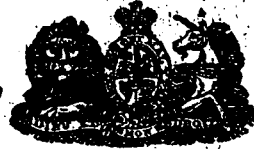


THE GARLAND:

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

To Raise the Genius,



To Mend the Heart.

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Agents for the Garland.

<p>Ancaster, Branford, Burford, Credit, Colborne, Colchester, Kemptville,</p>	<p>B. Clark, John Wallace, Geo. W. Whitehead, Thos. Ginty, Joshua Lind, A. McCormick, W. H. Bottom,</p>	<p>Nelson, Port Hope, Streetsville, Stoney Creek, W. Flamboro, " Wheeling, Va.,</p>	<p>Geo. K. Chisholm, W. Willanson, W. Clay, J. Williamson, Doct. Mullen, James Harris, G. S. McKiernan,</p>
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HAMILTON, U. C.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY WYLLYS SMYTH.

To the Readers of the Garland.



WHEN we issued our first number we had many doubts, as to the course we ought to pursue. Many of our readers are already aware that the Garland was not the first to make the trial. Already had its two predecessors sunk into the shades of obscurity, never to glimmer again, before we entertained the slightest idea of making the third trial. We well knew that in commencing a publication of this kind and in the manner we did, that many would be the rebuffs we should meet, and that it would be a long time before the public become fully convinced of our intentions. This in view, we issued our first number without the consolation of seeing the name of a *single individual* on our list, and distributed them through the country to such, as we then thought, would be willing to manifest their good wishes towards sustaining us, by ordering it continued. It is the custom; (and what is a custom is as good as a law) for the printer, after paying a penny on it, to send his paper to whom he pleases; and as much the custom among men, on the receipt of any paper, to return it, if they do not wish to have it continued: This is a *privilege* that every person has a right to enjoy. But it is one much abused. For within a few day past, after receiving four, five, and six numbers, some *gentlemen* have put us to the expense of paying postage on their letters, merely to inform us that they "wish to have our bill presented for payment, and the Garland discontinued;" when the usual method would have been preferable and much to our advantage, as these numbers are rendered useless to them, besides they are a loss to us. What can be the motives of such men, is to us a mystery; unless it is to subject us to as much cost as possible. It is true, that at the commencement we solicited the patronage and influence of all who had a desire to see us go on our way rejoicing, and by so doing we have made a valuable discovery. Much good will has been manifested by many, from unexpected sources, which has stimulated us to a constant increase of exertion to render our paper interesting, and has in no small degree tended to reward us for that exertion by swelling our list of patrons. To them, we acknowledge ourselves in a great measure indebted, for the unexampled success with which our efforts have been crowned; and to suppose us otherwise than grateful to such persons, would be accusing us of a want of that feeling, which we are certain we possess. None but the penury-pinched miser would ever think of discouraging a plan calculated to benefit his fellows in general, by every low artifice in his power.

Many objections have been made to the Garland on account of its small size.— It was commenced on a sheet of such dimensions as we were prepared to maintain for one year. At the end of the first volume, it was our original intention to increase the number of pages to sixteen, should the patronage at that period promise as fair as necessary to defray the extra expense. The size corresponds with the terms.— After paying the postage, and other incidental expenses, very little will be left us for our labor. But we shall be content if we succeed in gaining the object we had in view, viz.:—**TO RAISE THE GENIUS—TO MEND THE HEART, AND GAIN THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PUBLIC.**

Several communications were received too late for insertion in this number; they shall appear as soon as our limits will allow. Our thanks to "Spectator," and C. M. D.

THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1832.

NO. 7.

POPULAR TALES.

Original.

REWARD OF VIRTUE.

There is something so intrinsically estimable in a virtuous course of conduct in life, apart from the praise ever thrown in brightness around it by the light of religion, that let it exist where it will, the nature of man seems to stamp an indelible worth upon it, and the mysterious hand of Providence in the course of time, to exalt and reward its possessor. It is not to inspired religion that we are indebted for this unerring estimation of virtue among all nations of men: it is held up as the triumphant rival of vice and sin, and the valued idol of nations who despise the Christian and Jewish religion, as well as by those who never have heard of their existence. Although I professedly believe the savage, whose mind is vacant and void of thoughtful reflection, similar to the new-born babe's, to have no just conception of good and evil, or innate sense of right. Still all nations, by social intercourse and civilization, smoothed in their manners and given to reflection and thought, never are exempt from a distinguishing appreciation of right and wrong, or vice and virtue. So beautiful is virtue! So glorious are the beams of her never-fading face! She, alone, is the best companion of the departing soul upon the bed of death. He alone, can die with smiles upon a frowning world, whose conscience tells him with departing sweetness, "I came into the world for a purpose, which Providence thro' reason, kindly learned me to perform. I have done my duty to the world, to my fellow-men, and created things; and now, O death! where is thy bitterness! I heed thee not! I smile upon my fate, and let my soul return to the hands of that Almighty Being and disposer of all things, who first bade me smile in consciousness upon his adorable creation." This is merely annexed as a prologue to the following story, to give the reader an idea of the intention of the author in writing the tale. It will always be my plan to instil into the minds of my readers useful knowledge, rational morality, and things of common sense.

The age of petty novelists and enchanting romances, who awake the mind to every distressful feeling, and ruin by empty imagination, the ideas and conceptions of life, of persons who before touching their baneful witchcraft, were rational and just in their views of things. I mean by no means to condemn all the novels of the age; for many of them may be useful, particularly those of a modern date,

which border more on common-sense and morality, than the extraneous glittering and bombast of older novelists. Sir Walter Scott, the greatest novelist of modern times, although in many of his novels he has mingled the history of many nations of Europe in the middle ages, which circumstance adds greatly to their otherwise, inutility, would find could he visit the world a century hence, that posterity valued his imaginative pages as little as our moderns of fashionable taste on the contrary, were assiduous in devouring their glittering emptiness, he would then say, had he written half a dozen books of the knowledge of the world—had he embodied all his studied characters and ideas of man, in laying down which many exultingly say he so much excelled, in one volume, the libraries of posterity still would have glittered with their presence, and time could never efface their worth. An author who writes for money, never need expect the hands of posterity to handle his venal scraps.

But to return to my subject, there lived in the neighborhood of one another, two cousins; who, after marrying, had emigrated from England to a certain part of America. They were both persons of respectability and fortune, and had always been on the most intimate terms. In settling, therefore, in a foreign land, they pitched upon quite adjacent estates; in this way they lived happily for many years, hoping in young families and increasing fortunes, a bountiful share of worldly happiness. But, alas! such hopes are often too vain; an unforeseen event,—a malignant fever—cut off, in the bud of life and in the midst of prosperity, Mr. Clayton, his wife, and youngest child, a daughter, who were all buried in one day. They left behind, to deplore their loss, two sons, George and Henry, at the tender age of six and eight. The cousin of Mr. Clayton, Mr. Walton, was made by the deceased father, the guardian and sole executor of his children and property, which was large. It was the last and dearest duty a friend could call another to accept and fulfil, and it was one which Mr. Walton cheerfully undertook and performed for many years, with the strictest justice and impartiality. He made the two young children a part of his family and educated them as his own children. After years, however, are to reveal a tale in which I hope a moral lies. The reader will easily tell whether any blame is to be attached to the guardian or not.

Some six years after the death of Mr. Clayton and his wife, Mr. Walton met with a serious loss in the death of Mrs. Walton, who di-

ed of a fall from a wagon. He had never had but two children, one of which died very young; the other, a daughter, was now in her twelfth year, of whom the father was extremely fond, being his only child. Mr. Walton was a man of a very large fortune. He kept George and Henry at school until one was nineteen and the other seventeen. Henry, the youngest, was decidedly the brightest of the two boys; and had, indeed, at school, displayed promising hopes of future genius and utility. His temper and disposition were conciliating, mild, and passive. He had a romantic and somewhat melancholy turn with him; still he was good-natured and playful. George was the reverse; he was stern, haughty and passionate, envious and jealous. It always had been his endeavor to outdo Henry in every thing at school, but his attempts were always frustrated by the superior abilities and modesty of Henry. He showed the same envious disposition towards many of his school-mates.

It is often difficult to distinguish between envy and emulation: although in reality their difference is as wide as virtue and vice. As, however, virtue is frequently led captive by vice; so does emulation, which is praiseworthy in itself, too often incline to envy and malice. Some even imagine a commixture of the two, envy and emulation, which are frequently found thus joined, to be simply meritorious emulation alone. However, it is a false interpretation of its qualities. True emulation, Henry Clayton had; and he exerted it over all his school-mates, often to their rancor and disappointment. George on the contrary, envied the person, who to his sorrow, had more abilities given him by nature than himself. It was not science that he so much coveted, or knowledge; but he wished to lower all but himself and detract from their worth. This envy towards Henry, never ceased in the breast of George, from the time of leaving school.

A year more, saw him more advanced in life, and he never failed to try to lessen the worth of Henry in the eyes of their guardian, with whom Henry from many circumstances, had now become a particular favorite. One thing in particular gained this partiality, viz: Henry's aptitude in composing poetry and ballads, which greatly diverted the old man: who had himself been something of a poet and literary character throughout life. This, in the heart of George, could hardly be borne, for he always coveted the first place in his guardian's esteem. From long acquaintance and mutual friendship with the daughter of their patron, these two brothers, growing into manhood would naturally be thought to have formed some more interested love for her, since their marriage could not be stopped from

nearness of relationship, which was hardly recognizable.

Miss Margaret Walton, now in her fifteenth year, had been partial to George, which in boyhood he often boasted of to Henry, though nothing to his sorrow, since Henry even at this time, was not partial to Margaret; altho' her love for him had certainly of late increased, to the disappointment of George.

George Clayton, in personal appearance, was superior to his brother, which added greatly to his pride. But Margaret Walton was one of those estimable young women who never allowed her heart to be swayed but by virtue, in the object of her affection. Thus with her George's hopes were by no means encouraging. Henry devoted much of his time to literary pursuits, being steady and virtuous in his habits. George, like many youths of his age, followed very different pursuits. His were, youthful debauchery and immorality, which are too apt to lead to future misery and regret. He daily had cause to grow more jealous of Henry, and even grew cold to his fair lover, Margaret, from her changed affection. Long had he pondered on some plot to ruin the prosperous hopes of his brother. He complained of him to his guardian, who was now well advanced in years, and perhaps too credulous, for committing riots, privately, in the neighborhood. He even went so far as to entice him out at different times by false promises, and left him waiting behind, whilst he returned home to his bed, where he would be seen by Mr. Walton, and the absence of Henry discovered.—These tricks, however, were soon seen thro' by Henry, and as soon by Mr. Walton.

George at last, with some of his vicious companions, determined to disguise himself in Henry's clothes, and to break into his guardian's house in the dead of night, with the intent of robbing it.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

The Isolated Man.—I saw him standing by the grave of her he loved, and as the last turf was placed by the sexton, he covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears. In a moment he collected himself and said:

"I am alone. This is the last, the only relative I had on earth. Six times have I been childless and now the partner of my life is placed by their side. Would to God I were sleeping there too." He turned to the weeping spectators around, "What have I left on earth? You can return to your homes, and sit down together with companions and children, but my house is desolate. I am detached from every thing on earth. I am like a blighted tree in the midst of a desert!"

The wind howled on the plain—the sleet blew upon the newly-covered grave. They turned away,—and I watched this isolated

mourner, as he slowly walked to his desolated mansion. The minister and one domestic accompanied him. He sat down in his solitude. He tasted not again the social endearments of life, but lives like a solitary exile, who is forbidden to mingle with mortals, and who expects not nor seeks any more good in the land of the living.

God had a meaning, when he said "It is not good for man to be alone." He dwindles, he droops. And his soul was made to mingle with kindred souls—his tongue to interchange those ideas which kindle a mutual attachment which warm the heart, and qualify for more eminent good; and when all intercourse between man and man is suspended. 'Tis then he shows how vain to live, when he lives alone.

Female Advocate.

Grumbling.—Some people are ever grumbling. If they have not great troubles, they have little ones to keep them fretting, and many would say of them that they grumble merely for pastime. A fretful disposition is of no advantage—it only makes the possessor and those connected with him miserable. The better way is always to look on the bright side of things, for we shall meet with trouble enough in the world, without turning out of our way to seek it. Grumbling makes a hard job harder, sours the temper, unnecessarily fatigues both body and mind, and never facilitates business.

Barnstable Journal.

Salary.—A respectable clergyman in the neighbourhood of Boston, being at the residence of one of his wealthy and hospitable parishioners, made some complaints of the pitiful sum allowed him for his labor, and concluded by wishing it enlarged, that he might be able comfortably to support and bring up an increasing family. A colored servant happening to come in at the moment, and hearing something about salary, and family, thought the minister was complaining of the drought and scarcity of vegetables; and running into the garden, he conveyed to the chaise of the clergyman a large quantity of *celery*, &c. After the worthy guest had gone the negro came in, and with a countenance free from blushes, says "Massa, guess Mr. — got salary enough now, I cram his big empty box full."

Traveller.

Irish Johnstone was asked by a linguist what they called potatoes in Ireland. Faith," said Jack, "we never call them at all; we fetch them when we want them."

Spreeing it.—Two Jonathans stepped into a bar-room in this town, and, calling for one glass of rum, drank it between them. A long cigar was then purchased, and cut in two, and with enviable complacency the two bucks leaned back in their chairs, rolling out dense vol-

umes of tobacco-smoke. At length one broke silence with "I say Jo, what d'ye 'spose mother would think if she knew we were here in Hamilton *spreeing it!*"

The Soldier's Wife.—"Who comes there?" said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. "A friend," softly said a timid voice.—"Advance and give the parole." The same soft, timid voice, said, "Love." "Love," said the sentinel "is not the parole, and you cannot pass." "Indeed, this is cruel indeed, not to allow a sergeant's wife to pass, to take, perhaps, her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass ere the morning's battle takes place; let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him." "Pass, friend: all's well." It proved her last farewell.

Taking Newspapers.—"Do you take a newspaper, neighbor?" "Yes." "What one,?" "Take! egad, why I take all that I can lay my hands on!"

Original.

ACROSTIC TO CHRISTIANA.

C—ould'st thou but love the youth who loves you true,
H—is constant heart would boy that love to sue;
R—egard then, dearest maid, your humble swain
L—o pity prove his happiness again.
S—incere affection show, and kindly prove
T—o him who lives for you with constant love;—
I—f to my passion you affection lend,
A—h, blessed hour! those lines to you I send.
N—o other joys can boast so rich a prize,
A—s one sweet smile from thy soft beaming eyes.

"SPECTATOR."

Original.

LOVE.

How pure and gentle is the love,
In boy-hood's days we feel;
Time can't those first impressions move,
That o'er our souls doth steal.

As clings the woodbine to the tree,
More firmly still with time;
First love with its bright imagery,
Clings fast to manhood's prime.

Not like the flower on the hill,
That fades before the blast;
Nor yet the zephyr veering still,
No sooner come than past.

Its phantom haunts our youthful hearts,
And grows with time more bright;
When absent long the tear-drop starts;
And many a sigh takes flight.

For absence cannot quench its power,
Nor time allay its flame;
And when affliction's round us low'r,
First love is still the same.

A life to it seems but a day—
It twines around the soul,
With sweet romantic witchery—
The end of time its goal.

C. M. D.

"Exchange?" With what! Why, with the *Record of Genius*, a pretty little paper published at Utica, N. Y. by Messrs. Everest & Corbitt. Certainly, as long as *Genius* is as prominent as it is in No. 11.

¶ We much regret, that in order to give our usual variety, we are so often compelled to continue articles from one number to another. "Variety is the very SPICE of life."

THE LAST CHARGE.

JULIA. There are some Spanish airs
Which I have heard, do speak true poetry
Of music: such as burst from the full heart
In the natural shout of triumph.

RIBEIRO. There is a rough war-song—

EARL. Sing it, sing it!
At such a moment even I could sing;
'Tis part of conversation.

RIBEIRO. You shall have it,
SONG.

Now the last charge!
The sun goes down in blood,
But not so red,
As the grassy bed,
Of the thousand Moors who firmly stood
With sabre and with turg.

Charge! charge once more!
The infidels must yield;
Bravely they've fought,
And dearly bought,
Shall be the trampled field,
Sodden with human gore.

Charge, charge again!
What is it now to die?
Conquer'd who'd live?
And who'd not give
His life for victory,
A victory for Spain?

JULIA. It thrills me.

EARL. Aye; the air is bold and stirring,
And makes the pulse of an old warrior beat
With youthful quickness. *The Refugee.*

THE WAGGONER.

CONTINUED.

To cut matters short, Fowler, who was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, was in the end overpersuaded by his companion's earnestness and volubility. Leroux drew such an enticing picture of the pleasures of American life, and represented so strongly the difficulties and dangers which must environ Fowler if he were to attempt, or even succeed in his scheme of returning to England, and the improbability of his proving the guilt of Sir W. Gwyne, or even ascertaining that he was right in charging Sir William with it;—That Fowler at length told his companion that he would consider of his proposal. He at length agreed to continue in America for a year or two, and try whether he would get as rich as Leroux led him to expect. They entered, however, into a sort of partnership, and with their joint funds purchased the house and grounds which had attracted their admiration.

Behold, then, William Fowler a new character; that of an American farmer, and in partnership with his newly acquired companion Francis Leroux. Many were their conversations, as was natural, on the extraordinary adventures which Fowler had undergone; and one remark was made by the Englishman which seemed to strike Leroux forcibly.

"Should I be sent out of England at all this expense, and kept here so handsomely, for nothing?—It *must* be worth somebody's while!"—"Ay, but," would Leroux reply, "begar, you go back and get your dam head blow off if that worth *your* while!"

Affairs prospered with the farmers, and Fowler's uneasiness began to wear off, giving place to the numerous and active cares of business. The living was so cheap, and Leroux so unwearingly gay and good-natured, that Fowler began to get not only reconciled to his lot, but delighted with it; coinciding in the frequent remark of his sagacious companion—"Ah, *bird's hand worth two bushes!*"—His monthly allowance of £5 was forwarded to him, though at irregular periods, from the next post town, distant about twenty miles; and at length Fowler, finding himself environed on every side with mystery, gave up fretting about unravelling it, contented with the comfort and plenty it produced him.

The artful rogue Leroux was a *ci-devant* English smuggler, who had been heavily bribed by Sir William Gwyne and another, to assist in kidnapping Fowler, conveying him abroad, and watching over him with incessant vigilance. His broken English was all assumed. He could speak tolerably well in both languages—trading, as he did, between the coasts of the two countries; but thought that he could more easily delude his prisoner by adopting a mixture of the two. Sir William Gwyne had given him a sum of £200 at setting out, telling him to keep half of it for his own purposes, and give the remainder to Fowler, as has been described; and when it was exhausted he was to write for more.—The mode adopted by Leroux for conveying the monthly instalments to Fowler was this—he took the opportunity of visiting the next post-town on a market day once a month, where he enclosed £5 in a blank envelope, and put it in the post, which duly delivered it at Fowler's residence. For several years did Fowler receive this money, each time expressed his astonishment at the mode of its conveyance; and yet never discovered the agency of Leroux! Extraordinary as this may seem, it is nevertheless the fact. The fidelity and ingenuity of Leroux were secured and perpetuated by the vigilant skill of Sir William Gwyne, who timed his remittances and shaped his communications with astonishing tact. How wise is the ordination of Providence, that never fails to insert into guilty combinations the elements of *treachery*, as, indeed, a necessary condition of its being;—concealment involving its own discovery! It was against this—against the risk of Leroux's perfidy, that Sir William had to guard himself, and yet never for an instant felt fully secure. Leroux had extorted great sums from his employer beyond what had been promised him, and grew occasionally insolent in enforcing both the punctuality and increase of his remittances. Sir William had, besides Leroux, another blood-sucker, that scarce ever left his side, in the person of a fellow smuggler of Leroux's who grew increasingly exor-

bitant in his demands, as repeated trials convinced him of the firm hold he had upon the guilty baronet. Sir William grew nearly frantic at finding the fearful extent to which he was committed, and the incessant efforts and sacrifices necessary to quiet his ruffianly agents; and yet perhaps, after all, only *postponing* discovery, disgrace and even death. The figure of the poor waggoner haunted him cruelly day and night; and then he had to bear the stubborn insolence of one minion, dogging and bullying him personally at home, and the incessant baying of a blood-hound, borne to his affrighted ears over the broad Atlantic.

In one of his gloomiest and most reckless moments, the unfortunate, the wretched, the guilty Baronet set pen to paper, and wrote to Leroux in nearly the following terms: "You once pressed me, while _____ was in England, in our hands, to destroy him; my soul shrinks from blood. But in the humor in which I now write, I may say, in a manner, that my views are altered. I say—mark me—that I do not now wish to destroy him; I mean only that if _____ was out of the way, when I heard of it, I should not trouble myself with inquiring into it. Your comrade, (mentioning Leroux's fellow-smuggler) talks on the matter with cruel cunning, saying that there are many ways of your seeing that _____ dies without having to charge yourself or any one else directly with the doing of it. But I always stop him when he talks so. Indeed, I do not know why I name the thing to you. Enclosed are bank notes for £100. Tear and burn this letter, or *send it back*."

When Leroux received and read this letter it threw him into a long train of thought, for nearly an hour. At length he rose from his seat, put the money into his strong-box, and the letter into his pocket-book, saying to himself, "Now, this is a two-edged sword, and will cut either way I choose!" * * *

To return now to England: the abduction of Fowler produced a prodigious sensation over the whole country. There was scarcely a house, there were scarce any premises, public or private, but were ransacked for his discovery. Forster's services were in universal request, to aid in identifying the scenes he had described; and he was hurried here, there and every where, for that purpose, but in vain. He could recognize nothing, nor give any clue of information. The affair excited greater alarm than that of Forster; and the whole country round about was rife with dark and dismal speculations concerning THE WAGGONER. Ballads were made and sung about the streets of Salisbury; and at length superstition was roused, which hinted that there were or might be, supernatural agency at work in the business!

Sir William Gwynne was pre-eminent among his fellow-magistrates, in exertions to unravel the mysterious transaction; cheerfully devoting day after day to the receiving of depositions, granting of warrants, the examination of suspected persons; and authorizing the distribution of placards, offering liberal rewards for the discovery of the perpetrators of such an atrocious outrage. He caused the chief of a notorious gang of gipsies, who had been long in ill odor to be arrested, under pretence of a secret information against him.—He caused the anonymous letter on which he acted to be made public, and its cunning inuendoes and circumstantiality served to arrest public suspicion, and fix it permanently on the gipsies! All was useless, however. Nothing could be discovered. The devil outwitted all. The veteran gipsy was discharged for want of evidence; the reward-placards gradually disappeared from the walls; new nine-day wonders arose challenging public curiosity in their turn, and all was buried in undiscoverable mystery.

Now, what is the meaning—the reason of all this? the reader is doubtless exclaiming. He shall shortly be informed.

About two months before the seizure of Richard Forster, Sir William Gwynne, a wealthy and powerful baronet in Shropshire, who had retired to his library after dinner, to write several letters of importance, and was in the act of drawing on his velvet dressing-gown, was informed by his valet that a gentleman had just arrived at the Hall, who desired to speak to him on urgent business.

"Show him in," said the baronet, sitting down in his study-chair, which he drew around to the fire. His visitor in a few moments made his appearance, announcing himself as Mr. Oxleigh, a solicitor, residing at a little distance from Shrewsbury. He was a short, squat, ugly, Jew-featured man, with a muddy-black piercing eye; with "rogue" written all over his face in characters of impudence. The haughty baronet was sufficiently disgusted with the man at first sight, but much more with his vulgar offensive nonchalance.

"Sir William," said he, carelessly approaching a chair, nearly opposite to the frowning baronet, 'I'm afraid this is intruding upon you—an inconvenient _____.' "Your business, sir, I pray," interrupted the baronet, with a stern impatience of tone and manner, that somewhat abashed the attorney; who, instead of sitting down in the chair, as he had intended, stood leaning a moment against the back of it.

"Allow me, Sir William to take a seat," he said in a somewhat humbler tone, 'as the business I am come upon may be long and wearisome to both of us.' "Be seated, sir,—and brief," replied the baronet haughtily, drawing

back his own chair, but with a little surprise in his features.

"I believe, Sir William," said Oxleigh, leisurely taking out a packet of papers, tied together with thin red tape, "that the rental of the Gwynne estates is from £25 to £30,000 per annum?" "What do you mean, sir?" slowly inquired the baronet, sitting forward in his chair, and eyeing Oxleigh with unfeigned amazement.

"I believe I am correct, Sir William?" continued the attorney, with a cool composure and impudence that confounded his aristocratic companion. "Be good enough, Mr. a— whatever your name is, be good enough, sir, to state your business, and withdraw!" said the baronet in a commanding tone.

"I am afraid, Sir William, that my business will take longer to settle than you seem to imagine," continued Oxleigh, with immovable assurance. The baronet made an effort to control himself; or, being a powerful man, he might have thrust his presumptuous visitor out of his presence, somewhat unceremoniously.

"I should be sorry, Sir William, either to say or do any thing displeasing or disrespectful, but my duty compels me to say, that in the important business I am come about I must be allowed my own time, and my own way of going about it. It appears, Sir William—" proceeded the attorney, with would-be-calmness, though his hands trembled visibly, and his voice was thick and hurried. "My good sir, your business, whatever it be, had better be transacted with my steward. If you really have any business that concerns me, sir, you clearly do not know how to communicate with me. Bundle up your papers, sir, and retire," said the baronet, rising to ring his bell.

"Sir William—Sir William!" exclaimed Oxleigh, earnestly rising from his chair, "pray allow me—one—one instant, only. I can say *one word* that will make you, however indisposed you now are, willing; nay, anxious to hear me!" "What *does*—what *can* all this mean, sir?" inquired the baronet, pausing with the bell-rope still in his hand.

"Only this, Sir William," said the attorney, putting his packet of papers into his pocket, and buttoning his coat; "I could have wished to communicate it in a friendly manner. You think you have a right to the title of Sir William Gwynne, and these large estates. You have, however, no more right to them than your obedient humble servant, Job Oxleigh, to command." The baronet's hand dropped from the bell-rope; the color forsook his cheeks for a moment, and he stared at the attorney in silence. "Why, you catiff!" slowly exclaimed the baronet; and calmly approaching Mr. Oxleigh, he grasped him with overpowering strength by the collar, holding

him for a second or two, and looking in his face as one would into that of a snarling dog, whom one holds by the throat; and then with a violent kick jerked him from him to the further corner of the room, where he lay prostrate on the floor, the blood trickling from his mouth, which had caught the corner of a chair in falling. After continuing there apparently stunned for a few moments, he rose, and wiping the blood from his lips staggered towards the baronet, who, with his arms folded, was standing before the fire. To be Continued.

Original.

AN ADVENTURE

IN THE WOODS OF CANADA.

Continued. No one can imagine my situation and state of mind, except those who have experienced the frightfulness of being lost in the woods—thus placed in a vast wild without a kindred voice to direct or console me, and with but the owl or wolf to greet me, or the wind to whisper its solitary moanings among the flapping foliage. Sentimentalism, this is not; but cruel reality. I had travelled two-thirds of a day without seeing any human being, and therefore must have been many miles from a settlement.

In this state of suspense, wavering between the visions of hope and despair, bright expectancy and startling reality, I remained for some time. Who can picture the conflicting passions of the human bosom, in such a situation? Oft I imagined myself capable of recognizing—as I fain would have done—in the distance some sound or token of man's habitation:—such as the hollow sound of the farmer's evening horn, sinking in the distance into what it really was—imagination; or the lowing of cattle, or the ringing of the cow's bell, homeward going to rest in the domestic farm-yard. This I hope will not be called Plagiarism, as poets have written on such things before.—Persons in my then situation, are liable to imagine such things, so partial is human nature to itself, and so fondly does hope cling to an imaginary attainment. But ever and anon were my hopeful and imaginative anticipations interrupted and swept away by the passing breeze, that rustled among the leafy boughs and "told me in plaintive moans," of my forlorn situation.

Neighboring to where I was, it being a valley or flat, there was a thick pinery, on higher ground. This being the favorite season for the vociferous hooting of that famed bird of night—the owl, and dense pineries being ever their favorite haunts, the silence of my abode, and pensiveness was often broken and my ear startled with his cries of hoo, too, hoo, hoo, wildly breaking upon the gloom and echo of the night-circled forest. In such solitude there is something grand and impressive to the soul, but my state of mind then dimmed

its appreciation. Thus resting sometime, I fell asleep; though my perilous station allowed me no real rest. About midnight the sky was perfectly clear and starlit. The moon, whose glimpses among the passing clouds I had occasionally seen before, now hung in gloomy majesty and unconscious splendor in the distant sky and 'mid the rounded universe of worlds. Its pale and lonely beams fell like a silvery sheet among the tall pines, mingling with their shadow.

However, to quit such musing, I descended from my seat hoping to find some road by which to escape from my bewildered situation. But after rambling about for an hour, instead of finding a road, I frequently came back to the tree on which I had taken shelter, much to my astonishment. Perceiving this, the consequence of my adhering to no direct line, and that such a thing will occur to people lost, I proceeded in a straight line west, facing the moon, nearly with the creek. Having left the creek as it turned from my course, I was stopped about three o'clock in the morning by coming suddenly in contact with a swamp, which I afterwards found to be a cranberry marsh. I rode into it unawares, and my horse sunk to his knees in it; from this, however, I quickly disengaged myself by a retreat. I followed the bounds of this swamp till wearied, and something alarmed at the wild scream and bitter yawning shrieks of some wild beast, which I took to be a Canadian Lynx, a fierce little animal, twice or thrice the size of a wild cat, I again clambered up a tree, where I slept soundly till daybreak; when the flitting of a bat, to and fro near my face and round my head, annoyed as well as awoke me. The noise of the wild turkeys, which were then more numerous than they are now in the western part of Canada, as they yearly decrease with the settlement of the country and the approach of man, first greeted my waking ears. Their wings, flapping among the trees as they flew from their roosts, and their glowing color, as some of them approached me, pleased me greatly. My horse all this time, fared better than myself, because he fed on leaves, which to pass away time, I frequently chewed. Concluded in No. 8.

A little miss about fourteen years of age, attended a writing school, and had made considerable proficiency in her cursive writing. The master set her copies alphabetically, and after finishing the word *Union*, which was given her she artlessly looked up in the face of her teacher and inquired if he did not think she would be able to make a pretty good *Union* in the course of a couple of years? "I rather imagine you will," was the reply.

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor—
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1852.

Among the numerous testimonials of public favor, that we daily receive from various quarters, to which the Garland has been sent, none is fraught with a more kindred feeling than the following, from a well-wisher to the improvement of the mental faculties of his Canadian friends. As he has been an occasional contributor to the columns of the Garland, and yet appears "nothing loth," we think it "quite unnecessary" to assure him that his *meanderings* are duly appreciated:—

"To expatiate upon the usefulness of the GARLAND, might and indeed I think would, be altogether exuberant. Her unobscured branches, which I take to be of the *cary-phylla*, or pink tribe, have spread over the most fertile soil of Upper Canada; and unwilling that the humane Briton, and the aspiring Canadian should partake of her fragrance alone, she has crossed the rapid stream (St. Lawrence) that once separated social converse between the fair sons of the north and the enterprising Yankee. That they may partake of the bounty it bestows, and as the intention is to improve the heart and raise the genius, should you approve of the following germ, please engraft the same in some tender branch of the Garland."

SUMMER-TIME.

Yes! we met in a region of gladness,
We met in the beautiful bowers,
Where the wanderer loses his sadness,
Mild blossoms, and sunbeams, and flowers;
Around us, sweet voices were breathing
The songs of a far distant clime:
Above us, in Garlands were wreathing
The buds of the bright Summer-time!

That vision of fairy-land I never
Can fade from my heart or my sight—
And it enshrines my pathway for ever
Its sparkles of magical light;
I still hear the hurp's joyous measure,
'Till scent the faint bloom of the lily;
Oh! years cannot banish one pleasure
I felt in the bright Summer-time. THEODORE.

Another.—We are almost daily greeted with "please exchange," attached to some new project to keep pace with the gradual expanding ideas of Yankee opsinuity,—Not possessing so much of the "bristle" as many, we are always ready to give every "attempt a passing notice;"

"For when we meet with stores of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems."

As far as our limits will allow, every *new* enterprise to pollute the gems of literature, will be hailed as another step towards "refined society." *The Album*, or *Ladies' Port Folio*, published every other Saturday, at Lowell, Mass. by Alfred Gilman, is among the number. The *Album* has our good wishes.

The Lady's Book for November is received. The editors were well assured that it would be found to possess unusual interest. Tiger Island, is certainly picturesque. The original tale did not diminish our good feeling. As for Mrs. Hemans' poetry, every school-boy is a worshipper at her shrine, except the dolt of the Eastern Argus.

To Correspondents.—Lines to Miss B. shall be published in our next. We do not feel ourselves under the least obligation to pay the postage on our Correspondents communications. Letters from agents, containing remittances or names of subscribers, carry with them a balm, not found in an ill-sung and limping song; where nothing "But sorrow and sadness appear."

As our terms are very explicit, and we wish to have them kept in view by those who write for their own amusement. We hope that this may suffice.

Mr. Jesse Henderson, of Belleville, has our thanks for the regard he manifests for our paper. His kindness ought to be generally known. He is informed that "the 5 numbers," are 1s. 9d., and the postage on his letter, 9d. more. There is a right way, Mr. H. to do things. The cause of these remarks is explained on the cover.

S E L E C T E D .

SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

By the treachery of a monk, the abbey of St. Salvyn, seven leagues from Poitiers, fell into the possession of the French, who all that year, 1371, had been harrassing the English (Gallic) territories. Chandos was deeply mortified at the loss of the abbey, it being within the scope of his seneschalship. To recover it by chivalric skill, or to bring his enemies to fair and manly battle, seemed equally impossible; and his high spirit was wounded at these insults to his military abilities. On the last day of December he made an unsuccessful attempt to recover the abbey; and when he returned to the town of Chauvigny, he dismissed two-thirds of his troops, knights of Poitiers and England. Sir Thomas Percy, with thirty spears, had his leave to go in quest of adventures. His own mind was too ill at rest for him to indulge in mere chivalric exercises; and after he had wished them good speed, he went back into the house full of melancholy thoughts. He would not retire to rest, though the night was far advanced; but he remained in the kitchen warming himself by the fire, his servants endeavoring by their jests and tales to banish his uneasiness.

Before daylight a man with the haste and anxiety of the bearer of news of import, came into the house. "The Frenchmen are riding abroad," said he to Sir John. "How knowest thou that?" "I left St. Salvyn with them," was the answer. "Which way did they ride?" demanded Chandos. "Their exact course I wot not," replied his informant, "but I saw them on the high road to Poitiers."—"What Frenchmen?" inquired Sir John.—"Sir Lewis of St. Julian, and Carnot the Briton." "Well," quoth Chandos, "I care not; I have no mind to ride forth to night; it may happen that they may be encountered, though I am not there." The conversation closed here, but Chandos could not dismiss the subject from his mind. He inquired upon what he had heard, and hope gradually broke through the gloom of his disappointment.

He then told his knights he would ride to Poitiers, and they joyfully caparisoned their horses. Chandos and forty spears left Chauvigny before daylight, and getting into the Frenchmen's course, they soon overtook them near the bridge of Lusac. They were on foot, preparing to attack Sir Thomas Percy, and his little band, who had posted themselves on the other side of the bridge. Before the Frenchmen and Britons had arranged their plan of assault, they heard the trampling of Chandos's war-horses, and turning round, they saw his dreadful banner displayed. He approached within a short distance of the bridge and had a parley with them. He reproached them for their robberies and acts of violence

in the country whereof he was seneschal.—"It is more than a year and a half," he continued, "that I have set all my aim to find and encounter you; and now I see you and speak to you. It shall soon be known who is bravest, you or I. You have often vaunted your desire to meet me; now you may see me before you. I am John Chandos; regard me well," he thundered in their ears, and his countenance darkened as he spoke. At that moment an English squire was struck to the earth by the lance of a Briton. The generous nature of Chandos was roused at this ungallant act; and in a tone of unmingled expostulation and reproof, he cried to his own company, "Sirs, how is it that you suffer this squire to be slain? A foot, a foot!"

He dismounted, and so did all his band, and advanced against the French, his banner with the escutcheon above his arms, was carried before him, and some of his men-at-arms surrounded it. Chandos missed his step, for the ground was slippery from the hoar-frost of the morning, and in his impatience for battle, he entangled his feet in the folds of his surcoat. He fell just as he reached his enemy; and as he was rising, the lance of a French squire entered his flesh, under the left eye, between the nose and the forehead. Chandos could not see to ward off the stroke; for some years before, he had lost the sight of that eye, while hunting the hart in the country round Bourdeaux; unhappily, too, his helmet was without the defence of his vizor. He fell upon the earth, and rolled over two or three times, from the pain of the wound; but he never spoke again. The French endeavoured to seize him: but his uncle, Sir Edward Clifford, bestrode the body, and defended it so valiantly, that no one dared to approach him. The barons and knights of Poitiers were conquerors, and when the confusion was hushed, they flocked round their outstretched friend and seneschal. They wept, they wrung their hands, they tore their hair, and gave way to every violent expression of grief. They called him the flower of chivalry, and lamented the hour when the lance was forged which had brought him into peril of death.

He heard and understood them well, but was unable to reply. His servants then unarmed him; and, laying him upon a pavesse, or large shield, they bore him gently to the neighbouring fortress of Mortimer. He died the following day; and a cavalier more courteous and more worthily adorned with noble virtues and high qualities, never adorned the English chivalry. He was, in sooth, as gallant a knight as ever laid lance in rest.

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.

WALTER SCOTT.

The bereavement so long dreaded by the literary world, has darkened it at last; and although we have been gradually prepared for it, it comes upon us like a thunderbolt. Walter Scott is no more:—he is “no more and yet—he is forever!” He breathed his last at Abbotsford, on the twenty-second of September, in the sixty-third year of his age. We record the death of this truly illustrious man, with feelings nearer like deep personal disappointment than we have ever before experienced for an individual whom it was not our chance to know or to see. Among the thousands who turn their eyes abroad with curiosity and strong interest, we have cherished a desire to visit the renowned shores of Europe, and with an earnestness of which those, not born this side the Atlantic, can form but an inadequate conception. One of the charms (for it would have indeed appeared to us like enchantment) to which we looked forward with a quickened pulse, was the high, calm, but gratifying excitement of standing face to face with Walter Scott—of looking on the forehead where Ivanhoe and Kenilworth had their origin. No vision of Europe came to us without being crossed with that manly, venerable form; that gentle, well-known face—well known, though never beheld. Amid the ivied ruins; amid the gay places; by the sacred tombs of Westminster-abbey; by the farmer’s cottage; by the noble’s seat; among the hills of Scotland, her romantic vallies, her winding streams, made classic by a hundred immortal pens, always Walter Scott was seen in our perspective. To have felt the kind pressure of that hand would have repaid us for a shipwreck. Now our favorite dream is broken. That broad brow, those silver locks, that calm smile—are they, indeed, low in the dust? Could not all their mighty power, all their brilliant fame, the love and veneration of every nation, save him from the worm?

The impression of our boyhood, about Walter Scott, can never wear away. If ever we shall pass to those scenes, which his presence has rendered a pilgrim shrine, there will be sadness at our heart. We

shall meet the grave of the author of *Waverley*. The marble will tell he was,—“*Illium fuit.*” What a spot of contemplation for the millions and millions, who, from this period till remote future ages, shall seek his monument, offering homage to genius and virtue such as it is rarely the lot of earth to possess.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

GAY AUTUMN.

We often hear of *brown* and *sombre* autumn; but *gay* is an unusual epithet to be applied to this season of the year. The falling leaves of autumn commonly remind the contemplative observer of the decline of human life, and the perishing of the green hopes of youth. They seem to speak of the departure of one after another of the human family to the grave, until all are gone. Still it is now *GAY AUTUMN*, for the face of nature does not were a more brilliant aspect at any time in the year than at present. A few days since every tree of the forest was covered with deep green, and a velvet covering of green covered the whole ground; but a white frost came, and behold the change. The forest now presents to the eye every variety of color. The leaves of the gum tree, of the iron-wood, and of the maple, are of a bright vermilion red; while other trees are of pea green, olive, orange, drab, brown, russet or reddish brown complexion; and others are covered with yellow gold. The pine, fir, hemlock and other ever greens, are greener now than ever. No ribbon on a lady’s hat, no colors in her printed muslin robe, no well assorted nosegay, ever presented a gayer variety of tints than now adorn the mountain forests.—Every thing looks gay. But this season of peculiar beauty will be of short continuance. In a few days all these bright colors will fade, except those of the evergreens; and then all the leaves will be of pale brown, of death-like clay color, and will have fallen to the ground. Then comes sad autumn, when the trees lift up their naked arms towards heaven, seemingly to deprecate winter, and to implore returning spring. Then the leaves are driven hither and thither upon the earth, by ever changing wind, like the human family agitated by wars, plagues, tempests, political revolutions, and ecclesiastical oppressions, until they are gathered together in thick drifts and matted down by rain and frost, to thaw, and freeze, and rot.

This gay autumn seems to me like some short season in human life. The sprightly and beautiful young widow, who two or three years ago buried her youthful husband, a few months after their nuptials were celebrated; and who retaining the mellowness of grief without its sadness, is about to be wedded again, is in the midst of *gay autumn*. She

is now gayer than ever; but her rainbow colors will soon fade, and all her beauty will descend to the earth.

The author who has just finished his chief work, and finds it begins to be extensively read and admired, is in his gay autumn; his future productions will be inferior and soon his name will pass away with names of thousands of forgotten writers, whose books were, but are not.

The eloquent orator at the bar, in the forum, in the pulpit, on whom listening throngs attentive, who was neyer superior to himself in his present maturity of intellect and force of invention, and readiness of utterance, is in his gay autumn: he has reached the acme of his popularity which will soon decline.

The man of middle age, for a short time appears to stand still on the summit level of his bodily strength and mental vigor, and to survey with delight all the surrounding scenes of life, which descend from him in every direction. He would gladly find it *gay autumn* with him during the remainder of life: but ah! his eyes will soon lose their natural force, he will require more light to mend his pen; his hearing will be less quick; he will pronounce some words with more effort, and less distinctness of articulation; he will be less inclined to honorable enterprizes; he will more readily than formerly anticipate difficulties; he will be more careful, but less prompt; he will desire more retirement from the busy scenes of men; he is in the down hill of life; and a few locks in the course of his canal will let down his stream of life to the unfathomable ocean.

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 *Colin 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. 8wg3is

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.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME OF THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Rochester, Oct. 13, 1832.

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