

POETRY.

THE WARRIOR'S STEED.

With my glittering helm and my corsicet of steel,
The sword on my thigh, and the spur on my heel,—
How light was the touch on my steed's jetty mane,
As I leaped to the saddle, and loosened the rein!

"My courser, my courser! how gladly we fly
From the quiet of home to the shrill battle cry,—
From the spot where my childhood contentedly strayed
To the thrust of the lance and the jar of the blade!"

"The shriek of the wounded comes borne on the gale,—
The poor orphan's sob, and the sad widow's wail:
And soon may my father and mother deplore,
A son and a brother they'll welcome no more!"

"My courser, my courser! dash gallantly on,
Where the havoc is reeking and glory is won;
Unheard is the prayer and unheeded the woe,
When vengeance is sought at the breast of the foe!"

He bore me through field, and he bore me through flood,
O'er the ranks of the slain where the bravest had stood;
And spurned was the breach by my steed's foaming pride,
Where the desperate struggled, and noble had died.

But that victory gained, by the just and the strong,
And the joys which to conquest and glory belong,
Aye swept from the mind; for new conquests and spoil
Since have honored the frobourn, who fought for their soil.

The soldier's brow wrinkles with badges of war,
And his horse's broad chest will show many a scar;
But both can remember their first Udoan field,
Where the patriot taught the proud foomer to yield.

A wife now reclines on her warrior lord,
Who won what he hath by the blade of his sword;
And those parents are watching their children, who feed
With crumbs from the casement their father's old steed!

The eye of the horse will ne'er lighten again,
Yet it glows as the child strokes the long silken mane;
And the son of the soldier already will dare
To mount the old charger, in mimic of war!"

Years! years! that have crippled the hardy and fleet,
That have sprinkled the brow of the soldier with sleet,—
Ye have not divided, nor lessened, the force
Of affection which rivets the knight to his horse.

MISCELLANY.

THE FORGER.

A few years ago I became acquainted with a most interesting family. There was a father and mother, and an only child. They were in affluent circumstances, and were both deeply pious. They watched with paternal care over the unfolding beauties of their dear little girl.—She grew up fair and lovely, and no chilling blasts were permitted to blow upon the delicate form of Jane. In a few years she sprung up into womanhood. The hearts of the doting parents became still more attached and they looked forward with deep anxiety to the future, hoping that they should be attended down to the grave in peace, by their lovely daughter. She had many suitors, and many offers; but one after another were rejected. At length there came one—he was a stranger, from a distant part of the country. His appearance was prepossessing. There was a blandness and softness in his manners, which is ever sure of gaining an interest in a female's heart. He was reputed rich, and became the professed admirer of Jane. Her heart was his; and the parents, after many misgivings of mind, consented that he should have her hand. Preparations were making for the wedding—the guest

were invited; but three days previous to the celebration of the nuptials, he was arrested for forgery, and thrown into prison. I visited him many times during his confinement.—At length the verdict of the jury was given against him. He was sentenced by the court to ten years imprisonment in the state prison. After the decree was known, I called to see him. As I approached the cell, the turnkey observed to me, there is a lady within. It was the wretched Jane. In three short weeks she had been thrown from the height of earthly happiness. She appeared wan and pale, and broken-hearted, the very shadow of her former self. She had come to bid him farewell—the voice of justice had condemned him—she alone, that young and lovely creature, was the only human being, save myself that did not execrate his name, and desert him in the night of adversity. The scene was truly touching. He tried to palliate his guilt, but he had unknown to her, been accustomed to dip too deep in the accursed bowl;—and in an evil hour, while under its baneful influence, he committed the fatal deed that destroyed himself and blighted the hopes of a sweet family, consigning the beautiful Jane to an early grave.

They parted, never to meet again in this world. I stayed with the unfortunate young man until he was carried to the state prison; where he languished a few months and then died, in the morning and prime of his days—a sacrifice on the polluted altar of intemperance and a frightful example to the fashionable young votaries of fashion who associate with the vulgar in the midnight revel, and lay the foundation in early life, for a shattered constitution, a ruined reputation, the gaol, the scaffold, and a hopeless death!

Jane never appeared in public again.—She gradually drooped like a blighted flower.—Her parents carried her to a more mild and genial climate; but she died in six months.—You will now see, on the Sabbath, the bent form of a female, supported on the arm of a feeble old man, taking their seat in the house of God.—They have now nothing to live for on earth. Their sweet child is in heaven.

In making toys, the Chinese are exceedingly expert: out of a solid block of ivory, with a hole in it not larger than half an inch in diameter, they will cut from nine to fifteen hollow globes, one within another, all loose and capable of being turned round in every direction, and each of them carved full of the same kind of open work that appears on the fans; a very small sum of money is the price of one of these difficult trifles.

THE GARLAND.

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