

The husbands fought with death most manfully in behalf of their wives—but were unable to save them. One of the ladies had an infant, and intent upon its salvation, literally drowned herself in endeavouring to hold her babe above the water. Thrice did her husband dive and rescue all he held dear on earth; and thrice was he compelled to let them sink.—Now, I affirm that no imagination can picture a scene of more perfect horror than this floating chamber of death presented to the survivors, who were struggling to maintain life for a few seconds in almost hopeless agony.—Without a ray of light to cheer them—dashed from side to side as the vessel gave to the fury of the sea, with the dead bodies of their wives, and comates rolling about them—the howling of the storm without rendering the despair within more terrible, by forbidding the hope of rescue—the occasional moments of silence interrupted by the muttered prayer or agonized supplication of the sufferers, with the bubbling struggling deaths of the victims, as they writhed about the limbs of the survivors—all this is truly horrible; no romance can equal it, and the annals of suffering cannot afford a parallel case.

“Death was gradually dwindling the number of the passengers, when one of them proposed to dive down under the companion ladder, swim along beneath the deck, dive still deeper under the bulwarks, and come up in the open sea, by the side of the capsized hull. The attempt was difficult to a practised swimmer, and but two of the four survivors were able to swim at all. There was also the chance of being caught in one of the sails, or getting entangled in the rigging—and, supposing all these difficulties conquered, what certainty was there that the swimmer would be able to secure a holding-place on the hull in that fierce, raging sea? But, on the other side, the scheme afforded a hope of escape—while certain death awaited them inside. The best swimmer volunteered to make the first essay; and if successful, he was to knock loudly upon the upturned keel. He made several attempts before he was able to clear the ladder; at last, he succeeded in getting out of the cabin, but they waited in vain for the encouraging sound. One of them declared he heard a wild shriek mingle with the gale shortly after the adventurer disappeared. Another ventured, and was fortunately thrown on the hull by a wave as soon as he reached the surface. He kicked loudly against the side of the craft, and in a few minutes beheld another of the sufferers strug-

gling furiously to reach the hull—he was successful. The third and last appeared, and gained a hold upon the vessel; but he was exhausted to remain. He fell off in the course of the night, and Williams and Dougherty were the only survivors of that ill-fated company and crew.

“For four days, these poor fellows were tossed about, clinging to the upturned vessel and suffering from famine, thirst, fatigue, and cold. A brig, bound to New Orleans, rescued them, but Williams never recovered; he was too exhausted to speak, when picked off the wreck, and died shortly after he reached the brig. Dougherty still survives.

We have inserted on the pages of our present number, an article entitled “Literary Ladies of America,” from the pen of the gifted Mr. Stephens; it is one which we would recommend to all our female readers, and we think cannot fail to be appreciated for the beauty of its style and the pure and lofty sentiments it embodies.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The story of “The Haunted Island,” is not without its merits, but we think the author, by perseverance, could produce a much better.

“The Glittering Stars,” a Ballad, by “M.” is written in so bad a hand, that we can scarcely decipher more than one half of it.

THE AMARANTH

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