

POETRY.

Original.

SONG OF THE RETURNING EXILES.

Inconstant zephyrs soft and dying,

Waft us slowly o'er the sea;

Around us screaming sea-birds' flying—

Shriek the tempest's lullaby.

Chorus—Wake ye winds! awake to blow us,
Safely to our native shore;
Rise ye infant waves to rove us,
Neptune's desert kingdom o'er,

The tyrant blast in peace is sleeping,

Far beneath the waters dim;

The Mermaids holiday are keeping,

Syrens chant their choral hymn.

Chorus—Lend your breath ye winds to blow us,
Where our early dreams flew by,
Nought from thence again shall tear us,
Till our sprites shall soar on high.

Behold the breeze's hither straying,

Ruffling ocean's placid brim;

The Porpoise train their gambols playing,

Lightly o'er the waters skim.

Chorus—Quick ye infant billows urge us,
Where the rose and thistle smile; *
There amid the giant surges,
Sits enthron'd our Native Isle.

White summer-clouds o'er head are fleeting,

Gentle airs assist our flight;

The wood-girt isthmus' fast retreating,

Waxes dimmer on our sight.

Chorus—Soon we'll tread those scenes of pleasure,
Where our youth in glee we spent;
Such as no'er was bought for treasure,
Bliss that gold hath never lent.

Ere long we'll see the land of flowers,

There the heath-bells gaily bloom;

The rose and woodbine form gay bowers,

Breathing sweet and rich perfume.

Chorus—Britain, fam'd in ancient story,
Countless bards thy deeds have sung!
Welcome! welcome, land of glory,
Whence the germs of freedom sprung.
York College, Jan. 10, 1833. A STUDENT.

Original.

ON LEAVING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Farewell, thou noble stream, farewell!

Thy limpid wave no more I'll hear;

Alas! with thy rough heaving swell

I bid adieu to all that's dear.

Upon thy banks soon pass'd away,

My days of childish glee—

Where smiling brothers join'd in play,

My infant sports with me.

My native Isle, I leave with thee,

My home, my place of birth;

This world can never yield to me

Again such scenes of mirth.

How oft I've listened on thy shore,

To the merry boatman's song,

Whose little bark so blithely bore

Her living freight along.

That joyful chaunt will still resound,

The moon will shed her light

Upon thy crystal streams around

My peaceful Isle—"good night."

Thy rippling tides unheard by me,

Will ever ebb and flow;

And southern breezes carelessly

Will gently o'er thee blow.

But fare-thee-well! I leave thee now,

In other lands to dwell;

With gloom upon my exil'd brow—

Farewell, lov'd stream, farewell!

M. A. B. T.

Selected.

PASTORAL POETRY.

When Peggy's dog her arms emprise,

I often wish my lot was lisen;

How often I should stand and turn

To get a pat from hands like hern.

Original.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, true friendship—rarely to be found,

Is a sweet medicine for every wound

Of human nature—the sweet balm of peace:

Friendship in Ane, is far the highest bliss.

There is not a finer or more exquisite feeling in the heart of man, nor a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than friendship. It is always accompanied with so great inward satisfaction, and heart-felt delight, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is far from being like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive commands that enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous and noble mind would indulge in it for the gratification which it affords. What a smiling aspect does the love and friendship existing between parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives, give to each surrounding object, and every returning day!—With what a lustre does it glid even the humble cottage, where this placid intercourse dwells! It is soothing to the mind in the midst of troubles, to have a friend into whose kind bosom, one can pour out his misfortunes and complaints. Adversity, how blunt are all thy arrows to him who can say that he lives in friendship with all his neighbors, and with all the world! Where is there a single act that can afford in the remembrance, a more rational satisfaction, than that of having performed the part of a friend? Friendship, like the sun, brightens every object upon which it shines; an unfriendly disposition, casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear. Compassionate affections, even while they draw tears from our eyes for human misery, convey pleasure to the heart. A friend, though he has nothing to give, may oftentimes afford relief, by imparting what he feels.

Barton, Dec. 1832.

ALONZO.

A gentleman who had a remarkably fiery nose, sleeping in his chair, a negro boy who was waiting, observed a moscheto hovering round his face: *Quashi* eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off.... "Ah, d—n you heart," exclaimed darkee, "me berry grad to see you *burn your foot!*"

Finn's last.—Why is the tragedy of Oralloosa like the music of the woods? Because it is the notes of a *Bird* echoed through a *Forest*.

Plagiarism by the Wholesale.—Picking up a volume belonging to another person, and forgetting to lay it down again.

THE GARLAND.

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