

ing had arrived the evening before. Every preparation had been made by the fugitives to embark at nightfall, till which time the captain had found means to detain the vessel—and then tripping anchor, they had bounded off in pursuit of the fleet which had sailed some hours before.

In the course of time the vessel reached her destination, and the emigrants settled themselves in a secluded little valley a few miles up the Hudson, where for many months they kept an anxious eye upon every boat that floated up the stream; but no efforts were ever made to molest them. Soon other settlers came among them, and a pleasant little society sprang up in the wilderness, which derived lustre from the exalted character and superior intellect of Mrs. Gaunt, who also acted the part of a friend and physician to the indigent, and contributed by her example and encouragement to keep alive that spirit of endurance which is so necessary to overcome the difficulties that oppose the efforts of those acting in a capacity so far removed from their former experience.

Years rolled on; and Mrs. Gaunt had frequently the pleasure of meeting with former associates, some of whom crossed the sea in the hope of mending their condition: others on tours of pleasure and observation. With one of these visitors Mrs. Gaunt and her son made an incursion to Albany, situated about one hundred and fifty miles up the river. The day they arrived at the village was sultry and almost suffocating; as they stepped on the beach they observed a man, habited in the rags of a beggar, stooping to the margin of the river to drink. He arose feebly, and removed his hat from his head to wipe the perspiration from his brow.—At that moment Roger advanced to offer him a few pence, and when he acknowledged the gift with an humbled look, a cloud passed over the widow's features, for in the despised and neglected beggar, she beheld MARTIN GOULD, the *Ingrate*. W. R. M. B.

St. John, October, 1841.



LIBERTY.

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God, and of his country.—Cowley.

2

THE STARS OF NIGHT.

WHENCE are your glorious goings forth,
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?

For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in brightness still—
O glorious stars of night!

The vestal lamp in Grecian fances
Hath faded long ago;
On Persian hills the worshipped flame
Hath lost its ancient glow;
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But ye watch o'er wandering Israeli yet,
O changeless stars of night!

Long have ye looked upon the earth,
O'er vale and mountain brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now:
Ye beam upon the cottage home—
The conqueror's path of might—
And shed your light alike on all,
O priceless stars of night!

But where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
Amid their desert clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the watcher's sight;
And shine where bark hath never been,
O lonely stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love;
And fearful deeds of darkness too,—
Ye witnesses above!
Say will that black'ning record live
For ever in your sight,
Watching for judgment on the earth—
O sleepless stars of night!

Yet glorious was your song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn;
And still amid our summer sky
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have shone on many a grave,
Since Eden's early blight:
Ye tell of hope and glory still—
O deathless stars of night!

No end can justify the sacrifice of a principle, nor was a crime ever necessary in the course of human affairs.—*Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.*