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The Cherokee's Remonstrance. For the Callopean.

THE disgraceful history of the expatriation of the Cherokee Indians, is too recent not to be well known. Upon hearing that, notwithstanding the solemn treaties to the contrary, they were to be driven from their forest home, a deputation of twelve of their chiefs went to Washington to expostulate with the American Government on their injustice. Their cause was ably defended before the Supreme Court of the United States, by William Wirt, a barrister of great eloquence and integrity—but the voice of Georgia, who demanded the annexation of the Cherokee territory as a bribe for her vote for General Jackson's election to the presidency, was heard before the voice of justice and honor. The most solemn treaties were utterly disregarded, and the broken-hearted Cherokees were driven beyond the Mississippi.

In the following extract from an unpublished poem, I have endeavored to convey some idea of the feelings with which they must have regarded it—and if I succeed no farther than to draw the attention of some of your younger readers to this interesting subject, I shall feel myself amply rewarded—

"We come from the South, where the mountains wild,
By the hand of nature in heaps are piled;
Where the mighty rivers, towards the sea,
Flow onward as nature made them, free—
We come to remind thee once more
Of the treaty which thou to our father's swore.

Have justice and truth from thine altars fled?
In thy broad nation is honor dead?
Shall we calmly submit, like the cringing slave,
To be forced from the home our fathers gave?
Does not the sun, with his starry train,
Rise and set on thy wide domain?
And is there not room for us and thee
On this land thou mockest by name of "free!"

The woods were boundless and full of game,
When from the rising sun you came—
Homeless, friendless, hungry and poor,
You stood alone on that rugged shore—
You asked of the Indian—he gave thee food—
He built thy hut in the shady wood—
With skins from his wigwam he made thy bed,
And taught thee with noiseless steps to tread
The trackless forests before thee spread.

* See account of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

How easy, then, had he hurled thee
Back on the waves of the angry sea;
Or left thee unpitied there to die,
Of cold and famine, beneath his eye—
But no!—he gave thee a welcome free,
And thus thou repayest his courtesy.

Thou hast taken the land that his fathers gave—
Thou hast scattered the dust of his father's grave—
For thee hast thou caused him to bend his bow,
And raise his hatchet against thy foe—
Thou hast forced him far from his native home,
An exile, abroad on the world to roam—
And nought is left, if he will not fly,
But to bare his bosom, and, to die!

Go—ask the slave, in his fetters bound,
If the soil he treads on is freedom's ground?
Go—ask the banished Cherokee,
If all beneath thy sway are free!
He will tell thee, that when the rising gale
Comes from the East, he hears a wail—
And every sigh of the North-wind's moan*
Bears o'er the mountains slavery's groan.
Thy boasted freedom's but a name
That well might make thee blush for shame!

Thou know'st 'tis true—yet why appeal
To men who've ceased as men to feel—
Whose hands, which grasp from shore to shore,
Insatiable, thirst for more—
Till the dark forest pines shall wave—
Not o'er the Indian—but his grave."

A. J.

Toronto, February 26, 1848.

For the Callopean.
Intended Invasion of England by Napoleon.

ONE of the most masterly plans that ever originated in the profound mind of Napoleon, was that for the invasion of England in 1805. Having defeated the Russians and Austrians in every Campaign; placed Switzerland, Holland and Italy, under his control; and seated himself on the Imperial throne; he turned his attention to England, whose inexhaustible riches, world-en-

* In allusion to the Slave States lying to the North and East of the Cherokee country.