

Caroline Murry as his bride, and her good sense, and winning gentleness of character, influenced Anna, and effectually counteracted the false notions which were beginning to corrupt a good heart and to overshadow a sound judgment. It was not long before she was fully sensible of the real difference which there was between the characters of her two friends, and that of her brother's wife; and also between true and false gentility. Although Caroline Murry had been proscribed by a certain circle in which false pride, instead of principle, was the governing motive, she had still been esteemed among those who knew how to look beyond the surface. As the wife of Enfield, she at once took a position in circles where those who had passed her by as unworthy would have sought in vain for admission, and in those circles she shone as a bright particular star.



For The Amaranth.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING THE  
LAND OF MY BIRTH.

When I think of old England, my country, my home,  
I grieve o'er the cause that induced me to roam;  
And though in my travels new friends I have found,  
Yet my heart to old England for ever is bound.

'Tis the land of my birth, 'tis the home of my sires,  
Her valour and freedom my bosom inspires;  
Though depress'd by misfortune, she weathers the storm,  
Though assail'd on all sides—in every form.

I love thee, old England, and ne'er can forget  
The spot where old friends I so often have met;

I love my country, her laws and her fame,  
And deep in my mem'ry is graven her name.

St. John, June.

HAMLET.



Beautiful is the dying of the great sun; when the last song of the birds fades into the lapse of silence; when the islands of clouds are bathed in light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day.

People who are always innocently cheerful and good humoured, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

THE TUILERIES.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

AMONG the palaces that decorate the capital of France, that of the Tuileries naturally attracts the attention of the traveller. Stretching along the banks of the Seine, it is connected with the Louvre, by a gallery commenced during the reign of Henry IV., and completed under the auspices of Louis XIV. Three sides of an immense parallelogram are thus formed, and it was the intention of Bonaparte to have added the fourth, and thus to have completed the most magnificent edifice of the kind that modern Europe can boast.

As the eye fixes, involuntarily, upon the central pavilion, past scenes, and events of other days, sweep by, like living pictures. Francis I. seems to pass by, proudly, in his royal robes, and leaning upon his arm, his intriguing mother, Louise of Savoy, for whom he purchased the hotel, which originally occupied the site of this palace, somewhat more than three centuries since.

Ninety years after, we see Henry III. hurrying from its walls, to escape a tumult of the people. Assisted by his groom, he hastily mounts his horse, his dress disarranged, and the spurs but half fastened to his boots. Forty arquebusiers take aim at him, as he passes out by the Ponte Neuve, and when he finds himself free from the perilous neighbourhood of the city, he turns towards it, and extends his hand, with wrathful gestures, and imprecations of vengeance. This reminds one of the knight of Sir Walter Scott, the haughty Marmon, who on quitting the constrained hospitality of the Douglas Castle,

"Turned and rais'd his clenched hand,  
And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the towers."

We shrink, as we imagine, gliding among these scenes, the form of the ambitious Catherine de Medicis, who built, for her son's residence, this very central pavilion, with its wings. There, there, is the window, from whence the infamous Charles IX. whom his mother "Jezabel stirred up," fired upon his own people, on the terrible August 24th, 1572, and while the groans of the murdered Protestants were resounding in his ears, continued to excite his ruffian soldiers with the hoarse and horrible cry of "Kill! Kill!"

At the summer solstice, two hundred and twenty years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Tuileries again re-echoed with