

GARDEN TOWN.

(For the Canadian Horticulturist.)

Miss Lucy Lettuce retired to bed
One evening when the sky was red.
Bye-and-by Miss Lucy arose,
And dress'd herself in her finest clothes
Of delicate green and gauzy brown,
The sweetest maiden in Garden Town.

She called to her neighbour, Miss Polly Pea.
"Polly, I am invited out to tea."
I heard cook say to John in the stable,
"Bring Lucy Lettuce in to table."
And what do you think, that sour old sinner,
Miss Rachel Rhubarb, was out to dinner.

She piques herself on her pedigree,
And her foggy old relative "Gregory."
She's but a vulgar village fixture;
All make grimaces at her mixture.
Bah! the meanest grubs in Garden Town
Shy from *her* with scornful frown.

But Polly, I wish that you and I
Could be as easily passed by.
I noticed this morning, when you arose,
How pale and pinched was the curl on your nose
Those loafing dudes, the worms, I fear,
Are undermining your health, my dear.

There's our cousins Cabbage, on the next block.
You know they have come of a hardy stock.
Well, those very same scamps, I hear folks say,
Revel and feast with them night and day;
So this riotous life and "do as-you-please,"
Was ended in hopeless *heart disease*!

See Celia Celery tall and fair,
Aristocratic in her air,
She is the elite of Garden Town,
With green top-knots and ecru gown.
Why should she feel so very crusty,
I've seen her look both old and rusty.

And *she* looks down with haughty mein
Oh dear, wee, modest Betty Bean.
Friend of the great Bonanza King,
The muscle of stalwart western men
Was got from thee, thou peerless gem.
Could I compare you with such trash,
As wishy-washy Suky Squash?

Oh, I should feel myself a felon
To equal thee to Watermelon.
Look! Pat Potatoe ope's his eyes.
While I laud Betty to the skies,
And Sissy Sage, a very Plato,
With flaring red-head Tom Tomato

Miss Onion, you are too impressive;
I'll pass you, lest I weep excessive.
Tho' mummies bowed to you the knee,
I cannot choose but turn from thee
And leave thee with thy Leeks and Garlick.
Come near me and you'll find me warlike.

Patrick Parsley, if you knew
How ancient builders copied you.
Your Gothic leaf I've traced on tombs—
Seen carved on grandly pillared domes—
And "Parsley Peel," the weaver chief,
His daughter traced thy lovely leaf;
On costly fabrics now we see
Designs of foliage all from thee.

Ah, who is he there by the wall,
Poising and bowing to Old Sol?
The Sunflower, looking proudly mild
Since patronized by Oscar Wilde.
He's warning me 'tis growing late,
And Father Thyme rejects to wait—
Nurse Dolly Dew is hastening down
To bathe the maids of Garden Town.