

## THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1852.

*To our Patrons.*—The human genius with the best assistance, and the finest examples breaks forth but slowly, and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste, and chaste, simple conception of beauty. At an immature age, the sense of beauty is weak and confused, and requires an excess of coloring to catch its attention. After this it prefers extravagance and rant, to justness; a gross, false wit, to the engaging light of nature, and the showy, rich, and glaring, to the fine and amiable: This is the child-hood of taste. But as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity, if it be assisted by a happy education, the sense of universal beauty awakes; it begins to be disgusted with the false and misshapen deceptions that pleased, and rests with delight on elegant simplicity—on pictures of easy beauty and unoffended grandeur: This is man-hood of taste.

The progress of science, and the cultivation of literature has had considerable effect in changing the manners of our nation, and in introducing that civility and refinement by which we are now distinguished; and we have now arrived at that state of society, in which those faculties of the human mind that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves.

But perfection, alas! is not the work of a day. Many prejudices are to be removed;—many gradual ascents to be made—ascents from bad to good, and from good to better!—the full weight of which we duly feel in making the THIRD attempt to sustain *Canadian Literature*.

After so many failures, to many it would seem a rash attempt, owing to the strong current of popular prejudice; but knowing ourselves to be possessed of a good share of INDUSTRY—which by-the-way is no bad qualification, and a small spark of *good humor*—a very necessary ingredient, we intend to publish the *Garland* regular, and to make it worthy a general patronage.

And finally, we venture to hope, that our labor in gathering such flowers as we intend for our work, in some instances, perchance, will be acceptable to those who have any desire to cherish the original talent of our country.

We respectfully solicit such communications as are suitable for our columns, from all that are willing to bestow on us the products of a few leisure moments.

## THE GARLAND:

I come with a gift. 'Tis a simple flower,  
That perhaps may win a weary hour,  
And a spirit within a magic weaves  
That may touch your heart from its simple leaves—  
And if these should fail, it at least will be  
A token of love from me to thee.

This for age. It will soothe unrest,  
And freshen life in the fainting breast;  
It will drop a balm in its thirsty springs,  
As the lark sheds dew from its early wings—  
'Tis a token that youth, though wild and gay,  
Will never turn from the old away.

This for the young. It will wake to birth  
A better feeling than idle mirth;  
It will stir the heart to silent love,  
As the twilight bushes the gentle dove—  
'Tis a token of friendship's secret flow,  
The flashing tide of the world below.

This for the loved. It will take the place  
Of the thrilling tone and the beaming face;  
It will breathe of words that have pass'd his tongue,  
And startle thoughts that to him have sprung—  
'Tis a token of all the heart can keep  
Of holy love in its fountains deep.

From social intercourse are derived some of the highest enjoyments of life—where there is a free interchange of sentiments, the mind acquires new idea; and by a frequent exercise of its powers, the understanding gains vigor.

It is almost impossible for a nation long to retain its power and independence, without possessing the respect of its neighbors. A good name is quite as valuable to the community as to an individual, and is equally a shield against insult or oppression. A profligate or quarrelsome nation is like a mad dog, every body makes war against it.

Laughter is the vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor, when they describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.

In the whole course of my life, said Montesquieu, I have never known any persons completely despised, except those who keep bad company.

Never expect any assistance or consolation in thy necessities from drinking companions.

Spiders are excellent barometers: if the ends of their webs are found branching out to any length, it is a sure sign of favorable weather: if, on the contrary, they are found short, and the spider does not attend to repairing it properly, bad weather may be expected.