

Vaughan had been deceived even as he had often deceived others. The lights which had led him astray, were the torches of those who were watching for the moment when the waves should fling back upon the shore the bodies of the hapless children. A bleeding and senseless, but not lifeless body, he was borne to the castle. Crushed out of the very semblance of humanity, he still retained a spark of the vital principle, and although all speech and motion were gone for ever, he yet awoke to consciousness. He heard the words of all around him; they spoke as if in presence of the dead, for they knew not that his ears drank in every sound. He listened to the denunciation of those who had hated him—he caught the sounds which told of bitter retribution for a life of crime, and, at length, slowly and painfully did his troubled mind gather the awful tidings of his children's fate. There he lay, like a trampled worm, unable to utter a sound, save the deep and bitter moans of agony, while coldly and carelessly men talked of the death—the fearful death of his darling boys! The thread of life, tenacious though it seemed, was too frail to bear such a fearful vibration, and ere the morning dawned, all that remained of the state-ly beauty of the Lord of Dunraven, was a frightful mass of disfigured humanity.

The bodies of the twins, still twined in a close embrace, were cast ashore, the next day, on Saint Donat's manor, and the clasp of paternal love which even the waters had failed to dissolve, was left unbroken when they were consigned to the burial-place of their ancestors. One shroud, one coffin, and one grave, received those who had thus been united in birth and in death; while borne on the same bier were the mutilated remains of the last Lord of Dunraven.

Malek, the vindictive Arab, was never again seen in Glamorganshire, but a dumb boy, answering to his description, was found to have begged his way to London, and there, in that sink of vice and misery, all trace of him was lost for ever. Deprived of the means of expressing his wants, except by signs, and habituated, from his childhood, to crime, his career was doubtless one of vice and misery, and, in all probability, was soon at an end. Mrs. Vaughan's weak mind was completely overpowered by the terrible shock it had sustained; and she sunk into a state of mental imbecility, which, while it darkened the mirror of memory, left her the capacity for enjoying childish amusements. By the kindness of the heir-at-law, she was removed from Dunraven Castle,

and spent the remainder of a very long life, surrounded by toys and playthings, such as would have charmed an infant, apparently quite happy and contented, though necessarily kept under guardianship as a confined lunatic.

Such is the tradition of the last of the Vaughans, and surely the sins of the father were visited upon the children in the fearful retribution which awaited the spoiler of the seas.

NOTE.—I refer the curious reader to Grose's *Antiquities of England and Wales*, 7th vol., for the tradition on which the foregoing tale is founded.



For The Amaranth.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

Hail, Temperance hail! to the breeze ope thy sail,

And plough through the ocean of Crime;
Enlist the profane, the vicious and vain,
With the speed of the wings of old Time.
May the wife rejoice to hear thy sweet voice,
And the orphan's prayer be thine;
May thy magic light illumine the night,
Of every country and clime.

Hail, Temperance hail! may the widow's wail
Be heard in our valleys no more;
May thy regenerate hand spread far o'er our land,

And high o'er our mountains soar;
From our thralldom releas'd we will prosper in peace,
And hail thee most welcome of guests;
And contented with thee, thou friend of the free,
Prepare thee a *Home* in our breasts.

WILHELMINA.

Bridgetown, N. S., July, 1841.



THE faculty of finding pleasure in common things and every day pursuits, is one which should be carefully cultivated in the young.—At this season, when the fresh flowers look up, like angels' eyes, from amid the lowliest recesses, and wherever the sunbeams have found their way, some sweet bud has opened its fair leaves to the light, there needs little argument to prove the variety, and we may say, omnipresence of the beauties of nature. But after all, if the heart be not cultivated to love and enjoy these scenes, they will be passed idly by, and the young lady, even while wreathing her bouquet of summer flowers, will be thinking of what she considers far more beautiful, the artificial flowers on her new bonnet.