

whose voice would have tempted the violator and murderer, suppose him both, yea that man at the bar, sworn to by all the parish, if need were, as a man of tenderest charities and generosity unbounded, in the lucre, consequent on the satiating of another lust, to rob his victim of a few trinkets! Let loose the wildest imagination into the realms of wildest wickedness, and yet they dared not as they feared God, to credit for a moment the union of such appalling and such paltry guilt, *in that man who now trembled not before them, but who seemed cut off from all the sensibilities of this life by the scythe of Misery that had shorn him down!* But why try to recount, however feebly, the line of defence taken by the speaker, who on that day seemed all but inspired. These may overturn rocks, or fire consume them till they split in pieces; but a crisis there sometimes is in man's destiny, which all the powers ever lodged in the lips of man, were they touched with a coal from heaven, cannot avert, and when even he who strives to save, feels and knows that he is striving all in vain, aye, vain as a worm to arrest the tread of Fate about to trample down its victim into the dust. All hoped, many almost believed that the prisoner would be acquitted, that a verdict of "Not Proven," at least, if not of "Not Guilty," would be returned, but they had not been sworn to do justice, before man and God, and, if need were, to seal up even the fountains of mercy in their hearts, flowing, and easily set a-flowing, by such a spectacle as that bar presented, a man already seeming to belong unto the dead!

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPRING FLOWERS.

"The wise
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its property,"

I love the fair and beautiful blossoms, that are scattered so abundantly in the spring season over the field, and by the quiet edges of the wood, or when their sunny petals tremble to the pleasant murmuring of the streams, that go by like merchantmen trafficking their melody for gales of odour. I would not gather the first flowers that lift up their delicate heads, to meet me in my spring path;—it seems to me almost as if they were gifted with a feeling and a perception of the loveliness of nature, and I cannot carelessly pluck them from their frail streams and throw them aside to their early withering—'tis like defacing the pages of a favorite book of poetry; round which the spirit of the bard seems hovering still in a preserving watchfulness.

Beautiful flowers! they are the "jewelry" of spring, and bravely do they decorate, her laughing brow, gladdening all hearts with exceeding loveliness. But no; there are some hearts for whom her voice has no cadences of joy, her beauty no power to hasten the lag-

ging pulses. How can the glorious spring speak rejoicingly to those over whose degraded brows the free gales seem to breathe revivings, instead of peacefulness and high thoughts, and for whose ears the gush of melody seems only to syllable one reproachful name?—Gladness and beauty are not for the sympathies of the wretched, and far better than the brightness of the vernal sunshine does the dreariness of winter harmonize with the desolate spirit of the slave.

Oh, that the warm breathings of universal love might drive out from the bosom of men, the cold unfeeling winter of indifference, with which they have so long regarded the sufferings of their oppressed brethren! that the beautiful blossoms of christian compassion and holy benevolence, springing up in their hearts, might shed over them the fragrance of the memory of good deeds! Then would the benediction of those that were ready to perish, come upon them like the blessing of "the early and the latter rain," and the grateful tears of the forlorn ones rest on them as a fertilizing dew, clothing them with happiness like a thick mantle of summer verdure.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1833.

We inadvertently omitted to place at the end of "Explosion," continued in our last, the words "to be," &c. We mention this for the information of a certain would-be-something, who is in the practice of expressing his opinion on the contents of the Garland. Hitherto we have neglected to notice every thing in the shape of *ape-ism*, but should this "sprig of gentility" again take upon himself the official garb of the critic, we shall feel ourself called upon to give publicity to a certain communication, now in our possession, with suitable remarks, by way of improvement.

The Canadian Magazine for April has been received. We have given it, for want of time, but a cursory glance; yet we have read enough to convince ourself that Mr. Sibbald's talents improve by use. The editor says, that "in the prosecution of his undertaking, it has been his study, and he humbly hopes not without some degree of success, to lighten the load of care which mortality throws upon the mind, by blending amusing and serious anecdote—always endeavoring so "to point the moral, and adorn the tale," as to inculcate the truth, that virtue alone can ensure true happiness and peace; and that the neglect of it, while it tends to embitter the cup of this life, endangers the highest and best interests of the immortal spirit." Henceforward the Magazine is to be issued in numbers of 48 pages, and the price reduced to 1/3s. This arrangement is made in order to bring it within the reach of the middle class of society—a desirable object, indeed—as many, who were deprived of it on account of its high price, will forthwith order the work.

To the author of *Roland Upton*, we return our warmest thanks. Other matters will be attended to next week.

Who are our old friends, El Donador, M. A. B. T., Student, Jane, Donna Julia, &c. &c.

Polyanthus has been received. This is a flowery name, but the subject is very staid.