

posing object hid him from view; yet many a maiden's heart throbbed violently, and in her dreams portrayed a lover with as fair an exterior as the passing Ahmed.

Omaud was seated on his throne surrounded by his guards and those never-failing attendants of an Eastern Court, the golaums or executioners; long files of soldiers stood around, their bright arms glancing in the sunbeams. The bright decorations of his officers and the glittering vestments of the courtiers, were only exceeded by the resplendent uniform of the sovereign: he was encased in a suit of armour of the finest workmanship, inlaid with the purest gold, chains of the same precious metal hung from his neck, a scimitar sheathed in a gold scabbard and studded with innumerable brilliants hung at his side; while the celebrated diamond of the Persian throne glittered at his right hand. The walls were hung with tapestry of golden thread from the richest looms of Schiraz, and the heavy folds of purple and crimson velvet, burning with jewelled crescents and stars, fell about his person. His eyes twinkled with delight as an executioner was about to sacrifice a victim to his power; and the trembling object lay at his feet in momentary expectation of his fate, when the Sultaun fell backwards—an arrow pierced his skull, entering through his lowered vizor. A cry of wonder and dismay rung through the palace—all looked, but could not tell whence the arrow proceeded, when Ahmed, for it was he, threw himself forward and in a moment had raised the writhing form of his victim.—“Remember my father and brothers, I am their Avenger;” by this time his hundred followers were at his side, while the distant clash of cymbals and the rolling drums told how near the remainder were. Their shouts of “death to the murderers of our old Sultaun Merza,” came mingled with the cry of “Long live the Avenger,” told the party they belonged to.—Those within soon caught the strain; the fickle populace, and the disaffected soldiery, corrupted by Ahmed's anarchy, soon joined in the cheer.

When Ahmed was recognized he was placed on the vacant throne, amid the loud greetings of the people; his father's ministers were dragged from prison to be reinstated in their authority: while the people long had reason to rejoice in the fall of Omaud, and the raising of AHMED the AVENGER to the Imperial Throne of Persia.

For The Amaranth.

“LITTLE FLOWERS.”

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING A NEW-BRUNSWICK  
“MAY FLOWER.”

How those sweet, those little flowers,  
That grow upon the lowly heaths:  
They're dearer far to me than bowers,  
Of richest “greens” or myrtle wreaths,

The dahlia may more gaily seem,  
May more majestic—queenly be;  
Oft bending o'er the wooded stream,  
The blue bell hath more charms for me.

The tulip many may adore,  
Its rainbow dress may please the gay;  
I love it too—but yet much more,  
The primrose of the mossy way.

Though blue bell thou'rt a stranger here—  
Though prim-rose now I see thee not;  
Yet daughter's of the new-born year,  
Thou'lt never, never, be forgot.

I love ye sweetly, little flowers;  
Ye flowers of my childhood's home—  
How many happy sunny hours,  
Ye have caused me forth to roam.

Sweet flow'rets of my native land,  
Wildly decking its ev'ry spot,  
To thee I am linked by affection's band—  
And thou shalt never be forgot.

The cowslip with its fragrant smell:  
The daisy with its dappled crest:  
Th' hyacinth with its pretty bell:  
The violet all in purple drest;—

These are the flow'rs I love so well,  
For which I feel so great regret;  
On me they wave a magic spell,  
I never, never, can forget.

Meek flow'ret \* of this foreign shore—  
Ye too shall 'round m' affections twine,  
And when I tread this land no more,  
Ye in my memory shall shine.

I love ye sweet, ye little flow'rs  
That grow upon the lowly heaths—  
Your dearer far to me than bow'rs  
Of richest greens or myrtle wreaths.

JOHANNES BACCALAUREUS.

Salisbury, N. B., May, 1841.

\* The “May Flower.”

St. John, May, 1841.

K.