

WINTER.

Dark clouds assembled by the northern gale,
Gloom like funeral banners hung on high,
Or dismal trappings worn by metrons pale,
Who mourn the memory of scenes gone by;
The breezes sadly through the forests moan,
The forests back return their wailing tone.

The faded sun scarce shows his sailing face,
Or peeping dimly through the riven cloud,
But faintly glimmers for a moment's space,
Then sinking backward, creeps within his shroud;
Shorn of their former lustre, heat and light,
His dazzling rays no more offend the sight.

Ravine and mountain, plain and shady dell
Lie coldly sleeping 'neath the driven snow;
The rapid floods chain'd down, no longer swell—
The ice-girt streams in voiceless silence flow,
Twining their way to wood-girt seas afar,
Where winds and billows wage an endless war.

No more the bark parades across the lake,
Catching the breezes with her ample wing;
Nought there is seen save angry waves that break,
And on the shore their sullen vespers sing;
The inland sea deserted, pallid the eye,
While mournfully the sullen breakers sigh.

The Indian hunter with his rifle, spears
To shady dells, far in the distant wood;
At each report an antler'd victim bleeds,
Or hapless native of the feathered brood—
At night he sleeps beneath the naked trees,
Hush'd by the gale, as careless and as free.

Regardless of the future and the past,
His days he passes like a fleeting dream,
Without a shed to screen him from the blast,
As thoughtless as the bubble on the stream,
That every now and then it cune or where it goes,
But ever onward with the current flows.

Stern winter reigns in all we hear or see.
Chain'd to the fire our hours speed off by;
Or piach'd with cold o'er dired piles we lie,
That chill the heart and tire the dazzled eye;
Oh how I long to see heart-cheering spring,
In green array'd and hear all nature sing. HORACE.

A SISTER'S WISH.

My smiling brother, if for thee
Indulgent Heaven would grant my prayer,
And let the threads of destiny
Be woven by a sister's care.

No golden wishes there would shine,
If thy life's robe was wrought by me,
Calm peaceful pleasure should be thine,
From grandeur and ambition free.

I would not ask for courtly grace
Around thy pish'd form to play,
Nor beauty's smile to deck thy face,
(Given but to lead some heart astray.)

I would not ask the wreath of fame
Around thy youthful brow to twine,
Nor that the statesman's envied name,
And tinsel pageant should be thine.

No, I would ask that virtue bright
Might fix thy footsteps ne'er to stray;
That neck religion's holy light
Might guide thee through life's desert way.

That manly sense and purest truth
Should make thy heart their chosen shrine,
And through the slippery paths of youth,
Unchang'd, unsharpen'd, still be thine.

That love's chaste flame—that friendship's glow
Might kindle in thy gen'rous breast,
That peace (which greatness ne'er can know)
Might be thy pillows nightly guest.

Dear smiling brother! if for thee
Indulgent Heaven would hear my prayer;
Thus should thy robes of destiny
Be woven by a sister's care. DONNA JULIA.

PASTORAL POETRY.

Once was as happy as happy could be,
I loved a pretty maid, and that pretty maid loved me;
But now I am wretched as wretched can be,
I love a pretty maid, but she's far from loving me.
Hamilton, February, 1833. A. B. C.

THE WAYWORN TRAVELLER.

I once was young—and merrily
I pass'd my childish days;
Happy and over cheerily,
I bask'd in sunny rays,

My youth was pass'd in pleasure's bowers,
I ne'er knew what was pain;
Oh! could I spend those by-gone hours,
So happily again.

I now am old—and tardily
Death's coming on a pace;
And oh! I wish most heartily,
That I had run my race.

I've found that friendship's name is
In worldly fashion's eye;
O'er all the earth the same is,
An empty lullaby.

To lull the mind of man to sleep,
While daggers pierce his breast;
And in sterility, most deep,
To place his soul to rest.

I care for nought beneath the sun,
All's callousness within;
But Oh! I wish my glass was run,
I'd leave this world of sin.

The pleasures of this earth no more
For me can joys possess:
There's not, as in the days of yore,
For me pure happiness.

Hamilton, February, 1833. F. E.

ON SPRING.

The warbling songsters of the Dale,
Rob'd in luxuriant dress;
And every plant that decks the vale,
The charms of Spring confess.

While nature her rich verdure wears,
And all creation's gay;
How grand the green landscape appears,
When Sol illumines the day.

The flowers that ope at early dawn,
Their varied sweets disclose;
And weep at night the autumn's gone,
From whence their lustre rose.

In these we see our chequer'd fate,
While rip'ning into age;
Our youthful hearts to pleasure's beat,
That all our thoughts engage.

But when the spring of life is past,
The joys of autumn o'er;
Bleak winter comes with chilling blast,
We fall to rise no more. JANE *****

Barton Cottage, 23th Jan., 1833.

THE SHEPHERD'S FLUTE.

What witching sounds are bursting forth
From yonder lonely glen,
Like the sighings of a lovers' flute,
As they rise and fall again.

How pensively they're wafled on,
By the breath of evening's breeze;
How sweet the echo's passing by,
As they whisper through the trees.

They're answered by the boatman's song;
But hark, once more they're mute,
And now they slowly rise again;
'Tis the Shepherd's mellow flute.

It breaks upon the sportsman's ear,
As he wanders home at night;
To list its soft bewitching strains,
He pauses with delight.

The echo's gone, deep silence reigns,
O'er plain and woodland, mute;
The moonbeam sheds its silver light,
Hush'd is the Shepherd's flute.

February, 1833. M. A. B. T.

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