

For The Amaranth.

THE VICTIM'S DYING HOUR.

BEHOLD that cheek, that dim and haggard eye,
Those clay-cold lips, still moving as in pray'r,
List to that thrilling, agonizing sigh,

Then say if guilt did e'er inhabit there?
Alas, alas! the sting is sorely felt,
Well hath she suffer'd to atone her guilt!

Say, is this she, who once alone did reign
Belov'd of all, the mistress of all hearts?
She who had countless lovers in her train,
Now brought thus low by vile seductive arts?
Say, is this she, who in effulgent sheen,
Of ev'ry heart 'erst reign'd the lovely queen?

Where is the deep carnation tint? where now
The eye which kindled once with beauty's
light?

Where is the smile that once light up that brow,
On which stern guilt hath cast its with'ring
blight?

Alas, alas! of all she's now bereft,
Of what she was, the wreck alone is left!

Are those the eyes, which once with love did
beam,

Which now appear as still as silent death?
Are those the lovely cheeks which once did
seem,

As if were there entwined the roses' wreath?
Is this the form, in infancy oft prest
With rapture to a mother's tender breast?

Are those the arms which oft with love have
hung

Upon the foul seducer's guilty neck?
Now lying powerless, their nerves unstrung,
And like herself a sad and mournful wreck?

Are those the lips which did their breath disclose
Like to the fragrant odour of the rose.

Say, is this she, whose soul-subduing glance,
Allur'd all hearts to worship at her shrine?
Who through the crowded mazes of the dance

Like a celestial satellite did shine?
She who appear'd as lovely as the day,
'Ere the seducer mark'd her for his prey?

Yes, this is she, but now, alas! she lies
Sad and neglected on her dying bed;
No gentle hand is near to close her eyes;
No tear of sorrow now for her is shed;
She who could once adorn an empire's throne,
Now lies unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

That breast was once devoid of ev'ry guile,
And virtue there took up her blest abode;
That face was once lit with an heav'nly smile,
Which foul seduction's venom did corrode;
That lovely form is wasted now and gone,
And canker'd sorrow hath the conquest won.

Oh! man, fell monster, cruel of thy kind,
What art thou, but a ruthless libertine?
See that sad wreck, and oh! let it remind
Thee that the foul and dreadful work is thine;
Behold those charms which thou hast caused
to fade,
And tremble at the havoc thou hast made.

Thou cruel spoiler, oh! that such as thee,
Should thus deface the image that was made,
(Like to the maker of all things that be),
Or that such are who have from virtue stray'd;
That such there are, who foul advantage take,
And seek a woman's love, her heart to break-

How many are the vows, the oaths, the pray'r's,
And ev'ry other vile seductive art;
The protestations, groans, and sighs and tears,
Resorted to, to win her gentle heart:
She listens to thee, in an evil hour,
Then falls, and withers, like a blighted flow'r.

But hark, what sound now falls upon mine ear?
It is the hapless female's dying moan;
Say, canst thou hear it, and not drop a tear,
Unless thine heart is of the flinty stone?
Approach and view thy victim's dying bed;
—All's silent now, alas!—her spirit's fled!

St. John.

J. M. 69th Regt.

THE ABBOT OF LA TRAPPE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY:

"Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are its epoch: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness."

MANFRED.

ONE of the most brilliant ornaments
of the splendid and profligate court of
Louis the Fourteenth, was the young
Abbe de Rance. Originally destined
to the career of arms, the death of an
elder brother, which left vacant several
rich benefices, produced a sudden
change in his prospects, and at the early
age of ten years, Armand de Rance,
received the tonsure. Those intellec-
tual tastes, for which he was already
remarkable, seemed to fit him in a pecu-
liar manner for an ecclesiastical life, and
he devoted himself to his studies with a
zeal which promised unbounded success
to the aspirant for fame. His early ac-
quaintance with the classics was so
great, that he published an edition of
Anacreon when only twelve years
old; and his progress in various other
branches of polite learning, was so re-
markable as to obtain for him the notice
and protection of Anne of Austria. De-
voting himself more especially, how-
ever, to the study of the Scriptures, and
of the Fathers of the Church, he pas-