

—the usual lot of genius ; for the Temple of Fame stands upon the grave, and death is the price that must be paid for the privilege of entrance. Gentle reader, the moral of my tale—to quote the words of that great and good man, Walter Scott—is this:—“ Literature is a good staff, but a sorry crutch ! ”



CULLODEN.

“ Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.”

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WHERE now are those hearts which at morn
beat high ?

As the hour of Culloden's

Dread battle drew nigh ;

Those bold highland hearts so faithful and true,
Which leapt as the pibroch, its

Wild gathering blew ?

In death they are crush'd all bleeding and torn,
Or they fly o'er the mountains,
All friendless—forlorn.

Ah, where are the clans who boldly drew forth,
The bright “ braid claymore,”
The brand of the north ?—

Whose arms have oft made the Chevalier's foes,
Lick the dust of the earth, 'neath
Their fast falling blows ?

They're scatter'd in flight, or trampled in gore,
Round the banners of Charles,
To rally no more.

Heav'n shield the young chief, whose courage
and grace,

All declare him the son of

A right Royal race.

Sad, sad are his thoughts, for hope's cheering
ray,

Hath faded for ever from

His bosom away.

No longer the white rose of Stuart may wave,
O'er “ Culloden that reeks with
The blood of the brave.”

St. John.

G. M. R.



For The Amarant.

ACROSTIC,

Humbly dedicated to Her Royal Highness the
DUCHESS OF KENT.

VIEW the fair moon reclining on her car,
I n Heaven's high arch with one pure glittering
star ;

C ontemplate too the radiant planet's beam,

T rembling embosomed in the silvery stream ;

O r, morn's gay harbinger with carol clear,

R esting its little wings above our sphere :

I n these, trace parallels without alloy.

A nation's hope—a parent's fondest joy.

St. John.

S. M. G.

For The Amarant.

JUANA.

A Reminiscence of Porto Rico.

“ The secret felon's very breath
Destruction deals on earth and sea,
While strongest efforts sometimes fail
To carry out his soul's decree.”

Old Play.

NIGHT in tropical regions scarcely awaits the departure of the sun's last beams from the distant hill tops, ere she throws her dark mantle, heavy with moisture from the tributary waves, over the parched earth, as if a short delay in the work of irrigation were fatal to the plants drooping with the noxious properties imbibed through the weary hours of day. The inhabitants of the West Indies, aware of the danger of untimely exposure to the insidious peculiarities of their climate, anxiously watch until the lengthening shadows invite them to enjoy the coolness that immediately precedes and follows the setting sun.

Sometime in the summer of '37, a large assemblage of persons were collected on the public square of Naguabo, a small town on the eastern coast of Porto Rico.

Like their ancestors, the Creoles of the Spanish Islands are proverbial for their indomitable laziness and their almost entire neglect of the rich soil, which, whether fortunately or otherwise, has invariably fallen to their lot.

On the present occasion the company were amusing themselves with the performance of two negroes, male and female, chosen, one would have supposed, from their peculiar hideousness, which increased with the extravaganzas of the fandango, responding to the wild music of the banjo.

A little removed from these in two long rows, a great variety of grades indiscriminately paired, performed with matchless grace one of those fancy figures of which a feeble attempt at imitation is sometimes made by the clumsier dancers of more northern climates. It was a sight never I believe witnessed in the English Colonies, where the distinctions of *caste* are scrupulously pre-