

## POETRY.

Original.

TO

On Ontario's banks my heart bounds with pleasure,  
As on its sweet shores I ramble at leisure;  
And view the broad scene of thy dark lake of blue,  
With the maid that I love, by her lov'd as true.

Delightful the hour when with pleasure I hail,  
The smile of my love and the new beaten trail,  
On the much-loved banks of the dark lake of blue:  
To breathe out my heart, and her's for to sue.

How pleasant the banks near the Wind-mills retreat  
Where Niagara's scream Ontario doth meet,  
At ev'ning to roam in the sweet fallen dew;  
With the maid that I love, by her lov'd as true.

And oft near thy shores on a calm summer night,  
Have I told her my love by the moonbeam's light,  
Requested her heart and imploring did sue  
A return of affection, constant and true.

At length she consented to make my heart blest,  
With rapture I pressed her sweet form to my breast!  
And stole the first kiss from her lips, now I knew  
That my love was return'd, by her I lov'd true.

Thus loving and lov'd with affection sincere,  
Our moments glide sweetly devoid of all care;  
May our union be blest, and sanctioned above,  
By the Giver of Life and the Author of Love.  
"EL DONADOR."

## MISCELLANY.

## THE GHOST.

'Tis about twenty years ago Abel, a short, round favored, merry old soldier of the revolutionary war, was wedded to a most abominable shrew—the temper of Shakspeare's Catharine, could no more be compared with her's, than mine with Lucifer's: her eye was like a weasel's—she had a harsh face, like a cranberry marsh, all spread with spots of white and red, as if she had the measles: with hair of the color of a wisp of straw, and a disposition like a cross cut saw. The appellation of this lovely dame was Ann, or Nancy—*don't forget the name.*

Her brother David, was a tall, goodlooking chap, and that was all: one of your great big nothings, as we say in Rhode Island; picking up old jokes, and cracking them on other folks. Well, David undertook one night to play the ghost and frighten Abel, whom he knew would be returning from a journey through a grove of forest wood, that stood below the house some distance—half a mile or so. With a long taper just made to cover a wig nearly as large over as a corn basket, and a sheet with both ends made to meet across his breast: (the way in which ghosts are always dressed;) he took his station near a huge oak tree, whence he could overlook the road and see whatever might appear.

It happened, that about an hour before, friend Abel had left the table of an inn, where he had made a halt with his horse and wagon, to taste a sagon of malt liquor, and so forth, which being done he went on caring no more for twenty ghosts, than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting—his pa-

tience was nearly exhausted; at length he heard the careless tone of his kinsmans' voice; and then, the noise of wagon wheels among the stones.

Abel was quite elated, and was roaring with all his might, and poured out, in great confusion scraps of old songs, made in the revolution.—His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton, and still he went on, scaring the poor whip-poor-wills among the trees, with rhymes like these:

"See the Yankees leave the hill,  
With their bayonets declining,  
With lopp'd down hats  
And rusty guns and leather aprons shining."

"See the Yankees —————"

"Whon! why, what is that?" said Abel staring like a cat, as slowly on the fearful figure strode into the middle of the road.—"my conscience! what a suit of clothes? some crazy fellow, I suppose—halloo, friend, what's name; but the powers of gin, that's a strange dress to travel in!"

"Be silent, Abel, for I now have come to read your doom; then harken, while your fate I now declare: I am a spirit." "I suppose you are, but you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why, here is a fact which you cannot deny; all spirits must either be bad or good—that's understood; and be you good or evil, I am sure; if a good spirit, I am safe; if evil and I don't know but you may be the Devil—if that's the case you'll recollect, I fancy, that I am married to your sister Nancy.

*Cavalier Courtship.*—The ceremony of marriage among Kalnucks, is performed on horseback. A girl is mounted who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. After this she returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued; in this case she will not suffer him to overtake her. We were assured, that no instance occurs of a Kulmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer. If she dislikes him, she rides, *neck or nothing*, until her pursuer's horse becomes exhausted, leaving her at liberty to return, and to be afterwards chased by some more favored admirer.

A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

Rewards are proportioned to success, not to merit.—Success itself is a reward.

## THE GARLAND.

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