

TO THE GARLAND.

The rising genius of our land,
The Garland's page with lib'ral hand,
Bedecks with many a gem;
They range the muse's bright pasture,
And call the choicest flowrets there,
That grace each blooming stem.

But not to poetry alone,
Or thoughts convey'd in music's tune,
Their efforts are confined;
They search among the realms of prose
For thoughts ne'er wakened from repose
Before, to charm mankind.

Long may the Garland's flowrets bloom,
And aid to dissipate the gloom
Of ignorance that reigns.
Long may it cause the latent fire
Of genius to wake up the lyre,
And sing in lofty strains.

The charms of virtue and of love,
Of pure religion from above,
Oh may it sweetly sing;
And Canada's wild scenery,
Yet scarcely known in minstrelsy,
Each muse on martial wing.

Should also soar, tho' we require,
Thank Heaven, no sanguinary lyre,
Nor fierce Marsellais hymn,
To rouse our youth or read in twain
The tyrant's heavy galling chain,
From off the fetter'd limb.

And we should teach our youth to prize
That Constitution vice decries,
Let her be sacred still;
Guard her and she will guard our rights
'Gainst withering tyranny, which blights
All good to nurture ill.

SOLON.

TO ————

What can bid my heart be gay?
What can make soft smiles arise?
What my beating heart can sway?
Martha Ann, thy laughing eyes.

Who can life and joy impart,
To a brow with sorrow wan?
Who can win with pleasing art?
'Tis my love, my Martha Ann.

Thou art a rose, my lovely fair,
Thy face, the flowery morn—
Thy breath is like the noctar air,
From lises of spices borne.

A frown from thee would kill me dead;
Thy smile my heart dost so unman;
Then let thy love on me be shed,
And I will worship Martha Ann. C. M. D.

Weeping.—Young women are full of tears.—They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for any thing or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence and weep when you are absent.—They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a blackguard; and they will weep because they cannot have every thing in their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he relents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued with tears and a certain lecture? Women weep to get at their husband's secrets, and they also weep when their own are revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through

folly, through cunning, and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortunes, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbors how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband that she may get another. The "widow of Ephesus," bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other.

Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no common thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poisoning the cup of indulgence, and gasping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they coin their tears and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humor, and the other makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us to relieve the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian before hand. The one weeps whether we will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe. They are social in their tears, they would have the whole world to weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imagination so fantastic, that they can make the material world to sympathise with their sorrows. The dew on the cheek of a disconsolate maiden; when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening; and when the sun rises and exhales the dew drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping night.—We have weeping rocks, weeping waterfalls, weeping willows, weeping grottoes, weeping skies, weeping climates, and if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have, to finish the climax, a weeping world.

Anecdote.—A wealthy ship owner of the Quaker persuasion, was once busily employed in his Counting Room, when a sailor, who had for some time sailed in his employ, entered, and approaching the desk, made a low bow and said; 'Friend B—wilt thou be so good as to settle with me?' The merchant turned to the intruder and said; 'I wish, John, that thou wouldst assume thy usual manner of address when thou speakest to me. If thou wert addressing one of thy companions, thou wouldst not use the plain language to him. I wish thee, in addressing me, to use thy common style of speaking; and not think to flatter or wheedle me, by assuming the Friendly dialect. Use the same language to me that thou wouldst use when speaking to one of thy associates.' 'That I can do,' said the tar, as he took a fresh quid of tobacco, 'so here goes; Blast you, my old boy, shell out your change in less than two shakes of a lobster's liver!'