

# THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

To Raise the Genius,



To Mend the Heart.

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**HAMILTON, U. C.:**

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY WYLLYS SMYTH.

## POPULAR TALES.

Original.

### THE PHILOSOPHER.

One beautiful day in June I took up my gun in order to amuse myself in a ramble through the forest. It was a day truly inviting to the lover of nature; for every thing seemed to have assumed an unusual gladness. Nature had put on her bridal robes and seemed to entice her admirer among her beauties. As I strolled along the plain, interspersed with groves, and prairies almost destitute of a tree, the music of the birds fell sweetly on my ear, and the flowers and shrubbery around me sent forth their perfume upon the glad and sunny air; myriads of insects were glittering in the beams of their common father, the sun—dancing in the mazy round of pleasure. The humming bird, the minutest and most beautiful of the feathered creation, was sipping the nectar from the cup of every delicate flower, and fitting in the pride of its beautiful colors o'er the sunny scene. I could almost imagine these beautiful little creatures in the richness of their changeable plumage of the ruby and sapphire tints, so many fairies, sporting in apparent happiness through the choicest of nature's beauties: This, said I to myself, perhaps was man's state in the garden of Eden ere knowledge cursed his race; ere we were doomed to know what we were. Ye little peris of the flowery world, doomed to sport away your life among such blissful scenes, pleasure is your end and aim—thy wealth the sweet lipped flower—thy bed its downy bottom! How different is the lot of the gifted son of reason! The exhilarating aspect of every thing; the loud melodious and continued warbling of the many colored minstrels of the new-blown woods, and the expansive richness of nature's green and odoriferous face, all joined to absorb my passions in admiration. I was unwilling to be the only being capable of disturbing the concord of nature's works. My gun with which I had intended to amuse myself by waging war against the feathered tribe, was slung behind me, and I sauntered on unmindful-whither, occupied only with contemplation and delight. At one time I would listen to the gentle courtship of the dove, cooing in melancholy strains among the dense foliage of the beech and sugar maple or to the loud and distant drumming of the tufted wood-pecker at the top of some old tree. Thus strolling along watching the scarlet bird and orange breast on the tops of the loftiest trees, flashing like diamonds, and singing to their sitting mates the song of joy and pleasure, I came to a beautiful stream, whose

golden sands and pure and limpid water over shadowed with willows here and there, and fringed with honey suckles, wild tulips and red cockades, added a new zest to my solitary but charming and romantic ramble. Near this silver-bosomed rivulet the wild vine clinging with luxuriant embrace round the snowy arms of the wild thorn, the plumb tree or the golden willow threw forth its exquisite odor, enrapturing the sense. It is impossible to imagine a finer perfume than is emitted from a large group of wild vines. Among these, thousands of bees were busily employed in storing up their honied treasures. I sat down beneath a willow, bending to the ground by the weight of the encircling vines, on a mossy rock half buried in the ground. In the clear stream that glided by me, the playful trout, unconscious of my presence, ever and anon turned up his speckled side to the sunny ray, jumped to catch a floating fly on the water's top. Every thing that I saw was at peace, pursuing pleasure and void of the fretful cares of man. It is thus, methought, with creation, and why should it not be so with us? Why, O man, should it fall to thy lot alone to pine? Does thy vanity tell thee that knowledge is a sufficient compensation for the absence of pleasure and happiness? If the end of knowledge is happiness, surely the untaught beings of creation possess it in a high degree. They know not discontent, the fitful sparks of nature's freaks; they are born unconscious of all but that they are—guided by the impulse of pleasure alone, they die heedless and unknowing whence they came or whither they go. And what art thou, O man? born a being of reason, yet ignorant of your primitive origin, or why you are what you are; capable of admiring nature, and of distinguishing between good and evil motives: yet surrounded with a dismal circle of uncertainty, and buried in a gulf of mysteries whose whispers call the soul to thought. Seated thus, the sleepy buzzing of the bees above my head and the stillness of every thing around, caused me involuntarily in the midst of such reveries, to drop into sleep.

As I lay in a vision, a maiden clothed in white, crowned with a chaplet of flowers and holding a garland of the same in her hand, appeared to stand before me. She gazed in silence on me as I seemed to recline on a bed of flowers. In the intensesness of her eye of azure blue, there seemed to rest a placid smile. The wind gently moved her deep black tresses and showed a cheek, before hidden, of the peach's velvet hue. She extended her hand to me as I gazed in unspeakable admiration at

her, "Youth," says she, "arise and I will show thee wonders that thou never saw. Thy longing is for Wisdom; see'st thou yonder mount, upon whose golden top there stands a diamond throne? thither let us go." So saying, we were instantly on the throne. "Ferdinand," said she, "look and be wise. I am the goddess of Wisdom, and this is my temple.—In thy soliloquizing I heard thee doubt my worth and lament the fate of man. Lo! here I am—I show thee all my glories." When recovered from my overwhelming excitement, I looked and saw in the universal brightness that prevailed, millions of worlds turning round in inconceivable swiftness. Each had a creation of its own, different in every respect, but every thing in them seemed tending to, or striving for pleasure and happiness..... Methought I saw generations of men rise and fall like the leaves on the forest, tumbling one by one to nothing. At times, they fell more thickly, as when the wind takes the forest by the head and shakes it. I inquired the reason and was answered: "These, Youth, are the fruits of famine, wars and pestilence, which at times disturb the general harmony of the universal race of man." Throughout the boundless expanse of light, the world seemed gathered in groups, whirling round a common luminous centre varied in shape and size. A mysterious hamony resulted from their whirl; overwhelming ineffable in pathos. I turned round and a gigantic statue stood before me: on its forehead was written in dazzling letters "*Man.*" A halo appeared to encircle it, in which were seen the name of every vice and every virtue in our natures; their cause and their end. *Self-love* threw a dusky gloom over all, and from it the root of all sprung out. *Good* and *Evil* stood over it locked hand in hand; and *Fate* was written on its forehead. *Knowledge* held in her hand the pictures of an infant, gazing on a world. I turned my eyes on high and the dazzling glaring name, *Mystery*, blinded me at once. I looked round, all had vanished—all was gloom. I sprang in the horror of my situation, and awoke.... The shades of night had already half obscured the woods. The last rays of the sun left a brilliant crimson cloud athwart the western horizon, which still served to light me onward. I hastened my steps, and whilst ascending a small hill, I saw on the top of it, with folded arms in sullen meditation, a man. His appearance was forbidding, wild, and death-like, as the sun's reflected ray shone upon and lighted up the features of his face.... Could I have escaped unnoticed, I would eagerly have done it; but the sound of my footsteps had aroused the hermit from his reverie. As he turned his countenance towards me, his long grey beard, the paleness of his face and the dim glare of his eye, quite disconcerted me with fear. His figure too was

broad and athletic, and his *contour* that of a philosophical recluse. I hesitated for a moment, when taking courage I proceeded on my way past the stranger. "Young stranger, whence or whither are you journeying at this late hour among such solitude?" says he, addressing himself to me. When I had named the place of my destination, he replied, "Youth you have mistaken your road; the place you seek lies not thither. You seem dejected and confused; night is lowering around you, and thy home is afar off. I will lead thee to a safe retreat—my cave in yonder mountain; and ere the woodland music sounds its knell tomorrow morn, thy way shall be disclosed." This was spoken in gentle, placid tones, that fell like magic on my ear. The snowy locks of the old man, the serenity of his countenance, and the natural simplicity and dignity of his manner, threw a mysterious interest about him, and wholly subdued my inclination to pursue my journey. I complied with his wish, partly out of curiosity and partly from despair of finding my way home, through a wide woody tract of country. We advanced in silence for some time, over hill and dale, until under a huge rock, over which there poured a small cataract of water, we descended into an unknown cave, which led into the finest natural room I had ever seen. Here the philosopher bade me rest, whilst stirring up the embers of his fire, the smoke of which escaped through a crevice in the rock, he put on more wood and lit his lamp. The floor of his room was covered with the finest dry moss, the rest was as nature had formed it.... A slab of stone, resting on two others was his table, and his chair and bed were the mossy rock. An old fashioned lamp served him as a thing in which to make a light. A tea-cup, a knife, a hatchet, and an ink-stand, were his only visible furniture. In one corner there rested a huge pile of papers, with a few old books. "Youth," says the old man, breaking the silence, "partake of my fare which is but roots and water;" placing at the same time before me, many seemingly wholesome roots. I, however, felt more anxious to learn something of the history of this curious person, than to share in his frugal bounty; and with the excuse that I was not hungry, amused myself with surveying him as he sat in silence by me. There was an unnaturalness about him, an indifference and wildness, that rendered him an object of wonder. Observing a tear trickle down the old man's cheek, and seeing him deeply affected in mind, I broke our silence by inquiring what might be the cause of his sorrow. Recovering himself he resumed:

"My son, forty years have seen me regularly watching the sitting sun on the lonely hill on which you found me, but ne'er before did a man appear to me thus. In all that time I have rarely appeared in the precincts of civ-

illization; I am unknown and long forgotten by the world. Your sudden appearance, although it did not confuse me, still recalls to my soul the visions of former times. Thy youth—thy future prospects remind me that I was once like you, and draw forth the sorrowful and pitying tear." "Venerable father, I thank thee for thy solicitude," said I, expressing at the same time a wish to learn something of his life and history. "My son," he began, "time was when, like thee, I was youthfully sanguine. The bright perspective of the future glowed in my heart, I lived on the hope of coming happiness and pleasure; I reviewed the world like all young minds, as the bright Panorama of present and future bliss. But the sorrows of time broke in upon my unsuspecting soul, as the ocean's waves upon the sea-beaten rock. Cruel experience burst asunder the airy flights of youthful fancy, and bade me stare on realities. One of my dearest pleasures now, the favorite of my heart, is to behold the setting summer sun.—It reminds me of the dark visions of the past, Methinks it is like my youth—my happy infant days, that vanished on the dark and dismal coming of older age. I could sit and look my soul away on a scene so lovely; I could follow it and dream but in its bliss. You wish, my son, to hear my history; I will tell it to thee, for its lesson may be instructive; it may serve to mend thy heart, to check thy sanguine hopes. Fortune never smiled upon a happier youth than I; my dreams were not of future ill. Poverty I was above—my heart was elate with the brightest hopes of earth.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

## THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1833.

*The Montreal Museum.*—We must confess ourself at a loss for language to do the fair editors of this work justice. When we see ladies exerting themselves to raise and sustain the literary reputation of our country, should not every man extend to them "a helping hand"? We say yes! every well-wisher to the Colony will respond our sentiments, and the magnanimous conductors would "reap a rich reward" for their indefatigable services. We sincerely hope that every lady, possessing means, will forthwith send them a Pound Note, (free of postage) and manifest their willingness to support the dignity of their sex. The Quebec Mercury anticipates our idea, when the editor says that he "hails its appearance with pleasure, both as affording evidence that a taste for literature is not wholly extinct in this Province, and that there are ladies in it who do not regard literary pursuits as objects they ought not to pursue, or consider that the benefits to be reaped from the employment of a well-cultivated mind are only to be enjoyed by men. The introductory article is neatly written; the Lady editors seem fully aware of the difficulties opposed to their undertaking in the numerous, cheap, and handsomely executed, American periodicals which are so easily obtained in this Province; those they hope to overcome by perseverance and an unwearied solicitude to please. The first number of this work may be regarded as earnest of

their intention of acting up to this declaration in a manner to give them a just claim to, that which they have, our best wishes for obtaining the patronage of the public."

We shall publish an abstract from the prospectus of the Museum in our next number.

*The Canadian Magazine.*—Canadian Literature has at length received a fulciment, by the appearance of this long-looked-for monthly, which has been politely forwarded to us. After giving it a thorough perusal we find our high opinion of Mr. Sibbald's talents still exalted; and feel confident that the good people of this Province, will view his efforts in the same light as we do, and give him a warm reception, and universal support. The execution of the work is a credit to the press of Mr. Stanton, the publisher, who we have long considered the standard printer of this Province. We shall in a future number, give the Magazine a more extensive notice; but for want of room, we must conclude our present remarks, by wishing the editor all the success he ever anticipated, and giving a short extract from his "address to the inhabitants of Upper Canada."

"Such I have been informed are your wishes and your wants. They came to my ear in our native land: to gratify these wishes, and supply your wants,—friends, kindred,—all are forsaken! I have left my country—my home, for your amusement and mental entertainment. To satisfy your angelic passion for knowledge am I come: and will try to gratify your every wish, by pleasing all ages, all ranks, and all palates. This Magazine shall contain whatever is useful, amusing, instructive, "lovely, and of good report." Whatever tends to the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind, shall be recorded in language of the strongest, most indelible, and undying energy: "the young idea" shall be instructed "how to shoot," the adult to live, and the aged to die—the maiden to be faithful, wife prudent, mother exemplary, and widow respectable."

The Magazine is published in monthly numbers of 96 pages each, and forwarded to subscribers at 3s. per month.

*Portrait Painting.*—Now-a-days our country is filled with pretenders and daws in the art of Painting as well as in the art of Newspaper editing, and when and wherever we can discover "real merit," an obligation we owe to society as well as to the possessor, induces us to sound our lucin of praise, and present the meritorious artist in a favorable light to the public. With the labors of a Mr. Davis, who domiciles at the Promenade Hotel of "mine host" Burley, we have been much pleased. His likeness's, so far as we have seen, are "strikingly excellent, and his painting gorgeously rich."

Mr. Davis is personally unknown to us; but we confidently predict that with experience, perseverance and ambition, he will eventually elevate himself to a proud rank among the most distinguished living artists of the day. Let such as have heretofore had the patience to set, and the mortification to be caricatured by the numerous artists, of our country, examine the Portraits by Davis, and they will be enabled to discern the difference between "genius and education, and stupidity and ignorance" between the genius which "collects, combines, amplifies, and animates," and that commodity which "deranges, degrades, and darkens every object it touches."

*The Lady's Book for January* exceeds every thing of the kind that has ever come within the scope of our optics.—A prospectus of it will be found on our advertiser; and we sincerely hope that some of our fair readers will patronize it. The plates are well worth the money.

Our Corresponding friends must exercise a "small share of patience," for the non-appearance of their communications. Our anxiety to conclude the Waggoner, is the cause of our columns being so deranged.

Dona Julia is recognized—as a good poet. Will she be come a constant contributor?

Several other communications have been received. Among others, a valuable article from "A Student."

## THE WAGGONER.

CONCLUDED.

The scene must once more shift to America. In the large room of an inn in New-York, one Saturday evening in February 1697, was collected together the usual miscellaneous assemblage of sailors, small tradesmen, and others fond of the "noisy song and stirring draught." It differed little from a crowded English tap-room. Liquor circulated freely, and conversation, if such name it deserved, was brisk and boisterous. There were several recently-arrived British sailors in the room; who, about eight o'clock, left, to return to their respective vessels, leaving behind them two of their passengers. These men seemed silent and reserved, even beyond the proverbial taciturnity of Englishmen; and for upwards of an hour had drunk their liquor in quiet, without exchanging a syllable with any one about them. They continued drinking, however, till liquor opened the sluices of speech—at least of one—who took the opportunity of the other's temporary absence, to inform a listening coterie, that had gradually collected about the bench on which he sat, of the reason of his visiting America. 'The prudent person was no other than he who was first brought before the eye of the reader—Richard Forster, who had, during the seven or eight years which had elapsed, been elevated to the dignity of a constable; and he told his gaping auditors, that he and his companion's errand to America, in company with a Torney and his Clerk, was to discover a kidnapped Englishman of the name of Fowler!

"I suppose there isn't any one here that knows Bill Fowler—or where he may be found?" inquired the garrulous and foolish Englishman, whose simple intellects were getting more and more disturbed with what he was drinking. He repeated his question.

"Hold your tongue," growled his companion, that moment returning, and resuming his seat by Forster. "Hold your tongue, you fool!" and his brother constable pinched him cruelly by the arm. Forster's question was answered in the negative by those around—who began to ask questions in their turn.

"Does any of you?"—"St! St!" whispered his scowling companion, kicking Forster's shins under the table. But his tongue had been set agoing, and could not be easily stopped.

"Does any one know a fellow of the name of—of—of—Le—Le—hang me, I've forgotten his name! What is it, Dobbes?" He hiccupped to his companion, who was smoking his pipe with prodigious energy. "O, you fool!—Don't speak to me. You deserve your tongue cut out of your head!—Gentlemen!" he continued, addressing those around—"all that this silly chap has said is blather—mercuriousness. He's drunk! We have but come

to America to-day, and for the purpose of settling in this town, if we can." But his auditors' curiosity was excited, and could not so easily be allayed. One of them was Francis Leroux himself; and the consternation with which he listened to the gabble of the English stranger, may be imagined. He had, only that afternoon, come up to New-York, to see whether there were any long expected letters for him from England; for his own letter had been long unanswered, and he was getting furious, and bent on mischief. He was too practised a villain to lose his presence of mind in such an emergency as that in which he now suddenly found himself placed. Drinking a little deeper from the glass that stood before him, he mingled with the throng around Forster, and, with as indifferent a tone as he could assume, inquired, "Why—what does your government intend to do with the knave?"—"It has sent out us four gentlemen to seek these two men, Bill Fowler, (who, would you believe it, is an old friend of mine,) and Le—Le—Le—what's his name?—back to England, 'The whole thing is discovered!' 'Tis all known! This Bill Fowler is worth—"

"Now, I'll tell thee what," exclaimed his companion, a huge fellow, flinging down his pipe, "if thou but sayest one word more, I'll take thee into the street, and put my fist upon thee, till thou art sober again. Come away, you rascal!" and Dick was dragged out of the room, amidst the jokes and laughter of the whole room.

Neither joke nor laugh, however, fell from the quivering lip of Leroux. He presently left the inn, and made for the post where he had tied up his nag, which he saddled, mounted, and rode at a smart pace out of the town, desirous of reaching his and William Fowler's residence as quickly as his horse could carry him. Two schemes suggested themselves to his busy thought as he rode along. The one was, to make drunk, and then murder Fowler that very night, and then start for South America. The other to conceal him, by getting him to undertake a journey far inland—and keeping him there, on one pretext of business or another, till Leroux could make terms for himself, by turning king's evidence, and betraying his employers.

"I know well how to dispose of him," thought Leroux, as he rode slowly up a hill, to ease his nag; "and yet not have to charge myself with his murder. Poor Fowler! He is a harmless fellow, too—and what harm has he ever done me? But I've done too much against him already; to stop now! Besides, Sir William Gwynne's last letter—and I've sworn to obey him! So—let me see how it might be done. Suppose I wait till to-morrow evening, and then ask Fowler quietly to drink with me, at my little place in the Lakefield. He is easy and simple, especially in

the matter of drink, which I can make him swill, till he knows not whether head or heels are uppermost. Then I will part with him: and, to return home, he must pass the Dorbad, which is a rotten and dangerous bridge, scarcely passable by day-time, and while sober—and there is a rushing stream underneath, with a thirty foot fall! Suppose I send him out then, reeling—and nearly blind drunk—and shake hands with him at parting? telling him to take care of himself—(Lord there *can't* be murder, if I say *that!*) Well—he comes to the bridge—he staggers—his foot—his foot—his foot slips—I watch him from a distance—do not see him—there is a faint crash—and I am off that night for South—”

Leroux's horse had been standing still, while these fearful thoughts passed through the head of its rider, who suddenly heard the clatter of horses' hoofs approaching from behind, at a smart pace; and, turning round his head, he found a small party of horsemen approaching him. He was a little surprised at this, for the road was lonely and unfrequented; but surprise gave way to a very different feeling, when, on being overtaken, one of the party stopped his horse beside him, and—another snatching hold of his bridle—seized him with the grasp of a Hercules by the collar and in a rough English voice, said, “Isaacs Isaacs—thou art my man; and, dead or alive, I will have thee in England, before thou art two months older. I say,” he continued, tightening his vice-like hold; “hast forgotten what an English bull-dog is, Isaacs?”

Confounded, as he well might be, with the suddenness of the seizure, and more so, at hearing his real name spoken, the first time for many years, Isaacs, who was a very muscular man, swung his assailant nearly off his horse with a sudden jerk of his arm. Two pistols were instantly levelled at his head.

“Dost see what are before thee?” inquired the man who had seized him, and still kept his hold—“They will teach thee reason?”—“Why—are you Englishmen?” growled Isaacs; “and is *this* the way—”

“Aye, we are English—and stout men, too!” replied the brawny constable; “and to show thee what stuff we are made of,—if thou hast English blood enough left in thee to relish a round at bruising,—(thou art a big fellow,) and wilt dismount—I will make thee swear a horse kicked thee, Isaacs!” shaking his huge fist at the prisoner. “Come! art for a turn?” “A likely thing!” muttered Isaacs, without stirring a muscle.

“So! thou wilt not fight un, eh?—Well—to besure thou hast lived in America, and forgotten our English ways. But we shall teach thee them, Master Isaacs!” he continued—and observing his prisoner with his hands in his bosom, trying to unclasp a knife, he aimed

such a tremendous blow at the side of his head, that his prisoner would have fallen from his horse, had he not still been held by the left hand of the constable. Isaacs was completely stunned; and before he could recover himself, his arms were tied tightly together behind his back, and the rope passed once round his neck, in such a way, that if he struggled at all, he would find himself nearly choked.

“Now look, Isaacs,” said the constable, standing over his slowly recovering prisoner, “I have often seen thy ugly face in Shropshire, and knew the sort of trade thou didst carry on, though mayhap thou knewest nought of me. I heard thee ask Dick Forster here, them questions at the inn! I saw thy face grow white as a new-washed shirt! And now, to be short, having thus quietly taken thee, we will as quietly keep thee!—Isaacs, art thou art for leaving America alive, do thou hearken to me, and tell me where Bill Fowler is, or we'll hang thy great carcass on the first tree we come to; which is the English way of doing things in America!”

“Where is your warrant for all this?” growled Isaacs. “Here!” said the Englishman, taking a pistol out of his coat-pocket; “sure this will be enough for thee!—Isaacs, we be charged to bring home thee and Sir William Fowler Gwynne, by fair means or foul, and we *will*, Isaacs!”

“Well—let me know one thing. If I sho'd show you where he is, safe and sound—will you release me?” There was a pause. “No—I will be plain, and true with thee like a man. We will not let thee go; we will have thee back to England, dead or alive.”

“Well—if I show him to you—and we both reach England—what will be done with me, think you? Hanging?” “Why—no; I doubt whether thou art worthy of that.—Thou wilt, perchance, be put into the stocks, morning, noon, and night, three years; and then publicly whipped; and then be kicked out of Old England, and sent to a somewhat different place from this—and when thou art there, how soon thou gettest shot, or hanged, matters not.” Every one laughed at the eloquence of the constable but Isaacs.

“What—will it not make in my favor to tell you where he is, gentlemen?” said the crest-fallen Isaacs, quite covered before the plain-spoken, resolute, athletic Englishman. “To be sure it will! And thou dost not, thou shalt not *live* to get hanged in England, for I will knock out thy brains here!” Isaacs seemed reflecting awhile.

“Well,” said he, at length, “I see how it is; and perhaps 'twere better to tell at oncé!—Look'ee gentleman! I'm an injured man,” There was a laugh; “I've done all in my power to release Fowler, and get him back to England, but could not compass it. I have

used him handsomely, and given him almost all the monies that were sent me from England——” “Come then he'll be better able to tell us himself,” said the constable, urging his prisoner, and helping him on horseback; “thou must mind say all that before my lord the Judge in England, who will have to sentence thee. I am a plain man, and don't see the use on't! Now lead thou on, Master Isaacs!”

Nearly bursting with fury, Isaacs, his horse's bridle held by the constable, directed the party in what direction to proceed, and in about two hour's time, the cavalcade entered the quiet farm-yard of Fowler and Isaacs, and one of the party knocked at the house-door. It was about twelve o'clock, and Fowler was greatly alarmed, thinking himself beset by banditti.

“Do but come down to us,” said Dick Forster, one of the party, thoroughly shaken into his sober senses, before setting out on the expedition, by his angry companion; “Do but come down to us, and we will tell you the greatest piece of news you ever heard. Come! come, an' it be with a cocked pistol in each hand, and under both arms. Why, man, I am loving Richard Forster from England. And here be never so many friends come with me, to bear me company to you.” Fowler nearly leaped out of the window from which he had been reconnoitering the party in the yard.... In a trice he was down stairs, in the midst of them, with his cap and night-shirt, and singling out Forster, who rushed forward to meet him, clasped him in his arms, laughing and crying by turns.

“Why, dearest Dick, what art thou come here for? Who be all these?” All bowed and removed their hats, and their eloquent spokesman proceeded, “We be come to tell you of your rights, and riches, and titles, and our loves. Ye be no longer Bill Fowler, but Sir William Fowler Gwynne, a baronet of Gwynne-Hall, Shropshire, with a hundred thousand pounds a-year besides. A'nt he, gentlemen, eh?” turning round with a confident air to his bowing companions.

“Sir William; *Sir William*—what?” inquired Fowler standing stupefied among them. “Ay, ay, Bill—I mean Sir Bill, that is Sir William,” stammered Dick Forster. “You be really a very great man, and here's one behind us will tell thee so, besides;” and stepping aside, poor Leroux, with his hand tied behind him, and in the grasp of the gigantic constable, stood forth to view. Fowler stared at him breathlessly.

“Isaacs,” said Forster, “I mean Le—Le—what's it? Isn't this all true? Isn't Bill Fowler that was, a baronet now, by the name of Sir William Fowler?” “Ay, I suppose so;” grumbled Isaacs, ashamed to look his cidevant captive in the face.

“What! is it all true?” said Fowler, ap-

proaching him with a wondering air. “Is it no dream? No mockery?” “You are Sir William Gwynne,” replied Isaacs, sullenly.

“And why are *you* tied in this way, eh?” pursued Fowler, elevating his hands in astonishment. “Because *he's* a rogue, as you are a baronet!” replied Dick Forster, promptly.

Fowler still looked bewildered. “Gentlemen,” said he suddenly, “I can't make it out; but I shall know better what to think, when I've slept upon it. But, if I'm really a baronet, why, I'll make you all drink this night with the greatest man you ever drank with before! I will empty all my ale-casks for you and you can drink them. Come in, gentlemen; come in, I say.”

The baronet was obeyed; and in a short time was sitting in his parlor, with a new-lit fire, surrounded by his English friends, and with a fresh-tapped cask of ale upon the table, which supplied such excitement to them all, as found vent in songs that might have been heard a mile off, and were heard with peculiar satisfaction by Isaacs, who, with his legs tied together, and his arms pinioned, lay in the room over head. It was arranged that they were to set off for England without the delay of a day. Sir William Fowler was not long in making his preparations; but one of the guests did not evince such alacrity for the voyage as his companions. It was Isaacs; who took the opportunity, in some inexplicable way, of making his escape. When his mortified captors came, hardly sobered, into the room where they had left him, lo, their man was gone! All search proved useless; no traces of him were ever discovered.

Let us travel faster to England than Sir William and his attendants, and view the aspect of matters awaiting his arrival.

Dr. Ebury lost no time; as he proceeded up to London, and laid before the Secretary of State the shocking confession he had received, thereby explaining the sudden and mysterious abduction of Fowler. The villainous plot began to unravel itself; but, as it was an affair of such magnitude and criminating a man of the rank and fortune of Sir William, the Secretary of State enjoined the utmost deliberation and circumspection. The moment, however, Oxleigh's suicide was communicated to him, he felt warranted, at the instance of Mr. Parkhurst, the Solicitor accompanying Dr. Ebury, in sending a commission of four persons to America; two of them constables from the neighborhood, and acquainted with the person of Fowler, to bring back the kidnapped heir to the titles and estates of Gwynne. In the mean time, Mr. Parkhurst hurried down to Shropshire with a warrant to arrest Oxleigh, and reached his house with officers, during the time that a coroner's inquest was sitting on the body. He then proceeded to Gwynne Hall; but found Sir William in too

dangerous circumstances to be moved. Very heavy bail was taken for him, and an officer besides left in the house. A most rigorous investigation into the whole affair was set on foot by Mr. Parkhurst and Dr. Ebury. The claims of the absent Fowler were thoroughly sifted, and found to be irrefragable. Morning, noon and night, did Mr. Parkhurst devote cheerfully to the laborious inquiry: writing with his own hands hundreds of folios. When at length, he had collected all his materials, and as the phrase is, "licked them a little into shape," he set off with them for London, to secure the opinion and advice of the celebrated Attorney General. Great interest was excited about the cause, even in the metropolis; and all parties waited with anxiety for the decision of the Attorney General, as if his fiat had been that of the judges.

The day appointed by the Attorney General for delivering his opinion on the voluminous case laid before him, happened singularly enough, to be that on which the new baronet and his friends arrived in London, from America. Mr. Parkhurst soon received intelligence of the event, and procured the attendance of Sir William, with himself; Dr. Ebury, and another, at the Attorney General's chambers in the Temple where he had intimated his intention of reading to them and explaining his opinion.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not think I ever devoted such anxious care to a case, as to this. I have gone nearly a dozen times over this pile of papers, and had all the while, the assistance of my eminent brother, the Solicitor General. We completely agree in one opinion; and which is, that the title of *Sir William Gwynne* CANNOT BE DISTURBED." Mr. Parkhurst almost sunk into the floor. "There are two reasons for this," proceeded the Attorney General, calmly; "first, the statutes of limitations came into operation six months ago, in *Sir William's* favor; and I need not say, that when the statute once begins to run, nothing can stop it. But even supposing that ground to be doubtful, as it may, possibly, be beat into a questionable shape, there is yet a fatal obstacle in the way of William Fowler, the person whose pretensions you have so zealously and ably espoused; *Sir William Gwynne* IS THE RIGHT HEIR AT LAW." Mr. Parkhurst looked aghast. "In a matter of such moment as this, I have availed myself of a certain information, which was tendered to me in consideration of my office. I have here and shall deliver into your hands, a document, formerly in the possession of the deceased Mr. Job Oxleigh, and unquestionably in his hand writing, stating with proofs, that the wife of the late *William Fowler Gwynne*, the alleged mother of the person now present," pointing to the *soi-disant* baronet, "died, certainly having given birth to a son; but that son DIED

within a week of his christening. This young man, who has always hitherto borne the name of William Fowler, was an orphan son of a poor woman that died in the neighborhood of Mrs. Fowler, who took her child, nursed it, gave it the name of William Fowler, and died leaving it about two years of age. The whole has been the singularly artful contrivance of the late Mr. Job Oxleigh, to hold *Sir William Gwynne* in bondage, and extort from him the estate called 'The Sheaves,' of which Mr. Oxleigh was possessed. I may take the liberty of suggesting, that though the baronet has acted cruelly and illegally, under the circumstances, a prosecution against him would be more than barely sustained. He has suffered greater torture for the last nine or ten years, than the law can inflict upon him. It is of course, however, for you and others to consider this, which I merely offer as a suggestion. Sir, I beg to hand you my written opinion, as well as the document to which I have alluded; and to intimate that I am compelled to withdraw, being summoned to attend the king.

The Attorney General bowed, and withdrew into another room, leaving Mr. Parkhurst, and indeed all present, completely thunderstruck.

"What! be I no baronet, then, after all?" inquired Fowler, wofully chop-fallen. Mr. Parkhurst gave him no answer.

"Who is to send me back again to America?"

These were puzzling and unwelcome questions. How the poor fellow was eventually disposed of, I know not; though it is said, he was seen, shortly after, in his old character of a waggoner; and his splendid adventures silenced forever the claims to popularity of Dick Forster. Mr. Parkhurst did not continue in town two hours after the Attorney General had delivered his opinion; but stepped into a post-chaise and four, and hurried down into Shropshire, to release *Sir William Gwynne* from all restraint, and communicate the extraordinary turn which circumstances had taken. He reached Gwynne Hall in time to see the return of the mournful funeral procession, which had attended *Sir William's* remains to the vault of his ancestors. The grief-worn, broken-hearted baronet; the victim of villany almost unequalled in systematic atrocity, had expired about a week before, begging he might be buried as quickly as possible; as though he were ashamed for his remains to be upon the face of the earth. The titles and estates went to a remote member of the family. Q. Q. Q.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious of assuming in a wrong place; will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.



## POETRY.

Original.

## THE FRANTIC PIRATE.

How grand it is when the lightning's whiz,  
And the levin spirit loud,  
With angry boom roars through the gloom  
Of the tempest swollen cloud.

It soothes the pangs of my tortur'd mind,  
When the ocean spirit raves;  
And the sullen groans of the stormy winds,  
Rush over the howling waves.

How calm I sleep when the billows sweep  
In wrath athwart the sea;  
And the night is dark and the tossing bark  
Is heaving gloriously.

I love the music of the shrouds,  
When they whistle loud and shrill;  
And wildly drift the floating clouds,  
O'er the iceberg's snow-peak'd hill.

I love the dirge of the mountain surge,  
When it crushes on the shore;  
Then fiercely reels and backward wheels,  
With a wild unearthly roar.

It stills the throb of my aching head,  
When the "battle shout" swells high;  
Around me lie the ghastly dead,  
And the balls like hail-stones fly.

It soothes my soul when flashes roll,  
From the cannon's fiery mouth,  
And the smoky fume creates a gloom,  
Like the blue mists of the south.

On board the hostile ship I see,  
I shout my "battle cry";  
And stay till o'er her flag I see,  
Our sable banner fly.

Then gentle as the meekest child,  
I cast my brand away;  
The fury of my shipmates wild,  
With mercy's voice to stay.

But soon again a dismal train,  
Of "wilder'd thoughts return;  
And oft I pray my moulder'd clay,  
Were in its silent urn.

A STUDENT JR.  
York College, Jan. 1833.

Original.

## TO C. M. D.

Yes! C. M. D., thy notes are sweet,  
Unto the listening ear;  
They speak of scenes with joy replete,  
And to the heart most dear.

They speak of pleasure not unfringed,  
With momentary pain;  
But what can here on earth be bought,  
Unmix'd with sorrows stain.

Thy tales are fill'd with fancy's strains,  
And friendship sweet and true;  
And fickle Love in golden chains,  
Is sweetly bound by you.

Thy wood-notes wild are also fill'd,  
With music's sprightly sound;  
And pity's soothing accents gild  
Thy tale of woe profound.

May changeless love thy heart inspire,  
With sacred joys in view;  
And virtue, love, all you desire,  
Bind fast their fate to you. DONNA JULIA.

Original.

## A SKETCH.

Others may talk of Scotland's green and bonny hills, her sweet and pleasant vales, where Burns's soul with nature held in symphony, gave birth to the sweetest strains of poetry, and pictured in simplicity alike the aspect of his native hills and rivers, and the manners of his countrymen; and where first the towering mind of Byron received the outlines of

its future genius. But I shall feel alike pleasure in anticipating a literary fame in Canada; I shall feel content to praise fair Canada! she likewise has charms of her own; her skies often clear and her evenings beautiful. It is indeed natural in man to feel an affection for the land of his birth—an accountable feeling of attachment for it, and melancholy regret at the prospect of leaving it. Were I to live in other lands, the joy I have felt at seeing the sun on a summer's eve, tumble in majesty into the west, leaving behind him a thousand varying tints and glowing colors on the pendant clouds, could never be forgotten. Nor the delight that has buoyed up my glowing fancy from the breathing the fresh and scented air from off the flowery plain, the fresh blooming grove or the new mown grass. Again, in my boyish rambles, what could efface the remembrance of the gratified feelings experienced in wandering near some fine shady grove at sun rise, to hear the mingled notes of our numerous songsters welcoming the rising orb of day, and to observe their gambols or busy care in collecting materials for their nest. At close of eve, how charming it is to hear the Robin's note and the whip-poor-will crying in some distant tree or grove his mellow note, which at first to some may seem unpleasant, but to a native it is both entertaining and agreeable. Although Canada has been said to be deficient in song birds, no one I think who has been an attentive observer of the woodland music of our forest, at morning and evening would persist in such a defamation.—Europeans are frequently apt to under-rate the liberty, character, and genius of the Americans, from a comparison with their own fame and advancement in learning. Some even go so far as to deny that we are endowed with the same genius. To such, however, as think so, I would only attach pity and spread the mass of history before them to wean them of their prejudice. The god of nature deals not out his bounties thus; he leaves it to every nation to work out its own fame and character. It is by the different degrees of industry and perseverance among nations that we are enabled to account for, their civilization and literary greatness. Degenerate Rome was famous once—her crumbling walls have often echoed to the voice of genius. Does the passing gale tell of the greatness of the once mighty and learned Babylon? or can the abject native point where she stood? Does the scorpion's presence, the drowsy bat, or the mournful owl speak of the brazen gates, the marble palaces, and the fallen glory of Africa's mighty Thebais? Where is the spirit of Grecian fame? Where are Zion's laurels? Will Britain last forever?—Who can say it? Columbia's land may smile with lore when Europe's laurels fade.

C. M. D.

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