

## POETRY.

Original.  
TO MISS B.

I love thee not, then fare thee-well,  
Thou art not what thou wast to me;  
All broken is the mystic spell  
Th at bound my heart and soul to thee.

I cannot love a soul like thine,  
So prone to wiles and treachery;  
Although thou wert a form divine,  
And pure as vestals e'er should be.

O thou art changed in mien and mind,  
In feature and in every thing;  
For round thy heart remorse hath twined  
Its folds, and planted there its sting.

No solace cans't thou hope from heav'n,  
Should'st e'er thou mock its throne with prayer,  
While o'er thy wayward path divine,  
To the broad ocean of despair!

And yet that sweetly beaming smile,  
Might sweetly win my heart again,  
Did I not know its framed in guile,  
And artful as the Siren's strain.

It may not be—my passion's o'er,  
Thy folly rang the parting knell;  
Then try thy wily arts no more,—  
I love thee not, vain girl, farewell.  
York, October, 1832.

L. R.

## MISCELLANY.

*The Gallant Host.*—It is the custom, says a late London Magazine, to protest that the age of chivalry is over, and that the spirit of our ancient nobility has evaporated. The following anecdote is worthy of the century of Louis the Fourteenth; or, may we not be permitted to say, the court circle of George the Fourth? A lady of rank, having lost a jewel of considerable value at one of the parties at Devonshire-house, sent a description of it to the groom of the chambers, that it might be restored to her, if found. Some days subsequently, Lady Elizabeth received it back from one of the domestics of his grace's establishment; but having shortly afterwards occasion to visit a shop of an eminent jeweller at the west end of the town, an accidental inquiry on her part, respecting the value of the ornament in question, led to the discovery that he had sold just before, to the Duke of Devonshire, the fellow to that formerly purchased by Lady Elizabeth. His grace, not choosing that one of his fair guests should have cause to remember with regret a visit to his house, had replaced the lost jewel!

*A short Courtship.*—A certain old gentleman being desirous that his only son Patrick, should commit matrimony: Accordingly he dressed Pat up, and directed him to M—s. On arriving at the gate, Pat cried out in an audible voice, "Hulloo the house!" The lady very deliberately approached the door, looking in a very bad mood for courting, asked him his business, Pat bawled out, "will you have me for a wife?" to which the lady replied, "No sir." "Well I told daddy so but he would have me call up, tho'!!!"

*The Fair Sybil.*—A distinguished literary lady, not long since, wrote to a gentleman, entreating him in earnest terms, to be her companion when she sat for her picture as a sybil. The gentleman probably could not refuse without giving great offence; but he had a wife, with whom he was on such confidential terms, that they mutually opened, in case of absence of either, each other's letters." Thus it happened that the fair sybil's note fell into the hands of, and was opened by, the gentleman's wife, who also taking upon herself to answer it, replied to this effect:—"That her husband, knowing, or caring little about portrait-painting, was scarcely a *proper* companion for a lady in a painter's studio; but that she, (the wife) understanding the subject, and having a taste for it, would be, if agreeable, his substitute, at the place and hour appointed." An answer was requested, but none arrived.

'I have make one thousand dollar dis morning, before breakfast,' said a Frenchman who kept a retail shop in Boston. 'A thousand dollars before breakfast!' said a neighbor with a dubious air.

'Qui—yes sare,' returned the Frenchman, rubbing his hands with great glee—'I have clear one thousand dollar clear.'

'You've sold all your goods then?'

'O no! sare, I have not sell one good—I have all de good in my shop.'

'How did you clear so much money then?'

'I have mark de good all up.'

'Marked them all up!'

'Qui, Monsieur, I have put on de high price, so as make clear one thousand dollar, and keep all my good in my shop.'—N. Y. *Constellation.*

A Quaker gentleman, covered with his beaver, was once in company with a lady rather too much uncovered, who drank a toast to his "broad bottomed beaver." The Quaker having thanked her for the honor she did him, observed filling up a bumper, "in return for thy civility, Maria, I drink to thy absent handkerchief."

An impudent fellow quizzing a gunsmith on the Strand, asked him whether a curious pistol, which he saw in the window, would go off. To which the gunsmith replied, "To a certainty, if it were within your reach."

The aim of the poet is, after all, an extremely humble one, since, all that he seeks is to appear like his own writing desk—namely, to be covered with *bays—baize.*

## THE GARLAND.

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