

MOTIONS AND ADVANCE OF A COLONIAL AGE.

Young William was a comely lad, a farmer's son was he,
He cheer'd the hearts of Man and Dud, they lov'd him tenderly;

And kindly for him did provide a suit of battenrut,
A stately horse for him to ride, lest he should go on foot.
Young William being twenty-two upon the fourth of May,
The fether bought his loving son a farm upon that day,
And William he a wooing went, to love he was inclin'd,
And Cupid soon a maiden sent congenial to his mind;

She every virtue did possess that decorates a wife,
His love for her I can't express, she loved him as her life;
The young man came delighted with bosoms full of glee,
Will having first invited them to his social bee;
Some went to chop, and some to plan, with axes, square and line,

And some to score and hew bogan, or mark the fallen pine;
Some with voices loud and long, did halloo wo o, ha, gee,
And more had arms stout and strong, with handspikes
these agree;

But whiskey having run its race, and countless legions by it slain,
Its evil, sin and sore disgrace, Will could not bear again.
With talk, with work and jesting, each most willing was to show

His friendship in attending, the leader's he, he, he; [saw
Then the clouds were getting pendant towards the setting
And objects so resplendent I loved to gaze upon;

The building being completed, all sitting on the ground,
Each with an (if) repeated a speech I turned round,
The sun had left our horizon, and fell below its plain,
Their sable native color the clouds resumed again;
The horn sounded homo to call, the gentle folks to dine,
They had their tools collected all, then formed in a line;
Well loaded was the table with solid food and pie,
They talked while they were able, knew well to egotize;

In order and sobriety they many years had seen,
But pleasure and society they seldom ever seen.
Alas! they had no teacher so far back in the wood,
There seldom went a preacher into their neighborhood;
But after twelve or fifteen years their circumstance improved,
The teacher's and the preacher's fears were very well removed;

The log-house was supplanted by one of frame and brick,
No kind of mills they wanted, they had them on the creek;
And now Will has assumed the office of a dal,
And well has he improved the stock which first he had.
I leave him now in plenty, and cast away my pen.

When his son is one and twenty I may take it up again.
Dublin, June 1835. T. J.

THE BROKEN VOW.

This lock of hair I'll praise it dear,
Long as those pulses shall beat,
Until the vital spark of life,
Shall from this breast retreat.

I ask'd her for a token
Of the vows we plighted there,
And she gave me for that token,
This lock of golden hair.

She gav'it in her goodness,
As a token of the past;
I'll hold it to my bosom
Long as this life shall last.

She gave it in the morn of hope,
In youths elastic joy;
Her feelings were then buoyant,
As an headstrong thoughtless boy.

Take this lock of golden hair,
And keep it for my sake,
Until the judgment trump of God
Sounds, rise ye dead, awake.

I blame her not, I chide her not,
For the sorrow she hath given;
And if we meet no more on earth,
O may we meet in heaven.

I never will forget her,
Though another charms her heart;
I never will forget her,
Though fortune bids us part.

Although she has forgotten me,
Forgot the vows she swore;
Yet I ever shall remember her,
Till time shall be no more.

Home, Grand River Tract,
June 1st, 1835.

THE RECLUSE.

RELIGION.

This is a charm that soothes the breast,
When pierced by keen despair;
Can phrenzy's potent arm arrest,
And all its horrors dare.

The sceptred monarch little knows,
With all his pomp and state,
The blissful spring that from it flows,
Though seldom to the great.

In fickle Fashion's glittering train,
This charm can ne'er reside;
The pert, conceited, trifling, vain,
Its beauties oft d. ride.

It cheers the martyr at the stake—
It glads his closing eyes,
And shows him he shall soon awake
To mansions in the skies.

Religion is the blessed charm
To fallen mortals given;
The tyrant Death it can disarm,
And waft the soul to Heaven.

DONNA JULIA.

THE LOVER'S SONG.

My fair one, my fair one, spring is a coming,
And the birds their sweet jubilee are humming;
Then let us walk forth in the grove,
Nature enticing in lovely array,
Opens her charms to the soft sunny day,
And calls us my fair one to love.

My fair one, my fair one, the skies are a smiling,
And zephyr's soft voice, harsh Dorcas reviling,
Then come let us smile and be glad;
Why should pale sadness o'erpower us below,
When creation rejoicing bids all our hearts flow;
Th. n let us be mirthful not sad.

Flowery capp'd spring in her gayest attire,
With love laughing eyes our bosoms doth fire;
My fair one we'll joy with her too,
At the eve of the day when Sol's sinking beam,
Casts over the landscape his last golden gleam,
My fair one we'll joyfully woo.

Sweet daisies my fair one, thou emblem of spring,
Thou a spotless and pure let devotion o'er wing
Thy thoughts to the Giver of those;
In Him we'll rejoice and each raise our voice,
And hope after this to inherit that bliss,
Proclaim'd by his mighty decrees.

C. M. D.
Hamilton, 4th April, 1835:

LOVE.

Some bonities have the power
By one bright triumphant glance,
With mystic spells to bind the soul
In painful, pleasing trance.

With no twilight in their passion,
They veer from blue to gloom,
From black despair to ecstasy,
Malaria* to perfume.

But some have not the power
To stamp the god of love:
At one bold stroke upon the heart,
With a look seems from above.

But like the painter's pencilling,
Their's is the work of time,
Which after various efforts,
Makes the portrait glow sublime.

With many a grace and tender glance,
And many a nameless charm;
They cast those spells around the heart,
That time cannot disarm.

Love like this is lasting,
And as pure as vestal fires;
While the thrill of sudden passion
Like the meteors glare expires.

Being founded in esteem,
It still brighter beams with years;
And when those hearts it warms are cold,
It glows beyond the spheres. NEWBURN.

*A pestilential Italian vapor.

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