

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.



To Raise the Genius,

To Mend the Heart.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.			
The Philosopher,	89	Black-burying,	95
The Children of the Sun, an Indian		What's in a name,	95
Narration,	90	Montreal Museum,	95
Anecdote,	94	Correspondents,	95
Ancient Philosophers,	94		
Absence of Mind,	94	POETRY.	
Conundrum,	94	The Lost Bark,	95
Dignified conduct of a young lady,	95	Envy,	96
Wise Men,	95	To Jealousy,	96
A fair Inference,	95	The Youthful Voyage,	96
		To Mary,	96

AGENTS FOR THE GARLAND.

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THE GARLAND.

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 19.

POPULAR TALES:

Original.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

CONCLUDED.

"The dearest object of my young heart was a maiden—she was the object of my thoughts resting or awake, and her image was written on my heart as its most precious idol. Beautiful she truly was; every grace that could fascinate, she possessed in a high degree. I gave her my love with enthusiasm—I worshipped at her shrine, and a mutual return of such affection I long thought I had, but alas! after a year's expectancy of the consummation of such bliss, my hopes were blighted in a day! Another had won her heart and led it astray by perfidy and the envenomed tongue of slander. He seduced her and left her a beggar on the world. Yes! left my Mary the flower of my existence, a spectacle of shame and pity. What could I do in such a case? My bosom beat high with indignation, and my lip quivered for revenge. Villainy! villainy! could I let it pass? Did not the sanctity of woman's character call upon me to be avenged on the guileful usurper of my soul's dearest charms? With clenched fist and angry brow, I vowed that justice should be done. I called the coward out, and bade him face me as a man. Sunset was the appointed time to meet. We were regular; for as the deep shade of the forest, that was tipped with the golden rays of nature's animation, fell upon the selected fields, all was prepared for death. All was still save the forest's roar, or the twittering farewell of some little songster to Apollo's smile, I clenched my teeth with impatience. * * * 'All ready—fire!' was no sooner said than bang went the weapons of death. I reeled and fell senseless to the ground; from which situation I recovered not until many hours after. I was shot through the thigh, and the pain, loss of blood and fear, operated in stupifying me to my situation..... The seconds, thinking us both dead, had fled in fear and left our bodies on the field. The moon shone full on the scene, and displayed the bloody ground; her orbit was full, gloomy and melancholy. At a distance lay my opponent, who I once thought my friend. His face looked grimly pale—spotted with blood, and his dark eye-brows were set in a scowl; he was shot through the breast. I raised myself up and gazed on him for a moment—my eyes grew dim, and I lost myself in horror..... Again I saw him open his eyes, glassy and dim, "Barclay, Barclay," he feebly said, "are you still alive? God bless you, and forgive you, gallant Barclay! I was in the wrong—I

deserve my fate;" which was almost inaudible. I stood as a marble figure—I saw his lip quiver, his eye open and shut to all eternity. I rushed, feeble as I was, from his presence, until fainting on my way, I awoke in the arms of my parents the next morning at home. O, the horror of my situation, who could tell? For this crime I was tried by the laws and acquitted; but I never forgave myself. This, my son, has been a canker-worm in my heart. O, youthful folly, mark this! But as if fate was against me, I have to recount other sorrows. I was at this time in my twenty-second year. Although I could never efface from my mind the remembrance of the sad scene I have just mentioned; still the sanguine hopes of youth, and the seductive pleasures that drown the thought of care and sorrow at this changeful season of our life, left but little room for its chilling effect on my heart. In a few years all was forgotten, and I was again a wrestler with worldly strife, and thoughts. I commenced business in another part of the world and was sanguine as ever in my success. There lived in my neighborhood an old man, comfortably settled on a farm, with a beautiful cottage on it. The solace, the pride and animation of his venerable age, was an only daughter. Catharine! charming Catharine! bewitching girl! her form is still lovely and bright in my recollection; though the dark clouds of age and distance of time, shadow o'er my soul, I still can remember the time I first saw thee—saw thee cling with filial affection round the neck of thy aged parent, whilst he spoke of thy mother and the big tear trickled down his time-worm cheek.—Ah! thou airy sunshine of the past, glimmering through the gloom of time! Why does thy fairy dream come o'er the soul of time-beaten Barclay?"

Here the old man hesitated, turned his eyes on high and a faint smile lit up his face, he gazed abstractedly; then rousing from his reverie, he sprang upon his feet. * * "Oh, my son, forgive the dotage of years. Shall I tell thee, the next time I saw Catharine Mavor was in her garden; a garden which she superintended. She was in the midst of flowers, herself the fairest of them. Her dress was a pink-satin gown, and her sash of a silvery-white. Her auburn hair hung in tresses, delicately curled round her shoulders, and in her bosom a garland of flowers, an emblem of its inward innocence. On one side of her there was a bed of sweet peas, and on the other a motley display of pinks; over the latter she was bending, humming a melodious tune, the first verse of which I could only hear:

"The sweet pea sips the lily dew—
The sparrow's strain is sweet;
And I will dance and be as you,
The worn and ere to meet."

It was not long before her heart was mine, and mine was her's. I gained her father's favor and his consent that we should be married. Oh, if heaven there is below, I was its possessor, with the lovely Catharine! Can I forget the mellow melodious golden evenings I spent with her in this very month, when the broad expanse of nature smiled up to heaven, and her wild music threw magic on the scene? How often did I gaze at the little white cottage, peering from out the trees that out-topped it! how often did I listen to their roar, while their white heads danced in the scented breeze, but how much oftener did I melt beneath the voice and harp of her I loved! Oh by-gone days, mock not the sage of years!—wisdom has taught me thy value; but also thy instability. Press not on the breath of the wind, it will bear thee not. We were married, I say, and lived happy. I saw my Catharine's father entered beneath his favorite elm, where he often sat; yes, sat with her mother, his once loved Emily. The green turf grew over him and the violet, planted by his daughter, threw its unconscious fragrance over the bosom of decay. I often saw Catharine play on her guitar some mournful strain, until the tears bathed her face and its tones died on the melancholy of her soul. But how long can mortals be happy? The breath of an hour scathes all their hopes. My fondly-loved Catharine died on the eve in which she blessed me with a daughter. Her last words were spoken with a smile on me, then on her babe, and then her spirit took wings, never to return.... Ah, cruel fate! thou bitest the brightest part of my soul! I was after this inconsolable. I lived, 'tis true, but it was for my daughter—for the image of you, dearest Catharine. I taught her to be like thee." Here the old man sighed deeply. "Norah, my daughter, was my sole comfort. She was beautiful and sprightly. Often when I came home with down-cast spirits, did she entwine me, and infuse throughout my soul a glow of happiness. I could gaze on her innocent face, as free from care as it was placid, until the striking resemblance she bore to her mother, recalled the desolating thought of death; but dearly as I loved this flower of my existence, she too was doomed to leave me. Ten years had scarcely sunk into the ocean of the past, ere Norah, the gem of the neighborhood in which she lived, died of a gradual consumption; like the dew-drop on the rose that flies the morning sun, thus fled Norah from the world. I had seen that she was going six months before her death, but resignation to the will of Providence soothed my soul. Here then was the last bud of my hopes shorn and withered.—Young man, they may talk of fatalists and

sceptics, gazing on such scenes with indifference, but they cannot do it; it is a desolating thing and would wring tears from the proudest heart. Thus was I left alone in the midst of wealth, but my heart was tottering beneath the stroke of cruel fortune. Some weeks after Norah's death, on a mild autumn's eve with dejected spirits, I went to visit for the last time the tombs of those I only loved. Every thing around me was gay and the sun was sinking in autumnal mellowness into the west. I stood over their graves and determined to resign myself to passive contemplation. But the melancholy history of the past, like a vision, was before my aching eyes. All thought I, that was once lovely to my soul, is buried beneath me. O where are their spirits fled, said I; bright orb of the day, thy departing beauty, like the sunny visions of the past, throw a deeper melancholy o'er my soul. The tears started from my eyes involuntarily, and I sank on the tomb of my once loved Catharine. After this I wandered a maniac in the wilderness, I know not how long or whither; but since, and for the last forty years I have had my senses and been as I am now. I have, however, never returned to the world—I cared not for it, and resigned myself to eternal solitude. Solitude, thou friend of my soul! yes, with thee I have long dwelt in peace and happiness, and hope to breathe away my latest breath under the shadow of thy wings!—I live inoffensive to all the creation; the birds build their nest on the boughs by my side, heedless of my presence; and the wild deer lick my hand. I love to rove in the lone depths of nature, in the sufficiency of myself."

Here the old man paused and his last word died on my ear in plaintive mellowness, natural to his voice. I had fallen into a profound sleep from fatigue, and the melancholy strain in which he had delivered his story. Metho't in my sleep, an old man with a grey and flowing beard, approached me as I was lying in contemplative silence, admiring the heavens, "Arise, youth," said he, "and depart; but remember the tale I have told thee; haply it may instil into thy young mind a lesson of truth—a fortitude to bear up against the misfortunes of life's mysterious round. Let it not, however, damp thy hopes or youthful feelings. Life is a game, lucky or unlucky, that we all have to play; let us then play it wisely and bravely. My race is nearly run; for eighty springs have fled before me. A few more suns will guild my silver locks, and I must too be numbered among the spirits of dark kingdom of the past; adieu, adieu!"

The last words sunk solemnly on my ear; and I remembered no more. When I awoke in the morning I found myself where, the previous evening I had seen the Philosopher;—but how I came there, I knew not. Soon get-

ting into a track that led me home, I hastened on and reached my native village as the peals of the bell threw their solemn sound along the hushed sky—it being Sunday. I looked upon what I have been relating as a dream. Reader, as to this, please thyself.

C. M. D.

From the New-York Mirror.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

AN INDIAN NARRATION.

In the year sixteen hundred and —, a conspiracy was entered into by several of the Indian tribes inhabiting South Carolina, instigated thereto by the Spanish government of St. Augustine, against the inhabitants of that province. Among these were the Yamassees and Huspahs, or rather the Yamassees; for the Huspahs were but a portion of the same government and nation, assuming to themselves the name of a local governor or prince. They occupied a large and well-watered territory, lying backward from Port-Royal Island, on the north-east side of Savannah river, which, to this day, goes by the name of Indian land. It is now included in the parish of St. Peter, in the present local divisions of the state above mentioned.

The conspiracy became known to the Carolinians, through the means of a white trader, before it was sufficiently matured to be carried into execution. Declaration of war was the immediate consequence; and, unsupported by the faithless allies, who, after inciting them to insurrection, refused them all succor, the tribes were, one by one, defeated by the whites, and either wholly exterminated or driven from their possessions.

The war was now drawing to a close.—The resources of the Indians had been almost entirely exhausted; and deserted by the few tribes with which they had been allied, and who had either been destroyed or had submitted to the clemency of the conquerors, the Yamassees, under their king Huspah, prepared to risk the fate and fortunes of their nation on a single battle, at their own town of Cayanoga, (near the site now occupied by the whites, called Perrysburgh.) They had encamped outside of the limits of the town, which they had partly barricaded with logs, closely joined one in another, according with the mode of defence among the whites during their primitive struggles against the rude and commonly ill-directed assaults of the Indians. But what had been a sufficient obstacle to the advance of a band of savages proved no defence against the whites; and, whilst lying upon their arms, the bulwarks were stormed, and their dwellings in flames before they were apprised or conscious of the attack. Nothing could exceed the confusion and disorder among the miserable wretches upon this occasion.—The women and children rushed through their blazing habitations, naked and howling with

affright. The men seized their defences, and although the struggle was hopeless, it afforded the assailed some opportunities for revenge. Many of the whites were slain; and, in one instance, a warrior, who was kept off by his enemy's sword, resolutely rushed upon it, in order to glut his vengeance by strangling his foe, which he did with all the fury of a wild beast. They neither gave nor asked for quarter; and in the confusion and darkness of the night, they were enabled to maintain the struggle against the assailants, with the courage of men fighting for the homes of their fathers, and that conduct which, in a midnight affray, is as much the property of the Indian as of any other people on the globe. But when the day broke, the struggle was over. The first gray of morning found the bayonet at the breasts of the retreating savages, and themselves at the mercy of those to whom, in all their successes, they had granted no mercy. Few escaped. Men, women, and children, alike fell victims to the sword of devastation; and, before mid-day, the fight was ended, and the Yamasee nation ceased to have an existence.

On the morning after this fatal termination of the war, a warrior might have been seen standing upon a small hillock, within a few miles of the scene. His appearance was indicative of recent fight, and much weariness.—The hunting-shirt which he wore, made of finely-dressed buckskin in-wrought fantastically with beads and decorations of shells, was torn and stained in many places with blood and dirt; and, while his features evinced nothing less than manly determination and firmness, it would require no close observation to perceive that he was one of those with whom the strong principle of grief had become a settled companion. His eye had the look of the exile, but not of despair. He gazed anxiously around him; seemed to strain his eyes upon the far groves, as if expecting some one to emerge from their gloomy intricacies; then turning away disappointed, glided down into the hollow, and bending to the small brook that slowly wound its way beside him, he drank long and deeply from its cool refreshing waters. Having done this, he again rose to the hillock he had left, and seemed to renew the search he had made in vain before, and with similar success. He sung, at length, in a low and unexpressed, but unsubdued tone, something like the lament which follows over the fortunes of his people.

“They are gone—all gone—the morning finds them not; the night covers them. My feet have no companion in the chase; the hollow rocks give me back only their echoes.—Washataee! where art thou? On the far hills—thou hast found the valley of joy, and the plum-groves that are forever in bloom. Who shall find thy bones, my brother; who take care of thy spoils? Thou art all untended in

the valley of joy, and the ghosts of the slain bend about thee with many frowns. Where is the maid of thy bosom? Comes she with the smoking venison; does she dress thy food at the board, where the hunter sits down at evening? Thou art slain in thy morning, Washatee, and thy sun forgot to rise. Ising for thee thy hymn of death—thy war-song for many victories. Thou wert mighty in the chase—the high hills did not overcome thee. Thy boyhood was like the manhood of other men; thou didst not sleep in thy childhood. Well did they name thee young panther—the might and the eye of the young panther's mother was thine. Sickness fled from thee affrighted, and thou laughed in scorn at the black drinks of Estuto. The strong tide when thou swamtest bore thee not with it; thou didst put it aside as an infant. Thou wert a long arrow in the chase, and thy flight was on the strong winds. Who shall mate thee, my brother? What chieftain stood up like Washatee? and the day of thy glory is gone, oh Huspah! the father of many kings. Yamassee, where wert thou sleeping when thy name and thy nation expired? When the belt was burned thou didst weave them, and the temple of thy spirit overthrown? Huspah, thy day has gone by in darkness, and the strong night is over thee. Canst thou wake up the brave who are sleeping? Canst thou undo the eye which is sealed up, and kindle the sharp light that is hidden therein? What shall restore thee, Yamassee; and where shall the brave men of Huspah now find their abode? The wild grass has taken root in their dwelling-place, and the hill-fox burrows under the hearth of the hunter. The spirit has no place in the wigwams of many fathers; silence has made a home of their ruins, and lives lonely among them. O, spirit of many nations, thou art vanished! Thy voice is sunk into an echo, and thy name is whispered on the hill-tops.— Thy glories are the graves of many enemies; thy own grave is unknown. Thou art scattered in the broad winds, and hast fallen upon the waters. They have carried thee down with them away, and the hunters of the hill find thee not. A curse is gone forth upon thee, and thou art smitten with death!"

Thus mourned the Indian warrior over the graves of his fathers, and the recollections and affections of his youth. No single trace, however, of those emotions which might be supposed to have been exhibited as accompaniments to his uttered sorrows, appeared either in his look or his actions. To one who witnessed their expression, they might be compared to the language of sorrow falling from a statue. His was the majesty of grief, without its weaknesses.

A something stirred the leaves, and the quick and watchful sense of the chief recognized it as the object of his search. His eye rested

upon the deep and shadowing umbrage, whence proceeded about thirty other Indians, of both sexes, belonging to his own tribe—the all that was now left of their nation.— With downcast looks and no words, they struck a light, and in a few moments kindled a fire, round which they sat down in silence to a repast of parched corn, flour and sugar, called among them *sugamik*, with a small-portion of dried venison.

Here they remained not long. They wished to divest themselves of all recollections of their misfortune, yet were quite too near the spot at which it occurred, easily to effect their object. Without a word they stepped, one by one, into the order of march, which is called the Indian file; and at equal intervals of ten or fifteen feet they followed the chief; and, avoiding all beaten tracks of human form, they took their way through the close and pathless wastes of the forest.

Many years now elapsed, and men ceased to remember the noble tribe of the Yamassee; once the most terrible, and at the same time, the most accomplished of all the Indian nations of the south. They had even gone out of the memories of their ancient enemies, the Creeks, and the Carolinians, while possessing, and in full enjoyment of the rich lands of their spacious territory, had even forgotten the hard toil and extreme peril by which alone they had been acquired.

It was in the midst of a bright October month, that a small canoe was seen ascending the river, now known as the St. Mary's, having its source in a vast lake and marsh, called Ockefanokee, and lying between the Flint and Ockmulgee rivers, in the state of Georgia.— There were but two persons in the canoe, both Indian hunters of the Creek nation; a gallant race, well known for high courage among the tribes, and distinguished not less by their wild magnanimity and adventure, than by their daring ferocity. The warriors were both young, and were numbered, and with strict justice, among the *elite* of their people. At peace, for the first time for many seasons, with all around them, they gave themselves up to the pleasures of the chase, and, sought, in the hardy trials of the hunt for the bear and the buffalo, to relieve the inglorious and unwelcome ease which this novel condition of things had imposed upon them. Our two adventurers, forsaking the beaten track, and with a spirit tending something more than customary to that which distinguishes civilization, had undertaken an exploring expedition into the recesses of this vast lake and marsh, which, occupying a space of nearly three hundred miles in extent, and in very rainy seasons almost completely inundated, presented, amidst the thousand islands which it embosoms and conceals, fruitful and inviting materials for inquiry and adventure. Girt in with in-

terminable forests, the space of which was completely filled up with unbrageous vines and a thick underwood, the trial was one of no little peril, and called for the exercise of stout heart, strong hand, and a world of fortitude and patience. It was also the abiding-place of the wild boar and the panther—the southern crocodile howled nightly in its recesses; and the coiled snake, ever and anon, thrust out its venomous fangs from the verdant bush. With words of cheer and mutual encouragement, the young hunters made their way.— They were well armed and prepared for all chances; and fondly did they anticipate the delight which they would entertain, on relating their numerous adventures and achievements, by field and flood to the assembled nation, on the return of the ensuing spring.— They took with them no unnecessary incumbrances. The well tempered bow, the chosen and barbed arrows, the curved knife, suited to a transition the most abrupt, from the scalping of the enemy, to the carving of the repast, and the hatchet, fitted to the adroit hand of the hunter, and ready at his back for all emergencies, were the principal accoutrements of the warriors. They troubled themselves not much about provisions. A little parched corn supplied all wants, and the dried venison in their pouches was a luxury, taken on occasions only. They knew, that for an Indian, the woods had always a pregnant store, and they did not doubt that their own address in such matters, would at all times enable them to come at it.

Dreary, indeed, was their progress. An European would have despaired entirely, and given up what must have appeared, not merely a visionary and hopeless, but a desperate and dangerous pursuit. But the determination of an Indian, once made, is unchangeable. His mind clothes itself in a seemingly habitual stubbornness, and he is inflexible and unyielding. Though young, scarcely arrived at manhood, our warriors had been too well taught in the national habitude, to have done anything half so womanlike as to turn their backs upon an adventure, devised colly, and commenced with all due preparation. They resolutely pursued their way, unfearing, unswerving, unshrinking. The river narrowed at length into hundreds of diverging rivulets, and, after having run their canoe upon the sands, they were compelled to desert it, and pursue their further way on foot. They did not pause, but entered at once upon the new labor, and now climbing from tree to bank; now wading along the haunts of the plunging alligator; through pond and mire; now heaving with their hatchets a pathway through the thickest branches, they found enough to retard, but nothing to deter them. For days did they pursue this species of toil, passing from island to island, alternately wading and

swimming, until at length, all unexpectedly, the prospect opened in strange brightness and beauty before them. They came to a broad and lovely lake, surrounded on all sides by the forest, through a portion of which they had passed with so much difficulty, to which the storms never came. It lay sleeping before them, with the calm of an infant, and sheltered by the wood, the wild vine, and a thousand flowers. In the centre rose a beautiful island, whose shores were crowned with trees, bearing all species of fruit, and emitting most grateful fragrance. The land was elevated and inviting, and at a distance the young warriors conceived it the most blissful and lovely spot of earth. Afar in the distance, they beheld the white habitations of the people of the strange land, but in vain they did endeavor to reach them. They did not seek to adventure into the broad and otherwise inviting waters, for occasionally they could behold the crocodiles, of the largest and fiercest class, rising to the surface, and seeming to threaten them with their unclasped jaws, thickly studded with their white sharp teeth. While in this difficulty, they beheld a young maiden waving them on the opposite bank; and Onea, the youngest of the two hunters, attracted by the incomparable beauty of her person, would have leaped without scruple into the lake, and swam to the side on which she stood, but that his more grave and cautious companion Sannute, restrained him. They observed her motions, and perceived that she directed their attention to some object in the distance. Following her guidance, they found a small canoe, tied to a tree, and sheltered in a little bay. Into this they entered fearlessly, and putting out their paddles, passed in a short time to the opposite shore, the beauty of which, now that they had reached it, was even more surpassingly great than when seen afar off. Nor did the young Indian maiden, in the eye of the brave Onea, lose any of these charms, the influence of which had already penetrated his inmost spirit. But now she stood not alone. A bright young maiden, like herself, appeared beside her, and, taking the warriors by the hand, they sung sweet songs of pleasure in their ears, and brought them the milk of the cocoa to refresh them, and plucked for them many of the rich and delightful fruits which hung over their heads. There were oranges and dates, and cakes made of corn and sugar, baked with their own hands, which they cordially set before them. Many were the sweet glances and precious sentences which they gave to the young warriors, and soon did the gallant Creeks understand, and gladly did they respond to their kindness. Long would they have lingered with these maidens, but, when their repast had ended, they enjoined them to begone—to fly as quickly as possible, for that their people were cruel to strangers, and the

men of their nation would certainly destroy them with savage tortures, were they to return from the distant chase upon which they had gone, and find the intruders. "But will they not give you," said the fearless Onea, "to be the bride of a brave warrior? I shame not to speak the name of my nation. They are men, and they beg not for life. I myself am a man among my people, who are all men. They will give you to fill my wigwam. I will do battle for you, Anyta, with the knife and the spear; I will win you by the strong arm, if the strange warriors stand in the path." "Alas!" said the young girl, "you know not my people. They are tall like the pine trees, which rise above other trees, they look down upon your tribe as the prairie grass that the buffalo tramples down, and the flames wither. The sun is their father—the earth their mother—and we are called the daughters of the sun. They would dash you into the flames, if you told them of a lodge in the Creek wigwam, for a maiden of our tribe."

"The Creek is a warrior and a chief, Anyta, and he will not die like a woman. He can pluck out the heart of his foe, while he begs upon the ground. I fear not for your people's anger; but I love the young maid of the bright eye and sunny face, and would take her as a singing bird, into the lodge of a great warrior. I will stay in your cabin till the warriors come back from the hunt. I am no fox to burrow in the hill side."

"You will stay to see me perish then, Onea," said the girl—a gleam of melancholy shined from her large dark eyes—"for my people will not let me live, when I speak for your life."

"See you not my bow and arrows, Anyta? is not the tomahawk at my shoulder? Look, my knife is keen—the sapling may speak."

"Your arm is strong, and your heart true, you could say to Onea; but what is one arm, and what are thy weapons to a thousand?—You must not linger, Onea; we will put forth in the little canoe. I will steer to a quiet hollow, and when thou art in safety, I shall leave thee and return to thee again."

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Anecdote.—A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country.—"Yes" said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals."—"Ah," said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, "pray in what terms?" "In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, in nearly the following: "There were last week nearly seventy-seven interments less than the week before." The doctor's neck was seen suddenly to shrink down till his head nearly touched his shoulders; and shortly after he was missed from the saloon, to the no small diversion of the company.

Original.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

Although nothing like the true system of natural philosophy was known to the ancients on account of their utter inattention to experiment; there are nevertheless, to be found in their writings, many brilliant conceptions and gleams of light, which were afterwards to be generally diffused.

ANAXAGORAS, for example, who thought that the sun was red hot iron, as large as the Peloponesus, taught at the same time the just doctrine that the moon shines by light borrowed from the sun; and was led to that opinion, not only from the phases of the moon, but from its light being weak and unaccompanied with heat.

DEMOCRITUS, who maintained that sun and moon are bodies no larger than they appear to us to be, supposed correctly though very inconsistently, that the spots on the face of the moon arise from the inequality of its surface, and from the shadow of the more elevated parts projected on the plains. Every body knows how conformable this is to the discoveries since made by the telescope. The same philosopher was still more fortunate in another conjecture. He taught that the "milky-way" is the light of a great number of small stars, very close to one another; a magnificent conception! which the latest discoveries of the telescope have fully verified.

PLUTARCH, whose ideas were connected with fewer absurdities than those of most of the ancient philosophers, considers the velocity of the moon's motion as the cause which prevents that body from falling to the earth, just as the motion of a stone in a sling prevents it from falling to the ground; a comparison which clearly implied the notion of centrifugal force. All these conjectures, however, were the mere speculations of ingenious minds, wandering through the regions of possibility, guided by no evidence and having no principles which could give stability to their opinions. The foundations which they might have laid for a just and complete system, were laid without effect—the era of experiment and observation, without which nothing in physics is to be acquired, was yet many centuries distant. A SUBSCRIBER.

Absence of Mind.—A well known gentleman, of Magdalen College, Cambridge, had taken his watch from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend entering the room, found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation, with the egg in his hand, upon which he was intently looking, and the watch supplying its place in the sauce-pan of boiling water.

Why is a debtor confined in jail, like a leaky boat? D'ye give it up? Because he wants tailing out.

Dignified conduct of a young Lady.—Eliza, a young Parisian, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married the next day, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, "That a man of the world would not be so old fashioned, as to regard God and religion." Eliza started! but quickly recovering herself, said, "from this moment, then, sir, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honor God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely." The match was broken off.

Wise Men.—Which is the greater, the sage, who rises above and keeps aloof from the storms of the world, and only gazes on without mixing in them; or he who leaves the heights of his peaceful rest, to plunge boldly into the tumult and the war? 'Tis a noble sight when the eagle cleaves the thunder cloud, as he soars upwards into the clear firmament; but nobler is it when, hovering in the clear sky, above the darkness of the storm, he dashes through it to his nest in the rock, where his unfledged little ones lie trembling.

Dr. Hale used to say that "laziness grows in people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. I have experienced that the more business a man has the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time; that is a talent committed to every one of you, and for the use of which you must account."

A fair Inference.—A gentleman of reduced fortune came to a person who had formerly been his servant, to borrow money of him.—The upstart servant gave him a very mortifying reception, and asked in a haughty tone, "Sir, why do you give me all this trouble?—upon my honor, I have no money to lend you, or any one else." "I am certain what you say is false," said the gentleman; "for if you were not rich, you dare not be saucy."

Blackberrying.—"Oh! Mother! Mother!" exclaimed a little girl, the other afternoon, as her eye fell upon an African funeral passing the window, "look wot a sight of people are going to the black burying."

"Sir, I shall fine you for not wearing a white cravat with your academic dress," said a strict disciplinarian to an unfortunate freshman, on a raw morning in January. "Fine me! I assure you sir, my cravat is white."—"How can you say so sir, do I not see that it is blue." "O sir it was white when I put it on this morning, but it looks blue from the cold."

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply;—

whereupon the other in a rage said:—"I hope I shall soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

A gentleman, meeting a man in the street, remarked that Mr. —, who was just passing, and had recently sailed "looked below tide."—"Far from it," replied his friend, "for he has overrun the banks."

What's in a Name?—The proprietor of a respectable ladies' seminary, in the neighborhood of Greenwich, has lately had the following rather astounding announcement displayed over her gateway:—"Young ladies educated and boarded by *A Bull*."

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for the gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it!" was the pithy reply.

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1833.

Montreal Museum.—Agreeable to a notice in our last number, we now give an extract from the prospectus of this valuable acquisition to Canadian Literature. We inadvertently omitted to mention that number 1, is embellished with two beautiful lithographic engravings—one a plate of the London Fashions, the other an elegant frontispiece—a good specimen of native genius. We deem any further remarks superfluous, as the work carries its own recommendation.

Since our last number was issued we have received a number of interesting and valuable communications; besides many that are not so valuable. For the former we are thankful. Our intention is to publish one article from each correspondent, if possible, in each number. We have often wished that all our poets would for once, try their skill at prose-writing. Donna Julia's poems are excellent; prose exquisite—in our next. Our youthful poetess, Jane, is welcome. An Indian Legend, is too lengthy—as soon as limits will allow. Does "Philomedicus" wish us to insert his "epitaph on a victim of a cancer quick," in the Garland? "The way-worn Traveller," too late for this number—we solicit a continuance.

Original.

THE LOST BARK.

The little bark with sails unfurl'd,
Had left the sandy shore;
The rising wave before her hurli'd,
O'er which she's lightly bore.

A darken'd cloud hung o'er the sea,
The bleak winds whistled by,
The foaming surge in agony,
Around the boat did fly,

Now mad'ning thunder roar'd on high,
Fork'd lightning pointed down;
All thought destruction's hand was nigh—
But still the bark flew on.

The rain in rapid torrents fell,
Upon the helpless bark;
Which toss'd upon the foaming swell,
And all around was dark.

A cry of horror now arose,
Brave seamen then did weep;
The bark in shatter'd pieces gone—
All's sunk within the deep.

February, 1833.

M. A. D. T.

POETRY.

Original.

Mr. Editor:

I'll turn a stave a deuced short or long one,
Just as the humor prompts my minstrel labors;
I'll give my reason, which I count a strong one—
I sing to please my fancy, not my neighbors.
Just when I choose I'll fling my harp aside,
Or take it up, let who will praise or chide.

Perchance my strains as smooth as all my flow,
Or rough as waves when gusts the ruffling storm;
And if the critics on my stanzas blow,
Nothing I care for that in any form:
Unmov'd as fate, I'll chant my lyric story,
Because I never sing for coin or glory.

If on these vague conditions, Mr. Editor,
You'll please to give my random harpings birth,
I'll deem your liberal printer's ship one creditor,
Among the very few I have on earth.
But to delay you longer were a pity,
So I'll cut short the prelude to my ditty.

ENVY.

When winter's breeze with sullen cadence sighed,
And hoary drift came hovering on the blast;
With vacant gaze the parlor fire I ey'd,
And musing deeply o'er the ages past:
I thought on those sweet scenes, (describ'd so well
By Milton's muse,) ere our first partings fell,
And open'd the gates of sorrow, toil and death—
Of envy, slander, hatred's felon gloom,
And all those evils that beset our path,
From early boyhood to the closing tomb:
And how far different, were the few sweet hours
Our hapless parents spent in Eden's bowers.

Ere yet the fiend sped there in borrow'd guise,
Fair Eve to tempt with smooth seducing tongue;
Tipt with the venom of the slanderer's lies,
Though honey on his craft' accents hung:
Alas! too well the arch deluder sped,
And o'er the earth sin's foul contagion spread.

I also thought of that dread battle-field,
Where satan first Omnipotence defied,
And thunder-riven with his squadrons reel'd
Head-foremost down amid the blazing tide
Of that red lake whose adamantine walls
Close like a dome o'er grim sepulchral halls:

And how 'twas envy urg'd the traitor on
To war with heaven, and tempt mankind to ill;
Envy, the first-born sin of ages gone,
And fertile source of countless evils still—
Whose noxious branches overshadow the earth,
And give to every fiendish passion birth.

'Tis Envy sounds the war trumpet's horrid knell,
In poison steeped the phrenzied murderer's dart—
Rings the abhor'd traducer's tocsin bell,
And turns to gall the wretched miscreant's heart;
In love, in war, in trade with venom'd fangs,
She rends his felon soul with deadly pangs.

The wise and good her fell approaches spurn,
None but the evil-minded, lowly elf
Laments when fortune fills his neighbor's urn,
Or hates the man superior to himself;
Such crawling reptiles, on our race a labe,
Had better learn the precepts of the bible:

Envy, the bane and torment of his life,
Expels each noble feeling from his soul;
His days are spent in r-ivary and strife—
Before his eyes the tics of passion roll.
At times, to gratify his fiendish malice,
The catiff foul with poison drugs the chalice.

The moody gloom of sullen discontent,
Stamps on his brow the mark of satan's brand;
But Virtue, beauteous handmaid of content,
Lights up a smile and knits the social band,
In ties so close each breast with pleasure glows,
And heart-felt joy that from affection flows.

Of earthly joy, but scanty is the measure
To man allotted since his parents fall;
Then why reject the stunted bowl of pleasure
To drain the overflowing cup of gall;
And like a senseless ninny still add more
To heap the bowl already flowing o'er.

Men reap such woe from Envy, 'tis most strange
They'd entertain a savage, treacherous guest
That heart and soul and reason doth estrange,
And heaps tho' coals of woe upon his breast—
Making her dupe the constant blowing horn,
Of fix'd disdain, contemptuous hate and scorn.

So let him pine, and like the adder, sting
Himself, until his worthless spirit flies.
To where the fiends their hateful vapors sing
In strains composed of malice, fraud and lies:
There with his kindred spirits let him dwell
His lot unchang'd, for earth to him was hell.
February, 1833.

HORACE.

Original.

TO JEALOUSY.

Avant thou tyrant! count not me thy slave,
Thou art mankind's peevish, deadly foe;
Where love resides the path with thorns you pave,
Too oft thou chigest happiness to woe.

Begone fell monster, with thy galling chain,
Thy foul advice my heart did once ensnare—
I've burst thy bonds, and never more again
Will list thy tale or thy vile fetters wear.

Thy venom'd sting once taught me to rebel,
Against true love, unchanging ever kind,
But generous feeling toll'd thy dying knell,
And dug thy grave, thou phantom of the mind.

'Twas base in me to think that she could range,
As roves the sickle bee from flower to flower;
Ah, no! a heart like her's would scorn to change,
For all the glare of station, wealth or power.

What brought thee here from thy demonic haunts,
To sting my heart with keen and bitter woe;
To break my peace thy felon bosom pants,
Avant, thou fiend! to thy hot lair below.

Again my breast with love's soft passion burns,
Since jealousy's pale spectre's fled afar;
The ardent fondness of my heart returns,
And doubt no more our happiness shall mar.

Niagara, Jan. 1832.

REPENTANT.

Original.

THE YOUTHFUL VOYAGE.

How like an ocean voyage seems,
The changeful scenes of life;
The pleasant airs, the sunny beams,
The tempest and the strife.

In pleasure's bark with comrades gay,
We young adventurers start;
But ah! what flattering dreams betray,
The too confiding heart.

Our bark is wreck'd our hopes are gone,
Our faithless friends have fled;
A cloud upon our path is thrown,
The flowers of life are dead.

Yet link'd to some lone heart, remains
A charm no change can sever;

For when we're bound by true love's chains,
It binds us fast forever.

DONNA JULIA.

Original.

TO MARY.

When the low heart with grief is worn,
And tears are flowing fast;
When mem'ry bids our young hearts mourn,
O'er moments that are past.

Sweet to the soul the whispering
Of hope and promise, when
Fancy's soft fairy voices sing,
We part to meet again.

When souls are link'd in union sweet,
And sorrow laid to rest;
When radiant eyes in kindness meet
And friendly hands are prest.

O'er scenes like these should fortune fling,
The severing storm, oh! then
Hope's sweet enchanting voices sing,
We part to meet again.

JANE

Barton Cottage, Jan. 23, 1833.

PUBLISHED BY WYLLYS SMYTH.

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Edited by two Ladies.

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