

For The Amaranth.

A Short Story, Founded on Fact.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE story which I am about to relate is founded on facts, to several of which I have been an attentive but silent observer. The parties have now long since seen,

"That death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come:"

and they scarcely live in the recollection of many people to whom they were once familiar. I love, however, to dwell upon the scenes of my early days, and whilst I enjoy "the pleasures of memory," I can sit calmly and observe the transactions of the present hour, without being blinded by tumultuous passions, or soured by age and infirmity. In my younger days the nature of my avocations compelled me to travel—*compelled*, I say, when the distant recollection of my paternal fireside, and the many endearments which HOME presented, press upon the mind, and even now demand a tear in memory of those bygone, but sweetest hours of my existence. The recital however of private feelings always fails to interest the cursory reader, and I shall of course refrain, and seek their quiet enjoyment within the retirement of my closet, perchance pitied by some kindred mind, ever alive to tender emotions, or despised by the abandoned heart, callous even to the calmness with which sorrowful recollections will naturally surround us. It was in the south of France, where I gleaned the facts which I shall now attempt to record for the readers of the Amaranth.

The hero of this tale was born in ———, in the State of Massachusetts, not far distant from its capital. He was delicate in form, possessed a sweet disposition, and cultivated mind, educated to a liberal profession, he followed in the footsteps of his worthy father. He had scarcely attained the age of three-and-twenty, than he was not more renowned for his many good qualities, than valued for his high professional attainments. Assiduity, laborious study, and inordinate application to business, together with anxiety of mind, preying upon a weak frame and constitution, brought on alarming symptoms of that flattering, but insidious disease—CONSUMPTION.

Advised by his physicians, and in compliance with the urgent requests of his dearest friends, he determined if possible to obtain relief from his malady by the ameliorating effects

of a more favorable climate; and the beneficial air of the south of France was decidedly recommended. But 'ere he bid adieu to his native soil, never again alas! to behold the scenes of his youth, and to realize the benefit of true friendship, by enjoying the blessings of its counsels; he sought a favorable opportunity to bid adieu to one being, whom above every object in this world, he prized the most highly. He entered the residence of Ellen ———. Each resolved to sustain unimpaired, those hallowed sentiments which they mutually entertained for each other; and to communicate by letter, those chastened feelings, which a thousand times had been orally expressed.

He soon arrived at that land where the invalid too frequently finds not the convalescence which he seeks; and where the shattered fortune of the unfortunate, but honest man, or perchance, the impaired resources of the prodigal spendthrift, are nearly inadequate, but totally so in less expensive, and less luxuriant countries, to support an endurable existence.—His malady was found to be too deeply rooted to be expelled by the best devised remedies.—Two months had now elapsed since his arrival in L——, and for some weeks past he hourly anticipated with the deepest anxiety, the receipt of a communication from the idol of his heart—she, whom alone occupied his waking and slumbering moments—but it arrived not! and the mental torment he endured, (whilst even in agony, he could not dare to contemplate any transition from reciprocated affection,) was scarcely tolerable. Often did he form the resolution of returning to his native land, but his enervated state would not allow him to carry his plans into effect; twice he commenced his journey to the frontier, but was compelled from weakness, slowly to return, exhausted and despairing of the blessings of HEALTH which had so long since taken its permanent departure, from the emaciated form of the disconsolate EDWIN. Now suffering a rapid and painful decline, the near approach of the grim messenger was gladly hailed as a welcome relief; and whilst in a calm and holy frame of mind, he composed the following lines, and frequently repeated them with pious resignation.

ON THE NEAR PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in HIM."

"God of my life, my hope, my fear,

"In whom alone is all my trust,

"I feel the closing hour draw near

"That gives this fainting frame to dust.