



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

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Written for the Canadian Garland.

ROLAND UPTON.

CONCLUDED.

Roland Upton awoke the following morning and found himself reclining, to his surprise, on silk cushions in the house of a stranger. A fine olive coloured African girl was watching over him humming some strange tune. In the surprise of the moment he sprang from his bed, and the watching maiden affrighted, ran to alarm the house. When the master came, Roland perceived him to be a Turk, and addressed him in the Turkish language. The Turk informed him that his men, whilst fishing on the previous day, had found him floating in the water, and thinking him but recently drowned, had in humanity brought him to his house, and that he had caused him to be rubbed, warmed and brought to life, as he was.

This Turk was very rich and a pious Moslemite. When Roland heard all the circumstances thus related, he turned his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed, Oh, thou gracious God, why art thou so good in thy Providence to me? He then called to mind his wonderful vision, and the promise of the old grey headed man. Almi Mustapha, the Turk, in whose house he was, then told him that he could shew him the city in which the great Astepho lived, and taking him to the brink of a hill, he pointed out the city a few miles distant. After thanking Almi a thousand times and telling him he would soon reward him, Roland departed for the city. The sun had not yet streaked the east with his crimson glow, but every thing was sweet, balmy and harmonious. In warm climates, the morning is the only beautiful time, but at that time, owing to innumerable musical birds, and the vast profusion of fruit trees and flowers in such latitudes the morning is like paradise. Truly, Roland's heart had reason to exult.—But stay, we must see what has become of the sorrowful Almyra. The vessel and the Captain arrived safely in port the following day after this dark deed. The Captain had endeavored to soothe the mind of Almyra, by every thing in his power, and blot from her

memory the loss of Roland. He tried also to win her affection secretly, which, in her grief, she did not perceive. Upon his landing, he immediately accompanied her to her father's house, under an escort of well-dressed servants; and he himself was dressed in the most splendid manner. When he had introduced the mournful Almyra to her father, the old man rising from his couch, ran to his child, and with tears of delight streaming down his eyes, embraced her a thousand times, as likewise did her mother. A more affecting meeting could not be seen; the old Prince threw aside all his ideas of royalty, and dropped on his knee and thanked the Lord of his Prophet for the blessed restoration of his daughter. Poor Almyra, however, was too much grieved to take so much delight; her heart was sunk within her. When her father had a little recovered from his excess of joy, he enquired of his daughter why she looked so sad and melancholy. When she told him the reason he was very much affected; but endeavored to pacify her by all sorts of amusement and novelties in his power.—When Almyra and her mother had left the room, Astalpa began to thank the Captain, and promised him any thing he might ask as a reward. The Captain replied that he asked nothing, but that he hoped his Highness would fulfil his promise to the restorer of his daughter, as he had promised to the drowned gentleman, Mr. Upton. This was all he asked or required; and now therefore, since that gentleman was dead, and since he had safely brought his daughter to his Highness and his Nobleness, he trusted that the sublime Astalpa would give the lovely Princess Almyra to her preserver and keeper in matrimony. The dignified Astalpa replied that he thought himself bound to fulfil his promise, but that he would first ask Almyra's consent; and whatever she agreed to he would do:—thus ended the debate. All this the Captain asked with the utmost assurance of villainy. The dark mystery of his wickedness was hidden beneath a black sunken eye, and a brazen scowling brow. Little did the good father suspect the serpent-like deceitful-