

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

To Raise the Genius,



To Mend the Heart.

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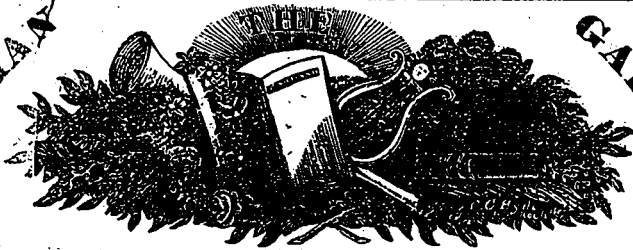
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"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1833.

NO. 13.

POPULAR TALES.

Original.

THE COTTAGE RETREAT.

In a part of Upper Canada, near the road that leads from S. to the Capital, is a valley whose solitary aspect instils into the minds of all that travel through it, a sort of pleasing melancholy. A narrow stream flows through the dell, which is adorned with groupes of pine, hemlock, and ash; the surrounding heights are covered with sheep, and on the slope of one of the most distant hills may be seen the white spire of the village church of T. peering over the lofty trees that seem anxious to conceal it from the profane and vulgar gaze. On the banks of the stream not far from this interesting and natural scene, stands the *Cottage Retreat*, embowered in fragrance. It is carpeted with purple thyme, while the blue-bell, the poppy and the yellow-checked daisy border the pathway that leads to this pleasing abode.

MARION and HELLEN MELVILLE, the last remaining branches of an ancient and highly respectable family, lost both of their parents when quite young, and were solemnly committed to the care of their uncle, who was unmarried; and though disappointed in a first attachment, seemed like to continue so, to the end of his life. Two years after his brother's death he was appointed to an official situation in Canada. He was for some time at a loss to know how to dispose of his interesting nieces. Should he take them with him, accompanied by a capable governess, and have them carefully educated under his own eye? or leave them behind at one of the fashionable boarding-schools, and trust to the general surveillance of a distant female relation? He decided on the former course, and accordingly shortly after, set sail. Nothing material happened on their voyage, and they soon arrived at their destined port. After travelling in Canada a few weeks, he purchased the Cottage before mentioned—then almost in a ruinous condition. He made no very important changes in the exterior of the dwelling; but within, carpets, ottomans, vases and mirrors,

proclaimed both wealthy and tasteful residents. His own portrait, distinguished by its strong, bold, peculiar light; views of the surrounding scenery; a guitar, piano, and harp; a time-piece of Italian workmanship, in which the hours flew round, offering rose-wreaths to each other—all served to give the interior of this mansion an aspect of peculiar beauty.

It was in the year 18—, when they left their native land, and was three years since their arrival at the Retreat; in which nothing had happened either to damp pleasure or create pain. Mr. Melville saw but little company, as he was naturally of a retired disposition and fond of quiet. His greatest care was the education of his interesting nieces, with whom he spent the greater part of his time. Marion had now attained the age of sixteen, being reared by her kind governess and the fostering arm of her affectionate uncle; she was at once an amiable and lovely girl, possessing a disposition naturally kind and affectionate to the extreme. Hellen was eight years younger than her sister, with a heart as gay and lively as the butterfly, and a mind which promised to possess some of the more reserved and engaging qualities that adorned her elder sister. Marion possessed many natural acquirements, and among those which she loved to practice, was the pleasing art of drawing, in which she took great delight. Amid the pleasant evenings of summer she might be seen, accompanied by her little sister, Hellen, sauntering out to her shady, vine-covered bower, in which stood her easel and other implements of drawing. There would she sketch views of the surrounding scenery—some wild and fearful enough for the pencil of *Salvator Rosa*; others calm, sequestered and luxuriant as the spots over which *Claude* loved to throw his bland, warm coloring. It was now in the pleasant month of September, when all things around seem to have come to full maturity—the fruit ripe, and the yellow ears of corn peeping through their husks, shewing themselves ready for the reaper; the flowers and vines beginning to tinge from the light frost; and indeed when all nature seems calm and

tranquil as the dawn of day, that Marion sat alone in her bower, contemplating the works of Nature, which were so plentifully bestowed in all she saw and heard. "How great are thy works, O! Providence," said she, "yet how seldom do we reflect upon Thee; or, indeed upon the source from which our greatest comforts flow." As she sat ruminating on the events of her life, and endeavoring to scan with anxious thought, the hopes and fears of the future, she thought she heard a faint scream in the direction of the stream; she listened a moment,—another yet louder, met her ear; and also the sound of an unknown voice. She hastily turned her eyes in the direction from whence the noise proceeded, and beheld her little sister dripping with wet, in the arms of a stranger, who, on seeing Marion bowed, and politely requested to know if they were not occupants of the Retreat; and also if he could be of any service in assisting Miss Melville to convey the almost lifeless Hellen to her home. Marion assented, as it was some distance to the cottage, and followed the youthful stranger with mingled feelings of gratitude and admiration; and could not but confess that she had never yet seen beauty and politeness so conspicuously blended as was in the form and features of this interesting young man. They soon reached the cottage, where Hellen was laid on a sofa and the necessary restoratives immediately applied by her kind governess, she soon recovered enough to relate her unlucky adventure. It appeared she had been wandering about in the lawn and woods adjacent, gathering pebbles from the stream, and wild-flowers that were fast withering, and was in the act of crossing the stream to regain her sister's bower, when she heard a step behind her and on stepping quickly to see what it was, her foot slipped from the small tree that was thrown across for the convenience of the young ladies, and she fell in the stream; her clothes being entangled in some bushes that grew near the bank, it might have proved a watery grave for the gay Hellen, had it not been for the ready assistance of the youthful stranger, who happened to be passing with his dog and gun in quest of game. Mr. Melville earnestly thanked him for his timely assistance, and rising, led the way to the music-room, and requested Marion to play some of her favorite airs. She quickly complied with his request and seating herself at the piano, commenced some Italian airs which she executed with great taste. It need not be said that she wished to appear at least pleasing in the eyes of the stranger, and it was evident she had succeeded; as those orbs spoke volumes as he gazed upon the form before him, and watched her fingers as they wandered up and down the instrument! with what evident pleasure did he watch the varying color of her cheek, and

the sweet expression of her dark eyes as she arose and seated herself near the window..... They conversed upon various subjects until the stranger arose to depart. Mr. Melville politely requested him to call again; the stranger replied that he felt himself honored and should comply with the request, left his card and withdrew.

LAURENTIO FITZROY was the only son of a wealthy country gentleman, residing about three miles from the Retreat. Our young hero was the life and delight of his aged parents. He had been carefully educated under the instruction of the best of teachers, and great care had been taken by his affectionate mother to instill into his youthful mind the morals and principles of true religion. His disposition was of rather a pensive turn, fond of retirement, and particularly fond of reading. His countenance presented features of noble construction; his manners were engaging, from his naturally elegant and decided character, refined by the feelings and education of a gentleman. There could be but little doubt that an individual thus prepossessing, would be preferred by a superior mind, particularly one of taste and sentiment. Time rolled on, during which various opportunities offered for a further cultivation of that friendship which had been so providentially contracted; and they were mutually embraced by the members of the different families, but more particularly by Marion and Laurentio. Their frequent meetings at length settled into a firm and devoted affection. Better than a year had now elapsed since Fitzroy's introduction to the Retreat—a year which had been spent by the younger members of the families, in various scenes of pleasure and amusement. Sabbath after Sabbath might the youthful group be seen winding their way up the hill that led to the village church, and very often guiding their light canoe along the placid stream with their hook and line, in search of the little trout that played about the tranquil water; whole evenings would they spend in the summer-house, accompanied by their guitar and harp. What moments of enraptured bliss! and what rendered the bower doubly dear to them was, that

"It was the first loved spot,
Their youthful eyes had ever met."

It happened that Laurentio was obliged to leave those scenes of pleasure, to attend to some business of his father's at the West Indies. It appears he had formerly been a merchant, carrying on extensive business, and when he left that place had not altogether closed, for which reason his son was obliged to commence a journey which he could not undertake with many feelings of pleasure, (it could not be said with any,) as on his return he was to claim the blushing Marion for his bride. He departed, but not until many to-

kens of affection, and vows of constancy had been exchanged between them.

We will pass over the time of his absence, suffice it to say, the last letter which his parents received, described his voyage as pleasant; and also that he was likely to succeed with his business. It was now in the latter end of April, and Laurentio's return was anxiously expected by his affectionate parents, and indeed by many of the neighboring families; as he was a youth generally esteemed and respected, by all who had the pleasure of an acquaintance. They all anticipated the time of his arrival as an event, from which, they were to derive sincere pleasure. But with what fond expectation did Marion look forward to the arrival of the only being on earth she had ever deigned to love. Yes! that same being was soon to become her companion for life—her second, though dearer self... How often would she take from her bosom the locket that contained his hair and gaze upon the lifeless features of his miniature before her, and again resign them to their place of abode. Vessel after vessel arrived, but not the one that contained Laurentio. Day after day passed and as often were her fond hopes frustrated. A month had now elapsed since his return was expected; and they began to feel seriously alarmed for fear that the heavy winds might have driven them, they knew not where.

One evening as Marion, sitting at her piano playing over the most melancholy airs she could select, happened to turn to those beautiful lines by Mrs. Hemans:—

"There is an hour—a pensive hour,
And oh! how dear its soothing power:
It is when twilight spreads her veil,
And steals along the silent dale;

'Tis when the fading blossoms close—
When all is silence and repose;
Then memory wakes, and loves to mourn
The days that never can return."

She had just finished singing when Hellen came running into the room, and said that the post-chaise was coming, and she was sure that there were letters for Marion; or—perhaps Laurentio himself. Marion hastily arose and went to the window, just as the chaise drove up; but who can describe her joy when she saw a gentleman spring out: It was indeed Laurentio. Hellen was by his side in a moment; he embraced her with all the fond affection of a brother, and breathing the name of MARION, hurried to the parlor, where she already was. I shall not attempt to describe their meeting, but suffice it to say, that they met with all the ardor that two such warm, devoted hearts cannot fail to feel for each other, after an absence of nearly nine months.... He soon related to them the cause of his being detained so much longer than he expected; which was, that the vessel had indeed been driven back by contrary winds, until he

had almost begun to despair of ever again beholding his beloved Marion: and now that by the hand of Providence he had been restored to her, nothing save an Almighty hand was again to separate them. Preparations were now hastily made for the nuptial ceremony, which was performed by the village pastor, and Hellen was appointed to draw her sister's glove.

DONNA JULIA.

From the New-York Mirror.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

AN INDIAN NARRATION.—CONCLUDED.

It was with difficulty the hot-headed Onea was persuaded to comply with the suggestions of prudence, and nothing but a consideration for the safety of the maiden, had power to restrain his impetuosity. But assured that in the unequal contest of which she spoke, his own individual zeal and valor would prove unavailing, he submitted, though with an evident ill grace, to her directions. A like scene had, in the meanwhile taken place between Sanqte and Henamarsa, Anyta's lovely companion, and attended with pretty near the same results. A mutual understanding had the effect of providing for the two warriors in the same manner. Entering once more the canoe, in company with and under the guidance of their mistresses, they took their way down the lake, until they lost sight of the island, on which they had first met. They kept on, until far away from the main route to the habitations of the tribe, they came to a beautiful knoll of green, thickly covered with shrubbery and trees, and so wrapt from the passing glance of the wayfarer, by the circuitous bendings of the stream, as to afford them the safety and secrecy they desired. The maidens informed them they alone were in possession of the fact of its existence, having been cast upon it by a summer tempest, while wandering over the rippling waters in their birchen canoe. They found it a pleasant dwelling-place. The wild fruits and scented flowers seemed to have purposely embellished it for the habitation of content and love, and the singing birds were perpetually carolling from the branches. The vines, thickly interwoven above their heads, and covered with leaves, afforded them the desired shelter; and gladly did they appropriate, and sweetly did they enjoy its pleasures and its privacies. But the day began to wane, and the approaching evening indicated the return of the fierce warriors from the chase. With many vows, and a tender and sweet sorrow, the maidens took their departure for the dwellings of their people; leaving the young chiefs to contemplate their new ties, and the novel situation in which they had found themselves. Nor did the maidens forget their pledges, or prove false to their vows. Day after day did they take their way in the birchen bark, and linger till the evening

in the society of their beloved. The hours passed fleetly in such enjoyments; and happy months of felicity had only taught them the beauty of flowers and their scents, and the delights of an attachment before utterly unknown. But the wing of the halcyon ceased to rest on the blessed island. Impatient of inactivity, the warrior Sanute, came one day to the vine-covered cabin of Onea; his looks were sullen, and his language desponding.—He spoke thus:

“It is not meet, Onea, that the hawk should be clipped of his wings, and the young panther be caged like a deer; let us go home to our people. I am growing an old woman.—I have no strength in my sinews—my knees grow weak.”

“I would go home to my people,” replied Onea, “but cannot leave the young fawn, who has taken shelter under my protection; and will Sanute depart from Henamarsa?”

“Sanute will depart from Henamarsa, but Sanute has the cunning of the serpent, and can burrow like the hill-fox. Sanute will no longer take the dove to his heart, dreading an enemy. He will go home to his people, he will gather the young men of the nation, and do battle for Henamarsa. Onea is a brave warrior—will he not fight for Anyta?”

“Onea would die for Anyta, but he would not that Anyta should perish too. Onea would not destroy the people of his wife.”

“Would they not destroy Onea? They would hang his scalp in the smoke of their wigwams, they would shout and dance about the stake when his death-song is singing. If Onea will not depart with Sanute, he will go alone. He will bring the young warriors, and the dogs who would keep Henamarsa from his wigwam—they shall perish by his knife, and the wild boar shall grow fat upon their carcases.”

Thus spoke the elder of the two warriors, and vain were the entreaties and arguments employed by Onea to dissuade him from his purpose. The Indian habit was too strong for love, and his sense of national, not less than individual pride, together with the supineness of his present life, contrasted with that restless activity to which he had been brought up and habituated, rendered all persuasion fruitless, and destroyed the force of all arguments. Deep, seemingly, was the anguish of Henamarsa, when she learned the departure of her lover. A settled fear, however, took possession of the bosom of the gentle Anyta, and she sobbed upon the breast of the brave Onea. She felt that their happiness was at an end—that the hope of her people was insecure—that the homes of her fathers was about to suffer violation. She saw at once all the dangers, and did not hesitate to whisper it in the ear of Onea. All her hope rested in the belief, that Sanute would never succeed

in tracing his way back, from the intricacies of the swamp, to his own people; or if he did, that he would not succeed in guiding them to the precise point in its recesses, in which her tribe had found its abode. But Onea knew better the capacities of a warrior among his people. He seized his bow and equipments, and would have taken the path after Sanute, determined to quiet the fears of his beloved, even by the death of his late friend and companion; but the maiden restrained him. She uttered a prayer to the Great Spirit, for the safety of herself and people, and gave herself up to the wonted happiness of that society, for which she was willing to sacrifice every thing.

A new trial awaited Onea. One day Anyta came not. The canoe was paddled by Henamarsa alone. She sought him in his wigwam. She sought to take the place of his beloved in his affections; and loaded him with caresses.

“Where is Anyta?” asked the young warrior.

“She is no longer the bride of Onea,” was the reply. “She has gone into the wigwam of a warrior of her tribe—Henamarsa will love Onea, in the place of Anyta.”

“Onea will love none but Anyta,” was the reply.

“But she is now the wife of Echotee, the chief. She can no longer be yours. You will never see her more.”

“I will tear her from the cabin of the dog—I will drive my hatchet into his skull,”—said the infuriated warrior. He rejected all the blandishments of Henamarsa, and taunted her with her infidelity to Sanute. She departed in anger from his presence, and he lay troubled with his meditations as to the course he should pursue with regard to Anyta. His determination was adopted, and at midnight, in a birchen canoe prepared through the day, he took his way over the broad lake to the island. It lay, but not in quiet, stretched out beautifully under the twinkling stars that shone down sweetly upon it. These, however, were not its only lights. Countless blazes illuminated the shores in every direction—and the sound of merry music came upon his ear, with an influence that chafed still more fiercely the raging spirit in his heart. There were shouts and songs of merriment—and the whirling tread of the impetuous dancers bespoke a feast and a frolic such as are due among the Indians to occasions of the highest festivity. Drawing his bark quietly upon the shore, without interruption, he proceeded among the revellers. No one seemed to observe—no one questioned him. Dressed in habiliments the most fantastic and irregular, his warlike semblance did not strike the gaze of the spectators as at all inconsistent with the sports they were pursuing, and he passed without impediment or check to the great hall,

from whence the sounds of most extravagant merriment proceeded. He entered with the throng, in time to witness a solemn ceremonial. There came, at one side, a gallant chief, richly dressed in furs of native production—youthful, handsome, and gracefully erect, at the head of a choice procession of youths of his own age, attired in like habits. Each of them bore a white wand, the symbol of marriage. On the other side came a like procession of maidens, dressed in robes of the whitest cotton, and bearing wands like the men. What bright creature is it that leads this beautiful array? Why does the young chief start—wherefore the red spot on the brow of Onea? The maiden who leads the procession is his own, the gentle Anyta. Grief was in her face; her eyes were dewy and sad; and her limbs so trembled, that those around gathered to her support. The first impulse of Onea was to rush forward and challenge the array—to seize upon the maiden in the presence of the assembly; and, on the strength of his arm, and the sharp stroke of his hatchet, to assert his claims to the bride in the teeth of every competitor. But the warrior was not less wise than daring. He saw that the maiden was sick at heart, and a fond hope sprung into his own. He determined to witness the progress of the ceremony, trusting something to events. They dragged her forward to the rite, passive rather than unresisting. The white wands of the two processions, males and females, were linked above the heads of Echotee and Anyta—the bridal dance was performed around them in circles, and, agreeable to the ritual of the tribe to which they belonged, the marriage was declared complete. And now came on the banqueting. The repast, fruitful of animation, proceeded, and the warriors gathered around the board, disposed alternately among the maidens, Echotee and Anyta presiding.—Onea stood apart.

“Who is he who despises our festival—who does the younger stand away from the board? The brave man may fight and rejoice—he wears not always the war-paint—he cries not for ever the war-whoop—he will come where the singing-birds gather, and join in the merriment of the feast.”

Thus cried a strong voice from the company, and all eyes were turned upon Onea.—The youth did not shrink from reply.

“The warrior says what is true. It is not for the brave man to scorn the festival—he rejoices at the feast. But the stranger comes of a far tribe, and she who carries the wand must bid him welcome, or he sits not at the board with the warriors.”

Anyta slowly rose to perform the duty imposed upon her. She had already recognized the form of her lover, and her speech was tremulous, and the sound slow. She waved

the wand which she held in her hands, and he approached unhesitatingly to her side. The Indians manifested little curiosity—such a feature of character being inconsistent, in their nation, with the manliness indispensable to the warrior. Still there was something marked in their habit which taught them to believe him a stranger. At such a time, however, the young men, intriguing with their dusky loves, rendered disguises and deceptions so frequent, that less notice ensued than might otherwise have been the case, and the repast proceeded without further interruption. Then followed the bridal procession to the future dwelling of the couple. The whole assembly sallied forth to the sound of discordant music, each with a flaming torch within his hand.—They frolicked with wild halloos in the train of the bridal pair, waving their flaming torches in every direction. A small stream, consecrated by a thousand such occurrences, rippled along their pathway, upon approaching which they hurled the lights into its hissing waters, leaving the entire procession in darkness.—This was one part of the wonted and well-known frolic. The transition from unaccustomed light to solemn darkness, producing the profoundest confusion, the merriment grew immense. One party stumbled over the other, and all were playing at contraries and cross-purposes. Shouts of laughter in every direction broke the gloom which occasioned it, and proved the perfect success of the jest.—But, on a sudden, a cry arose that the bride was missing. This, perhaps, contributed more than any thing beside to the good humor of all but the one immediately concerned, and the complaint and clamor of the poor bridegroom met with no sympathy. His appeals were unheeded—his asseverations received with laughter and shouts of the most deafening description. All mirth, however, must have its end; and the joke grew serious. The bride was really missing, and every thing was in earnest and undreamt of confusion and commotion. Vainly did the warriors search—vainly did the maidens call upon the name of Anyta. She was far beyond the reach of their voices, hurrying down the quiet lake with Onea, to the green knoll of their early loves and unqualified affection.

There was one who readily guessed the mystery of Anyta's abduction. The heart of Henamarsa had long yearned for that of Onea. The rejection of her suit by the scrupulous warrior had changed its temper into bitterness, and a more vindictive feeling took possession of her breast. She determined to be revenged.

The warrior lay at sunset in the quiet bow-er, and he slept with sweet visions in his eyes. But why shrieks the young maiden, and wherefore the strong hand upon him? Who are they that bind with thongs the free limbs

of the warrior? Vainly does he struggle for his release. Many are the foes around him, and deadly the vengeance which they threaten. He looks about for Anyta,—she too is in chains. Above him stood the form of Henamarsa, and he now knew who had betrayed him, yet he uttered no reproach. She looked upon him with an eye of mingled love and triumph, but he gave her no look in return. He knew her not.

They took him back to the island, and loaded him with fetters. They taunted him with words of scorn, and inflicted ignominious blows upon his limbs. They brought him food, and made him eat for the sacrifice; for that at the close of the moon just begun, he should be subjected, with the gentle Anyta, to the torture of fire and the stake. "A Creek warrior will teach you how to die," said Onea. "You are yet children; you know nothing," and he shook his chains in their faces, and spat on them with contempt.

That night a voice came to him in his dungeon. Though he saw not the person, yet he knew that Henamarsa was beside him.

"Live," said the false one—"live, Onea, and I will unloose the cords about thy limbs. I will make thee free of thy keepers—I will carry thee to a quiet forest, where my people shall find thee never." The warrior spake not, but turned his face from the tempter to the wall of his prison. Vainly did she entreat him, nor forego her prayers, until the first glimmerings of the daylight urged her departure. Rising then with redoubled fury from his side, where she had thrown herself, she drew a knife before his eyes. The blade gleamed in his sight, but he shrunk not.

"What," said she, "if I strike thee to the heart, thou that art sterner than the she-wolf, and colder than the stone-house of the adder? What if I strike thee for thy scorn, and slay thee like a fox even in his hole?"

"Is there a mountain between us, woman, and canst thou not strike?" said the warrior. "Why speak'st thou to me? Do thy will, and hiss no more like a snake in my ears. Thou hast lost thy sting—I should not feel the blow from thy knife."

"Thou art a brave warrior," said the intruder, "and I love thee too well to slay thee. I will seek thee again in thy captivity, and look for thee to listen."

The last night of the moon had arrived, and the noon of the ensuing day was fixed for the execution of Onea and Anyta. Henamarsa came again to the prison of the chief, and love had taken possession of her soul. She strove to win him to his freedom upon her own conditions. She then proffered him the same boon upon his own terms; but he disdained and denied them. Deep was her affliction, and she now deplored her agency in the captivity of the chief. She had thought

him less inflexible in his faith; and judging of his by the yielding susceptibilities of her own heart, had falsely believed that the service she offered would have sanctioned his adoption of any conditions which she might propose.—She now beheld him ready for death, but not for dishonor. She saw him prepared for the last trial, and she sunk down in despair.

The hour was at hand, and the two were bound to the stake. The torches were blazing around them—the crowd assembled—the warrior singing his song of death, and of many triumphs. But they were not so to perish. Relief and rescue were at hand, and looking forth upon the lake, which his eyes took in at a glance, he beheld a thousand birchen canoes upon its surface, and flying to the scene of execution. He knew the warriors who approached. He discerned the war paint of his nation; he counted the brave men, as they urged forward their vessels, and called them by their names. The warriors who surrounded him rushed, in a panic, for their arms—but how could they contend with the choice men of the Creeks—the masters of a hundred nations? The conflict was brief, though hotly contended. The people of Onea were triumphant, and the chief and the beautiful Anyta freed from their perilous situation. The people whom they had conquered were bound with thongs, and the council deliberated upon their destiny. Shall they go free—shall they die? were the questions—somewhat novel, it is true, in the history of Indian warfare; whose course of triumph was usually marked with indiscriminate massacre. The voice of Onea determined the question, and their lives were spared.

"Will you be of us and our nation?"—asked the conquerors of the conquered.

"We are the children of the sun," was the proud reply—"and can mingle with no blood but our own."

"Our young men will not yield the fair lake, and the beautiful island, and the choice fruits."

"They are worthy of women and children only, and to these we leave them. We will seek elsewhere for the habitations of our people—we will go into other lands. It is nothing new to our fortunes that we should do so now. The spoiler has twice been among us, and the places that know us shall know us no more. Are we free to depart? Let not your young men follow to spy out our new habitations.—Let them take what is ours now, but let them leave us in quiet hereafter."

"You are free to go," was the response, "and our young men shall not follow you."

The old chiefs led the way, and the young followed, singing a song of exile, to which they claimed to be familiar, and calling themselves Seminoles, a name which, in their language, is supposed to signify banishment.—

All departed save Anyta, and she dwelt for long years in the cabin of Onca.

LITERARY TRIFLES.

If you transpose what ladies wear.—*Veil.*
'Twill show what faithless lovers are:—*Vile.*
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;—*Levi.*
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do:—*Live.*
Transpose the letters yet once more,
What bad men do, you'll then explore.—*Evil.*

A gentleman for a long time paid his addresses to a lady; and finally pressing her to know what would be his fate, and she wrote the word *stripes*, and told him to make what he could of it; and govern himself accordingly.—*Persist.*

Why is a chronologist like a palm tree?—*He can supply you with DATES.*

Why is a tradesman like a good student in divinity?—*He studies his profits—prophe-cits.*

What net is the most certain to catch a handsome wife?—*A coro-net.*

Why is a doctor's prescription a good thing to feed pigs with?—*They would find grains in it.*

What is the difference between a good government and a bad one?—*A good one guides us, and the other MISGUIDES.*

Convert the words *new-door* into one word.—*One word.*

Why is education like a tailor?—*It forms our habits.*

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1831.

This number, which concludes one half of our year's labor, is embellished with a beautiful vignette head. This will be the only improvement on our part, for this volume; unless we have "ocular demonstration" of an improvement on the part of our subscribers. So far, we have exerted ourself to the utmost to please; we have made use of no false obdience, to act the part of an invigiler; we have made use of no nomination movement, to induce our subscribers to make advance payments. Far from it: our kind endeavor has been to convince the public that the Garland was got up for the purpose its motto imports, "To raise the genius and to mend the heart!" Satisfied that our subscribers would willingly assist us, if we requested. This is but an inkling.

At the earnest solicitation of our friends we have concluded all the articles in the numbers preceding, to accommodate such as wish to patronize us, who were unable to obtain the back numbers. We request an early return from our agents and friends, so that we can ascertain the size of the extra edition; to which, should the number be sufficient to pay the expense, there will be a separate index.

It is with no small degree of pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt of, from the Editor of the Cobourg Star, "a Chart, showing the interior navigation of the District of Newcastle, U. C., and the proposed improvement on the Otanabee river, &c. engraved by T. Evans."

We fear that many of our correspondents will be disappointed at not seeing their communications in our columns. Should they, we assure them that we have at present manuscript enough to fill three numbers entire. We have not room to return thanks individually, but make a general bow for past favors, hoping to propliate a prolongation.

Original.
EPITAPH ON A VICTIM OF A CANCER QUACK.

Here lies a fool flat on his back,
The victim of a cancer quack;
Who lost his money, and his life,
By plaister, caustic, and by knife.

The case was this, a pimple rose
South-east a little, on his nose
Which daily redd'n'd, and grew bigger,
As to much drinking gave it vigor;
A score of gossips soon ensur'd,
Full three score different modes of cure;
But yet the full-fed pimple still,
Defied all petticoat skill;
When led by fortune to peruse
A hand bill in the "Weekly News,"
Signed by six fools of different sorts,
All cured of cancers made of warts,
Fear wing'd his flight to find the quack,
To prove his cancer-curing knack:

But on his way he found another,
A second advertising brother—
But as much like him as an owl
Is unlike every handsome fowl,
Whose fame had raised us broad a fog,
And of the two the greater hog;
Who used a still more magic plaister,
Which sweat forsooth, and cur'd the faster.
This doctor view'd with momey eyes,
And scow'd up face, the pimple's size,
Then christen'd it in solemn answer
And said, "This pimple's name is cancer;
"But courage, friend, I see you're pale,
"My sweating-plasters never fail,

"I've sweated hundreds out with ease,
"With roots as long as maple trees,
"And never failed in all my trials,
"Behold these samples here in vials!
"Preserv'd to show my wond'rous merits,
"Just as my liver is, in spirits,
"For twenty loes the cure is done!"—
The bargain's struck, the plaister's on,
Which gnaw'd the cancer at its leisure,
And pain'd his face above all measure;
But yet the pimple spread the faster,
And swell'd like woad that meets disaster.
Thus foiled the doctor gravely swore
That "twas a right rose cancer-sore;"
Then stuck his probe beneath the beard,
And show'd them where the leaves appear'd:
Then rais'd the patients drooping spirits
By praising high the plaister's merits.
Quoth he "the roots now scarcely stick,
"I'll fetch it out like crab or tick,
"And make it rendezvous next trial,
"With six more plagues in this 'ere trial!"
Then purg'd him pale with jalap drastic,
And next applied the infernal caustic,
Which mawing on with enger pace,
Consum'd one broadside of his face;
"Courage, tis done!" the doctor cried,
And quick the incision-knife applied,
That with three cuts made such a hole,
Oud flew the patient's tartar'd soul.

Come readers gentle, eke and simple,
If you have corn or wart or pimple,
To quack infallible apply,
Here's room enough for you to lie;
This skill triumphant still prevails,
Death is a cure that never fails.

Barton, Jan. 1833.

PHILLOMÉDICUS.

Original.

GIVE ME A FRIEND.

Give me a friend whose tender heart
Can feel another's pain,
Who ne'er will bid the poor depart,
Nor treat them with disdain.

Give me a friend who is renown'd
For truth and constancy;
Whose mind in knowledge is profound,
Who feels with ecstasy.

Give me a friend whose tongue is free
From slander and from guile—
Who ne'er will suffer me, to be
Hurt by another's wife.

Give me a friend whose heart is true
To every one; and I
Will then bid this false world adieu,
Without a parting sigh.

JOHN.

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, speeds
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 cunes 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 pites we flee,
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, unshrinking, 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 bygone hours,
So happily again.

I now an 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 oturity, 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 open 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 wafed 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.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

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GOLD.

Gold is the heaviest of all metals excepting platina; it is neither very elastic nor hard, but so malleable and ductile, that it may be drawn into very fine wire, or beaten into leaves so thin as to be carried away by the slightest wind. Dr.—Black has calculated, that it would take fourteen millions of films of gold, such as is on some fine gilt wire, to make the thickness of one inch; whereas fourteen million leaves of common printing paper make near three quarters of a mile. According to Fourcroy, the ductility of gold is such that one ounce of it is sufficient to gild a silver wire more than thirteen hundred miles long. Such is the tenacity of gold, that a wire 1-16th of an inch in diameter will support a weight of 500 pounds without breaking. Gold may be known from all other metals by its bright yellow color, and its weight. Its specific gravity is 19.3; when heavier, it must be combined with platina; when lighter, and of a deep yellow color, it is alloyed with copper; and if of a pale color, with silver.

Arabia had formerly its gold mines.—The gold of Ophir, so often mentioned in Scripture, must be that which was procured in Arabia, on the coast of the Red Sea. We are assured by Sanchoniati, and by Herodotus, quoted by Eusebius, that the Phœnicians carried on considerable traffic in gold, even before the days of Job, who thus speaks of it, "Then shalt they lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as stones of the brooks."—Gold is found in Peru, as well as in several other parts of the world. It generally occurs in a metallic state, and most commonly in the form of grains. It frequently is met with in the ores of other metals, but is chiefly found in the sands of many African rivers, in South America, and in India. Several rivers in France contain gold in their sands. It has also been discovered in Hungary, Sweden, Norway and Ireland. Near Pomplona, in South America; single laborers have collected upwards of 200*l*. worth of wash-gold in a day. In the province of Sonora, the Spaniards discovered a plain fourteen leagues in extent, in which they

found wash-gold at the depth of only 16 inches; the grains were of such a size that some of them weighed 72 ounces, and in such quantities, that in a short time with a few laborers, they collected 1,000 marks, (equal in value to 31,219*l*. 10*s*. sterling,) even without taking time to wash the earth which had been dug. They found one grain which weighed 132 ounces, this is deposited in the royal cabinet at Madrid and is worth 500*l*. The native gold found in Ireland was in grains from the smallest size to upwards of two ounces. Only two grains were found of greater weight, one of which weighed 5, and the other 22 ounces. Gold mines were formerly worked in Scotland; and indeed now, grains of this metal are often found in brooks after a great flood. It has been said, that at the nuptials of James V., covered dishes filled with coins of *Scotch Gold* were presented to the guests by way of dessert. Standard gold of Great Britain is twenty-two parts pure gold, and two parts copper, it is therefore called gold of "twenty-two carots fine." Some have thought that Moses made use of sulphuret of potass to render the call-gold adored by the Israelites soluble in water. Stahl wrote a long dissertation to prove that this was the case.

Sarcastic Coin.—I have seen in the museum at Scarborough a sarcastic silver coin, of the 16th century, designed for the edification of the Church of Rome. On one side may be found the Pope's head under this triple crown, and over it, following the margin of the crown, in the usual style, is this inscription, *Ecclesia perversa tenet faciem Diaboli*. "A perverted church wears the face of the devil." Turn the Pope's head bottom upwards, and you have the devil's face and head in all his fury, which, in the other position, makes the Pope's bosom no one suspecting. On the other side of the coin may be found a Cardinal's head with a Cardinal's hat on, and over it of the margin, "*Stulti aliquando Sapientes*" "Fools are sometimes wise." Turn the reverence's head downwards, and the silliest fool that can be imagined stares up on you.—*N. Y. Obs.*