

POETRY.

Original.

TO MY PARTNER.

Come to my aid the poet's noblest pow'r,
To sing of her I love and bless the hour;
When I her at first beheld, with ease lovely smiles,
Full many a dull and tedious hour beguile.

Her beauteous self, yea, next to heav'n I love,
Whose earthly joys with mine together move;
Content with her I taste but little sorrow,
Nor wish from other joys a share to borrow.

To sit and hear her sing some song she loves,
(We are as happy as affection's doves!)
Enraptur'd with the sweetness of the strain,
I clasp her fondly o'er and o'er again.

My only prayer to the Almighty Will,
Is but for her to live, and love her still;
As when I first beheld her modest charms,
'Till death doth clasp us in his icy arms.
Niagara, Nov. 1832. "EL DONADOR."

Original.

A DREAM.

When slumber my eye-lids had seal'd,
A fair one appear'd to my view;
In a fanciful vision reveal'd

And how sweet was the picture I drew.

Her cheeks with carnation might vie,
Her forehead seem'd snow from the pole,—
The arrow that sped from her eye,
Pierc'd the inmost shrine of my soul.

Her accents enchanted my ear
'Twas sweeter than music to me;
And I ask'd while I trembled with fear,
If she still remain'd single and free.

My passion I straightway disclose'd,
With eloquence, chaste and refin'd—
And with transport I found her dispos'd
To accept of my vows and be kind.

She rejoined I am single and free,
To you now tender my heart;
And her words were so pleasing to me,
That I woke from my dream with a start.

Such once were the dreams of my life,
For I tasted the pleasures of love;
But that dream was extinguish'd by strife,
And my hopes now repose all above.
Lockport, N. Y. Nov. 1832. P.

MR. EDITOR.—I send you a few stanzas of something, I do not know what—I cannot call it poetry. If you think them worthy a place in your invaluable miscellany, please insert them, and oblige
A SUBSCRIBER.

STANZAS.

They say I never was in love.

I'm sure I can't tell why!
There's not a day I step abroad,
But some sweet girl I spy.

Whose tender form and beauteous face,
My senses captive make;
And to describe my feelings then,
Sir Walter's pen 'twould take.

I feel so strange—I know not how,—
I know not how I move;
Come tell me—come, I'd like to know,
Are not these signs of Love?

If not; I cannot comprehend,
Its dark mysterious meaning;
'Tis something—nameless, I suppose,
'To nothing appertaining.

Barton, Dec. 1832.

Original.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Nothing but an idle passion,—

Poets often call it so;
Must I treat it in their fashion?
Honest feelings answer, no.

Lovers cease! in vain your preaching,
Age has turn'd your hearts to snow;
Can I profit by your teaching?
Honest nature answers, no!

ELIZA.

Original.

LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND.

Hibernia's hoary cliffs adieu!
An exile now, from thee I'm turning;
With bursting heart, though tear-drops fall,
For, ah! for deeper is my mourning.

Fare—fare—thee well, my native vale!
Ye mountains blue and grotto'd bowers,
Where oft I've wander'd to inhale
The odor of thy fragrant flowers.

Dear comrades all, a last adieu!
Oh, I could weep I'm still so smiting,
To be divorc'd from home and you—
Alas! I scarce can bear this parting.

In western climes I'll ne'er forget
The joyous hours we spent together;
When oft in youthful glee we met,—
Yet thoughts like these my heart will wither.

Though destin'd far from thee to roam,
And o'er the rough Atlantic wander;
My mind shall dwell on thee and home,
While round me whelming waves meander.

And should I live to cross the main,
I'll fondly nurse the dear reflection,
That nought but death can break the chain,
Which links our hearts in warm affection.

Fair blows the breeze, the anchor's weight'd,
Our gallant bark o'er ocean's flying,
With sheets like out-spread wings array'd,
And through the shrouds the winds are sighing.

Once more, green Erin, fare-thee-well!
A long, a last adieu!—We sever,—
But ought an earth can break the spell,
That binds my heart to thee forever. W. W.
Port Hope, Nov. 1832.

MR. EDITOR.—The following lines were written in a Lady's Album at her request, by a young man who never before attempted poetry; if you think them worthy of it, please insert them in the Garland:

What tribute can a novice bring,
To grace an Album's page?
Must I of Love or Friendship sing,
Or chant the Battle's rage?

If Love—how dull would be my strain!
How cold and insincere!
The weak attempt would be but vain—
And War would prove a tear.

A trifle then, I'll only bring,
My muse's slight to prove;
And e'en not Friendship's offering—
The feeling next to Love.

I will not wish thee peace serene,
As summer's cloudless sky;
Unbroken by one gloomy scene
Of care or misery.

For such no mortal yet hath seen,
In this cold world of sorrow;
Where joy to-day too oft I ween,
Betokens grief to-morrow.

But daily I'll invoke for thee,
A moderate share of bliss;
Since here on earth we ne'er can see,
Unchequer'd happiness.

May it from virtuous actions flow,
Mild purity of heart;
And charity for these below,
Can happiness impart.

And when thou die'st, the widow's tear,
And orphan's will be shed;
Their prayers will reach the cherub's sphere,
For blessings on thy head.

One other wish I have in store,
Transcending all I've given;
Oh! may'st thou know forever more,
The changeless joys of heaven. WILLIAM.
Hamilton, Nov. 1832.

THE GARLAND.

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