

THE GARLAND:

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

To Raise the Genius,



To Mend the Heart.

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J. Williamson,
Doct. Mullen,
James Harris,
G. S. McKiernan,

HAMILTON, U. C.

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THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1832.

NO. 6.

POPULAR TALES.

Original.

REWARD OF VIRTUE.

UNFINISHED.

Henry had rode out into the country, and was not expected to return that evening; and George took the advantage of his absence.—The persons who were with him at this time, were disguised in a similar manner to some of Henry's companions. George managed the whole affair so adroitly, as to leave no doubt on the mind of Mr. Walton, but that it was Henry. From the reports of George and his spies so often repeated previously, to a man growing old and getting doatish, Mr. Walton had sometimes been a little suspicious of Henry, and would have been more so had it not been for his daughter, who never mistrusted Henry's candor and innocence.

Upon the return of Henry, the old man was excessively cool to him; and having called him into a private room, accused him of robbing his house. Henry was astonished, and offered to prove his innocence: he said it was a wicked trick of his brother George, to banish him from his home, and that he believed he and his brother could never live together in peace.

For such reasons, he determined to leave his home and seek one elsewhere. His guardian was bitter in his remarks and persisted in accusing him of the robbery; which accusation Henry felt the more, because all his offers and endeavors to convince him to the contrary failed, and he was obliged to leave the home of his childhood under the chagrin that a consciousness of innocence accused of guilt, ever leaves its possessor.

George during this time was by no means idle in keeping the old man in the same mood of thinking with regard to Henry. His daughter Margaret, although she hesitated what to think of Henry, always shunned George and his courtesies. Thus far George had failed in his flattery of her charms, for she was convinced of the badness of his heart.

Things thus went on for a year, during which time George had managed to deceive the old man in his opinion. But from the conduct of George in this time and the wish of all grades of the neighborhood to have Henry restored because they esteemed him, and believed he was innocent, Mr. Walton began to treat George in the manner that his conduct had long merited. George perceiving the wavering regard of the old man for him, determined on robbing him in reality. Thus disposed, he seized the opportunity the absence

of Mr. Walton and his daughter in the country offered. Luckily for Mr. Walton, he had removed most of his money, but what was left George carried with him in his retreat, no one knew where. The old man being told of the departure of George on his return, and seeing his trunk broken open, was less astonished than grieved, at the favors he had bestowed on him and the ill treatment suffered by the virtuous youth, Henry. His journey had been partly to endeavor to learn something of Henry; after whom he had repeatedly inquired in vain.

From a view of the conduct of George, let all shun a like behavior; which from simple envy, had led him into crimes of the grossest character. Indeed, we may go to extremes in any thing, unless we pursue that smooth and peaceful medium that prudence and good sense point out in our journey through life.—The road upon which we all are doomed to travel, is indeed to most, a thorny one—less on account of the disposition of things by the hand of Providence, than from a proper want of experience in ourselves and an evenness of temper.

A year after the expiration of George's departure, of whose excesses abroad Mr. Walton had heard with regret, he took a long tour in the country adjacent, for his health, accompanied by his daughter. He had enjoyed his journey to his satisfaction and was on his return. One beautiful night in June he had determined to travel in the cool of the evening in order to reach a tavern some miles distant. He entered a forest and had got some distance into it when his horse and carriage were stopped by two highway-men, who demanded his money with cocked pistols. The old man in this frightful dilemma—his daughter having fainted, was on the point of giving the robbers his purse, when the gallop of a horse behind the carriage, threw a fresh hope of escape over his mind. Scarcely had he time to think again, when the stranger armed with a sword-cane, demanded of the robbers the cause of this noise; but quickly perceiving one of the fellows about to level a pistol at him, he made a pass at him, knocked the pistol out of his hand and laid him lifeless at his feet. The other robber fled, but was soon overtaken and knocked down by the active stranger; who thus rescued the old gentleman, and his daughter from their perilous situation. After having thanked the young stranger, he was about to take his departure when the young gentleman agreed to accompany him to the next inn.

This stranger proved to be no other than Henry Clayton, who had been absent four years, and was about to return to receive his share of his father's estate. Henry recognized Mr. Walton when in the woods; but from his changed appearance, his uncle did not know him—neither did his daughter, until after spending an agreeable evening, they were to their great surprise informed, that he who had rescued them from the hands of thieves, was no other than he whom Mr. Walton had discarded from his home, for an imaginary crime. And he allowed himself to be prevailed upon to return home with them, where he received the allotted portion of his father's estate; and a year after, the fortune of his guardian, and the hand of his daughter in marriage. Mr. Walton survived this happy event but a year or two; leaving to Henry the sole disposal of his large property. Thus at last, rewarding the virtue of a young man, who really deserved his favors.

George Clayton, the persecutor of his brother, had long since squandered away his fortune, and no one knew whither he had gone or what had become of him.

From this tale it will be seen, the path of virtue in this world, if it is strewn here and there with thorns and troubles, leads to the mart of peace and self-satisfaction in the end. End as a virtuous man's life may, it cannot help but be pleasing. It is oftener the road to wealth in this world, than momentary pleasure with her showery but fading hopes, and than vice with all its assurance and riotous impunity. In virtue's temple, perennial bloom smiles upon you, fadeless as its eternal Giver. Truth and wisdom are her guides; and when the sable shades of destiny shall scowl upon the universe; when all else shall fall to nought, Virtue, the only good, the only true happiness to solitary mortals in their veiled pilgrimage below, will be as bright, as imperishable as the adamant throne of Him who alone reigns eternal and self-approving in the universal all.

C. M. D.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

It was evening. The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the richly painted windows of the Abbey, and threw a 'dim religious light' upon the marble floor beneath, and the fretted pillars that rose on all sides. A young female, dressed in white, advanced up the aisle, with slow and irregular steps, her eyes timidly bent upon the ground, and her lovely locks half shading a countenance in which health and innocence seemed to vie with each other, which should add most beauty to features, the form of which were beauty itself.

* * * * *

She stopped for a moment as she reached the open portal of the chapel that formed a recess on the side of the aisle, and then turned

into the recess, entered a Confessional, and fell upon her knees.

What "ignorant sin" could this sweet one have committed that required absolution at the hands of her holy father confessor?

We shall see.

Having first pronounced her accustomed prayer with a timid voice, she seemed to gain confidence by this act, and proceeded to relate, first, her little acts of contumacy towards her school-mistress, (for though bordering on womanhood, she had not yet left Convent School,) then her little sins of actual commission; reserving the gravest to the last. At length, though she had evidently not concluded her confession she made a full stop, as if reluctant to proceed farther.

"Come, daughter," exclaimed the good priest, "proceed; you must not permit a false pride or delicacy to deter you from that full confession without which it absolutely were vain. Whatmore!"

"I am afraid to tell you, good father."

The priest said something to encourage her; but the pretty penitent still hesitated; and as she covered her sweet face with her two hands, as if ashamed to have it seen, the tears made their way between her pretty fingers.

"Come—come" said the holy father, this must not be. I must interrogate you. What is it that thus troubles you? Have you done any thing to injure or offend your good parents?"

"Worse, father."

"Have you been reading in wicked books?"

"I've not been reading at all father."

"Did you play or laugh, last Sunday, during service?"

"A great deal worse, father."

The good priest began seriously to be alarmed; yet he did not know how to frame his questions so as to avoid suggestions, which (if he should prove wrong in his suspicions) might render the remedy more mischievous than the disease.

At last, the young beauty, as if by a desperate effort, relieved him of his embarrassment.—"Father" said she with a trembling and half suppressed voice, "I will tell you all, if Heaven will give me strength to speak. But, pray be indulgent, good father. It was the first time—and I'm sure I never thought that so much harm would come of it. Besides, it was not all my own fault—it was partly *his*. And he is so very handsome too"—(The good priest trembled.) "And so fond of me—he used to follow me about wherever I went—he seemed to think and care about nobody but me." (She paused a moment,—then continued.)—"Well, father, one night, after I had retired to rest, I—would you believe it?—I found him in my chamber."—(The holy father groaned aloud.) "I never could tell

how he got there—for I shut the door after me, and fastened it carefully, as I always do.”

“Well,” exclaimed the confessor, in an anxious tone, “what more?”

“Oh, father! the worst is to come. That night in particular—it was last Thursday, father—he looked so very handsome, and seemed to be so very fond of me—and—that—in—short——”

“But,” exclaimed the priest with a sudden show of indignation, “did your mother never warn you of the terrible danger of such conduct? Did she never tell you the fatal consequences of——”

“No, father,” interrupted the terrified penitent, “she never told me there was any thing wrong in being fond of such a very beautiful cat—and——”

“A cat! was it a cat?”

“Yes, father; a large beautiful white Angola, that I was so wicked as to steal from the pastry-cook’s opposite where we live, and have kept him concealed in my room ever since.”

“*In nomine Patres et Filii et Spiritus Sancti te absolvo,*” said the good priest, and never did he pronounce the words with a more full and gratified feeling of pious satisfaction.

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

Mademoiselle D. had been educated in the Convent of —, where she was placed in her infancy: and had never seen anything of the world. At the age of eighteen she was taken from the Convent, and given in marriage to Mons. C. a young man of handsome person and manners, and possessing considerable merit.

Mademoiselle was young and beautiful; possessed of a susceptible mind, and of fine talents. Suddenly placed amidst the fascinations of the world, it had the effect of enchantment upon her. This being the first time that she had ever been addressed in the tender way, her love for Mons. C. was most passionate and devoted; and on his part the passion was reciprocated with great ardor and attachment; and much strengthened by her filial attachment to her father, who being old and infirm, would not consent to part with her while he lived, which in all probability would not be long.

About a year after their marriage, a young actress made her appearance on the French stage, her beauty and grace drew forth the praises of every one who saw her. Among others, whose hearts became entrapped by the captivating charms of Miss T., was Mons. C.—It was impossible that an amour of this kind should long be concealed. It soon reached the ears of his young and virtuous wife, who was overwhelmed for a time, with grief, by the intelligence. Like most of her sex, she did not sink under the misfortune, but sum-

moned up her resolution, and even concealed her chagrin from her aged parent. She formed a plan to regain the lost affections of her husband. Having been shut up, from her fancy in the walls of a convent, her opportunities for studying the graces had been none. But prompted by strong love and desperation, she forms a determination to acquire them, and, if possible, reclaim the wandering affections of her husband. She goes to the theatre, sees her rival, divests herself of jealousy, and attentively and assiduously studies her attitudes, her manner, voice and person. Her genius being great, and her determination strong, her success was incredible.

At length, as she wished it, the young actress fell, and it was announced that she could not perform in the play of that evening. Our young wife hastens to the manager, and proffers her services to undertake the part. She is accepted, and it is given out that a “young lady, a perfect stranger, will make her appearance as the substitute of Miss T. who had been suddenly taken ill.” Every body flocked to the theatre to see the young stranger, and among them, Mons. C.

She dressed herself to great perfection, played her part to admiration, and came off with great eclat. When the play was concluded she mixed with the audience in the parterre, among whom was her husband. All were loud in praise of the stranger actress; in which she joined, and the husband warmly approved her taste and discernment.

On their return home the young actress was the engrossing theme of conversation. Mons. C. was in love, and in raptures with her.

“And pray, my dear,” says she, “which do you think plays the best, the stranger or Miss T.?”

“Oh, there is no denying it, the stranger is a perfect angel,” said the husband.

“Behold then in me, that stranger and angel,” cried she, throwing her arms around his neck; “see what I have done to regain the lost affections of a much loved husband!”

He was struck with surprise and astonishment, and could hardly credit what he heard. On her repeating some of the passages as she had portrayed them on the stage, he beheld the angel stranger in his wife. He was overcome with her love, genius and perseverance, and fell at her feet, and vowed eternal constancy; a vow which he invariably kept.

TO ETHIEL.—Original.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,

And pleasure’s fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare,
The sweets that I was wont to share?

The banquet of thy smiles!
For thee I panted—thou I priz’d
For thee I gladly sacrific’d

Whate’er I lov’d before!
And shall I see thee go away,
And helpless, hopeless hear thee say,

Farewell! we meet no more! IDA.

TO MISS B.

Kind are thy words and flattering still,
Like those first led my heart astray;
Thou still can'st summon at thy will,
A smile to soothe or frown to chill,
The heart that feels too much thy sway:
But, ah! there's in thy soothing smile
A seeming truth, but real guile.

'Tis not, that one who knows so well,
The better feelings of the heart,
And set so oft her bosom swell
With rapture, words could never tell
Such as love only can impart:
Should war with him who loves her best—
Destroy his hopes and mar his rest.

Would'st thou that peaceful smiling hours
Should cheer thy pilgrimage through life;
Would'st thou evade the storm that lowers,
And call the sweetest, honied flowers,
Free from the bitterness of strife!
Oh! war no longer with my peace—
No more, no more! I pray thee cease.

I would that thou for countless years,
Unmingled haughtiness may'st know;
That mad'ning thoughts or chilling fears,
May never stain thy cheek with tears,
Nor cause thy bright blue eyes to flow:
May earthly blessings all be thine,
Though sighs and tears alone are mine.

York, November, 1832.

L. R.

THE WAGGONER.

CONTINUED.

"Sir William Gwynne, you have drawn blood from me, you see," said he calmly pointing to his spotted handkerchief; "and in return be assured I will drain your heart of every drop of blood it contains. I will draw down the law upon you like a millstone, which shall utterly crush you. Great and high man that you are," he continued in the same calm tone uninterrupted by him he addressed, "it is in my power to drag you to the dust—to strip you of all you unjustly possess—to turn you out of this hall a beggar, and expose you to the world as an impostor. Do you hear me Sir William Gwynne?" All this was uttered by Oxleigh with the accuracy and impressiveness of a man, who unwilling to trust to extempore wording in a matter of the last importance, has carefully pondered his language and even committed words to memory. When he had finished speaking he paused and watched the baronet, who continued standing motionless and silent before the fire-place as before; but his countenance wore an expression of seriousness, and his eye rested on that of Oxleigh, as if he would have searched his soul.

"Mr. Oxleigh," said he in a lower tone than he had before spoken in, "whether you have, or have not, ground for what you say, you are a very bold man to hold such language as yours to Sir William Gwynne! You must know, sir, that I am a Magistrate; and as you profess to be a lawyer, you must further know that I can at once commit you to prison for coming to extort money from me by threats. That would be a serious charge, Mr. Oxleigh, you know well."—

"Have I mentioned money, Sir William?" inquired Oxleigh, calmly. "But commit me,

commit me this moment. You shall the sooner get rid of your title and estate."

"Why, you impudent man, do you dare come here to bandy words and threats with me?"

"Calling names is not talking reason, Sir William, and hard words break no bones," replied Oxleigh with a bitter smile. "I call you no names, Sir William, and yet I call you by your wrong name; for I shall elsewhere prove you to be *Mister* Gwynne—not *Sir* William! I can afford to be civil, because I have you quite within my grasp as closely as I could wish my deadliest enemy. I am in a condition to prove that you are not the rightful heir of this property; that there is some one living who has a *prior right under the entail!*"

"You—swindler!" said Sir William, striding up to him, seizing him a second time by the collar and shaking him from head to foot.

"Sir William Gwynne—Sir William—you must pay me handsomely for this, you *must* indeed!" said Oxleigh, nowise enraged.—"You had better be calm and count the cost! Every kick, thrust and shake you give me is worth its thousands! You are a magistrate, Sir William, you tell me. Have you not committed an assault upon me—a breach of the peace? However, I do not come to quarrel with you, nor am I disposed to do so even yet, ill as you have used me; but to tell you that your *all* on earth is at the mercy of him you insult!"

Sir William Gwynne was boiling over with fury; yet he controlled himself sufficiently to say, or rather gasp, "well sir—simply because I cannot think you a madman,—and a madman among the maddest you must be to behave thus without knowing well your ground," (Oxleigh smiled contemptuously)—"I am ready to hear what you have to say. Go on, sir. You may sit down if you choose." The baronet sat down in his easy chair, and Oxleigh took a seat opposite to him.

"Not liking to trust my memory in such matters as this, Sir William," said he leisurely, "I have committed to paper what I have to say to you, and beg your permission to read it." The baronet nodded laughingly and his features wore a very concerned air. Mr. Oxleigh drew out of his hat a sheet of paper, and distinctly reads as follows:—"Sir Gwynne Fowler Gwynne died in 1673, bequeathing his estates to his eldest son, Fowler Gwynne Gwynne, and the heirs male of his body; but if his first son died without being married and leaving male issue, then to his *second* son, Glendower Fowler Gwynne, and the heirs male of his body; if his second son, however, died unmarried, and without having male issue, then to the heirs male of Sir Gwynne Fowler Gwynne's niece Mary Gwynne Evans,

on condition that they took the name of "Gwynne."

Sir Fowler Gwynne Gwynne entered and died at sea in 1683; when his brother, Glendower Fowler Gwynne, entered on the titles and estates—was afterwards married and had two children——"

"Both of whom *died!*" interrupted Sir William eagerly, who had been listening with undisguised and intense anxiety.

"But one of them left *issue!*" continued Oxleigh, calmly, "and that issue I can produce! Gavin Evans, son of Ellen Evans, (your father, Sir William,) entered in 1740; and had about as much *right* to do so as I.—Do I make myself clear Sir William?"

"And do you pretend, Mr. Oxleigh," said the baronet, rather faintly, yet striving to assume a smile of incredulity, "do you dare to assert, Mr. Oxleigh that there is now living lawful issue of Sir Glendower Gwynne?"

"Yes, Sir William, I do—and can prove it. I can reduce your infirm title to the dust with a breath, whenever I please; and thus:—Sir Glendower, as doubtless you know, Sir William, died in 1740, and without male issue, as you imagine, leaving him surviving; but I can show you that though his daughter Ellen died, unmarried, his son William Fowler Gwynne was married in 1733."

"It is false as hell!--It is false!--It is false!" exclaimed the baronet, vehemently, half choked, yet continuing in his chair, with his eye fixed on Oxleigh.

"'Tis too true, Sir William, too true for you, I am afraid. I say William Fowler Gwynne was secretly married to Sir Glendower's housekeeper in 1733, and had a son by her in 1738, a few months only before he himself died. I can produce all the necessary registers and certificates, Sir William I can! The marriage was in the proper full name of William Fowler Gwynne, but immediately afterwards his wife dropped the name of Gwynne, and settled in a distant part of Somersetshire, under the name of Fowler: But her son was carefully christened by the name of Gwynne. It is a strong case, Sir William, what we call, in law, a *very* strong *prima facie* case," continued Oxleigh, bitterly. "I can, at a day's notice, produce that son, who is the proper heir and holder of all you have—who is now more than of age——"

"Why, sirrah! even on your own showing, I am safe, you — pettifogger, if by right of *possession* only ——"

"Pardon me—pardon me, Sir William! There are nine years and a quarter, and more, yet to expire, before that can be the case. I have calculated the time to a minute! And *now* Sir William Gwynne," said Oxleigh, with a startling change of tone, "pay me for the *kick* you gave me!"

The baronet continued silent; though the

working of his features showed the prodigious tempest that agitated him within. Let me be frank, Sir William, I do not presume to blame you, for calling yourself a baronet, and enjoying those fine estates; it was done in ignorance; but it is hard, very, *very*, hard to give them up, Sir William."

"Why, there glares an improbability, if not a falsehood on the very face of what you say!" said the baronet in a low tone. "How could the damned vixen that swindled William Fowler out of his name and land forget to put in claim in behalf of her son till now?"

"You cannot escape me, Sir William! Mrs. Fowler died in childbed, and had changed her residence by her husband's order, but a week before her confinement. She did not live to explain the nature of her son's right and birth. I, however, know them well, tho' at first through blessed accident; and have for months ferreted out every fact that can establish the right of that woman's son to the titles and estate you now hold. There is not however, another person breathing but our two selves, that know of this—indeed there is not, Sir William!"

"Have you here proofs of all this? inquired the baronet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and looking anxiously at the packet of papers that lay in Oxleigh's hat. Mr. Oxleigh instantly untied them, and proffered them to Sir William, who suddenly snatched them up, crushed them together, and with frantic violence of gesture flung them into the fire, where, in an instant, they were reduced to ashes.

Mr. Oxleigh looked on with composure, making not the slightest effort to rescue them, "Well! it is but the trouble of another copy from the originals ——"

"Copy! Copy!" murmured Sir William, aghast, sinking back overwhelmed into his chair.

"Yes! you have burnt *copies* only, Sir William, and could you really suppose I should bring here the original documents, on purpose for you to destroy them? *We* lawyers, Sir William, are generally considered a cautious set of men, and do not usually fling ourselves bound hand and foot into the hand of the enemy! And look'e, Sir William," continued Oxleigh, fiercely, taking a small pocket pistol from his bosom, cocking it and levelling it at the baronet—"since I cannot otherwise obtain civility, I shall avenge any farther insult you may dare to offer me on the spot. If you menace me never so little, if you lift but your little finger threateningly towards me, by ——! I'll shoot you through the heart. I cannot be insulted even by Sir William Gwynne!" said he with a sparkling emphasis. The baronet looked at him as if he were stupefied with what he had seen and heard.

"Have you any further commands with me in this business, Sir William, or is it now your pleasure that I should withdraw?" inquired Oxleigh.

"Yes—withdraw, sir! Begone! I will set off to-night for London;—I will lay your atrocious conduct before the Secretary of State—I will seek advice of eminent counsel—"

"Do you not think, then, Sir William, that one depository of such a secret as this is enough? Would you rather prefer being at the mercy of a dozen than one!" The baronet heaved a profound sigh and locked deadly pale.

"Sit down, Sir," said he, in a mournful tone—"Pray be seated, Mr. Oxleigh!" Oxleigh bowed and resumed the chair he had left.

"Put away your pistol, Sir—"

"Excuse me—pardon me, Sir William!—Forgive me holding it in my hand, after what has happened between us, as an argument for coolness and consideration, till you and I thoroughly understand one another!" The baronet's lips—rather his whole frame—quivered with insuppressible emotion, and his eyes were suddenly fixed with a kind of anguished stare on those of Mr. Oxleigh. He suddenly hid his face in his hands, pressed his hair back and muttered—"Surely, surely this is all dreaming!"

"It is a dreadful business," exclaimed Oxleigh, "and I see you feel it to be so. I thought you would." The baronet spoke not, but seemed absorbed in deep reflection.—"Sir William," resumed the attorney, in a low tone, "is it impossible for us to come to an—amicable adjustment!"

"Great Heaven!" groaned the baronet, rising from his chair and walking hurriedly to and fro; "here is absolutely a wretch, in my own house tempting me to become a villain!"

"Say, rather, a friend, who would persuade you to prefer safety to destruction, Sir William!"

"And pray, what do you mean, sir, by—amicable adjustment?" inquired the baronet, sternly; pausing and looking full in Oxleigh's face.

"Surely, Sir, William, it is not very hard to imagine a meaning," replied Oxleigh, looking unabashed at the baronet, with equal keenness and steadfastness. Sir William seemed confused at the easy effrontery of his companion.

"Sirrah, what do you mean? do you wish me to meet the person you have been speaking of and buy him off heavily?"

"No, no, Sir William; such a thought never passed through my head. It would be folly personified. There are ways of cutting the knot: what you name would tie it faster."

"You would not murder him, then?" said

the baronet, in a hollow tone, eyeing Oxleigh with horror.

"Oh, no, Sir William, no! There are other ways yet of disposing of him, and firmly securing you. For instance, what if he were quietly sent out of the country, and kept abroad, without knowing how, why, or by whom? If you can but keep him there but for nine years, it will be enough; you are safe—his right is barred—he is shut out forever!"

"What! why do you pretend to intimate—do you wish me to believe that such conduct could be practised with impunity? That you could by such means cheat him out of his rights, in spite of God and man?"

"I do!" said Oxleigh.

To be Continued.

Original.

AN ADVENTURE

IN THE WOODS OF CANADA.

Concluded. I found that the swamp near where I had stopped, was narrow; and by following it up a short distance, I got round it. This swamp was plentifully stored with Cranberries, and as they are a fine and wholesome fruit, it is needless to say that I regaled myself lustily on them. They grow on a small viny stem, near the water. From this swamp, after travelling over some rough ground and piny hills, I met the sun just as I came into a spacious, open, level country or plain. Tho' weary and fatigued with my night excursion, I hailed the new-born sun, in accordance with the heart-melting choir of green forest warblers, whose songs broke on my ever-welcoming ear. But I must say, that near all marshy ground, music of a less welcome kind was abundant: that is, the croaking of the frogs,—who join the chorus of praising the spring.—The piping of the whistling frog, is however, not so unpleasant; its cry is rather pleasing when familiar to one. I was still capable of appreciating the beauty and fragrance of the morn: which in a manner revived my spirits, depressed with anxiety as to my destiny or escape from this pathless wilderness. As the bright beams of the orb of day were blazing on the green and sparkling foliage of the forest, and the gay and busy inhabitants of the grove were pouring forth their copious strains of melody, I ascended a rising ground which commanded an extensive prospect and sat me down on a stone. I looked around but all was a forest, or waving ocean of foliage. I could see nothing; not even lake Erie—as I thought I might. I imagined I could descry a distant smoke—or what I took for smoke—rising in curls in the dizzy distance. After an hour or two of musing with this suppositious guide, I directed my course thither.

Through the course of the day, I met with many things of an enlivening character. I saw large numbers of deer, whose tameness

was remarkable; as with wild gaze they followed me in my course, with ears erect, and white bushy tail. I passed over a fine variegated country. It was, as I was winding my way on foot, leading my horse through a thick under-wood, I thought I heard a distant bell; and again I lost its sound, and thought it mere imagination. But its tones increasing in clearness, induced me to believe it no fiction. At length, however, I heard no more of it; thinking it had stopped somewhere, I hurried on.

I travelled on several miles, when feeling greatly fatigued and not being able to hear any thing more of the bell, I began to think it delusive fancy working in my troubled brain. I quenched my thirst in a limpid stream that bubbled over a mossy and rocky bed, and seated myself on a mossy stone. The evening was calm and sunny, and its stillness unbroken but by the trills of little birds that played among the topmost branches of the trees, and sung to rest the glorious sun. As the last rays of his sinking splendor hung in gold the tressed foliage, and smiled in gladness o'er the scene, I suddenly thought I heard the voice of music on my ear. I listened again, and the silent grove re-echoed the mellow harmony of some female voice, whose melancholy accents roused me from my stupor and lighted up my soul. The tones of this melodious voice accorded so well with the sunny stillness and scented freshness of eve, that it appeared enchanting to one in my situation. I led my horse for some distance through the woods, when I suddenly burst upon a cottage and large clearing. The startled barking of a dog brought forth a decently-clad elderly woman. It was a beautiful daughter at her milk-pail whose heart thrilling song first caught my ear. I was heartily welcomed by the family, and requested to stop all night, which I thankfully accepted; as the sun had rolled into rest, and left but a smile upon the western sky. This cottage was shaded with maple trees, and up its sides climbed wood-bines. In rear of it was a well-stocked garden ornamented with flowers and shrubs; the work, as I learned, of the old woman's daughter; through the middle of it ran a stream.—Around the cottage were plenty of all kinds of Canadian fruit. It was altogether a beautiful spot; but appeared doubly so to me, from my journeying in the wilderness. The father was absent, but a son and daughter remained to cheer their aged mother. I learned that they had lived there for some time and were from Scotland. To them I related my wandering in the woods, and indeed passed with them a very sociable evening. The next day I was put on a road that soon led to my destination. Such are the scenes a person lost in the woods of Canada enjoys and suffers, an account of which may not be uninteresting.

C. M. D.

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1832.

The Canadian Literary Magazine.—We perceive by the last *York Courier*, a paper notorious for noticing new publications, that "a young gentleman of fine talents, and high literary attainments, who is eminently qualified to conduct the proposed publication in a style which we [the *Courier*] are convinced will procure for it universal support, particularly among the *Literati* of the country," intends to publish a monthly periodical, to embrace the following subjects:—Literature—Science—History and Biography—Emigration—Education—Agriculture—Roads, Rail Roads and Internal Navigation—The United Services—The sufferings and adventures of the U. E. Loyalists—Reports of *Literary Meetings*—Biographical sketches of *Literary Characters*, compiled from letters written to the *Editor*—News of the *Literary world*—List of *New Publications*, &c. &c. The prospectus is very profuse; insinuating that the Magazine will eclipse the London Quarterly Review.—By a procatretic notice, we learned that the Magazine was to be published semi-monthly; to contain 16 pages the size of ours, for the small pittance of \$6 per annum. But the "young gentleman" has "by the advice of several intelligent and influential friends," varied "his plan from semi-monthly to a monthly; and his price from six to EIGHT dollars. The editor very wisely screens himself behind the pompous appellation of "a young gentleman," for two obvious reasons, which we have not space to explain. Whenever we discover a prospectus of any literary work "about being" published in this province, more for the benefit of the public than making money, we pledge ourselves to be its warmest advocate. More anon.

The Monthly Traveller for November, has been received. By a prospectus in our advertising columns, our readers will see that it is not only a cheap, but a useful work.

The Shrine.—We have been much entertained during the interval of our publication, with this interesting miscellany. The Shrine is conducted by a number of Undergraduates in An herst College, Amherst, Mass. We have published a prospectus for the 2d Volume.

To Correspondents.—With a few exceptions, we have nearly cleared our Poetic file. A greater variety of poetry in any one number, we have never given. We return our thanks to all, and particularly to *Ida* and *Eliza*.

"William," is desired to become a regular Correspondent. F. E. is recognized.—Should he deem the Garland worthy a few "idle hours," he is welcome.

"The Highwayman" is a good tale and shall appear as soon as possible.

"W. W." shall be favorably dealt by.

"O. P." with a few trials, may write poetry—an eye to measure in future.

"Lines on Evening," and "To ———," came too late for insertion in No. 8. We feel truly grateful to Miss B., and request a continuance.

Leander, a tale, can never be admitted into the columns of the Garland; as our motto is "to mend the heart."

A Tale of Fiction, is no fiction. The circumstances as well as the individuals, are familiar. The writer can have his MS. again.

The communication from Kingston, is under consideration, and will probably remain there.

D. Smart, Esq. has had the Garland sent to him 3 months. We wish our agent at Port Hope, to "present his bill."

To our Village Patrons.—The Carrier of the Garland will present its readers with the usual compliments of the season, on New-Year's morning: Disappointments excepted.

POETRY.

Original.

TO MY PARTNER.

Come to my aid the poet's noblest pow'r,
To sing of her I love and bless the hour
When I her at first beheld, with ease lovely smiles,
Full many a dull and tedious hour beguiles.

Her beauteous self, yes, next to heav'n I love,
Whose earthly joys with mine together move;
Content with her I taste but little sorrow,
Nor wish from other joys a share to borrow.

To sit and hear her sing some song she loves,
(We are as happy as affection's doves!)
Enraptur'd with the sweetness of the strain,
I clasp her fondly o'er and o'er again.

My only prayer to the Almighty Will,
Is but for her to live, and love her still;
As when I first beheld her modest charms,
'Till death doth clasp us in his icy arms.
Niagara, Nov. 1832. "EL DONADOR."

Original.

A DREAM.

When slumber my eye-lids had seal'd,
A fair one appear'd to my view;
In a fanciful vision reveal'd

And how sweet was the picture I drew.

Her cheeks with carnation might vie,
Her forehead seem'd snow from the pole,—
The arrow that sped from her eye,
Pierc'd the inmost shrine of my soul.

Her accents enchanted my ear
'Twas sweeter than music to me;
And I ask'd while I trembled with fear,
If she still remain'd single and free.

My passion I straightway disclose'd,
With eloquence, chaste and refin'd—
And with transport I found her dispos'd
To accept of my vows and be kind.

She rejoined I am single and free,
To you now tender my heart;
And her words were so pleasing to me,
That I woke from my dream with a start.

Such once were the dreams of my life,
For I tasted the pleasures of love;
But that dream was extinguish'd by strife,
And my hopes now repose all above.
Lockport, N. Y. Nov. 1832. P.

MR. EDITOR.—I send you a few stanzas of something, I do not know what—I cannot call it poetry. If you think them worthy a place in your invaluable miscellany, please insert them, and oblige
A SUBSCRIBER.

STANZAS.

They say I never was in love.

I'm sure I can't tell why!
There's not a day I step abroad,
But some sweet girl I spy.

Whose tender form and beauteous face,
My senses captive make;
And to describe my feelings then,
Sir Walter's pen 'twould take.

I feel so strange—I know not how,—
I know not how I move;
Come tell me—come, I'd like to know,
Are not these signs of Love?

If not; I cannot comprehend,
Its dark mysterious meaning;
'Tis something—nameless, I suppose,
'To nothing appertaining.

Barton, Dec. 1832.

Original.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Nothing but an idle passion,—
Poets often call it so;
Must I treat it in their fashion?
Honest feelings answer, no.

Lovers cease! in vain your preaching,
Age has turn'd your hearts to snow;
Can I profit by your teaching?
Honest nature answers, no!

ELIZA.

Original.

LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND.

Hibernia's hoary cliffs adieu!
An exile now, from thee I'm turning;
With bursting heart, though tear-drops fall,
For, ah! for deeper is my mourning.

Fare—fare—thee well, my native vale!
Ye mountains blue and grotto'd bowers,
Where oft I've wander'd to inhale
The odor of thy fragrant flowers.

Dear comrades all, a last adieu!
Oh, I could weep I'm still so smiting,
To be divorc'd from home and you—
Alas! I scarce can bear this parting.

In western climes I'll ne'er forget
The joyous hours we spent together;
When oft in youthful glee we met,—
Yet thoughts like these my heart will wither.

Though destin'd far from thee to roam,
And o'er the rough Atlantic wander;
My mind shall dwell on thee and home,
While round me whelming waves meander.

And should I live to cross the main,
I'll fondly nurse the dear reflection,
That nought but death can break the chain,
Which links our hearts in warm affection.

Fair blows the breeze, the anchor's weight'd,
Our gallant bark o'er ocean's flying,
With sheets like out-spread wings array'd,
And through the shrouds the winds are sighing.

Once more, green Erin, fare-thee-well!
A long, a last adieu!—We sever,—
But ought an earth can break the spell,
That binds my heart to thee forever. W. W.
Port Hope, Nov. 1832.

MR. EDITOR.—The following lines were written in a Lady's Album at her request, by a young man who never before attempted poetry; if you think them worthy of it, please insert them in the Garland:

What tribute can a novice bring,
To grace an Album's page?
Must I of Love or Friendship sing,
Or chant the Battle's rage?

If Love—how dull would be my strain!
How cold and insincere!
The weak attempt would be but vain—
And War would prove a tear.

A trifle then, I'll only bring,
My muse's slight to prove;
And e'en not Friendship's offering—
The feeling next to Love.

I will not wish thee peace serene,
As summer's cloudless sky;
Unbroken by one gloomy scene
Of care or misery.

For such no mortal yet hath seen,
In this cold world of sorrow;
Where joy to-day too oft I ween,
Betokens grief to-morrow.

But daily I'll invoke for thee,
A moderate share of bliss;
Since here on earth we ne'er can see,
Unchequer'd happiness.

May it from virtuous actions flow,
Mild purity of heart;
And charity for these below,
Can happiness impart.

And when thou die'st, the widow's tear,
And orphan's will be shed;
Their prayers will reach the cherub's sphere,
For blessings on thy head.

One other wish I have in store,
Transcending all I've given;
Oh! may'st thou know forever more,
The changeless joys of heaven. WILLIAM.
Hamilton, Nov. 1832.

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.

The Garland Advertiser.

ONLY \$2 A YEAR.

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NEW VOLUME OF THE

Monthly Traveller.

THE publishers, encouraged by the commendation and patronage bestowed upon their past labors, and determined to spare no exertions to merit a continuance of public favor, will continue the enlarged series of the Monthly Traveller, without the price. They will also give the volume for 1833 an improved and more beautiful appearance, by presenting it in an entirely new type, and with a more careful typographical execution.

The Monthly Traveller is intended to serve the purpose of those who have not access to the uncounted miscellaneous publications of the day; but who are still desirous of availing themselves of their most valuable contributions. It contains the most popular selections from foreign and American publications; original notices of the current literature of the times, and such articles as are calculated to entertain and instruct readers of both sexes and every age. It is published on the 15th of each month, by Badger & Porter, No. 63, Court Street, Boston, at Two Dollars per annum, in advance, or two dollars and a half at the end of the year.

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.

on, 20th Nov. 1832. Swg3is

Linseed Oil

sale by the subscriber. Wheat, ax-seed, or Pork will be taken in at, as well as money.

JAS. CROOKS.

at Flamboro', Feb. 16, 1830. 40th

The Shrine.

VOLUME SECOND.

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

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

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

Printing Ink.

JUST received and for sale at the Canadian Wesleyan Office, from the manufactory of T. J. & G. W. Eddy, all kinds of BOOK and NEWS INK, of different qualities and prices, viz:

- No. 2, in 9lb. kegs, 75 cents per lb.
- No. 2, in 9 1-2 do. 75 do do.
- No. 3, in 38lb. do. 60 do do.
- No. 4, in 38lb. do. 50 do do.
- No. 4, in 37 1-2 do. 50 do do.

In addition to the above prices, on the large kegs, five shillings, York, will be added for each keg, and on the small size, two shillings, York. 35

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

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

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

Conditions.—The Farmer is printed every Saturday, in a quarto form, on fine paper and fair type, with a title page and index making 216 pages a year, at \$2 50, payable in 6 months, or \$2, if paid in advance.

JOB PRINTING done at the office of the Garland.