

consciousness, but the ingratitude of his brother, as well as his reflection on the neglect and coolness of Ninette, made him resolve never again to meet Gervais; and with difficulty gaining his cottage, and securing considerable effects, with the dawn he departed for Orleans.

Arrived in that city, he decided upon entering himself as a brother of the Carthusian order, among whom, in due succession of time, he was appointed to officiate in the church of St. Jerome; and from his spotless character and strict attention to his sacerdotal duties, soon won the esteem and affection of all.

Time, the obliterater of human events, had erased all remembrance of the sudden and singular disappearance of Rupert, and Gervais having obtained the hand of Ninette, felt it would be best to depart from a place where he was tortured by remorse, and the continual dread of his brother's again appearing. With this resolution, he departed for Orleans, (having sold out the farm,) and there established himself in a mercantile calling.

Still he was unhappy. The smiles and attentions of a beautiful wife, with a blooming family springing up around him, and all the blessings of fortune he could reasonably desire, could not restore peace to his bosom. At length, tortured beyond endurance, he resolved to unburden his soul by confession, and accordingly repaired to the church of St. Jerome.

The shadows of twilight had fallen upon the world, when he entered the confessional.—With a trembling voice, did he unburden his soul to the priest. The darkness which reigned within the church, prevented his beholding the features of the holy man. Yet he distinctly heard that his voice was tremulous with emotion as he imposed upon him a severe penance for his sanguinary crime.

Yet to Gervais, his atonement brought no comfort. Occupation or amusement cheered him not, and sleep was to him the tortures of the damned. At last, goaded to despair, he rushed to the prefecture of police and there made a full confession. At first they were inclined to discredit him,—to regard him as insane, but when he recapitulated his avowal, and investigation was made, the facts were found to correspond exactly with his assertion. He was therefore imprisoned, convicted, and sentenced to suffer the last penalty of the law.

The day of execution had arrived. Gervais, pale and trembling, had ascended the scaffold. The executioner had actually seized upon him

to finish the sentence, when a murmur was heard among the multitude, and a priest of the Carthusian order, was beheld forcing his way to the scaffold. "Stay, stay the sentence!" he exclaimed—"he is innocent, I am his brother for whom he is about to suffer. Gervais! Gervais!" and the next moment he was in the embrace of the culprit.

Gervais spoke not, a vacant stare settled on his countenance. A strong trembling took possession of his frame, a deep and heavy sigh burst from his bosom, and he fell a corpse at the feet of Rupert.

Rupert gazed upon the lifeless body, the spring of his heart was opened, and he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears—then retiring from the scaffold, he bade farewell to the brotherhood of Jerome, and buried himself for ever in that living charnel house, the Monastery of LA TRAPPE.

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SERENADE.

WAKE! lady, wake! that gentle eye,

The voice of music bids unclose,

We stand beneath thy lattice high,

To woo thee from thy soft repose:

The spell of sleep is not so strong

But wizard words the charm can break;

By the deep powers of mighty song,

We bid thee wake—fair lady, wake!

Wake! lady, wake! upon the lea,

The stars look down serenely bright;

The moon hath fled beyond the sea,

That thou may'st reign the queen of night!

Arouse! no cloud is in the skies,

No ripple on the tranquil lake;

Lift the fair lid which veils those eyes!

Sweet lady, wake!—fair lady, wake!

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