

C. Durica

NUMB. XX.

THE GARLAND:

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

To Raise the Genius,



To Mend the Heart.

CONTENTS.

| | | | |
|--------------------|-----|-----------------|-----|
| PROSE. | | True Embalmers, | 159 |
| Roland Upton, | 153 | Weeping, | 160 |
| Epiation, | 156 | Anecdote, | 160 |
| Napoleonidæ, | 159 | POETRY. | |
| The Moss Rose, | 159 | To the Garland, | 160 |
| An Alderman's wit, | 159 | To ————— | 160 |

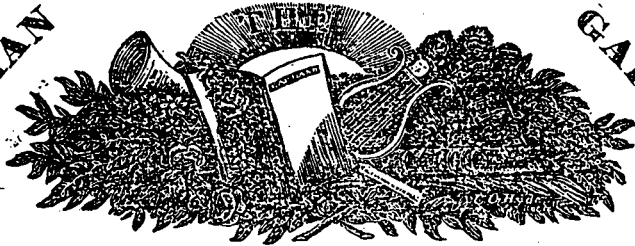
Errata, No. 2.—We regret the occurrence of three errors on page 159. They will be revised in number twenty-one.

AGENTS FOR THE GARLAND.

- | | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Brockville,</i> | H. E. Russell, | <i>Kemptville,</i> | W. H. Bottom, |
| <i>Brantford,</i> | John Wallace, | <i>London,</i> | L. Lawrason, |
| <i>Burford,</i> | Geo. W. Whitehead, | <i>Napanee,</i> | John Benson, |
| <i>Belleville,</i> | A. B. Grant, | <i>Nelson,</i> | Geo. K. Chisholm, |
| <i>Colborne,</i> | Joshua Lind, | <i>Port Hope,</i> | W. Wilkinson, |
| <i>Colchester,</i> | A. McCormick, | <i>Peterboro',</i> | P. D. Hayward, |
| <i>Credit,</i> | J. Carey, | <i>Streetsville,</i> | W. Clay, |
| <i>Dunville,</i> | J. S. Minor, | <i>Stoney Creek,</i> | J. Williamson, |
| <i>Lloyd Town,</i> | Thos. Ginty, | <i>W. Flamboro,</i> | Doct. Mullen, |
| <i>Merrickville,</i> | T. Smyth, | “ | James Harris, |
| <i>Grimsby,</i> | H. Nelles, | <i>York,</i> | J. S. Howard, |

HAMILTON, U. C.:

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY WYLLYS SMYTH.



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

VOL. I.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1833.

NO. 20.

Written for the Canadian Garland.

ROLAND UPTON.

CONTINUED.

There was a particular street in which Roland had walked in his rambles up and down several times. In this street seeing a dead body lie on the ground, he inquired who it was and what was the meaning of leaving it thus exposed. To this inquiry a surly well dressed man, sitting near in his door, made no reply, so that Roland went on. In the afternoon he passed the same way again and begged of an old man standing near, why the body was thus left unburied, as it appeared to be well dressed, and a person of some importance whilst living. The old grey headed man, who was a christian servant there, whispered to him, that it was the body of an English merchant who had died some days previous, and who, whilst living, had been in the custody of his master for a debt of fifty pounds, which he was unable to pay, and that his master thus detained the body until some person should come and pay the debt and take it away. He said this merchant had been a long resident of the city, that he had been unfortunate by losing all his family by a late plague, and most of his property by fire, and that he had been a pious christian, and died in the faith in his master's house. Roland's heart was greatly affected at this narration of the old man's, so much so that he wept bitterly for a long time. He then desired to be led to the master, to whom he was immediately conducted. He found Ali Mured, the master seated cross legged on his silken sofa with the greatest dignity and pride. Having told him his errand, and that he would pay him the debt due, the Turkish Bashaw, for such he was, consented to his act of humanity, and the same evening Roland saw the body of the old gentleman entered in the christian burial ground and read prayers over him himself. He was buried by the side of his wife and children. The old man's only daughter, a girl of sixteen, had been buried there a few months before him, and the flowers that the father planted over his beloved child's head were just-bursting forth in their vernal bloom. It

was a beautiful evening, the sky being clear and cloudless, excepting the smoke of the city. Every thing around seemed to smile, and the flowers and cypress trees seemed to bow in token of their satisfaction of this humane act of Mr. Upton's. It is said that two beautiful doves hovered over him in the grave-yard, and followed him to his house where they cooed in plaintive sweetness all night.

When Roland had retired to rest for the evening, the remembrance of this humane action came over his mind like a sweet dream. His heart was filled with the joy of goodness, and he seemed to hear the kind whispers of divinity approving the action.— He said to himself, how would the friends of this childless father thank me for this deed? How would the angels of Heaven smile at one another in their approval of it? In this way we follow our Redeemer; in this way our God is glorified on earth. With the holiness of such meditations and with a heart overflowing in prayer to God, Roland sunk in the arms of gently-soothing and thoughtless slumber. All around him was still, save the murmuring of the southern gale among the dark heads of the cypress trees, that shadowed his windows. In the distant part of the city the wild bark of the prowling dogs could be heard at times, or the drowsy sittings of bats and night-birds. When the golden car of Apollo had again climbed the crimson heights of Aurora and the blushing Venus hid her silver lamp behind the lighted world, and when the dews of morn mingled its scents and melody awoke creation in universal jubilee to the eternal One of Israel, Roland Upton commenced his rambles again and alone in this great city. Whilst sauntering in the forenoon, in the most charming part of its suburbs, he saw a lovely girl sitting on the marble front of a splendid building. She appeared to be sorrowful and weeping. Her face was ever and anon sunk upon her lovely bosom, and her jet black hair fell over her highly arched and beautiful forehead in glossy richness and luxuriant curls. Her form was finely proportioned, and her complexion of a velvet olive. Her dress was flowing silk, of black colour,

and over her neck there was a fine Persian shawl. Her whole appearance was at once romantic and interesting, and some great affliction had evidently happened to her. The heart of Roland, ever filled with benevolence, could not let her pass unnoticed by him. He then addressed her in her native language, as he thought, but she made no reply. Her dark diamond eyes, arched by large eye brows, fell imploringly upon his, and again dimmed with gushing tears. The heart of Roland melted within him, and in the greatness of his compassion, the manly tears rolled plentifully over his cheeks. He knelt by the side of the young lady, and addressing her in Greek, requested her to tell him why she so wept.—The poor girl, however, was unable to give utterance to her grief. Her soft downy hand became cold in his, and she fainted in his arms. Roland was soon informed of her whole history, and the cause of her affliction, which was as follows:—Her name was Almyra, daughter of Astalpa, a Turkish nobleman, who had been banished by the reigning Sultan for taking the part of some great men, who had been condemned to death.—He now lived splendidly in Africa, in the empire of Morocco, on the sea coast of the Mediterranean sea, and had a court and Palace of his own. Part of his property had been, however, confiscated by the Sultan at the time of his banishment, and his only daughter Almyra was given as a captive to the Sultan's brother, a rich nobleman. The chief lady of the harem made the beautiful and graceful Almyra her waiting lady, and thus it is we find her. This Turkish lady Alfonte by name, was proud and overbearing to her inferiors, and because of the amiable and lovely Almyra had resisted her rage and escaped from her, but chiefly on account of the jealousy Alfonte had towards her. She got Almyra condemned to be hung by her husband, who was glad of the opportunity to revenge himself on the noble Astalpa. This was to be her doom the next morning, and she had no friend to comfort her.

The bosom of our hero beat high with noblest of emotions, humanity, compassion, and generosity for the charming young lady. He could not think of forsaking her in such a condition; he could not think of leaving her to so desolating a doom; the innocent victim of revenge, envy, and anger. And when the filial soul of her great father was perhaps bleeding in anguish, and throbbing with hope for his only beloved child. No, he cried again and again, she shall be saved. In the height of such emotion, gazing with his eyes on the blue firmament of the Almighty one, he sunk on the ground and wept aloud. He got on his knees beside the angelic Almyra, and told her to cease her sighing, for his Father in Heaven would assist him to release her

from her fate. At last, pressing her hand harder, he says, this evening you shall go with me, and his face was lit up with a radiant smile of consolation, and his eyes flashed in brightness like the angel of life when he triumphantly records on the book of fate the salvation of a good man, or the remembrance of a good action. Almyra turned on her friend a look of gratitude, and the tears gushed afresh from her beautiful dark diamond eyes, rolling their pearly way down her delicate and round cheeks. She sighed out, may the Omnipotent God of Glory pour forth his mercy in showers of holiness on your head, O thou godlike young man!—Oh, who would not have envied the joy that Roland must have felt on this occasion? His was the ineffable joy of the holy, the cheering glory of the divine on earth, who live for the kingdom and crown of blissful and exalted immortality in the heaven of heavens, with a God of righteousness! Roland had determined to bribe the black eunuchs who guarded Almyra, and thus take her with him; having advised Almyra to be ready at dusk, he left her, and at the appointed time, came to her rescue. He found the dark-eyed fair one ready, and having given a hundred pounds to the two eunuchs who watched her, walked silently away through the tall trees, of a secret alley to his friend's house, with his fair prize. Here, reader, we will leave thee till morning, and the lovely Almyra to her dreams of gratitude to her preserver, and Roland to the joy of his benevolent heart.

When the green hills about Constantinople were again lit up with the brilliancy of the sun, and the heaving waves of the Dardanelles kissed his emerald glow, and when all nature sung in accordant euphony at his radiant approach, as he peeped o'er the cloud capped mountains of Asia the busy buzz of men again was heard and all the noise of a great city thundered to the sky. After a prayer of thankfulness to his Maker, Roland strayed out into the garden of his friend to taste the sweetness of the morn. He had not been long there before he saw the graceful approach of the modest Almyra. As she raised her eyes on her preserver, the retiring modesty and chaste simplicity of an angel was mixed with that of unutterable gratitude and thankfulness in her look. She knelt before Roland and clasping his hand, would have kissed it had he not objected, and bid her raise up..... "Young stranger," says she, "this was the hour in which I was doomed to be sacrificed to the anger of a wicked woman; and how thankful should I be to you, my providential savior. O, sir, I believe my God in whom I always trust, sent you in his mercy to rescue me from the hands of the wicked. Young man, I never can be sufficiently grateful to you for this favor, and in justice I am yours,

do what you please with me, I will follow you where'er you go. Such goodness as yours, such chivalric disinterested kindness can be requited in no other way by me."—"Beautiful damsel," says Roland, "if my God has made an instrument wherewith to snatch such innocence as you evince in conduct and looks from the grasp of envy and malice and revenge, thou shouldst not turn thy gratitude to such an unworthy object as I, but turn your soul to his face who rules all things—who holds the reigns of universal nature, and walks in holiness through the dark void of immensity, and eternally unseen by us, but glorified by all. Almyra you have devotion in your heart, and that doubly enhances the beauty of your person. Lovely damsel, I rejoice in what I have done for you, and therefore think not that I crave your uncalled-for gratitude. If I have done aught for my God, it is sufficient reward. But if you choose to follow my fortune and return with me to my native home, you shall have in me an eternal protector; and aught that is in my bounty of riches or wisdom, shall not be refused to you. This afternoon I sail for my home and will take you with me. You shall be your own mistress, and return to your native city whenever you please; all I desire is, that you may not fall into the hands of your enemies again. Perhaps I may yet be the means of restoring you to your lost and banished father; if so, the joy of my soul will be greatly increased. There are happier lands than these, Almyra, in reserve for the good after death. Oh there we will get our reward! There, we will see our God in joy indeed! Prepare then, for the journey." "O, Roland Upton, what goodness of heart you display! have I fallen into the care of an angel, or a man? O, why are you so kind? your goodness breaks my heart. Yes, I will follow you in triumph, and bid adieu to the brazen spires, the verdant hills and the melodious groves of my native country.... God has told me he would not forsake me;—he walks with me in you —"

As she spoke the last sentence, the heart of Roland overflowed with joy, and the tears in his joy of grief, bathed his blooming cheeks. The whole scene was lovely; pen cannot describe it. Here was the meeting of two people of God. Around, about they saw

"Hill, dale and shady woods and sunny plains,
And liquid laps of murm'ring streams; birds on
The branches warbling; all things smil'd with fragrance,
And with joy their hearts overflow'd."—*Milton*.

This same afternoon the vessel in which Mr. Upton came, sailed for home, with him and the lovely girl, Almira, on board. They both gazed on the spires of the Turkish capital until they lost sight of them in the Straits of the Dardanelles, just as the sun was taking his adieu of the black cliffs of the mountains of Jekiri Dag. The last thing they could see was the floating crescent of the Great Mahom-

et waving over the palace of the Sultan; with whom this was a great day of rejoicing. We will not accompany our hero in his whole voyage, suffice it to say, he arrived at his destined home, London, safely with his companion, the sweet smiling Almyra Astalpa. The unknown stranger was admired by all the great of London, for her exquisite beauty and gracefulness of demeanor. Her voice was soft and melodious as a flute; her eyes of diamond black, were full of bland smiles and sweetness; and above all, which Roland only esteemed, her milk-white bosom seemed to be a fountain of kindness and simplicity. Her devotion to God was not surpassed, by even christians; and what pleased Roland most, was, that this charming maiden embraced christianity as soon as she learned its doctrines; so much so, that Mr. Upton was almost convinced God had made her so before his instruction. Roland by his two last voyages had accumulated a great fortune, which with large estates, made him one of the wealthiest men in the city in which he lived; but his conduct now was very different from what it was formerly. He now thought it his duty to assist the afflicted and needy; not for his own fame and glory, but for that of his holy Maker. He believed he was enriched, that he might be tried by the rule of Christ's love. The virtuous and lovely Almyra was placed at the head of his household affairs, and was adored by her youthful savior.... Heaven seems to have conspired in bringing two such hearts together. They loved one another as sister and brother, rather than as earthly lovers would have done; they worshipped their God in holiness of heart; their morning and their evening risings were tuneful with praise. Their lips were sacred music itself; their faces love to Christ the Redeemer. In this way passed a year, when Roland had to take another, and as he hoped, a last voyage to foreign countries. It was, no doubt, heart-grieving for the beautiful Almyra to part with her deliverer, for whom, indeed, she had a passion much more akin to love, than Roland returned. I would observe that neither she nor Roland knew in what country the great and good nobleman Astalpa had been banished to, or lived in; therefore, Almyra, thinking it possible that Roland in his travels in foreign countries, might see her father, and might be able to get an introduction to him, worked with the most exquisite taste in fine needlework, a silk coat, which Roland was to take with him to wear in the tropical climates which he expected to visit. This garment was inwrought with curious flowers from golden thread; this she gave to Roland and bade him wear it in case he should visit warm countries, to which request he consented; although ignorant of Almyra's intent. The charming girl followed

Roland to the ship that was to carry the only friend she had perhaps in the perhaps in the world away. They both wept for a while but Roland, pointing to the sky, said, "Almyra, if we meet not here again, we shall in the glory of our God."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EXPIATION.

CONCLUDED.

In about a quarter of an hour the Jury returned to the box—and the verdict, having been sealed with black wax, was handed up to the judge, who read, "We unanimously find the prisoner guilty." He then stood up to receive sentence of death. Not a dry eye was in court during the Judge's solemn and effecting address to the criminal—except those of the Shadow on whom had been pronounced the doom. "Your body will be hung in chains on the moor—on a gibbet erected on the spot where you murdered the victim of your unhallowed lust, and there will your bones bleach in the sun, and rattle in the wind, after the insects and the birds of the air have devoured your flesh; and in all future times, the spot on which, God-forsaking and God-forsaken, you perpetrated that double crime, at which all humanity shudders, will be looked on from afar by the traveller passing thro' that lonesome wild, with a sacred horror!"—Here the voice of the judge faltered and he covered his face with his hands; but the prisoner stood unmoved in figure, and in face untroubled—and when all was closed, was removed from the bar, the same ghost like and unearthly phantom, seemingly unconscious of what had passed, or even of his own existence.

Surely now he will suffer his old father to visit him in his cell! "Once more only—only once more let me see him before I die!" were his words to the clergyman of the parish whose Manse he had so often visited, when a young and happy boy! That servant of Christ had not forsaken him whom now all the world had forsaken. As free from sin himself as might be mortal and fallen man—mortal because fallen—he knew from scripture and from nature, that "in the lowest deep there is still a lower deep" in wickedness, into which all of woman borne may fall, unless held back by the Almighty Being, whom they must serve steadfastly in holiness and in truth. He knew, too, from the same source, that man cannot sin beyond the reach of God's mercy,—if the worst of all imaginable sinners seek, in a Bible-breathed spirit at last, that mercy through the Atonement of the Redeemer. Daily and nightly he visited that cell; nor did he fear to touch the hand—now wasted to the bone—which at the temptation of the Prince of Air, who is mysteriously suffered to enter in at the gates of every human heart that is guarded not by the fla-

ming sword of God's own Seraphim—lately drenched in the blood of the most innocent creature that ever looked on the day. Yet a sore trial it was to his Christianity to find the criminal so obdurate. He would make no confession. Yet said it was fit—that it was far best he should die! that he deserved death. But ever when the dead without a name was alluded to, his tongue was tied—and once in the midst of an impassioned prayer beseeching him to listen to conscience and confess—he that prayed shuddered to behold him frown and to hear bursting out in terrible energy, "Cease, cease to torment me, or you will drive me to deny my God!"

No father came to visit him in his cell. On the day of trial he had been missing from Moorside, and was seen next morning, (where he had been all night never was known, tho' it was afterwards rumoured that one like him had been seen sitting, as the glooming darkened, on the very spot of the murder,) wandering about the hills, hither and thither, and round and about like a man stricken with blindness, and vainly seeking to find his home. When brought into the house, his senses were gone, and he had lost the power of speech.—All he could do was to mutter some disjointed syllables, which he did continually, without one moment's cessation, one unintelligible and most rueful moan! The figure of his daughter seemed to cast no image on his eyes, blind and dumb he sat where he had been placed, perpetually ringing his hands, with his shaggy eyebrows drawn high up his forehead, and the fixed orbs, though stone blind, at least to all real things, beneath them flashed fire.—He had borne up bravely, almost to the last, but had some tongue syllabled his son's doom to him in the wilderness, and at that instant had insanity smitten his soul?

Such utter prostration of intellect had been expected by none; for the old man, up to the very night before the trial, had expressed the most confident trust of his son's acquittal.—Nothing had ever served to shake his conviction of his innocence, though he had always forborne speaking about the circumstances of the murder, and had communicated to nobody any of the grounds on which he more than hoped in a case so hopeless; and though a trouble in his eyes often gave the lie to his lips, when he used to say to the silent neighbors. "We shall soon see him back at Moorside." Had his belief in his Ludovic's innocence, and his trust in God that that innocence would be established and set free, been so sacred, that the blow, when it did come, had smitten him like a hammer, and felled him to the ground, from which he had risen with a brain rent and riven? In whatever way the shock had been given it had been terrible; for old Gilbert Adamson was now a confirmed lunatic, and keepers were in Moor-

side, not keepers from a mad house, for his daughter could not afford such attendance, but two of her brother's friends, who sat up with him alternately, night and day, while the arms of the old man, in his distraction, had to be bound with cords. That dreadful moaning was at an end now; but the echoes of the hills responded to his yells and shrieks; and people were afraid to go near the house. It was proposed among the neighbours to take Alice and little Ann out of it; an asylum for them was in the Mansc; but Alice would not stir at all their entreaties; and as, in such a case, it would have been too shocking to tear her away by violence, she was suffered to remain with him who knew her not, but who often, it was said, stared distractedly upon her as if she had been some fiend sent in upon his insanity from the place of punishment. Weeks passed on, and still she was there, hiding herself at times from those terrified eyes; and from her watchful corner waiting from morn till night, and from night till morn, for she never lay down to sleep, and had never undressed herself since that fatal sentence, for some moment of exhausted horror, when she might steal out and carry some slight gleam of comfort, however evanescent, to the glimmer of the gloom in which the brain of her father swam through a dream of blood.-- But there were no lucid intervals; and ever as she moved towards him, like a pitying angel, did he furiously rage against her, as if she had been a fiend. At last, she who, though yet so young, had lived to see the murdered corpse of her dearest friend, murdered by her only brother, whom, in secret, that murdered maiden had most tenderly loved, that murderous brother loaded with prison chains, and condemned to the gibbet for inexpiable and unpardonable crimes, her father raving like a demon, self-murderous were his hands but free, nor visited by one glimpse of mercy from him who rules the skies, after having borne more than, as she meekly said, had ever poor girl borne, she took to her bed quite heart-broken, and the night before the execution, died. As for poor little Ann, she had been wiled away some weeks before; and in the blessed thoughtlessness of childhood, was not without hours of happiness among her playmates on the braes!

The morning of that day arose, and the Moor was all blackened with people round the tall gibbet, that seemed to have grown, with its horrid arms, out of the ground during the night. No sound of axes, or of hammers, had been heard clinking during the dark hours, nothing had been seen passing along the road, for the windows of all the houses from which any thing could have been seen, had been shut fast against all horrid sights and the horses' proofs and the wheels must have been muffled that had brought that hideous framework to

the Moor! But there it now stood, a dreadful tree! The sun moved higher and higher up the sky, and all the eyes of that congregation were at once turned towards the east, for a dull sound, as of rumbling wheels and trampling feet, seemed shaking the Moor in that direction; and lo! surrounded with armed men on horseback, environed with halberds, came on a cart, in which three persons seemed to be sitting, he in the middle dressed in white, the death-clothes of the murderer, the un pitying shedder of most innocent blood.

There was no bell to toll there, but at the very moment he was ascending the scaffold, a black cloud knelled thunder, and many hundreds of people all at once fell down upon their knees. The man in white lifted up his eyes and said, "O Lord God of Heaven! and Thou his blessed Son, who died to save sinners! accept this sacrifice!"

Not one in all that immense crowd could have known that that white apparition was Ludovic Adamson. His hair that had been almost jet black, was now white as his face, as his figure, dressed, as it seemed, for the grave. Are they going to execute the murderer in his shroud? Stone-blind, and stone-deaf, there he stood, yet had he, without help, walked up the steps of the scaffold. A hymn of several voices arose, the man of God close besides the criminal, stood with the Bible in his uplifted hands, but those bloodless lips had no motion, with him this world was not, though yet he was in life, and no more! And was this the man, who a few months ago, flinging the fear of death from him as a flash of sunshine flings aside the shades, had descended into that pit which an hour before had been bellowing as the foul vapours exploded like cannons, and had brought up the bodies of them that had perished in the womb of the earth? Was this he who once leapt into the devouring fire, and re-appeared, after all had given over for lost the glorious boy, with an infant in his arms, while the flames seemed to eddy back that they might scathe not the head of the deliverer, while a shower of blessings fell upon him as he laid it in its mother's bosom, and made the heart of the widow to sing for joy!—It is he. And now the executioner pulls down the cord from the beam, and fastens it round the criminal's neck. His face is already covered, and that fatal handkerchief is in his hand. The whole crowd are now kneeling, and one multitudinous sob convulses the air, when wild outcries, and shrieks, and yells, are at the moment heard from the distant gloom of the glen that opened up to Moorside, and three figures, one far in advance of the other two, came flying as on the wings of the wind, towards the gibbet. Hundreds started to their feet, and "Tis the maniac, 'tis the lunatic!" was the cry. Precipitating himself down a rocky hillside, that seemed

hardly accessible but to the goats, the maniac, the lunatic, at a few desperate leaps and bounds, just as it was expected he would have been dashed to pieces, alighted unstunned upon the level greensward, and now, far ahead of his keepers, with incredible swiftness neared the scaffold, and, the dense crowd making a lane for him in their fear and astonishment, he flew up the ladder to the horrid platform, and, grasping his son in his arms, howled dreadfully over him and then with a loud voice cried, "Saved—saved—saved!"

So sudden had been that wild rush, that all the officers of justice, the very executioner, stood aghast; and lo! the prisoner's neck is free from that accursed cord, his face is once more visible without that hideous shroud, and he sinks down senseless on the scaffold.—"Seize him, seize him!" and he was seized, but no maniac, no lunatic was the father now, for during the night, and during the dawn, and during the morn, and on to mid-day, on to the HOUR OF ONE, when all rucful preparations were to be completed, had Providence been clearing and calming the tumult in that troubled brain, and as the cottage clock struck ONE, memory brightened at the chine into a perfect knowledge of the past, and prophetic imagination saw the future lowering upon the dismal present. All night long, with the cunning of a madman, for all night long he had still been mad, the miserable old man had been disengaging his hands from the manacles, and that done, springing like a wild beast from its cage, he flew out of the open door, nor could a horse's speed on that fearful road have overtaken him, before he reached the scaffold.

No need was there to hold the miserable man. He who had been so furious in his manacles at Moorside, seemed now to the people at a distance, calm as when he used to sit in the elder's seat beneath the pulpit in that small kirk. But they who were on or near the scaffold, saw something horrid in the fixcdness of his countenance. "Let go your hold of me, ye fools," he muttered to some of the mean wretches of the law who still had him in their clutch, and tossing his hands on high, cried with a loud voice, "Give ear, ye Heavens! and hear, O Earth! I am the Violater, I am the Murderer!"

The Moor groaned as in an earthquake, and then all the congregation bowed their heads with a rustling noise, like a wood smitten by the wind. Had they heard aright the unimaginable confession? His head had long been gray, he had reached the term allotted to man's mortal life here below, three-score and ten.—Morning and evening, never had the Bible been out of his hands at the hour set apart for family worship. And who so eloquent as he in expounding its most dreadful mysteries!—The unregenerate heart of man, he had ever

said in scriptural phrase, was "desperately wicked." Desperately wicked indeed! And now again he tossed his arms wrathfully, so the wild action looked in the wrathful skies. "I ravished, I murdered her ye know it, ye evil spirits in the depths of hell!" Conviction now fell on the minds of all, and the truth was clear as light, and all eyes knew at once that now indeed they looked upon the murderer. The dreadful delusion under which all their understandings had been brought by the force of circumstances, was by that voice destroyed, the obduracy of him who had been about to die, was now seen to have been the most heroic virtue, the self sacrifice of a son to save a father from ignominy and death!

"O monster, beyond the reach of redemption! and the very day after the murder, while the corpse was lying in blood on the Moor, he was with us in the House of God! Tear him in pieces, rend him limb from limb, tear him into a thousand pieces!" "The Evil One had power given him to prevail against me, and I fell under the temptation. It was so written in the Book of Predestination, and the deed lies at the door of God!" "Tear the blasphemer into pieces! Let the scaffold drink his blood!" "So let it be, if it be so written, good people! Satan never left me since the murder till this day, he sat by my side in the kirk, when I was ploughing in the field, there, ever as I came back from the other end of the furrows, he stood on the head-rig, in the shape of a black shadow. But now I see him not, he has returned to his den in the pit. I cannot imagine what I have been doing, or what has been done to me, all the time between the day of trial and this of execution.—Was I mad! No matter. But you shall not hang Ludovic, he, poor boy, is innocent; here, look at him, here, I tell you again, is the Violater and the Murderer!"

But shall the men in authority dare to stay the execution at a maniac's words? If they dare not, that multitude will, now all rising together like the waves of the sea. "Cut the cords asunder that bind our Ludovic's arms," a thousand voices cried; and the murderer, unclasping a knife, that, all unknown to his keepers, he had worn in his breast when a maniac, sheared them asunder as the sickle shears the corn. But his son stirred not, and on being lifted up by his father, gave not so much as a groan. His heart had burst, and he was dead! No one touched the grey-headed murderer, who knelt down, not to pray, but to look into his son's eyes, and to examine his lips, and to feel his left breast, and to search out all the symptoms of a fainting fit, or to assure himself, and many a corpse had the plunderer handled on the field, after lush of the noise of battle, that this was death. He rose, and standing forward on the edge of the scaffold, said, with a voice that shook not, deep,

strong, hollow, and hoarse, "Good people!—I am likewise now the murderer of my daughter and of my son! and of myself!" Next moment, the knife was in his heart, and he fell down a corpse on the corpse of his Ludovic. All around the sultry horizon the black clouds had for hours been gathering, and now came the thunder and the lightning and the storm. Again the whole multitude prostrated themselves on the Moor, and the Pastor bending over the bodies, said,

"THIS IS EXPIATION!"

Napoleonida.—If the letters forming the word *veto* be struck out of the words *Revolutions Francaise*, the remaining letters will constitute a very singular coincidence, for they will form, with proper ingenuity of location, the words '*Uncorse la finira*.' The names of the male crowned heads of the extinct Napoleon dynasty, likewise from a remarkable acrostic:

N-apoléon — Emperor of the French.
I-oseph — King of Spain.
H-ieronymous, King of West Phalia.
I-achim — King of Naples.
L-onis — King of Holland.

And a dissection of the compound Greek word 'Napoleon,' gives the following singular result:

Napoleon — The Lion of the Wood;
apoléon — The Destroyer
oleon — of Cities;
oleon — The desolating
oleon — Lion
oleon — now existent. (MDCCLXXIII.)

The Moss Rose.—Of the thousand allegories upon this favorite flower, the best may be traced to one of the celebrated "Parable of Krummacher." But though so frequently paraphrased in prose and verse, no ornament that the ingenuity of the translator has superadded, can compare with the exquisite simplicity of the original, which is here given immediately from the German:

"The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them the dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rose bush; and when he awoke, he said, with a smiling countenance—Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor how willingly would I grant it."

"Adorn me then with a new charm," said the spirit of the rose bush, in a beseeching tone.

And the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss.

Sweetly it stood then in modest attire, the moss rose, the most beautiful of its kind.

Lovely Lina—lay aside, then, the splendid ornament on the glittering jewel, and listen

to the instructions of maternal nature.—*Knickerbacker*.

An Alderman's wit.—"Why were you so silent at dinner?" said one to an alderman. "Had you the tooth ache?"—"No," replied he, "I never was in better order, but the fact is, Lytton Bulwer sat opposite, and it is not pleasant to find one's good things quoted the next week in a magazine."

True Embalmers.—Love, poetry, and romance, are, after all the truest guides in the road to fame. Who knows half so much about Charlemagne, as the whole world does about Abelard? and was there ever an empress whose name was as widely known as that of the lover monk?

Allegory Explained.—He who has a bad stomach, is but half of a man, because debarred from enjoying a great part of a man's pleasure. Prometheus on his rock, and Sancho in his island, are but allegorical personations of his condition, who is bilious or dyspeptic.

THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1823.

Errata.—The great similarity of certain words, often causes much *hard feeling*, towards "the printer." As we do not consider ourself *above* acknowledge an error, when pointed out by a friend in a friendly way, we wish our readers, for the benefit of the author of "Roland Upton," to read on p. 146, 2d col., 23d line from top, *The liveness*, curiosity and *volubility* of the French, &c. instead of "The *loveliness*, curiosity and nobility of the French," &c.

Expiation.—As many have wished, probably, we have concluded this well-wrought tale in this number, much to the discomfiture of our usual stock of *miss-collany*. We hope the readers of the *Garland* will view the *moral* of this story—which, by the way, is nearly connected with *fact*—in the same *shade*, that we do.

Rural Repository.—This semi-monthly has reached the end of volume *nine*. The first number of volume 10 is to be issued this day, much improved, and on a larger scale than heretofore. We did intend to have published a prospectus for this volume, but an unlucky circumstance has wholly deprived us of that pleasure. As the *Repository* is a *good*, as well as a *cheap* work, we will cheerfully receive and forward the subscriptions of such as wish to patronize our old friend.

To Correspondents.—*Constancy Rewarded*, from our old friend, shall have a place in our next. *Religion* is kept in view.

The author of *Industry's Reward* will pardon us for again neglecting his production. The only *plea* we can make, is want of *limits*. In our next number—*positive*.

The author of "To the *Garland*," is requested to judge us more favorably, and become a regular correspondent.—"Love," is among the favored few.

TO THE GARLAND.

The rising genius of our land,
The Garland's page with lib'ral hand,
Bedecks with many a gem ;
They range the muse's bright pasture,
And call the choicest flowrets there,
That grace each blooming stem.

But not to poetry alone,
Or thoughts convey'd in music's tune,
Their efforts are confined ;
They search among the realms of prose
For thoughts ne'er wakened from repose
Before, to charm mankind.

Long may the Garland's flowrets bloom,
And aid to dissipate the gloom
Of ignorance that reigns.
Long may it cause the latent fire
Of genius to wake up the lyre,
And sing in lofty strains.

The charms of virtue and of love,
Of pure religion from above,
Oh may it sweetly sing ;
And Canada's wild scenery,
Yet scarcely known in minstrelsy,
Each muse on martial wing.

Should also soar, tho' we require,
Thank Heaven, no sanguinary lyre,
Nor fierce Marsellais hymn,
To rouse our youth or read in twain
The tyrant's heavy galling chain,
From off the fetter'd limb.

And we should teach our youth to prize
That Constitution vice decries,
Let her be sacred still ;
Guard her and she will guard our rights
'Gainst withering tyranny, which blights
All good to nurture ill.

SOLON.

TO ————

What can bid my heart be gay ?
What can make soft smiles arise ?
What my beating heart can sway ?
Martha Ann, thy laughing eyes.

Who can life and joy impart,
To a brow with sorrow wan ?
Who can win with pleasing art ?
'Tis my love, my Martha Ann.

Thou art a rose, my lovely fair,
Thy face, the flowery morn—
Thy breath is like the noctar air,
From lises of spices borne.

A frown from thee would kill me dead ;
Thy smile my heart dost so unman ;
Then let thy love on me be shed,
And I will worship Martha Ann.

C. M. D.

Weeping.—Young women are full of tears.—They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for any thing or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence and weep when you are absent.—They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a blackguard ; and they will weep because they cannot have every thing in their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he relents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued with tears and a certain lecture? Women weep to get at their husband's secrets, and they also weep when their own are revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through

folly, through cunning, and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortunes, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbors how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband that she may get another. The "widow of Ephesus," bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other.

Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no common thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poisoning the cup of indulgence, and gasping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they coin their tears and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humor, and the other makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us to relieve the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian before hand. The one weeps whether we will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe. They are social in their tears, they would have the whole world to weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imagination so fantastic, that they can make the material world to sympathise with their sorrows. The dew on the cheek of a disconsolate maiden; when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening; and when the sun rises and exhales the dew drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping night.—We have weeping rocks, weeping waterfalls, weeping willows, weeping grottoes, weeping skies, weeping climates, and if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have, to finish the climax, a weeping world.

Anecdote.—A wealthy ship owner of the Quaker persuasion, was once busily employed in his Counting Room, when a sailor, who had for some time sailed in his employ, entered, and approaching the desk, made a low bow and said ; 'Friend B—wilt thou be so good as to settle with me?' The merchant turned to the intruder and said ; 'I wish, John, that thou wouldst assume thy usual manner of address when thou speakest to me. If thou wert addressing one of thy companions, thou wouldst not use the plain language to him. I wish thee, in addressing me, to use thy common style of speaking ; and not think to flatter or wheedle me, by assuming the Friendly dialect. Use the same language to me that thou wouldst use when speaking to one of thy associates.' 'That I can do,' said the tar, as he took a fresh quid of tobacco, 'so here goes ; Blast you, my old boy, shell out your change in less than two shakes of a lobster's liver !'

Published twice a month, by Wyllys Smyth.

PROSPECTUS OF GREENBANK'S

Periodical Library.

Forty-eight Pages Weekly—nearly 2,500 large octavo pages a year, for Five Dollars, furnishing annually select reading equal to Fifty Volumes of common size.

The Library will contain nearly all the new works of merit as they appear:—viz. Voyages—Travels—History—Biography—Select Memoirs—Popular Science—Personal Adventures—Tales of unexceptionable moral bearing, and approved Poems.

GREENBANK'S *Periodical Library*, will be found indispensable to all lovers of good reading, in town or country. Every number will contain 48 pages, of a size expressly adapted for binding, when the book is completed; printed with neat type so large as not to fatigue the weakest eye. Its immense capacity will enable the Editor to give any common sized book in two numbers, frequently in one. New works will thus be published as they arrive from Europe, and sent off fresh to its patrons. The subscriber in Missouri will be brought as it were to the very fountain-head of literature.—Works printed in this Library will be furnished to him, when, without it, he would be wholly unable to procure them. A book that will cost us six dollars to import, can be reprinted and distributed to subscribers, owing to our peculiar facilities, for about twenty or thirty cents, with the important addition of its being fresh and new.

We shall furnish nearly 2,500 pages annually, equal to fifty common sized books. A title page will be given with each volume, so that the subscriber, if he please, may sell, or give it away, without injury to any of the others; or it may be bound up at the pleasure of the subscriber.

This work presents an extraordinary feature, unknown to any other periodical in the country. The subscription price may be considered a mere loan, as the work, at the year's end, will sell for cost, and in many parts of the United States it will bring double its original price to the subscriber.

The works published in "Greenbank's Periodical Library" will be of the highest character, both as regards the author and his subject. New works of approved merit, will be sent out to the Editor by every

packet from Europe, thereby giving him an unlimited field to select from, and enabling him to make this publication equal to any thing of the kind in America.

The first number will be issued on the 8th May, and regularly every Wednesday thereafter, secured in handsomely printed covers, and on fine white paper, at \$5 per annum, payable in advance. Clubs remitting \$20 will be supplied with five copies for that sum; agents the same rate. Address, post-paid,

T. K. GREENBANK,
No. 9, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

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.

Young Man Wanted:

WANTED by the subscriber, a steady and industrious young man, about the age of 16 or 17 years, as an apprentice to the Printing Business.

May 16. W. SMYTH.

Printing Ink.

JUST received and for sale at the Canadian Wesleyan Office, from the manufactory of T. J. & G. W. Eddy, all kinds of BOOK and NEWS INK, of different qualities and prices, viz:

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| No. 2, in 9lb. kegs, | 75 cents per lb. |
| No. 2, in 9 1-2 do. | 75 do do. |
| No. 3, in 38lb. do. | 60 do do. |
| No. 4, in 38lb. do. | 50 do do. |
| No. 4, in 37 1-2 do. | 50 do do. |

In addition to the above prices, on the large kegs, five shillings, York, will be added for each keg, and on the small size, two shillings, York.