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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

No. 7. } SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1841. { Vol. I.

For The Amaranth.

THE LOST ONE.

A Tale of the Early Settlers.

BY MRS. B——N.

—

Beyond the utmost verge of the limits which the white settlers had yet dared to encroach on the red owners of the soil, stood the humble dwelling of Kenneth Gordon, a Scotch emigrant; whom necessity had driven from the blue hills and fertile vallies of his native land, to seek a shelter in the tangled mazes of the forests of the new world. Few would have had the courage to venture thus into the very power of the savage—but Kenneth Gordon possessed a strong arm and a hopeful heart, to give 'the lips he loved unborrowed bread;' this nerved him against danger, and 'spite of the warning of friends, Kenneth pitched his tent twelve miles from the nearest settlement. Two years passed over the family in their lonely home, and nothing had occurred to disturb their peace—when business required Kenneth's presence in the settlement up the river. One calm and dewy morning he prepared for his journey; Marion Gordon followed her husband to the wicket, and a tear, which she vainly strove to hide, with a smile, trembled in her large blue eye. She wedded Kenneth when she might well have won a richer bridegroom; she chose him for his worth; their lot had been a hard one—but in all the changing scenes of life, their love remained unchanged; and Kenneth Gordon, although thirteen years a husband, was still a lover. Marion strove to rally her spirits as her husband gaily cheered her with an assurance of his return before night. "Why so fearful Marion? See here is our ain bonny Charlie for a guard, and what better could an auld Jacobite wish for?" said Kenneth, looking fondly on his wife; while their son marched past them in his Highland dress and wooden claymore by his side. Marion smiled as her husband playfully alluded to the difference in their religion; for Kenneth was a staunch Presbyterian, and his wife a Roman Catholic; yet that difference—for which so much blood has been shed in the world—never for an instant dimmed the lustre of their peace; and Marion told her glittering beads on the same spot where her husband breathed his simple prayer. Kenneth taking advantage of the smile he had roused, waved his hand to the little group, and was soon out of sight. The hot and sultry day was passed by Marion in a state of restless anxiety, but it was for Kenneth alone she feared, and the hours sped heavily till she might expect his return. Slowly the burning sun declined in the heavens, and poured a flood of golden radiance on the leafy trees and the bright waves of the majestic river, which rolled its graceful waters past the settler's dwelling. Marion left her infant asleep in a small shed at the back of the log house, with Mary, her eldest daughter, to watch by it, and taking Charlie by the hand, went out to the gate to look for her husband's return. Kenneth's father, an old and almost superannuated man, sat in the doorway with twin girls of Kenneth's sitting on his knees, singing their evening hymn, while he bent fondly over them. Scarcely had Marion reached the wicket, when a loud yell—the wild "war-whoop" of the savage—rang on her startled ear. A thousand dark figures seemed to start from the water's edge—the house was surrounded, and she beheld the grey hairs of the old man twined round in the hand of one, and the bright curls of her daughters gleamed in that of another; while the glittering tomahawk glared like lightning in her eyes! Madly she rushed forward to shield her children; the vengeance of the Indian was glutted, and the life-blood of their victims crimsoned the hearth-stone! The house was soon in flames—the war-dance was finished—and their canoes bounded lightly on the waters, bearing them far from the scene of their havoc.

As the sun set, a heavy shower of rain fell, and refreshed the parched earth; the flowers sent up a grateful fragrance on the evening air; the few singing birds of the woods poured forth their notes of melody; the blue jay screamed among the crimson buds of the maple, and the humming bird gleamed through the emerald sprays of the beach tree; the pearly moon was slowly rising in the blue ether, when Kenneth Gordon approached his home. He was weary with his journey, but the pictured visions of his happy home—his smiling wife, and the caresses of his sunny-haired children, cheered the father's heart, though his step was languid and his brow feverish. But oh! what a sight of horror for a fond and loving heart, met his eyes as he came in sight of the spot that contained his earthly treasures;—the foreboding silence had surprised him—he heard not the gleeful voices of his children, as they were wont to bound forth to meet him; he saw not Marion stand at the gate to greet his return; but a thick black smoke rose heavily to the summits of the trees, and the smouldering logs of the building fell with a sullen noise to the ground. The rain had quenched the fire, and the house was not all consumed. Wild with terror, Kenneth rushed forward; his feet slipped on the bloody threshhold, and he fell on the mangled bodies of his father and his children. The demoniac laceration of the stiffening victims told too plainly who had been their murderers. How that night of horror passed, Kenneth knew not. The morning sun was shining bright, when the bereaved and broken-hearted man was roused from the stupor of despair by the sound of the word "father," in his ears; he raised his eyes and beheld Mary, his eldest child, on her knees beside him. For a moment Kenneth fancied he had had a dreadful dream, but the awful reality was before him. He pressed Mary wildly to his bosom, and a passionate flood of tears relieved his burning brain. Mary heard the yells of the savages, and the shrieks of her mother convinced her that the dreaded Indians had arrived. She threw open the window, and snatching the infant from its bed, flew like a wounded deer to the woods behind the house. The frightened girl heard all, remained quiet, and knowing her father would soon return, left the little Alice asleep on some dried leaves, and ventured from her hiding place. No trace of Marion or of Charles could be found—they had been reserved for a worse fate; and for months a vigilant search was kept up; parties of the settlers, led on by Kenneth, scoured the woods night and day. Many miles off a bloody battle had been fought between two hostile tribes, where a part of Marion's dress and of her son's was found, but here all trace of the Indians ended, and Kenneth returned to his desolated home. No persuasion could induce him to leave the place where the joys of his heart had been buried: true, his remaining children yet linked him to life, but his love for them only increased his sorrow for the dead and the lost. Kenneth became a prematurely old man; his dark hair faded white as the mountain snow; his brow was wrinkled, and his tall figure bent downwards to the earth.

Seventeen years rolled on their returnless flight, since that night of withering sorrow.—Kenneth Gordon still lived a sad and broken-spirited man; but Time, that great tamer of the human heart, which dulls the arrows of affliction, and softens the bright tints of joy down to a sober hue, had shed its healing influence, even over his wounded heart. Mary Gordon had been some years a wife, and her children played around Kenneth's footsteps. A little Marion recalled the wife of his youth, and another Charlie—the image of his lost son—slept in his bosom. There was yet another person who was as a sunbeam in the sight of Kenneth; her light laugh sounded as music in his ears, and the joybeams of her eyes fell gladly on his soul. This gladdener of sorrow was his daughter Alice, now a young and lovely woman;—bright and beautiful was she; lovely as a rose-bud with a living soul.

"No fountain from its native cave,
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She was as happy as a wave
That dances o'er the sea."

Alice was but five months old when her mother was taken from her; but Mary, who watched over her helpless infancy with a care far beyond her years, and with love equal to a mother's, was repaid by Alice with the most unbounded affection; for to the fond love of a sister was added the veneration of a parent.

One bright and balmy Sabbath morning Kenneth Gordon and his family left their home for the House of Prayer. Mary and her husband walked together, and their children gambolled on the grassy path before them. Kenneth leaned on the arm of his daughter Alice; another person walked by her side, whose eye, when it met hers, deepened the tint on her fair cheek—it was William Douglas; the chosen lover of her heart, and well worthy was he to love the gentle Alice. Together they proceeded to the holy altar, and the next Sabbath was to be their bridal day. A change had taken

place since Kenneth Gordon first settled on the banks of the lonely river—the white walls and graceful spire of a church now rose where the blue smoke of the solitary log house once curled through the forest trees, and the ashes of Kenneth's children and his father reposed within its sacred precincts. A large and populous village stood where the red deer roved on his trackless path. The white sails of the laden barque gleamed on the water, where 'erst floated the stealthy canoe of the savage; and a pious throng offered their aspirations where the war whoop had rung on the air.

Alice was to spend the remaining days of her maiden life with a young friend, a few miles from her father's, and they were to return together on her bridal eve. William Douglas accompanied Alice on her walk to the house of her friend;—they parted within a few steps of the house: William returned home, and Alice, gay and gladsome as a bird, entered a piece of woods which led directly to the house. Scarcely had she entered, when she was seized by a strong arm: her mouth was gagged and something thrown over her head; she was then borne rapidly down the bank of the river and laid in a canoe. She heard no voices, and the swift motion of the canoe rendered her unconscious;—how long the journey lasted she knew not; at length she found herself—on recovering from partial insensibility—in a rude hut, with a frightful looking Indian squaw bathing her hands, while another held a blazing pine torch above her head. Their hideous faces, frightful as the imagery of a dream, scared Alice, and she fainted again.

The injuries which Kenneth Gordon had suffered from the savages, made him shudder at the name of Indian; and neither he nor his family ever held converse with those who traded in the village. Metea, a chief of the "Menomone Indians," in his frequent trading expeditions to the village, had often seen Alice, and became enamoured of the village beauty. He had long watched an opportunity of stealing her and bearing her away to his tribe, where he made no doubt of winning her love. When Alice recovered, the squaws left her, and Metea entered the hut; he commenced by telling her of the great honour done her in being allowed to share the hut of Metea, a brave, whose bow was always strung—whose tomahawk never missed its blow, and whose scalps were numerous as the stars in the pathway of ghosts, and he pointed to the grisly trophies, hung in the smoke of the cabin; he concluded by giving her furs and strings of beads, with which the squaws decorated her, and the next morning the trembling girl was led from the hut and lifted into a circle formed of the warriors of the tribe. Here Metea stood forth and declared his deeds of bravery, and asked their consent for the "flower of the white nation" to be his bride; when he had finished, a young warrior—whose light and graceful limbs might well have been a sculptor's model—stood forward to speak.—He was dressed in the richest Indian costume, and his scalping knife and beaded moccasins glittered in the sunshine; his features bore an expression different from the others—neither malice nor cunning lurked in his full dark eye, but a calm and majestic melancholy reposed on his high and smooth brow and was diffused over his whole mien, and in the clear tones of his voice—"Brothers," said he to the warriors, "we have buried the hatchet with the white nation—it is very deep beneath the earth—shall we dig it because Metea scorns the women of his tribe? because he has stolen the flower of the white nation?—let her be restored to her people, lest her chiefs come to claim her, and Metea lives to disgrace the brave warriors of the woods;"—he sat down, and the circle rising said, "Our brother speaks well, but Metea is very *brave*." It was decided that Alice should remain.

Towards evening Metea entered the hut, and approaching Alice caught hold of her hand, the wildest passion gleamed in his glittering eyes, and Alice shrieking ran towards the door.—Metea caught her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom; again she shrieked, and a descending blow cleft Metea's skull in sunder and his blood fell on her neck. It was the young Indian who advised her liberation in the morning who dealt Metea's death-blow; taking Alice in his arms, he stepped lightly from the hut. It was a still and starless night, and the sleeping Indians saw them not;—unloosing a canoe he placed Alice in it, pushed softly from the shore. Before the next sunset Alice was in sight of her home—her father and friends knew nothing of what had transpired—they fancied her at her friend's house, and terror at her peril and joy at her return followed in the same breath. Mary threw a timid yet kind glance on the Indian warrior who had saved her darling Alice, and Kenneth pressed the hand of him who restored his child. In a few minutes William Douglas joined the happy group, and she repeated her escape on his bosom. That night Kenneth Gordon's prayer was longer and more fervent than usual. The father's thanks arose to the throne of grace for the safety of

his child; he prayed for her deliverer and for pardon for the hatred he had nurtured against the murderers of his children. During the prayer the Indian stood apart, his arms were folded and deep thought was marked on his brow; when it was finished, Mary's children knelt and received Kenneth's blessing 'ere they retired to rest; the Indian rushed forward, and bursting into tears, threw himself at the old man's feet; he bent his feathered head to the earth—the stern warrior wept like a child. Oh! who can trace the deep workings of the human heart? who can tell in what hidden fount the feelings have their spring? The forest chase—the bloody field—the war dance, all the pomp of savage life passed like a dream from the Indian's soul; a cloud seemed to roll its shadows from his memory; that evening's prayer and a father's blessing recalled a time faded from his recollection, yet living in the dreams of his soul. He thought of the period when he, a happy child, like those before him, had knelt and heard the same sweet words breathed o'er his bending head; he remembered having received a father's kiss, and a mother's smile gleamed like a star in his memory;—but the fleeting visions of childhood were fading again into darkness, when Kenneth arose and clasping the Indian wildly to his breast, exclaimed, "My son! my son! my long lost Charles!" The springs of the father's love gushed forth to meet his son, and the unseen sympathy of nature guided him to "The Lost One." 'Twas indeed Charles Gordon who his father held to his breast, but not as he lived in his father's fancy; he beheld him a painted savage, whose hand was yet stained with blood; but Kenneth's fondest prayer was granted, and he pressed him again to his bosom, exclaiming again "he is my son." A small gold cross hung suspended from the collar of Charles—Kenneth knew it well; it had belonged to Marion, who hung it round her son's neck 'ere her eyes were closed. She had sickened early of her captivity and died while her son was yet a child, but the relics she had left were prized by him as something holy. From his wampum belt he took a roll of the bark of the birch tree, on which something had been written with a pencil; the writing was effaced and the signature of Marion Gordon was alone visible. Kenneth pressed the writing to his lips, and again his bruised spirit mourned for his sainted Marion. Mary and Alice greeted their restored brother with warm affection; Kenneth lived but in the sight of his son. Charles rejoiced in their endearments, and all the joys of kindred were to him as

"New as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if known for years."

But soon a change came over the young warrior; his eye grew dim, his step was heavy, and his brow was sad, he sought for solitude, and he seemed like a bird pining for freedom. They thought he sighed for the liberty of his savage life, but alas! it was another cause; the better feelings of the human heart all lie dormant in the Indian character, and are but seldom called into action. Charles had been the "stern stoic of the woods," till he saw Alice; then the first warm rush of young affections bounded like a torrent through his veins, and he loved his sister with a passion so strong, so overwhelming, that it sapped the current of his life. The marriage of Alice had been delayed on Charles's return; it would again have been delayed on his account, but he himself urged it forward. Kenneth entered the church with Charles leaning on his arm—during the ceremony he stood apart from the others, when it was finished Alice went up to him and took his hand, it was cold as marble, he was dead, his spirit fled with the bridal benediction—Kenneth's heart bled afresh for his son, and as he laid his head in the earth, he felt that it would not be long 'till he followed him,—nor was he mistaken, for a few mornings after, he was found dead on the grave of "The Lost One."

For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

O God! how sad on this dim shore,
  Our mortal lot would be,
If when our earthly dreams are o'er,
  We could not look to Thee;
Didst Thou not in thy mercy hear
  The fervent faithful prayer;
How dark on this unstable sphere,
  Were hapless man's despair!

Yet how much sorrow would we miss—
  What lasting joy secure—
If we would seek betimes the bliss,
  That like its source is pure!
But on the world's vain toys intent,
  Regardless of his God—
Man will not of his sins repent,
  Until he feels the rod.

Queen's County, N. S. J. McP.

As it is impossible to please men in all things, our chief study should be to satisfy our own consciences.—*Chinese Proverb.*

[*From the Ladies' Book.*]

CHIDIOC TICHBOURNE.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

It was a festal night in merry England, in the period when she best deserved that name, the splendid reign of Elizabeth. Christmas, with its luxurious feasts, its lavish gifts, and its grotesque gambols, had passed by, and Twelfth-night had come to close the festivities, and, like the last night of the Carnival, to outdo its predecessors in extravagance and mirth.

In one of the noblest mansions of London this night was observed with unusual magnificence. Every window was illuminated till the whole building seemed one blaze of light; busy menials, in gala dresses, were hurrying to and fro; gay knights and courtly dames were thronging in the lofty apartments; and to complete the splendour of the scene, the Queen graced the *fete* with her presence. It was the bridal of the heiress of that noble house, the lovely and loved Agnes Courtenay.

On one side of the central room a temporary throne had been prepared, whose crimson hangings lent a becoming flush to the Queen's somewhat faded features, and Elizabeth, as she seated herself beneath them, had deigned to compliment her noble host upon the exquisite taste displayed in the garniture of his apartments. Seeing her in this gracious mood of gratified vanity, the obsequious courtiers hastened to proffer their customary adulation; but, as the bridal train entered and swept round before the throne, their gaze of habitual admiration was irresistibly withdrawn from the Queen to rest on the surpassing beauty of the young bride; a beauty which is thus described by one of the minute chroniclers of that time. "The Ladye, Agnes Courtenay, was of an exquisite loveliness, being so light of form and of so rare a grace, that she seemed to be a silphe, rather than of mortalle flesh: a rope of orient perles would have bound her dark locks, but that they mocked at such restraynt, and fell abundantlye over her neck and shoulders, whose whitenesse made the envyous perles grow dimme. Was she stille, the light of her hazell eye was milder than the moon's beams on a lake in the summer time, but it flashed as a ray from the sunne, when she smiled. When she moved, you looked to see her float up above the grosser ayre by her own etheryallnesse; and when she spake, all harmonies in earth and ayre were hushed, to hear the musicke of her words.—That sould had need be a jewell of pryse, that did not shaime so cunniglye framed a caskett."

And truly, the Lady Agnes was all in purity and intellect, that her peerless beauty declared her; nor could there be easily found a higher proof of a lofty soul, than that she gave in her marriage. Young, beautiful, the heiress of a name so noble that royal blood flowed in her veins,* the daughter of the Earl of Devonshire —rising above the aristocratic prejudice so general even now, but universal then—bestowed her hand on one who bore no other title than that of "a true and noble-hearted gentleman." Chidioc Tichbourne was descended from a family, respected indeed through many generations for worth of heart and mind, but which counted not among its members, one so distinguished by military prowess, or civil policy, as to have achieved even the simple honours of knighthood. But his was a character that needed no inherited distinction to give it lustre; the foil that imparts brilliancy to the meaner gem, adds no ray to the diamond.

To shield his child from the blandishments of the court, the Earl of Devonshire had caused her to pass her early years with his widowed sister, in a sequestered mansion at Southampton; and there she had known and loved Chidioc Tichbourne, and had learned, for his sake, to prize a noble and cultivated intellect, lofty principle, and refined feeling, above the distinctions of rank and power. "I do not stoop, my father," said Agnes, when the Earl opposed her union with one so far her inferior in rank; "had I yielded my heart to one wanting in any noble quality, you might say your child had forgotten the dignity of her descent; but when I love one who is, in all but birth, the peer of earth's noblest sons, I feel that I elevate myself. Oh, my father, if you would wed me to a title, you should have kept me amid the false glare of the court, instead of sending me to learn truth in the simple bosom of nature."

"Nature teaches the same lesson that I read you," replied the Earl; "no noble creature herds with a meaner: the eagle mates not with the hawk."

"You say well, my Lord," said Agnes; "but it is their nature which distinguishes them, not their external trappings. Many a hawk wears gay hood and tinkling jesses, while the eagle flies unnoticed."

The lady won her suit, though not till the powerful interposition of the Queen was added

* "Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, married Margaret, the grand-daughter of Edward the First."

to her own eloquence. It was the theme of much wondering conversation among the courtiers present at the bridal, that the haughty Elizabeth should regard with favour, a union between one allied to herself and a simple commoner; but those who best understood her policy, shrewdly surmised that her motive lay in the very circumstance which excited the wonder of others. Derived from the same royal stock that gave to Henry VII. his right to the crown which Elizabeth had inherited from him the high descent of Agnes of Devonshire might excite some dangerous aspirings in any ambitious noble who should become her husband; but her marriage with a commoner effectually relieved the Queen from all such anxiety: departing, therefore, from her usual policy of keeping unmarried all who might take any part in the vexed question of the succession, she promoted the unambitious wishes of Agnes, by her own irresistible influence. The result we have already seen. Who could guess what darkness lay behind that splendid bridal?

Four happy years had passed away, and the Lady Agnes and her husband were still lovers. Her face still wore its brightest smile for him alone, and his eye still beamed on her as fondly as on their nuptial eve. But though unaltered in his love for her, a change had come over the spirit of Chidioc Tichbourne. For the first time since their marriage, he had spent some time in London without his wife, and after his return to Southampton, he was grave and thoughtful, and sometimes abstracted in anxious musings.

"Come hither, Agnes," he exclaimed, starting from one of these moods of thought, as he met her saddened gaze; "come, sit beside me, and look on this picture," drawing, as he spoke, a small miniature in a golden setting, from his bosom. "Saw you ever any thing so fair, except—" and he parted the hair from her forehead, and pressed his lips upon it—"in your own mirror, love?"

"Oh, beautiful! surely some cunning limner has here traced his own bright fancies of what woman ought to be, not what any woman is."

"Nay, dearest, it is a portrait, and scarce so fair as its original. What think you of her from this portraiture?"

The lady gazed long, in deep admiration, on that exquisite picture. "There might well be a diadem on this lofty brow where the dark hair parts so simply," she said at length, "and these large hazel eyes seem used to command. Indeed it is a queenly face. Yet there is a heaviness in the eyelids, and a beseeching softness about the mouth, as if she had known sorrow—and known it long too, for it is a calm and gentle sadness that rests on her face, not a sudden burst of grief. Sweet Lady! whoever thou art, thou canst win hearts, for thou hast won mine, even now!"

"And if I should tell you, Agnes, that the sadness you discover has been caused by cruel wrong—that this fair and hapless lady suffers unmerited oppression, and that too from her kindred, and that there is one way of escape for her, though a perilous one—my Agnes, would you venture aught for her sake?"

"Say on! say on!"

"You have divined well, sweet one," continued Tichbourne, "that fair brow *has* borne a crown, and those bright eyes *are* familiar with tears, for a Queen is a prisoner."

"Mary Stuart!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Yes, Mary Stuart," repeated her husband sadly; "Mary, of Scotland, pines in a English prison. Betrayed by those to whom she trusted, deserted by her nearest kindred, persecuted by her to whom she fled for protection, her wrongs are an outrage upon the laws of nations and of nature. But though oppressed by England, not all in England are her enemies; a band of true and gallant hearts have sworn to set her free. Hear me, Agnes; you say she has won your heart, will you hazard ought to rescue a woman from her enemies, a Queen from a dungeon? To place Mary Stuart in safety and freedom on the soil of France?"

Lady Agnes looked earnestly on her husband, and as varying emotions chased each other across her beautiful features, she seemed irresolute. It was but for a moment, and then, while her face grew pale as if the blood were curdling at her heart, she answered in a firm, deep tone—

"Heaven forbid that I should seek to hold you back, Chidioc, where your own noble heart bids you on. I will peril my life in yours."

"Ever true to yourself, ever generous and unselfish!" cried her husband, "Heaven grant it may not be my lot to bring care and sorrow into this noble heart!"

The circumstances which Tichbourne now detailed to Lady Agnes, of the conspiracy formed by Babington to liberate the Queen of Scots, are so fully narrated by the historians of that period, that we may pass over them very rapidly. Wrought upon by the jesuit emissaries of the Duke of Guise, the young and ambitious Babington became devoted to the cause of Mary, and he contrived to convey to her, even under the strict surveillance of Sir Amyas Paulet

communications from her adherents in France, and information of his own plans for her escape. A correspondence ensued, from which it is evident that he became deeply in love with the imprisoned Queen, and received from her some encouragement. Mary, fully sensible of the power of her beauty, sent him her portrait, which had undoubted influence in bringing into his conspiracy some persons of far less chivalrous spirit than Chidioc Tichbourne. He, indeed, seems to have been conspicuous among the conspirators for the disinterestedness of his aims, and the integrity of his principles; for, drawn to join them at first by his friendship for Babington, with whom he had been intimate from their childhood, his devotion to Mary seems to have sprung from the same generous feeling that impelled the knights of old always to aid a brother in arms, and to succour woman in distress. He had nothing to gain from Mary's liberation; but for it he hazarded all—all, save his honour and allegiance; on those he brought no stain; for when Babington yielded to the representations of the jesuits, that Mary could not be saved while Elizabeth lived, and when Savage eagerly claimed for himself the honour of executing this nefarious design, Tichbourne resolutely opposed any attempt against the life of his own sovereign. For a time he almost prevailed with his friend to seek only to effect Mary's escape to France, and he offered to undertake himself the most dangerous offices in such a scheme; but the danger of being intercepted before they could reach the coast appearing too great to Babington, he resolved on the assassination of Elizabeth; when Tichbourne, after arguing with him long in vain withdrew from the plot; not however without a severe struggle with his principle on the one hand, and, on the other, his interest in Mary, and his affection for the friend whom, in all lawful efforts, he would have aided with his life.

"I will be silent for your sake, for I cannot betray my friend," he said, as he parted from Babington, "but I will not seek to accomplish good by such unrighteous means. Beware that you bring no destruction on the hapless lady you would succour, by such an unholy deed."

He returned sadly to his loved retreat at Southampton, but his anxiety would not suffer him long to remain there, and he ended the conversation, whose commencement has been given above, by expressing to Agnes his design of returning to London in pursuit of his friend, with the hope that he might yet aid in releasing the royal prisoner in some mode not repugnant to his conscience.

On arriving in London, Tichbourne found his friend inflexibly determined upon placing Mary on the throne of England. All his expostulations were answered, partly by the arguments of the jesuits, that Mary was the rightful heir to the crown, yet, if the succession were left to Elizabeth's decision, she would undoubtedly appoint a Protestant, and thus all hope of re-establishing the Papal supremacy over England, would be for ever at an end; and partly by descriptions of the glory to be enjoyed by those who had secured her accession, under Mary's gentler reign, which was to fill the court with gaiety, and all England with joy. Doubtless visions of the highest honours, attained through love, floated before the excited fancy of the ambitious and enamoured Babington, and made the less daring scheme of securing only Mary's personal safety seem little alluring. Babington deferred the execution of his purpose only till a favourable occasion might offer, for accomplishing at once the murder of Elizabeth and the release of Mary; and the Queen at length seemed to furnish the desired opportunity, by appointing a day in the following week for a hunting excursion into the country. It was agreed that Savage, with several other of the conspirators, should mingle in the throng that always escorted the royal cavalcade, and thus assassinate Elizabeth in an unguarded moment; while Babington was to hasten, with a party of horsemen, to take advantage of the confusion that would follow the news of her death, to rescue Mary by force. The better to cover his designs, Babington visited Lord Walsingham, and expressed a desire to be employed in the foreign service; and the wily secretary who had already received some intelligence of the plot through the treachery of one of their number, professed much interest in his plans, and invited him to spend some days in his house. Babington fell easily into the snare, and was flushed with the hope of speedy success, when he received a secret intimation that the Lord Secretary had intelligence of the conspiracy, and that on the day appointed for its consumation, they were to be arrested. Nothing now remained but to seek safety in immediate flight. The conspirators scattered in various quarters, Tichbourne accompanying his friend: but the warning came too late. Scouts were out in every direction, and after a few days of weary wandering in the forest to which they had fled for concealment, they were seized and conveyed to the Tower, where the vigilant Secretary had already secured all their associates.

Scarcely giving a moment's consideration to his own implication in the plot, Tichbourne, in the first hours of discovery and flight, was necessarily absorbed in his friend's danger, and in the excitement of escaping; while lurking in St. John's Wood, the frustration of their hopes filled him with a sense of the bitter disappointment that awaited the hapless Queen of Scots, doomed to see her prison bars drawn closer, by every attempt to rescue her; and the few words that the fugitives had dared to exchange, were chiefly expressions of sorrow for her sake. It was not till he had entered the Tower, and heard the fatal doors close behind him, that the image of Agnes, desolate and deserted, rushed upon his soul. Then, with the greater vividness for having been awhile repressed, came the sense of all the misery these tidings were bringing to her. She must have heard at once of their discovery and consequent flight: what days of torturing suspense had she already endured! How had she sustained what had passed? How could she sustain that which might be to come? Terrible fancies crowded upon him; too terrible to be endured. Crushed beneath his thronging emotions, he sat down on the side of his pallet, and buried his face in his hands. For himself he could meet death fearlessly, but for Agnes' sake he must, he would be free. Suddenly he roused himself, and putting resolutely away every thought that might shake his self-control, he began to plan the means of communicating to his wife the hope which he could not feel; and to consider all arrangements of his affairs which might be necessary in case of the worst issue. Resolved not to throw away the life which the memory of his wife's love made so precious, he reviewed his circumstances, seizing with the intense mental energy which suffering gives, on every point which might aid his defence. Absorbed in these reflections, hours passed over him unheeded, when he was roused by the sound of the opening door, and Agnes stood before him. For a few brief minutes she could not control her agitation, but when she heard her husband's passionate self-reproaches, that he had won her from her father's halls to share in sorrow and a prison, she dashed away her tears, and threw a smile like a sunbeam around the desolate walls, as she said,

"Not so, dearest, this is no prison to me; my prison was the wide world where you were not; to be here with you is a freedom which I have prayed earnestly to obtain; and which I gained at last only through the intercession of my father and other noble friends."

"Bless you for those words! But why was the Queen so merciless? she could hardly fear that you should steal away her prisoner through these ponderons doors."

"Something she said of disguises and escapes, but I ventured to reply, that her majesty little knew Chidioc Tichbourne, if she supposed that he would steal forth as a felon unjustified, and that I looked rather to see those who have closed these doors set them open, and call him to go forth in the fair light of day."

"That might they truly do, so far as there is any sin on my conscience in this matter," said Tichbourne; "but not all that are innocent go free, and appearances are against me. Heard you aught of what has been discovered?"

"There are many uncertain rumours--absurd, and far beyond the truth, as rumours always are," replied the lady. "Some say that the Lady Stuart was to have been rescued, not to flee to France, as you told me, but to become Queen of England; that there were those among her friends whose hands were lifted against their sovereign's life. Some men have said that Chidioc Tichbourne was one of these."

As Agnes uttered these last words, with a slight smile of scorn for the falsehood, she laid her hand in his, and looked upon him with an unclouded brow. That his eye could meet lovingly and unshrinkingly that look of perfect confidence, might have been to his accuser, sufficent proof of his integrity.

"If," he said, after a pause, "the treachery of him who betrayed this cause, has been as complete as I fear it has, Lord Walsingham will not believe this part of the story."

"He cannot, I am sure he does not," cried Agnes, eagerly. "It was Lord Walsingham who moved her majesty to grant my coming to you. He said to her, though he knew not that I heard it, that clemency would add to the lustre of her name, without diminishing her security. And more, he said to me at parting, 'Be of good cheer, for it may be that not all implicated are guilty.'"

"Be not too confident, my beloved," said Tichbourne, gazing fondly yet sadly on her animated face, "Lord Walsingham is ever crafty, and it will doubtless be his policy to win some by the promise of going unscathed, to testify against those who are more deeply involved. You cannot hope—nay I wrong you—you would not endure that I should go free on such terms."

"Oh, no! no! but surely you who opposed that criminal project when it was suggested—

you cannot be endangered by any evidence that may be given against those who proposed it? If, 'not all are guilty,' you are among the innocent in the Lord Secretary's estimation."

Tichbourne sighed. As his own release began to seem possible, his heart grew heavy for his friend. To know that the full extent of Babington's plot was the subject of common rumour, left little room for hope concerning him. He strove, however, to conceal his anxiety, and to participate in the hopes of Agnes; but, as day after day passed on, his spirit wasted beneath it in the inaction of his prison; while the energy of Lady Agnes was sustained by her unceasing efforts to obtain his liberation. At length the Queen, wearied by her eloquent pleadings, refused to admit her to her presence, but still her resolution did not fail. Though her cheek grew pale and her smile unfrequent, during the wearisome days that preceded his trial, she cheered her husband by her counsel, and sustained him by her fortitude.

The trial of Tichbourne was among the last; and as, during the examination of the other prisoners, no evidence appeared against him, and as Babington earnestly avowed that his friend had refused to participate in his design against the Queen's life, strong hopes were entertained that his fate might differ from that of all who had been tried before him. The judges had been moved with deep compassion as they pronounced the terrible sentence upon one after another of the noble youths convicted before them, and they seemed anxious, if possible, to acquit any one against whom the evidence might be less strong.

"I see not, my Lords," said one of the Commissioners, after the little testimony against Tichbourne had been examined, "I see not that the prisoner is guilty of treason. That he is the friend of the leader of this conspiracy, and has been seen in the company of some of his associates, furnishes, at most, only a presumption, not a proof, against him. Nor does the fact that he accompanied Babington's flight, though it might well excite unfavourable suspicions, prove, in the absence of other corroborative evidence, that he shared his purposes.—Many a man has sought to serve a guilty friend. As to the circumstance on which such emphasis has been laid, the list of names in Babington's letter to the Lady Stuart, I confess it weighs little with me. The question was forced, why not the answer also?"

Lord Walsingham instantly arose. "That question," he said, "is one that nearly touches my honour. In my public capacity, I freely own, that concern for my sovereign's safety hath made me very diligent in searching out, by every expedient, all designs against her person or authority. For attaining this end, I would not only use the assistance of any conspirator, but I would reward him for betraying his companions. Nor should I hesitate to avail myself of any fortunate accident or lawful device, that might bring to my hands the means of discovering the *truth* in such a matter. But if I have ever tampered with any one, in any matter unbefiting my character and office, why have none of the late criminals—why have none at any time accused me of such practices? I trust that my character renders needless any further exculpation of myself from the suspicion of so base a crime as the forging of evidence." *

"I should owe an apology to my Lord Secretary," answered the first speaker, "had I intended any such insinuation against his honour as he has supposed. Never did I imagine that a forgery had been perpetrated under his authority; but it does seem to me very probable, that those who have been employed in deciphering intercepted letters, and in interpolating ensnaring questions, might be tempted to contrive an answer to them, such as they imagined likely to prove satisfactory to their employer; and therefore, I said that this letter had little weight with me. If then, its evidence be set aside, a knowledge of the plot and its concealment seem the utmost proved against the prisoner. Concealment in such a case is doubtless a sin, yet not a crime worthy of death."

"My Lords," replied Lord Walsingham, "loath should I be to bring any one to an unmerited death, but equally unwilling to acquit one actually guilty of so heinous an offence as the sharing in this plot. A picture designed, as the letter accompanying imports, to give the Lady Stuart a personal knowledge of her friends, hath fallen into my hands. † I understand that Babington himself hath here caused to be portrayed the *chief* of the conspirators. Will it please you look on it?"

He uncovered the picture as she spoke, and pointed to the noble form of a young man standing beside Babington, in the centre of the group. All eyes turned at once on Tichbourne; the resemblance was too striking to be mistaken, and all felt the unfavourable inference.—The judge who had before spoken in his favour, however, said,

* See Hume's Sketch of Lord Walsingham's answer to a similar charge at the trial of Mary.

† Fact.

"That Babington should have represented his friend in this conspicuous station, may be a proof of their intimacy, rather than of his rank among the conspirators. They might naturally be represented side by side, since it is thus that they have been oftenest seen.—Who so inseparable as Babington and Tichbourne?"

"Who then so certainly a leader in this vile plot as the friend of him who contrived it?" responded Walsingham. "They were inseparable in their flight, also. My Lord, your own words condemn him; besides," with a gesture towards the picture, "he cannot clear himself from his testimony."

"My Lords," interposed Tichbourne, with calm dignity, "it were useless to enter into a discourse of the matter that hath been revealed to you. I had a friend, a dear friend, of whom I made no small account, and friendship hath brought me to this issue. That he told me the whole matter I cannot deny, but I denied to be a dealer in it; yet I was silent, and so consented, I know that by the law I am guilty, and by my own conscience also, which hath laid on me a punishment far heavier than I can receive at your hands. I have looked for some favour, that the remainder of my life might compensate for my former guilt, but having failed in this, I ask nothing more on earth."

Though deeply moved by the simple dignity of this address, the judges proceeded, after briefly conferring together, to pronounce on Tichbourne the same sentence that had been already passed upon Babington and his other associates. He was remanded to the Tower for an interval of three days, and then he, with Babington and Savage, was to undergo the fearful penalty, which adding disgrace to the suffering of a violent death, commanded them "to be hung, and afterwards embowelled, and their severed limbs to be set on the city walls, a warning to traitors."

What will not love endure? Agnes controlled the anguish of her despair, that she might not unnerve her husband's fortitude, and during those three days, into which were crowded years of agony, she was his ministering angel. Even on the scaffold she stood beside him in a love stronger than death. Touched with unwonted compassion by her presence, as he approached Tichbourne, the hangman's hand trembled, and he so ill performed his office, that when the allotted period had expired, and he was taken down to suffer the second part of the dreadful sentence, Tichbourne yet lived.—During those terrible moments, Agnes had knelt on the scaffold, her face shrouded in her hands, in the bewildered unconsciousness of an agony too strong for the human heart.—But when the hush of the breathless multitude was broken, and the cry "he lives!" was repeated by a thousand voices, a wild gleam of hope broke through her despair, and flinging herself beside him, she received his head on her bosom. She heard only that strange cry, "he lives!" she saw only his faint eyes slowly rekindling with life, and looking up to hers with a loving gaze; and a vision of future years of happiness flashed upon her soul. She heeded not the preparations going on around her, till the attendants attempted to lift her away.—Then as she looked up and saw the sword gleam in the hand of the advancing executioner, the fearful truth was at once revealed—her husband lived only to pass a second time through the agony of dying. The fierce tide of misery that had rolled away so tumultuously, swept back over her heart, and she dropped upon the scaffold, like a bird shot on the wing. At that moment the sword pierced her husband's breast, and while malice impotently defaced the unconscious clay, far away from ignominy and sorrow, two loving spirits sprang forth together upon their unknown flight.

Netley Abbey.—These ruins of ecclesiastical magnificence are situated at the distance of three miles from Southampton, to the south east, on the declivity of a hill, gently rising from the water, but so encompassed with trees as to be entirely secluded from view till a very near approach. Towards the end of the 16th century, it became the property of the Marquis of Huntingdon, and has since reverted through several families to Sir Nathaniel Holland, bart., who obtained it by marriage with the widow of the late N. Dance, Esq. The demolition of the abbey church began about the time that it was in the possession of the Marquis of Huntingdon, who converted the nave into a kitchen and offices. Sir Bartlet Lucy, or the Marquis, sold the materials of the whole structure to Mr. Walter Taylor, a builder, of Southampton, for the purpose of removing them for the erection of houses, in divers places. It is related that an accident befel Mr. Taylor, apparently in consequence of this purchase, which led to his death. After Mr. Taylor had made his contract, some of his friends observed, in conversation, that they would never be concerned in the demolition of holy and consecrated places. These words impressed his memory so strong-

ly, that he dreamed that, in taking down the abbey, the keystone of the arch over the east window fell from its place and killed him.—This dream he related to Mr. Watts (father of Dr. Isaac Watts), who advised him not to have any personal concern in pulling down the building; yet this advice being insufficient to deter him from assisting in the work, the creations of sleep were unhappily realized, for on removing some boards within the east window to admit air to the workmen, a stone fell upon and fractured his skull. The fracture was not thought mortal, but in the operation of extracting a splinter, the surgeon's instrument entered the brain, and caused immediate death.—Whether this accident occasioned a direct stop to be put to the demolition of the abbey, is uncertain; but the superstitious gloom which it generated has had an evident tendency to the preservation of its ruins in more modern times. Many parts of the walls are beautifully mantled with ivy and other evergreens, and the various trees and shrubs that have vegetated among the mouldering walls contribute to the picturesque appearance of the place. Among the ruins with which the ground is strewed, may be discerned various devices and armorial bearings to the benefactors of this abbey. The walls of the church are still in many parts as high as their original termination, in which remain the windows and other mural decoration, though much of the tracery of the former is destroyed. The columns and arches composing the aisles are fallen into prodigious masses of undistinguishable ruin. On the north side of the transcept are the remains of a spiral staircase, that led to the upper part of the tower, which is said to have been ornamented with pinnacles, and served as a mark for mariners. The ruin, however, regarded as a whole, both on account of its size, extent, the elegance of its construction, the profusion of ivy with which it is overgrown, and which half closes its figured windows, serving by its sober colour to set off the more lively green of a variety of trees and shrubs that have spontaneously grown up within its walls, may justly be classed among the most distinguished monastic ruins of the day.—*Antiquarian Cabinet.*

Look on the good in others, and the evil in thyself; make that the parallel, and then thou wilt walk humbly. Most men do just the contrary, and that foolish and unjust comparison puffs them up.

Good men forbear to sin, merely from their love of virtue.

THE WATCHER.

BY MRS. HALE.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
When a watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazeth—
No gleam of morn is there;
And the look to heaven she raiseth,
'Tis the agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darknes reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be;
"But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there;
Oh, young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay;
A smile her lips was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still was breathing—
"There is light for us above!"

During the middle ages the beds, not excluded from the day apartments, often gave gorgeous testimony of the skill of the needlewoman, and were among the richest ornaments of the sitting-room, so much fancy and expense were lavished on them. The curtains were often made of very rich material, and usually adorned with embroidery. They were often also trimmed with expensive furs. Phillippa of Hainault, had a bed on which syrens were embroidered.

A youth, introduced suddenly into life, feels as awkwardly as one immersed for the first time in water; and the chances are that he sinks as soon.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

MARK MERIDEN.

BY MRS. H. E. B. STOWE.

"COME, Mark Meriden! don't settle down into an old grandfather before your time—a pretty wife's a pretty thing, Mark, and a pretty house is a pretty thing—but hang it!—one must have a little of life."

Mark Meriden stood at his desk, giving a last look at his books, while Ben Sandford—the roguish—the merry—the song singing—the Ben of all Bens, was thus urging on him the claims of a projected frolic that evening. Now Ben was precisely the messenger for such an embassy—there was fun in the twinkle of his blue eye, and a world of waggery in the turn of his head, and in a pair of broad roguish dimples that went merrily dodging in and out of his cheeks every time he spoke, and he had laid hold of Mark's arm to drag him a away. But Mark shook off his hand, and finished summing up a column of figures—put the blotting paper into the book, and the book into the place, wiped his pen—all with an air of great thoughtfulness—and, at last, turning to Ben, said—"I think I won't go this time."

"Now why not?" said Ben, eagerly.

"Because—because," said Mark, smiling; "because I have an odd fancy that I should like Mrs. Meriden's company better this evening."

"Hang Mrs. Meriden—beg pardon, Mark—hang myself for saying so—but one don't like to see a fine fellow buried alive!—come, take a real wake up with us."

"Thank you, Ben, but I hav'n't been asleep and don't need it. So I'll go home and see my wife"—and thereat Mark turned a resolute footstep homeward as a well-trained husband ought.

"Now," says one of our readers, "who was Mark Meriden?"—You would not have asked, good reader, if you had lived in the town of——, when his name first appeared on the outside of one of its most fashionable shops, "Mark Meriden," surrounded by those waving insignia of grace and fashion that young belles need to have their eyes turned off from beholding.—Every thing in the tasteful establishment told of well arranged business, and Mark himself, the mirror of fashion, faultless in every article of costume, quick, attentive, polite, was every day to be seen there winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Mark's shop became the resort of high ton—the fashionable exchange, the promenade of beauty and wealth, who came there to be enlightened as to the ways and means of disposing of their surplus revenue—to see and to be seen. So attentive, polite, and considerate was Mark, so profound his bows, so bright his eyes, so unexceptionable his whiskers, that it might have proved a dangerous resort for the ladies, had not a neat, tasteful house, going up in the neighbourhood, been currently reported as the future residence of an already elected Mrs. Meriden; and in a few months, the house neatly finished, and tastefully furnished, received a very pretty lady who called herself to that effect. She was as truly refined and lovely a woman as ever formed the centre flower in a domestic bouquet, and Mark might justly be pardoned for having as good again an opinion of himself for having been fortunate enough to secure her.

Mark had an extensive circle of business and pleasure acquaintances, for he had been one of the social, companionable sort, whose money generally found its way out of his pocket in very fair proportion to the rate it came in. In short, he was given to clubs, oyster suppers, and now and then a wine party, and various other social privileges for elevating one's spirits and depressing one's cash, that abound among enlightened communities.

But nevertheless, at the bottom of Mark's head, there was a very substantial stratum of a certain quality called common sense, a trait, which though it was never set down in any chart of phrenology, may very justly be called a faculty, and one too which makes a very striking difference among people as the world goes. In consequence of being thus constituted, Mark, when he found himself in love with, and engaged to a very pretty girl, began to reflect with more than ordinary seriousness on his habits, ways, and manners of life. He also took an accurate survey of his business, formed an average estimate of his future income on the soberest probabilities, and determined to live a little even within that. He also provided himself with a small account book, with which he intended to live in habits of very close acquaintance, and in this book he designed to note down all the savings consequent upon the retrenching of certain little extras, before alluded to, in which he had been in the habit of pretty freely indulging himself.

Upon the present occasion, it had cost him something of an effort to say "no," for Mark was one of your easy "clever fellows" to whom the enunciation of this little syllable causes as much trouble as all the gutturals of the German. However, when he came in sight

of his parlour windows through which a bright fire was shining—when he entered and found the clean glowing hearth, the easy chair drawn up in front, and a pair of embroidered slippers waiting for him quite at their leisure, and above all, when he read the quick glance of welcome in a pair of very bright eyes, Mark forgot all about Ben Sandford, and all bachelor friends and allurements whatsoever, and thought himself the happiest fellow on earth.

The evening past off rapidly by the help of music, reading, and the little small talk of which newly married people generally find a supply, and the next morning saw Mark at early business hours with as steady a hand and as cool a head as if there had been no such thing as bachelor frolicks in existence.

Late in the afternoon, Ben Sandford lounged in to ogle a few of the ladies, and above all, to rally Mark on losing the glorious fun of the evening before.

"Upon my word, Mark," he began, "we must have you put up for Selectman, you are becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in your ways—however, you are to be excused," he added, "circumstances considered—female influence;—ah!—well!—it's a fine affair this marriage!"

"Better *try* it, Mr. Sandford," said a bright, saucy girl, who, with her laughing companions, was standing by while Ben was speaking.

"Ah, madam! the wherewithal!" said Ben, rolling up his eyes with a tragic expression.—"If some clever old fellow would be so obliging as to die now, and leave me a few thousands—then, ladies! you should see!"

"But speaking of *money*," said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over some laces he had just thrown on to the counter—"what did your 'glorious fun' cost you?"

"Pooh!—nothing!—only a ten dollar bill—nothing in my purse, you know?"

"Nothing in your purse?—not an uncommon incident after these occasions," said Mark, laughing.

"Oh, hang it all!" said Ben—"too true!—I can get no remedy for this consumption of the purse, as old Falstaff says, however, the world owes me a living, and so good morning!"

Ben Sandford was just one of that class of young men of who common report goes, that they can do any thing they please, and who consider this point as so well established, that they do not think it necessary to illustrate it by doing any thing at all. He was a lawyer of talents, and would have had an extensive run of business, had he not been one of the class of people never to be found when wanted. His law books and law office saw far less of him than certain fashionable places of resort, where his handsome person and various social accomplishments, always secured to him a welcome reception. Ben had some little property left him by his father, just enough as he used laughingly to quote, "to keep him in gloves and cologne water," and for the rest, he seemed vastly contented with his old maxim, "the world owes me a living," forgetting that the world can sometimes prove as poor a paymaster as the most fashionable young gentleman going.

But to return to Mark. When he had settled his accounts at night, he took from a pigeon-hole in his desk, the little book aforenamed, and entered as follows: "To one real wake up, $10," which being done, he locked his desk, and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became increasingly popular, and still from time to time he was assailed by the kind of temptation we have described. Now it was, "Mark, my dear fellow, do join us in a trip to G—'s;"—and now, "Come, my old boy, let us have a spree at F—'s;"—now it was the club, now the oyster supper—but still Mark was invincible and still as one or another gaily recounted the history of the scene, he silently committed the account of the expense to his little book. Yet was not Mark cynical or unsocial. His refusals, though so firm, were invariably good natured, and though he could not be drawn abroad yet he was unquestionably open handed and free in his own home. No house had so warm a welcome—no dinner table could be more bountiful or more freely open for the behoof of all gentlemen of the dining-out order—no teatable presented more unexceptionable toast, and no evening lounge was more easy, homeliko, and cheerful, than on the warm sofas in the snug parlours of Mark Meriden. They also gave evening parties, where all was brilliant, tasteful, and well ordered; and, in fine, notwithstanding his short comings, Mark was set down as a fine open-handed fellow after all.

At the end of the year, Mark cast up the account in his little book, and was mightily astonished at it, for with all his ideas of the power of numbers, he had no idea that the twos, and fives, and tens, and ones, which on greater or smaller occasions, had found their way into his columns, would mount up to a sum so considerable. Mark looked about him—the world was going well—his business machinery

moving in exact touch and time—his house—where was there a prettier one?—where a place more replete with every home-drawing comfort? Had he lost any thing *in pleasure* the year past? Mark thought not, and therefore as he walked homeward, he stepped into a bookseller's and ordered some books of superb engravings for Mrs. Meriden, and spoke to a gardener to send some elegant flowering exotics for which he had heard her express an admiration some evenings before.

That same evening came in Ben Sanford, as he expressed it, "*in the very depths of indigo*," for young gentlemen whose worldly matters invariably go on wrong end foremost, will sometimes be found in this condition, however exuberant may be their stock of animal spirits.

"Pray Ben, what is the matter?" said Mark kindly, as the latter stretched himself at length, in an arm-chair, groaning audibly.

"Oh, a *bilious* attack—Mark!—shoemaker's bills! tailors' bills!—boarding house bills!—all sent in for new year's presents!—hang 'em all!"

Mark was silent for a few moments, and Ben continued "Confound it, Mark! what's the sense of living, if a fellow is to be so cursedly poor! Here you, Mark, born in the same town with me, and younger than I by some two years—you have a house, as snug, as cosy, and comfortable as man need ask—a wife like an angel—peace and plenty by the bushel, and all comes of having a good run of luck in the money line"—and Ben kicked his slippers against the andiron most energetically.

"What has become of Emily P——?" asked Mark, after a pause.

"Poor soul!" said Ben, "there she is yet, with all sweetness aud patience, waiting till such a luckless scapegrace as I can give her a home and a husband. I wish to my soul, for her sake, I could afford to be married, and have a home of my own; besides, to tell the truth, I am tired of this rambling, scrambling, out-at-elbow, slip-shod life."

"Why don't you get married?" said Mark.

"Why don't I? to be sure—use my tailors' bills for fuel, and my board bill for house-rent, and my shoe bill for bread and butter—hey? Would you recommend a poor girl to try me, Mark—all things considered?" said Ben, bitterly.

Mark reflected awhile in silence, and then drew out his book—his little book, to which we have before alluded.

"Just look at this account, Ben," said he; "I know you hate figures, but just for once."

Ben glanced at it impatiently—laughed when he read over the two or three first items, but his face lengthened as he proceeded, and Mark detected a sort of whistle of astonishment as he read the sum total.

"Well, Mark!" he exclaimed, "what a very old gentlemanly, considerate trick is this of yours—to sit behind your curtain so coolly noting down the 'cost and come to' of all our little frolics—really it is most edifying! How much you must have enjoyed your superior discretion and forethought," and Ben laughed, but not with his usual glee.

"Nay, you mistake," said Mark. "I kept this account merely to see what *I* had been in the habit of spending myself, and as you and I have been always hand and glove in every thing, it answers equally for you. It was only yesterday that I summed up the account, and I assure you the result surprised myself; and now Ben, the sum here set down, and as much more as you please, is freely at your disposal, to clear off old scores for the year, provided you will accept with it this little book as a new year's gift, and use it one twelve-month as I have done; and if at the end of that time, you are not ready to introduce me to Mrs. Sandford, I am much mistaken."

Ben grasped his friend's hand—but just then the entrance of Mrs. Meriden prevented his reply—Mark, however, saw with satisfaction that he put the book carefelly in his vest pocket, and buttoned up his coat with the air of a man who is buttoning up a new resolution.

When they parted for the night, Mark said with a smile, "In case of *bilious attacks*, you know where to send for medicine." Ben answered only by a fervent grasp of the hand, for his throat felt too full for him to answer.

Mark Meriden's book answered the purpose admirably. In less than two years Ben Sandford was the most popular lawyer in ——, and as steady a householder as you might wish to see, and, in conclusion, we will just ask our lady readers their opinion on one point, and it is thus:

If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who understood what is called "catching a beau," better than securing a husband—if she had never curled her hair except *for company*, and thought it a degradation to know how to keep a house comfortable, would all these things have happened!

Mercy in God, and misery in man, are relatives; and happy is that man who hath them well married and matched together.

For The Amaranth.

May you Die among your Kindred.

AN ORIENTAL BENEDICTION.

May you die among your kindred!
May they round your dying bed
Soothe dissolutions' awful hour,
And raise your drooping head;
May the breezes of your fatherland,
Around you lightly play,
And the smiling sun of its summer eve,
Gild your last earthly day.

May you die among your kindred!
May their countless deeds of love,
Gladden your spirit as it takes
Its flight to worlds above;
May they gently close the sightless eyes,
And o'er your lifeless clay,
Drop the silent tear, and fondly speak
Of the spirit far away.

May you die among your kindred!
May you sleep within their grave—
May the ancient overshadowing trees
Their foliage o'er you wave;
And th' wild grass and flow'rs that bloom
Over your kindred dead,
Flourish as brightly and as green
Above the wanderer's head!

St. John, June. L. E.

The Extremely Natural Young Lady.—Far be it from us to deny that the fair sex are exhibited to the most advantage, when they throw off artificials and appear in their natural character. But there is a class who like so much to have it said of them "how very natural!" that they become affected on purpose.

The extremely natural young lady is always doing some out-of-the-way thing, that she may appear simple and girlish. She is most particularly fond of romping; and, when you are out walking with her is sure to run after a small donkey, or jump a ditch, or have her fortune told, or thrust herself bolt through a hedge; all which little exhibitions she esteems to be beautiful and touching pieces of rustic elegance. Then suppose she is able to sing, and comes to a green lane, forthwith she begins chirruping like a young sparrow; and if a cart pass by at that particular time, ten to one she jumps in and tells the boy to make the horses gallop. She enjoys nothing so much as getting her gown torn, and is particularly fond of arranging her hair out of doors. We have known her stop on a common, give us her bonnet and cap to hold, and proceed to her toilet in the most simple, and unaffected manner possible; all so delightfully natural; it was quite pleasant to see her setting her curls in their places, and wagging about her head right and left. When the natural young lady is in doors, she is always running out of doors, especially if it rains—*that* is perfection. She is delighted above all things with making snow-balls. If there be a cow within a mile, she is sure to go some morning before breakfast and drink the warm milk, a feat of which she never ceases to talk for three months after. She will box a gentleman's ears and think nothing of it. She was never known to walk, but always hops and skips. Her utmost ambition is to be called a wild thing. This makes her talk frequently in a very odd manner, especially to gentlemen. She will tell Mr. Cripps that he looks particularly well, whereupon Mr. Cripps smiles, and is straightway informed that he looks particularly well for Mr. Cripps.

If we are ever to fall in love, in this late season of our existence, preserve us from falling in love with the extremely natural young lady.

For The Amaranth.

THE OUTCAST.

Though fortune smile not on my lot,
Though friends forsake and own me not;
Though dark despair my portion be,
My thoughts will fondly cherish thee.

Though fate should lower upon my way,
And render burthensome my stay,
I'd bear it all with patient heart,
If thou would'st from me ne'er depart.

Thou art the solace of my days—
Thou art the subject of my lays—
Thy presence can my cares beguile,
And grief itself shall wear a smile.

In lands far distant from my home,
I wander here in exile lone;
No friend to cheer my lonely stay,
Or wipe the starting tear away.

Oh, Home!—the sound is sweet to me,
It brings remembrances of thee;
It lulls my troubled thoughts to rest;
I sink enraptured on thy breast.

Yon sun that sinks adown the west—
Thou beauteous orb in splendour drest—
Ye stars that gild the vault above,
You can attest my unalter'd love.

St. John, June. C.

GENTILITY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Didn't I see you walking up the street with a young lady yesterday, William?" said Anna Enfield to her brother, who had but a few days before returned from New York, after an absence of some months.

"Perhaps you did; I was in company with a young lady in the afternoon," replied the brother.

"Well, who was she? I did not see you until after you had passed the store I was in, and then I could not see her face."

"It was Caroline Murry; you know her, I suppose."

"Caroline Murry! Why brother! what were you doing in her company?" and Anna's face expressed unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, really, you surprise me, sister! I hope there is no blemish on her character.—But what is the matter? I feel concerned to know.,'

"There's nothing much the matter, brother: but, then, Caroline Murry is not genteel. We don't think of keeping her company."

"Indeed! and you don't associate with her because she is not genteel. Well, if I am any judge of gentility, Anna, Caroline Murry is about as genteel and lady-like as any girl I know—always excepting, of course, my own dear sister."

"Why, brother, how you talk! You don't certainly pretend to compare her with Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams, whom you have seen here several times?'

"No, I do not," replied the brother, emphatically.

"Well, they're what I call genteel; and Caroline Murry would'nt be tolerated in the society where they visit."

"And why not, sister?"

"Haven't I told you? Because she is not considered genteel; that is the reason."

"But I don't understand what you consider genteel, Anna. If I know what gentility means, Caroline, as far as that is concerned, is in every way superior to Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams."

"Now, William, that is too bad! If any other man had said so to me, I would never have spoken to him again as long as I lived."

"But seriously, Anna, what do you mean by gentility?" asked the brother.

"That's a question more easily asked than answered; but you know, as well as I do, what is meant by gentility. Every body knows."

"I know what I mean by it, Anna. But it seems that we don't agree on the subject; for I call Caroline Murry genteel, and you dont: so you see that different things may be called by the same name. Now, what I wish to know is, what precise meaning you attach to the word? or, why you do not think Caroline genteel?"

"Why, in the first place, she don't go into genteel company. People of the first rank won't associate with her."

Here ensued a pause, and the brother said—

"Well, why won't they associate with her, Anna? I hope she has not been guilty of improper or immoral conduct."

"Oh, no? nothing of that. I never heard the slightest reflection on her character," replied the sister. "But, then, genteel young ladies don't work in the kitchen, like hired servants; and she does. And, besides this, call on her when you will, and she is always doing something. Why, I am told that she has even been seen at the chamber windows, fronting on the public street, with her head tied up, sweeping and making the beds! And Clarissa Spiggler says that she saw her once, with the parlour windows open, sweeping and dusting like a servant! Nobody is going to associate, or be seen in the street with any one who hasn't the spirit to be above the condition of a hireling. And, besides this, whenever she was invited to balls or parties, she never would stay later than ten or eleven o'clock, which every one knows to be vulgar. Somebody had to go home with her, of course; and the choicest beau in the company was almost sure to have his good nature and his politeness taxed for this purpose. Once I heard her say, that she considered the theatre an unfit place for any young lady; she offended the whole company, and has never been invited to a party among genteel people since."

"And is that all?" said William Enfield, taking a long breath.

"Yes, and I should think that was enough, in all conscience," replied the sister.

"So should I, Anna—to make me respect her."

"Why, William!"

"Why, Anna!"

"But seriously, William, you cannot be in earnest?"

"And seriously, Anna, are you in earnest?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, sister, I'm afraid my old fashioned notions, for such I suppose you will call them, and your new fangled notions, for such I must

call them, will not chime well together. All that I have heard you allege against Caroline Murry, raises, instead of lowering her in my estimation. So far as a gentle, and truly lady-like deportment is concerned, I think her greatly superior to the two friends you have named as pinks of gentility."

Anna looked into the face of her brother for some moments, her countenance exhibiting a mingled expression of surprise and disappointment.

"But you are not going to walk with her in the street any more, I hope," she at length said.

"And why not, Anna?"

"Because, as I have said before, she is not gen—"

"Genteel, you were going to say. But that allegation, you perceive, Anna, has no weight with me; I do not consider it a true one."

"Well, we won't talk any more about it just now, for it would be no use," said the sister, changing her voice and manner; "and so I will change the subject. I want you to make a call or two with me this morning."

"On whom?"

"On Miss Eberley and Miss Fitzwilliams."

"It wouldn't be right for me to do so, would it? You know I don't consider them genteel," said the brother, with affected gravity.

"O nonsense, brother! Why will you trifle so?"

"But, seriously, Anna, I do not consider that those young ladies have any very strong claims to gentility; and, like you, I have no wish to associate with those who are not genteel."

"If you talk in that way, William, I shall get angry with you. I cannot hear my most intimate friends spoken of so lightly; and, at the same time, accused of a want of gentility. You must remember that you are reflecting upon your sister's associates."

"You must not, and I know you will not, get angry with me, sister, for speaking plainly; and you must do me the justice to believe that in speaking as I do I am in earnest. And, you must also remember, that, in saying what you did of Caroline Murry, you spoke of one with whom your brother has associated, and with whom he is still willing to associate."

Anna looked very serious at this, nor could she frame in her own mind a reply that was satisfactory to her. At last she said—

"But, seriously, brother William, won't you call on those young ladies with me?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"Well, what is that?"

"Why, on condition that you will, afterwards, call with me, and see Caroline Murry."

"I cannot do that, William," she replied, in a positive tone.

"And why not, Anna?"

"I have already told you."

"I cannot perceive the force of that reason, Anna. But, if you will not go with me, I must decline going with you. The society of Miss Murry cannot be more repulsive to you, than is that of the Misses Eberly and Fitzwilliam to me."

"You don't know what you are talking about, William."

"That is my own impression about you.—But come, now, sister, let us both be rational to each other. I am willing to go with you, if you will go with me."

"Yes, but, William, you don't reflect, that, in doing as you desire me, I will be in danger of losing my present position in society. Caroline Murry is not esteemed genteel in the circle in which I move, and if it should be known that I visit her, I will be considered on a level with her. I would do any thing to oblige you, but, indeed, I would be risking too much here."

"You would only be breaking loose," replied the brother, "from the slavery you are now in to false notions of what is truly genteel. If any one esteems you less for being kind, attentive, and courteous, to one against whom suspicion has never dared to breathe a word, and whose whole life is a bright example of the pure and high-toned principles that govern her, that one is unworthy of your regard. True gentility does not exist, my sister, merely in a studied and artificial elegance of behaviour, but in inward purity and taste, and a true sense of what is right, all exhibiting themselves in their natural external expression. The real lady judges of others from what they are, and neglects none but what are wilfully depraved.—True, there are distinctions in society, and there are lines of social demarcation—and all this is right. But we should be careful into what social sphere we are drawn, and how we suffer ourselves to be influenced by the false notions of real worth which prevail in some cricles that profess a high degree of gentility. I hold that every one, no matter what may be his or her condition in life, fails to act a true part if not engaged in doing something that is useful. Let me put it to your natural good sense, which do you think the most deserving of praise, Caroline Murry, who spends her time in 'doing something' useful to her whole fa-

mily; or your friends, the Misses Eberly and Fitzwilliams, and those constituting their particular circle, who expect service from others, but never think of rendering any, and who carry their prejudices so far as to despise those who work?"

Anna did not reply, and her brother said—

"I am in earnest, sister, when I say, that you cannot confer a greater favour upon your brother, than to go with him to see Caroline Murry. Cannot I induce you to comply with my wishes?"

"I will go," she replied to this appeal, and then hurried away, evidently no little disturbed in her feelings.

In half an hour she was ready, and, taking her brother's arm, was soon on the way to Miss Ernestine Eberly's residence. That young lady received them with all the graces and fashionable airs she could assume, and entertained them with the idle gossip of the day, interspersed with an occasional spice of envious and ill-natured remark. Knowing that her brother was a close discriminator, and that he was by no means prepossessed in her friend's favour, Anna herself observed her more narrowly, and as it were, with his eyes. It seemed to her that Miss Eberly never was so uninteresting, or so mal-apropos in what she said. The call on Zepherine Fitzwilliams came next in turn. Scanning her also with other eyes than her own, Anna was disappointed in her very dear friend. She looked through her, and was pained to see that there was a hollowness and want of any thing like true strength or excellence of character about her. Particularly was she displeased at a gratuitous sneer thrown out at the expense of Caroline Murry.

And now, with a reluctance which she could not overcome, Anna turned with her brother, towards the residence of the young lady who had lost caste, because she had good sense and was industrious.

"I know my sister's lady-like character will prompt her to right action, in our next call," said the brother, looking into Anna's face with an encouraging smile.

She did not reply, yet she felt somehow or other pleased with the remark. A few minutes' walk brought them to the door, and they were presently ushered into a neat parlour in which was the young lady they were seeking. She sat near a window, and was sewing. She was plainly dressed in comparison with the young ladies just called upon; but in neatness, and in all that constitutes the lady in air and appearance, in every way their superior.

"I believe you know my sister," said Enfield, on presenting Anna.

"We have met a few times," she replied, with a pleasant, unembarrassed smile, extending at the same time her hand.

Miss Enfield took the offered hand with less reluctance than she imagined she could, but a few hours before. Somehow or other, Caroline seemed to her to be very much changed for the better in manner and appearance. And she could not help, during all the visit, drawing contrasts between her and the two very dear friends she had just called upon; and the contrast was in no way favourable to the latter. The conversation was on topics of ordinary interest, but did not once degenerate into frivolity or censoriousness. Good sense manifested itself in almost every sentence that Caroline uttered, and this was so apparent to Anna, that she could not help frequently noticing and involuntarily approving it. "What a pity," Anna once or twice remarked to herself, "that she will be so singular."

The call was but a brief one. Anna parted with Caroline under a different impression of her character than she had ever before entertained. After her return with her brother, he asked her this abrupt question,

"Which of the young ladies, Anna, of the three we called upon this morning, would you prefer to call your sister?"

Anna looked up, bewildered and surprised, into the face of her brother, for a few moments and then said:

"I don't understand you, brother William."

"Why, I thought I asked a very plain question. But I will make it plainer. Which one of the three young ladies we called upon this morning, would you advise me to marry?"

"Neither," replied Anna, promptly.

"That is only jumping the question," he said, smiling. "But, to corner you so there can be no escape, I will confess that I have made up my mind to marry one of the three. Now tell me which you would rather it would be."

"Caroline Murry," said Anna, emphatically, while her cheeks burned, and her eyes became slightly suffused.

William Enfield did not reply to the hoped for, though rather unexpected admission, but stooping down, he kissed her glowing cheek, and whispered in her ear,

"Then she shall be your sister, and I know you will love one another."

He said truly. In a few months he claimed

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 Marmion, 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 Catharine 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 "Jezebel 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

the howling of an infuriated mob, and the shrieks of the dying. Throngs of labourers, and the terrible women from the faubourg St. Antoine, with the brewer Santerre at their head, swelling as they passed along to twenty thousand, beat down the gates of the palace, hewed their way through the doors with hatchets, trampled through the royal apartments, brandishing their cutlasses, poles, and knives —rifled the bureaus in the bed chambers, and alarmed the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, with the most disgusting and brutal threats. The king, Louis XVI. adventured his person among the mob, and was miraculously preserved, after enduring great rudeness and indignity.

On the 10th of August, of this same memorable 1791, the dreadful immolation of the Swiss guards, deluged the grand staircase, the council-chamber, the chapel, and the throne-room with blood.

Emerging from these gates, on the 19th of March, 1815, Louis XVIII. appeared at midnight, attended only by a few persons, and moving feebly, with sadness depicted on his countenance, abdicated his palace and his throne. Behind him was the sound of the banners of the Corsican, rushing from Elba, and the scarce-suppressed hosannas of a fickle crowd. In a few hours, Bonaparte entered the Tuileries in triumph, and seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons, losing the memory of his exile in the long, loud acclamations of "Vive l'Empereur," and in the reign of the hundred days.

But from the exciting pageants, and awful vestiges of the past, it is pleasant to turn, and view the palace of the Tuileries, as it now is, the favourite residence of a peaceful dynasty. Its spacious and splendid apartments, when lighted up for a presentation night, have a splendid and imposing effect. Louis Philippe, is undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the crowned heads of Europe, whether we consider his native endowments, the adversity, which in early life ripened his energies, or the firmness with which he has surmounted the dangers that have beset his throne. It is difficult to realize, in looking at his florid complexion, and animation of manner, that sixty-seven years have passed over him.

He has a peculiar tact, in addressing pleasant remarks to those with whom he converses, and putting them entirely at ease. This is particularly felt, by inhabitants of the United States, when presented to him; for his recollections of the time spent in travelling there, of the geographical localities, and of the individuals with whom he there associated, are exceedingly correct and vivid, and he seems to recur to them with greater pleasure, from seeing that they give pleasure to others.

The queen is graceful, and truly polite, and her virtues and piety are appreciated by the nation, even by that part of it, who retain strong prejudices against the king. Madame Adelaide, the sister of Louis Philippe, has a countenance beaming with good feelings, and her sisterly affection, which is warmly reciprocated by her royal brother, forms a distinguishing and prominent trait in her character. The Princess Clementine, and the Duke of Orleans, with the younger princes, have fine manners, and make their passing compliments to strangers, in a dignified and agreeable way, in which they are assisted by a perfect knowledge of the English language, which appertains to the whole family. Their domestic education has been conducted judiciously, under the careful supervision of both parents, and has produced happy results. Louise, the Queen of the Belgians, is exceedingly respected, and the late Princess Marie, who married Alexander, Duke of Wirtemburg, was eminent for native talent and taste in the fine arts, especially in sculpture, and died deeply lamented.

The beauty of the young bride of the Duke of Nemours, who was Victoria of Saxe Coburg, and has appeared at the French court, for the first time, this winter, is acknowledged by all.—The royal family of France, give an amiable example of those domestic attachments, and that true home-happiness, which exercise so happy an influence on the character in the period of its formation, and throughout the intercourse of life. These have not always been indigenous on the soil of courts, and it is therefore the more delightful to see them flourishing there vigorously, and in alliance with the virtues.

There are few traits in the French character which strike a traveller more agreeably, than the sweet and strong affection of children for their parents. It is obvious and delightful among all ranks. It reveals itself in every form of aid, assistance, or relief from care, which a younger hand can extend to the older and more wearied; and in those marked and affectionate courtesies, which are sometimes omitted, or held in too slight regard by those whose filial virtues are correctly rooted, and would be found active in any great emergency. But this is an affection which should give beauty to the intercourse of every day, continually humbling itself, for its inadequacy to repay in any measure

that great love of a parent, which is the best earthly emblem of that Law Divine of which "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night, showeth forth knowledge."

LUCIOLI.

"It is a superstition of the Italian peasantry that the Lucioli (fire-flies) are the souls of the departed, released for a few brief hours from purgatory, to hover round the scenes of their earthly existence."—*Idler in Italy.*

You tell me, where the fire-flies gleam
Beneath your southern skies,
The living have a cherished dream
That thus the dead arise;
And, hovering round some loved one's way,—
Loved once, and hallowed still.—
So gladden with a tender ray
Their path, left dark and chill.

Oh! gently greet the fire-flies' light
If such their errand high;
But can the lost through life's dim night
Thus shine immortally?
Believe it not! too blest we were
Might such communion be:
Earth's children have their chains to bear,
And are the grave's more free?

It may be so; this clay may cease,
In death, to jar the mind:
Life fetters; but there comes release:
Death frees what life would bind,
Then dream, though darkly prisoned here,
Ye bear the bonds of night,
Some loved and lost one hovers near
Winged with a Soul of Light!

Conquest of Jerusalem by the Romans.—"The calamities of Jerusalem were at their height. What a spectacle of God's righteous vengeance did the proud city now display!—Within the walls the rival factions dyed their hands in each other's blood, and in that of their helpless countrymen; and without, the Roman camps covered the surrounding hills. The trumpets and shouts of the armed host resounded through the day, and in the darkness of night their watch-fires were seen gleaming on every side. All the pastoral beauty of the scene had departed. The summer dwellings and garden-houses of the Jewish nobles, that so lately were seen among the trees, in every variety of architecture, had been levelled to the ground by the troops of Titus, and the vineyards and shady groves were swept away.—The gardens had become a sandy waste, cut up in every direction by trenches and military works, in the midst of which was seen the fatal wall of Titus, effectually shutting out all hope of relief or reinforcement from the beleaguered city. Within its sad enclosure all was dark despair. The daily sacrifice had ceased, for no victims remained to offer, and the sword and famine had fearfully reduced the once crowded population. The dogs and vultures shared their dreadful meal undisturbed, for none ventured into the streets except they were compelled to do so, and then they hurried on as swiftly as possible, to avoid the spectacle of horror that surrounded them, and dreading every moment that the hand of violence would lay them by the side of the mangled corpses that strewed the way, to become the food of birds and beasts of prey, or the objects of insult to the yet more ferocious soldiery. In every street numbers of houses which had been partially destroyed by fire, were abandoned to decay, the doors and windows torn away, and in many instances the roofs fallen in, and the once splendid edifices left to be beaten by the storm, and become the habitations of owls and bats. From some of the shattered tenements lights might be seen gleaming through the fissures in the walls, and shewing that they were yet peopled with miserable human beings."

PRUDES AND COQUETTES.

[*From a new work entitled Jest and Earnest.*]

What different effects does the same cause produce! That universal desire of pleasing the opposite sex which exists amongst young females makes of one a Prude and of another a Coquette; both, by different means, hoping to arrive at the same end; the one by a graceful vivacity—the other by an interesting diffidence; the one by ostentatiously parading her charms—the other by ostentatiously veiling them. This is ridiculous enough when something attractive really exists; but it becomes exquisitely so when there is absolutely nothing worth parading, and nothing worth veiling.

A Coquette and a Prude commence their existence at the age of fifteen: and if not married pass into another state of being at about thirty, or a little more according to temperament.—The whole interim has been employed in one continual attack, on that wayward creature, Man; the Coquette, like a bold sportsman, aim-

ing at all she considers worthy of powder and shot—the Prude, like a wary fowler, spreading a snare to entrap the wandering. But after a time hope is generally abandoned, and wonderful to behold is the change! The Coquette throws away her weapon and retires, with the most bitter resignation, to meditate on the folly of her former pursuits; whilst the Prude, in despair of nobler game, is fain to put up with any miserable hedge-sparrow she may find in her net. In short to drop all metaphor, there is but one established course to pursue—the Coquette turns religionist, and the Prude marries the best lover left.

It is highly amusing to watch, in a ball-room, the manœuvres of these two fair enemies of man. The Coquette is all animation—her heart fluttering with the imagined conquest of her partner in the quadrille, who (very possibly) may never think of her till he sees her again, and who (very probably) thinks more of himself than of her at any time. On the other hand, the Prude looks icy-winter at a man who asks if she has seen the last new opera, seems astonished at his daring to hand her a glass of lemonade, and, in fact, upon all occasions performs the part of the 'Cruel Beauty,'—the gentleman being supposed to enact the 'Despairing Lover.'

But how unavailing are, often, all these efforts! The male creature seems endowed with an instinctive ability to escape the most desperate attempts and the most deeply-laid plans. 'Men are all brutes,' it hath been comprehensively remarked; and, in good truth, the expression may be allowed to a woman who perceives, with indignation, that the meritorious endeavours of those who studied Fascination as a science are frequently defeated by some perverse girl who protests against their practices, laughs at their laborious attempts, and pleases merely because she can't help it. This is a crime against the initiated of the highest order, and it has often surprised me that some well-organized plan of operations has not been projected where all would be compelled to regularly enter themselves, according to taste in either of the two branches which constitute the system, and those we refused would, on all occasions, be discouraged and placed without the pale of communion.

The principal reason, I apprehend, why the ladies have not endeavoured to carry out something of the sort is, the jealously that prevails between the two great parties into which they are divided. A Prude cannot, for her life, speak well of a Coquette; nor has a Coquette a good word for a Prude. Their ill-feeling towards each other is greater than towards the daring Radical who laughs at them both; and whilst they should be guarding against the common enemy they would be quarrelling amongst themselves.

Another reason is, their conviction of the truth contained within the before mentioned maxim—namely, that 'men are all brutes.'—Manage as cleverly as they might, and dreadful as might be the penalties for disclosure, the existence of such a formidable union could never be kept from the knowledge of the men, who, with their natural obstinacy and dread of being outwitted, would immediately support the cause of the malcontents, exhibit a marked coldness to the allied members, and, at last, by these means succeed in breaking up the coalition. Thus would matters come again to their present state, and the dissenters from their doctrine would act with perfect impunity.

But, though it would be so difficult for the two great parties to combine against their opponents, yet the same reasons do not prevent the opponents from combining against the two great parties, and endeavouring to set up their theory as the Universal Creed. As the basis of the present system is Falsehood, inducing the practice of deceit, let those who agree not with it, base *their* system on Sincerity, and make the practice of truth their chief study.

It would be charming to see the race of Prudes and Coquettes supplanted by a confederation of spirited and sensible girls, whose avowed determination was, as regards the other sex, to affect neither more nor less than they really felt. I predict that their success would be immense, and that they would demonstrate, by the number of their conquests, the superiority of their system over that of their rivals. Besides, such a good example would have a very beneficial effect on the 'brutes' of men, and tend marvellously to polish their manners. If sincerity influenced the one sex, it must soon influence the other, and the present cunning and warlike mode of conducting matters would give place to one more rational and agreeable. The two great classes of Deceivers and Believers, which *now* include nearly all of both sexes, would *then* diminish rapidly, and truth would, to some extent exist between man and woman.

When this great reformation takes place, I hope and suggest that the disciples of the New Movement may wear some distinguishing mark (such as a peculiar comb or flower in the hair) by which all men of sense may know them

from the Prudes and Coquettes who will surround them. The creed should be called Sinceritarianism, and the professors known as Sinceritarians. A committee chosen from the general body must be formed, to examine into charges of insincerity which may be brought by either sex against members; and, if proved, the culprit should be deprived of her symbol of sisterhood, and branded with the ignominious name of Prude or Coquette, as the case may be, until by repentance and amendment, she shall have proved her right to enjoy again the honourable title of a Sinceritarian.

There are many scattered believers and practisers of this doctrine; but hitherto the prejudices amongst women in favor of either Prudery or Coquetry have been too strong to allow the few advocates of the New Movement to form themselves into a distinct and organized association. The time, however, is perhaps not far distant when they will be able to do so; and in the meantime I drink, in this cup of coffee—To the speedy advent of Sinceritarianism!

THE CANADIAN'S FAREWELL.

Adieu! oh adieu to you land that I love!
My heart is not crushed, tho' from friends I am torn,
For I feel that your cause far the despots above,
Must soar by its justice triumphantly borne.

Adieu! oh adieu to you land of the storms,
That have lulled me to sleep on thy moss covered breast,
That howl their cold curse, at the spiritless forms,
Nor oppression, nor freedom, can rouse from their rest!

Adieu! oh adieu!—but thy eagle still soars,
And thy forest still bending, springs back on the breeze;
The mad'ning Niagara not far from thee roars;
Thy shores are of granite; there is death in thy seas.

Thy sons are in might as thy thunder cloud yet,
And thy elements moaning must wake to their cry;
The hearts they have nursed that can never forget,
They once were as free as the storms in thy sky.

Adieu! glad adieu! aye in joy and not sorrow,
I leave thee with prospects too bright for to fade,
For my exile will hasten thy coming to-morrow,
That shall beam like thy lightnings in wildness arrayed.

St. John, N. B. FREDERICK.

(From the London Sporting Review.)

Sporting Sketches from New Brunswick.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

THE BEAR AND THE LUMBERMAN.

The western hills had cast their shadows over the Eagle Lake, and the last bright rays of an unclouded sunset threw a rich purple haze over wood and water, lake, valley and mountain, giving to the whole scene the appearance of being viewed through a Claude Lorraine glass. The woodpecker had ceased his labours, and the forest no longer resounded with the short, sharp strokes of his powerful bill; the night hawk was on the wing, darting swiftly to and fro, feasting upon the bright-hued moths, which, during the twilight, were abroad in great numbers. These pretty insects, to avoid their feathered enemy, would skim along close to the surface of the lake, and thus run into greater danger; for the large trout, at this hour, were upon the feed, and the splash of a heavy fish would frequently be heard, as he sprung from the water to strike down the incautious moth, who, lying wing-broken and crippled, from the blow he had received, was devoured at leisure by his ravenous captor.

Our party, increased by the arrival of the trappers to fourteen in number, was seated on a grassy slope near the water-side, flanked by a thicket of young and thrifty cedar, which diffused its peculiar fragrance so powerfully as to be distinguished even above the strong, yet agreeable, odour of the mingled willow-bark and tobacco, emitted in clouds by the pipes of the Indians.

Two pipes had been smoked by each, when one, who appeared to be the leader of the trappers, rose quickly to his feet, and hurrying to his canoe, began to search hastily for something which seemed to have been forgotten.—From among the furs he produced two young beavers, which were snugly coiled up, and sleeping soundly; they had been taken very young, and were perfectly tamed and domesticated. As these intelligent creatures are of a kindly disposition, they soon become greatly attached to their keepers; and some tender twigs of the lady-birch having been procured for these pets, they seated themselves very quietly among us, to make their evening meal from its sweet and juicy rind; their owner reclined at his ease, occasionally playing with and caressing his favourites. While thus amusing himself, he was a study for a painter; and we all admired the fine figure, intelligent coun-

tenance, and general appearance of this handsome young Indian. I at once judged him to be an OTTOWEENIS; that is, one of the Ottowin family, whose members are easily distinguished from the rest of the tribe, by their greater stature, lofty bearing, and evident superiority of manner. They constitute the aristocracy of the Milicetes; for even among these sons of the forest there are different ranks and grades, some being always distinguished above their fellows, either by greater quickness and cleverness, by being more expert in hunting, or by displaying superior skill in the various contrivances and expedients which tend to the comfort and well-being of a roving people. The leader of the trappers confirmed the judgment which had been formed, by telling us that his name was Nicolah Ottowin, and that he was son of the chief who was then at the head of the family. He said that he, with his three companions, had made an excursion to the Baie des Chaleurs; and, while there, had been very successful in hunting, fishing, and fowling, on the coast. That becoming very tired of the sea-shore, and finding they had amassed sufficient means to procure an outfit, they had determined upon exploring the interior of the country in that quarter, in pursuit of beaver. The north-eastern portion of New Brunswick is yet in a perfect state of wilderness; and large tracts of country, containing some millions of acres, have hitherto been scarcely, if at all, visited or explored by the white man; and here the beaver is yet found, though not by any means in so great numbers as at the first settlement of the province, some eighty years since. The outfit of the party consisting chiefly of pork, flour, and lard, with blankets and ammunition, had been procured at Dalhousie, a flourishing settlement, with a good seaport, at the head of the bay, from whence they had ascended the river Restigouche, not without great labour and difficulty, from the numerous falls and rapids in that noble and extensive river. Having at length arrived at the head-waters of the Restigouche, they there deposited the heaviest portion of their stores, *en cache*, for future occasion; and then, lightly equipped, had by easy *portages* reached a chain of lakes, from which flows the Tobique, another extensive river, running in the opposite direction from the Restigouche, and falling into the St. John.—These lakes are connected by deep narrow creeks, which are distinguished, in New-Brunswick, by the general name of "thoroughfares." By means of these, and by occasional *portages*, a great extent of wilderness country had been traversed, and made available as hunting-ground; and here was the scene of their labours, which had been crowned with so great success.

The beaver, as affording by far the most valuable article in the fur-trade, was the principal object of their search; and in pursuit of these they had roamed from river to river, and lake to lake, generally destroying nearly the whole of those found in each place they visited. We were told that the situation of the beaver-houses was various; rivers and "thoroughfares" were generally selected when the depth of water and other circumstances were suitable; as the beavers thereby gained the advantage of the current to convey wood and other necessaries to their habitations, which were also safer, affording greater protection to the animal than those built in standing water. In situations where the water is liable to be drained off, or the supplies dried up by frost, the wonderful instinct of the beavers teaches them to provide against so great an evil by erecting a dam across the stream, and thus securing a sufficient depth of water. These dams were described by Nicolah as being built in a manner precisely similar to the one already described in these sketches.—The houses, he said, were built of the same materials as the dams; but were, in general, much more rudely constructed. They seldom found more than one family, consisting of the old beavers and four or six young ones, in each house; but one large house was mentioned that had been met with on a small island in one of the artificial ponds, which had ten apartments under one roof. These apartments did not communicate with each other, a distinct family appearing to occupy each of them, and having a separate place of exit and entrance, under the water.

The first place where the hunting party halted was in the vicinity of a very extensive beaver-dam, which bore the appearance of being of long standing; from having been frequently repaired with aspen and willow, which had thrown up strong and vigorous shoots, it had become very solid and capable of sustaining great pressure. The roofs of the beaver-houses were visible above the waters of the pond, in which the beavers were seen, after nightfall, swimming about in very considerable numbers, appearing to be busily engaged in providing a store of provisions for the coming winter.—The ice not having then formed, the trappers were very cautious not to disturb or alarm them; and they therefore encamped at the distance of half a mile. They said that, had they

encamped nearer, the beavers would at once have detected them by their exquisite sense of smell, and have probably moved off in a body to some other situation, or dispersed themselves among the numerous creeks and swamps in the vicinity, until the danger was over.—After several nights' careful watching, the usual and favourite resorts of the beavers were discovered and marked, and the traps were set accordingly. Many were taken in the steel-traps, dead-falls, and other contrivances which were employed to ensnare these harmless animals; but the survivors becoming very suspicious and wary, the gun was used, as the last resort, and two moonlight nights finished all that remained in the pond, the few who escaped the indiscriminate slaughter removing to some more secure position.

During the winter the trappers shifted their quarters several times; and when the lakes were frozen, and the snows had become sufficiently deep and solid, they brought up the stores left *en cache* on "tobaugans," or light sledges, made of the white maple. They had traversed nearly the whole of that unexplored country, in an extensive circle, breaking open the beaver-houses, and capturing whole families, and trapping stragglers who had taken up their abode in the banks of swift-running streams, or on the margins of the "thoroughfares," both which are generally open during the winter, unless in very severe weather.—But while pursuing the beaver as the principal object, the party had not been unmindful of the other fur-bearing animals which came in their way; and, of these, the marten (the sable of America) appeared to have been the most numerous. The places which these lively little animals frequent are easily discovered after a light snow, and then traps are placed at intervals across the paths they use. These traps are built of a few logs, so arranged that when the marten attempts to take away the bait laid for him (generally part of a partridge or some other bird); he with very little force pulls down a small post, which supports the whole weight of the trap. If the animal be not killed by the weight which falls on him, he is confined until the hunter despatches him, on going his rounds, which he usually does every morning.

When the winter became somewhat advanced, they watched carefully for the otter, the fur of which, when in full season, is extremely black, glossy, and beautiful; the skins, therefore, bear a very high price. Otters are generally found near falls or rapids, which but seldom freeze, and in the latter part of winter are always open, as there they find plenty of fish, and the open water gives them free access to the shore, to which they frequently go, to devour the fish which they have caught. They are easily traced, on these occasions, by the broad deep furrow which they leave in the snow on the banks; and these places are sought out and marked. Nicolah said they frequently succeeded in killing the otter by concealing themselves within reasonable gunshot of these landing-places, on a clear frosty night, and waiting their coming out of the water.—Once or twice otters had been seen on the ice during the daytime, eating fish, or playing with each other, when a successful long shot had been made; but these were rare occurrences.

The flesh of the beaver supplied the party with fresh meat during the winter; it was described as being very good; and the tails, which are almost a mass of fat, and greatly prized by English epicures, Nicolah spoke of as being exceedingly luscious, and most excellent eating. By way of variety, they occasionally ran down a carriboo, on snow-shoes; but as these animals are rather lean in the winter, the venison was mentioned with great contempt: "It was so dry and stringy," said Wahpoose, one of the party, "that it was like eating an old moccasin; besides, it wasted more fat pork, to cook it, than it was worth!"

The trappers had remained somewhat longer in the woods than they intended, in consequence of abandoning the old canoes they had brought up from the Baie des Chaleurs, and being compelled to build new ones, in order to descend to the St. John with the valuable packs of furs which they had accumulated. They had been very short of provisions for some time, and their ammunition was so nearly exhausted as to be husbanded with the greatest care. The clothes with which they had entered the forest were completely worn out; and their garments were now composed of the remains of their blankets, and the skins of the carriboo, dressed as soft as glove-leather.—The trappers were all very thin, much sunburnt and smoke-dried, yet bore the appearance of being in good health, and possessed of great strength and activity, with the power of enduring almost any amount of fatigue; upon the whole, they seemed more like sailors returning from a long voyage to some distant and unknown region, than men who had merely been some one or two hundred miles into the interior of "the land we live in."

The discussion of the events of the day, and the interest we took in listening to the tales and

incidents related by our guests, caused our sitting to last until a late hour. The trappers, who had been so long debarred from society, and from everything esteemed by them as luxuries, were not in a hurry to sleep: they seemed by no means to tire of sipping hot tea, eating biscuits, and, at intervals, smoking their pipes. But all mankind grow weary even of the highest enjoyment; and, finally, we all sunk to rest, the beavers creeping under the robe of carriboo skins in which Nicolah rolled himself, and nestling close to him.

The next morning, while we were all at breakfast, a pair of loons, who had possession of the lake made their appearance in front of us, and led to some jokes at our expense: we were asked why, with so many guns among us, we had been unable to secure one of these "masters of the lake." The loon, known to naturalists as the great northern diver, frequents the numerous lakes with which the interior of New Brunswick abounds. These birds are not fond of society, for it is rare to find more than one pair in each sheet of water; they procure the fish on which they feed, in the deepest water, by diving for them, and continuing under a great length of time: they seem averse to flying, being rarely seen on the wing; and as they are exceedingly wary birds, with a very quick eye, they are but seldom hit. The loons will boldly venture near the sportsman, trusting to their astonishing faculty of diving for safety: they always go down at the flash, for which they seem to wait; and as their skins are exceedingly thick, it is somewhat rare to kill one of them, even under the most favourable circumstances.

We had again and again fired at these birds without success, and had finally given them up as a bad bargain: our Indians would not interfere, always laughing heartily at our failures, and saying it would be a pity to kill the loons, as then we would have nothing for targets.— The flesh of these birds is black, hard, and fishy, and perfectly uneatable; and they are only valued for the skins, which, being dressed with the feathers on, are made into caps and vests, and are sought after to form a somewhat fanciful article of dress. Nicolah said he thought he could get the male bird for us; and we desired him to try. Having charged one of our long guns with a handful of swan-drops, he borrowed a red silk handkerchief, which was fastened to the end of a short stick, and handed to Wahpoose, who immediately crept with it toward the end of the point, working his way, at full length on the ground, over the dry twigs and dead leaves, with noiseless and snake-like motion. Nicolah followed in the same fashion, drawing the gun after him, and the pair took up their position in a clump of alders near the water's edge, which they had been anxious to gain without observation, and where they lay perfectly concealed. Wahpoose began waving the handkerchief gently, to attract attention, at the same time imitating closely the loud shrill cry of the bird; the loons were about a quarter of a mile distant, and we observed them instantly roused on hearing the cry, and at once bearing down for the point. On they came, the male bird answering the excellent imitation with loud notes of defiance; when he came within shot, he appeared very angry and greatly excited, and, partially opening his wings, began to peal forth one long continued scream: he was off his guard; Nicolah saw it, and the next instant the loon lay dead upon the water.

This bird, as nearly as we could judge, weighed about twelve pounds; he was three feet from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail, and nearly five feet between the extremities of the wings, when spread. The head, and half the length of the neck, were of a deep black, with a green gloss and purple reflections, below which the neck was encircled by a band of black-and-white lateral stripes. The back was of a deep black, slightly glossed with green, and thickly spotted with white, in regular rows, there being two spots on the end of each feather. The breast and under part of the bird were of a brilliant silvery white; the legs were jet black, and, being placed very far behind, nearly in a line with the body, the bird was enabled to propel himself in the water with great velocity, and turn with astonishing quickness.

One of the Indians pointed out to us a peculiarity in the formation of the bill of these birds, which is very strong and sharp, and of a glossy black. The lower mandible is in two parts, united by an elastic membrane, which allows them to recede from each other, so as to form a wide space, and enable the bird to swallow a very large fish. The loon is exceedingly restless before a storm; and the loud, shrill cry they make may be heard at the distance of a mile or more, and is the certain forerunner of bad weather. The Indians never heard them cry without saying that there would be wind, "great deal wind;" which was sure to follow very soon after.

But the time had now arrived when our party was to break up: the trappers were making

ready to pursue their journey to St. John, to dispose of their furs, and reap the reward of their toils and privations. Two of our party were to set off for some plains, a few miles distant, in pursuit of carriboo, and with the hope of falling upon the trail of several bears, of which the trappers gave information. Our excellent companion, the *Nochein-peel-wat*,* left us, with his bugle, greatly to the regret of the Indians, to pursue his geological researches. Sabattis walked down to the water-side with the *pee-pee-quat*, the bugle, in his arms, followed by the other Indians, and, depositing it gently in the Doctor's canoe, he patted it with his hand, and said, "Ah! *pee-pee-quat! pee-pee-quat!* me berry sorry lose you!" Truly this leave-taking was very touching and affectionate.

Some few hours were occupied in packing up and loading the canoes, apportioning the stores, and making our selection of Indians; but all being at length settled, the whole of us left the camping-place at the same moment, separating to proceed on our several routes; the notes of the bugle mingling with the wild cries of the Indians and our own shouts and cheers, as we parted. A friend, a captain in the 43rd Light Infantry, an untiring sportsman, and thorough woodsman, had agreed with me to make an excursion across the province to its eastern shore, which is washed by the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and we set off, each in his own canoe, accompanied by Sabattis and Mahteen. Leaving Otter Point, we proceeded some distance up the lake, to the head of a deep bay, and then up a stream which fell into it; from whence, by a short *portage*, we reached another stream, which led us into the river called, by the Indians, the Obscache, which we proposed ascending. The lateness of the hour at which we started, and the time lost in effecting the *portage*, made it near nightfall ere we reached the banks of the Obscache, where we at once halted, and proceeded to encamp. While the Indians were making the necessary arrangements for the night, the captain and myself amused ourselves with catching a few trout for supper. The waters of the Obscache are of an unusually dark brown colour; and the trout, in consequence, have a very sombre appearance: they were small, but in fine condition; and while rising boldly and freely at the bright and gaudy flies with which we found it necessarry to tempt them, they appeared, in the twilight, to be black fish, leaping out of a river of brown sherry.

While thus engaged, a log-canoe came down the river upon us; it was paddled by one man, who sat in the stern; while another, apparently an invalid, was stretched at full length on the bottom. The paddler paused to exchange those greetings which are always cordially given and received by wayfarers who meet accidentally in the forest; and we took the opportunity of enquiring what was the matter with his companion. We were told that he was a "lumberman," one of the party who were "making timber" further up the river; that on the day previous he had been severely torn by a bear, and was now on his way down to the settlements, for the benefit of medical advice, and that attention and assistance which could not be rendered him in a lumber-camp. We invited them to remain with us for the night; assuring the wounded man we would do all in our power to render him comfortable; and our offer was most thankfully accepted. We carried the poor fellow to our camp fire, and laid him on our blankets; he appeared in much pain, and to be in a state of great nervous excitement; our endeavours were, therefore, used to alleviate his sufferings, and sooth him into a calmer mood. In a few hours our efforts were so far successful that he became tolerably quiet and easy, and then we learned the particulars of the mishap which had befallen him.

The lumbering party to which the wounded man belonged were about thirty miles further up the river, encamped at the distance of a mile or more from its banks, in a grove of large pines. They were engaged, as usual with these parties, in cutting down the large trees, and "making them into timber," which means, squaring them with the axe, for exportation.— In winter, when the swamps and small brooks are frozen, and the snow is deep enough, the timber thus squared is hauled by oxen to the banks of the nearest river or stream of sufficient size, and in the following spring is "driven" down with the icy floods, caused by the melting of the snow, to the main river, where it is stopped by booms, and, being thus collected together, is formed into large rafts. Upon these rafts, houses, or "shanties," are erected, and in the course of two or three weeks, with the aid of a gentle current, they reach the sea port whence the timber is shipped to Great Britain. A party employed in the woods is made up of three classes; first, the men who fell the tree with the narrow axe, who are

* Dr. Gesner, the able and indefatigable geologist, who is now conducting the geological survey of New Brunswick.

called "axemen;" next, the men who square the tree so felled, with the broad axe, who are styled "hewers;" and lastly, the men who attend upon and drive the oxen, called "teamsters:" these together constitute a lumbering-party; all the men belonging to which bear the general appellation of "lumbermen."—Another set of men, accustomed to the business, and well acquainted with the peculiarities of the stream, are employed to clear it of all the timber hauled to its banks during the winter; these are called "stream-drivers," and their work is finished when all the sticks in the stream reach the boom, where another set called "raftmen," take it in charge, and form it into rafts of convenient size for floating to market. The pine timber shipped from New-Brunswick is the largest which reaches Britain from any part of the world; and the pine, "the lofty pine," the emblem of our province, and glory of our lumbermen, is yet far from being exhausted in our extensive forests.

The wounded lumberman told us that his party having nearly cleared the ground they were working upon of timber trees, he had on the preceding day been sent out early for the purpose of marking out another "berth," taking with him a pocket compass, and light fowling-piece, for shooting partridges. He had not proceeded a mile, when he came upon a young bear, who sat looking at him very quietly, while he slipped a bullet into his piece, and shot it dead. The old she-bear was close at hand, and instantly made a rush at him: there was no time to be lost; so, throwing down his gun, he hastily scrambled up a young birch-tree, the infuriated old bear following close at his heels. He got as near the top as possible, which was so slender as to bend over with his weight.—The bear was unable to ascend quite so far, from the smallness of the stem, which she was unable to grasp firmly with her huge fore-legs; but, by great exertions, she several times succeeded in reaching him with one of her huge paws, with which she lacerated the calves of his legs frightfully, and tore off one of his heels. The bear, fatigued with her efforts, would, from time to time, slide down the tree, rest awhile at the foot, and then ascend again to renew her endeavors to pull the sufferer within her grasp; while her other cub, ascending another tree hard by, sat in its fork, grimacing and gibbering at him. The lumberman said that he shrieked and shouted with all his might; that cold drops of agony rolled from his brow, while he felt his strength failing rapidly, from the flow of blood from his legs, which the old bear licked off the tree, as it trickled down in a thick stream. Finding himself sinking fast, he had begun to deliberate whether he should throw himself from the tree, and endeavour to break his neck, or try to fall gently, and take the chance of being devoured alive by his ravenous enemy, now excited to the uttermost by the taste of his blood. All hope had fled, and a horrible death seemed staring him in the face, when he was aroused by a shot, and a distant shout; he knew that his cries had been heard, and that relief was coming. Once again he raised his voice, to direct his friends in their course; and his cry was instantly answered by a hearty cheer from numerous voices, and another shot; soon he heard the crashing of the dry twigs and branches, as they came rushing on; and next, the sound of familiar voices came upon his ear. The old bear was at this time a short distance below him, supporting herself by a branch, exhibiting signs of the greatest ferocity and most violent rage. When the first of the party came up, she began dropping herself down the tree, growling fiercely, evidently with the intention of giving battle; but before she reached the ground, several bullets had pierced her, and she fell dead. Two or three lumbermen then sprang up the tree, and assisted the sufferer to descend; but the revulsion was too great; before they got him down, they found that he had fainted. On bandages being applied to stop the bleeding, and a flask of spirits and water held to his lips, he revived a little, staring wildly about. His first inquiry was for the bear, whose dead body was shewn him; then he pointed out the cub which was still seated in the fork of the tree, and fainted again. This cub, in the excitement and bustle, had not been noticed: but it was almost immediately shot, and fell heavily to the earth.

A litter was hastily constructed, on which the wounded man was carried to the camp; but all that day, and the greater part of the succeeding night, he had talked and raved wildly and incoherently, fancying, with every twinge of pain in his extremities, that the bear was gnawing upon and devouring him, and entreating his comrades to drive her away. Toward morning, from sheer exhaustion, he had sunk into a troubled slumber, from which he would start in horrible affright, earnestly begging to be removed from that place, as he could not fancy himself in safety while he remained there. Soon after daybreak he was carried out to the river, placed in the canoe, and a man well acquainted with its management was sent to take

him down to the settlements, and thus we encountered them.

Fortunately we had among our stores a small travelling case of medicines and dressings, which had been kindly lent us by the *No-chem-peel-wat,* at parting; and these enabled us to afford very great relief to the sufferer.—Soon after midnight we had the satisfaction of seeing him fall into a sleep, somewhat uneasy, it is true, but from which he did not awake until daylight, when he seemed greatly refreshed, and much more at ease than on the preceding evening. We made him as comfortable at breakfast as we could; then placing him in the canoe, his comrade paddled swiftly down the Obseache; while our Indians, who had been very kind and attentive, but had preserved an almost total silence while the strangers were with us, now began to talk over and discuss the thrilling adventure of "The Bear and the Lumberman."

For The Amaranth.

TCHE-GUM-WAT-QUE TO H.

In silence I've seen the moo-in (*a*) pass,
And heard the carribou speed in the dark,
And seen the red girl dress her ma-da-was, (*b*)
By the light of the bee-me-no-gon (*c*) bark.

I've seen the water gush forth from the rock, (*d*)
The hardy ko-pit (*e*) raise structures so wise,
The pal-au-wik (*f*) at the season in flock;
And the mist from the smooth see-poo (*g*) arise.

The tee-am (*h*) and len-tuk (*i*) fled at my feet,
(The song o' the coo-lum-wik(*j*) sad to the ear,)
I have seen a band of warriors retreat—
Before the white man's bright-polish'd spear.(*k*)

Near tche-boot-chete (*l*) mam-e-geg-a-ga-loot (*m*)
Lie the ashes of Kee-oo-nik the great;
And o'er the sod the was-a-quaete (*n*) do float,
And a-too-too-o-wik (*o*) gambol and prate.

Alas, the red men have quick pass'd away,
The game has become scattered and spare,
The 'rock o' the font' by the rush gone astray,
And left Tche-gum-wat-que alone, in despair!

The axe o' the woodman is abroad to score;
The plough takes the place o' the cross-bow and gun;
The wof-e-quis (*p*) and mart. (*q*) pursued full sore,
By the wof-e-quis-mo-gig(*r*)-an-che-num. (*s*)

The coos-pem (*t*) no longer is paddled o'er;
The at-a-qua-zo (*u*) and pel-a-mo (*v*) are fled;
The sa-ba-goin (*w*) retired from its shore:
The un-quoo-auk (*x*) and ka-mouch (*y*) takes its bed.

Yet, lady, one pearl is left for thee still,
I send it to greet thy sweet ruby lips;
It was nourished with care at the rill,
Where the humble-bee and humming-bird sips.

But oh, remember dear lady, full well,
That your caresses too frequent, may break
The enchanting smooth gliding fairy spell,
And cause a long, long, deep throbbing ache!

Fontaineville, Parish Shediac, June, 1841.

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a Bear; *b* Porcupine.—The flesh of this animal is much esteemed by the Indian; and it was customary on his return from a day's hunting to have his meals prepared in the evening from the most select of his game; *c* White birch tree; *d* The 'rock o' the font;' *e* Beaver; *f* Partridge; *g* River; *h* Moose; *i* Red deer; *j* Musquito; *k* Alluding to the combat between Coursault and Kee-wa-son on the bank of the see-poo (now Shediac river) at Fontaineville, in which the French were armed with spears; giving them, in close quarters, a decided advantage over the Indians, armed with bows and arrows; *l* The water-fall; *m* Buried under the ground; *n* Fire-Fly; *o* Squirrels; *p* Fox; *q* Marten; *r* Skin; *s* Man.—Mr. Brown. This indefatigable man has long been trading in peltries on the Eastern shore; and gained the fur trade of this section of the province. He is called by the Indians *wof-e-quis-mo-gig-an-che-num*, the fox-skin man; *t* Lake; *u* Trout. Some of the finest specimens of this fish are found in the head waters of the Shediac river at this day; *v* Salmon; *w* Water; *x* Meadow; *y* Woods.

In olden time, to the north of Fontaineville, there was a large lake, (*coos-pem*) near the centre of which was a beautiful isle, containing about five acres of rich soil, covered with the sugar tree. Here the hunters loved to dwell at seasons, inasmuch as it was a delightful camping-ground; from whence they could view the shores of the lake, where the moose and other animals abounded. The lake was well stored with salmon, bass, and trout; and much game frequented the isle. The principal outlet was at Fontaineville, being subterraneous for several rods, and issuing, as it were, from what was called the "rock o' the font;" where the red girls used to prepare the meals for their husbands, and lovers on their return from the chase, and to wash their clothes at the fount. But one of those extraordinary freshets which are known even in later days, burst the walls, sweeping the trees and rocks before it to the

river ; since which the waters of the lake have decreased annually, until the spot now is become a meadow in part and trees cover the remainder.

For years, however, a portion of the covering earth of the subterraneous passage, loaded with trees, remained over the stream, where the bark canoe often passed—the Indian preferring the risk, to the toil of unloading and carrying his freight around ;—and under this lie the remains of Kee-oo-nik, the most adventurous and daring of his tribe—but of this anon.

For he's gone from these scenes to the Lake,
From his paradise he'll return no more ;
To the isle of the good and the great,
Where the sun ever shines on its shore :—

Save to wander by moonlight apace,
Around the 'rock o' the font' and the brave,
And sigh for the fate of his gone-by race,
Whose ashes lie deep deep in the grave !

(*From Bentley's Miscellany for June.*)

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

Table Talk.

Men will often, until rendered sager,
Back their own opinion by a wager.

Every one bets in India; betting is the life and soul of society. Ladies smoke rose-water hookahs, and bet gold mohurs; gentlemen puff strong chillums, and stake lacks of rupees : everything that comes on the table, everything that passes the window, becomes the subject of a wager; the number of almonds served up on a dessert plate, or the probable sex of the next passer-by, may cause the transfer of thousands,—nay, hundreds of thousands; for in a country where none wear purses, money becomes a mere nominal commodity, only to be spoken of, rarely to be seen; the consequence naturally results, that it being quite as easy to talk of thousands as hundreds, and far more imposing to do so, lacks of rupees are sported till the unfortunate sporter, if not exceedingly knowing, lacks everything, and the rich idler becomes the tool of the knowing sharper, who makes gambling his profession, and as such, studies it during those hours devoted by the less clever man to amassing riches to pay his debts.

Charles Macauley (this was not *bona fide* his name, but I will call him so) was one of the former,—that is to say, a good fellow, who would bet on certainties, drug your wine, or play with you for what you liked, whenever he was certain of having the best of it.

James Gordon had long been a flat. While up the country, he had lost large sums of money to Colonel Macauley, but finding it more convenient, had come down to Calcutta to fill a lucrative post; had been two years in the capital of Bengal, and was not quite so raw as he once had been. Charles was unaware of this little fact, or perhaps he would not have followed him down with the kind intent of fleecing him; however, these surmises have nothing to do with this sketch.

Colonel Charles Macauley had not arrived two hours in Tank Square, ere he heard that his old friend Gordon was making money fast, that he was to give a very grand dinner-party the next day, and that the said dinner was to be served on some splendid new dining-tables, imported from Europe by the luxurious civilian: this information seemed strangely to interest Charley. At eleven o'clock next morning, the gallant Colonel jumped into his palanquin, and away he jogged to Chowringee, to see his old friend.

"Sahib in Ghurmi hi?" The question replied to in the affirmative, Charley ascended the stairs amid the low salams of the linen-wrapped kidmigars who lolled about the piazzas and passages. At last the great hall or banqueting-room was gained, and a very fine room it was.

"Gordon Sahib—make shabe—come directly," said the confidential sedar of the great man.

"Bohut Achar," responded the visitor.

"Walky in here?"

"Rather not. I'll wait here till your master has finished his toilette: you may go;" and the Colonel began to hum an air with a degree of carelessness peculiar to well-bred people, very different from the vulgarity of Mrs. Trollope's Americans. The black servant vanished; so did Charley's indifference as he quitted the room, for in the middle of the hall stood the identical tables that had just arrived from England. The Colonel was a man who soon made up his mind; he gave one glance around to ensure that he was unobserved, and in another instant had pulled out a yard measure, and ascertained the exact height of the said tables, which he as instantly set down in his pocket-book; then lolling out of the windows, began to watch the hackeries, tom-johns, palanquins, and other detestable vehicles, which rapidly flitted through Chowringee.

The most knowing men are sometimes mistaken in their calculations; for once even Macauley was deceived: he had thought himself unobserved; but he was in error; for as the

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