

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WAS I TO BLAME?

Was I to blame because I loved
 A being kind as pity's sigh,
 By every finer feeling moved,
 That melts the heart or pierce the eye?
 The heart that for another felt,
 May, sure, some kindred feeling claim;
 And if I whispered, as he knelt
 Beside me, "Yes!"—was I to blame?

Proud daughters of the prudish frown,
 'Tis not to you my heart appeals;
 Bosoms no genial ray that own,
 Around whose soul no love-spell steals;
 But ye, whose eyes, whose lips, have proved
 The glance of fire, the kiss of flame,
 Say, if I loved, too fondly loved,
 Was I to blame? Was I to blame?

He said he loved—why should I doubt?
 If I loved him was that a sin?
 When prudence keeps the tower, without,
 Can love a traitor prove within?
 Warriors and Poets—who may tell
 What each have risked for power and fame?
 And if I felt Love's mighty spell
 Enchain my soul—was I to blame?

MISCELLANY.

AMIABILITY.

"I would not rail at beauty's charming power—
 I would but have her aim at something more;
 The fairest symmetry of form or face
 From intellect receives its highest grace."

Of all the graces which adorn and dignify the female character amiability is perhaps the most pre-eminent. The peculiar excellence of this virtue consists in the power of exciting universal love and esteem. It is exercised without effort, and enjoyed without alloy.—Discretion and good nature are the material ingredients of this valuable quality.

I was this inestimable grace which induced the wise man to confer on the woman under its influence a value "whose price is above rubies;" and he invested her with this endearing attribute, that "she opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." It is this grace that throws an irresistible charm over the natural beauties, and exhibits every moral and intellectual attainment in their most interesting point of view. While many other graces have a specific and limited operation, this is universal. When once it is implanted as a principle in the heart, it never ceases to grow, but is continually yielding the most delectable fruit. Every incident, however minute, and every event, however disastrous and mournful, constitutes alike an element in which this grace flourishes in all the luxuriance of eternal health. In the sick chamber, the social circle, and the drawing room, it furnishes from its own ample resources all that is most-soothing, attractive, and captivating—ever prompt without officiousness and deliberate without indifference. It invests its most trifling offices with an unspeakable value to those on whom they are conferred, and bestows the most costly presents with a liberality so pure and genuine as

to silence the most captious, and captivate the most scrupulous.

Of the conduct of others an amiable female is always charitable. The omission of attentions disturbs her not. She is ever ready to suggest a thousand reasons for a supposed injury; and should it be realized, she is satisfied with ONE. She knows she does not deserve it. In the absence of evil she invariably argues good.

Of her own conduct she is scrupulously guarded and rigidly exact. She remembers the language of a modern writer that "virtue in general is not to feel, but to do; not merely to conceive a purpose, but to carry that purpose into execution; not merely to be overpowered by the impression of a sentiment, but to practice what it loves, and to imitate what it admires." And thus loving and beloved, she progresses through the various stages of life, ornamenting all its interesting relations, and bestrewn the path of duty with flowers of sweetest fragrance. She closes her brilliant and beautiful course by gathering her duties together as a never-fading bouquet of flowers, binds them with her amiability, and bequeaths them to posterity. Then, full orb'd, she sinks beneath the serene and expansive horizon.

"Death steals but to renew with bloom
 The life that triumphs o'er the tomb.
 She died not, but hath flown.
 Live, live above! All beautiful here,
 What art thou in another sphere?
 An angel in their own."

A Blush.—What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word, a look, or a thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the *face*, the human face, that is capable of blushing! The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or the sock which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul! There, may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of his blind doctrine of chance.

He that abuses his *own* profession will not patiently bear with any one *else* that does so. This is one of our most subtle operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly *except* ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.

A citizen, seeing some sparrows on a tree, went beneath and shook it, holding out his hand to catch them as they fell.

THE GARLAND.

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