut presented itself. "This is my habitation," said he; "I am alone in this wide world; and though my little cottage displays not the gaudy trappings of wealth, yet it is dear to me; dearer than wealth or all its pageantry." Eleanor seated herself on a small bench in one corner, while Robert set upon his rough table, such coarse refreshments as a hunter of the back woods might afford.

"You lead a singular life," remarked Eleanor; "and, kind sir, will it please you to inform me what first induced you to become a hermit?"

"I will madam, with pleasure, reveal to you the secrets of my heart; though they are such as might better be smothered in my own breast, than be exposed to your scrutiny. My father was a man of some property and respectability in England; and of a large family of sons, I was the eldest—consequently I looked forward in my early boyhood to the possession of a comfortable income on his demise. Opposite my father's house, resided a Mr. Edgerton, a man of wealth, with an only daughter—Lavinia; for whom I had conceived an attachment. But when I whispered my sentiments to her, instead of the warm reciprocity of feelings I had anticipated, her reply was, 'where is your estates? you are not wealthy enough for me!' I said no more, but hastily rising from my seat, left her to her own reflections, while I agonized under mine. Shortly after, misfortunes befel my father, which induced me to resolve to be no more a burden to him. I crossed the Atlantic and came to these wilds four years since, where by my depositions, (for I will tell you the whole truth,) upon travellers I have hoarded a considerable quantity of money; with which I intend ere long to return to my father's home, to soothe his declining years and show to the proud Lavinia where my estate lies.—Nay lady, look not so pale at my story; fear not, you are as safe as the innocent lamb that gambols playfully about the generous lion.—It is none worse than *Wild Robert* that speaks to you!"

"*Wild Robert*, said you! are you then he, who has been my terror for these three years past?"

"Yes, I am he! but again I tell you, fear not; you shall sleep as safely under this roof as in your mother's quiet parlor." A momentary tremor passed through her nerves as she gazed silently upon him; but as he seem-

ed a generous and magnanimous man, she "calmed the tumult of her fears."

The evening passed slowly away and they retired to rest; Robert having bestowed his couch upon his guest, lay himself down upon some deer skins in another corner of the room. It was long ere Eleanor could compose herself to sleep; placed as she was in the hands of a highwayman, the mention of whose name had struck terror into many a bolder heart than hers; and away from the side of her mother. At length Morpheus prevailed, and she sunk into the arms of sleep; not as calmly as in her own little parlor, where every dream was of bliss—but to be haunted with dreams of the highwayman. She tho't he was preparing to destroy her, and the impression was so vivid that she awoke, and lo! beside her in reality, stood the robber with a light in his hand, gazing intently upon her.

"Oh, good sir," she exclaimed, "have pity upon me! you will not kill me! consider for a moment, my poor mother! how she will wail and weep for me."

"Beautiful angel, I would not harm thee for all the mines of Mexico. Sleep on, lady; I stand here feasting my soul upon thy beauty; not to kill you."

"Do you speak truth, sir; and will you not kill me?"

"No, by my soul, as a man of honor, I wo'd not hurt a hair of your head. Compose yourself and sleep, madam, I will disturb you no longer." So saying he returned and lay down upon his bed of skins.

Distracted as her mind was, Eleanor slept again. Once more she was awakened from her slumbers, and once more beheld Wild Robert standing near her bedside.

"I shall not need attendants, sir," said she smiling.

"Pardon me lady, I am discovered again; sleep quietly now, my spectre-like form shall haunt you no more."

Slowly and wearily to Eleanor, the night passed away; and as the last howl of the wolf died among the distant hills, she arose from her couch of care and restlessness. Wild Robert was up before her. "Good morrow, lady," he exclaimed, "I could have wished you a better night's rest than you have had. You are not, I perceive, used to sleeping in a highwayman's house; for as I stood beside you, I saw your cheeks turn suddenly pale with fear, your eyes rolling wildly in their closed sockets, and with uplifted, trembling hands you exclaimed, 'mother, dear mother, Wild Robert's coming.'"

"Yes, sir, I have had unpleasant dreams; but will you now, as you promised, conduct me from this forest."

"I will; but first you must take some nourishment, or you cannot endure the fatigue." The repast was soon finished, and they com-

menced their journey over deep morasses, valleys and hills; through thick ravines and underbrush until at length, after two hours weary and painful travel, they reached the main road. "Now do you know where you are?" asked the highwayman.

"I do, sir."

"Here then, we must separate; but stir not a step from this, until you promise me two things."

"And what are they?" asked Eleanor.

"First, that you reveal to no mortal, the secret of my abode."

"That I will promise."

"Next, that to-morrow when the sun shall have gained his meridian, you meet me here on this spot, beneath this lofty maple."

"And for what purpose, sir?"

"Lady, as I gazed upon you in your slumbers last night, methought I saw innocence and perfection glowing in your bosom; and I loved you with my whole soul. It is death for me to be seen in yonder village, and therefore you must come here. Promise me: you shall be safe from harm."

"I hope you will excuse me, sir," returned Eleanor, "I shall not dare again to venture in these wilds."

"Nay, but madam, promise me or you stir not a step hence."

Terrified by the earnestness with which the robber spoke, she said faintly, "I promise you."

"Farewell, then lady! and if the prayer of a highwayman could be heard, I would pray heaven bless thee." She bowed to him gracefully as she turned from him, and hastened towards her home; to which she had too long been a stranger. She sped lively along with pleasing thoughts on her fortunate escape from danger; intermingled however, with one sad one that she was under, that painful promise to Wild Robert. She could not, despite of his generosity and magnanimity, look upon him but with terror; still less could she love him. Her heart was already in the possession of Henry Marvin, and she looked forward with sad anticipations to the interview with the highwayman. The promise may be broken, she thought to herself; but "no," she muttered, "I will show him that my sense of honor is equal to his."

The next day Eleanor, under pretence of calling upon a neighbor, bent her way silently to the place of interview with Robert, musing pensively and fearfully on what might await her. The village bell was just tolling the hour of twelve as she seated herself under the maple; and far through the thick forest-trees Wild Robert was seen advancing.

"Well, lady," said he seating himself a short distance from her, "you are punctual I perceive." "I have endeavored to be so, sir;—and now I wish to know your pleasure."

"My pleasure, madam, is your pleasure ;— and as I told you yesterday I loved you, I now come to ask you, *will you cast your lot with mine.* We will immediately set sail for Europe, where we shall live respected and happy. Thousands of glittering guineas lie stored away in my cabin, which will bestow on us all the pleasure of affluence. Here on my bended knee, I make this petition: now what is your answer?"

"Wild Robert, you must pardon me; I am already pledged to be another's—yours I can never be——" she paused suddenly when she beheld the heavy frown gathering on his countenance, and the fire of rage kindling in his eyes.

"Am I to be baffled thus?" he exclaimed rising from his humble position; 'shall I, before whom hundreds have trembled with fear, bend to ask a favor of a mortal, and have that request refused? Lady, you must be mine or you die! Wild Robert must be listened to.' So saying, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and presenting it said, "*prepare now to die, or yield to me.*" Eleanor, convulsed with fear uttered a piercing shriek of agony, and in a swoon, fell from her seat upon the ground..... At this instant, as the highwayman stood gazing a moment upon her with the instrument of death in his hand, a rustling was heard in the leaves, and Henry Marvin was seen approaching.

"Monster!" said he, as he came near and saw his own beloved Eleanor apparently lifeless on the ground, 'what have you done?"

"Stand off, sirrah," said the robber. Henry glanced an eye of revenge at the highwayman, and then recognizing him, exclaimed—"My Brother!" and embraced him in his arms.

"You my brother!" said Wild Robert, releasing himself, 'and who are you?" "Henry Marvin," was the reply.

"Yes, you are my brother! welcome, welcome! the lady is not injured." "Thank heaven! she is my betrothed. But would you have killed her?" asked Henry. "I would; but take her now, if she is yours—she shall go free and safe. But tell me, how came you here?"

"I came at the solicitation of my father," said Henry, 'some three years since, to seek for you; but never until this moment have you crossed my path." Eleanor began to revive, and Henry sprang forward to her assistance, and raised her to her former seat. * *

Does the reader inquire, what became of these afterwards? Henry and Eleanor pledged themselves to each other before the sacred altar, with the bright prospect of happiness and tranquility before them. Wild Robert left his depredations, and retracing his steps, returned to enjoy the welcome of his father's roof. Lavinia had repented of her hasty re-

ply to him; which indeed was made in jest rather than in earnest, and by some compromise, which lovers know well how to make, an union was effected. He lived there, respected and happy, as he had told Eleanor he should. And whenever a poor beggar passed his door soliciting charity, he bestowed upon him with the same liberal hand with which he had taken when a highwayman. E. W. H. E.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

There is a composed sobriety, a seriousness, a tender melancholy in the fall, which softens the heart of him who looks upon the fading beauties of the year; and which lifts it insensibly to the being who is seen to have crowned it with his goodness. The very fields seem to ask repose, as if weary of the delights, or exhausted with the labors of the summer;— and, in the air that goes over them, there is so much sedateness there is something so cool and temperate, that it seems impossible, while we breathe it, that hearts should be frozen with ingratitude, or that they should burn with unhallowed desires.

He who can stand forth beneath the autumnal sky, amidst glories so mild, and can be deaf to the whisper of the breeze that speaks of God, and blind to the golden ray that points to his throne; who can then limit his desires to a world that shall so soon grow dark? who can quit such a scene at such a moment, without the thought of God, without one wish, one prayer for heaven, must be blind to all that is lovely in virtue, and deaf to the eloquence of Him who speaks from the skies.

How eloquent, and how impressive is this preaching of nature! How valuable the lessons it inculcates upon the mind of him who meditates at eventide, upon what he sees! He looks at the lofty elm which the frost has touched. Its leafy honors have faded, and are fallen away; but the grass beneath it is still green. Why then should he envy the proud, or despise him who is of low estate? For the pitiless blast of adversity sweeps over the one and bears away all but a faded remnant of his glories, and the proud one shall sigh when he feels that even that remnant, must soon be resigned, and that too in the evening of his life; while the other, though humble, is bright and cheerful to the last, and patiently waits till the white robe of death is spread over him."

People have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, and as if they were under the control of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it.

Consider the end before you begin, and before you advance provide a retreat.

A fashionable lady is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorn is left for the husband.

Original.
DEJECTIVE MUSINGS.

Can this be man's only dwelling place? Does he not aspire after a more heavenly land? I know he does. I would not live here always. This cannot be my final abode; I feel it—that the earth is no place of rest. The cares of life, the deffoilfulness of fellow-men, the throbs and thrills of disappointed hopes, anticipations blasted and joys vanished, are enough to make us wish for a happier clime: Nay, for almost oblivion's shades, rather than be exposed to the melancholy vicissitudes of human life.

My restless spirit seeks a home,
A place of rest to mortal given;
Where cares and sorrows o'er'er may come,
And find repose in heaven.

The soul that loves this earth so well,
And dreams that man was made for bliss;
Round him the sweets of life may dwell,
Prosperity may kiss.

But man was made to face the storm,
Affliction draws his spirit low—
Despair but hurries to the tomb,
Where all must go!

This world, its honors, pleasures, joys,
Are minus to the immortal mind;
They're bubbles breaking, vapors, toys,
To life confined.

There is a world where golden suns,
Light up the Angel's holy byre:—
Tow'rd's that blest throne my spirit yearns—
When shall I wake and find me there? EDITO.*

THE WAGGONER.

CONTINUED.

In three week's time, it was a matter of notoriety over the country, that Job Oxleigh, Esq. of Oxleigh, had purchased 'The Sheaves' estate from Sir William Gwynne; and shortly after the seizure with which this narrative commences. Sir William and Oxleigh, with two desperate fellows hired by Oxleigh, were the four that set upon Noste, and, subsequently, William Fowler. Sir William became one of the most miserable of men. His altered demeanor and habits became a matter of public observation. He contrived to have it given out that he had become addicted to the gambling-table; and the subtle Oxleigh encouraged the rumor—even allowing himself to be thought one of Sir William's winners! That consummate scoundrel contrived to write himself, in two or three year's time, Job Oxleigh, Esq. M. P.; and was on terms of intimate acquaintance with most of the leading men in the country. He easily made his presence in a manner, necessary to the wretched baronet, whose noble soul drooped daily under the pressure of guilt contracted in a weak and evil hour: and so warmed himself into his confidence, that, with wheedling and menace, he obtained an introduction to a female relative of the baronet's and married her.

Hurrying on an interval of several years—for the few remaining scenes of this black drama must now be passed rapidly before the reader's eyes—let us approach the mansion of Job Oxleigh, Esq., M. P., on an evening in the winter of 1768. He was entertaining a numerous and gay dinner party, consisting of

some of the most distinguished people in the county. Sir William Gwynne was to have been one of them, but excused himself on the score of illness. Many were the toasts that had been drunk, and were drinking; and the health of the host was being proposed, and received with complimentary enthusiasm, when a servant brought in a letter, which he put into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Ebury the vicar of the parish—a staid and learned man, who, after a polite nod to the host, opened it, and read with much surprise as follows:—

"The master of the work-house presents his respects to the Rev. Dr. Ebury, and begs to inform him, that there is a pauper in the work-house, now in dying circumstances, who has so disturbed for sometime, every body in the house with groans and lamentations, that it has been necessary to put him into a room by himself. He says he has something very heavy on his mind, and humbly begs the favor of a clergyman's being sent for, when he will make an important confession. The Rev. Dr. Ebury is respectfully informed, that the man is pronounced in extreme circumstances, and that unless the doctor can come immediately, it may be too late."

Great was the astonishment with which Dr. Ebury pursued this letter, which he took an opportunity of reading aloud to the company, as at once a sufficient and very interesting excuse for leaving. He promised to return to the party that evening, and communicate any intelligence he might receive. Mr. Oxleigh was observed to start as Dr. Ebury went on; and when he had finished reading the letter he turned deadly pale. Fortunately, however, for him, he had been complaining of indisposition several times in the course of the evening; and what was really the consequence of consternation and guilt, was readily attributed by those around him to the cause he assigned. His hands, his whole frame shook; and his eyes looked glassy around the no longer welcome company; for he felt frightful misgivings that his name might be implicated in the confession which the clergyman was gone to receive.

When Dr. Ebury reached the work-house, he was conducted alone to the bedside of the man who had wished to see him. He sat beside the gaunt and ghastly figure of a once tall and powerful man. The eyes were sunk and fixed, the flesh fallen away from his high cheek bones, his bloodless lips were retracted, and his huge bony hands, comparatively fleshless, clasped together on his breast, as in an attitude of prayer. He looked a fearful figure—the remnant of a ruffian.

Dr. Ebury knelt down beside the dying man and uttered a few words of prayer over him.

"And what have you to say to me my friend?" inquired Dr. Ebury, as soon as they

**Vous venez-vous?*

were left alone. The man bent his straining eyes glassily on the clergyman, and with some difficulty, owing to a convulsive twitching about the throat, gasped, "Ay, sir, ay! much to say, and short my time! Lord have mercy upon me! O, good Lord, pardon my wicked soul! Lord—Lord, forgive me, and I will confess all!" The man's limbs shook, and his lips worked to and fro violently, evincing the presence of terrible emotion. He then gasped and faltered, at intervals, somewhat to the following effect: "Doctor, I have lived in guilt almost from a child—wo to me that I ever was born! I have been a robber, a smuggler, and even—even—" his retracted lips disclosed the white of his teeth in a frightful manner—"a—murderer! Ay, I have! but there is nothing weighs down my soul so in these my last moments, as one wickedness I have done to an innocent, unoffending man—for, black and cruel as it will seem, it may be yet in my power to make amends. I shall break my oath—" Here a convulsive twitching seized his whole frame, and Dr. Ebury, under the apprehensions that the man was dying, called for assistance. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the power of speech returned "Sir, will God curse me if I break an oath I ought never to have made?" Dr. Ebury solemnly replied, "No; especially if breaking it will tend to repair the evil you have done!" The man seemed to be encouraged.

"It is more than eight years ago now, sir—close going for nine—that a man of the name of Isaacs and I, both being smugglers at the time, were hired to help in kidnapping a man of the name of Fowler—" "Fowler! Fowler!" exclaimed Dr. Ebury, bending down breathlessly to catch every word, uttered more faintly every moment by the dying man.

"Yes, sir—Fowler was his name, William Fowler—sent him off to America, and Isaacs with him; and cruelly did we use the poor harmless fellow!"

"And why was it all?"—"Because, sir, our employers told us he stood in the way of their rights!"

"What were their names?" inquired Dr. Ebury, bending down his ear to the very lips of the dying man, to catch every breath and sound, "Sir Sir William Gwynne, and—and Squiro Ox—Ox—leigh—"

Dr. Ebury turned suddenly pale, and almost overthrew the chair on which he had been sitting.

"Go on—go on! God give you strength to tell all you wish, and truly!"—"Amen; amen! amen!" replied the dying man, closing his eyes. His breath was evidently beginning to fail.

"Speak, before it is too late—relieve your soul—" "Mr. Ox—Ox—leigh—paid me—had

in all, hundreds of pounds—Fowler now in America—hope—alive—New-York—Isaacs—ordered to kill—O—save—save—pray!" The wretched man's voice ceased, and gave place to a horrid choking, and gurgling sound—his hands quivered a moment with final agonies—there was a sudden start—his jaw dropped—his eyes looked upwards with a fixed leaden stare—and Dr. Ebury sat gazing on as fearful a corpse as he had ever witnessed.

He was so stunned with what he had heard that he did not think of moving for some minutes from his seat beside the dead man. "Sir William Gwynne—Mr. Oxleigh!" he repeated, scarcely believing he had heard the words aright. He left the workhouse with such agitation in his countenance and trepidation in his gestures, as sufficiently alarmed the master and others whom he encountered, and who knew the dreary errand on which he had been summoned. He returned not to Mr. Oxleigh's party, but hurried to his own house, betook himself to his study, and instantly committed to paper, what he had heard, determined, whatever might happen, to preserve such a faithful record as he could swear to.

About an hour after Dr. Ebury had left the workhouse, Mr. Oxleigh made his appearance there, having suddenly dismissed his visitors on the plea of illness.

"Is the man dead, Sir?" he inquired, falteringly, from the master. "What, the man Dr. Ebury came to see, an hour or so since?" "The same; ay, the same," replied Oxleigh hastily. "Yes, sir; he died while Dr. Ebury was with him; and he has ———"

"Give me a light, sir, and let me be shown into the room alone. It is of no consequence said Oxleigh, sternly; and presently, with a candle in his hand, entered the room where the corpse, yet untouched, was lying. He shut the door and bolted it; approached the corpse and let the light of the candle fall upon the ghastly features. His own countenance was blanched in a moment. "So, it is you! ruffian!" he gasped, in a low checked tone, his body half recoiling from that of the dead man; his eyes gleaming with a diabolical stare upon those of the corpse; his left hand elevating his candle, and the right, with fist convulsively clenched, for nearly a minute, in quivering contact with the face of the deceased. He struck the cold corpse, and then, overcome with horror, sunk down into a chair; his candle dropped—was extinguished—and then the dead and living ruffians were left together in darkness.

In a state of distraction bordering on frenzy, Oxleigh made his way from the workhouse, amazing the people as he passed by the wildness and agitation apparent in his countenance. He hurried on horseback to Gwynne Hall, and asked hastily for Sir Wm. Gwynne. He was informed that the baronet, feeling

worse that evening, had been some hours in bed. "Never mind," said Oxleigh to the thunderstruck valet; "shew me into Sir William's chamber, instantly. Tell him my name, and that my business is of mortal consequence!" The valet returned shortly and conducted Mr. Oxleigh at once to the bedside of his master.

"Well sir, well," commenced the baronet, in a low hurried tone. "What is the matter? For God's sake, sir, *what has happened?*" he inquired in still greater agitation, seeing Oxleigh stand speechless, and the image of despair.

"Sir William, it is all over with us; we are discovered!" at length replied Oxleigh, in a gasping whisper, laying his shaking hand on the baronet's shoulder. Sir Wm. sprung up in bed, as if he had received an electric shock, tossed off the bed clothes, and lay curved up and crouching in the midst of them, with his hands clutching the hair of his head, and his countenance full of frightful expression. It did little more than reflect the horror-stricken features of Oxleigh. There was a guilty pair! The baronet, without having uttered a syllable, slowly sunk again into bed, and lay there absolutely gasping. Neither of them spoke. At length Oxleigh recovered himself sufficiently to say, "Sir William, Sir William, this is very truth; but we must not shrink in the hour of danger. We must meet it like men. We *must*, Sir William," he continued eyeing the dumb struck, stupified baronet, who scarce seemed to hear him, but mumbled to himself. At length Oxleigh distinguished the words, "It is death or transportation?" "You are rambling, Sir William! What are you talking about? It is weak to behave *thus*, in such an awful crisis. Remember how you have implicated *me*, Sir William."

The baronet was roused by these last words from his lethargy. He turned his head suddenly towards Oxleigh, looked at him for a few seconds, and then suddenly leaped towards him, grasped him by the collar, and shook him with frantic fury, exclaiming, "you fiend! you fiend! To talk *thus* to me!" He hardly uttered the words, however, before his hold relaxed, and he dropped into the bed again, in a swoon. Oxleigh rung the bell; and when the valet made his appearance, informed him he was going to bring the physician, and suddenly left the Hall. He hurried through the lonely park on foot; and when he had reached the thickest clump of trees, he paused, leaned against the glistening trunk of an old ash, and with folded arms, and bent brows, pondered his fearful fortunes.

"What is to be done! Dr. Ebury has taken down his confession, and has not returned, as he promised, to my house! Then he knows all! Messengers will be sent off to America, Sir William and I shall be arrested, we shall

be confronted with Fowler in a court of justice—or—I must away betimes! And yet suppose, after all, the man died before he could make confession! Suppose he was unable to speak distinctly! Suppose he has not told names—has not mentioned me—and all is yet safe! *There* is a straw to cling to! But suppose he *has*!—My neck aches! I must away! I must leave all behind me. Yes—*Sir William Gwynne!*—Well—what if I do leave *him*? Would he risk his life for me?—Then why I for him? I entered into all this to serve my ends, not his! I must away—be off to America! This night—ay, this very night—and alone! If I had but known where the cut-throat that has betrayed me was to have been found, I would have silenced him! Oxleigh clutched his hands involuntarily, as tho' they were grasping the dead man's throat.—"This is why he has been absconding the last six months from *Sir William* and me—the pitiful villain."

He sprang from where he had been standing, made for where he fastened his horse, galloped at the utmost speed over the highway, and was soon at home. After a night of terrible agitation, he determined to take the earliest opportunity of calling at the vicarage, and seeing Dr. Ebury, where he could but learn the worst. By ten o'clock he was knocking at the vicar's; but to his consternation, he found that Dr. Ebury had set off, an hour before, in a carriage and four for London, in company with Mr. Parkhurst, a solicitor in the neighborhood. There was no mistaking *that* move, thought Oxleigh! He returned home and hastily wrote to *Sir William Gwynne*:—"Fate thrusts me from England. When you read this, I shall be on my way to foreign parts. I can do no good in England for myself, or you. I leave you bound to the stake by your own weakness. Accursed be the hour I ever saw you, or discovered the means of my ruin. J. O."

He altered his intentions suddenly, however, after writing and sending the above note to *Sir William Gwynne*; for his terrified domestics found him that morning lying in the paved yard behind his house, horribly crushed and mangled. He had thrown himself, head foremost, out of the highest window!

* * * * *

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

The following anecdote originated some where in one of the Yankee States, long before the art of temperance was discovered.... An awkward, but rather *dry* sort of a man, addressed Mr. Dunning, and said, "You know I am an odd fellow, and my father a was a very singular man, and never appeared to much advantage except when hard at work. In his blacksmith shop. Now what do you think my father shaved himself with? I'll bet a

quart of rum you can't guess right on three trials." After a little pause, Mr. D. closed with the proposition, and commenced guessing. "Your father (said he) shaved with some instrument of his own manufacture."—No. "A butcher's knife." No. "A jack-knife or common table knife." No. "*Why, you darn'd fool, (said the man, leaning upon and occupying half the shop counter,) my father shaved himself with a good razor!*" Mr. D. proverbially shrewd and wary, was for once taken in by having his mind excited to look abroad for mysteries, when simple truth remained at her old habitation.

Hurry and Despatch.—No two things are more different than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind—despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring continually, but to no purpose, and in constant motion, without getting on a jot; like a turnstile, he is in every body's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into every thing, but sees nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them hot, and with those few that are, he is sure to burn his fingers.

A lawyer in Massachusetts once wrote *Rascal* in the hat of a brother lawyer, who on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who he said had taken his hat and written his own name in it.

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1837.

To Agents.—So numerous have been the calls for back numbers a short time previous, that we are entirely destitute of regular files. We do not wish our Agents to diminish their efforts to obtain subscribers on this account—which is a favorable omen—but on the contrary to have a view of the second volume; a prospectus of which we intend soon to lay before our readers. The names of such as are sent after this, we shall "book" for vol. 2, unless particularly specified to the contrary.

To the inquiries of a subscriber in York, why he has not had the *Garland* regularly sent to him, we answer—*he has*. No one instance have we neglected of having our paper mailed the evening preceding the day of publication. So far we have been punctual; with a strong desire to continue so.

The Rochester Gem.—By a notice in our advertising columns, it will be seen that this establishment is offered for sale. It is in fact, "a rare offer."

The Shrine.—We acknowledge the receipt of the January number of this work, on an improved plan. The *Shrine* is the best executed work in New-England.

The Lady's Book.—We CANNOT say that the December number gives us much satisfaction. The publishers are probably aware that we have been left destitute of the last number. We hope that they will oblige us with a copy and a prospectus of the present volume.

To Correspondents.—We omitted in our last to answer the question of one of our Streetsville Correspondents; but

presume he is aware of our intention long ere this. Should he not be, we again refer him to the first article in 2d col. on p. 7 of the *Garland*.

"C. M. D." This indefatigable contributor to the columns of the *Garland*, has sent us a "bundle of favors," which, so far as examined, we are mightily pleased with. They were received after the selections for this number were made, and consequently consigned to No. 11. Lines "on the death of a young lady," is disposed of. "The Polish Maid," is one of a thousand. "A sketch" in No. 11—"The Philosopher," a tale, is good and lengthy. Such reviews are too exquisite to be broken by the sight of that senseless god, Morpheus.

"El Donador's" promise we still cling to. The evenings "are at their greatest length." *Do you take?*

We wish an explanation from M. A. B. T., whose favors are always acceptable.

"L. R." is deficient of late. Shall we hear from him soon?

"Lorenzo" will perceive that we have fulfilled our promise. We hope he will comply with our wishes—i. e. become a regular correspondent.

"E. W. H. E." We beg indulgence from him for the tardy appearance of the Highwayman.

"Repentant," is welcome. We shall expect a second trial.

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

'Tis sad to see the lily fade
When spring is blithe and gay,
'Tis sad to see the night o'er shade
The parting beams of day.

'Tis sad to see the rose's bloom
So fleeting pass away,
Or hear the thrush sing on the tomb
Of beauty in decay.

So when we see the beauteous fair,
And all that's lovely die;
Exulting gay, without a care,
We heave a tribute sigh.

It is indeed a mournful theme,
Fearful to the feeling heart,
To think the young amid their dream
Of worldly hopes must part.

And seek the tomb prepared for all,
The old, the young and gay;
Buried 'neath one common pall,
A grassy mound of clay.

Weep not, weep not, my dearest friends,
O'er fallen virtue's tomb;
Remember he who death thus scorns,
Must know our fittest doom.

C. M. D.

Original.

TO MISS H*****.

Oh! secretly upon the ground,
I trace thy footsteps lone,
The fairest flowers that can be found,
Oh! pluck for thee alone.

To charm thy heart with love divine,
And kiss thy glowing cheek;
All other joys I would resign,
No more on earth I'd seek.

With all my brightest visions blest,
Forever and forever!
I'd fondly clasp thee to my breast,
No more again to sever.

Hamilton, January 1st, 1837.

JOHN.

Original.

ACROSTIC TO MARYANN.

May guardian spirits from above descend,
A chaste and lovely being to defend,
Remove from her the vile Seducer far,
Yea, lest his cruel art her peace should mar.
Ah, no! my sly art ne'er cause her to grieve—
Ne'er my sly his words or his oath believe,
Nor heav'n receive him who would her deceive.
Niagara, Jan. 1833. "EL DONADOR."

POETRY.

Original.

SONG OF THE RETURNING EXILES.

Inconstant zephyrs soft and dying,

Waft us slowly o'er the sea;

Around us screaming sea-birds' flying—

Shriek the tempest's lullaby.

Chorus—Wake ye winds! awake to blow us,
Safely to our native shore;
Rise ye infant waves to rove us,
Neptune's desert kingdom o'er,

The tyrant blast in peace is sleeping,

Far beneath the waters dim;

The Mermaids holiday are keeping,

Syrens chant their choral hymn.

Chorus—Lend your breath ye winds to blow us,
Where our early dreams flew by,
Nought from thence again shall tear us,
Till our sprites shall soar on high.

Behold the breeze's hither straying,

Ruffling ocean's placid brim;

The Porpoise train their gambols playing,

Lightly o'er the waters skim.

Chorus—Quick ye infant billows urge us,
Where the rose and thistle smile;
There amid the giant surges,
Sits enthron'd our Native Isle.

White summer-clouds o'er head are fleeting,

Gentle airs assist our flight;

The wood-girt isthmus' fast retreating,

Waxes dimmer on our sight.

Chorus—Soon we'll tread those scenes of pleasure,
Where our youth in glee we spent;
Such as no'er was bought for treasure,
Bliss that gold hath never lent.

Ere long we'll see the land of flowers,

There the heath-bells gaily bloom;

The rose and woodbine form gay bowers,

Breathing sweet and rich perfume.

Chorus—Britain, fam'd in ancient story,
Countless bards thy deeds have sung!
Welcome! welcome, land of glory,
Whence the germs of freedom sprung.
York College, Jan. 10, 1833. A STUDENT.

Original.

ON LEAVING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Farewell, thou noble stream, farewell!

Thy limpid wave no more I'll hear;

Alas! with thy rough heaving swell

I bid adieu to all that's dear.

Upon thy banks soon pass'd away,

My days of childish glee—

Where smiling brothers join'd in play,

My infant sports with me.

My native Isle, I leave with thee,

My home, my place of birth;

This world can never yield to me

Again such scenes of mirth.

How oft I've listened on thy shore,

To the merry boatman's song,

Whose little bark so blithely bore

Her living freight along.

That joyful chaunt will still resound,

The moon will shed her light

Upon thy crystal streams around

My peaceful Isle—"good night."

Thy rippling tides unheard by me,

Will ever ebb and flow;

And southern breezes carelessly

Will gently o'er thee blow.

But fare-thee-well! I leave thee now,

In other lands to dwell;

With gloom upon my exil'd brow—

Farewell, lov'd stream, farewell!

Selected.

PASTORAL POETRY.

When Peggy's dog her arms emprise,

I often wish my lot was lisen;

How often I should stand and turn

To get a pat from hands like hers.

M. A. B. T.

Original.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, true friendship—rarely to be found,
Is a sweet medicine for every wound
Of human nature—the sweet balm of peace:
Friendship in Ane, is far the highest bliss.

There is not a finer or more exquisite feeling in the heart of man, nor a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than friendship. It is always accompanied with so great inward satisfaction, and heart-felt delight, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is far from being like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive commands that enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous and noble mind would indulge in it for the gratification which it affords. What a smiling aspect does the love and friendship existing between parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives, give to each surrounding object, and every returning day!—With what a lustre does it glid even the humble cottage, where this placid intercourse dwells! It is soothing to the mind in the midst of troubles, to have a friend into whose kind bosom, one can pour out his misfortunes and complaints. Adversity, how blunt are all thy arrows to him who can say that he lives in friendship with all his neighbors, and with all the world! Where is there a single act that can afford in the remembrance, a more rational satisfaction, than that of having performed the part of a friend? Friendship, like the sun, brightens every object upon which it shines; an unfriendly disposition, casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear. Compassionate affections, even while they draw tears from our eyes for human misery, convey pleasure to the heart. A friend, though he has nothing to give, may oftentimes afford relief, by imparting what he feels.

Barton, Dec. 1832.

ALONZO.

A gentleman who had a remarkably fiery nose, sleeping in his chair, a negro boy who was waiting, observed a moscheto hovering round his face: *Quashi* eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off.... "Ah, d—n you heart," exclaimed darkee, "me berry grad to see you *burn your foot!*"

Finn's last.—Why is the tragedy of Oralloosa like the music of the woods? Because it is the notes of a *Bird* echoed through a *Forest*.

Plagiarism by the Wholesale.—Picking up a volume belonging to another person, and forgetting to lay it down again.

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.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
Canadian Magazine.

IT is proposed, so soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers are obtained, to publish a monthly work, entitled "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE." Containing ninety-six pages octavo, well printed, and composed with that attention, propriety, and decorum, which the almost universal diffusion of knowledge, elegance of language and exterior, so imperiously called for and demanded. The principal object of all publications should—and this shall—be improvement of the human race—by instilling the feelings of honor and fostering and cherishing those already taking root—fanning the devotional spirit lispied at a fond mother's knee; accompanied a father's prayer, and listened to the man of God, when all the good assembled weekly in the house appropriated to the most glorious of purposes. To improve the feelings, principles, and mind, as the duty is inculcated of "doing as we would be done by;" which includes those of parents, lovers, brothers, sisters, and every connexion by blood and circumstance that moral has formed. All shall be recorded; so that a strong, though silent, moral may be drawn which make a good life; and a "good life," according to the proverb, makes a happy death. Whatever shall tend to the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind will be handled with unsparing freedom; being above all rage, political mania, invidious reflection of the evils with which society is and disorganized. None or, because diametrically being of creatures who bosom of their Father thing to make them hereafter; whatever right, shall be inserted at all ages, all ranks, may be pleased that "Caledonia," due, to supply food part, the mind, only need, a Magazine, the lady, er, gentleman, even the mere their money

...d be prepos-
 ...n emigrant
 ...ing unless
 ...ood of his
 ...blic can't
 ...as in ad-
 ...of the old
 ...calcula-
 ...ature ge-
 ...y short

that the public cannot form a correct opinion with regard to the nature and utility of the embryo work. But the editor confidently appeals to the contents of the first number; and as fair play is a jewel, he requests that no judgment will be given until they have received ocular demonstration of what he is able to accomplish.

All letters, notices and communications connected with the Magazine, to be post paid, and addressed "to the Editor at York"—but the object being for the real good "of his kind"—he cannot and will not insert any thing contrary thereto; nothing will be approved of from friendly motives, but all must pass the ordeal of strict criticism—however his decision shall be void of partiality, prejudice or affection. No eye but his shall look upon the articles until given to the printer. Those which may prove inadmissible will be carefully returned, and the name lie forever hid, like dust beneath the coffin lid.

W. SIBBALD, Editor.

Late of the 1st or Royal Reg't.

R. STANTON, Publisher.

Mr. C. Ferrie, is agent for this vicinity.

TO PRINTERS—A Rare Offer.

THE health of the undersigned is so poor, that his physician has decided he must relinquish his business. He therefore offers the establishment of THE GEM, for sale—together with the Job Office attached. The Gem is now in its fifth year, and enjoys an extensive and profitable patronage; as does also his Job Office, both of which are situated in the best location in the village of Rochester, N. Y. To any one who can pay one half of the purchase money down, and give good paper for the remainder, on time, this presents one of the best opportunities in printing in Western New-York.

Letters, post-paid, will be attended to—but it were much better, and I should prefer it, if persons wishing to purchase could call personally upon the proprietor, and examine for themselves. Address,

EDWIN SCRANTON,
 Rochester, N. Y.

Rochester Jan. 1; 1833.

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

JAMES CROOKS.

Nov. 7, 1831.