

POETRY.

Original.

LOVE IN THE ARMY.

A fighting old soldier fell madly
In love with a stirring coquette,
Who pester'd her lovers most sadly—
Like twice in the claws of a cat.
At times she was pleasant and funny,
But soon without reason got vex'd;
This moment far sweeter than honey,
More-blister than aloe the next.

Her form was a perfect Madonna,
As sculptor e'er chisel'd from stone;
Her voice far excell'd in Cremona,
For music, and sweetness of tone.
Her lips were like putting red cherries—
Her color Siberia's snows;
Her foot was as neat as a fairy's,
Her cheeks far out-crimson'd the rose.

Her lovers, spell-bound by her magic,
Whin'd, fretted and wheedled in vain,
'Till the wise-ones declar'd something tragic,
Would flow from her tickle disdain.
She enter'd all day on a pony,
Or saunter'd the streets up and down;
A flirting with each Macaroni,
And dandified spoony in town.

The soldier long strove to unfetter
His heart-strings, but finding it vain,
Resolved to indite a war-letter,
To each of the dandified train.
Less skilled with the quill than the rapier,
And having spoil'd many a pen
And neat little sheet of gilt paper,
He verbally challeng'd his men.

To meet him, prepared with a swivel
A shot for the fair-one to take;
But fighting they reckon'd uncivil,
So gave up their claims for his sake.
The soldier a love-tale in verses,
Address'd to the fair-one in rhyme;
The tongue of tradition rehearse,
Their tenor (as follows) sublime:

"Have mercy bright mirror of beauty!
Compassion I pray thou wilt take,
On him who would count it his duty
To lay down his life for thy sake.
I've danc'd in the Spanish Bolero,
With Frenchmen in all parts of Spain;
Ten places besides Talavera,
Where thousands lay dead on the plain.

"To raise my sad heart above zero—
That thirty below it doth stand;
Accept of the hand of a hero,
Yours, ever love, SAMSON SHARPBRAND,"
He waited three weeks for an answer,
And like an old soldier he swore,
On hearing a puppet-show dancer,
She fled with twelve minutes before.

JEREMY LOVESICK.

Original.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

Thy last sweet looks cling to my heart
So firmly, time can never move
Them thence, and oft my tears will start,
Till we shall meet again, my love.

My heart sincere for thee was fram'd;
My mind from thee doth never rove,
For months of thee each night I dream'd
With all the ecstasy of love.

There's none on earth so good, so fair—
None that can charm like thee, my love;
Thy winning smile and modest air,
Strange magic wrought on me, my love,

Then say the gentle word I wish,
And hie to church with me, my love—
I'll kiss away the maiden blush
Then on thy cheek will be, my love.

When thou say'st *yes*, life's future hours,
Will sweetly speed away my love;
We'll pass the thorns and cull the flowers,
That chance flings in our way, my love.

Barton, Dec. 1832.

YOUTH.

Original.

LINES ON EVENING.

When the sun no more is seen,
Brightly glowing in the west;
When misty clouds o'ercast the sky,
And all has sunk to rest.

When nought is heard but the southern breeze,
Gently passing by;
Then softest strains of music seem,
In the wind's wild notes to sigh.

When the silent stream is stealing,
Through some sweetly shaded grove;
And each gentle wave seems striving,
Not to wake the peace above.

Such is the evening's blissful hour,
As a time for rest 'twas given;
A time to lift our hearts in prayer,
Up to the throne of heaven.

York, Dec. 1832.

M. A. B. T.

Original.

MILD AUTUMN ADIEU!

Mild autumn adieu! from thy flowers
Their fragrance and beauty have flown,
To the Mussulman's ever-green bowers,
Where winter's chill blast is unknown.
Through the groves of the Harem they steal,
To the Minaret dome and Kiosk,
Sultana's with sweets to regale
The infidel hordes of the Mosque.

Sweet autumn! all fled is thy fruit
That tempted like gold on the tree;
And the winged musician is mute,
That hymn'd his last anthem to thee:
Far, far from the boughs of the lime,
Where thy dirge-note he mournfully sung—
He hath flown to a sunnier clime,
Where the vines with rich clusters are hung.

All scattered around are thy leaves,
To moulder upon the cold ground—
The blast o'er them dolefully grieves,
With a wailing and sorrowful sound.
Old Winter all hoary with years,
Drives on with his chiming sleigh bell;
All nature in mourning appears,
As he toloth thy funeral knell.

Dark vapors o'er shadow the sky,
As they rush through the dim atmosphere;
Ever changing their forms as they fly,
What a strange group of phantoms is there.
Through the key-hole and lattice, the breeze
Is chanting a canzonet shrill—
Loud wail the bare boughs of the trees,
While the snow gathers deep on each hill.

Grim Winter with frowns on his face,
Comes wrap'd in his mantle of snow;
His approach at the eaves you may trace,
Where his icicles silently grow.
Cold Winter, oh speed thee away,
That Spring her green leaves may unfold,
And Summer, her offspring, array
In emeralds spangled with gold.

A STUDENT.

York College, Dec. 1832.

Hellidorus says, "Women are a compound of trees; the tender hearted of weeping willow, the stubborn of knotted oak, and old maids of crab tree!"

Gratitude.—A celebrated advocate being on the point of death, made his will, and bequeathed all his wealth to idiots and lunatics. On being asked the reason, he replied that he wished to return his riches to those from whom he had drawn them.

THE GARLAND.

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