## elb atarith obgryurx.

|  |  | 3 , | 1832 | Vor IV No. 39 |
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|  | miscellanea |  |  |  |
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| cateetly slmanact. |  |  |  |  |
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| THE Garland. |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| THE POLISH WIDOW TO IIER SON. <br> Play on, my lovely infant child, and I will wateh the |  |  |  |  |
| The ils, thint endiden all around, harve not yet check'd <br> And the thy ymule; oflite may near it shim alone be sweet |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Thou herdest not the sable robes thy littie limbs that <br> Thy father's and thy country's fall are both to thee un- |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  tyranny. |  |  |  |  |
| But this will change-the dream will pass-and thon Of deeds that thant linch the the |  | Britiah News. |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Of deeds that blanch the manly cheek, and make our <br> And when to me thoult sweetly turn of ages past to <br> Oh! how shall I reply to thee, and hide a mother |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| To opalk of Polands anciout fance-and then her <br> To fallen state |  |  |  |  |
| To mention Kosciusko's name-and then record his <br> To met |  |  |  |  |
| To tell thee of a father's love-and then a father's grave, Who perish'd for that native land he had not power to |  |  |  |  |
| Yes-this will truth demand from me, a tale unspoken |  |  |  |  |
| And then, methinks, the cloud of grief will darkeu o'er And make that youthful spirit, erst so gentle and so |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| To thoughts of sadness and of strife become an early prey. <br> And, when to manhood's state arrived, thou'it spurn |  |  |  |  |
| And, when to manhood's state arrived, thou't spurn <br> To learn to urge the war-horse on, or couch the Po- lish lance <br> The apirit of the fallen brave shall be revivel in the |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  thy firee. |  |  |  |  |
| In vain wiil dargers frown around, and prudence bid The ardour of a noble mind shall not be thus coutrell'd |  |  |  |  |
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| And rateier hite than tamely crouch before a despots |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |
| They wafted it in days of yore, and what hath been <br> But, ah! again the patriot band may ouly strive in |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |
| fall, Unmindful of Sobieski's name, or honour's sacred call. And then, my son, thy father's doom may speedily be |  |  |  |  |
| To meet the "soldier's fiery death" while in the fore Or worse! if wounded in the fray, with mingled pride |  |  |  |  |
| Through liean, amid Siberia's wastes to draw the galling chain. |  |  |  |  |
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| Ob! forrs have thinild the mothers breas, hovever |  |  |  |  |
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| The happiest efforts that ever was sketched by the pen- <br> She's gane to dwall in Heaven, my lassie, |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| 0 what'll she do in Hearen, my lassie, She'd mix her owa thoughts wi' angels' snnga |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| She was beloved of 'a', my lassie; Eut an angel fell in love wi' her, |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Eut an angel fell in love wi her, And took her trae us a: |  |  |  |  |
| Low there she lies; A lronnier form ue'er went to the Nor frae it will arise. |  |  |  |  |
| Ster men |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |
| Theres onaght lit duat ow winc. my lasie, |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Mook ion thy deat hatut exe, my lasie, |  |  |  |  |
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