

# THE GARLAND.

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

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## SELECTED.

### ROGER DIMON.

Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—  
Oh! what have you looked on since last we met.—*Hem.*

Every body on the Canadian frontier, from the bay of Quinte, on the Ontario, to the Trois Rivieres below Montreal, knew Roger Dimon—though as in the case of Rinaldo Rinaldino, nobody could tell exactly who and what Roger Dimon was. We said every body knew him, but it was only when he chose to be known, for the Camelion could not be more variable in his appearance than was Roger Dimon. The beardless boy, and tottering age—the Canadian Frenchman and wandering Huron—the smoking, sourcroust-eating Dutchman, and the sly, overreaching, notion-selling Yankee,—the priest and sutler—gentleman and beggar, were among his readily assumed characters. What his business was, or whether he had any, was as much a mystery as his metamorphosis; and the wonderful celerity of his movements was not the least surprising part of the qualities that were attributed to him. Roger Dimon was a man rather above the ordinary stature, thick set, muscles like iron, a pair of shoulders that Hercules might have envied, yet with all these tubborn points about him, no man's frame could possess more agility, strength, flexibility and grace. His eyes were dark, and a pair of overhanging brows, gave them a peculiar piercing air, and when awakened by passion, something like ferocity and defiance. It would be idle to recount all the conflicting opinions respecting him. Some affirmed him to be a spy, some an army contractor, and as it was during the late war with the United States, that he received the most notice, that this opinion was quite current. Some insisted that he was a dealer in forged notes, and others averred that his business was smuggling. The truth is, that few of the conjectures were without some foundation; though had any man charged him with being a counterfeiter, it would probably have been the last accusation he would have made against any one. When money was to be made, Roger Dimon was a contractor; with the movements of armies on both sides of the line, he by some means always obtained the earliest notice, and in the perilous business of smuggling he was perfect adept. There was not a bay, creek or island, from Kingston to Montreal, from Sacket's Harbor to Ogdensburg, with which he was not familiarly acquainted. His pockets were never without money, and yet he was no niggard in its disbursement. But Roger Dimon was more than all this, his lowering brow, the flashing

of his eye, and his courage and fortitude, all marked him as a man capable of the most desperate enterprises. It was whispered he cared no more for human life than for the puff of a cigar; that he felt no more reluctance to shedding blood than spilling claret, and the manner in which he always went armed, gave color to these suspicions. But if deep dyed in crime, they were not of an ordinary kind. He despised an act of meanness as he would the robbing of a hen-roost or a potatoe patch; but when danger was to be encountered;—when, what were impossibilities to others were to be overcome, then all the deep energies of his mind were brought into successful action.

An unfortunate affair had thrown one of Roger Dimon's former friends into the Montreal prison, and unless some measures were adopted, his life must pay the forfeit. In a petty squabble, he had killed a young lieutenant of the army, a relative of the governor's; the case was clear, and it was avowed that no favor would be shown him. Dimon had examined the prison carefully, and he believed that by getting on the roof, the iron gratings of the window to the room occupied by young Murray, might be forced, and then by means of a rope-ladder, his escape be effected. The attempt was a hazardous one, but Dimon was not a man to hesitate.

Dimon mounted the roof, removed the bars and with the liberated Murray, was retracing his steps, when the moon, which had been hid by dense clouds, shone out and revealed to the astonished sentinels the moving shadows of two human beings on the opposite walls. Dimon saw they were discovered, but before they could fairly gain the street, the alarm was given, and a dozen men had collected to arrest them. Throwing the rope ladder over a wall, he directed Murray to pass over and escape, while he would hold the pursuers in check, and trust to circumstances to secure his flight. This he did effectually, and Murray was soon beyond the reach of detection. No sooner had Dimon allowed Murray time enough to escape, than throwing himself headlong, with a pistol in each hand upon the circle which had cooped him up; but they dared not lay their hands upon him. With the quickness of thought, he forced a passage and fled, though closely pursued by several of the most active of the men. Nothing could have been more easy than for Dimon to have checked the pursuit; but determined not to shed blood in another man's quarrel, he decided at once on making his escape, without resort to force.