

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

To Raise the Genius,



To Mend the Heart.

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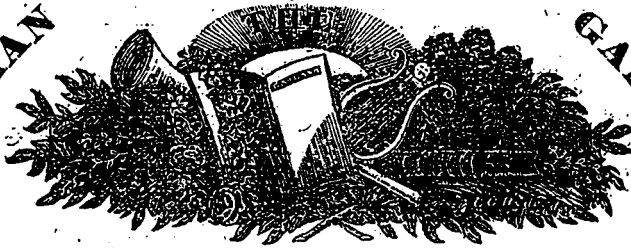
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HAMILTON, U. C.:

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY WYLLYS SMYTH.



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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1833.

NO. 15.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Lady's Book, for February.

THE DROVER.

CONCLUDED.

So saying, he hastily wrapped the lash of his whip about his hand and arm, and grasping it firmly, whirled it around his head, and then aimed its heavy handle full at the face of his only standing opponent. But the quick eye of the highwayman detected the intent, and by a sudden dart he eluded the tremendous sweep of the instrument, which, had it taken effect, must inevitably have equalized the combat, and placed one of the actors out of the power of resistance. But such success did not attend it, and the self-named Jeremy Birch was instantly on his guard, endeavoring to parry the blows which the drover dealt incessantly, with a powerful and skillful hand. The Scot, whose limb had been well nigh broken by the unexpected assault, attempted in vain to rise, but muttering in the intervals of pain the deepest curses, he dragged himself through the snow to assist his comrade in their nefarious design, for he saw the contest was of very doubtful issue. The robber, unable to cope with the nervous arm of the drover, and only avoiding his blows by surprising agility, appeared at length to waver; his antagonist perceiving the advantage, gathered all his remaining strength for a final and decisive stroke; grasping his weapon with both hands, he raised it high above his head, at the same time advancing his left foot; unfortunately it was not set down with sufficient firmness, it slipped; he strained to recover his posture, but tottered, and received a half spent blow that brought him to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye his foe was upon him and the forms of both close intertwined like two serpents in deadly strife. Each one strove to gain the upper hand, but so swift were their involutions that neither retained the superiority for a moment. The Gael hovered around like an evil spirit, breathing blasphemy and vengeance; his-eye flashed, and his upraised knife gleamed in the faint star-light; three times did his arm descend, and three times was it arrested in mid course; the danger of

piercing his associate was as great as the chance of striking their common victim; at length the drover was above, his hand was clasped tightly on his adversary's throat, his strength was failing, for he heard the hoarse gurgle; the heaving and throbbing breast proclaimed the inward struggle for life; at the very moment of his victory the cold steel entered his back; his grasp relaxed, again the weapon was plunged into his flesh, and he felt the blood gushing from his wounds. In another moment he lay breathless and insensible, to all appearance dead. Even then the vengeful cruelty of his assassin was unquenched, and the senseless and bleeding body was mutilated and disfigured in a most horrid manner, after having been despoiled of every thing of the slightest value.

A long and imperfect existence followed this fearful proximity to death, and when Workman began to receive real and healthful impressions from outward objects, and his thro'ts to perform their accustomed office, he was bewildered and finding himself in a neatly furnished chamber, that recalled some vague but pleasing sensations to his mind; he strove to rise, but his closely swathed limbs were so rigid as to forbid every attempt at motion; a well-dressed man was at his side, scarcely distinguishable, however, through the dim light; one hand held a watch at which he gazed with an air of deep anxiety, while the other rested on the patient's pulse.

"Good!" exclaimed the physician, "the fever has abated, the prospect is more favorable." A deep drawn sigh caused him to start and a smile of benevolence beamed across his fine features, as he congratulated the patient on the restoration of his reason.

"I have," said he, "for three long days, been balancing between hope and fear, and confess that a dread of serious result was enhanced by the wandering state of your mind; but thank heaven all is now well, enjoy a little more rest, and in the afternoon all shall be more fully explained."

As the sufferer began to reflect upon the past, he seemed to have been haunted by a horrid and painful dream; his brain had been

filled with terrific images, and although he was unable to recal them distinctly, yet the bare and confused recollection caused an involuntary shudder. Reverting to more distant objects, the scenes of his misfortune rose strongly defined and colored, and joy at his providential deliverance overpowering every other emotion, a gush of tears poured over his hollow and flushed cheeks, and relieved the unwonted pressure. A slight repast of nourishing food, served him by an attentive matron, revived him still more; and when after a few hours the physician returned, he expressed a desire to hear all that had befallen him since his loss of consciousness.

A few words sufficed to explain. A passing carriage, which arrived immediately after the catastrophe, had discovered and borne him to the present shelter, where his wounds had been examined; and though they at first appeared mortal, yet, with attention and care their unfavorable symptoms declined; his recovery from the delirium which succeeded had been hourly watched with patience and anxiety, as well for the restoration of Workman's health, as also that he might best inform the outraged villagers of the perpetrators of the crime, for no clue was yet discovered to the really guilty, in despite of every precaution and minute inquiry. Certain footmarks had been measured, and also a print in the snow of a human form, known from its size not to be that of the unfortunate drover. As the drover heard the narrative of the kind Providence that had interposed between him and destruction, and had snatched him from the strong grasp of death in his veriest extremity, his heart swelled within him, and overflowed with gratitude that he could not find words to express. Each day rendered the prospect of his recovery more cheering and certain, and, on the first opportunity, in an interview with an attendant officer of the police, he disclosed all the particulars of the transaction, from the time of his rencontre at the "Heifer," to the last scene in the appalling tragedy. It was done more for the sake of form than any reasonable hope of success; especially as the evident disguise of the parties concerned, rendered a recognition extremely difficult and improbable. No pains, however, were spared to set on foot a legal investigation.

It now becomes necessary, for the sake of brevity, to change the scene of our narrative to the metropolis, where an active and energetic police had already been possessed of the full particulars relative to the robbery and intended murder; and well knowing the course of conduct usually pursued by such villains, a silent but unremitting search had been instituted within the precinct of London. The only guide in the mysterious labyrinth that involved the whole affair, consisted simply of

the following facts:—the description of the disguised individuals, and the measurement of the marks imprinted on the snow—both too insignificant to point suspicion in any definite direction. The landlord of the "Heifer," and the hostess, where the travellers had last been seen, were both interrogated, and their houses underwent the strictest scrutiny, but not the most trifling satisfaction was obtained. Both denied ever having seen the robbers before, and no proof could be adduced of the falsity of their testimony. In these embarrassing difficulties, it was thought proper to entrust the management of the business to a single man of tried courage, the most unyielding perseverance, and subtle cunning investing him with plenary authority, and giving orders to spare no time or exertions, but confine his whole attention to this particular subject. Day after day passed in fruitless wandering among the herds of guilty wretches that infest the land, and defy the arm of justice in the concealments of the city; the gaming table, the theatre, all were searched in vain.

"A long and a short!" said Storming Willie, (as he was familiarly called) while he turned over his papers with a puzzled air;—"a long—strong—thin; a short—thick—sandy—Scotch; humph! many such here, but not the thing; here have I been three days hard at work, and no game; let me see, 'twas done in the west—aye, well—yet they must be in town; it is the nature of the rogues to love company; money too—then they didn't walk—no, no, their laziness would rather be humoured—they will be for riding to London—in the coach it may be."

Full of a new idea, and as blithe as a hunter who has struck on the Fox's trail, he made haste to divest himself of his official appearance, and proceeded forthwith to one of the western stage offices where daily arrivals poured into the city. Here, on making the necessary inquiries as if for two of his friends, he was overjoyed at learning that as late as the day before, two persons of the appearance designated had arrived, and were set down at a quarter which was pointed out. Even the names under which they travelled he found no difficulty in obtaining, which, whether true or false, might prove of some utility.—On the wings of hope, yet trembling with dread of disappointment, he flew to — street, after obtaining the proper papers;—night had just set in, and seeing a house of entertainment close at hand, he bade his subalterns await his return, and entered, seating himself in a secluded corner and calling for a flagon of ale. Whilst endeavoring to mature a plan of operation, numerous persons passed to and fro, of all ages and sizes, but none of that peculiar formation which he longed to lay his hands upon. Once indeed he start-

ed at hearing a rough voice calling for a "wee drappie of strong waters," but the countenance of open good nature from which this request proceeded, put the vision of success to flight. Almost in despair at not meeting the objects of his search, Willie began to button his great coat, and prepare for an out-of-doors reconnoitre. He had nearly reached the entrance, when his attention was arrested by a little girl of interesting appearance, who ran by him, holding a pitcher in her hand, and asked for "a quart of strong beer for Mrs. Holman."

"Holman!" muttered Willie, and he stopped short in his walk; in that moment he scarce knew how to act, but a consciousness of his conspicuous position at once determined him. He passed into the street, and impatiently awaited the return of the child. She passed—

"My pretty girl, stay a moment; I am looking for a friend of mine, a Mr. Holman, can you tell me does such a one live in this neighborhood."

"La, sir!" she replied, with the utmost simplicity; "that is my father, he has been away a long time, and only came home last night; if you come with me you shall see him."

"With all my heart, child; is any one with him?"

"No, sir, unless my mother; but, see we are at home, will you walk up stairs?"

Willie felt some secret qualms at trusting himself in the lion's den; but relying on his experience, he condescended a speech to address to his newly discovered friend, and then boldly entered the apartment shown by the child.—The moment his eye rested upon the figure which rose at his entrance, a firm conviction of his correct judgment settled on his mind—the tall—strong—thin was before him. Still more, and stranger; on a closer inspection he recognized features unseen for years, but distinctly remembered. In a moment his course was planned. "Good night, Mr. Holman," said he, "perhaps you do not remember me, Will Nixon, the old companion of your school hours and your plays."

Holman stared for an instant as if unsatisfied of his friend's identity, then starting forward, he grasped his hand warmly, and exclaimed, "Lord! Will Nixon, is this you?—Heaven bless us man, how times have changed; yes, indeed, school days have done but little good for me; Latin and Greek don't help one to bear the kicks and cuffs of this rough world, and you look as if you had not escaped without your share."

"No, no; a sorry time enough I have had of it since we played at marbles together, and some times at fisty-cuffs, all out of pure good love. But what have you been at for these dozen or two years?"

"Oh! don't ask—but you have heard perhaps how I fell in with Lucy Brooks, the Squire's daughter; the old villain swore he would hang me for shooting on his manor, and—him, I fell in love with his only child, and married her out of revenge; I sent him to his long home with sorrow, but not a bit of his land did I inherit; no, he left his daughter a shilling and for me his bitter curse; sorely has it hung upon my head, turning my brightest hours to night—yes, it seems now to unnerve my arm, and make me care as little for the world and all that is in it, as for the sighing of this north wind. I bore up against it at first; poverty stared us in the face; my child, my fair-cheeked child, sickened, pined, and died. If I would live, I must work, and then they bade me tend the village school, but the curse haunted me even there, and I was on the wide world again; guilt tempted, dissipation seized me; I could wear a laugh upon my lips when my heart was bleeding tears; I was called a *jobial*, *happy fellow*—good God! what did that cost me—years flew—clouds gathered—I was—but no matter—no matter."

"Ah! your lot has indeed been pitiful. I am sorry, very sorry for it; but I must forget that you have been my friend."

"How—why?—are you too like the rest?"

"Yes; I must do my duty, though it go hard with me. You know the Scotchman—"

"Who—Tom Brown—what of him?"

"Yes, that is his name; have you seen him lately?—I forgot to say that I was of the police—you stand accused of his murder."

"Of the police—the devil! so good a man in such a business!—Ha, ha, ha—accused of his murder!—well that is a good one—now are you serious? I came to town with him last night; he lodges in the next street; I suppose you can't take my word for it, however;—come with me and you shall see him as alive as either you or I."

"No, that would be too troublesome; just give me a direction, I will satisfy myself, and return to give you joy on the refutation of the charge."

Holman tendered his service with perfect indifference and unsuspecting, little knowing the snare which his artful friend was weaving about his feet. He sat down to await his return. Storming Willie almost intoxicated with joy at so unexpected a denouncement, descended the stairs, giving strict orders to the officers to allow no egress from the house; then selecting several stout companions, he hastened to the lodging of the unsuspecting culprit; and came down upon the astonished Scot with the suddenness of lightning and the startling effect of thunder. He was about retiring to bed, when the door opened and his unwonted visitors burst into the room. Discharging a volley of invectives against the intruders, he hobbled forward to resist their

further entrance; but in a moment he was convinced of the rashness of the attempt; submitting to his fate, not, however, without protesting his innocence most loudly, and denouncing vengeance on his captors. He was soon under the custody of the keeper of the prison, and allowed to vent his passion in solitude.

One of the supposed parties in the assault having been thus secured by a successful *coup de main*, it only remained to secure Holman, and, at the same time, procure direct evidence of the crime; it was therefore determined to obtain access to the repositories of the suspected, by means of a search warrant. Supported by several men, well, but secretly armed, Willie proceeded once more to Holman's apartment; he found him traversing the floor with hasty and lengthened strides, his arms folded, and so absorbed in thought as not to notice their approach. The noise of their entrance at last attracted his attention, and pausing, he handed a chair to Nixon, and requested his companions to be seated. His features betrayed no anxiety nor fear, even when he demanded the success of the visit to ——— street.

"Entirely satisfactory—he is alive and well; but we are compelled to ask your permission for a search; our warrant is this paper." And he handed him a scroll containing a description of his person as a receiver of stolen goods.

"Upon my word, Nixon," said he, in a tone of displeasure, "you are carrying this joke too far; what have I to do with stolen goods? but here are the keys, look for yourself: as for this paper it is the work of some one who will me harm; 'twill soon be disproved."

Meanwhile every nook had been searched minutely, but without success, when one of the men drew from beneath the bed a large bundle, apparently of clothing.

"What is this?" enquired Nixon.

"Nothing but the remnant of my pedagogue apparel," was the careless reply.

"Worn, though," said Nixon, unrolling it—"since beginning another trade—hah! what's here—a cloak—hat—blood on it!"

"Blood did you say?—then blood be it.—Damnation seize you, give me the cloak;"—and pale, staring, and wild, he endeavoured to gain possession of the garment; then, seizing a pistol concealed in his bosom, he pointed at Nixon and drew the trigger. It happily missed fire: in an instant it was wrested from his grasp, and after a few minutes of desperate struggling, he was hurled to the floor and securely pinioned. During this scene his wife and child, who had been alarmed by the uproar, entered the room, and supposing that the unhappy man was being murdered, rent the air with frantic shrieks, praying and beseeching with clasped hands and dishevelled

hair, the life of a husband and a father. When they saw entreaty was vain, they flew to call assistance, and on returning found the chamber desolate, the object of their solicitude gone, they knew not whither. In a dungeon, cold and dark, he inwardly cursed the treachery of his false friend, and his own confiding simplicity.

In vain did the myrmidons of the law test every expedient to extort a confession from either of the prisoners, no promises could persuade, no threats coerce them to compliance; both maintained a dogged obstinacy and defied the power of their enemies. The circumstantial evidence which could be adduced to confirm their guilt was very strong; but, to proceed to extremities, a cause was wanting "more relative than this." Workman had sufficiently recruited his health to support the fatigue of a journey to the metropolis, and had already arrived. It was supposed that should the Scot but see him alive whom he doubtless supposed dead, and hear his voice, that conscience would force from him an avowal of the attempted crime.

It was near midnight. The cell was dark and moist with drops that seemed to ooze from its rock-built sides and vaulted roof, as if tears of pity for the sufferer beneath. On a rough table stood a small taper, flickering in the cold gusts that rushed through the close grating, and casting a doubtful light upon a low and rude couch where lay a form, short and stoutly built. His face was embrowned and furrowed, yet the blood had deserted it, and the pale forehead and colorless lips looked as if the finger of death had pressed upon them. The door opens; an emaciated figure supported between two officers of the prison, enters, and is seated beside the bed; he looks with pity on the sleeper, and passes his hand hastily across his moistened eyes. A slight noise causes the sleeper to be restless; he grasps the bed covering convulsively, and his lips move but without articulation.

The drover stooped down, and whispered a few words in the ear of the Scot. A cold sweat bedewed his face—he gasped for breath, and turned from side to side with a heavy groan: then he lay perfectly still, almost ceasing to breathe, apparently striving to catch the drover's voice, then buried his face deep in the bedclothes. Again the drover spoke, and louder—"Where did you murder him?"—The Scot started furiously from his recumbent posture, and flung his arms wildly in the air; he shrieked—"Murder him! ha! ha! ha! I swear I did not—look—look—how the white snow turns into blood—he is choking him—hush, hush—is he gone?—Oh God! oh God?" and with a thrilling shudder he awoke. The first object that he saw was Workman close, beside him. He shrunk and started back with horror; his trembling fingers

pointed at him, and his body sunk backwards, while his mouth jabbered unintelligible sentences, till fainting with excess of terror, he fell insensible into the arms of the attendants.

It was long before life was restored, and long before he could be convinced of the reality of the drover's existence; but when he was, his transports were beyond description; he wept he danced, he sang, and was eager and impatient for his confession to be made. In this he declared that the intention of Holman and himself was only to deprive the drover of his money; that he had been decoyed into Dame Williams' for the purpose of being intoxicated, and that their worst enemy, the dog, might be made away with; that rage at the blow which he received, and fear of his comrade's death, had so maddened him as to render him incapable of reflection, and that then he had stabbed the drover; and, finally, that so great had been the excitement of the country, it was impossible to make any use of their ill-gotten gain; and that it remained almost untouched in a place which he disclosed. Many a tear was shed, and many a heart-rending groan burst from his bosom during the recital; but when he had finished a mountain seemed removed; he breathed more freely, and conversed more at his ease.

Let us not dwell on this conclusion. The accomplice, though at first denying all knowledge of the accusation made in the confession, persisted not, after being confronted with the living witness of his guilt.

The day of trial came—the one paid the forfeit of a long career of crime upon the scaffold; and the other, far from his native land, was compelled to herd with those whose crimes had driven them from the bosom of society.

Hope.—The emotions of the human heart are almost as varied as the powers of the mind, and the circumstance which attends man's existence. Yet, of all the sensations which he experiences, none affords an amount of pleasure equal to hope. This enlivens every situation, increases every joy, and renders endurable every misery of man. When the dark clouds of disappointment or misfortune gather upon his path, brood, like the demon of destruction, over all his happiness, then hope, as the angel of good, exhilarates the desponding soul—points forward to skies of cloudless purity and unmixed blessedness. Even in the midst of the highest enjoyment, it crowns the summit of all felicity—spreading out to view a continued and exhaustless source of delight.

Nay more, upon the very termination of life, it unveils an eternity, and directs the eye to an existence, where joy shall be ultimate

and full—where the mind shall be permitted to fill its own mighty sphere—and where knowledge and pleasure, united hand in hand, shall expire only with man's immortality.—*Record of Genius.*

Original.

FIRST LOVE.

First love will with the heart remain,
When hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose blossoms still retain
Their fragrance, when they die.

And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With shades, 'mid which they spring;
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring blossoms cling. DONNAJULIA.

The Wife.—How sweet to the soul of man (says Hierocles) is the society of a beloved wife, when wearied and broken down by the labors of the day: her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solicitude and the anxieties, and the heaviest misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with. But how much higher do they seem, when after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake her share of domestic labors upon her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipation. A wife is not, as she is falsely represented and esteemed by some, a burden and a sorrow to man. No; she shares his burdens and she alleviates his sorrows; for there is no difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual labors and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership.

Spring.—The reign of cold and dreary Winter is at an end, and his hand is no more upon the houseless traveller; no longer is his beard seen pendant from our roofs; the "brief authority" with which he has for a while been clothed, has passed away.

Gay and cheerful Spring comes prancing along as buoyant as the lively maiden in her teens. Now is the season for joyful hearts and happy faces; the season for all vegetation to put forth its blossoms. The tall and stately maple again pours forth its annual limpid stream, and the delicious liquid is soon evaporated over the crackling fire, and yields its rich sweetness to repay the labors of the husbandman. Already the icy mountains that float on the ruffled bosom of old Ontario, disappear before the more congenial warmth of the king of day. Now the bubbling brooks gurgles forth sparkling from the "Mountain's brow," and wend their way to the fertile plains below. Even the finny inhabitants of the running rills, rejoicing at being freed from their icy prisons, can be seen basking in the murmuring waves, while above them clothed in all her majesty, the Queen of Night sails

high in Heaven! O! how beautiful to hear the very insects of creation, humming forth their Maker's praise! to hear the feathered songsters of the grove, carolling their plaintive notes!

How sublime is the contemplation of the works of the Creator! We look above us, where myriads upon myriads of worlds hang pendulous in the great vault of heaven!—There they swing, in the eternal space, as new as when they first rolled from the creating hand of the Almighty! When the morning stars sang for joy o'er these new-made worlds, they commenced their course, and probably the vast machinery will continue to move, until an Angel from the Throae of God, shall descend, and with one foot on the sea, and the other on land, lift up his voice, and swear by the Heaven's Eternal, "Time is, Time was, but, Time shall be no longer!"
Wreath.

The Young Doctor.—"My father desired me to ax you," said a medical student to a certain eminent pharmacopist, "that I might attend you to all your patient, as you know sir, it is the last year of my time." "You shall Bob, you shall," replied the master; "come get your hat." They entered the sick man's chamber and the usual circumstances occurred, such as feeling the pulse, &c. After assuming an appearance of profound thought, the vender of galenical told the wife of the sick man with much gravity that her husband was in extreme danger, and that she had contributed to this malady by giving him oysters. The woman imagined this apothecary dealt with the devil, at last owned the fact. When they had quitted the house, Bob inquired with much earnestness of his master, how he could possibly know the patient had eaten oysters. "You foolish boy," replied the other, "I saw some shells under the bed." The next time, Bob went alone, and returned to his master with a ghastly visage, and told him the patient was dead by eating a horse. "A horse, Bob!" rejoined the esculapian chief, "how do you know that?" "O, easy enough, sir; I looked under the bed, and saw a saddle and bridle!"

Peter the Great.—This monarch, being in a country house, was invited to a hunting party, but he declined, saying, "hunt as much as you please; make war upon wild beasts. For my part, I cannot amuse myself in that way while I have enemies abroad to fight, and intractable subjects at home to reform."

Light.—Light goes about thirteen millions of miles in a minute. A strong wind goes twenty feet in a second. When a cannon is fired, if we are distant one mile, we hear the report twenty-four seconds after we see the flash. The nearest of the stars is five thou-

sand times more distant from us than the Sun, its distance then is seventy-seven billions, four hundred millions of miles. Were a cannon to be fired from a star, it would require five millions, four hundred thousand years for the report to reach us.

THE BANDITT'S TEST.

A young man who had been several years an outlaw, on the violent death of the chief of the troop he belonged to, aspired to be Capo-banditto in his stead. He had gone through his noviciate with honor, he had shown both cunning and courage in his calling as brigand, but the supremacy of the band was disputed with him by others; and the state of the times bade the robbers be specially careful as to whom they elected for their leader. He must be the strongest-nerved fellow of the set! The ambitious candidatus offered to give any, even the most dreadful proof of his strength of nerve; and a monster among his companions proposed he should go to his native village, and murder a young girl to whom he had been formerly attached. 'I will do it,' said the ruffian, who at once departed on his infernal mission. When he reached the village, he dared not present himself, having begun his crimes there by murdering a comrade: he skulked behind an old stone fountain, outside the village, until near sunset, when the women came forth with their copper vases on their heads to get their supplies of water at the fountain. His mistress came carelessly gossiping with the rest. He could have shot her with his rifle, but he was afraid of pursuit, and wanted, besides, time to secure and carry off a bloody trophy. He remained quiet, only hoping that she might loiter behind the rest. She, however, was the first to balance her vessel of water on her head, and to take the path of the village, whither all the gossips soon followed her. What was now to be done? He was determined to go through the ordeal and consummate the hellish crime. A child went by the fountain whistling; he laid down his rifle, so as not to alarm the little vil-lager, and presenting himself to him, gave him the reliquary he had worn round his neck for years, and which was well known to his mistress, and told him to run with it to her, and tell her and old friend desired to speak with her at the fountain. The child took the reliquary, and a piece of silver which the robber gave him on his vowing by the Madonna to say nothing about the matter in the village before one hour of the night, and ran on to the village. The robber then retired behind the old fountain, taking his rifle in his hand, and keeping a sharp look out, lest his mistress should betray him, or not come alone. But the affectionate girl, who might have loved him still, in spite of his guilt, who might have hoped to render him succour or some urgent need, or, perhaps to hear that he was penitent and anxious to return to society, went alone and met him at the fountain, where as the bells of the village church were tolling the Ave Maria, her lover met her, and stabbed her to the heart! The monster then cut off her head, and ran away with it to join the brigands, who were obliged to own, that after such a deed and such a proof as he produced, he was worthy to be their chief."

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1823.

The Wreath.—This is the name of an anonymous publication professing to advocate the cause of literature, amusement and instruction, published at Youngstown, N. Y.

To Correspondents.—We much regret to be under the necessity of omitting many communications intended for this number. We have given the Indian Legend entire, to the exclusion of our usual variety; however, we do not regret the space it occupies, as it is a good thing and will well repay an attentive perusal.

The Dying Child shall have a place.
On Hamilton is received; a little pruning will make it a passable poem.

F. E. shall not be neglected again—indulgent friend B. The Recluse.—Our prose columns were kept open for the scraps of this singular personage, long after our usual space for poetry was occupied. We shall insert the two articles on hand in No. 16.

Donna Julia.—This indefatigable authoress has again sent us several articles; among them we notice a tale.—Ah! this is what we wish our authors to turn their attention to. Our thanks, Miss Julia, for thy example. *Ode on Spring*, will be in season for our next number. *To Fancy*, is very fanciful.

Jane, we perceive, is among the number of our bounteous friends. To my Governess, Stanzas, and Adieu, (we hope not to us) have been carefully perused; as we were aware of the tender hand that wrote them. One of them is our next. In answer to her question, we say, the 6th and 6th letters of the alphabet.

Cantata is received and approved.
Friendship, from a well-wisher is on file.

Rules for Ladies.—1. Marry not a profane man: because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children, and embitter your existence.

2. Marry not a gambler, a tippler, or a haunter of taverns, because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.

3. Marry not a man who makes it a practice to attend horse races, frolics, &c. because he who sees no harm in doing this, will soon see no harm in taking a dram, and he who sees no harm in taking a dram, will soon see no harm in doing things still worse.

4. Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs; because you can never trust him.

5. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments; because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature unrestrained can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong is deplorable and the less you have to do with him the better.

6. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country; because the affections are continually wavering—and therefore never can be permanent.

7. Marry not a man who neglects his business, because if he does so when single, he will be worse when married.

Judge a man by his actions—a poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a player by his strut—a boxer by his sinews—an Irishman by his swagger—an

Englishman by his rotundity—a Scotchman by his shrug—an American by his boasting—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his coat—a tailor by his agility—a fiddler by his elbow—and a woman by her neatness.

Original.

THE FEMALE WISH.

Aurora decks the morning skies,
The balmy zephyrs gently rise,
And fragrance fills the air,
Soft on a mossy bank reclined,
A damsel lovely, good and kind,
Thus sent to heaven her prayer:

Amidst the ills of human life,
Corroding cares, perplexing strife,
May pity touch my heart;
Myself nor fruit, then may I know,
To feel a fellow-mortal's woe,
And soothe their pains to rest.

May gentle sympathy control,
Guide every passion of the soul,
For oh! the bliss sincere,
To join in pleasure's youthful train;
To sigh when sorrow sinks in pain,
And ask the friendly tear.

Grant me, ye powers, some kind retreat,
Where nature's frugal bounties meet;
I seek not stores of wealth—
Not all that grandeur can be her own;
Can give the bliss that springs alone
From innocence and health.

If marriage e'er should be my fate,
May heaven provide some gentle mate,
Young, sensible and kind;
May mutual love our bosoms fire—
Long may we live and still admire,
And still new beauties find.

And should a smiling train be found
Of sportive infants, prattling round,
The objects of our prayer;
And while we watch their opening charms,
With all a parent's fond alarms,
May heaven succeed our care—
Thus let me pass the road of life,
A constant friend, a cheerful wife—
Though cheerful, yet demure;
In blessing others, truly blest
Thien sink within her arms to rest
And find my bliss secure.

G. F.

Original.

TO MISS H. . . .

MARY! my strain is closing—
'Tis the last sweep of breaking chords—
'Tis the last pulec—the last dark flow
Of th'wild heart's mysterious words!
I've seen thee when thy heart was gay,
When sadness fitted o'er thy face;
In merry crowds by night and day—
And standing in the holy place:
And I have loved as fow can love,
Without a hope without a fear;
As the heart gushes forth a hope
With the quick pulse and starting tear.
And now (my spirit quills to think
I ne'er shall speak thy name again)
I stand upon the utmost brink
That bounds the path of human pain.
The chain is forged—the doom is sealed—
The knell hath toll'd—the hour is come!
A guiding light hath been revealed,
Through the dark mazes of earth's gloom;
And I will follow on my way
Like one whose task is finished here—
The unknown being of a day,
Whose highest rapture was a tear.
Mary, farewell! the time hath been
When I could sigh thy lovely name;
But that hath passed—and every scene
That led me on to love and fame
The woes I bear 'twere vain to tell—
Hear all, love! In—farewell! farewell!
York, March, 1833.

— E.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

In olden time, when th' Indian sceptre rul'd,
And baughty chieftains led their savage bands
To battle-fields where stream'd the crimson tide,
Two warriors of high fame, on Erie's banks,
Call'd forth their legions from their utmost bounds,
To mark with blood and strife, disputed rights.
A hero young, of more than common fame,
Essay'd to meet his neighboring chief; and quick
Prepared his forces for the mortal broil,
Himself array'd in full and wild costume.

He seeks the fatal plain, designed for fight,
With high flushed hopes, and martial bearing high,
And fleetly winding through the rugged path—
O'er hills, through vales and shades as black as night;
Half hid by trees, what object meets his eyes?
What female form dejected, pale appears,
With hair dishevelled, floating to the wind?
Her falling tears bespeak a sadness at
Her heart; but yet, bright rays of beauty
Beam through the gloom of her dark countenance!
Ah! 'twas his bride, who late in marriage bands
Had vowed to love—and loved as vowed—him more
Than all the chiefs or warriors of the wilds.
When first war's dreaded rumor reached her ear,
In fear she silent stood pursuing ill;
But soon affliction rose with sickly power
And took possession of her noble mind!
She thought upon her husband, then her sire,
The hostile prince, (for such her father was)
Then wildly starts to meet her much-loved spouse,
And flying, meets him in the dismal wood.
What various thoughts contend within her breast!
Thoughts which her eye, but tongue could not express—
Firm fixed she stands, and not a limb doth move.
She looks with anguish on the one she loves,
While nature speaks with horror in her face,
And death-like silence flies her quivering lips,
She thus, in accents wild, addressed the chief:

"Ah, fearless prince! where dost thy courage lead?
Goes thou to battle-field with rapid pace,
Where piercing arrows, bur'd by fateful bow
May shut the light from out thy noble soul?
What wouldst thou there? give life for empty honor?
Or wouldst thou take my father's time-worn life,
To purchase fame, a thing so little worth,
And raise thyself above the sons of earth?
Say, wouldst thou dye his hono' hair with blood,
Or see him fall beneath thy tomahawk?
O shall my mother, new weighed down with years,
Forever lonely, shed a widow's tears?
And shall I, too, henceforward sorrowing sigh,
While life's dim taper burns, or with thee die?
No! rather let us fly this hostile shore,
And o'er yon broad expanse apply the oar,
Where thou mayst form a nation strong and great,
And flying save us from impending fate."

Thus spake the fair, in trembling accents wild,
Then calmly waits to hear her chief's reply.
Firmly he stood, although affection shot
Through every vein, and melted down his soul;
Steadfast he gazes on his lovely bride,
Which well-nigh forced from th' warrior's eye a tear!
With resolution fixed, he thus replied:—

"O, denest partner of my troubled soul!
My heart sinks down with sympathetic grief;
I feel the horror war, nor shakes thy frame,
And pain would gratify thy every wish,
But how could I, whose spreading honors fill
Our regions far, with reverence and awe?
Whose word can raise the virtuous to command,
Or crush aspiring villany with shame?
Whose voice bids savage tribes with awe attend?
How could I fly, and leave my nation wronged,
To suffer shame and death? My soul recoils,
And bids me face the dangers of a war
My warriors now with stern impatience wait,
That I may lead them on to meet the foe—
To meet thy father with his countless bands.
O, may we conquer! but may he be saved,
Thou and thy mother, from war's frightful ills;
And the great spirit's ruling power above,
Unite paternal and Hymeneal love.
And now I go, farewell all on earth!
My country calls me to the gory plain—
My duty bids me go, and now I leave—
Perhaps forever leave thee, beauties fair,
May the good spirit guard thy destiny."
Then turned the prince.

The prince's soul was full,
And now dashed forth in tears and frantic shrieks.
She grasped his hand, "O go not yet," she cries;
"The dismal sound, farewell, I cannot bear—
A last farewell! alas! I know it is!
I see thee gored with wounds, and woe'ring
Stretched on the battle-field of crimson dye.
I see my father gasping wide for breath—
I see my mother sinking into death;
And I, too, doomed to die, or live to mourn
My life away in gloomy grief and woe.
But, O! if love, if pity touch your heart,
And in that love, that pity, I've a part,
Oh! bear me now, go not to battle's strife,
But fly to live, and living save thy wife."
She ceased.

The prince in agony replied,
"This woe of all, most keenly grieves my heart;
Oh! could I live, I'd live for thee alone,
But patriotic duty bids me go
Away to the dangers of the coming war.
The foe advances, I hear the horrid yell,
My legions wait, and now a last farewell."
She looked; she sighed, she shrieked and fainting, fell;
He rushed with haste to join his anxious band—
And with sick soul; but fearless took the van.
From echoing hills the savage yells rebound,
And rise the war-songs with terrific sound,

On yonder plain which Nature's hand hath spread,
Untilled, nor grown with bush, nor waving pine,
Where but green turf can on its face be seen
Nor hill nor mound; but like the ocean smooth
Are placed his warriors brave, in proud array,
Who anxious wait to meet the coming foe;
Which from the spades of yonder gloomy dell,
Guarded by ancient oaks on every side,
Pours in its hordes upon the battle-plain,
Who quickly form in battle's firm array
But wait the sounding of the signal horn.

The blast is blown—both armies rush to fight—
And now the clash of arms, and now the groans
Of dying men, alternate rise on high.
But where has she, the bounteous princess flown?
Far from the dismal scenes that now appear?
Ah! no—between you ranks her graceful form
Is seen. She waves her hand and silence reigns;
Her noble men forbid the savage dart,
With magic gifted softens every heart
But his, who breatheth revenge and deadly hate,
And seeneed a father; monster most ingrate,
To him she falls upon her knees in vain,
He spurns her tears, despising filial love,
And thus with bellicious yell his accents ring:
"My warriors bold, is this your boasted strength?
Shall female tears affect what arms could not?
On with the battle—nobly bear your part,
And hurt your vengeance on yon trembling foe."

Thus having fanned the spark of pride which glowed
In every savage breast, they raise the yell,
And fiercely rush to swell the tide of death.
And now the air grows dark with missiles thrown
By either rank, and veils the warrior's bride.
The prince caught from afar a glimpse of her,
And rushed to clasp her in his friendly arms;
He strove to save—but strove, alas! in vain;
For whilst with her he crossed the bloody plain,
A demon-guided dart with fury came
And pierced the heart of her he tried to save!
Her throbbing veins pour forth their crimson dye,
Which stains his armor with a dismal hue.
She breathes her soul upon his burning breast—
Then sinks her head! in silent death it falls.

Ah! what keen pangs now harrow up his soul,
As thus he rushes with his lifeless clay?
Now woe, despair and rage all swell his breast;
Revenge, the Indian virtue, fires his soul,
And quick he flies to meet her cruel sire,
Through warring ranks, and thickest of his foes,
He forced his way, and charged the hostile chief—
Great was the contest; but the father fell.
The husband turned to seek his wife's remains;
Meanwhile the warriors form on every side,
With pointed spears close to revenge their chief;
The Prince with warriors' arm throws death around;
But some more fatal spear has reached his heart,
One effort given. He falls beside his bride;
And now with her sleeps silent in the kind
Embrace of death.

H. R.

St. Catharines, January 27th, 1833.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND ADVERTISER.

RECEIVER GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
 York, U. C. 18th February, 1833. }

THE LEGISLATURE having by several Acts passed during the last Session, authorized the Receiver General to raise by Loan, on Government Debentures, the undermentioned sums of money, on the credit of the Public Revenues of this Province:

£70,000, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act granting to His Majesty a sum of money, to be raised by Debentures, for the improvement of the Navigation of the River "Saint Lawrence."

£20,000, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act granting to His Majesty a sum of money for the improvement of Roads and Bridges in the several Districts of this Province."

£4,050, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "an Act to provide for the erection of a Bridge across the River "Trent, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

£7,500, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act for affording further aid towards the completion of the Welland Canal, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

£1,500, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act granting a sum of money to defray the expenses of erecting a Bridge over the Grand River, at Brantford, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

£58,291 13 4, Provincial Currency under an Act entitled "An Act to afford relief to the Sufferers who sustained loss during the late War with the United States of America."

£84,333 6 8, Provincial Currency, under To redeem the an Act entitled "An Act outstanding debenture now payable, which are now bearing an interest of 6 per cent. to authorize the Receiver General to borrow a sum of money, for the purposes therein mentioned." The Interest not to exceed five pounds per centum per annum, payable half-yearly, in this Province, or four and a half per cent. in London.

ALSO.

£10,000, Provincial Currency, under an

Act entitled "An Act to raise a sum of money to improve certain Roads in the vicinity of York, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

£2,000, Provincial Currency, under an Act entitled "An Act to provide for the improvement of certain Inland Waters in the District of Newcas-
"tle."

(The Principal and Interest on the two last mentioned Acts to be paid from the Tolls, &c. arising therefrom.)

NOTICE is hereby given, that Sealed Tenders for said Loans, or any part thereof, will be received at my Office, until Thursday, the 11th day of April next.—The said Tenders to express the particular Acts under which the parties may respectively wish to contract, with the lowest rate of Interest, addressed to the Receiver General of Upper Canada, and endorsed "Tender for Loan."

No Tender will be accepted for a less sum than seventy-five pounds, Currency.

JOHN H. DUNN.

4w24 H. M. Receiver General.
 N. B.—Editors of the several Papers in York, are requested to give the above four weeks insertion in their respective publications.

The Editors of Papers published within this Province, are also requested to insert the above notice till the 11th April next. JOHN H. DUNN.

THE GENESEE FARMER

AND GARDNER'S JOURNAL.

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The third volume was commenced, Jan. 5, 1833.

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Subscriptions to the Farmer will be received at this Office, by W. Smyth.

JOB PRINTING done at the office of the Garland.