

THE AMARANTH.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY, 1843.

{ No. 2.

LAST-DAYS OF PRINCES.

the true but forcible apothegm
is Philosophy teaching by ex-
It will perhaps be found that the last
princes afford more ample scope for
tion, and yield more useful instruction
department of philosophy, than are to
ered from all the preceding events of
signs as they are successively called up
memory, and in a language that could
derived from the lives of any other class
kind. It is at such a juncture that the
causes, to take a review of the life and
of the departing great one of the earth;
we that we feel impelled to calculate the
amount of the good or evil, which has been
the effect of his promptings or the result
actions. We are irresistibly moved, at
time, to investigate *motives* as well as
quences, and, while we attempt to trace
progress of events, we endeavour to ascer-
whether they have terminated according
the true intent of the mover, or whether
have brought about a state of things
he neither expected nor desired.

examinations like these, we may not un-
tently discover, on the one hand, that bene-
fence of motive and wisdom of design
through an adverse concurrence of cir-
stances, not only turned to misfortune in
sult, but have fixed an undeserved and
g stigma on the character of their pos-
er; and that they have frequently embit-
the latter days of those whose evening
ought, in worldly justice, to have been
and tranquility. On the other hand, it
unusual thing to find that projects, which
had their origin in no nobler source than
y or ambition, or which may even have
still more sordid motives, have neverthe-
terminated in glory, have set a halo round
head where real desert was wanting, and
induced, even in the individual himself, a

false estimate of his own qualifications, inten-
tions, and actions.

But the death-bed, with the consciousness
that in all human probability it is such, is a
wonderful illuminator of the soul. However
mankind may deceive others, however they
may deceive themselves, while in the glow of
health, and in the vigor of action, *here* are the
hour and the scene that will compel the pre-
sence of truth, and cause us to know ourselves
as we really are. Not that to those around,
even at such moments, is the true state of the
heart always displayed, for the hardest mortal
task, to the vain and obstinate heart of man,
is the confession of error and the acknowledg-
ment of wrong. We may, like the cardinal,
"Die and make no sign;" but, if the reflective
and reasoning faculties have not forsaken their
seats, the tide of retrospection will force its
flood upon us, and well is it if it do not sweep
away our hopes and our strongest dependen-
cies.

Without violating the truth of history, then,
we may place before us, as in a moving pic-
ture, any prince who has swayed the sceptre
of power on earth; and, in moments such as
we have here assumed, we may call up the
principal events in his career, arraign his life,
actions, and disposition, try him by the ev-
dence of fact, enter into his secret soul, and
pluck from thence such lessons of wisdom,
humility, and varieties of conscious feeling, as
may be salutary to any condition of human
existence;—remembering always, that human
nature is the same in all conditions, and that
the virtues and the vices of the great differ not
from those of the humbler classes of society,
save only as they may be modified from the
effect of mental and moral education, or the
power of volition, and of action.

NO. 1. — WILLIAM, THE CONQUEROR.

— "Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,