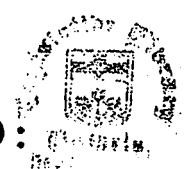


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THE

CANADIAN GARLAND:



A SEMI-MONTHLY

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LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME I.

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WYLLYS SMYTH, PUBLISHER.

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HAMILTON:

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1833.



## INDEX TO VOLUME I.



A True Story	1	Dis-Honesty rewarded,	6	Laughter,	7
Amiability,	16	Dialogue,	22	Letters,	14
A Blush,	16	Domestic Otter,	27	Literary trifles,	103
A busy pay-day,	27	Dignified conduct of a lady,	95	Light,	118
A short courtship,	40	Dress of a dandy in 1400,	111	Laird of Fawdonside,	122
A Judge's Advice,	43	Difference of opinion,	135	Literary trifles,	135
A Tale of the Sea,	44	Deny every thing,	175	Lord Oxford,	182
Adventure in the Woods,	46	Delirium Feticotum,	208	Man, a laughable animal,	3
A Studious Man,	48	Evening,	4	More than one,	35
Autumnal musings,	75	Esq, Brazenface,	67	Madame Lafayette,	48
Anecdote,	78	Expiation,	129	Monotony,	152
A Sketch,	88	Embarrassing answer,	138	Merely a hint,	166
Anecdote,	94	Extract,	198	Mutton's baby,	167
Ancient Philosophers,	94	Female Education,	19	Military pride,	167
Absence of mind,	04	Establishing,	00	No Judge of Painting,	6
A fair inference,	95	Finn's last,	80	Natural Wonders,	27
Anecdotes,	95	Friendship,	80	Natural Inference,	67
Anecdotes,	111	Flying Fish,	125	Natural history,	119
Anecdotes,	127	Female writers,	134	Napoleonide,	150
A matrimonial breeze,	139	Good advice,	32	Oscar and Luthera,	25
Anticipation,	147	Gambling,	51	Officer of the Guard,	30
An alderman's wit,	159	Genius,	67	Power and Independence,	7
Anecdote,	160	Gratitude,	72	Pussion,	11
A journal of life,	172	Genteel impudence,	135	Pleasures of News,	11
A sketch,	184	Gigantic effort,	200	Power of Eloquence,	18
A good run of business,	184	Heroine's Hand,	6	Patent,	43
Anecdote,	196	Hurry and Despatch,	79	Plagiarism,	80
Butcher's Bill,	3	Hope,	117	Peter the Great,	118
Bad Company,	7	History,	122	Persian story,	135
Brewing,	32	Housekeeper and robber,	139	Popping the question,	138
Bandit's test,	118	Holy water,	182	Profit and loss,	171
Chinese Ingenuity,	8	Humanity rewarded,	185	Proverbs,	175
Cavalier Courtship,	24	I'm Of,	3	Qualities of Women,	72
Character,	47	Impudence,	39	Roger Dimon,	9
Conundrum,	94	Irish Johnstons,	51	Reward of Merit,	30
Conundrums,	144	Industry rewarded,	165	Rules for ladies,	119
Consistency rewarded,	164	If you ever noticed it,	175	Reminiscence of the war,	137
Carvick,	167	Jupiter and the horse,	198	Reply courtly,	138
Cutting mistake,	167	Journey in Algiers,	207	Rather snarly,	144



THE PUBLIC.

The design of this work is to put into action the literary energies of the Canadas; to put in motion again pens that have for a long time laid in sluggish inactivity, merely for the want of an emanating medium. We have long been convinced that "many a flower is born to blush unseen" in this province, and that many a polished author is compelled to contribute to exotic journals, or remain in obscurity. To expiate this and to elide the rock that has long concealed the diamonds of our country, we now pretend our proposals to a generous public.

The GARLAND will be devoted exclusively to Literature—Original and Selected Tales—Poetry—Amusing Miscellany, &c. &c. Several highly talented individuals have engaged to favor us with their communications, which together with the literary miscellanies of the day, we shall be enabled to furnish as good a variety of useful and interesting matter as is

usually expected in a work of this kind, and our exertions to render it a most instructing and welcome visitor to the saloons of society, will be indefatigable. As a specimen of what we intend the GARLAND shall be, we refer our readers to the present number.

The GARLAND will be published every other Saturday, on fine Super-royal paper, with good type, making at the end of the year, a volume of 208 large 8vo. pages, with the addition of a title-page and index, in a suitable form for binding, and afforded to subscribers at the low price of *One Dollar and Fifty Cents*.

Any person procuring and becoming responsible for six subscribers and agreeing to pay \$9 at the end of the year, shall receive seven copies.

All Communications relative to the GARLAND, must be addressed to the subscribers free of postage.

W. SMYTH.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

A True Story,	1
Scene in Philadelphia,	3
I'm Off,	3
Butcher's Bill,	3
Man, a laughable animal,	3
The Fickle Man,	4
Evening	5
Heroine's Hand,	6
Scene in Europe,	6
Dis-Honesty Rewarded,	6
Sell-Fish Motive,	6
No Judge of Painting	6

Notice to Patrons,	7
Notice to Correspondents,	7
Social Intercourse,	7
Power and Independence,	7
Laughter,	7
Bad Company,	7
Spiders, excellent Barometers,	7
The Forger,	8
Chinese Ingenuity,	8

POETRY.

The Warrior's Steed,	8
The Garland,	8

To Merchants, &c.

From such of our advertising friends as would encourage us in our undertaking, we solicit a share of patronage. We intend, with their assistance, to issue the cover as an advertiser.

# THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1838.

NO. 1.

## ORIGINAL.

### A TRUE STORY.

The father of our heroine descended from one of the best families in the King of England's domains. Early embracing the hardships of the camp and by his upright demeanor, he soon won the confidence of his commanding officer, who appointed him his aid. From this he rose to the rank of general; and the following season in an action with the French and Indians, this gallant officer was defeated and slain, and his daughter thrown upon the charity of a cold and unfeeling world; yet she was as lovely as the Madona of Raphael, and as sensible as the noblest woman that ever sent the breathings of mind around a gifted circle. But alas! she was imprudent; still she was pure in reputation and honor.

She had arrived at the age of nineteen, when the crowd of lovers, and the continual repetition of new flattery, had taught her to think she could never be forsaken, and never poor. Among the number of Miss B's. lovers, was the celebrated character S. who, at the time we refer to, went by the name of the good-natured man. This person, with talents that might have done honor to humanity, suffered himself to fall at length into the lowest state of debasement. He followed the dictates of every new passion; his love, his pity, his generosity, and even his friendship, were all in excess. He appeared unable to make head against any of his sensations or desires, but he was constitutionally virtuous. This S., who at last died in gaol, was Miss B's. envied favorite.

It is probable that his idea was simply the enjoyment which could and did arise from Miss B's. conversation. He only courted to flatter—while the lady's thoughts were fixed on happiness. At length, however, his debts amounted to a considerable sum, and he was arrested and thrown into prison. He endeavored at first, to conceal his situation from the beauty's knowledge, but she soon became acquainted with his distress, and took a fatal resolution of freeing him from confinement by discharging all the demands of his creditors.

The famous R. N. was at that time in M. and represented to the thoughtless young lady that such a measure would effectually ruin both; that so warm a concern for the interests of S. would, in the first place, quite impair her fortune in the eyes of the male sex, and what was worse, lessen her reputation in those of her own. These admonitions, however, were disregarded; and she too late, found the prudence and truth of her adviser. In short, her small fortune was by this means exhausted,

and with all her attractions, she found her acquaintances began to disesteem her, in proportion as she became poor.

In this situation she had an invitation to visit the youthful city of Q. Upon her first appearance, ladies of the highest distinction courted her friendship and esteem; but a settled melancholy had taken possession of her mind, and no amusements that they could propose were sufficient to divert it. Yet still, as if from habit, she followed the crowd in its levities, and frequented those places, where all persons endeavor to forget themselves in the bustle of ceremony and show.

Her beauty, her simplicity, and her unguarded situation, soon drew the attention of a designing wretch, who, at that time, kept one of the card-rooms at Q. and who thought that this lady's merit, if properly managed, might turn to good account. This woman's name was L—y, a creature, who, though vicious, was in appearance sanctified, and though designing, had some wit and humor. She began, by the humblest assiduity, to ingratiate herself with Miss B.; showed that she could be amusing as a companion, and by frequent offers of money, proved that she could be useful as a friend. Thus by degrees, she gained an entire ascendancy over this poor, thoughtless, deserted girl; and in less than one year, viz: about 172—, Miss B. without ever transgressing the laws of virtue, had entirely lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for card-playing at dame L—y's, Julia, as she was then familiarly called, was sent for, and she was obliged to suffer all those slights which the rich but too often let fall upon their inferiors in fortune.

Although in the course of three years she was in the very eye of the public, yet it has been averred, that no other vice was perceivable in her, save that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming table, and at her own hazard, playing for the amusement and advantage of others. R. N., although a fool, possessed a kind heart, and he induced her to break off all connexion with dame L—y, and to rent part of a house in M— Square, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, regularity and virtue.

In this situation her detestation of life still continued; she found that time would infallibly deprive her of part of her attractions, and continual solitude would impair the rest.—With these reflections she would frequently entertain herself and an old faithful female servant, on the beautiful plains around the city. She would even sometimes start questions in company, with seeming unconcern,

in order to know what act of suicide was easiest, and which was attended with the smallest pain. When tired of exercise, she generally retired to meditation; and she became habituated to early hours of sleep and rest.—But when the weather prevented her usual exercise, her sleep was more difficult, and she made it a rule to rise from her bed and walk about her chamber until she began to find an inclination for repose.

This custom made it necessary for her to order a burning candle to be kept all night in her room. And the servant-maid usually when she withdrew, locked the door and pushed the key under it beyond reach; by that method her mistress lay undisturbed till morning, when she arose unlocked the door, and rang the bell, as a signal for the maid to return.

This state of regularity and prudence continued for some time, until the gay and celebrated Miss B. became a governess in the family of the gentleman who occupied the remaining part of the house in M. Square. She was unable to keep company for want of the elegancies of dress; and she had too proud a heart to seem to want them. The fashionable, the amusing, and polite in society, now seldom visited her, and from being once the object of every eye, she was now deserted by all, and preyed upon by the bitter reflections, of her own imprudence.

The gentleman in whose house she was a governess, and part of his family, were absent on a tour of pleasure; Miss B. was left with the rest at Q. She sometimes saw Mr. N. and acknowledged the friendship of his admittions, though she refused to accept any other marks of his generosity than that of advice. Upon the close of the day on which the part of the family absent, were expected to return, she expressed some uneasiness at not seeing them come home, took particular care to settle the affairs of the family, and then, as usual, sat down to meditate. She at length conceived the horrible resolution of leaving a life, in which she could see no corner for comfort; and terminating a scene of imprudence, in suicide.

Thus resolved, she arose and walked to the window, and wrote the following lines on one of the panes of glass:

“O Death! thou pleasing end of human woe!  
Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!  
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,  
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.”

She then went to meet some friends who had called to see her, with the most cheerful serenity; talked of indifferent subjects till supper, which she ordered to be got ready in a little library belonging to the family. There she spent the remaining hours, preceding bed time, in fondling two of the children. In retiring from thence to her chamber, she went into the nursery to take her leave of another

child, as it lay sleeping in its cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the consciousness of her meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears, and clasping it to her aching heart. \* \* \*

She then bid her old servant a good night, for the first time, and went to bed.

It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with an alternation of passions, before she yielded to the impulse of despair.—She dressed herself in clean linen, and white garments of every kind—like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her bosom, just as a nurse pins the swaddling clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread. The end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots at a small distance from one another.

Thus prepared she sat down and read; for she left the book open at that place, in the story of Olympia, where Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined and left to the mercy of an un pitying world. This tragical event encouraged her to go through her fatal purpose; so, standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle, which was tied around her neck over a closet door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended. However, her weight broke the girdle, and the miserable woman fell upon the floor with such violence, that her fall awakened a person who slept in a remote part of the house.

Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room, as her usual custom was when she wanted sleep; and the servant imagining it to be only some ordinary accident, again went to rest. She now had recourse to a stronger girdle made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended until she died.

Her aged servant continued in the morning to wait as usual for the ringing of the bell, and protracted her patience, hour after hour, until two o'clock in the afternoon; at length an entrance was made through the window, and the unfortunate woman was found still hanging and quite cold.

Thus ended a female wit, a toast, and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken.—Formed for the delight of society—fallen by imprudence, into an object of pity. They who once had helped to impair her fortune, now regretted that they had assisted in so mean a pursuit. \* \* \* \* \* The remembrance of every virtue she was possessed of was now improved by pity. **QUILQA.**

REMARKS.—An awful moral is contained in this tale; but we hope that no female at the present day, will ever be put in a situation in which the above lesson will be necessary to be read as a warning.

## A SCENE IN PHILADELPHIA:

John Parsons is a terrible boy. He astounds all Water-street whenever he commences being jolly. John is good-humored and handsome, two qualities that soften indignation, and to which he owes his many escapes from the power of the police; for the females of Johnny's neighborhood would rather be affronted by beautiful Johnny than have such a darling sent to prison.

Very naturally Johnny presumed upon this and considered himself the *Jupiter Tonans* of Water-street. On Monday night the watchmen heard a scream, and running in the direction of the sound, he met a young woman flying before Johnny; whose powers of locomotion were happily retarded by the high pressure or steam under which he went. The woman was rescued, and Johnny taken into custody. After this was told, Johnny spoke:

It is very fine. All very fine.

What is very fine?

The story; but it is not true. I saw no woman except a hoghead of sugar. He says I was drunk. That's not true either.

What do you call being drunk?

When I can't stand. The fact is my head, sir, my head. I was puzzled; much puzzled and sat down to consider.

To consider what?

My way home to be sure, because I was puzzled.

Is it usual for you to consider your way home when you are sober?

Sometimes.

Do you always sit down for consideration?

It's more agreeable and quite as easily done. It saves shoe-leather.

You were drunk John; are you not ashamed?

Hum—wiser men than I have been drunk.

You must be fined, or go to jail.

As for the fine, you will find it tough work to knock that out of me. I tell you that for your comfort.

Take him away officers.

Hold on, Charles; I want to consider.

But it was now too late for consideration, and Johnny was forced to retire.—*Pennsylvanian*.

"P'm Off"—As the fly said that lit on the mustard pot. The story is this:

A fly, in pursuit of sweets, honey or sugar, descended upon an open pot of mustard, mistaking it, probably for St. Croix. What a disappointment! The one so delicious—the other so odious, so suffocating. Two Indian Chiefs were once at table: one of them seeing other guests taking mustard with their roast beef, helped himself to a spoonful, and swallowed the whole at a dose. Too stoical to complain, he preserved imperturbable serenity of muscle, involuntary tears only marking his

internal agony. "Why you weep?" inquired the brother chief. "Thinking of my father's death," was the reply. Presently the other, who had seen his fellow taste the mustard, helped himself, and swallowed the fiery potion. Tears streamed apace. "And why those sighs of sorrow?" inquired the first. "I was sorrowing," replied the other, "that you had not been buried with your father." The fact is, that to the fly, as to the Indian, the mustard was a complete take-in.

A young man went to pay his addresses to a pretty girl, whom he had seen abroad, neat as a pink, and mild as a summer evening; all smiles and dimples. Going in unexpectedly one day, he heard the voice of his charmer an octave above, and at least a demi-semiquaver too rapid for good nature. Standing a moment, he saw her pass; those silken tresses in wild disorder, "streaming like a meteor to the troubled air," slipshod; the heel of one stocking torn half off. It was not the dishabille of industry, but the garb of the slattern. Amazed, the lover gazed a moment, then crying, "I am off," as the fly said, and took his departure forever.

Such a girl, so neat in public, so sweet before company, I look upon as a piece of venerated work, a thin covering of beautiful stuff, put on for show, concealing the rough and unsightly material of which the article is mainly formed.

How many hundred instances in life is mustard taken for sugar: In politics, in trade, especially in pleasure.

But as I write to be read, and of all things should be mortified to see any one gaping over my youthful lucubrations—"P'm off."

*Anecdote*.—We knew a butcher who received his medical bill in Latin: he demanded an explanation from the physician with whom he was familiar, the other jocosely replied, "look at the bottom, (the sum total,) that's enough for you." The butcher made no reply, but next day called in an old Swedish soldier, who happened to live near, and requested him to copy a butcher's bill in his own language, which bill was directed to the physician, and was made to amount to the precise sum that the physician's bill did, and when an explanation was required, of course it was given in the language of the physician himself, "Look at the bottom, that's enough for you."

*Laughable*.—It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl, "and you may add, perhaps he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

## SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.  
THE FICKLE MAN.

Yes—I must confess—in fact there would be no use in denying—every body knows it—I am—I always have been—I always shall be—a *fickle* man. I have no fixed opinions, no fixed wishes, no fixed passions, no fixed prejudices, or partialities, or antipathies. I am the regular creature that men talk so slightly of, that women hate so. Nature, nature, why didst thou create me fickle? That one fault has swallowed up all my accomplishments, all my virtues.

I am ingenious, affectionate, talented, well-informed, and withal, (so people say,) rather peculiar for good appearance and interesting address. But they have a cant way of talking about me, as, “he is certainly a fine fellow, but then” (fancy the face drawn up into an expression of half pity and half contempt,) “but then he has no *stability*. He is fickle as the wind.”

Well! so I am; and I must bear the consequences; and so I will, let hum-drum people with stability and fidelity, and all that, say what they please. I hate stability. Heaven formed me of fine, stable materials, susceptible to every impression, full of fire and enthusiasm. What they call stability is *selfishness*, the want of noble and uncontrollable impulses. The existence of such persons is confined within the narrowest circle. They are like certain animals or insects. Your spider, now, is a stable, faithful, precious character. He sits all night and all day in his dark dusty corner, weaving his murderous web, ignorant of all the magnificent operations around him. Suppose he had a heart to feel the glowing charms of nature, would not he often times abandon his lowly task? and then the people would grieve that he had not *stability*.

As the world is, however, my disposition subjects me to many misconstructions. In business matters I am shunned by all who know me. In affairs, of the heart, heaven help me, I fear I have got my reputation for a sad fellow, but upon my soul I cannot help it. Let me give you a brief account of my last year.

I met Charlotte A— at a jam, in — street. She was the belle of the evening, and her beauty, wit, and animation unmanned me quite. With what taste she dressed! Sure some *perukier* from Paris had modeled her rich hair so ingeniously. The saucy New-York fashions. What daring spirit set them? They are worthy of the genius of Napoleon. Their audacious elegance appeared to me graceful as the lovely being who wore them, and what with dancing, waltzing,

singing and eating ices, I—I—fell in love with Charlotte, and she with me.

She reminded me of those superb lines by the author of Lillian.

“She sketched—the vale, the wood, the beach  
Grew lovelier from her pencil’s shading;  
She botanized—I envied each  
Young blossom in her boudoir fading.  
She warbled Handel—it was grand,  
She made the Catalani jealous  
She touched the organ—I could stand  
For hours and hours and blow the bellows!”

I should certainly have married Charlotte, had I not the next week met her sister. Fancy can picture no beings more unlike. The first was I soon found out, a great tall forward girl, who had flirted with all the handsome men in town. But Laura! a rose-bud just uncurling its leaves—a dove seeking the loneliest shade—a creature so gentle and pure, that to see her and not to love her, would have been in me—no fidelity, but stupidity. Why should I *not* love her? She was every way better than her sister, both in person, mind and disposition. When I compared their dress I was compelled to make up my mind at once. Charlotte has a child’s passion for finery and gewgaws. I had been dazzled by her complexion. I had looked into her eyes, and taken it for granted that the mind was as beautiful; and I had not seen that her heart was trifling and her soul low—that she had no intellect and no feeling—that she snapped at a good offer of matrimony as a codfish snaps at a baited hook—and that, in short, she was not the woman to make me happy. No Charlotte, I said to myself, thou hast deceived me: I deceived myself, I thought I loved thee, but I loved thee not. It was a spirit of my own imagination, which I conceived dwelt in thy form—to marry thee would make us both miserable. So I abandoned myself entirely to my passion for Laura. Never shall I forget the impression the first sight of her made upon me. After the tinsel and glitter both in the apparel and manners of her sister, how grateful to my observation was her quiet demeanor; the hair parted so simply over her forehead—her dress so proper, and obviously arranged to avoid notice. The dress of a modest woman is the thing after all, however unfashionable such an affair certainly is. I’ll tell you the identical moment when I fell in love with Laura. It was one afternoon in summer on a walk. I had been rather interested in watching her actions, but never dreamed of loving her, till a casual remark was made by one of the party. It appeared strange to me; but no one noticed it. I passed my eyes deliberately over every face to detect an expression of that feeling which it had awakened in my breast. No one responded with even a glance, till I came to her. Her eyes were fixed on a flower which she held in her fingers. I observed her face. Did you ever in nature gaze on any thing more



beautiful than the expression on a sweet woman's features, while she is quietly engaged in a pleasurable thought? When she looked up, my first thought was that she had precisely my own idea of what had been said.—My second—that it was exceedingly strange I had seen her so often, without perceiving how superior her beauty was over that of all her companions. My third—that if any one was in love with her; and my fourth, that I was actually in love with her myself. I offered her my arm immediately. She accepted it with the sweetest of sweet smiles. By heaven, she was an angel! Her voice—the tone of a running brook was not more full of nature's own melody, and her mind—

Now what was I to do? I was positively engaged to Charlotte. But what of that? Could a contract entered into through a mistake, excuse me for swearing at the altar that I would ever love her? It would be downright —. No I would not "lay perjury to my soul; so I wrote her a civil note, couched in the most delicate terms, and calculated not to wound her feelings. I felt like a scoundrel when I sealed the letter. Every thing that I had ever read about broken hearts came up in my memory; I thought of Mr. W. Irving's delicious bit of poetic prose, and I recollected, "she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless," &c. I had not well finished my reveries, when the messenger brought her reply, which stated, "that she was extremely happy to find I had taken off her hands the trouble of breaking from a match which must eventually unhappily." "Gracious heavens!" said I to myself, quite glad to find I was no murderer, but a little piqued, notwithstanding; "what an escape have I had!"

I was soon on such terms with Laura that we had only to name the day. I sat one morning in my office, alone and thoughtful. "Dear Laura," said I to myself, "how happy will thy artlessness make me! Thy pure trusting innocence—thy very ignorance of the world"—(I think ignorance in a woman is becoming, it flings her so under the control of her husband.) "Laura knows nothing of the world. She cares for it so little that she has not even taken pains to acquire those accomplishments which would make her appear well in fashionable society. She does not draw—and paint and dance—and play and sing. These are allurements which lead to dissipation. Dear Laura, thou art made for me."

I was interrupted by the entrance of an intimate friend. He knew me well and I unbosomed myself to him.

"Yes, dear Tom, I am going to marry."

"And whom?"

"Dear Tom, the loveliest of her sex."

"Fiddlesticks; so you said to Mary B.—

ditto, Henrietta L.—ditto, Anna V.—ditto, —"  
"But, Tom, these things were merely the ebullitions of a boyish fancy; they were bubbles which broke—dreams—all nonsense; but now, I am not only in love, but actually engaged—engaged; and I am this very morning waiting to receive from her, sole object of my everlasting love, a letter, naming the day that is to make us happy—and, by Jupiter, here it is!"

A boy entered, and handed me the letter. It was the first I had ever received from her. I kissed it—pressed it to my bosom—kissed it again, then opened it, and read—

"MY DEER W.—I am now thine forever and ever—so shall not make no bones of saying that next Tuesday night two weeks shall be the period of our union.—Yours affectionately,—LAURA."

I put up the letter. I recollected at that moment, that I had been told something of her sickness in early life, and backwardness in education. My friend wished me joy, and as soon as he had gone, I answered the letter, saying, that some unexplicable accidents in my pecuniary matters had reduced me so far as to render matrimony out of the question. She never replied to the letter. These are a few of the disadvantages we fickle men feel.

I am ashamed to confess how little pain I suffered from this disappointment. I fore-swore all womankind however; as I had done several times before, and resolved to apply myself to mathematics, so I shut myself up in my study, resolved to admit no one, and to spend all my leisure moments there alone. I had just moved into the house. Some one tapped at the door—heavens, what a lovely creature! fresh as a full-blown rose. She curtsied, blushed, and spoke very prettily to tell me her master had sent her to know whether I "wanted anything." "By Jove," said I, as I closed the door, "is it possible I am in love again?"

*Evening.*—There are two periods in the life of man, in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and in old age. In youth, we love it for its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its then rich and soothing shades, its still serenity; amid these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless sabbath there—or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and look and listen until we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other worlds. To youth, evening is delightful it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervor of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is, also, the delight of virtuous age: as it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation.

## SELECTIONS.

## A HEROINE'S HAND.

The hand of the heroine of a novel is always small. Whatever may be the size of the lady herself, she must be sure to have a tiny hand. This the novelist gives her by prescriptive right, and as a necessary mark of beauty. We suppose they go upon the same principle that the Chinese do in relation to a lady's foot. And yet our Christians ridicule the Pagan taste of the gentry of the Celestial Empire.

But why should a small hand be accounted a characteristic of beauty? If we rightly understand the matter, a hand, or foot, or nose, in order to look well, should be in due proportion to the rest of the body. It is not the smallness of the limb that makes it beautiful—but the just relation it bears to the parts. A small hand, therefore, unless it be upon a small person, is an absolute deformity; and the novelists, while they think themselves beautifying their heroines by giving them tiny hands, are making them absolute frights.—They are for the most part tall and personal ladies as one would meet with on a summer's day; but they have the most contemptible little hands that ever any poor creature was disfigured with.

But perhaps there may be a reasonable motive, at least in the minds of the male novelists, for giving their heroines small hands—namely, the security of their husbands' ears. But would it not be better to provide the husbands with wigs, and allow the ladies to have hands of a decent size? For our own part we are absolutely tired of seeing the heroine of every novel put off with such shocking little hands. Do, gentlemen authors, get something original; your stock of small hands must be nearly exhausted, by this time.

*A Scene in Europe.*—At the foot of a lofty hill, crowded to the summit with the richest verdure, peeped out from among encircling brushwood and straggling elms, a miserable mud cabin. A streak of smoke rolling up through the green trees, was the only sign that met my eye of its being inhabited. The sun was up, and over the deep blue heavens, the thin clouds lay sleeping. It was the hour between sunrise and the full blaze of day.—A stillness seemed to be around the spot, and I felt an indescribable sensation creep over me as I drew near the house. I paused at the entrance. A low murmuring kind of a sound stole upon my ear, and again all was hushed. I gently opened the door and bent myself forward, as if to ascertain, unnoticed, what was passing within. I saw at the first glance that death had been there. The apartment on the threshold of which I now stood, was of the meanest construction. It was without a

single piece of furniture that deserved the name. In one corner of it a dead body lay stretched out, very slightly covered with a tattered coat, and a cold kind of horrible feeling ran through my very soul, and I would probably have shrunk away from any further investigation, if I had not been suddenly arrested by a soft sweet voice, mingled with a low groan somewhat like a death-rattle that seemed to issue from the same apartment.—I turned my head around and beheld a sight that chained me, as if by magic, to the ground. O, it was heart-thrilling to behold! On a bundle of straw, a woman somewhat in years, lay apparently in the agonies of death. Near her head hung, reclining in deep sorrow, a beautiful little half-naked child. On one side a lovely girl, about thirteen years of age, knelt with a Bible clasped in her thin slender hands, with which she was endeavoring to comfort her dying mother. \* \*

*Dis-Honesty Rewarded.*—Charley M'Quiz was walking the other day just behind an acquaintance of his, when perceiving his handkerchief hanging from his pocket, he pulled it quite out—and giving to a lad he met, bade him hand it to the gentleman, and say he had just picked it up. The lad did as he was desired, and the owner admiring his honesty, pulled out a shilling and gave him. The boy put the shilling in his pocket and laughed in his sleeve. M'Quiz laughed aloud, and the hoaxed gentleman, after discovering the trick, laughed right out—of the wrong side of his mouth.—*Constellation.*

"Jemmy," said a gentleman to his servant, "where did you get this fish from? it's a very bad one." "Why, sir, I got it from our fish-woman, and I don't know what motive she could have had to sell me a bad fish." "It must have been a *sell-fish* motive, Jem."

A fair fashionable, lately united to one of the most dashing dandies of the day, having cause to complain of neglectful behavior, the bride-groom replied, "Have patience, my dear; I am like the *prodigal son*, and will reform by-and-by." "And I, sir," replied the spirited bride, "will *also* be like the prodigal son." "In what particular, madam?" "I will arise and go to my father."

"Why did you not admire my daughter?" said the Lady Archer to a gentleman. "Because," said he, "I am actually no judge of *painting*!" "But surely," rejoined her ladyship, "you never saw an angel that was *not* painted."

A writer in the New-York Constellation proposes the following as the eleventh commandment: *Thou shalt not waltz.*

## 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 unrequit,  
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 ideas; 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.

## POETRY.

## THE WARRIOR'S STEED.

With my glittering helm and my corsicet of steel,  
The sword on my thigh, and the spur on my heel,—  
How light was the touch on my steed's jetty mane,  
As I leaped to the saddle, and loosened the rein!

"My courser, my courser! how gladly we fly  
From the quiet of home to the shrill battle cry,—  
From the spot where my childhood contentedly strayed  
To the thrust of the lance and the jar of the blade!"

"The shriek of the wounded comes borne on the gale,—  
The poor orphan's sob, and the sad widow's wail:  
And soon may my father and mother deplore,  
A son and a brother they'll welcome no more!"

"My courser, my courser! dash gallantly on,  
Where the havoc is reeking and glory is won;  
Unheard is the prayer and unheeded the woe,  
When vengeance is sought at the breast of the foe!"

He bore me through field, and he bore me through flood,  
O'er the ranks of the slain where the bravest had stood;  
And spurned was the breach by my steed's foaming pride,  
Where the desperate struggled, and noble had died.

But that victory gained, by the just and the strong,  
And the joys which to conquest and glory belong,  
Aye swept from the mind; for new conquests and spoil  
Since have honored the frobourn, who fought for their soil.

The soldier's brow wrinkles with badges of war,  
And his horse's broad chest will show many a scar;  
But both can remember their first Udoan field,  
Where the patriot taught the proud foomer to yield.

A wife now reclines on her warrior lord,  
Who won what he hath by the blade of his sword;  
And those parents are watching their children, who feed  
With crumbs from the casement their father's old steed!

The eye of the horse will ne'er lighten again,  
Yet it glows as the child strokes the long silken mane;  
And the son of the soldier already will dare  
To mount the old charger, in mimic of war!"

Years! years! that have crippled the hardy and fleet,  
That have sprinkled the brow of the soldier with sleet,—  
Ye have not divided, nor lessened, the force  
Of affection which rivets the knight to his horse.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE FORGER.

A few years ago I became acquainted with a most interesting family. There was a father and mother, and an only child. They were in affluent circumstances, and were both deeply pious. They watched with paternal care over the unfolding beauties of their dear little girl.—She grew up fair and lovely, and no chilling blasts were permitted to blow upon the delicate form of Jane. In a few years she sprung up into womanhood. The hearts of the doting parents became still more attached and they looked forward with deep anxiety to the future, hoping that they should be attended down to the grave in peace, by their lovely daughter. She had many suitors, and many offers; but one after another were rejected. At length there came one—he was a stranger, from a distant part of the country. His appearance was prepossessing. There was a blandness and softness in his manners, which is ever sure of gaining an interest in a female's heart. He was reputed rich, and became the professed admirer of Jane. Her heart was his; and the parents, after many misgivings of mind, consented that he should have her hand. Preparations were making for the wedding—the guest

were invited; but three days previous to the celebration of the nuptials, he was arrested for forgery, and thrown into prison. I visited him many times during his confinement.—At length the verdict of the jury was given against him. He was sentenced by the court to ten years imprisonment in the state prison. After the decree was known, I called to see him. As I approached the cell, the turnkey observed to me, there is a lady within. It was the wretched Jane. In three short weeks she had been thrown from the height of earthly happiness. She appeared wan and pale, and broken-hearted, the very shadow of her former self. She had come to bid him farewell—the voice of justice had condemned him—she alone, that young and lovely creature, was the only human being, save myself that did not execrate his name, and desert him in the night of adversity. The scene was truly touching. He tried to palliate his guilt, but he had unknown to her, been accustomed to dip too deep in the accursed bowl;—and in an evil hour, while under its baneful influence, he committed the fatal deed that destroyed himself and blighted the hopes of a sweet family, consigning the beautiful Jane to an early grave.

They parted, never to meet again in this world. I stayed with the unfortunate young man until he was carried to the state prison; where he languished a few months and then died, in the morning and prime of his days—a sacrifice on the polluted altar of intemperance and a frightful example to the fashionable young votaries of fashion who associate with the vulgar in the midnight revel, and lay the foundation in early life, for a shattered constitution, a ruined reputation, the gaol, the scaffold, and a hopeless death!

Jane never appeared in public again.—She gradually drooped like a blighted flower.—Her parents carried her to a more mild and genial climate; but she died in six months.—You will now see, on the Sabbath, the bent form of a female, supported on the arm of a feeble old man, taking their seat in the house of God.—They have now nothing to live for on earth. Their sweet child is in heaven.

In making toys, the Chinese are exceedingly expert: out of a solid block of ivory, with a hole in it not larger than half an inch in diameter, they will cut from nine to fifteen hollow globes, one within another, all loose and capable of being turned round in every direction, and each of them carved full of the same kind of open work that appears on the fans; a very small sum of money is the price of one of these difficult trifles.

## THE GARLAND.

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