

PAGE

MISSING



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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1833.

NO. 10.

Written for the Canadian Garland.

—ROLAND UPTON.

Before commencing the following tale, I would premise that its general outlines are not strictly original, but in other respects it is entirely so. Roland Upton, the hero of the tale, was a young man by birth a gentleman, and by fortune placed beyond the thought of want or even desire, if such a thing can be; for his father died when he was at the age of twenty-one, leaving him his only child and sole heir of a property worth twenty thousand pounds a year. He had lost his mother when young. Soon after this he lost an uncle who left him a fortune only inferior to that of his father. Besides these advantages, Roland had received from his deceased parents a finished and splendid education, which, added to his natural genius and comprehensive mind, would alone have made him an object of human envy. He likewise had the advantage of uncommon comeliness of person, a sprightly wit, and a flowing vivacity of spirits. Such was the condition of our hero at the age of twenty-one. It was indeed enviable if any thing mortal could be so. Roland's father was a merchant formerly, though he had been some time retired from business.—For this employment the father had intended his son, but he had never been particularly nice in drawing his attention chiefly to it.—Young Roland, like many of his age and condition, did not think it worth his while to follow the occupation of his father; but determined, since fortune had been so lavish of her favors, to indulge in all the pleasure of the age, and to give unreined freedom to all the pleasure of the appetites. To spur him on to this determination, he lacked not many seeming friends, and jolly well dressed fellows.—With such friends his presence was ever crowded. Many young noblemen were likewise his comrades and flatterers, which circumstance added more than any thing else to the young man's vanity. Roland became giddy with his situation, and openly participated in all the fashionable vices of the day; vices which young noblemen and young gentlemen are allowed to follow, and for which other of

their inferior fellow creatures are despised and punished. However, it seems young men of education and fortune are privileged to indulge in such things, to show how much more worthless and insignificant they are than the rest of mankind; and what appears odd in this indulgence, is, that they should persevere in doing that from which they can receive no solid satisfaction or true enjoyment, and which ought, in truth, rather to debase them in their own eyes than fill them with pride.—Gambling and drinking to excess were the premature fruits of the instruction received by our young hero from his gay and dissolute companions. The great emporium of the world, London, could produce no luxury, no pleasure, no vice which he did not purchase and obtain, and enjoy in company with friends, glittering like butterflies on a sunny morning round the table of their spoilt child. With no money in their own pockets, and with little but viciousness and dishonor in their hearts, they fed upon the dupe of their folly and vanity. Three short and ill spent years had not passed over the head of Roland Upton before he had seen himself in prison thrice for crimes, the punishment of which, through the influence of his money, and the names of some of his titled friends and comrades, he escaped; and lastly for debt, from which he only escaped as a poverty stricken and forsaken bankrupt. Thus, at the age of twenty-five, after having been worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, he saw himself a friendless beggar in the streets of London; where, not a twelve month before, he had ridden in his coach and six, in princely splendor, followed by liveried servants and footmen. O debasement of fortune, how great! and yet the change how insignificant! In this time this silly young man had had many offers of marriage, even with nobility, but he had refused them. He thought marriage would drag him from his pleasures and his companions, and justly judging they were only proposed for the sake of his fortune, he refused them. He judged others from himself, and thought there was no stability or goodness in men, but that they were all a mass

of vice and pleasure. Of religion he had as little knowledge as he wished to have, and as all wish to have, who, like him, indulge in the vanities of vanities—the headlong, unenjoyed, and ruinous vices of an unthinking world. It is astonishing that men should persist in that which will as certainly prove their ruin as that they exist. But the fashion of the titled, and those who call themselves patricians and learned, the noble vicious; few countenance this degrading thing; take away that and you would soon see less of it. The picture of Roland clearly shows that riches do not consist in the having riches, but in the way you spend and enjoy them. I may be richer in truth with two hundred pounds a year than he was with his fifty thousand. It is as mistaken a notion to suppose happiness follows rank and station in life, as to suppose all are rich who have the lavish expenditure of millions of pounds. Often did the disconsolate Roland, when walking alone protest again and again he would reform his life, break away from the chains of vice and folly and follow the example of his father. Many a time was he passed by some noble Lord and proud young gentleman, who had often partaken of the splendor of his hospitality and the lavish luxuries of his table, without a look or bow of recognition from them. These same were probably now living upon the spoils of his gaming table. In such cases Roland would bite his lips and sigh to himself, “these are the returns of our great friendship, are they?—Where now are my gallant courtiers, my elbow flutters? They have gone with that which made them mine—with all my insignificance, my vain ill got riches.” It is a consoling thought to see those who are actually insignificant, thus betray their love for that of which they are made, as water follows water, so vice follows vice, and vanity vanity.

An only aunt of Mr. Upton died about this time, and her property, amounting to some thousands of pounds, fell to her nephew and raised him once more to competence. Having reformed his conduct and become steady, and having experienced a juster notion of his duty to God and his own soul, Roland was once more countenanced, not however by his wicked and vice-loving companions of old, but by some respectable tradesmen of London, who made him their agent in a voyage to the Mediterranean, and to the East Indies. Upon a second voyage, at the age of twenty-eight, he was to visit Turkey, and he accordingly set sail for this voyage, on which we shall leave him until we find him walking the streets of the famed Constantinople. Roland, since he had left off his vicious and depraved habits, which time was about three years, had had many opportunities of thinking on his past life. He had taken a contemplative and retrospective view of it, and thoroughly weigh-

ed and considered its frivolities, its vanities, and its absurd heedlessness, and unthinking blindness with respect to rational hopes or real happiness on earth. Had he not been employed as a foreign merchant in the way I have said, it is likely that with these just ideas of true enjoyment, and his duty on earth, he would settle himself permanently in business in his native city. But Roland was very much attached to travelling, and his genius led him to pry into the curiosities and knowledge of the great world. After a safe passage Roland found himself at last in sight of the distant minarets and round shining domes of the mosques of Constantinople.—The sun was just sinking when the ship arrived at the place of anchorage. Every thing, for so great a city, appeared to him silent, and like the Sabbath of his own country. Solemn looking Turks paced on the shore in serious conversation, and every thing had an aspect quite different from many other great places he had seen. The loveliness, curiosity and nobility of the French, or the business walk and look of importance of the English, was not to be seen here.

He immediately repaired to the residence of a friend who lived in the suburbs of the city. In his way thither, his guides who were christians, directed his attention to the lighted towers of the mosques, which he could see from a hill. The call of the muezzin upon the sons of the true prophet to fall down and worship their God, and the lights suspended from the pinnacles of the airy minarets—sometimes scarcely seen through the foliage of the intervening cypress' had a peculiar effect upon the mind of our traveller. Nothing can be more solemn than such a view, and nothing can strike the eye of contemplation more interestingly. Does not the heart of the Christian Philosopher sigh at the idea of the gross infatuation of these Islamites? If it was for the exaltation of the true religion of God delivered by the mouth of our Redeemer, when his holy person was on earth incarnate, it would add doubly to the sublimity of such a contemplation, and rouse the soul in the inexpressible ardor of its love to our Creator in heaven. The call of the muezzin was hushed, and every devout moslemite was silently kneeling in adoration to his Maker, and his prophet. The minaret lamps, however, still cast their sheety glare upon the dark flowing cypress' beneath whose umbrage in the slumbers of eternity, rested many true believers of Mahomet, and many a pious mufti.... Roland at length arrived at the welcome dwelling of his friend, and after a cheerful conversation and pleasant evening, retired to the arms of sleep. On the following morning, long ere the resplendent face of the sun had burst from the eastern sky, you might have seen Mr. Upton pacing the narrow streets of the metropo-

lis, gazing with observing and anxious curiosity on all to be seen. He strayed among some of the finest gardens, where the most beautiful flowers, and the most delicious and captivating odors from the foliage of the trees and aromatic shrubbery, scented the air and exhilarated the spirits. In these gardens too could be seen splendid marble fountains, whose waters dashed their spray on the surrounding flowers, and rolled in silent bubbling over the alabaster floors. The eastern music of birds flashing with their golden emerald and crimson hues, was not the least among the enchantments of these charming spots. At the rising of the sun the muczzin called the mahometans to prayer again, and now the muffled beauteous fair of the seraglios strolled in companies to the mosques or to inhale the breezes of the morn.

Roland frequently got a glimpse of these tall fair ones, with all their beauties unveiled, singing or dancing in the paths of the gardens. He once attempted to address a tall Turkish girl, but she shunned his presence, and with blushing countenance, gracefully stepped behind the surrounding arbor of trees. What a pity it is such beautiful creatures with their dark curling hair, velvet skin, and graceful forms should be used according to the vicious and capricious wills of the turbaned tyrants of the Seraglios.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Anticipation.—This cold world of ours, admits its multiplicity of ills, and while it seems to delight alone, in throwing over a man the hoar frost of a soul-chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming intervals of happiness. There is a cheering Oasis in the dreary wilderness of its sorrows, a ray of heavenly sun-shine, that gleams through the wo-beclouded darkness of human wanderings. Have we parted, with those we love, love dearly, ho! dearer than life itself? And has the separation insulated us, cut us off from every earthly felicity, and left us sad and alone, though, in the midst of cheerful faces? Has it made us aliens and strangers amidst the crowd that surrounded us! with no other hold upon its good feeling, than the stranger's claim to the stranger's kindness? There are still bright spots in the sombre shadowings of the scene; for this insulated heart has found, in every acquaintance a friend, and in every bosom the evidence of kindly feelings! but, above all, there is in the gloomiest hour of its loneliness, a mellow tint in the rainbow of hope, which nought but despair itself can obscure. It is the hope of meeting again the object of all the heart prizes in its affections, and all it dwells upon in musing over its anticipations? Anticipation! Thou art the sweetener of this bitter life. Thou art that drivest gloom from the gloomy heart, and chasest away the sorrows that intrude them-

selves upon the sorrowful. 'Tis thou that takest,

"The sting from adieu;"

That learnst us to forget the burning bitterness of the last 'farewell and God bless you, in the accompanying redemption of the valedictory—"We shall meet ere long."

'Tis thou that learnest the hearts to fight
From present woes to fresh delight."

There is not in human sensibility, so bright a ministration of happiness as this. To be assured amidst the stormy vicissitudes of life, that there is one who thinks of you—one who communes with you in your sorrows and weeps over them, though distant; and who will shortly hover over you with the consolations which affection can alone impart, it is an emotion that no one can appreciate, but he who has felt it.

MORTALITY.—Job iii. Ecclesiastes i.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scatter'd around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection hath proved,
The husband that mother and infant hath blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her, and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the King that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.
They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.
Yea hope and dispondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the pincers of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

EXPIATION:

CONTINUED.

For weeks, such was the pity, grief, and awe inspired by this portentous crime and lamentable calamity, that all the domestic outgoings in all the houses far and wide, were melancholy and mournful, as if the country had been fearing a visitation of the plague.—Sin, it was felt, had brought not only sorrow on the parish, but shame that ages would not wipe away; and strangers as they travelled through the moor, would point to the place where the foulest murder had been committed in all the annals of crime. As for the family at Moorside; the daughter had their boundless compassion, though no eye had seen her since the funeral; but what people, in speaking of the father, would still shake their heads, and put their fingers to their lips, and say to one another in whispers, that Gilbert Adamson had once been a bold, bad man—that his religion, in spite of all his repulsive austerity, wore not the aspect of truth—and that had he held a stricter and a stronger hand on the errors of his misguided son, this foul deed had not been perpetrated, nor that wretched sinner's soul given to perdition. Yet others had gentler and humaner thoughts. They remembered him walking along God-supported beneath the bier—and at the mouth of the grave—and feared to look on that head, formerly grizzled, but now quite grey—when on the very first Sabbath after the murder he took his place in the elder's seat, and was able to stand up along with the rest of the congregation, when the minister prayed for peace to his soul, and hoped for deliverance out of jeopardy of him now lying in bonds. A low Amen went all around the kirk at these words—for the most hopeless called to mind that maxim of law, equity, and justice—that every man under accusation of crime should be held innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Nay, a human tribulation might condemn him, and yet might he stand acquitted before the tribunal of God.

There were various accounts of the behaviour of the prisoner. Some said that he was desperately hardened—others, sunk in sullen apathy and indifference—and one or two persons belonging to the parish who had seen him, declared that he seemed to care not for himself, but to be plunged in profound melancholy for the fate of Margaret Burnside, whose name he voluntarily mentioned, and then bowed his head on his knees and wept. His guilt he neither admitted at that interview, nor denied—but he confessed that some circumstances bore hard against him; and that he was prepared for the event of his trial—condemnation and death. “But if you are not guilty, *Ludovic, who can be the murderer?*—Not the slightest shade of suspicion has fallen on any other person—and did not, alas! the body bleed when” —“The unhappy

wretch sprung up from the bed, it was said, at these words, and hurried like a madman back and forward along the stone floor of his cell. “*Yea, yea,*” at last he cried; “the mouth and nostrils of my Margaret did indeed bleed, when they pressed down my hand on her cold bosom. *It is God's truth!*” “*God's truth?*” “*Yes, God's truth. I saw one drop, and then another, trickle towards me—and I prayed to our Savior to wipe them off before other eyes might behold the dreadful witnesses against me—but at that hour Heaven was most unmerciful—for those two small drops, as all of you saw, soon became a very stream—and all her face, neck, and breast—you saw it as well as miserable I, were at last drenched in blood. Then I may have confessed that I was guilty—did I, or did I not, confess it? Tell me, for I remember nothing distinctly; but if I did—the judgment of offended Heaven, then punishing me for my sins, had made me worse than mad—and so had all your abhorrent eyes—and men, if I did confess, it was the cruelty of God that drove me to it—and your cruelty—which was great, for no pity had any one for me that day, though Margaret Burnside lay before me a murdered corpse—and a hoarse whisper came to my ear urging me to confess—I will believe from no human lips, but from the Father of Lies, who at that hour was suffered to leave the pit to ensnare my soul.” Such was said to have been the main sense of what he uttered in the presence of two or three who had formerly been among his most intimate friends, and who knew not, on leaving his cell and coming into the open air, whether to think him innocent or guilty. As long as they thought they saw his eyes regarding them, and that they heard his voice speaking, they believed him innocent—but when the expression of the tone of his voice, and of the looks of his eyes—which they had felt belonged to innocence, died away from their memory—then arose against him the strong, strange circumstantial evidence, which wisely or unwisely, lawyers and judges have said *cannot lie*—and then, in their hearts, one and all of them pronounced him guilty.*

But had not his father often visited the prisoner's cell? Once, and once only—for in obedience to his son's passionate prayer, beseeching him, if there were any mercy left either on earth or heaven—never more to enter that dungeon, the miserable parent had not again entered the prison—but he had been seen one morning at dawn, by one who knew his person, walking round and round the walls; staring up at the black building in distraction, especially at one small grated window in the north tower—and it is most probable that he had been pacing his rounds there during all the night. Nobody could conjecture, however dimly, what was the meaning of his banishment from his son's cell.—Gilbert Adamson,

so stern to others, even to his own only daughter, had been always but too indulgent to his Ludovic—and had that lost wretch's guilt, so exceeding great, changed his heart into stone and made the sight of his old father's grey hairs hateful to his eyes? But then the jailor, who had heard him imploring—beseeching—commanding his father to remain till after the trial at Moorside, said, that all the while the prisoner sobbed and wept like a child; and that when he unlocked the door of the cell, to let the old man out; it was a hard thing to tear away the arms and hands of Ludovic from his knees, while the father sat like a stone-image on the bed, and kept his tearless eyes fixed sternly upon the wall, as if not a soul had been present; and he himself had been a criminal condemned next day to die.

The father had obeyed, obeyed *religiously*, that miserable injunction, and from religion it seemed he had found comfort. For Sabbath after Sabbath he was at the kirk—he stood, as he had been wont to do for years, at the poor's plate, and returned grave salutations to those who dropt their mite into the small sacred treasury—his eyes calmly and even critically, regarded the pastor during prayer and sermon, and his deep bass voice was heard as usual, through all the house of God in the Psalms. On week-days he was seen by passers-by to drive his flocks a-field, and to overlook his sheep on the hill pastures or in the pinfold; and as it was still spring, and seed-time had been late this season, he was observed holding the plough as of yore—nor had his skill deserted him; for the furrows were as straight as if drawn by a rule on paper—and soon bright and beautiful was the braid on all the lowlands of his farm. The Comforter was with him, and sorely as he had been tried, his heart was not yet wholly broken, and it was believed that for years, he might out-live the blow that at first had seemed more than a mortal man might bear and be! Yet that his woe though hidden, was dismal, all ere long knew from certain tokens that mantled his face—cheeks shrunk and fallen, brow not so much furrowed as scared—eyes quenched, hair thinner and thinner far, as if he himself had torn it away in handfuls during the solitude of midnight—and now absolutely as white as snow; and over the whole man an indescribable ancientness far beyond his years, though they were many, and most of them had been passed in torrid climes—all showed how grief has its agonies as destructive as those of guilt, and those the most wasting when they work in the heart, and in the brain, unrelieved by the shedding of one single tear—when the very soul turns dry as dust, and life is imprisoned rather than mingled, in the decaying, the mouldering frame!

The day of trial came, and all labour was

suspended in the parish; as if it had been a mourning fast. Hundreds of people from this remote district poured into the circuit town, and besieged the court house. Horsemen were in readiness, soon as the verdict should be returned, to carry the intelligence of life or death to all those glens. A few words will suffice to tell the trial, the nature of the evidence; and its issue. The prisoner, who stood at the bar in black, appeared, though miserably changed from a man of great muscular power and activity; a magnificent man, into a tall, thin shadow—perfectly unappalled; but in a face so white, and wasted and wo-begone, that the most profound physiognomist could read not one faint symptom either of hope or fear, trembling or trust, guilt or innocence. He hardly seemed to belong to this world, and stood fearfully, and ghastly, conspicuous between the officers of justice, above all the crowd that devoured him with their eyes; all leaning towards the bar to catch the first sound of his voice, when to the indictment he should plead "Not Guilty." These words he did utter in a hollow voice, altogether passionless, and then was suffered to sit down, which he did in a manner destitute of all emotion. During all the many long hours of his trial, he never moved head, limbs, or body, except once when he drank some water, which he had not asked for, but which was given to him by a friend. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and consisted of a few damning facts, and of many of the very slightest sort, which taken singly, seemed to mean nothing, but which when considered all together, seemed to mean something against him—how much or how little, there were among the agitated audience many differing opinions. But slight as they were, either singly or together, they told fearfully against the prisoner, when connected with the fatal few, which no ingenuity could ever explain away; and though ingenuity did all it could do, when wielded by eloquence of the highest order—and as the prisoner's counsel sat down, there went a rustle and a buz through the court, and a communication of looks and whispers that seemed to denote that there were hopes of his acquittal—yet if such hopes there were, they were deadened by the clear, logical address to the jury by the counsel for the crown, and destroyed by the judge's charge, which amounted almost to a demonstration of guilt, and concluded with a confession due to his oath and conscience, that he saw not how the jury could do their duty to their Creator, and their fellow creatures, but by returning *one* verdict. They retired to consider it; and during a death-like silence, all eyes were bent on a death-like image.

It had appeared in evidence, that the murder had been committed, at least all the gashes inflicted—for there were also finger marks

of sirrivation—with a bill-hook, such as foresters use in lopping trees, and several witnesses swore that the bill-hook, which was shown them, stained with blood, and with hair sticking on the haft, belonged to Ludovic Adamson. It was also given in evidence, though some doubts rested on the nature of the precise words, that on that day, in the room with the corpse, he had given a wild and incoherent denial to the question then put to him in the din, "What had he done with the bill-hook?" Nobody had seen it in his possession since the spring before, but it had been found after several weeks search, in a bag in the moss in the direction that he would most probably have taken had he been the murderer, when flying from the spot to the loach where he was first seized. The shoes which he had on when taken, fitted the foot marks on the ground, not far from the place of the murder, but not so perfectly as another pair which were found in the house. But that other pair, it was proved, belonged to the old man; and therefore the correspondence between the foot-marks and the prisoner's shoes, though not perfect, was a circumstance of much suspicion. But a far stronger fact, in this part of the evidence, was sworn to against the prisoner. Though there was blood on his shoes—when apprehended his legs were bare—though that circumstance, strange as it may seem, had never been noticed till he was on the way to prison! His stockings had been next day found lying on the sward, near the shore of the loach, manifestly after having been washed and laid out to dry in the sun.—At mention of this circumstance a cold shudder ran through the court; but neither that, nor indeed any other circumstance in all the evidence, not even the account of the appearance which the murdered body exhibited when found on the moor, or when afterwards laid on the bed, extorted from the prisoner one groan, one sigh, or touched the imperturbable deathliness of his countenance. It was proved, that when searched, in prison, and not before, for the agitation that reigned over all assembled in the room at Moorside that dreadful day, had confounded even those accustomed to deal with suspected criminals, there were found in his pocket a small French gold watch, and also a gold brooch which the Ladies of the Castle had given to Margaret Burnside. On these being taken from him, he had said nothing, but looked aghast. A piece of torn and bloody paper, which had been picked up near the body, was sworn to be his hand writing; and though the meaning of the words yet legible were obscure, they seemed to express a request that Margaret would meet him on the moor on that Saturday afternoon she was murdered. The words "Saturday," "meet me," "last time," were not indistinct, and the paper was of the

same quality and colour with some found in a drawer in his bedroom at Moorside. It was proved that he had been drinking with some dissolute persons, poachers and the like, in a publick house in a neighbouring parish, all Saturday, till well on in the afternoon, when he left them in a state of intoxication, and was then seen running along the hill side in the direction of the moor. Where he passed the night between the Saturday and the Sabbath, he could give no account, except once when unasked, and as if speaking to himself, he was overheard by the jailor to mutter, "Oh! that fatal night, that fatal night?" And then, when suddenly interrogated, "where were you?" he answered, "asleep on the hill;"—and immediately relapsed into a state of mental abstraction. These were the chief circumstances against him, which his counsel had striven to explain away. That most eloquent person dwelt with affecting earnestness on the wickedness of putting an evil construction on the distracted behavior of the wretched man when brought without warning upon the sudden sight of the mangled corpse of the beautiful girl whom all allowed he had most passionately and tenderly loved; and he strove to prove, as he did to the conviction of many, that such behavior was incompatible with such guilt, and almost of itself established his innocence. All that was sworn to against him, as having passed in that dreadful room, was in truth for him, unless all our knowledge of the best and of the worst of human nature were not, as folly, to be given to the winds.... He beseeched the jury, therefore, to look at all the other circumstances that did indeed seem to bear hard upon the prisoner, in the light of his innocence, and not of his guilt, and that they would all fade into nothing.... What mattered his possession of the watch and other trinkets? Lovers, as they were, might not the unhappy girl have given them to him for temporary keepsakes? Or might he not have taken them from her in some playful mood, or received them, (and the brooch was cracked, and the mainspring of the watch broken, though the glass was whole, to get them repaired in the town which he often visited; and she never? Could human incredulity for one moment believe, that such a man as the prisoner at the bar had been sworn to be by a host of witnesses, and especially by that witness who, with such overwhelming solemnity, had declared he loved him as his own son, and would have been proud if heaven had given him such a son, he who had baptized him and known him well even since he was a child, that such a man could rob the body of her whom he had violated and murdered? If, under the instigation of the devil, he had violated and murdered her and for a moment were made the hideous supposition, did vast hell hold the demon

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. Thesea 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.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

By yon wide spreading forest I spent my young days,
 At play like the mock bird, I sang my wild lays;
 Beneath yon tall oak tree, I laid me to rest;
 My thoughts were then smooth as yon bright river's crest.
 At noon tide I wandered to pluck the spring flower,
 And dooin'd it to shine on my sweet little bower,
 Where I thoughtfully sat and enjoyed the cool breeze,
 That at even tide stole through the dark forest trees:
 Oh then I felt pleasure, I dreamt not of care,
 No sorrow or trouble could ever come there;
 My heart was then fill'd with youth's transient glee,
 As I wandered thro' woodlands, wide, boundless, and free.
 Ah! bright was the night when I left my fair home,
 Far over the wide spreading ocean to roam;
 Clear shone the bright stars in the far vault of heaven,
 But sad was my heart on that sweet summer's even.
 I cross'd the wide ocean, and moved from the shore,
 Far, far from the billows tempestuous roar;
 Where sweetly the nightingale sings, in the grove,
 To cheer the young woodman as homeward he roves.
 I left those fair scenes for my own native home,
 How light was my heart as I plough'd the white foam;
 Of cheer of the pleasure my friends would enjoy,
 When they once again met with their own darling boy.
 But sad were the changes a few years had made,
 My parents, alas! in the cold grave were laid,
 And my sister so lovely and tender of mind,
 But a short time was destined to linger behind.
 The home I had dreamt of, how changed it was now,
 Not a vestige remained of the tall oak tree's bough;
 No sister to welcome with smiles of delight,
 Or cheer my lone heart through the long winter's night.
 By yon narrow path way I wandered before,
 To gaze on the stars at the even tide hour;
 As lonely I strayed to admire the fair scene,
 I found not a trace of what there once had been.
 "'Tis finished, 'tis done, the dread struggle is o'er,'"
 Nor parent's nor sister I'll ever see more;
 Awhile here they lingered, like visions of light,
 But ere long they sunk in the dark gulf of night.
 Home, Oct. 24th, 1832.

THE RECLUSE.

STANZAS.

To the little bird that builds every year over my window,
 on his return this Spring.

The Spring is smiling sweetly,
 The winter storms are gone;
 Thy gay companions greet thee
 With many a merry tune;
 Come build again thy bower
 Beneath the plum tree's shade,
 And charm the morning hour
 With thy sweet serenade.
 Though many a hope once cherished,
 And many a dear delight,
 Have disappear'd and perish'd,
 Since thou did'st take thy flight,
 And many a word's been spoken,
 That proved but idle breath,
 And many a link been broken,
 That twined this bosom's wreath.
 Yet will I greet thee warmly,
 Thou happy little one;
 No evil e'er shall harm thee,
 Tho' near the haunts of man;
 All peace within thy bosom—
 All heaven within thy view;
 Thy bed, the roses blossom,
 Thy drink, the pearly dew.
 Come chant a song of gladness,
 To cheer my pensive heart,
 And wear away a sadness,
 In which thou hast no part;
 It may perchance forget then,
 Awhile each little pain,
 And think, though hope had set then,
 That she might rise again.
 Yes, come and dwell where lonely
 Thy bower thou used to rear,
 And stay with me, if only
 'Till winter's storms are near.
 Come build again thy bower
 Beneath the plum tree's shade,
 And charm the morning hour
 With thy sweet serenade.

ADELA.

TO DONNA JULIA.

Sweet is the warbling of thy muse,
 My Donna Julia, fair,
 Like new blown flowers, all so profuse
 Of thoughts and beauties rare.
 In favor of my humble name,
 Thy lute melodious sung;
 Like the songsters which proclaim
 The Spring round Flora hung.
 Fair poetess list to the lay
 Of thy admirer's lyre,
 'Tis all the tribute he can pay
 To thy poetic fire.
 May all the graces, and each muse,
 Thalia and Melpomene,
 O'er thy soft strains their breath infuse,
 And pour on thee felicity.
 None can deny fair woman's power,
 To call to joy the tender heart;
 Her smiles bid thy the frowns that lower
 Upon man's brow, and joys impart.
 Full of Heliconian worth
 Of Pegasus' lofty fire,
 Thy pen can give a second birth
 To bliss that would retire.
 Donna Julia, damsel fair,
 I bid thee now adieu;
 But still thy worth shall ever bear
 My memory's review.

C. M. D.

Monotony.—We often see and hear this term used to convey a sense of something disagreeable, something not accordant with the feelings; yet it is not always thus. There are times when the mind seeks this and enjoys it. Aye, even monotony is a pleasurable sensation. That of the church-going bell is not without its associations—pleasant and delightful. Point out to us the individual, educated in the primitive simplicity of our fathers; joining their honest and irreproachable character with a portion of the buoyant feelings of youth, and love for their institutions and observances. Let him depart from his parental hearth—join in the turmoil of the world; and when the Sabbath bell strikes on his ear with its semi-mourning sound, it carries him back to the pleasant and peaceful home; all those links that bind us to our kindred and the spot of our nativity, lead us on—we are carried from one recollection to another, each leading its influence. The breast glows with fervor, and his mind is wrapt in those devotional feelings solely dependent upon early imbibed principles—then is the time when man acknowledges his Author, when feelings, deeply concealed from the participation of his fellow man, bow before the supremacy of the Creator. Such become hallowed by a father's prayer and a mother's blessing.—*Album.*

Table of Light.—The Musselman's believe, that every thing which is to happen, to the end of the world, is written on a table of light, called *Lot*, with a pen of fire called *Calum-axer*.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

Published at Hamilton, Gore District, U. C. every other Saturday, at 7s. 6d. per annum, by W. SMYTH, to whom all communications must be addressed. Free of postage. Office of publication, North side of Court-house Square.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND ADVERTISER.

BANK OF UPPER CANADA.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that the General Election of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the Bank, on Monday, the 3d day of June next, as the Act directs; and will commence at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and close at one o'clock in the afternoon, of that day. By order of the Board.

THOS. G. RIDOUT,

Bank of U. Canada, } *Cashier.*
York, April 10, 1833. } 1is31

Editors of the different newspapers in this Province are requested to give the above one insertion.

COMMERCIAL BANK, M. D.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Election of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the Court House on the third day of June next, as the act directs, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. By order of the Board.

F. A. HARPER, *Cashier.*

Commercial Bank, M. D. }
Kingston, 24th April, 1833. } 1is31

The Editors of the different newspapers in the Province, are requested to give the above an insertion.

THE GENESEE FARMER

AND GARDNER'S JOURNAL.

A weekly Agricultural Paper, published in Rochester, (N. Y.) by L. TUCKER & Co.

THE FARMER is printed in quarto form, suitable for binding, on fine paper and fair type, making an annual volume, with the title page and index, of 424 pages, at the low price of \$2 50 per annum, or \$2 if paid in advance. No subscription will be received for a less term than six months, and all subscribers must commence with the volume, Jan. 1, or the half volume, July 1,

The third volume was commenced, Jan. 5, 1833.

The first and second volumes can be supplied to new subscribers.

Subscriptions to the Farmer will be received at this Office, by W. Smyth.

Linseed Oil

FOR sale by the subscriber. Wheat, Flax-seed, or Pork will be taken in payment, as well as money.

JAS. CROOKS.

West Flamboro', Feb. 16, 1830. 40 ff

JOB PRINTING done at the Canadian Wesleyan office,

MASSACRE OF MICHILIMACKINAC.

The destruction and massacre of the British garrison of Michilimackinac in 1763, exhibits an instance of Indian barbarity, and at the same time of sagacity and dissimulation. This event is related by Henry, who was an eye witness. The Indians were in the habit of playing at a game called Bagitiway, which is played with a ball and bat, and decided by one of the party heaving the ball beyond the goal of their adversaries.

On the 4th of June the King's birth day the Sacs and Chippewas, who were encamped in great numbers around the fort, turned out upon the green to play at the game, for a higher wager, and attracted a number of the garrison and traders to witness the sport. The game is necessarily attended with much violence and noise.—In the order of the contest, the ball, if it cannot be thrown to the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be directed from that defined by the adversary. At such a moment, therefore, nothing could be less liable to excite premature alarm, than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, nor that having fallen there, it should be followed on the instant, by all engaged in the game all eager, all struggling, all shouting in the unrestrained pursuits of a rude, athletic exercise; nothing therefore, could be more happily devised, under the circumstances, than a stratagem like this; and it was the stratagem which the Indians employed to obtain possession of the fort, and by which they were enabled to slaughter the garrison and other inhabitants as they pleased. To be still more certain of success, they had prevailed upon as many as they could, by a pretext the least liable to suspicion, to come, voluntarily, without the pickets; and particularly the commandant and the soldiers composing the garrison. The Indians thus succeeded in butchering the garrison and burning the fort.

NOTICE.

TAVERN STAND TO LET.—To let, that well known *Tavern Stand* in West Flamborough, formerly occupied by Mr. Peter Bamberger, and now in the occupancy of Mr. Sours. Possession will be given on the 5th January next—for term apply to the subscriber.

JAMES CROOKS.

Nov. 7, 1831.

74