

THE
GARLAND:

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.



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Agents for the Garland.

*Nelson,
Streetsville,*

*Geo. K. Chisholm,
W. Clay, Esq.*

*E. Flamboro'
Ancaster,*

*Andrew Chisholm,
E. F. Clark,*

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THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 2.

SELECTED.

ROGER DIMON.

Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh! what have you looked on since last we met.—*Hem.*

Every body on the Canadian frontier, from the bay of Quinte, on the Ontario, to the Trois Rivieres below Montreal, knew Roger Dimon—though as in the case of Rinaldo Rinaldino, nobody could tell exactly who and what Roger Dimon was. We said every body knew him, but it was only when he chose to be known, for the Camelion could not be more variable in his appearance than was Roger Dimon. The beardless boy, and tottering age—the Canadian Frenchman and wandering Huron—the smoking, sourcroust-eating Dutchman, and the sly, overreaching, notion-selling Yankee,—the priest and sutler—gentleman and beggar, were among his readily assumed characters. What his business was, or whether he had any, was as much a mystery as his metamorphosis; and the wonderful celerity of his movements was not the least surprising part of the qualities that were attributed to him. Roger Dimon was a man rather above the ordinary stature, thick set, muscles like iron, a pair of shoulders that Hercules might have envied, yet with all these tubborn points about him, no man's frame could possess more agility, strength, flexibility and grace. His eyes were dark, and a pair of overhanging brows, gave them a peculiar piercing air, and when awakened by passion, something like ferocity and defiance. It would be idle to recount all the conflicting opinions respecting him. Some affirmed him to be a spy, some an army contractor, and as it was during the late war with the United States, that he received the most notice, that this opinion was quite current. Some insisted that he was a dealer in forged notes, and others averred that his business was smuggling. The truth is, that few of the conjectures were without some foundation; though had any man charged him with being a counterfeiter, it would probably have been the last accusation he would have made against any one. When money was to be made, Roger Dimon was a contractor; with the movements of armies on both sides of the line, he by some means always obtained the earliest notice, and in the perilous business of smuggling he was perfect adept. There was not a bay, creek or island, from Kingston to Montreal, from Sacket's Harbor to Ogdensburg, with which he was not familiarly acquainted. His pockets were never without money, and yet he was no niggard in its disbursement. But Roger Dimon was more than all this, his lowering brow, the flashing

of his eye, and his courage and fortitude, all marked him as a man capable of the most desperate enterprises. It was whispered he cared no more for human life than for the puff of a cigar; that he felt no more reluctance to shedding blood than spilling claret, and the manner in which he always went armed, gave color to these suspicions. But if deep dyed in crime, they were not of an ordinary kind. He despised an act of meanness as he would the robbing of a hen-roost or a potatoe patch; but when danger was to be encountered;—when, what were impossibilities to others were to be overcome, then all the deep energies of his mind were brought into successful action.

An unfortunate affair had thrown one of Roger Dimon's former friends into the Montreal prison, and unless some measures were adopted, his life must pay the forfeit. In a petty squabble, he had killed a young lieutenant of the army, a relative of the governor's; the case was clear, and it was avowed that no favor would be shown him. Dimon had examined the prison carefully, and he believed that by getting on the roof, the iron gratings of the window to the room occupied by young Murray, might be forced, and then by means of a rope-ladder, his escape be effected. The attempt was a hazardous one, but Dimon was not a man to hesitate.

Dimon mounted the roof, removed the bars and with the liberated Murray, was retracing his steps, when the moon, which had been hid by dense clouds, shone out and revealed to the astonished sentinels the moving shadows of two human beings on the opposite walls. Dimon saw they were discovered, but before they could fairly gain the street, the alarm was given, and a dozen men had collected to arrest them. Throwing the rope ladder over a wall, he directed Murray to pass over and escape, while he would hold the pursuers in check, and trust to circumstances to secure his flight. This he did effectually, and Murray was soon beyond the reach of detection. No sooner had Dimon allowed Murray time enough to escape, than throwing himself headlong, with a pistol in each hand upon the circle which had cooped him up; but they dared not lay their hands upon him. With the quickness of thought, he forced a passage and fled, though closely pursued by several of the most active of the men. Nothing could have been more easy than for Dimon to have checked the pursuit; but determined not to shed blood in another man's quarrel, he decided at once on making his escape, without resort to force.

Making one or two sudden turns to baffle pursuit, he found himself by the high walls that enclose the buildings and garden of the Ursuline nunnery, and with a single leap, placed himself within the forbidden enclosure. In a moment he heard the voices of his pursuers, evidently at fault, and deciding that no one without aid could mount those walls. After the danger was past, Dimon took a turn or two in the flower-bordered avenues, and as the moon had not yet set, he threw himself beneath a cluster of trees to wait until deeper darkness should enable him to leave the spot without notice. Forgetting the difficulties that might ensue, should he be found in that situation, he fell asleep; and, lulled by the whispering boughs, and fanned by the breezes of a beautiful evening, he slept until the mat-in-bell had called the inmates of the nunnery to prayers, and the green hills and towering spires of the island of Montreal and the broad streams that surround it, were glittering in the morning sun. Instantly rising he was making his way to the wall, when his progress was arrested by a vision of surpassing interest, and which drove from his thoughts all sense of danger or of place. In the most retired part of the enclosure, beneath a cluster of tall sweet brier and wild vines, on the green turf, a young and beautiful girl was kneeling before a small silver crucifix, and so deeply engaged in devotion, that the step of Dimon, though at the distance of a few feet, was unheard, and partially hid by the branches, he remained unseen, although she was directly before him. Dimon was fixed to the spot as if by enchantment: he gazed on the beautiful creature as if spell-bound, and felt that he would not lose a tone of that low, sweet voice for the universe. She appeared to be about sixteen; of middling stature, and with a form of the most graceful and ethereal kind. The spotless dress she wore—emblem of purity, though perfectly plain, to Dimon appeared to enhance her loveliness. The dark eyes of the fair one was raised to heaven; the pure air and warmth of a summer morning had given a soft rich tinge to her dimpled cheek; her hair, which had disengaged itself from the ribbon that confined it, flowed in waving luxuriance around the most beautiful neck he had ever seen, and the gentle heavings of her young bosom, as she uttered her petitions for the vile and wretched, spoke of nothing but unsullied innocence and spotless truth. Dimon had never listened to the devotions of a mortal with such interest, and when they were closed he felt half ashamed to find there were tears in his eyes. As she rose from her knees, Dimon, while a glance of his keen eye around, told him he was unobserved, gently pushed aside the branches, and stood before her. The first slight exclamation of surprise was instantly hushed by Dimon, who, placing his

finger on his lip, respectfully motioned her to silence.

"You are undoubtedly surprised at seeing a stranger like me in this place," said Dimon in a low tone, "but be assured, it is not with any intention to injure you, or such as you, that I am here."

"It can be of no consequence to me to learn the motives that brought you hither;" said the fair girl, "but I must inform you, that by remaining, you will incur the most imminent danger."

"To that I am accustomed; yet I cannot believe that you would betray one who, like me, had taken refuge here as a sanctuary," replied Dimon to her remark.

"No: but remember, there are others within these walls besides myself, and that I must leave you."

"Not yet;" said Dimon, taking her hand in his, "you have prayed that the wretched and the vile like me may be forgiven; but you have not yet assured me that such are forgiven by you."

A thousand wild conjectures, which ran over the mind of the beautiful girl, as she withdrew her hand, prevented her replying. "I see I have offended beyond hope," continued Dimon, as he stood motionless before her, "can it be that you have desired heaven to accord that forgiveness which you yourself are unwilling to grant?"

"Heaven knows where pardon is required, I do not; but if, as your words imply, you are guilty of crime, may you be forgiven of heaven as freely as you now are by me."

The blushing devotee would now have retired, but Dimon contrived to detain her. Perhaps she was flattered by the attention he so well knew how to bestow; perhaps her heart plead for a few minute's interview with one who had so deeply interested her young feelings in his favor: certain it is, that when she left him, she had promised again to meet him in that same place, and is equally certain that the appointment was punctually kept by both of them.

Leaping from the wall, Dimon traversed the street fearless of detection, and the fair nun, hurrying to the convent, found that a subject of thought, new and engrossing, had taken possession of her pure bosom. Roger Dimon had never seen a person so lovely as Annette Girard; nor one who had awakened so deep an interest in his heart. Many that were beautiful and fair had crossed his path; but if they were noticed at all, it was a notice that left them like fair flowers crushed to the earth, despoiled of their purity and innocence, and left to perish broken-hearted. Placed in a nunnery in her earliest years, Annette's affections, those rich and hoarded treasures of woman's heart, which she fondly hoped and intended should all be given to heaven, had nev-

er been lavished, and were now brought up from their hidden depths and given to one, who seemed, notwithstanding the mystery which hung over him, worthy of her love.—Dimon had not concealed his errors—deceit he despised—but when did ever woman love, and not find a ready palliation for the faults of the adored one. They met not many times before Annette, not without feelings of self-reproach, and fears of bitter regret, at leaving those who had been so kind to her, consented to leave the convent, and with a pledge of protection till death, to cast herself on the wide world. Dimon's intentions were honorable, and he felt that to abuse the confidence reposed in him by one so artless and lovely, would be a crime to sink him beyond forgiveness. Dimon hastened to Plattsburg with his rich prize, intending to remain there until the excitement which her flight was sure to occasion, was past. As the orphan Annette had no relatives in Montreal, the matter soon died away; and as it was whispered that the noted Dimon was partner of her flight, the dread of consequences had the effect of silencing a too rigorous inquiry. At Plattsburg the lovers were united by a secret marriage, and after a few months, proceeded to Prescott, on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, opposite Ogdensburg, where Dimon intended to reside. He found it impossible to forsake all his old courses entirely, but the young creature, who had won his affections, formed a point of attraction from which he did not wish to fly;—and which induced her to hope he would soon wholly forsake the reckless and dangerous life he had hitherto led.

To be Continued.

Passion.—What is more unpleasant, and what so much derogates from the character of an amiable beautiful, or accomplished woman, as to behold her in a passion? For a young lady to become enraged at the misdemeanor of a servant: or because her milliner failed in executing her commands in proper season: or that her dress did not precisely suit her taste: or from any other trifling motive: at once discovers the want of amiability, as well as of sufficient strength of mind to suppress her temper. Such an one would never be selected as the partner of a sensible man; such could never kindle exalted admiration, true respect, or genuine love. I do not wish to applaud those tame beings, who have not a sufficiency of spirit to resent an insult, or to uphold an opinion against the obstinacy of some jackanapes fop; nevertheless all this might be done in temperate language, and with such a different bearing as is the true characteristic of a delicate female.—What is more admirable than to witness a young and beautiful female timidly adducing strenuous arguments in opposition to some positive theory of the lords of the creation,

and while her good sense and sound doctrine carry triumph with them, to see the deep blush of virtue stealing over her forehead, at her own success. When the passions of her opponent are excited, to witness her, cool and collected, and rather endeavoring to sooth than to triumph, to allay than to perplex.—Deliberate firmness in any moment of contest, or extremity, is ever commendable, and a woman who can fondly gaze upon the countenance of her husband, tell him, in gentleness, of his faults, and beseech that he will endeavor for her sake and for his own, to mend them, is as nearly allied to an angel as a mortal may be.

Speaking out in Church.—A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred some years ago in the church of —. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric to something like the following effect:—“And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute his holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren?—No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved prophet amongst the deadly teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah, no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a Tweed co'd swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, its mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it?—Was it a sea-lion, or a sea horse, or a sea dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not scripiter beasts ava. Ye're as far aff't as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?” Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit-stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, “Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken.”—“Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are,” cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; “thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!”

Pleasures of News.—Had I all the money, says Paley, which I pay in taxes to government, at liberty to lay out upon amusement and diversion, I know not whether I could make choice of any in which I could find greater pleasure than what I receive from hearing, expecting, and relating public news;—reading parliamentary debates and proceedings; canvassing the political arguments, projects, predictions and intelligence, which are conveyed by different channels to every corner of the kingdom.

Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it.

SKETCHES.

THE TWINS.

"I tell it to you as 'twas told to me."—*Malote.*

In the autumn of 1826, I had occasion to visit the town of N—, beautifully situated on the western bank of Connecticut river.—My business led me to the house of B. a lawyer of threescore and ten, who was now resting from the labors, and enjoying the fruits of a life strenuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing room was richly furnished, and decorated with several valuable paintings. There was one among them, that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two beautiful children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of the mother. "That," said I, pointing to the picture, 'is very beautiful.—Pray, sir, what is the subject of it?' "It is a mother and her twins," said he, 'the picture in itself is esteemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it.' I turned my eye up B.; he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story. "Sit down," said he, 'and I will tell it.'" We accordingly sat down, and he gave me the following narrative.

During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to his king. Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalism swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands, that farmer Stedman, though a tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The rebel militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while the true British subjects resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman. He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken with other prisoners of war, by Stark.

He made no attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The gaol in which he was confined was in a ruinous condition. The farmer

was one night awakened from his sleep by several persons in the room. "Come," said they, 'you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison, through which you can escape.'" To their astonishment, Stedman utterly refused to leave his prison. In vain they expostulated with him; in vain they represented to him that life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him, with some expressions of spleen.

The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting was about sixty miles.—Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience, if he could be permitted to go alone, and on foot. "And suppose," said the sheriff, 'that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp?' "I thought," said the farmer, reddening with indignation, 'that I was speaking to one who knew me.'" "I do know you, indeed," said the sheriff, 'I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way.—Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you at S—.'" * * * * *

The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted, before the court, upon telling his whole story; and, when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me that he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of holy, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to love of life. I saw the tears more than once spring to the eyes of his judges; never before, or since, have I felt such an interest for a client. I plead for him as I would for my own life. I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled rather by a sense of duty than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned. I told him there was still a chance for pardon, if he would ask for it. I drew up a petition, and requested him to sign it, but he refused. "I have done," said he, 'what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God and King; but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men, for an action which I should repeat, were I placed again in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood

of an honest man for a conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges, and tell them that I place not my fears nor my hopes in them."—It was in vain that I pressed the subject; and I went away in despair.

In returning to my house, I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. From one of these rambles he had just returned. I found him sitting at his easel, giving the last touches to the picture which attracted your attention.—He asked my opinion of it. "It is a fine picture," said I; "Is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?" "They are portraits," said he; "and save perhaps a little embellishment, they are, I think, striking portraits of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his house in H——. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand; and the twins are a pair of cherubs."—"Tell me," said I, laying my hand on the picture, "tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?" My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me that, so far as he could be permitted to judge of his own productions, they were striking representations. I asked no farther question: I seized the picture, and hurried with it to the prison where my client was confined. I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands, and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a situation that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side and left the room.

In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheeks; his eye glanced first at the picture, and then to the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it, and left the apartment. He had put his name to it.—The petition was granted, and Stedman was set at liberty.

Sadness.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, over-shadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence?

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

Sailors are called superstitious. Perhaps they are over-credulous in omens; for they live upon a changeful element, where mutations are often preceded by signs. Solitude in the midst of sublime scenes, inclines all minds to superstition: it is so easy when surrounded by the wonders of the material world, to add a few gratuitous marvels to the invisible. Hence highlanders as well as sailors; passing life amid whirlwinds, avalanches, and that creator of strange sights, a mountain mist, believe in 'more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

I was, myself, a sailor for eighteen hard years of life—'*multum jactatus*;' tempest-tost, wrecked, and rescued till I abandoned the treacherous element, that has such analogy with hope. When I left the realms of Neptune, it was to make a timid lodgement in the sunny borders of Apollo. In other words, I became a citizen of the Republic of Letters, and have for many winters been the acceptable instructor of the village school. In all that time at sea, I must have acquired the sailor's readiness to believe what is mysterious, if I have escaped the faith of believing a thing *because* it is impossible. Some faith a man must have in invisible things. It is implanted in him for devotion; though it is at the same time a part of well-directed reason. It, however, becomes superstitious when placed upon what has no existence. Men believe, generally, as others believe around them; the fatigue of thinking, has less attraction than the charm of credulity. Perhaps I might have been a fire-worshipper in Persia, or a hermit in Spain. With all our individual reason, we yet believe, as the warlike corporal argued, 'by platoons.' Hence it requires a mind of no common mould, to be in advance of its age and country.

Yet with all our alacrity to credit wonders, having once seen, we reduce them to the grade of common occurrences, or explain them always so that the fact is separated from the mystery. In my first voyage 'before the mast,' in a sulphurous gale off the Cape of Good Hope, our crew had, as we conceived, a glimpse at the Flying Dutchman; or, at any rate, at the dim and dusky figure of a ship moving directly against the wind, unless there were two currents of air; for we were running before the wind in an opposite direction, eleven knots an hour. Yet, as man is a reasoning animal, we had convinced ourselves, when the next sun rose upon the waters, that we had seen but a cloud, or had been altogether deluded by fancy. Truly, philosophy as well as revelation teaches, that had one been sent from the dead to warn the brothers of Dives, they would not have believed the messenger.

On another voyage, I beheld a spectre, as plainly as ever I saw myself in a glass, and

more distinctly than man ever saw his shadow in the sun. I had been unlucky or unwise; had spent all my gains in Palermo, when I was fain to 'work the passage' home in the responsible office of cook's-mate—responsible I call it, for I might have poisoned the whole crew; and as far as bad-coffee went, I have something to answer for. There was among the sailors a sort of suppressed belief that the ship was unlucky, if not haunted by the spirit of a Maltese sailor who had been murdered in his hammock by a revengeful Sicilian.

One still night, near Cape de Gat, while the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, the whole democracy of the fore-castle was collected under the bow of the long boat, conversing in rude phrases upon metaphysical things. I related my story of the Flying Dutchman, and others had seen more hideous sights; yet there were sturdy skeptics who would believe no eyes but their own. The captain, who had been listening to us, now spoke and counselled us to speak lower, if we must talk of spirits; for that there might be other beings on board than had signed the ship's papers. This remark made us grave, and we soon beheld what made us shrink together like chickens at the shadow of a hawk. A figure with a face pale as marble, raised its head slowly above the bows, between us and the moon, and then as slowly descended. Our crew was, I believe, as brave as any other, and would meet without fear any peril from material agents, that should threaten limb and life; but this was a sight that shook the most hardy.

In a few moments, the same 'dusk and awful figure' rose towards the sky, appearing like a man wrapped in a shroud, and standing on the 'incorporeal air.' A shriek then shot ice through the veins of the listeners. I know not to what I can compare the sound. It expressed rage, pain, and sorrow. The figure then descended, and was seen no more.

For many succeeding nights, one would have thought our sailors the most loving crew that ever hauled a rope. They were inseparable. They went aloft in pairs, and below in squads. They were as exemplary in speech, and there was not an oath uttered, till the next gale of wind.

The captain wore a grim smile that curled up his whiskers, whenever the ghost was mentioned; but he was not of a temperament to give a soft answer to an idle question. I, however, made some discoveries without his aid. Ransacking his private cabin for a box of olives, I came upon a plaster bust of a Roman Emperor, Galba I believe, for he was bald, and with a nose to which Wellington's is but a bug. There was a small cord around the neck, and a sheet sewed around it, so that Galba looked indeed, like a Roman in his toga. There was also another line to which was attached a handful of hairs, such as grew upon the tail of

the ship's cat, an especial good mouser, of an iron grey color, weighing sixteen pounds.—There were other appearances, that the cat had been tied within the cavity of the bust.

All these circumstances furnished data for an hypothesis concerning the spirit; and I began to reason with myself, as I had done after having seen the Flying Dutchman.

The cat had been missing since the appearance of the ghost, until three nights after, when she came to me in the caboose, where, as it was my watch, I was sleeping over the embers. I crept along to the fore-castle, where I jerked the tail of the animal as ungently as I had heart to do. She emitted the same fiend-like shriek that had before curdled our blood, and the sailors ran upon deck like madmen. The captain, however, who alone had seen my manœuvre, threatened me with another kind of cat, if I should make any disclosure to the crew. I complied with his injunction of secrecy, having noted that he was a man of his word in all things, though with rather less alacrity in performing a promise, than in executing a threat.

Letters.—What little paper messengers these are that transport our thoughts from one quarter of the world to another! We trust to them our business, our hopes, our aspirations, and most secret thoughts. We venture to write with the pen things we never dare to say by words. What worlds would not tempt us to publish, we communicate to a letter, passing hundreds of miles and through a thousand hands. This is the trust we have in a single seal. We put all our confidence in crooked characters, whose lips are closed but by a single wafer. This is the trust in man. This is the worth of honor. But would we send the most unimportant affair unsealed? No, we risk every thing to the slender guard of a piece of wax, when we would not launch a single thought to the mail, without putting over it this honorable keeper. We lock up our thoughts in impenetrable secrecy; we put bolts upon our property at home, and yet with the thinnest piece of wax for a lock, such as can be broken almost without any effort, we trust our inmost secrets, and our most valuable property to hands that we know nothing of. Indeed, *this* is the worth of honor.

A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air: and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake, rascal!—you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

THE GAZETTE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1832.

The best performances, have generally cost the most labor, and that ease which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections.—The truth is, every sentiment has its peculiar expression, and every word its precise place, which do not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials, before they can be properly adjusted.

A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his heart, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection which are impressed upon his mind.

We do not intend to exclude from our columns any communication possessing sufficient merit to interest our readers, unless it is of such length as to discourage us of ever laying it before our readers. The 'Three days Trip,' we must reject on this ground. We admire poetry, for it is capable of taking a series of successive facts, which comprehend a whole action from the beginning. It puts the passions in motion gradually, and winds them up by successive efforts, and all conduce to the intended effect; the mind could never be agitated so violently, if the storm did not come on by degrees.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal, who agreeably to the notions of the ancients, was supposed to bring forth her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass; he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his Æneid, he intended to have set apart three more for the revival of that sublime work.—But being prevented by his last sickness from giving those finishing touches which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy, Dryden tell us that had he taken more time in translating this author, he might

possibly have succeeded better; but never, he assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

The *lucubrations* of "L——." shall hereafter receive their 'reward of merit.'

"Lines to Miss M——." in our next.

The Lady's Book.—A friend has put into our hands for inspection, the August number of this periodical, and it surely contradicts the quaint speech made by a "knowing one," "that one no more knows a book by its title-page, than a man's character by his name."—It is literally a book for the ladies, containing fashions, hints for the toilet, directions for embroidering, &c. besides many well written stories, and more shorter articles combining amusement with instruction.

The *Lady's Book* we recommend to the patronage of the fair sex. Its *tout ensemble* is very fine and its contents will not disappoint them. It is published by L. A. Godey & Co. Philadelphia, Pa. in monthly numbers of 56 pages, with numerous engravings, music, &c. For us to wish it the success it deserves, would be wishing it no small share.

New-York Mirror.—We have for a number of years been a constant reader of the *Mirror*, and the more we read it, the higher we esteem it. The *Mirror* has been published upwards of nine years, and we venture to assert, no literary paper in the United States has so great a circulation, by one third. The editors leave no means untried to sustain its character, at home and abroad. Every quarterly number is embellished with superb quarto engravings, and weekly with a choice piece of music; 'in short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting. By the above enumeration, it will be perceived that the plan of the *Mirror* embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres*.' The *Mirror* is published every Saturday in the city of New-York, by George P. Morris, Theodore S. Fay, and Nathaniel P. Willis.

The Ariel.—This is a semi-monthly literary and miscellaneous gazette, and embellished with twelve beautiful engravings on copper, with numerous others on wood. It is a good miscellaneous work, and as such, we recommend it to the public. The *Ariel* is published at Philadelphia, Pa. by Edmund Morris.

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.

Published at Hamilton, Gore District, U. C. every other Saturday, at 7s. 6d. per annum, by W. SMYTH, to whom all communications must be addressed, *free of postage*. Office of publication, North side of Court-house Square.

The Garland Advertiser.

GROVE INN.

THE Proprietor of the Grove Inn, Nelson, takes this method of announcing to the public that he intends leaving the above establishment on the first day of December next, and requests all those that have favored him with some of their TRUST CUSTOM, to pay him before that time, or expect trouble in the wigwag, by the invasion of a battalion of LAW. He thanks the public for their support, and requests that they will continue their patronage to his successor, Mr. Zebaion Andrews, (that is if his conduct should permit it.) He is determined to give no more credit to any person, unless actual necessity demands it.

W. J. SUMNER.

P. S. I want all the Editors to insert this to oblige an old Printer, alias Tavern Lord—gratis, mind ye. W. J. S.
Grove Inn, Nelson, Sept. 4, 1832. 50

TO PRINTERS.

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY.

THE Subscriber being desirous, after the close of the present year, to engage in other avocations, offers for sale the establishment of the *Grenville Gazette*. He does not make the offer for lack of patronage, for he is convinced there is not a better or more lucrative opening, in Upper Canada, for a Printing establishment, than Prescott. His motives for relinquishing printing are best known to himself. Any person wishing to purchase, can know the conditions, or other necessary information, by addressing a line, post paid, to Stephen Miles, Prescott, Upper Canada.

Prescott, Sept, 3, 1832.

Printing Ink.

JUST received and for sale at the Canadian Wesleyan Office, from the manufactory of T. J. & G. W. Eddy, all kinds of BOOK and NEWS INK, of different qualities and prices, viz :

No. 2, in 9lb. kegs,	75 cents	per lb.
No. 2, in 9 1-2 do.	75 do	do.
No. 3, in 38lb. do.	60 do	do.
No. 4, in 38lb. do.	50 do	do.
No. 4, in 37 1-2 do.	50 do	do.

In addition to the above prices, on the large kegs, five shillings, York, will be added for each keg, and on the small size, two shillings, York.

35

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

The *First Number* of the above work was issued on the 15th inst. It is devoted exclusively to Literature, and 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 *seven shilling and six pence*.

All communications relative to the Garland must be addressed to the subscriber, *free of postage*.
WYLYS SMYTH.

Hamilton, Sept. 19, 1832.

Fanning Mills.

THE Subscriber having long regretted the extortion practised upon Farmers in the above article, has been induced to establish a **FANNING MILL MANUFACTORY** in the village of Burford, where he will keep constantly on hand, *Mills of the newest patterns, and best materials*, which he will dispose of on the following terms :

For Cash,	\$22
On one year's credit,	\$26

Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Neat Stock, Pork, and most kinds of country produce taken in payment, if delivered within eight months from the time of sale.

Farmers in want of the above article, will do well to call and examine for themselves, before they make engagements elsewhere.

THOMAS FOWLER.

Burford, Aug. 30, 1832. gwtf 50

THE GENESEE FARMER and Gardener's Journal, published by L. Tucker & Co. Rochester, N. Y.—N. Goodsell, Editor.

Its leading object has been and will be, to impart that information, tending in the greatest degree to the improvement of the Agriculture, Horticulture, and Domestic Economy of the country.

The first volume can be supplied to all new subscribers and bound in a neat manner, for such as desire it. In soliciting the patronage of the public, and especially of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, the publishers ask aid no further than an intelligent farming public may think they deserve.

Conditions.—The Farmer is printed every Saturday, in a quarto form, on fine paper and fair type, with a title page and index making 416 pages a year, at \$2.50, payable in 6 months, or \$2, if paid in advance.

Linseed Oil

FOR sale by the subscriber. Wheat, Flax-seed, or Pork will be taken in payment, as well as money.

JAS. CROOKS.

West Flamboro', Feb. 16, 1830. 40tf