

miration for his talents, half won over, by his show of piety to believe him innocent.—But he had scarcely concluded, when the deep solemn silence was broken by these words "I thank thee, O God, he is innocent!" This exclamation which struck upon the heart of all, proceeded from an old man who sat not far from me, and who had fallen on his knees in the attitude of prayer, his hands convulsively grasped together, his lips were moving but his eyes were shut—it was his father: a young and beautiful girl had thrown her arms round the old man's neck and lay on his bosom, pale and motionless. The prisoner started at the well known voice, and instinctively sprung forward toward them, but he recollected his chains, and a flood of tears came to his relief. It would be difficult to paint the effect which so melancholy a sight had on the assembly; tears flowed from every eye. The gaoler who came to lead the youth to the condemned cell appeared affected.

The execution was to take place the following Monday. My late and respected uncle T, whose wife's work it was to visit the gloomy dungeon, and to shed on the still deeper gloom of benighted souls the beams of Christian truth, was unremotely in his attention to the young Cameronian. But he told me he went there not to administer but to receive; and that the edifying behaviour, the simplicity and resignation of this interesting youth, left no doubt of his innocence, to all who visited him. Efforts were made, but too late to save him. The day came, my uncle took me with him to the prison. At that period, I was very young, and thoughtless, but I received there an impression which neither years, nor sorrow, nor joy, have effaced, and which is now my consolation, amid the loss of friends, and health in this lonely retreat. Our way lay through a cell where three convicts were, who were to be hung in a few days. One was poring stupidly over a tattered prayer book that belonged to one of the prisoners and mechanically muttered the responses and prayers of the English service; but it was easy to see that his mind was bent upon other thoughts than that of religion. The other two with a mug of beer beside them, were smoking and playing at chuck fathing; all seemed indifferent or hardened, and forming a striking contrast with the spectacle that offered itself in the inner cell, which though gloomy and bare, shewed by the neat arrangement of its scanty and coarse furniture that a female hand had been to work there, and had by its nameless attentions, made even the walls of a prison assume a temporary cheerfulness.

A fire burned cheerfully in a grate; some flowers in a broken tumbler shed a faint perfume; but why stop to describe such trifles? Let me rather tell the tale of the pale and the worn, but cheerful countenance of the youth; the delicate form of the sister for the last time clinging around her brother, and bedewing his chains with her tears; and the patriarchal dignity of the father, who, with an earnest voice, was pouring forth his soul in prayer, his hoary head now reverently bent to the ground, now lifted up in the fervency of supplication to receive the flood of light which the summer sun was pouring through the small grated window, giving to his fine features an air of celestial radiance. The son then prayed, and oh! how marvellously did his voice sound, when, possessed of youth and vigour and genius, were ere an hour to be numbered with the dead! How it reached the heart, the humble confession and offering of that immortal spirit about to return to its heavenly habitation, and during the last flying moments of its pilgrimage in worshipping him who was now imparting from on high, strength and happiness to this outcast of society loaded with chains and disgrace, and for whose last agonies the gathered crowd was impatiently waiting. When his prayer was completed he rose up and said, "Now father I am ready, give me thy blessing dear sister, farewell!" and clasping his weeping sister to his bosom, he knelt down with her at his father's feet, and both reverentially bowed their heads before him, whilst the Cameronian with as it were, superior energy, lifted up his hand with a firm and solemn voice, and addressed the mercy of him who was about to receive his redeemed soul. The chaplain of the jail then entered, but nobody attempted to interrupt the serenity of the scene, they were evidently above human consolations. The bell tolled,—it was the fatal signal. The youth then with perfect composure, bade farewell to his fellow prisoners, distributing some presents among them, and turning to us, he affectionately thanked my uncle

for his attentions to him, recommending his father and sister to his care till they could be sent back to their country. I could say nothing; but seizing one of his hands in mine, I burst into tears. His sister was carried away fainting by the humane matron of the prison, and the melancholy procession advanced slowly toward the place of execution: he ascended the platform with a firm step, supporting, rather than supported by, his father. He addressed a few words to the crowd, told them he was innocent, that he hoped his innocence would one day appear, but that he was resigned to die, trusting upon the mercy of him who died for all men. After this he and his father knelt down in silent prayer, no words could have expressed the feelings of their souls; then whilst the executioner was adjusting the rope and covering his eyes, they sang together in heart rending accents, the 103 Psalm. The crowd was still as death, and nothing was heard but those last applications of the old man and his son mournfully ascending on high. The song ceased—the living mass below heaved back with a simultaneous motion of horror—the happy soil had fled.

A few days after whilst the poor father was yet too weak to bear the fatigue of a journey, the seizure of a horrible breaker led to the detection of one of the darkest plots that ever was contrived by guilty man. The ruffian knave (there were no hopes for him, confessed that he had been introduced into the house by an old servant and committed in order according to his directions. The old man heard this account with little emotion—"I know" said he, "that he was innocent—I shall soon be with him—still I am glad for his sister's sake that the world knows it; but it could not appreciate, it could not tell the dignity of innocence."

This calamity excited universal sympathy—government offered to settle a pension on the old man; he rejected it with disdain—"Shall I take the price of my son's blood?" said he. They felt for him, respected his sorrow, and pressed him no further. A simple and elegant monument was erected over the bodies of the two victims, recorded in a few words their miserable end. The Cameronian returned to Scotland, where he died in a few days after his arrival, and his daughter soon after followed him to the tomb!

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

### THE REWARD OF DILIGENCE.

Frederic was the only son of Mr. Herbert Fitzroy. He had lost an affectionate mother ere he was four years of age. Being an only son, you would naturally suppose, that he was a great favourite with his surviving parent. Though Mr. F. loved him with all the affection of a father, he did not allow his regard to get the better of his judgment, nor did he, as persons very often do, totally spoil the disposition of his child by excess of indulgence. On the contrary, whenever there was a fault, that fault was *calmly*, but severely reprimanded; and, whenever anything was done worthy of approbation, that approbation was not withheld. At an early period, Frederic was sent to school, to lay the foundation for his subsequent improvement. He soon made rapid strides to perfection and by carefully learning those lessons which his master assigned him, he finally distinguished himself by the ease with which he could answer the questions, which were, from time to time, asked. His father also, took particular care that his son should diligently read the sacred scriptures, and, for this purpose, a portion was assigned, as his morning and evening exercise. "I do not think," says his father one day, "that a man can conscientiously transact his business, or manage those difficult affairs which one and all of us must some time meet, unless he has his mind firmly fortified by the precepts of our holy religion."

In a short time, Frederic by his assiduity, far surpassed his fellow school-boys. While some were employing themselves in playing marbels, or in some of those amusements in which youths are exceedingly prone to engage, in yonder green plot, you might see him reclining on the grass, and eagerly reading some nice book, or mark him wandering along the margin of that gently flowing stream, perusing, as he proceeds, some amusing and instructive tale. He did not, however, read without distinction all those books which came in his way; but his teacher carefully selected

those books which were suited to his age, and adapted to his capacity; which wined from vice, and pointed to the path of virtue, and thus, gradually formed, and unperceptibly polished, the mind of his pupil.

At that school which he attended, there were some very wicked boys, whom you might frequently see both cursing and swearing, these he studied to avoid and though they often solicited him to go with them and plunder orchards, or rob birds nests, or to associate in some such cruel sport; yet he never would consent. He had treasured up the golden rule, which says, "do unto others, as you would wish that they should do unto you;" he showed them, in the best manner in which he was able, the evil of that course which they were pursuing; he told them that they would be disliked by their neighbours, and that they would get a bad name, and would, certainly, fall into disgrace. They, however, disregarded what he said; they pursued their own course, and finally reaped the bitter reward.

That period when the holidays were given had a length arrived, and all the friends of the children attended. Class after class was examined, until it came to the turn of that in which Frederic at that time happened to be. To his many of those trifling little boys also belonged; and to some of them half of their lesson had to be told; others, again, came entirely unprepared, so that their master was obliged to *set them down*, a disgrace which every boy of spirit will endeavour to avoid. But, mark the difference: Frederic passed through his examination to the entire satisfaction of his master, and amid the general commendation of all the fine ladies and gentlemen. His master told them how eager he was to read, and how well he learned all the tasks which he assigned him—that he very rarely was found in a fault, and seldom could be blamed for saying bad words. "Frederic," says a gentleman, handing him a very nicely bound abridgement of the History of England, "go on, my good boy, and rest assured; if you continue doing as you have done you will have no want of friends, and will certainly fill some distinguished situation. Turning to his master, he whispered, "I see that boy is born to shine, exercise proper caution, show him instances of those who have risen to eminence by their own exertions, and I am confident of the result." He did not fail to perform what was enjoined, and Frederic left school to go to the university carrying along with him, as every good boy will invariably do, the respect and esteem of the surrounding inhabitants,

At College, he pursued his studies with the same assiduity, and the same success attended his exertions. By his diligence he kept pace with the first rate scholars. His principles became fixed, and his general conduct was marked by an anxious desire to give satisfaction to his professors, and to do a credit to his father in the narrow path of virtue too, seldom trodden by mortals, he always kept in view, while on the broad and alluring track, in which many, very many, destroy their present expectations and future hopes, he never allowed himself to wander. His regard for virtue was not mercenary; he loved it on its own account.

Having finished the different branches to which he intended to direct his attention, the time at length arrived when he must quit forever those venerable walls endeared to him by many a pleasing and hallowed recollection. In launching from the depths of retirement into the busy scenes and realities of life, a sensation is produced which all may experience, but none can describe: all before is bustle and activity, while the mind casts a lingering look, as it were, to the things which have now passed away, and cannot be recalled. Frederic felt this in its greatest force. He, however, did not depart unknown or disregarded; on the contrary, he left the university with a growing reputation for brilliant talents, goodness of heart, and amiableness of disposition. All who knew him loved him, and those who did not associate with him longed for his acquaintance. Frederic's subsequent history is one uninterrupted series of splendid success. He now fills one of the most distinguished situations which his country can bestow; and people, as he goes along, point at him and say, *that man has risen by his own exertions*, Pictou, August 8, 1831.

To the Editor of the Juvenile Entertainer.

The piece in your 2nd number entitled 'Always too late,' is so much in accordance with my sentiments and