

and Niagara constantly, and the fashionables, tourists, and visitors, already begin to give life and pleasure to this beautifully romantic place.

## THE GARLAND.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12, 1826.

☞ We have received several communications, to be put in competition for the premiums lately offered by us. The prize essay on Female Education will appear in our next; and the Moral Tale, entitled to the second premium, will follow in a succeeding number. Having received but few contributions from the favorites of the Muses, we have been induced to extend the time for granting a premium for the best poetical effusion. Communications on that subject, will, therefore, be received until the 10th of September next, and the piece pronounced the best by a committee appointed for the purpose, will entitle the author to one volume of the GARLAND in elegant binding.

We have concluded to make 48 lines the highest limit, and 24 lines the lowest.

### FROM COLONEL STANHOPE'S WORK ON GREECE.

There were two circumstances which appear to have had a powerful influence on Lord Byron's conduct. I allude to his lameness and his marriage. The deformity of his foot constantly preyed on his spirits and soured his temper. It is extraordinary, however, and contrary, I believe, to the conduct of the generality of lame persons, that he pitied, sympathized, and befriended those who labored under similar defects.

With respect to Lady Byron, her image appeared to be rooted in his mind. She had wounded Lord Byron's pride by having refused his first offer of marriage; by having separated herself from him whom others assiduously courted; and by having resisted all the efforts of his genius to compel her again to yield to his dominion. Had Lady Byron been submissive, could she have stooped to become a caressing slave, like other ingenious slaves, she might have governed her lord and master. But no, she had a mind too great, and was too much of an Englishwoman to bow so low. These contrarieties set Lord Byron's heart on fire, roused all his passions, gave birth, no doubt, to many of his sublimest thoughts, and impelled him impetuously forward in his zig-zag career. When angry or humorous, she became the subject of his wild sport; at other times, she seemed, though he loved her not, to be the mistress of his feelings, and one whom he in vain attempted to cast from his thoughts. Thus, in a frolicsome tone, I have heard him sketch characters; and, speaking of a certain acquaintance, saying—"with the exception of Southey and Lady Byron, there is no one I hate so much!" This was a noisy shot—a sort of a *feu de joie*, that inflicted no wound, that left no scar behind. He was in reality a good natured man, and it was a violence to his nature, which he seldom practised, either to conceal what he thought, or to harbour revenge. In one conversation which I had with Lord Byron, he dwelt much upon the acquirements and virtues of Lady Byron, and even said she had committed no fault but that of having married him. The truth is, that he was not formed for

marriage. His riotous genius could not bear restraint. No woman could have lived with him but one devoid of, or of subdued feelings—an Asiatic slave. Lord Byron, it is well known, was passionately fond of his child; of this he gave me the following proof—he showed me a miniature of Ada, as also a clever description of her character, drawn by her mother, and forwarded to him by the person he most esteemed, his amiable sister. After I had examined the letter, while reflecting on its contents, I gazed intently on the picture; Lord Byron, observing me in deep meditation, impatiently said, "Well, well, what do you think of Ada?" I replied, "If these are true representations of Ada, and are not drawn to flatter your vanity, you have engrained on her your virtues and your failings. She is in mind and features the very image of her father." Never did I see a man feel more pleasure than Lord Byron felt at this remark; his eyes lightened with ecstasy.

### TRAITS OF LIFE.

"There are people," continued the corporal,— "who can't even breathe, without slandering a neighbor." "You judge too severely," replied my aunt Prudy,— "very few are slandered who do not deserve it."—"That may be," retorted the corporal, "but I have heard very slight things said of you."—The face of my aunt kindled with anger.— "Me!" exclaimed she, "ME! slight things of ME! what can any body say of ME?" "They say," answered the corporal gravely, and drawing his words to keep her in suspense, "that—that YOU ARE NO BETTER THAN YOU SHOULD BE."—Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt.—"Who are the wretches?"—"I hope they slander no one that does not deserve it," remarked the corporal jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived—She was sensibly injured. True she had her foibles. She was peevish and fretful—but she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The pope himself could not boast more piety. Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal—Why should the neighbors slander her! She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. She falls under the common lot of nature. A person who can live in this world, without suffering slander, must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.

Such is the effect which the late chemical lectures have produced upon the ladies, that when an egg at the breakfast table is well boiled, the *albumen is declared to be sufficiently coagulated*, and if by dire mishap another egg should be tainted, as its smell will at once declare, the lady coolly desires the footman to remove this egg, as *sulphurated hydrogen gas is evolving*.—When a vase is placed on the table, it was no uncommon thing in former days to hear the question asked, are you sure the water is boiling? But now the matron demands if the water, or it may be, if *the oxide of hydrogen has reached the 212th degree of Fahrenheit*.

[English paper

### LACONICS.

"Wit must grow like fingers; if it be taken from others, 'tis like plumbs stuck upon black thorns; they live for a while, but come to nothing."—Selden.

"Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox.—St. Evermond.

"Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume.—Burke.

Paradise was lost to Adam, the world to Anthony, happiness to women, and honor to men, by trifling.

It is a foolish thing that without money one cannot live as they please, or where and with whom one pleases. Swift somewhere says, that money is liberty; and I fear that money is friendship too, and society and almost every external blessing. It is a great, though an ill-natured comfort, to see most of those who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.—Gray.

A story should, to please, at least seem true,

Be appropos, well told, concise and new.

And whensoe'er it deviates from these rules,

The wise will sleep and leave applause to fools.

Stillingfleet.

*Ancient Greek Inscription.*—In the neighbourhood of Rome an ancient tomb has recently been discovered, with a Greek inscription in such tolerable preservation as to allow of the following fragments of translation—"My country is the immortal Rome; my father is its emperor and king."—"My name is Allicilla, the beloved name of my mother."—"Destined for my husband from infancy, I leave him, in dying, four sons approaching to manhood."—"It is by their pious hands that I have been placed, still young, in this tomb."

Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth, she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips in the most extreme contraction.—Do not trouble yourself so much, madam, exclaimed the painter; for if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all.

*Hyperbolic Compliments.*—The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolic compliments, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, said they were mourning for the murders they had committed. A French poet carries this image still higher, in a little epigrammatic verse on a lady who had a blood-shot eye.—

Oh! let it be said thine eye is all red,

No longer dear Harriet be moody;

Since so many die by the stroke of that eye

No wonder the weapon is bloody.