

well known to the public in this city, as being eminently calculated to win golden opinions in the path which he has undertaken to tread. The first number is full of valuable and interesting articles, as well original as selected, the latter being done with care and judgment from what seem to be ample resources. We have no doubt whatever that the support which will be extended to this excellent work will be such as to remunerate the proprietor for his enterprise and labour; and to those of our readers who understand, or who wish to understand, the language in which it is printed, we have pleasure in cordially recommending it.

TECUMSEH, OR THE WEST THIRTY YEARS SINCE—BY G. H. COLTON.

A BEAUTIFULLY got up volume of poetry, the subject of which is the celebrated Indian Chief Tecumseh, has just been published in New York. It is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation, and the extracts given afford conclusive evidence that it possesses a large share of merit. The name should be a household word in Canada, as that of one of nature's noblest sons, who linked his fortunes with the British arms, and gave up his life in stemming the tide of battle. When the volume has found its way to Canada, we shall endeavour to make its merits more fully known to the admirers of the Indian Chief.

In the last number of the *Garland*, we were under the necessity of apologizing for the non-appearance of several articles, which had been for some time in our possession. We are still compelled to throw ourselves upon the forbearance of our readers and contributors. The only explanation we can offer will be found in the pages of this number—that is, the great length to which some continued tales have extended, and of which the interest would be diminished by curtailment. We have been under the necessity of adding a few pages to the regular size of the number, in order to make room for those articles of which it was impossible to defer the publication.

Of the poetry of the present number we need scarcely speak. It is such as will command attention. The "War Cry," elicited by the disastrous intelligence from Cabool, which has cast a gloom upon the whole empire, will be particularly noted, as being the expression, in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," of the deep and all-absorbing feeling which glows in the breasts of countless thousands, to whom the melancholy fate of the slaughtered hosts has made their memory sacred. It was, we have reason to believe, written almost without a moment for reflection, and while the stunning influence of the catastrophe was yet intensely felt upon the mind of the author.

While upon this subject, we may be excused if we advert to some other of the poetical tributes which enrich our pages for the present month. "The Approach of Insanity" is a startling and vivid picture of a being in the full pride of a noble intellect, writhing under a knowledge of the coming of that terrible malady, which is to pluck his Reason from its throne, and cast him into the depths of unutterable misery and degradation. The language and the thoughts are alike brilliant, powerful, and energetic. The composition, indeed, taken in all its parts, might be owned by any writer of the day, without taking a leaf from his chaplet.

The reader will also find a beautiful poem from the pen of one whose contributions have been ever welcomed with pleasure—E. L. C. These initials are a certain passport to public favour, and the "Dream" will serve as an evidence that the mine from which so many gems have been already won, has lost no wealth by all that has hitherto been taken from it.

In a different strain is "A Hoodite," which has been resuscitated from a long sleep in one of our drawers, in which it has lain cosily for months. It is not an unworthy imitation of the great "original" of pun and humour. We must not, however, take to ourselves the merit of its first publication. It has already been published in a provincial journal, and is only submitted in the pages of the *Garland*, after having already obtained the approbation of many readers.