

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."