Pages Missing

THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I. HAMILTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1832. NO. 3.

ORIGINAL.

THE ROMANTIC LOVERS.

Henry Holmes and Mary Waters, the names I shall give the subjects of the following tale, were residents of the township of L——, in this province. The father of Henry, as to worldly wealth, was in rather easy circumstances; he had been a farmer in England, and was an early settler in this province.—The parents of Mary were poor, though comfortably settled on a small farm: they were from the States.

In this, then young province, it was customary for parents, whether wealthy or indigent, to send their children for the first few years, to a common country school. Henry and Mary, living but a short distance from one another, were sent to one of these schools to receive the first rudiments of their education.—They were at this time but children, of eight or ten years old. It was at this school, that the foundation of their budding affection and esteem for each other was first laid: although such young love may be esteemed transitory, it was certainly there that their hearts experienced that genial accordance with one another, which time could never eradicate. They were both children of precocious understanding: Mary in particular, was remarkable for her native gentleness of manners and intelligence. This early and innocent love for one another could be seen by presents interchanged, and a partiality for each other's company. They always walked home alone through the fields, and were often found wandering along the banks of the beautiful creek flowing thro' the neighborhood, plucking flowers, or listening to the songs of the thrush, robin, or canary, in May, when the fresh and balmy-scented forest yielded all its delights to flowery spring.

Mary Waters was a beautiful girl of ten—two years younger than Henry, with blue eyes auburn hair, florid complexion, and a lively turn of mind. Henry was a youth whose attractions and manliness of disposition gained over every one. The parents of Henry never encouraged, but frequently checked his partiality for his favorite Mary, whom he frequently met at church with his parents. Henry, however, was always welcome at the house of Mary's parents. It was about this time that Mary's father moved some distance off, to take possession of a small farm, left him as a legacy in the U. States: thus, to their great regret, were Mary and Henry parted, as they thought, forever. Henry, after this, was sent to an American seminary; where, however, it seems he never forgot his old playmate, from the poetic odes he composed on her beauty at different times. She was as far from forgetting him, as he was of forgetting her. She was often seen to muse alone on the banks of lake Ontario, near which she lived, and to wander in the spring among the most romantic scenery; indeed, the affection of these two young persons for one another was such that no time or length of separation could erase it. Henry, when in female company was always gay and polite, but still he never formed an affection for any one; but the older he grew, the more axious he seemed, to learn something of the history of Mary Waters.

Henry, after completing his education, had visited his friends in England and returned to Canada again. * * It was on one of these excursions in the State of New York, about the time of the breaking out of the late American war with Great Britain, that he stopped near the south-eastern shore of lake Ontario with a young friend for the night.—The evening was beautiful and mild, and every thing wore a more than usual gladsome and smiling appearance.

It was the first of June, and from the mildness of the weather, many people as was customary, had walked abroad to enjoy the freshness of the air; among whom, Henry and his friend took a walk along the banks of the lake. Having met many of the villagers, they saw two handsome and modest looking females approach, with whose appearance they were much interested. They had no sooner come even with them than Henry recognized in one of them his long sought-for Mary, who knew him likewise. They embraced each other, and after recalling many fond recollections, parted; Henry promising to call at her father's on his return.

Mary was at this time in her nineteenth year, and was a fine modest looking girl; plain but neat in her dress, and of very fascinating manners. She had lost her mother, and her father had moved to where he then resided, some years before; it was a beautiful spot, and he lived very comfortably. Mary and a son were his only children then at home—his two younger daughters had both married.

Henry found himself extremely welcome at the old man's cottage, and it was not long ere he found in Henry a son-in-law. Henry had found his father was averse to his intended marriage, and that in case of his disobedience he would be disinherited: but he felt confident that, did he not unite himself with Mary Waters, neither of them would ever be happy, he determined upon his union with her and was married accordingly, a month after their acci-

dental meeting. They would have lived happily together notwithstanding their poverty, had not Henry been of an ambitious disposition. Previous to their marriage he had got an appointment of Lieutenant in the regular forces stationed in Upper Canada, and in July following his marriage, which took place in June, he joined his regiment and was in most of the skirmishes that took place that summer with the enemy. The following winter he spent, chiefly with his wife; from whom he was called, on active duty, early in the spring of 1813. Henry had always been famous for his activity and enterprise in opposing the enemy, and from his acquaintance with the country, was frequently occupied in defending, hazardous posts, and in searching out the enemy. He thus became extremely hateful to the Kentuckian riflemen, and a marked object of revenge. It was from these he received a shot through the arm, which proved trifling. In one of his engagements with the enemy, most of his company were killed, and among the wounded was left, lieutenant Holmes. It was reported at the time, that he had been killed, as he was never seen afterwards. However, the way was, he had been wounded in the battle and from the loss of blood, was disabled from stirring from his situation, and was therefore, passed over as dead.

Mary Holmes was looking out daily for information from Henry. * * Month after month passed, and she receiving no information, gloomy forebodings of some misfortune having befallen him, disturbed her mind and clouded her happiness. * * One dark evening in December, as she was sitting by the fire in her father's cottage, where she still lived, a man came in and delivered her a letter, sealed with black wax. Giving her little boy, which was now seven or eight months old to her father she took courage with early anticipations of its contents, to open it. She saw the name of her dear Henry placed among the dead. She swooned away.

It is useless to acquaint the reader with the misery, one loving her husband so fondly as she did, must have suffered. Although she lived for her son, she was fast declining in health. She was ever reserved and melancholy. Thus she spent her mournful existence; often smiling upon her little child, when at the same time the gushing tear, as she traced the lineaments of his father in its face, stole down her pale and grief-worn cheek.

On the same evening in June as she was walking along the banks of her favorite lake, near the spot where she had met her Henry two years before, being dressed in mourning with her little boy in her arms, she saw a military-looking man advancing hastily towards her. He came immediately up to her before she recognized him,—having kept her eyes on the ground. He addressed her in the fondest way, and by name; when raising her eyes she beheld her Henry, as she thought, in a vision and fainted in his arms. She, however, with indescribable delight, soon beheld him in reality, whom she had long thought a tenant of the tomb.

The field of battle after the skirmish was ranged over by a party of hostile Indians, who finding the lieutenant alive, for he had revived, and his wounds were not mortal, but mostly flesh wounds. He was, therefore, made prisoner. It is a curious fact that the Indians frequently see in a prisoner something interesting, and thus spare his life where no mercy could have been expected. Henry was treated in a kind manner by these red-men, with whom he was a captive for seven months. He had now escaped from his Indian enemies, and had got entirely well of his wounds. He determined henceforth, never to disturb his domestic peace more, and resigned his commission the same summer.

Henry and Mary lived happily together many years after this occurrence: but have both departed this life now—dying nearly at the same moment. Their two children—a son and daughter, still survive.

Such is the history of two romantic, but unfortunate lovers, whose lives were mingled with much misery and happiness, and it would seem, Providential guidance. I will mention that at the time of their deaths, they were in comfortable circumstances: the father of Henry having bequeathed him a large portion of his property at his decease. C. M. D.

Power of Eloquence.—The accomplished sceptic, Chesterfield, was present when Whitfield presented the votary of sin under the figurge of a blind beggar, led by a dog. The dog had broken the string. The blind cripple with his staff between both hands, groped his way, unconscious to the side of a precipice.—As he felt along with his staff, it dropped down the descent, too deep to send back an echo.—He thought it on the ground, and bending forward, took one careful step to recover it. But he trod on vacancy—poised for a moment—and as he fell headlong,—Chesterfield sprang from his seat, exclaiming, "By heavens he is gone!"

A neat Repartee.—"Pray, sir,' said a young lady to the keeper of a circulating library, 'have you *Man as he is?*" "No, ma'am,' replied the other, wishing to accommodate her, and with no other meaning—'but we have *Woman as she should be.*"

Pope says, "the greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one a greater freedom of playing the fool.'

"'I laugh,' a would-be-sapient cried,
'At every one that laughs at me!'
"'Good Lord!' a sneering wag replied,
'How merry you must be.'"

SELECTED.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

AN APOLOGUE.

I walked out in the morning, when the mild Spring had spread her verdant mantle upon the fields and called forth the blossom and the bud—when the green shrub was expanding its leaves like the wings of the newly fledged bird, and the rills leapt gladly along in the sunlight,—and I marked and enjoyed the freshness and beauty of the scene; but a little flowret that bloomed lonely by the pathway arrested my attention, and I turned aside to contemplate its hues and admire the delicacy of its form. It was lovely, yet meek, and rich with fragrance, which it flung upon the light wings of the passing wind:—and I thought it an emblem of a young and guileless heart, it stood so unprotected in its innocence. I would not pluck it, although it looked so fair and inviting, but let it bloom upon its slender stem, to meet the sight of the next passer-by, and charm him with its sweetness.

I returned in the evening and sought for the gentle flower, but the cruel tread of the heedless stranger had been upon it and crushed it, and it lay on the ground broken and bleeding, unnoticed and alone. And I thought it, as it lay thus before me, an emblem of the human heart, when its delicate pride has been wounded by the thoughtless or the designing, who pass on their way and leave the stricken one to mourn in the silent desolation of the breast.

I moralized on the fate of the dying flower, and received from it a lesson which sunk deep into my mind. It taught me that only the great, the wealthy, and the powerful, are secure from aggression like this; and that their claims and pretensions are acknowledged and respected, whilst the humble, the innocent, and the unpretending, are slighted and despised, and their merits unseen and unrewarded.

Yet let not the proud one exult in the ascendancy which facticious advantages may have given him, nor the child of indigence lament the lowness of his lot; for peace and contentment may visit the cottage when they shun the lordly mansion, and the cares and discontents of the rich be excluded from the quiet hearthside of the poor—while even mid his bitterest repinings, the oppressed may find a consolation:—he knows that it shall not be thus always—that but a few years will suffice to level all; that the wave of time is sweeping onward forever, however man may wish to stay its course when the heaven above him is unclouded; and that all the myriad barks which crowd its bosom will like be dashed upon the shore of oblivion, and their shattered wrecks sink beneath the stormy surface of its waters. G. H. S.

Female Education.—A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from the volume of extracts; pray like a professor, and sing like a syren; have her dressing room decorated with her own drawing table, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Semphronia herself, and yet we shall insist that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance. But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts, yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. Though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a wife, a mother, and a mistress of a family.

A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. "Why, then, do you sleep without your shoes?" was the reply.

Original.

TO MISS M———.

Dear M. for thee I warmly breathe,
A wish that all thy future days,
Might pass as sweet as now, beneath
The state of hope's unrufled rays.

May friendship pure as morning dew,
Thy smile with odors ever greet;
Its radiance shed as bright a hue,
But not so frail, nor quick to fleet.

May science ope her golden gate,
And fill thy mind's exalted flow;
And virtue ever on thee wait,
As pure as diamonds dipp'd in snow.

May softest pleasures long be thine,
And may'st thou live beloved, and love—
And blessings ever on thee shine,
As do an Angel host above.

May an unmingled joy remain,
From sorrow, strife and follies free;
Till life be pass'd without a stain—
May you forever happy be.

PAUL.

ROGER DIMON.

Continued.

Among the persons who had become acquainted with Dimon at Montreal was a British Officer, Major Frazer, a man of unquestioned daring, but an unprincipled and notorious libertine. It was well known that Gen. Wilkinson was collecting his forces at Sackett's harbor and Grenadier Island, for a descent on Montreal, and Major Frazer was attached to the few battallions which Gen. Provost ordered from the latter place to Prescott to assist in checking their progress. Frazer had learned the history of Dimon's flight with the young Annette and as he immediately on his arrival at Prescott met with Dimon, he insisted on being permitted an acquaintance with the matchless woman.

"By heavens," said Frazer to Dimon, the next morning after his presentation to her, "I do not blame you for running away with that enchantress; I might myself have done as foolish a thing had as tempting and as beautiful a prize been thrown in my way."

"Frazer;" replied Dimon; "I do not consider a union with a lovely woman as a foolish act, especially when beauty is the least of her excellent and amiable qualities."

"Upon my honor Dimon you look and talk as sober as any bishop about this sham marriage of yours, I should not be surprised if the gypsy should flatter you into a real noose;" said Frazer in a tone of levity.

"There is no sham marriage in the case;" said Dimon sternly; "Annette's affectionate heart is too pure to trifle with."

"Heigho! I see how it is" was the response of the officer; "Roger Dimon is as deep in love as a school boy; the cunning girl did not practise her arts in the nunnery for nothing."

"Frazer, that beautiful creature is mine; we are married, and she must be spoken of and treated as my wife."

There was something in Dimon's manner which informed Frazer that he was not to be trifled with; but he threw no small degree of incredulity in his tone as he replied? "well I must believe you, but I should not have supposed that Roger Dimon could have been so caught by the dark eyes of a girl."

"If you knew her purity and worth, you would think differently."

"Purity;" sneeeringly repeated Frazer; "every one is pure until they are tempted."

A flush passed over the brow of Dimon; "Frazer you know Roger Dimon too well to suppose he can allow his honor or that of his wife to be trifled with. Let one disrespectful word be heard from your lips, and your life or mine is the forfeit. So saying he turned on his heel and walked away while Frazer muttered, "you shall tell a different story about her purity, wedded fool before long or my name is not Richard Frazer."

Full of his diabolical resolution he set himself seriously to work to destroy the happiness of Dimon and his young bride; and by assuming guise of perfect friendship and respect he found himself treated with the familiarity of a friend in the family he was basely plotting to ruin.

The descent of Wilkinson and his army for a while postponed his plans and it was not until the encampment at the French mills was broken up, and that fine army which under a competent leader would have ensured the conquest of Montreal had vanished like the mists of summer, that he found himself at the liberty to resume his projects. The winter passed, spring came, but he had made no progress; he had not in the least undermined the impregnable fortress of a pure heart. She would not understand the innuendoes in which he sometimes ventured to indulge; that feeling of propriety which is innate in woman made her revolt at the heartless manner in which he spoke of life's tenderest ties, and he soon found that he was becoming the object of her ill concealed aversion and abhorrence. The quick eye of Dimon saw the change which marked her reception of the officer, and he guessed the cause. Annette acknowledged the aversion she felt to his company, but as she well knew an avowal of the cause would be attended with fatal consequences to Frazer, she concealed her reasons in her own bosom. Frazer was not at all disposed to relinquish the pursuit and her coldness only served to inflame his passions. He was chagrined to think so inexperienced a creature should so long prove superior to his arts—his pride was roused, and he vowed be the consequences what they might she should not escape—and there was a feeling of demonaical gratification ran through his heart, at the thought that at one blow he should gratify his passions and humble the pride and confidence of Dimon and his beautiful bride. It was necessary if possible that Di-

noon should be within his power, and separated from Annette. Frazer knew enough of Dimon's course of life to know that he was in more than one instance amenable to the laws and with the secrecy which the act required, he sought from Gov. Provost an order for the apprehension of Dimon and his conveyance to Montreal to be tried for a treasonable correspondence with the Americans. Dimon was not insensible to the storm that was gathering;—he might easily have disposed of his principal enemy, but such an act might have injured his further prospect, and besides might have rendered necessary a separation from his wife. To avoid this, after consulting with Annette he determined to remove from the neighboring territory of the United States.—On the day that Frazer received his authority to apprehend Dimon, the latter with his young wife, and a single female servant all disguised left Prescott in a Kingston batteaux and proceeded up the river. Near that part of the St. Lawrence known by the name of the thousand Islands which at that season of the year, when every islet was crowded with the reviving freshness and flowers of Spring, when the majestick stream flowing in a thousand channels reflects from its mirrored surface the dark tops of cedar and willow that fringes its margin and dip in the wave, presenting one of the most quiet and beautiful scenes in the world; Dimon had in some of his excursions become acquainted with a Mr. M'Donald who in that lonely place and at the distance of a mile from the river had fixed himself, and where in spite of the dangers that threatened him from the commencement of the war, he and his wife determined to remain. Dimon knew he could place implicit confidence in McDonnell, and at that time he chose a residence where he should be little liable to notice. By his orders he was landed near the desired place, where he was welcomed with a warmth of feeling which denoted a full recollection of benefits conferred. In this romantic region the fair Annette again breathed freely, and in the escape of Dimon from the danger which threatened him, found an abundant recompense for all her privations.

Two months passed away, and Dimon visited Prescott, learned that although the closest scrutiny had been made by Frazer no trace of his flight had been discovered. At Ogdensburg he was at once recognised by an individual who had been pensioned as a spy by the disappointed officer. His motions were watched as he took no pains of concealment, and he was dogged up the river by the Indian, while information was conveyed across the river to Frazer. While at Ogdensburg Dimon made arrangements which rendered it necessary for him to be at Watertown on the Black River, the second day after his arrival at home. He mentioned his intentions to Annette, and said that to avoid the circuitous route of the lake, he should proceed directly through the immense forest that intervened between the two rivers by which course the journey could be made in a day. In the morning he saw his beautiful wife was in tears, a circumstance which the more surprised him, as to all the tender and delicate feelings of woman, she had uniformly added the greatest firmness; and, taking her hand as he slowly led her to a grove of pines at a little distance from the log hut of McDonnell, he inquired the cause of uneasiness; "Have you seen any thing in McDonnell which induces you to suppose he will betray his trust."

"No: of him I have no wish or cause to complain."

"Annette, I must learn from your lips the cause of these tears."

She looked at him wistfully a moment—the tears were trembling in her dark eyes—when she threw her arms around his neck and entreated him not to leave her.

"Annette," said Dimon, "I have always found you superior to ordinary grounds of alarm, and you must now assign a reason why you wish me to remain, and by so doing forfeit my engagement. If danger threatens you I will not leave you for the world—if not—" "You will laugh at me if I tell you why I fear," interrupted Annette. "God forbid that I should treat lightly any thing that interests your feelings so deeply; proceed."

"Last night I dreamed"—"A dream," interrupted Dimon with an expression of surprise. "I expected it,' said Annette; "but if you cannot agree with me, you will at least pity me." "Go on Annette;" was the reply. "I dreamed that you left me in the protection of these kind friends, and that you had scarcely gone when that dreadful man Frazer came to seize you, and there was blood shed; and I—" an involuntary shudder ran over the beautiful creature—"but no, I cannot tell you all—O sooner would I die a thousand deaths than have that dreadful dream converted into a reality."

"My Dear Annette," said Dimon, tenderly kissing her; "all this is but a dream, and you will soon lose the remembrance of these painful sensation. It is impossible that Frazer can have discovered our place of retreat, and should he, he'd better die than approach it; beside you must remember that I shall be absent but two days; no harm can happen to you in that time, I shall return, and a word that never yet was broken will remain inviolate."

Having thus in some measure pacified his wife, though her fears were not removed, he shouldered his rifle and plunged into the

woods, not without some forebodings on his part that all was not right. He arrived at Watertown, that evening, for his fears had added wings to his feet, and by ten o'clock had seen the individuals he wished, and was ready to return. This he was determined to do so soon as the moon, which arose at one, should furnish a sufficient light to guide thro' the wilderness he was to traverse on his way to the St. Lawrence. As he had mentioned to the landlord his intention of not retiring to rest, he was left alone in his room while the other inmates of the house gradually dispersed all became silent. There were a few coals on the hearth, sufficient to remove the chill of the evening, but not to furnish light to the apartment. The clock had struck twelve; the candle was expiring in the socket, the blaze now becoming almost extinct, and now flashing up with a sudden brilliancy, that revealed the extremity of the long and gloomy chamber. Dimon sat with his feet on the mantlepiece, his head leaning back, his eyes listlessly watching the shadows as they stretched over the walls in the rapid transitions from light to darkness caused by the taper, and with a feeling of impatience, occasionally glancing at the faint streaks of light which in the east denoted the rising moon. Suddenly he heard a shriek and a disturbance behind him; he turned his head and saw a woman struggling in the arms of a man who was evidently meditating some brutal violence. Dimon sprang from his chair, drew the dagger which he always wore, and flew to her rescue. He was about to plunge the dagger to the heart of the villain, when a clear and brilliant flash of light revealed to him the features of his own Annette, and those of the abandoned Frazer.—The desperate plunge of his weapon only met the impassive air, and before he could repeat the blow, the light expired, and all was total darkness and silence. Whether Dimon slept before or not, he was now fully awake—what he had thought of before as an ominous foreboding, was now to him converted into a reality, and seizing his rifle, he hurried from the house with the speed of one bent on an errand of life and death. It was with a strange mixture of hopes and fears, that Dimon pursued his homeward course, stopping not, except to catch hasty glances at the pocket compass he used to guide his steps. To be Continued.

Different modes of wearing Hats.—A man, who had fretted himself into ill health by his anxiety for a cardinal's hat, once asked his friend how he managed to enjoy such excellent health, while he himself was always a valetudinarian?

"The reason is,' replied the other, 'that you have your hat always in your head, and I have my head always in my hat."—*New-York Mirror.*

Dialogue between an Irish Innkeeper and an English Gentleman.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fair of Molingar and Ballinsnle are next week.

Eng. So I perceive—how are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you sir.

Eng. Have you any Mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine [buttermilk] to Burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter:—he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. O, sir, he'll drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so, I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soals?

Inn. For boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Psha! Have you any plaice?

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. A.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking glass.

LINES ON HIMSELF.

BY TOM WYNNE KING.

I am, perhaps, as you will say,
A very curious creature!
For I am changing every day,
My name, my shape, my nature.

I am Tom King—and so am known,
But is it not provoking?
Whenever I to jest am prone,
They tell me I am *Jo-King.*

Though fat I am as any bull,
With aptitude for sinking—
If I, by chance, seem rather dull,
They swear that I am *Thin-King.*

In figure, I am short and squat,
Yet if, with ladies walking,
I laugh, and chatter "and all that,"
They vow that I am *Tall-King.*

At night they do admit my claim,
When Sol to rest is sinking;
They call me by my proper name,
And really find me *Wynne-King.*

A good one.—A French officer quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for *money*, "while we Frenchmen,' said he, 'fight for *honor.*" "Yes, sir,' replied the Swiss, 'every one fights for that he most wants."

The Athenian Stage.—Such was the license of the Athenian stage, that at one period the names of the persons intended to be satirized were announced to the audience as part of the dramatis personæ. It is said Socrates was often present at the play of Aristophanes, in which he is so unmercifully lampooned.—This practice being forbidden by the laws, the comedians used masks, which accurately represented the faces of those intended to be ridiculed. This also was prohibited. Comedy afterwards became more decorous, as may be seen in the plays of Menander, but it lost much of its wit and vivacity.

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1832.

Critics.—Necessity compels us, for the benefit of a few would-be critics, to express *our* opinion, as regard what they are, their origin and their usefulness. Critics are a class of writers which lead their readers to the fountain-head of true sense and sublimity; teach them the first and infallible principles of convincing and moving eloquence, and reveal all the mystery and delicacy of good writing.—The origin of criticism was, in its beginning, a deep and philosophical search into the primary laws and elements of this kind of writing, as far as they could be collected from the most approved performances. In the contemplation of authors, the first critics not only attended to the power and different species of words—the force of numerous composition, whether in prose or verse—the altitude of its various kinds to different subjects, but they farther considered that, which is the basis of all, *the meaning of the sense.* This led them at once into the most curious of subjects: the nature of man in general—the different characters of men, as they differ in rank or age—their reason and their passions: how the one was to be persuaded, the other to be raised or calmed, and the places or repositories to which we may recur when we want proper matter for any of these purposes. To obviate an unmerited censure,—as if we were an enemy to the thing, from being an enemy to its abuse—we would have it remembered, it is not either with criticism or critics that we presume to find fault. The art, and its professors, while they practice it with temper, we truly honor; and think, that were it not for their acute and learned labors, we should be in danger of degenerating into "an age of dunces." Indeed, critics—if we may be allowed the metaphor—are a sort of masters of the ceremony in the court of letters, through whose assistance we are introduced into some of the first and best company.

Poetry—For the benefit of *some* of our readers, we will say as did Julius Scaliger, that "no one was ever a poet, or a lover of poetry, that was not an honest man." Would not this definition strike off a great many names from *their* roll of Parnassus, and greatly reduce the number of *their* readers?

To Correspondents.—It affords us no small satisfaction and pleasure in having received so many original communications, and we take this opportunity of returning our sincere thanks, and soliciting a continuance.

Oscar and Luthera, a tale, meets the desired approbation, and will be attended to.

The Maiden's Choice, is passable for the "first attempt."

There is not original enough in *An Adventure* to "find a place." The real Simon pure, we have in our possession.

El Donador is a good poet. Can we have a specimen of his prose in time for the fourth number?

"C. M. D." is welcome to our columns.—*My Native Land* we honor. *The Mermaid and the Mountain Swain*, is under consideration.

Paul may anticipate our meaning when we refer him to a prominent expression in the leading *heady-tory*-al article in the last 'quarterly.'

The Monthly Traveller.—This was for a long time a constant companion of ours, but for a few months past we have been deprived of it altogether. It is published at Boston Mass. monthly, by Badger & Porter; each number contains 40 pages.

The Casket.—To the "publisher" of this interesting "quarterly," we would merely say—"*c'est votre faute, si vous êtes dans misére.*" Que dit-on en ville? We advise him to get a patent for his *apology* and *dun*,—to accompany the forth-coming 'carricature' representing his "journey to Brantford." We do not wish to enter into sciomachy.

☞ Will the editors of the Hallowell Free Press and Brockville Recorder give "us" the credit, instead of *Mr. William Smith?*

POETRY.

Original.

TO ——.

On Ontario's banks my heart bounds with pleasure,
As on its sweet shores I ramble at leisure;
And view the broad scene of thy dark lake of blue,
With the maid that I love, by her lov'd as true.

Delightful the hour when with pleasure I hail,
The smile of my love and the new beaten trail,
On the much loved banks of the dark lake of blue:
To breathe out my heart, and her's for to sue.

How pleasant the banks near the Wind-mills retreat
Where Niagara's stream Ontario doth meet,
At ev'ning to roam in the sweet fallen dew;
With the maid that I love, by her lov'd as true.

And oft near thy shores on a calm summer night,
Have I told her my love by the moonbeam's light,
Requested her heart and imploring did sue
A return of affection, constant and true.

At length she consented to make my heart blest,
With rapture I pressed her sweet form to my breast!
And stole the first kiss from her lips, now I knew
That my love was return'd, by her I lov'd true.

Thus loving and lov'd with affection sincere,
Our moments glide sweetly devoid of all care:
May our union be blest, and sanctioned above,
By the Giver of Life and the Author of Love.

"EL DONADOR."

MISCELLANY.

THE GHOST.

'Tis about twenty years ago Abel, a short, round favored, merry old soldier of the revolutionary war, was wedded to a most abominable shrew—the temper of Shakspeare's Catharine, could no more be compared with her's, than mine with Lucifer's: her eye was like a weasel's—she had a harsh face, like a cranberry marsh, all spread with spots of white and red, as if she had the measels: with hair of the color of a wisp of straw, and a disposition like a cross cut saw. The appellation of this lovely dame was Ann, or Nancy—*don't forget the name.*

Her brother David, was a tall, goodlooking chap, and that was all: one of your great big nothings, as we say in Rhode Island; picking up old jokes, and cracking them on other folks. Well, David undertook one night to play the ghost and frighten Abel, whom he knew would be returning from a journey through a grove of forest wood, that stood below the house some distance—half a mile or so. With a long taper just made to cover a wig nearly as large over as a corn basket, and a sheet with both ends made to meet across his breast: (the way in which ghosts are always dressed;) he took his station near a huge oak tree, whence he could overlook the road and see whatever might appear.

It happened, that about an hour before, friend Abel had left the table of an inn, where he had made a halt with his horse and wagon, to taste a flagon of malt liquor, and so forth, which being done he went on caring no more for twenty ghosts, than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting—his patience was nearly exhausted; at length he heard the careless tone of his kinsmans' voice; and then, the noise of wagon wheels among the stones.

Abel was quite elated, and was roaring with all his might, and poured out, in great confusion scraps of old songs, made in the revolution.—His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton, and still he went on, scaring the poor whip-poor-wills among the trees, with rhymes like these:

"See the Yankees leave the hill,
With their bayonets declining,
With lopp'd down hats
And rusty guns and leather aprons shining."

"See the Yankees ——————"

"Whoa! why, what is that?' said Abel staring like a cat, as slowly on the fearful figure strode into the middle of the road.—'my conscience! what a suit of clothes? some crazy fellow, I suppose—halloo, friend, what's name; but the powers of gin, that's a strange dress to travel in!"

"Be silent, Abel, for I now have come to read your doom; then harken, while your fate I now declare: I am a spirit." "I suppose you are, but you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why, here is a fact which you cannot deny; all spirits must either be bad or good—that's understood; and be you good or evil, I am sure; if a good spirit, I am safe; if evil and I don't know but you may be the Devil—if that's the case you'll recollect, I fancy, that I am married to your sister Nancy.

Cavalier Courtship.—The ceremony of marriage among Kalmucks, is performed on horseback. A girl is mounted who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. After this she returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued; in this case she will not suffer him to overtake her. We were assured, that no instance occurs of a Kulmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer. If she dislikes him, she rides, *neck or nothing*, until her pursuer's horse becomes exhausted, leaving her at liberty to return, and to be afterwards chased by some more favored admirer.

A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

Rewards are proportioned to success, not to merit.—Success itself is a reward.

THE GARLAND.

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