

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

By yon wide spreading forest I spent my young days,  
 At play like the mock bird, I sang my wild lays;  
 Beneath yon tall oak tree, I laid me to rest;  
 My thoughts were then smooth as yon bright river's crest.  
 At noon tide I wandered to pluck the spring flower,  
 And dooin'd it to shine on my sweet little bower,  
 Where I thoughtfully sat and enjoyed the cool breeze,  
 That at even tide stole through the dark forest trees:  
 Oh then I felt pleasure, I dreamt not of care,  
 No sorrow or trouble could ever come there;  
 My heart was then fill'd with youth's transient glee,  
 As I wandered thro' woodlands, wide, boundless, and free.  
 Ah! bright was the night when I left my fair home,  
 Far over the wide spreading ocean to roam;  
 Clear shone the bright stars in the far vault of heaven,  
 But sad was my heart on that sweet summer's even.  
 I cross'd the wide ocean, and moved from the shore,  
 Far, far from the billows tempestuous roar;  
 Where sweetly the nightingale sings, in the grove,  
 To cheer the young woodman as homeward he roves.  
 I left those fair scenes for my own native home,  
 How light was my heart as I plough'd the white foam;  
 Of cheer of the pleasure my friends would enjoy,  
 When they once again met with their own darling boy.  
 But sad were the changes a few years had made,  
 My parents, alas! in the cold grave were laid,  
 And my sister so lovely and tender of mind,  
 But a short time was destined to linger behind.  
 The home I had dreamt of, how changed it was now,  
 Not a vestige remained of the tall oak tree's bough;  
 No sister to welcome with smiles of delight,  
 Or cheer my lone heart through the long winter's night.  
 By yon narrow path way I wandered before,  
 To gaze on the stars at the even tide hour;  
 As lonely I strayed to admire the fair scene,  
 I found not a trace of what there once had been.  
 "'Tis finished, 'tis done, the dread struggle is o'er,'"  
 Nor parent's nor sister I'll ever see more;  
 Awhile here they lingered, like visions of light,  
 But ere long they sunk in the dark gulf of night.  
 Home, Oct. 24th, 1832.

THE RECLUSE.

## STANZAS.

To the little bird that builds every year over my window,  
 on his return this Spring.

The Spring is smiling sweetly,  
 The winter storms are gone;  
 Thy gay companions greet thee  
 With many a merry tune;  
 Come build again thy bower  
 Beneath the plum tree's shade,  
 And charm the morning hour  
 With thy sweet serenade.  
 Though many a hope once cherished,  
 And many a dear delight,  
 Have disappear'd and perish'd,  
 Since thou did'st take thy flight,  
 And many a word's been spoken,  
 That proved but idle breath,  
 And many a link been broken,  
 That twined this bosom's wreath.  
 Yet will I greet thee warmly,  
 Thou happy little one;  
 No evil e'er shall harm thee,  
 Tho' near the haunts of man;  
 All peace within thy bosom—  
 All heaven within thy view;  
 Thy bed, the roses blossom,  
 Thy drink, the pearly dew.  
 Come chant a song of gladness,  
 To cheer my pensive heart,  
 And wear away a sadness,  
 In which thou hast no part;  
 It may perchance forget then,  
 Awhile each little pain,  
 And think, though hope had set then,  
 That she might rise again.  
 Yes, come and dwell where lonely  
 Thy bower thou used to rear,  
 And stay with me, if only  
 Till winter's storms are near.  
 Come build again thy bower  
 Beneath the plum tree's shade,  
 And charm the morning hour  
 With thy sweet serenade.

ADELA.

## TO DONNA JULIA.

Sweet is the warbling of thy muse,  
 My Donna Julia, fair,  
 Like new blown flowers, all so profuse  
 Of thoughts and beauties rare.  
 In favor of my humble name,  
 Thy lute melodious sung;  
 Like the songsters which proclaim  
 The Spring round Flora hung.  
 Fair poetess list to the lay  
 Of thy admirer's lyre,  
 'Tis all the tribute he can pay  
 To thy poetic fire.  
 May all the graces, and each muse,  
 Thalia and Melpomene,  
 O'er thy soft strains their breath infuse,  
 And pour on thee felicity.  
 None can deny fair woman's power,  
 To call to joy the tender heart;  
 Her smiles bid thy the frowns that lower  
 Upon man's brow, and joys impart.  
 Full of Heliconian worth  
 Of Pegasus' lofty fire,  
 Thy pen can give a second birth  
 To bliss that would retire.  
 Donna Julia, damsel fair,  
 I bid thee now adieu;  
 But still thy worth shall ever bear  
 My memory's review.

C. M. D.

*Monotony.*—We often see and hear this term used to convey a sense of something disagreeable, something not accordant with the feelings; yet it is not always thus. There are times when the mind seeks this and enjoys it. Aye, even monotony is a pleasurable sensation. That of the church-going bell is not without its associations—pleasant and delightful. Point out to us the individual, educated in the primitive simplicity of our fathers; joining their honest and irreproachable character with a portion of the buoyant feelings of youth, and love for their institutions and observances. Let him depart from his parental hearth—join in the turmoil of the world; and when the Sabbath bell strikes on his ear with its semi-mourning sound, it carries him back to the pleasant and peaceful home; all those links that bind us to our kindred and the spot of our nativity, lead us on—we are carried from one recollection to another, each leading its influence. The breast glows with fervor, and his mind is wrapt in those devotional feelings solely dependent upon early imbibed principles—then is the time when man acknowledges his Author, when feelings, deeply concealed from the participation of his fellow man, bow before the supremacy of the Creator. Such become hallowed by a father's prayer and a mother's blessing.—*Album.*

*Table of Light.*—The Musselman's believe, that every thing which is to happen, to the end of the world, is written on a table of light, called *Loz*, with a pen of fire called *Calum-axer*.

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