

finest conceptions of the artist have evidently been executed in a very inferior manner, for the stones are often very carelessly joined together, showing intervals of several inches filled up with mortar. The same neglect is also observed in the choice of stones, there being frequently very little correspondence in regard to form and size. We may reasonably, therefore, suppose that the aborigines of the country were unable to execute the works planned by their conquerors. We met, however, particularly at Usmal, with sufficient proofs of a more advanced art in the execution of their sculptures; and their skill in plastic shows itself in the idols and figures of clay, which are frequently found in the urns of their sepulchres, which are superior to anything, in regard to art, which the nation produced.

### THE LAST OF SEVEN.

Oh, be not angry, chide her not,  
Although the child has err'd;  
Nor bring the tears into her eyes  
By one ungentle word.

When that sweet linnet sang, before  
Our summer roses died,  
A sister's arm was round her neck,  
A brother at her side.

But now in grief she walks alone,  
By every flowering bed;  
That sister's clasping arm is cold—  
That brother's voice is fled.

And when she sits beside my knee,  
With face so pale and meek,  
And eyes bent o'er her book, I see  
The tears upon her cheek.

Then chide her not; but whisper now  
"Thy trespass is forgiven;"  
How canst thou frown in that pale face?  
She is the last of Seven.

**DISEASE.**—It may be said, that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness and innocence.—*Addison's Antedotes.*

For the Amaranth.

### MY FATHER'S HALL.

My father's hall—my father's hall—  
Thy roof is gone, thy rafters bare:  
The ivy clothes thy ruin'd wall—  
Nor sound of human voice is there.  
No more from windows brightly glancing  
Streams the blaze of festive light,  
Nor music's strains, nor light feet dancing  
Breaks the deep silence of the night.

My father's hall—my father's hall—  
Upon thy broken, moss-grown floor,  
The crumbling fragments sadly fall,  
It bears the foot of man no more.  
Nor the light laugh of childhood ringing  
Around thy quench'd hearth, greets my ear,  
Nor the lov'd songs we join'd in singing,  
All, all are gone;—and where, oh, where!

My father's hall—my father's hall—  
The sound of prayer and hymning strains,  
Wake not the echoes of thy wall,  
The oft-breath'd orisons were in vain.  
Nor children round a mother bending,  
Uplift the gentle voice and eye,  
To greet the smile on them descending,  
And th' invoked blessing from on high.

My father's hall—my father's hall—  
Ruined and tenantless and drear,  
Bending 'neath desolation's pall—  
I scarce repress the starting tear.  
Where are they gone, the best and dearest  
Objects of pride, and hope, and care—  
None to dispel the gloom thou wearest,  
All, all are gone—and where, oh! where!

Frederickton, December, 1841.

L. E.

### BILLOWS.

GENTLY, with sweet commotion,  
Sweeping the shore,  
Billows, that break from ocean,  
Rush to our feet;  
Slaves, that, with fond devotion,  
Prone to adore,  
Seek not to stint with measure,  
Service that's meet—  
Bearing their pearly treasure,  
Flinging it round,  
Showering the while, the pleasure,  
True service knows,  
Then, as if bless'd with leisure,  
Flung on the yellow ground,  
Taking repose!