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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 2. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1842.

{ No. 4.

Written for the Amaranth.

ESSAY

ON THE FORESIGHT OF NATURE, IN PROVIDING
FOR THE REPRODUCTION OF THE
INSECT TRIBES.

BY EUGENE.

Among the innumerable manifestations of divine wisdom in the phenomena of nature, the unerring operation of those laws which provide for the reproduction of species, is pre-eminently worthy of our admiration. All bodies endowed with the principle of life, after having fulfilled their allotted duties in the area of creation, are doomed to perish in the unceasing progress of time; but not until the rudiments of a future generation are deposited, and the most perfect provision made for the development of a succeeding race, each after its kind. It is in the furtherance of this great end, that those astonishing instincts and varieties of form are observed to exert their utmost powers, and exhibit the strongest evidence of an omniscient Providence. From the minutest living thing that crawls beneath us, to animals holding the highest station in the scale, the same solicitude, the same wonderful sagacity is observable in attention to the wants of their individual offspring; and each may furnish indubitable proofs, were they wanting, of the existence of the Deity, as strong and irrefragable as the properties of the air we breathe, or the motions of a planet in its orbit. It is the intention, at present, to confine our remarks to the most interesting features in the history of Insect regeneration; and mention a few striking instances of that comprehensive wisdom which has adapted mechanical contrivance, and most marvellous intelligence, to the relative position and necessities of Insects, in reference to perpetuity of species.

The seeds of plants, wafted by the winds, or

dropped with the excrement of birds, are disseminated over the earth; and thus is the sterile rock, in the course of time, covered with vegetation, and the barren waste shaded with luxuriant foliage, affording protection and nourishment to innumerable tribes of tiny beings, possessing habits and appearance various as the plants upon which the greater portion take up their permanent abode. Every leaf is the nursery of a numerous colony, and yields subsistence to successive generations, of a species peculiar to the plant or tree of which they form a natural contingent. Besides being the temporary residence of *larvae*, that destroy, with unequalled voracity, the product of vegetation, before they assume that singular, intermediate state, which, with its subsequent phenomenon, has furnished that beautiful and poetic allegory of our corporeal dissolution, from whence the emancipated spirit wings his flight to the regions of immortality; and the intellectual Greeks, impressed with the forcible analogy, used to signify the soul and a butterfly the same word.

Insects, with few exceptions,* undergo successive changes, (*metamorphoses*) from the grub, or larva, in which form they are excluded from the egg, and during which they attain their principal growth, and exhibit those amazing powers of vegetable consumption, of which our gardens may afford a sample. The next stage is denominated *Nympha* or *Aurelia*; in the former, the animal is still enabled to move about and take food, in the latter state, the usual functions of life appear to experience a temporary suspension, as the creature is enveloped in an impervious shroud, and remains torpid and inactive until it emerges from its prison as a perfect insect, (*Imago*;) and, as the

* This rule does not apply to the flea, woodlouse, and spider, as they do not undergo any essential change after birth, except casting their skin; nor are they ranked with insects, properly.

latter portion of their history is more immediately connected with the present subject, we may be permitted to offer a few general remarks thereupon.

The perfect insect, issuing from its temporary shroud, provided with means and instincts, widely distinct from those of which it was possessed during any previous period of its life, spreads its new-born wings and launches into an element in which it never before was capable of venturing.

But there is little time wasted in unprofitable amusement, the chief attention seems to be directed to the preservation of its species, indeed, it seems to be the main intention of Nature, in effecting the last transformation, that an opportunity should be given each insect to make provision for a continuance of kind; as soon after the accomplishment of that purpose they almost invariably die,—and though some may linger out a few months, yet the greater number do not survive until their progeny is hatched, but seem to have fulfilled the last object of their lives, and are content to relinquish the duties of their little sphere to the brood which the ensuing summer is sure to bring forth, with its vivifying beams.

Insects in this stage eat little, and therefore we do not observe any very great enlargement in their growth, as they attain full size while in the aurelia. In some insects (a species of *ephemera*, for instance,) the purposes of this stage are completed in a couple of hours, and in some countries, at certain periods, myriads are seen springing into air, while myriads are continually falling, until the ground is covered with their lifeless remains. It seems a remarkable provision of Nature, that females, during the progress of parturition, are more tenacious of life than at any other period—a fact which strikingly illustrates the great importance attached by the Almighty to the preservation of species. We have observed this in various moths, which were found most difficult to deprive of life, for the purpose of study, while laying; for, though impaled in the usual way, they still persisted in depositing ova, in a regular manner, on the box where they were fastened, as if unsusceptible of pain—the force of instinct triumphing over every other feeling.

Insects usually deposit their eggs singly, or in groups, upon or near those substances on which their larvae feed; with the exception of some that hollow excavations, or fabricate nests in which their young are brought forth; and here are seen evidences of the most surprising ingenuity and labour. In the first instance, we

cannot sufficiently admire the sagacity of the mother in selecting a locality so favourable for the nourishment of the future progeny, whose habits and structure are so different from her own; for it must be remembered that she has undergone several complete transmigrations, and may be considered in every respect a different species, save in the undeviating faculty of producing *ex ovo*, an individual of the type from which it originally sprung. It is well known that substances in a state of decomposition, are a favourite nidus for the maturation of insect eggs; which has given rise to the opinion, that maggots were produced *spontaneously* from the fermentation of dead bodies, instead of resulting from innumerable ova, implanted therein by insects, attracted through the effluvia of putrefaction. And thus we trace a wise and beneficent purpose effected by means of these, apparently insignificant creatures, in the economy of Nature; for, as the larvae feed voraciously upon those substances, in that manner carrion and other offensive organic remains are destroyed, which would otherwise contaminate the atmosphere, and prove injurious to the health or comfort of mankind.

Among insects of prey,* there is a large family. (*Ichnumons*) the individuals of which have this peculiarity: they are furnished with a borer, (*ovipositor*) projecting like a bristle or tail, from the abdomen, by means of which they are enabled to penetrate the bark of trees, the bodies of other insects, and even their eggs for the purpose of lodging ova in their substance. All larvae are subject to the attacks of these parasites, particularly those of moths and butterflies; and, strange to say, a caterpillar has been known to survive several broods, generated in this manner, in the fatty material of which it is composed—even when lungs and heart have been devoured, and the animal reduced to a mere hollow sack. So minute are some of these tormentors, that a butterfly's egg has been known to contain several of them in its interior.

Some insects cover their eggs with down which is furnished from their own bodies, as a protection from the severity of winter. The Gipsy Moth is an instance of this kind, and, to accomplish this purpose, her tail is covered with a bunch of that material, which she attaches to her eggs by means of a glutinous fluid, with which they are moistened. The various methods in which insect eggs are deposited are very curious; some are ranged in a circle, some enclasp a twig, like a bracelet, while others again are wound round the branch

in a serpentine manner. But of all the modes in which ova are disposed, that of the common Gnat is most deserving of our attention. This little creature, by means of its hind legs, fabricates a perfect boat of eggs, which floats upon the surface of the stream; although each egg is, separately, heavier than water, and it is only in a collected form that object can be achieved. These floating canoes contain from 250 to 350 eggs, of an oval shape, having their small ends uppermost, as the larvae when hatched issues from the lower part. But the most singular circumstance connected with this miniature life-boat is, that, though tossed about by the action of the waves, and exposed to the roughest weather, not one drop of liquid is ever found to enter the interior; therefore the upper ends of the eggs are kept continually dry. This extraordinary property is still unexplained, and continues a puzzling problem to philosophers and entomologists. Its solution may be suggestive of some application to the safety of the life-boat; nor should we despise such objects of study as beneath our investigation, when we consider that natural history presents one great museum of mechanical contrivance and philosophic adaptation, a tenth part of which it has not entered into our limited conception to discover; and that many inventions and improvements in the arts have been intimated by close observation and reflection, upon the wonderful phenomena revealed in the great scheme of the animal creation.

The lace-winged Fly (*Chrysopa reticula*) adopts a novel expedient to protect her eggs from the ravages of carnivorous grubs, as each is deposited at the end of a stalk formed of gluten, which is stretched out at right angles from a branch selected by the mother, to the fineness of a hair, and hardened in that position. These processes, similar in shape to the stamens of flowers, are arranged regularly on each side of the stem, and have the appearance of a natural appurtenance to the plant upon which they are found.

But among the numerous instances of maternal solicitude disclosed to the student of nature, that of a family called *Coccidae*, of which the insect furnishing the cochineil dye is a species, stands unparalleled; for here the very body of the animal provides a covering to shelter the future brood, being glued permanently over the group of eggs, and looking like an excrescence on the plants they frequent; indeed, the bark of some trees is covered with incalculable numbers of these, seeming, warts; which an ordinary observer would never

imagine to be the dried body of an insect. Upon raising up this covering, thousands of eggs are seen beneath, enveloped in a silky gum, which is generally moist and capable of extension into threads, upon separating a few ova from the mass.

We now come to those insects which are remarkable for securing an asylum for their ova, by excavating a hollow in the interior of different substances, or fabricating a nest of foreign materials; and here the traces of a superior intelligence are so strongly manifest, that, in the vast collection of astonishing facts which must create a feeling of wonder and admiration in the coldest breast, the mind knows not how to choose material for the purpose of illustration, where all equally argue the superintendence of divine power.

The mason-wasp bores into the hardest sand, clay, or brick, to provide a cell for her offspring, and she is careful to supply them with a store of grubs, or bees, that when they emerge from the egg, food may not be wanting; the better to effect this, the captives are not wholly deprived of life, but allowed to linger, without the power of extricating themselves, until the insects whose wants have thus been fondly anticipated are ready to devour them. The parent, after making such provision, effectually seals up the opening of the nest, and leaves them secure from the visit of their enemy, the Ichneumon. We may notice here the beautiful device by which the Mason Spider ensures the safety of her young. The nest, which is situated in the ground, and shaped like the finger of a glove, being furnished with a perfect lid, which, by means of an elastic hinge, shuts down quickly upon the ingress, or exit of the occupant.

The Mason Bee is similar to the above-mentioned wasp in her economy, except in substituting, for the live food of the latter, the pollen of flowers, for which they collect an abundant magazine for the benefit of posterity.

The Carder Bee builds a habitation of moss, which she cards with infinite labour, and is frequently met with in fields while mowing, in copses, &c. We have discovered these retreats amidst the moss-covered roots of our forest trees. In the interior are inclosed a number of brown, ovoid cells, which, however, are said to be the work of the young grubs when about to change into Auricles, from whence they are liberated, as perfect bees, by the aid of the parents; as otherwise they would be unable to gnaw through the tough texture of their envelope. These cells serve afterwards for deposits

of honey, and are cemented together with dark wax, in which the original breeding cells are discovered.

The rose-leaf cutter Bee has been long the subject of particular interest, from the extraordinary skill with which she fabricates her nest. After selecting a fitting cavity in the interstices of walls, dead wood, or making for herself a cylindrical hole in indurated earth, about half a foot deep, she proceeds to line the gallery with the leaves of the rose-tree in a most ingenious manner, without using any adhesive matter whatever, depending upon the elasticity of each leaf to preserve it in its position. Every person must have observed those curious segments which are often cut from the leaves of the garden rose; and we, more than once, have had some difficulty in overcoming the scepticism of our friends, as to their origin—whom ocular proof alone was capable of convincing. We have repeatedly watched the process, which may be witnessed any hour of a summer day, and could not sufficiently admire both the rapid manner in which, as with a pair of scissors, the excision was effected, and the neatness and mathematical accuracy of the curve, by which the section was separated from the body of the leaf. This the bee carries between her legs to some convenient spot, and of such materials a succession of cells is constructed—the convex portion of one fitting into the mouth of the other, like a number of thimbles, until the gallery is filled up. In each cell is deposited a single egg, with a portion of honey and polen; the circular piece, which encloses the chamber, being as just and well defined as though it had been marked out with a pair of compasses. The manner in which the various fragments are arranged throughout, suggests a knowledge of the most subtle principles of mechanical art. In a somewhat similar mode the poppy bee lines her nest with a splendid tapestry, furnished from the scarlet petals of the flowers of the wild poppy, presenting a most brilliant appearance.

In the foregoing instances, with the exception of the carder bee, the mothers being of solitary habits, leave their eggs to be developed in the progress of time, after providing subsistence for the wants of the young grubs. We now come to insects living in social intercourse, and guided in unity of purpose and the equal distribution of labour, by as strict and anxious economy as the internal arrangements of a rational community. Here we remark the most indefatigable care and devotion to the rearing of the young, which ceases not during those

progressive stages through which their perfect organization is alone acquired. We need not dwell upon the history of the hive bee, so celebrated, from the earliest times, for affording a valuable luxury to man. It has furnished a theme for the song of the poet and the pen of the philosopher; the strong attachment shown to its offspring, and the abundant stores of nourishment which is appropriated to their use are too well known to need repetition here.

The social wasp, though not contributing directly to our necessities, may still be looked upon as a rival of the bee, in the beauty and regularity of its architecture. The material of which its hexagonal cells are formed, is highly interesting. As this insect is by nature a paper maker, fabricating it of the grey fibres of old wood, worked into a pulp with its mandibles, and moistened with fluid: therefore has this little animal been in quiet possession of a secret, which, for many ages, was unknown to mankind—and employed in manufacturing paper for its own uses, from the commencement of the world; availing itself of an art which it required centuries of human ingenuity to discover. The wasp does not secrete honey; the cells being appropriated to larvae. Their nests are of several forms, and situated in different localities; some, as the common wasp, burrow in the earth an excavation suitable to building, or take possession of the deserted nest of the field mouse, or other small animals, in which to establish a colony, which is the labour of a single female, as her associates, for the most part, perish during the previous winter. The first care of the little architect is to line the cavity with numerous layers of strong paper, which are not in juxtaposition, but separated by interstices, thereby rendering the envelope of her intended city thicker than it otherwise would be. After this is completed, she commences the rudiments of the first range of cells working from the top downwards until it is finished, when a second floor, or hanging terrace, is constructed, which is suspended from the first by minute pillars, and being circular every space is occupied with numerous hexagonal cells, made of paper, as before mentioned. After some time thus employed, the industrious insect desists partly from her toil, and seeks food for the young brood which soon emerges from the eggs deposited by the mother in every cell, while the process of building goes on. In a short time these grubs become perfect wasps, and assist their common parent in the general economy of the nest—manufacturing new platforms of cells, until the whole interesting edi-

is finished; which, rising terrace above terrace, with connecting pillars, is one of the most perfect and elegant specimens of insect mechanism.

The tree wasp differs from the foregoing, in changing its nest from a projecting bough, or between the branches of a low bush—as often witnessed in our woods—but the internal economy is in every respect similar to the former.

There is another species of the social wasp, however, which is dissimilar in its mode of building, as the cells are not enclosed in an outer covering, but exposed unprotected to the influence of the weather. These fabrics consist of a single or double terrace of chambers, which are suspended, in an inclined position, from a branch or stalk of grass, and coated with varnish to prevent the absorption of rain. We have before us a specimen of this kind, which was found, with several others, occupying the corner of the ceiling, in a bed room, at a public house in the interior of Virginia—the windows of which was left permanently open. This respiratory, composed of one range of cells, was not varnished over, as that would have been unnecessary in its sheltered situation. It was attached to the wall by a minute stalk, and seemed to have been the work of the previous summer.

In these labours we see an extraordinary instance of perseverance and intelligent design, on the part of a single insect, who is the sole progenitor of a flourishing colony—overcoming every difficulty in affording a safe asylum for her eggs, and combining usefulness with the utmost elegance of proportion and arrangement;—even the hexagonal form of each cell implies consummate sagacity, for by geometrical calculation, that form is proved to be the best that could possibly be adapted, to economise both labour, material, and space.

The history of the Ant is deeply interesting, as every species evinces some striking singularity in its government and fornicary. They mine hollow chambers and galleries in the earth, the body of trees, and some, as the Termites of Africa, erect hillocks of an enormous size, compared with the bulk of the insect, or build nests in the shape of a mushroom. They generally agree in one respect, namely: the subdivision into three distinct classes, of every colony; each having separate duties allotted to it, and equally zealous in advancing the interests of the commonwealth. These are the workers, to whom the general labour of building and foraging is intrusted, and the male and female ants; the two latter being furnish-

ed with wings, and devoted to the important purposes of replenishing the colony. It is a remarkable fact, that the female ant, when about to lay, loses her wings; but the males, after that period, emigrate from the fornicary, never to return; and at that season they may be discovered wandering without stability of purpose, or lying dead in pools and running streams. The busy, labouring ants remain in charge of the eggs, which they foster with unremitting care and attention, removing them in their mandibles to the upper galleries, for air, or at night-fall depositing them safely in the retired chambers below. This labour they continue to perform during the larva stage, and even until the perfect ant is developed. These white grubs, or aurelia, may be seen at any time by removing the stone that shelters a colony of ants. Then the greatest excitement and solicitude prevails; every effort is made to remove the young to a place of security.—Workers are beheld continually pouring down into the main passage, each freighted with a load much larger than itself, while others again are returning for the remainder of their precious store, presenting a most amusing spectacle, which, nothing so forcibly reminds us of, as “piping down ham-mocks” on board a man-of-war, at sunset. These grubs, or aurelia, for many of both may be seen at the same time, are white, the latter being twice the size of a working ant, of an oval shape, and if cut open will be found to contain within a perfect ant, but without signs of life, and of a pure translucent white colour; these aurelia resemble grains of barley, and are vulgarly supposed to be the eggs of ants, whereas they are very minute, and altogether different in appearance.

The history of the organization and manners of these sagacious insects, their wars, migrations, and destructive voracity, are so extraordinary, that nothing less than personal experience would convince those who are not prepared by previous study and reflection, to behold new wonders and the most astounding phenomena, with every step taken in the investigation of the natural world. It is some time ere the mind can become familiarized with those great truths which God has inscribed in immutable characters within the mysterious volume of nature.

Among beetles, may be noticed those which bury their eggs in the ground, with a material most conducive to the rapid development of the germ within. For this purpose, the burying beetle (*Necrophorus vespillo*) effects the interment of dead bodies, such as moles, frogs,

etc., with wonderful labour and perseverance; but the most curious instance is that of the tumble-dung, (*Scarabæus pilularius*.) This beetle, having previously prepared a grave for its ova, encloses its egg in a ball of soft dung, which, when indurated by the power of the sun, they roll along the ground until they reach the excavation, into which it is dropped. We have seen numbers of these little animals, during the spring time in Virginia, trundling their pellets over the hard road, and were much amused at their progress, and the resolution with which they strove to overcome the obstacles in the way. Two individuals are generally employed in conveying the burden; one in front, assisting with its legs while walking backward; the other pushing on the opposite side with its hind legs, calling into play those amazing powers of physical strength, with which this insect is peculiarly gifted. Often, on arriving at the top of a small hillock, the ball would slip from their hold and course to the plain beneath, yet as often would they recover their charge and recommence the journey. We may mention here, that species of spider (*Lycossa saccata*) which carries her eggs in a bag or case, fastened as an appendage to the body of the mother, until, not only the young spiders are hatched, but have acquired sufficient strength to venture beyond the care of the parent insect. The ear-wig is the only insect which has been observed to hatch her ova by the process of incubation.

Our preceding remarks were limited to those insects which are *oviparous*, or depositing eggs from whence the embryo is extricated in the commencement of its first stage. There are however, exceptions to this rule; where the larva is produced alive, and unconfined in any envelope from the body of the mother, having previously undergone development *in ovo*, consequently these are termed *ovo viviparous*, of this kind, the scorpion and blow-fly are examples. In the latter, the embryo flies are formed into an immense coil, which is wound up in a pouch within the abdomen; these, as they are hatched, are lodged upon dead animal substances, to the number, as Reaumur estimated of 20,000, which easily accounts for the prodigious quantity of maggots found among putrid carcasses; it is this mode of generating larva, which gives rise to that evil denominated *fly-blow*, but the trifling nuisance occasioned thereby, is absorbed in the reflection, that, through this simple means, nature is enabled to destroy the noxious qualities attendant upon organic decomposition.

The *Aphides*, that large family of insects which, living on the juices of plants, infest every portion of the vegetable kingdom, afford a singular anomaly in the history of animals, as they are *ovo viviparous* in summer, and *oviparous* in the autumn; but it is discovered that these separate modes are peculiar to different generations, and not common to the same individual.

The intention of this provision is evident, as in the egg state, the germ is alone capable of enduring the cold season that precedes its development in the ensuing spring. This class is also remarkable in another respect, namely in producing young for nine successive generations without impregnation, which is perfected in the short space of nine months; so rapid is their increase. Some idea may be formed of their astonishing fecundity, when we mention that Reaumur ascertained by experiment, "one *Aphis* may be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants during its life," and that in one year there may be twenty generations.

The incalculable number of these insects which swarms upon every leaf as soon as they are expanded by the warmth of spring, and also the great quantities of caterpillars, at times appearing, as if spontaneously, have given rise to the opinion of their being wafted by the power of some noxious wind; hence the term *blight*, which was imagined to account for the natural phenomenon. The truth is, that these eggs, equally exposed to atmospherical influences, and laid nearly about the same time, are consequently matured simultaneously; which explains the sudden appearance of such multitudes of living creatures, whose magical presence, many of our fair readers may have witnessed, to their sorrow, upon the buds and leaves of their favourite flowers. These plants, secrete the honey dew, as it is absurdly called, to be seen in small drops upon leaves which they frequent—of this sweet liquid, ants are very fond; an almost improbable instance of which we may be permitted to mention.

In the spring of 1840, a small thorn tree was found almost deprived of its growth and foliage from the ravage of innumerable aphides, as the continual draining of the sap had dried and shriveled the leaves and young shoots. This tree was visited by numbers of ants, for what purpose was not evident at first, as there was no appearance of honey-dew whatever. These ants were continually walking over the legions, with which every leaf and stalk were paved, and pausing at each aphid, moved its antennae as if employed in some definite purpose; at

length, to our surprise, we observed a transparent drop to exude from one of the aphides, which was immediately lapped up by the ant, who then advanced to the next individual, and repeating it with its antennae, obtained a similar supply of the sweet secretion. This strange transaction we watched for some time, until every aphid had been taxed for food in the same manner, when the ant proceeded to collect the contributions of a fresh colony.

In conclusion, it will not be amiss to offer a few observations upon the eggs of insects in general. They are of several shapes; cylindrical, oval, oblate-spheroidal, sugar-loafed, prismatic, bottle-shaped etc., besides, which, in several instances, they are ornamented with ribs, tiles, or hexagonal net work, which surpass the most delicate sculpture of human art. For what purpose such infinity of form, and elegance of design are expended upon so insignificant and minute an object as the egg of an insect, may well excite our inquiry, and baffle the keenest penetration. But when we contemplate for a moment, the ineffable harmony which pervades the universe, and radiates, like a beam of light, our little globe;—that eloquent beauty, which, differently revealed to our senses, whether through the symmetrical combination of curved lines, the euphony of sound, or the grandeur of accordant motion, is essentially the same;—it may be deemed an inseparable quality of nature—is it not an attribute of God? It would be wiser in our unsuccessful efforts, to trace the application, which such diversity of structure would imply, to the purposes of inscrutable Providence, to console ourselves with the belief, that *nothing ever was made in vain!*

The eggs of some insects are furnished with a valve, or lid at one end, to facilitate the escape of the larva from its confinement; and in a few species, as the law-fly, ant, etc., the egg attains sensible growth, during the process of hatching, which, as in birds, is accelerated by heat. However, exposure to the greatest severity of our winter, or the most intense artificial cold does not affect the vitality of insect eggs, nor are they observed to freeze in consequence.—What is this mysterious principle, this *vis vitæ*, which only awaits the concurrence of favourable circumstances to stimulate its latent properties into action,* and which, when in most

powerful operation, the slightest injury can destroy?

The fecundity of insects is very great compared to other animals. The spider lays 1,000 eggs in a season; a gall insect will produce 5,000 at a time; a bed-bug, in twelve months, may be the progenitor of 21,909,026 offspring; while the queen of the white ants produces, in the same time, the surprising number of 31,536,000 eggs.

To the theory which some naturalists have advanced, that the atmosphere is filled with numberless ova of insects, it has been objected that the impregnated eggs of all known species are heavier than air; indeed, the specific gravity is such that, upon experiment, they immediately sink in water; although some can scarcely be seen with the naked eye, from their extreme tenuity. Besides, it seems inconsistent with the remarkable care with which insects deposit their eggs and provide for their security by gluing them down, or covering them with a thick web, as an additional protection from accidental removal or atmospherical influence. But when we consider the infinite minuteness of microscopic animalculæ, the myriads of creatures which our limited researches, wonderful as they are, may not have yet discovered, that can hardly be considered incredible that multitudes of unseen animals may inhabit, as their peculiar element, the atmosphere that floats around us; and perform all their actions independent of the solid earth. It would require no great effort of the imagination to suppose that such would intrust their ova, as fishes do their spawn, to the fluid in which they exist, and that they arrive at maturity in the same medium.

What a forcible contrast does the present season yield to the vivid associations of the summer time. Now, while the pen is recording these thoughts, the cold, dead mantle of winter is clasping, as a shroud, the leafless tree and the ice-bound stream. From the mute earth there comes no sound of rejoicing; the grasshopper's song and the horn of the warrior bee are like the imaginary music of a half-forgotten dream; the withering storm-gusts of the winter wind are sweeping through the aisles of the forest, awakening within the breast a sense of utter desolation. But let the blast roar on—let the snow-wreath creep and curl upon the stems of the hardy pines, for as sure as the revived rays of the sun will, ere long, chase away every vestige of their tyranny, so certain is it that each particle of imprisoned ground beneath, every branch, bough and trunk

* A grain of wheat, from the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy, has been made to germinate after an interval of three thousand years; and seeds are found ontombed alive in solid rocks, where they must have remained for ages.

contain the rudiments of vitality, innumerable as the sands of the sea;—awaiting the call of spring—the bursting of the green leaf, to throw off the shackles of torpidity, and fill the wide solitudes with life and joy. Then will the gorgeous butterfly spread its mosaic wings in the warm sunlight, and the fierce dragon-fly dart, with glancing wing and body of burnished gold, along the surface of the prattling brook; while the festive gnats hold their merry dance under the shadow of the broad bough. See how they swarm upon the air, the leaves—those insect tribes!—every blade of grass resounds with the hum, the gathering of myriads. Behold you moving point, between us and the blue sky! how it darts—now here, now there, until the eye is incapable of following the rapidity of its motions. Are ye not the inhabitants of the flowers—the revellers of the sun beams—ye denizens of a world unknown? Yea! often have we wondered that the history of your labours, your destinies, has not more generally engaged the interest—the inquiry of man.—What know we of the globe we occupy, the mysterious operations of that Nature, ever displaying new wonders everywhere around our path? The insect tribes come and go as the years hurry on—and we scarcely waste a thought upon their existence, save in a passing tribute of admiration to their exceeding beauty—and this is all!

We have relinquished the unworthy supposition that the high and enduring stars were created but to give us light: may we not equally reject the assertion that such surprising instincts, such diversity of conformation, were bequeathed to insects by the wisdom of Omnipotence, with the mere design of contributing to the capricious entertainment of mankind. We are certain—we feel that it is not so; indeed, in the preceding pages many instances have been shown where these little animals render essential service in the economy of nature; and, if it were not foreign to the purpose of this Essay, numerous facts might be advanced to prove the direct benefits which they confer upon the human race. Their agency in the impregnation of plants is well established, and sufficient of itself to justify a more extended view of their general utility. For the present it is enough to solicit attention to this subject, by our humble, but we hope not altogether unsuccessful endeavours, to exemplify the great solicitude—the provident wisdom of the Creator, in the regeneration of that class of animals occupying the lowest rank in the scale of animated beings. *St. John, March, 1842.*

THE FORGOTTEN.

A DINGE for the *forgotten* :
 No place is for their name,
 In solemn page of history,
 Or poetry's roll of fame.
 They lived, loved, and were cherished,
 Life's griefs and joys they bore,
 But their memory hath perished,
 Their tomb-stones tell no more.
 A few bright names are enshrined above
 By the hero's sword and the poet's love;
 A few proud names with a magic thrill,
 In the heart's of men are lingering still;
 But we hear no more, by plain or shore,
 The names that the forgotten bore.
 The beautiful forgotten :
 Their eyes of love and mirth,
 Their locks of waving sunshine,
 No more rejoice the earth.
 The proud heart bowed before them,
 And monarch's owned their sway.
 The starry heavens o'er them
 Were less adored than they.
 There are forms that Eden's self might own
 Chiselled, cold and fair, in marble stone;
 The painter has treasured the glance, the smile
 Worn by some restler in royal piles;
 But we see no more, the wide earth o'er,
 The looks that the forgotten wore.
 The wise and brave forgotten !
 They of the bearing high,
 They of the thought engraven brow,
 The deep and solemn eye,
 The generous emotion,
 The deeds so brave and true,
 The knowledge like the ocean,
 Whose depths no mortal knew :
 The chance discoverer's name we link
 With mountain, peak, and river's brink :
 The conqueror's guilt, the traitor's shame,
 The statesman's art, save many a name;
 But we hear no more, by plain or shore,
 The names the wise forgotten bore.
 The loved and wept forgotten !
 The gentle and the sweet,
 Whose voice and step and kindly smile
 'Twas happiness to greet;
 The sunlight of the princely board,
 The joy of cottage hearth,
 Free were their warm affections poured,
 And innocent their mirth.
 Though often the poet's harp rings loud
 With the melody of a title proud,
 And wealth has graven his memory where
 Proud palaces rise and temples fair :
 Yet we hear no more, the wide earth o'er,
 The names that the forgotten bore.

THE COURT OF KING OTHO.

THE Court of King Otho has but little of "the pomp and circumstance" which are wont to characterize the palaces of princes, and none of the grandeur and lustre which a long line of kings, the wealth of nations and the revolutions of ages have shed upon the old principalities of Europe, or the magnificent monarchies of the East. The present residence of their majesties, though called by courtesy "the Palace," is, in fact, an ordinary house, and has neither lofty halls nor shady groves for comfort or amusement. They want not only a palace, which is of little importance so long as they have the name and the hope of one, but they want nobility, which is a necessary ingredient to royalty, and a deficiency which neither time nor courtesy can supply. The King and Queen of Greece, unlike the kings and queens of other monarchies, are without the bright creations of nobility; and their august persons are surrounded by plebeians, who, though they are bedecked with crosses and orders of knighthood, have not the sounding titles of earls, lords or counts. The style of living in the Court of Greece is free of royal extravagance; and if we except the royal stables, which are kept on a liberal scale, every thing about the King and his lovely consort is marked by a simplicity which is highly creditable to their good sense, and which is the more to be admired, as it is in unison with the condition of the country over whose destinies they preside. Notwithstanding, however, this appearance of poverty, which we have reason to consider as a virtue and an ornament, and the absence of the false and transient light which plays and glitters upon the Courts of haughty tyrants and long established monarchs, there is, nevertheless, in Otho's Court something which, though it may not dazzle the giddy nor bewilder the idle, serves to please the wise and interest the thoughtful. King Otho being the source of power, his Court is necessarily the centre of attraction around him, as round a centre are clustered not only the flippant courtiers of the day, but the most illustrious personages of the nation; his royal fetes and royal balls call together an heterogeneous, but interesting assembly, and presents to the eye of a stranger a "tableau vivant," where one beholds the statesman as well as the wild and untutored heroes of the Greek revolution.

Soon after our arrival in Greece and our presentation to their majesties, we had the pleasure of attending a royal ball and witnessing

the light and life of King Otho's Court. At the appointed time and hour, we repaired to what is called the "Old Palace," and were ushered through a suite of rooms into a spacious rotunda. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and crowded to overflowing with an assembly which comprehended the worth and beauty of Athens. In point of numbers and splendour, the assembly was doubtless inferior to those which enliven the levees of European monarchs, but in point of novelty and variety of costumes, it surpassed every thing of the kind I had ever seen or heard. It was indeed a gay and dazzling scene; but in order to give even a faint idea of the "tout ensemble," I must be allowed to note some particulars.

On the right of the hall stood, conscious of their stiff dignity and high importance, the representatives of the European powers, with their embroidered uniforms and gay ribands, and to the left arrayed themselves the ministers of Otho, vying with their competitors, the ministers of Russia, France and England, in the richness of their uniforms and the splendour of their trappings. At the head of the hall, and between these two ranks of laced courtiers, appeared the ladies of the Court; that is, the wives of foreign ministers, these of the Councillors of State, and Her Majesty's "dames d'honneur." These were all attired in the latest fashion of Paris; and beside those who were lost in the light of their diamonds and their brilliants, there were many whom nature had endowed with the more captivating and more valuable ornaments of female loveliness and grace; amid this bevy of bright beings, the dark-eyed daughter of Marco Botzaris shone like a morning star. The parties I have described were flanked and hemmed in by the Bavarian officers and the Greek warriors; the latter of whom being dressed in the gay and singular costume of their native land, appeared the most unique and the most interesting objects in King Otho's hall. Their "snowy camizze" and gold-embroidered jackets set off their fine persons and athletic forms, while their broad sabres, which were slung carelessly along their left side, gave them a wild and warlike air. These chiefs, or, as they are called, the Pulicars, had, formerly, no other occupation but the honourable vocation of arms; and their country being under the dominion of the Turks, they were seldom admitted into the list of regular tyrants—they were never raised to the high dignity of prime ministers, nor permitted to paint a thousand lies, or blot out whole nations with a drop of ink. They were

therefore obliged to shift sail and tack about with the caprices of their fortune, and attach themselves to occupations which best suited their circumstances and inclinations. Some betook themselves to the high mountains, and became the terror of foes and friends; others less daring, confined their operations to the more innocent amusement of increasing their flocks, by stealing the kids of their neighbours; while some,

“More modest, took a humbler range
Of life, and in an honest vocation,
Pursued o’er the high seas their watery jour-
neys,
And merely practised as the sea attorneys.”

In short, they were each and all rare boys, and by a long series of glorious achievements, proved themselves worthy to be the descendants of Mercury, who being born

“————— at the faint peep of day,
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo’s herds.”

When the Greek revolution broke out, these wild Pulicars flew to the rescue of their country; and from restless Klefts and roaming Corsairs, they rose to the dignity of warriors and heroes. Noter Batranis, Chitzo, Tzarclus, the brothers of Grivus, the old and young Colocotrinis, Nikitus the Turk eater, Tzamis Karataso, Protroley, Mauromichalis, George Kanari, the brave Kriezsa, and many others, who, though present, were lost in the heaving crowd, were the living companions of Marco Botzaris, of Capt. Hastings, of Karaiskahi, of Lord Byron, of Pope Fleshas, and the long line of storied names. While I was engaged in examining the persons and recalling the history of the heroes who stood round me, and while I was moralizing on the strange accidents which had gathered them into such a strange place, the dense mass of the crowd gave way, and the royal train entered the hall. King Otho bowed to the right and left, while his lovely consort tossed a few smiles upon the long line of gay courtiers and lofty warriors, and then glided to her place like a fair city on the glad waters of a joyous stream.



FREEDOM OF INQUIRY.—Let not the freedom of inquiry be shackled. If it multiplies contentions amongst the wise and virtuous, it exercises the charity of those who contend. If it shakes, for a time, the belief that is rested only upon prejudice, it finally settles it on the broader and more solid basis of conviction.

[From “Solitude and Other Poems.”]

A N E L E G Y .

TEARS and smiles together blending,
Oft possess a magic power,
When the briny drops descending,
Glitter like some sunny shower;
But the helpless child of sorrow
Bruis’d and smitten as he lies,
From kind tears no bliss can borrow,
Tears are strangers to his eyes.

Yes, the sons of grief have spoken,
As the desert winds they sigh—
“Lo! the wretch whose heart is broken,
Finds the source of tears is dry!”
Yet if copious streams distilling,
Might but warm that breast of thine,
Friendship’s holiest fount revealing,
None should flow more free than mine.

Though the mutual ties that bound us,
Long have ceas’d to urge their sway;
Yet had friendship thrown around us,
Bonds I cannot cast away.
In my bosom memory lingers,
Past enjoyments to recall;
Like the sunbeam’s golden fingers,
Bright in some deserted hall.

Emulous as summer breezes,
Clust’ring round the Sabbath bell;
Prompt as the first sound arises,
Far to bear the holy knell;
Gentle spirits stood around him,
—Gentle still in life was he—
Till each earthly tie that bound him,
Burst, and left his spirit free.

Yet these bonds full long detain’d him,
Struggling in a house of pain;
Parents, children, wife, restrain’d him,
—Links in nature’s silken chain:—
Thus the willow, old or blighted,
Bends its branches to the earth;
These, to earth again united,
Give the stock a second birth.

But his tent of clay forsaken,
Lost in death’s unlovely gloom;
Will my friend no more awaken
From the slumber of the tomb?—
Hold the winds, and bind the ocean—
Bid old time forget his sway—
Yet shall faith with firm devotion,
Point the Resurrection day!



SCOLARS are frequently to be met with, who are ignorant of nothing—saving their own ignorance.

EVENINGS AT A FRIEND'S.

"I AM always glad to find myself at this gate. What a profusion of roses!—as beautiful too, as if they grew in 'the bower by Bendemeer's stream.' You see I have helped myself to a bouquet, Mr. Darley."

"That is right, and you have Shakespeare's authority—'Sweets to the sweet,' or 'to thee sweet,' as some render it."

"I hope you will read Hamlet to us soon, but I should like to-night to learn something more of these canes, or their donors rather.—This one excites my curiosity, it is so very rich. There is quite a fortune in gold upon it."

"That was the gift of my wealthy and liberal but somewhat eccentric Uncle Baxter. He was one of those rare beings on whom nature and fortune had both lavished their choicest gifts, not more remarkable for personal beauty and great powers of mind, than for this unaffected piety, his active benevolence, his universal charity. One really felt a pleasure in looking at his countenance; it was so radiant, so happy. All loved him; rich and poor, old and young, the evil and the good, all were his friends and he the friend of all. It was then, with the greatest displeasure, that the congregation of Mr. M— received the announcement of an intended marriage between George Baxter and Jane Atkinson. Nothing but the displeasure could equal the surprise.

"Miss Atkinson was notorious throughout the town for her cross, irritable, unbearable temper. She never checked or concealed it in the least, and no one of her acquaintance, supposed a man could be found to make Jane Atkinson his wife. True, she had good natural endowments, but they were all overgrown, or cast into the shade by this shrewish disposition. Her crossness did not appear in paroxysms like that of other ill-tempered people, but was always alive, never lulled to sleep, for ever bubbling over, like a fountain of soda. On their marriage they were established in the handsome house on the pleasantest street in town. Jane's taste was consulted, her opinion followed in all things, and I heard much said of the convenience and style of their arrangements. But angry at the marriage, and frightened by the reports of those who attempted visiting the ill-assorted pair, I did not go to the house. I saw my dear uncle every day in the street, at his counting-room, at my mother's house, or in the church, but never at his own dwelling until some months subsequent to his marriage.

One summer day on passing the open door and hearing loud scolding, I stepped in.—'What is the matter uncle?' I called out at the top of my voice. 'Indeed my dear boy I do not know,' he replied, rising from his book and advancing to meet me. Jane seized the book he left, and seemed about to send it at his head. My uncle turned and caught her arm.

"'Strike me, if you will, Jane,' he said, 'but find some other weapon, I beseech you, than this sacred book.'

"Jane immediately left the room, and I addressed my uncle:

"Will you tell me, uncle, why you married that girl? I cannot believe it was love. I know it was not wealth. But what the inducement was I cannot imagine."

"He seemed thoughtful a moment, and then replied: 'I do not think it inconsistent with proper candour of character, sometimes to conceal from the world the motives which actuate me in a matter that affects myself only, and have therefore never made public my reasons for this act. The world, too, would call me a fool if they knew my motives, but you deserve my confidence and shall have it. You know, my dear William, I had never felt any sorrows but those of others. Since my birth I had never been visited by pain or sickness, by loss of friends or wealth, or reputation. Every thing prospered with me, and the misfortunes most common to human nature seemed forbidden to cross my path. The love of God and man was early shed abroad in my heart, and I daily delighted in the works of creation and providence. I felt as if I needed some trial, some sorrow, to withdraw my affections from a world I had found so pleasant. I thought it could not be known what was in man until he had passed through the furnace of affliction, that my Christian character needed some test. I feared that what I had taken for love to God and his creatures, was merely a complacency of fortunate circumstances. I thought poverty might be a proper trial, and therefore gave liberally and neglected the means of accumulating, but still my purse was full.

"My parents urged my marrying, and thinking it would be a severe trial, and therefore a wholesome discipline to my spirit, to have always an unquiet and unhappy home, I married with that very intent and expectation, (knowing Jane's infirmity of temper.) that patience might have her perfect work."

"Indeed I think you have had enough of such disciplines," I exclaimed, "do you expect your patience will last through life? I would

not endure such thralldom for a day. Do you not repent ?

"No. It has, I hope, shown me the weakness of man's wisdom, the impotence of his own unaided judgement, and led me to place more entire dependence on the only All-wise and All-good. And if in any way, though in a manner differing from my intentions, it will help me to purify my spirit here, and fit it for those blessed mansions where sin cannot enter, should not the evil be borne for the sake of the good. Nay, is it not a blessing ?"

"It is not necessary to give you more of this conversation. It appeared the remarks were all heard by Mrs. Baxter, and increased the usual torrent of passion in her breast. Her first impulse was to fly at her husband, in a rage. But she recollected that would be doing the very thing he wished. How mortifying to think she had been furthering his purposes and accomplishing the very object for which he married her, all the time she had been thwarting and opposing him.

"It shall be no longer," she said, at length, 'I will defeat him still. He shall never make my sins the ladder to mount to heaven.'

"Resolute as she was in all her purposes, Jane now curbed her unhappy temper, and no longer met her husband with causeless frowns and unmerited reproofs. She did not to be sure, treat him at that time with the most tender affection, but she no longer obstructed his plans and thwarted his wishes. She now, for the first time knelt with him in the house of God, and at the domestic altar.

"Gradually, though at first all unsought and undesired by herself, did that grace which can melt the most stubborn, subdue, soften, and remodel her evil disposition.

"The fine qualities of her mind, which had been obscured by this overgrown and monstrous temper, seemed just developed. She was indeed a new creature, for no one could find in the mild, serene, amiable Mrs. Baxter, the distinguishing traits of Jane Atkinson.

"That affection which had been growing in the heart of both the husband and wife, now ripened into full and perfect love. Olive plants, fresh and beautiful as the day, grew up around their table, and my uncle's only trouble is still the fear of loving his dear ones too well, and having all his portion in this life."



The last argument of the poor, whenever they have recourse to it, will carry more, perhaps, than persuasion to parliament, or supplication to the throne.

Written for the Amaranth.

—
STANZAS.
—

I would not mingle in the throng,
Nor rove among the bright and gay :
I care not for the jest, or song,
That gilds youth's fair and joyous way ;
I envy not proud beauty's airs,
Her witching smiles—her youthful glce,
And wealth with all her thousand snares
Has not a single charm for me !

I would not rove the festive hall,
Where mirth lights up each happy face.
Where honour, glory, splendour, all,
Wave strong their charm of matchles grace
Where love its softest lustre beams.
Where music's sweetest measure's tread—
Where beauty's dazzling splendour seems
A fairy dream o'er all to shed.

Oh ! no, down in some lonely glen,
Where nature beams in mild array,
Unknown, unnoticed, and unseen—
My life should gently glide away ;
I'd wander through each shady grove,
Climb the steep mountain's rugged brow.
List to the warbler's notes of lore—
Or watch the murmuring streamlet flow.

In moonlight hours I'd sit and gaze,
With awe, upon the calm blue Heaven.
Behold the glittering orbs that praise
The hand by whom their brightness g.ava.
Oh ! thus should life, now dull and drear.
So sweetly, gently, pass away ;
Misfortunes frown I would not fear,
Nor heed what this cold world might sar

St. John, March, 1842. H. S. B.



WIT.

WIT is the most dangerous talent we can possess—it must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy, yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity that they who possess it are intoxicated, and lose all self-command. Though it is the most captivating, yet it is the most dreaded of all talents ; the most dangerous to those who have it, and the most feared by those who have not. He who has grown rich without it, and safe and sober dulness, shuns it as a disease, and looks upon poverty as its invariable concomitant.—*Dr. Blair.*

THE RASH ENGAGEMENT ;
OR, A BACHELOR'S REMINISCENCE.

CHAPTER I.

"The passions of our youth ! like lava floods,
They desolate life's green and flowery path,
Leaving but ashes 'neath our weary feet—
The ashes of our hopes."

"THEN you will not accompany me to Niagara, uncle?"

"No; I will go any where else with you, Charles, but I cannot visit Niagara with other feelings than those of pain."

"Your favorite, Lucy Lisburne, is to be of the party; will not that inducement tempt you?"

"For your sake, boy, I am glad she is going, for she is one who well deserves the love of a noble heart, but do not ask me to revisit a scene so full of sorrowful recollections. I could not bear to look upon the wonders of the mighty cataract now. Years have passed since last I trod its rocky barriers, and the gentle being who then was my companion, has long since faded from the earth, but the remembrance of her bright face haunts me still—a lovely and yet fearful spectre of the past.—Listen to the tale of my early folly, Harry, and you will learn how deeply the events of a single moment may influence one's whole existence.

"I had just completed my collegiate studies, and the severe struggle by which alone I was enabled to secure the highest prizes in my class, had exhausted both mental and bodily strength. I determined, therefore, to spend a month or two in vagabondizing, previous to devoting myself to the acquisition of my future profession, and taking with me the smallest possible quantity of baggage, I went on board a North River steamboat, intending to be governed entirely by my own truant inclination in my future course. The excitement which I had undergone, had left me suffering under such extreme lassitude of spirits, that I preferred travelling quite alone, and, on looking round among my fellow passengers, was rejoiced to find myself an isolated individual, surrounded by entire strangers. After amusing myself for some time, with quiet speculations upon the character and manners of my travelling companions, I was fast lapsing into one of those delicious reveries which abstract the mind so completely from the common things of earth, when my eye accidentally fell upon my opposite neighbour, and, for once, reality seemed to me more beautiful than fancy. I never saw a lovelier

face than her's. The features, when in repose, might have served a painter as a model for a Madonna, so soft was the outline, so perfect the symmetry. Her complexion, pale, but so delicate, that the branching of the thread-like veins was distinctly visible on her fair brow—eyes of that hazel hue, which is ever so full of tenderness—lips like the inner leaves of a rosebud, and long, light-brown curls, flinging over the whole countenance just the proper degree of shadow—all combined to form a picture, which, in perfection of form, and richness of colouring, was unrivalled. Absorbed in placid thought, the young girl sat looking out upon the water, and it was long before a change in her position compelled me to withdraw my gaze from her beauty. When I did so, however, I was almost as much struck with the appearance of her travelling companion. He was an old man, with a countenance of singular mildness and benignity. His features were eminently handsome, and his high bald forehead added a very intellectual character to his face, while the thick curling locks of silvered black, which fell on his shoulders in a manner then rarely seen, gave him an almost apostolic air. The strong similitude between the two, suggested the idea of the relationship which existed between them, and notwithstanding the deep lines with which time had marred the elder face, it was evident that they were father and daughter.

"My close observation of them, soon enabled me to discover that they did not belong to the higher orders of society. There was little in the young girl's manner to betray a want of refined breeding, but still a few trifling circumstances, taken in connection with her father's mode of address, convinced me of the fact. A young collegian is rarely destitute of that kind of moral courage which wiser folks term impudence, and I determined to make use of my peculiar endowments of that nature, in order to form an acquaintance with the strangers.—Chance favoured my design. The father had forgotten to procure a newspaper; I offered him mine, and this little courtesy on my part, I took care should be repaid by a prolonged discussion of the politics of the day. We had some very agreeable conversation, and while I could not help noticing that the old man's language was that of one whose early education had been very defective, I was greatly struck with the raciness of his remarks, and his keen insight into human nature. The daughter sat, a silent, but attentive listener, and, as she smiled at our occasional jests, I thought her

face even lovelier in its mirthful, than in its pensive expression. At the tea-table, I had an opportunity of devoting myself particularly to the daughter, for the old man seemed to have little idea of waiting upon a lady, and I found my civilities by no means ill-received. Indeed, by the time the hurried meal was finished, we had become quite familiar, and, as I handed the beautiful girl up to the promenade deck, I ventured to take a seat beside her, without meeting any repulse. My suspicion of their entire ignorance of the observances of good society, were now confirmed by the imprudent frankness with which she allowed herself to be drawn into conversation by me. As the boat glided rapidly through the majestic Highlands, we talked of the beauty of the scenery, until the moon rose high above the verdant hills, and then 'the hour, the place, the scene,' led us into poetry, romance and sentiment.—Among my college-mates, I could have laughed to scorn such vague fancies, such crude ideas, such wild visions of future life, as seemed to fill the mind and heart of my artless companion. But there was something sacred from ridicule in her earnestness and simplicity; her very guilelessness was her security, and as I listened to her youthful feelings, uttered by such bright lips, and with such sweet looks, I felt that the pleasantness of all studies was the study of a young and pure heart. The time passed like a dream. The old man, who had been pacing the deck, occasionally stopping to exchange a word with us, now grew weary, and desired his daughter to retire. She obeyed with evident reluctance, and left me musing on the singular contradiction between her evident cultivation of mind, and her entire ignorance of the decorum and etiquette which society has prescribed as rules of conduct to its subjects. The witchery of her exceeding beauty, her modest bearing, her delicacy of sentiment, and her innocent frankness, were irresistible attractions to a young and ardent boy, as I then was.—That she belonged to a respectable class of society, I could not doubt; and I came to the conclusion that her father was one of that large portion of our citizens who are 'in transitu'—persons yet in the *chrysalis*, or rather spinning the web of their future splendours. I imagined he would be found to be some petty shop-keeper, who, in anticipation of wealth, had bestowed on his daughter all the advantages which could be derived from a good education, while I considered her manners as evincing a continual struggle between early habitual associations, and acquired knowledge. However,

the adventure promised amusement, and I determined to continue in their company, at least until the novelty of the affair was past.

"The next morning I managed to discover that a visit to Niagara and Canada, formed part of their projected tour, and, consequently, that also became the course which I designed to pursue. The girl did not attempt to conceal her satisfaction, when she found that I was still to continue with them, and although her father looked grave, and fixed on me a searching glance, yet, as soon as he learned my name, (of which I took an early opportunity to inform him,) his scruples, whatever they were, seemed to vanish. In this point he had a decided advantage over me, for although my family was so well known, that the simple announcement of our name was a guarantee for our rank in society, yet, when he reciprocated my confidence, I only learned that he was "Charles Grayson." I was, therefore, little wiser respecting them, than I had been when I first met him; but, however, I was in pleasant company, and with the thoughtlessness of a boy, I determined to enjoy it.

CHAPTER II.

'In a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and the blight
Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
And color things to come with hues of night.'

CHILDE HAROLD.

"I will not lead you step by step, along the perilous path of passion which I then pursued. I learned that Juliet (her very name was enough to awaken the susceptible nature of a Shakspeare-worshipper,) had just returned from the Moravian school at Bethlehem, where she had spent the last five years, in the completion of her education. She was tolerably well skilled in music, spoke a little German, was thoroughly versed in all *useful* knowledge, and, in fact, had acquired all that she could learn among that simple and practical sect of Christians. But she was as ignorant as a babe of the ways of the world; and the guilelessness of her nature, while it added new charms to her loveliness, rendered her position in society one of difficulty and danger. Enthusiastic and affectionate, her heart filled with undeveloped passion, and her head teeming with the romantic visions, fostered by many a stealthily-read novel and poem—beautiful as a painter's dream, and artless as an infant, she was, altogether, the most fascinating creature I ever knew.—She was certainly superior to her station in society—superior in manners, in taste, and in feeling, for though all her father's good sense

and quick wit was perceptible, a taint of vulgarity, which clearly showed that he had learned more from men than from books, and that his studies had not lain among the polished and characterless denizens of high life.

"Juliet was keenly alive to the beauties of nature. Brought up on the banks of the romantic Lehigh, she had learned to appreciate the charms of fine scenery, and it was truly delightful to witness her enthusiasm for the picturesque. As we climbed the cliffs at Trenton Falls, beholding one after another of the succession of pictures which meet the eye, as one ascends the rocky valley, I watched the varying expression of her exquisite countenance, and felt that of all the beauties of nature, the loveliest is the 'human face divine.' Her eyes would dilate, her cheeks glow, and throwing aside her bonnet, she would bound along the rough path, with her long silken curls tossed by the breezes, seeming to forget every thing in the enjoyment of the moment. It was perfect rapture to me, then to draw her aside into some shady nook, and while she was thus excited, to listen to the fresh and pure feelings which seemed to gush spontaneously from the heart. By the time we reached Niagara, our intimacy had so increased, that in all our little excursions, though her father generally accompanied her, yet she became my especial charge, and, at length, the old man, unable to keep pace with our activity, contented himself to remain at the hotel, while we wandered, as we would, amid the wonders of the cataract.

"Who ever visited Niagara for the first time, without being sensible of an elation and elevation of spirit, which almost seemed like a species of mental intoxication? I look back with wonder to the excitement of that period. I remember how coolly and rationally I managed all my daily affairs—I ate and drank and slept—I looked and acted just like the hundreds of people whom I saw around me, and yet I firmly believe that I was then on the very verge of insanity. I forgot every thing except the wonders by which I was surrounded, and the beautiful companion who beheld them with me. Hour after hour we wandered together amid the secluded shades of Goat Island, our steps haunted by the deep music of the rushing waters, and threading our devious way even back to the fearful brink of the cataract, to find new excitement and bewilderment in the re-scene view. What a strong toil was woven about me then! The greatest marvel of the universe was before my eyes—the melody of the woods and waters was mingling in my ears

with the sweet voice of one of the fairest of God's creatures—and a lovely being of almost unearthly loveliness was at my side, bending on me such looks of innocent tenderness as might have thrilled the soul of an anchorite.—I was fascinated—spell-bound—maddened.

"One morning—it was the crisis of my destiny—we crossed to the Canada side, and instead of taking the usual route to the Aqueduct house, on the brink of the cataract, we climbed the hill along the path generally used by the soldiers of the garrison. It was a difficult and, in some places, a dangerous ascent, but it rendered Juliet so dependent upon my strong arm, that I scarcely felt its fatigue. We reached the top, flushed and heated with the toilsome way, and were rejoiced to find that the throng of visitors had all dispersed ere we arrived at the house. Juliet gaily proposed, that, as there were no idle spectators to behold us, we should refresh ourselves by going *under the fall*; and without a moment's reflection, I immediately summoned the guide to lead us amid the 'Phleggethon of waters.' We retired to array ourselves in proper costume for the enterprize, and when we met again at the foot of Table Rock, we enjoyed a merry laugh at the sudden transformation which each had undergone. Our dress was of the rudest kind, and I might have served as a model for a young smuggler, while Juliet was attired in the coarse but picturesque garb of a fish-wife. But no change of garment could conceal her exquisite beauty, and as she flung back her long curls beneath the coarse straw hat, which had been tied on to protect her from the dashing spray, her face was that of a youthful Hebe. The little guide—he was but a boy—fastened one hand in the rope girdle which bound her waist, and led the way, while I followed close behind. The path was steep and slippery, and a deluge of water, which nearly blinded us, met us at the very entrance of the pass. But as we proceeded, the overhanging cliff became broader, and at length we reached a point, where we were so far sheltered from the pouring stream, that we could raise our heads and look around us. The light which struggled faintly through the mighty mass of tumbling waters, was like that of the pale grey dawn; and as we leaned against the rock, and looked into the terrific liquid arch which spanned our narrow pathway, we almost fancied that we could feel the vibration of the very stones beneath our feet. It was like standing on the threshold of eternity, for the ever sounding waters, rushing on and on and on, disturbed the mind like the vague image of

infinity, and we felt that it needed but one plunge to discover to us the mysteries of another world. Juliet drew close to my side, awe-struck and overwhelmed with emotion, but the guide urged us onward, and we followed him until our feet touched the last step between life and death. As we were returning, the guide lost his hat; you smile at my mentioning so trivial a circumstance, Charles, but you have not yet learned how 'trifles light as air' often decide our future fate. The little fellow saw it on the rock below, and, too familiar with danger to fear, he begged us to remain beneath the shelter of the impending rock, until he should regain it. How many are there in the world whose whole lives have been coloured by the events of a single moment! I drew Juliet towards me—my arm encircled her slender waist—the impulses of youthful passion overpowered the religious awe which the solemn beauty of the scene had awakened—I whispered in her ear those burning words which trace themselves upon the heart of the listener in characters never to be effaced, and even amid the roar of the eternal cataract, those words were *heard and answered*. Her head rested on my shoulder—her lips met mine, and that kiss, thrilling like a heartquake through every nerve, sealed the fate of both. The guide returned—speechless from excess of feeling, we silently followed him, and as we once more looked into each other's face, beneath the unclouded light of a summer sky, the past moment seemed like a delicious dream.

CHAPTER III.

"When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love first pales his light—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone—
Of fire long passed away."—*Moorc.*

"I now looked upon Juliet as my affianced wife, but my delirium of passion did not blind me to the consequences of my rashness. My father, an old Virginian, was one of the proudest men I ever knew. Notwithstanding all the changes of fashion, he still displayed in the drawing-room, a widely-branching genealogical tree, emblazoned with many curious devices, and he often pointed out with no small degree of complacency, the name of Sir Aylmar de Vavasour, who first planted its root in merry England, in the time of the Norman Conqueror. Indeed, he carried his pride of descent to an almost ludicrous excess, and while his great wealth rendered him perfectly indif-

ferent to the dowry of a bride for his son, he was especially fastidious respecting the family of those with whom my sister and myself associated. This was an idle and foolish prejudice in our land of equality, but it had been the besetting sin of my grandfather even when he chose America as the home of his adoption, and perhaps I am not quite free from it, although at that time passion silenced all other feelings. In despite of my fervent love for Juliet, I had many secret misgivings of heart; I dared not think of the future; the images of an angry parent, and a sneering world, were ever before me, when I contemplated the moment that was to bind me to her by their revocable bonds of marriage. I possessed a small estate, bequeathed to me by an uncle, and as this secured me a present competence, I determined to gain the consent of Juliet and her father, to a private union. The idea of breaking off our engagement never once occurred to me, for if I had been fascinated by her charms when I first beheld her, how much more was I under her influence now, when the spell of her innocent tenderness was added to the witchery of her beauty. My nature was impetuous, but frank and generous. I told Mr. Grayson of my love for his daughter, without attempting to conceal my consciousness of my father's displeasure. He listened to me with quiet satisfaction, and while he candidly acknowledged that he would gladly bestow on me her hand, he counselled me to keep our engagement a secret, until I could ascertain my father's sentiments. This exactly suited my own views of the matter, and after an absence of two months, we returned to our native city, with feelings very different from those which actuated us when we bade it adieu.

"I cannot describe the mingled feelings with which I prepared to visit Juliet for the first time in her own house, for I feared lest I should meet something offensive to my refined habits of life. But I was mistaken. Every thing about the house was plain and neat, without making any pretension to elegance. Juliet's piano was the only ornament of the little parlour, and when the fair creature met me at the door with a blush and a smile, I felt that for such a home and such a companion, I could willingly resign the appliances of wealth. But my feelings underwent a sudden and painful revulsion at the sight of Mrs. Grayson. Large and unwieldy in person, yet bearing traces of the coarse beauty which must have characterized her in youth—with a voice like a parrot and manners marked by a kind of boisterous

good humour, it seemed scarcely possible that such a being could be the mother of my gentle Juliet. Her unmitigated vulgarity seemed to reflect itself on every thing around her, and even her daughter appeared to lose a portion of her delicate grace, when she appeared beside her mother. I began now to scrutinize the habits and pursuits of the father also. His character was, to me, a perfect riddle. There was, at times, a jeering tone of sceptical philosophy in his remarks, which seemed quite inconsistent with the careful performance of all social duties for which he was so remarkable. He acted like a man of virtue and honour, as far as I could judge, but he often uttered sentiments worthy of a consummate scoundrel. He held the opinion that men were only honest when their interests led them to be so, and he seemed to delight in the expression of startling paradoxes or painful truths, in the history of human nature. Nothing could be more ill-suited to the unsuspecting and confiding character of an impetuous youth, than the cold, sarcastic, sneering philosophy of one who had grown grey in worldly wisdom. Yet the calm, benevolent countenance of the old man, seemed to belie his own experience, and but for an occasional sinister expression in his deep set eyes, and a scornful smile which sometimes flitted over his handsome mouth, his face was that of one who had drunk only from the sweet waters of truth and goodness.

"I was sensible, too, of a singular change in my feelings towards Juliet. I still loved her with the most impassioned tenderness, but from the moment that I had pledged my faith to her, I became sensitive to every thing that could detract from her charms. I watched her every movement, and her ignorance of conventional forms, which had once seemed to me so captivating, now kept me in constant dread lest she should, in some unguarded moment, expose herself to ridicule. I became a critic of her dress, her manners and her language. She was now mine—destined to be my future wife, and I grew morbidly alive to the minute defects of her character. At first, I had compared her naive and freshness of feeling with the cold manners and rigid decorum of the daughters of fashion; but now I found myself contrasting the elegant self-possession and refined conversation of those very persons, with the occasional errors in language, and the blushing timidity of my future bride. I believe Juliet felt the change, but she uttered no complaints.—She studied to adapt herself to my wishes in every respect. She withdrew from all inter-

course with her former associates; she dressed with the most scrupulous simplicity, and she applied herself diligently to the study of the books I had recommended.

"Alas! the first phase of passion had already past! Imagination had robbed her as a divinity, and set her on high as an object of worship, but the illusion was rapidly vanishing. She was still as beautiful, still as gentle, still as fond as when I first looked upon her exquisite loveliness; why, then, did I feel such a void in the heart once filled by her image? It was because mine was a passion born of the excited senses, and not the deep and enduring love which springs from an appreciation of moral and intellectual, as well as physical beauty. Well might he, whose life was but a succession of passionate dreams, exclaim:

"Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but
the cure
Is better still, as charm by charm unwinds,
Which robbed our idols."

CHAPTER IV.

"The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those who walk in darkness."

CHILDE HAROLD.

"The very repugnance to complete my engagement with Juliet, which I felt growing up within my heart, determined me to hasten its fulfilment. I feared my own weakness of purpose, and actually began to experience a sort of dread, lest I should hereafter be tempted to break my troth. I therefore determined to make her my wife in secret, and then to bury ourselves in Paris until I should be able to add the polish of society to her native charms. I hoped that, in the course of a few years, I should be able to return to my native land, and present to my friends a wife whose loveliness and elegance would remove all suspicion of a lowly origin, while I trusted to my own tact, and her father's shrewd worldliness for aiding me to preserve the secret. It was a romantic scheme, but to a boy of nineteen, it seemed a perfectly feasible one, and I accordingly communicated as much of it to Mr. Grayson as I deemed necessary to ensure his acquiescence. He assented to my plans more readily than I had expected, and even exhibited a degree of eagerness for its accomplishment, which almost disgusted me. Having announced, therefore, to my father, my intention of visiting Europe, I prepared to put my designs in execution. I had never met with much affection at home, since the death of my mother, and therefore I felt little remorse at the undutiful course of conduct which I was about to pursue, but it

did seem to me a most singular state of affairs, when I found myself on the very verge of a clandestine marriage, while my feelings, in spite of myself, revolted against it. There was a fearful struggle in my bosom between a sense of honour and a consciousness of declining passion, but I determined that though my life might be an unhappy one, it should never be burdened with the weight of a broken vow.

"A state-room in one of the Havre packet-ships had been engaged for 'Mr Vavasour and friend;' our baggage was already on board; the time appointed for our marriage, was the evening preceding the day on which the ship intended to sail, and we had made our arrangements for Juliet to take possession of her state-room at an early hour in the morning so as to avoid coming into collision with any of my friends. The marriage was to be solemnized in the strictest privacy. Juliet's parents, and one or two of their friends, sworn to secrecy, were all that I would allow to be present, and I had engaged a young friend, who had just entered the church, to perform the ceremony.

"It was the evening of a close and sultry day in August. The atmosphere had been excessively heated, and at nightfall, commenced one of the severest tempests I ever witnessed. Peal after peal of thunder shook the vaulted roof of heaven, and blinding flashes of livid lightning lighted up the pitchy darkness of the clouded sky; the rain fell in torrents, and the force of the wind was absolutely terrific. The hour appointed for the solemnization of our marriage, came and passed, but our friend, the clergyman, dared not face the fury of the storm, and we were obliged to await his coming. It was a state of suspense perfectly intolerable to me, for I felt like one who had nerved himself to the performance of some deed of heroism, and longs for the trial to be past. Juliet never looked more lovely. Her simple dress of spotless white—the single band of pearls—my bridal gift—which encircled her bright ringlets—the soft flush of maiden modesty upon her smooth cheek—the tender emotion which suffused her dove-lustrous eyes with liquid lustre—all added to the wonderful beauty of her countenance.

"Two hours passed away in this state of expectancy, when, suddenly, the door-bell rung, and the well known voice of my friend was heard in the hall. Taking the hand of my trembling bride, after the delay of a few moments, I descended to the little parlour where I supposed we were now awaited; but ere I reached the door, a strange tumult arose with-

in the apartment. Two men, roughly garbed, and dripping with rain, had followed the clergyman into the hall, and, as I entered the room, I beheld one of them on each side of Mr. Grayson, holding him with a grasp as strong as death, while the old man, pale, trembling, and affrighted, stood in perfect silence between them. My first impulse was to rush forward and release him, but one of them waving me off with one hand, exclaimed: 'Beware, young man, how you interfere in the administration of justice.'

'What does all this mean?' I asked; 'if you want bail, I am ready.'

'Not so fast, sir,' was the cool reply. 'We have arrested this man on a criminal charge.'

'At these words the terrified Juliet uttered a faint cry, and fell fainting into my arms.—The scene which ensued, defies description.—All was confusion and terror, and Mr. Grayson yielding passively to the officers, allowed them to hurry him away ere one of us could recover presence of mind enough to ascertain the nature of the charge against him. My friend, the clergyman, however, volunteered to follow them, and I was left to listen to the loud bewailings of the unhappy wife, and to watch over the successive fainting-fits which had now seized the wretched Juliet.

"It was daylight ere Mr. ——— returned with his terrible tidings. His tale was almost incredible. Mr. Grayson, whose ostensible business was that of keeping a seaman's clothing warehouse, had been, for many years, engaged in the traffic of counterfeit money. He had long kept up a regular communication with Canada, where was the principal establishment for the manufacture of spurious bills of the various banks, and he regularly received from thence certain sums, which he sold to all who were disposed to share the risk and the profit. But even this was not the worst feature of the fearful story. The police had long known of his nefarious transactions, but his safety had been purchased by the sacrifice of others. He had been employed as a sort of decoy to criminals less wily than himself, and as, year after year, he fed the insatiate appetite of justice with the victims whom he had himself enticed into this lawless traffic, he had been allowed to pursue his evil calling unmolested. He had become rich, and the impunity with which he had escaped for so many years, rendered him less cautious in his mode of proceeding. He had been tracked in his visit to the Havre packet, and the ministers of the law, fearing lest he meditated an escape from their hands

determined to grant him no further immunity from punishment. The story was almost beyond belief. Here was a man who appeared a kind husband, an affectionate father, a good neighbour, a respectable member of society, and yet his daily business had been to entrap and ruin those who were too young or too miserable to resist temptation. He had educated his own child at a distance from all contact with evil, had imbued her with the strictest principles of honour and rectitude, yet the greater part of his life had been spent in seducing the children of others from the paths of honesty, for many were the youth of both sexes, who, after being induced by him to pass the false bills (which he sold, but never issued himself,) were now expiating in a prison, the guilt which he had first instigated, and then denounced.

"I cannot narrate the sickening detail of all that occurred during the next few weeks.—Juliet clung to the belief of her father's innocence, but anguish of mind had confined her to a bed of sickness, and a few pencilled words which were exchanged between us every evening, limited our intercourse. I suppose I might have asserted the privileges of a betrothed lover, and been allowed to watch beside her couch of suffering, but the tumult of my feelings was such, that I rather dreaded such painful interviews. In one of her notes, written just before the trial, she begged me to attend it, and bring her the first tidings of his acquittal, for of that result she did not permit herself to doubt. I obeyed her wishes only in part. I was present in court—I heard the terrible words which pronounced him *guilty!* and sentenced him to imprisonment at *hard* labour for *fourteen years!* It was a frightful scene. The old man, with his silvery hair and mild countenance, was a study for an artist; as he looked sorrowfully upon his judges. He listened to his fearful doom in silence—a bitter smile crossed his quivering lip, and bowing to the court, he said in a low, clear voice, 'I thank you, gentlemen; I did not think, 'till now, that I had so many years to live.' A murmur ran through the apartment as he was led away, and even those who looked upon him as a hardened sinner, could not choose but pity the grey haired criminal.

"I had promised to bear the tidings to Juliet, but though I knew the anxiety with which she was awaiting me, I dared not enter the abode of such unutterable wretchedness. The next morning I received a note from her :

'Come to me,' she said, 'come, and let me

find justice at your hand, since it is banished from the hearts of men. Tell me only that you are convinced of the integrity of my beloved father, and I will become your wife—even in the midst of all my agony I will become your own true and loving wife, and we will flee far from this cruel land, to some place where peace may yet abide.'

"I obeyed her summons, but all of human suffering and grief was concentrated in that dreadful meeting. Fully convinced of her father's innocence, Juliet had never dreamed that the mere suspicion of such a stain upon his name had raised an insuperable barrier between us. Overwhelmed with grief for his cruel fate, she had never reflected how deeply her own was involved in it. She seemed to consider our union only *deferred* until the first violence of her sorrow should have subsided. Gradually the truth broke upon her mind. In the trustfulness of her guileless and loving nature, she was long insensible to my vague intimations of a future fraught with still deeper anguish. Her head was resting on my bosom, her arms were about my neck at the very moment when my lips revealed to her the fatal necessity of a final separation between us.—Kindly—tenderly as the truth was communicated to her, it yet came upon her like a thunderbolt. She rose from my embrace, and looked in my face with such an expression of pleading sorrow in her eyes, that my heart was wrung; but she uttered not a word as she slowly turned from me, and entered an adjoining room. She closed the door behind her, but I could hear the agonized sobs, and convulsive breathing, which told of the overpowering emotion which she was suffering. She was deaf to all my entreaties to be permitted to speak one moment with her, and bidding me leave the house if I valued her future peace, I dared not disobey. On the following morning I received this letter from her :

'This is the last, Henry—you will never receive another letter from me. Why did you come to trouble the calm current of my life? Yours has been a vain, selfish, wicked love, Henry; you know nothing of such deep affection as lives within my heart. I could follow you through shame and through sorrow, strong in my own purity and integrity, but you—you cannot take to your bosom the daughter of misfortune—the victim of man's injustice. Go, Henry—forget me if you can; yet no—I will not pass like a shadow from your thoughts; you will remember me while life remains to you, but I will be not like the one dark cloud upon your sunny path. When I am dead, you will think of me with mournful tenderness.—What have I to live for? my father I shall never see again; he will go down to a felon's grave, and I am alone—alone upon the earth.

Yet I am so young—I am not yet eighteen, Henry, and but a few weeks ago I was so happy! I do not mean to reproach you, my beloved, but you shall never forget me—mark me, Henry Vavasour, you shall never forget me. Farewell—farewell; come to me when you read this, and you will see me for the last time; come.

"In a paroxysm of terror I flew to the abode of the Grayson's as soon as I read this wild and incoherent letter. It was early in the morning, but the windows were closed, and I heard the voice of loud weeping as I stood upon the threshold. I rushed into the house—I have a dim recollection of forcing my way through a dense crowd in the narrow hall, but I saw nothing until I found myself at the door of the inner apartment, into which I had seen Juliet enter. A group of women were gathered in the middle of the room—grave, cold, stern-looking men, stood around the bed which had been decked in snow white draperies for our bridal—but I saw only the extended form of my beautiful, my beloved Juliet. She looked like one who had lain down to sleep after the fatigues of a merry dance. Her face was full of placid sweetness, her attitude was that of graceful repose, and I sprang to her side in utter bewilderment at the strange scene which surrounded us. Alas! it was the sleep of death. I bent forward to kiss her pale brow, and its touch shot like an icebolt through my blood. At the same instant, some one lifted her pillow, and while the long curls fell back from her forehead, a vial was drawn from its concealment beneath the clustering mass of ringlets. I heard a confused murmur of many voices—the word 'poison' reached my ears, and I remembered nothing more!

"When I recovered my senses, I had been for months the tenant of a private mad-house, and the doom of the wretched felon, as well as the untimely fate of the lovely but misguided Juliet, had long ceased to be the topic of daily interest. Both were forgotten by the world, but Grayson still lives within his narrow cell, and though the glorious beauty which excited my fatal passion has long since mouldered beneath the coffin-lid, yet her form still lives in my remembrance, a bright but terrific spectre of the past.

"The denunciations of scripture have been literally fulfilled. The sin of the father has been visited heavily upon her who knew no sin, and I have learned the bitter lesson which all must know who 'reap the whirlwind from the oft-sown wind.' The passions of our youth become the severest stings of our late life, our

errors often assume the awful character of crimes; and this one folly of my boyhood has compelled me to bear unto my grave a weight of unutterable remorse; that worst 'burden of the heart—the heart whose sweat is gore.'"



For the Amaranth.

OH, TELL ME NOT.

Oh, tell me not of brighter hours—
Of happier days to come:
Speak not of spring's returning flowers,
They cannot always bloom;—
Too soon, alas! a wintry sky
Bids every flowret droop and die.

Oh, tell me not of friendship's charms,
Friends are not always true;
And sparkling eyes, and snowy arms,
The soft cheek's roseate hue,
Too often bloom where falsehood's art
Lies hidden deep within the heart.

Speak not of love, oh tell me not
'Tis constant, warm, and true,
For each deep vow may be forgot,
And change can quick subdue
The scalding tear—the throbbing sigh,
They live awhile, then fade and die.

But speak of Hope, oh, yes! and know
There is a world above,
Where friendship's blossoms ever blow,
And love—celestial love,
Burns bright—oh! burns forever bright,
And feels not sorrow's withering blight.

Yes, speak of hope, so sweet and calm—
It soothes the troubled breast,
Sheds o'er the wounded heart a balm,
Gives the sad spirit rest;
It points to realms beyond the skies,
Where friendship blooms, and love ne'er dies.
St. John, March, 1842. H. S. B.



NATURE.—We really talk of nature as of a goddess, and say she renews her youth and beauty, and puts on the green robe of Spring, the flowery mantle of Summer, and Autumn's ripe, sheafy crown. But the energy of nature is only the breath of the Almighty—the Creator: her beauty is but the reflection of his benevolence: her bounty is the overflowing of his ever-during love for the creatures he hath made. Rely on Him, and thou wilt never be forsaken—never destitute—never in despair.
Mrs. S. J. Hale.

THE WIDOW'S WEDDING.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

"This looks not like a bridal."

"TELL us a story, uncle; a true story," exclaimed half a dozen young voices, as a group of girls gathered around the arm-chair of the venerable old clergyman.

"But you complain that my true tales are all grave ones," answered Mr. B—.

"Well dear uncle, you must have married a great many people as well as buried them, during your long experience as a parish clergyman; tell us a story of some romantic wedding," cried a gay and giddy creature, seating herself on his footstool as she spoke.

"I remember but few joyous and merry scenes, my light-hearted Mary," answered the old man, as he parted the hair on her white forehead. "Did you never notice in an old picture that the dark tints are always the most enduring, while the once bright ones are faded and dim. It is much the same with the sketches which memory traces in the chambers of our imagery: when she uses the sombre hues of sorrow the picture remains unchanged, but when we would look upon some vivid scene of joy once brightly depicted on our minds, we often find only a ghastly shadow of by gone beauty. Weddings are not always scenes of happiness, Mary."

"I am sure they ought to be," said the maiden, with a blush and a smile.

"Well, children, you shall have your wish. I will tell you of a bridal at which I officiated in earlier life, and you shall judge whether it is sufficiently romantic to please your excited fancy.

"Among the most influential of my parishioners in the little town of Woodlands, was a family named Danville. The father had made a large fortune in trade, and leaving the business in the hands of his two sons, had retired to a newly purchased estate in my neighbourhood, where he lived in a style of splendour, far exceeding that of the surrounding gentry. Proud of his wealth, and vain of its numerous appliances, with which he was surrounded, he was yet hospitable to his friends and charitable to the poor; and if much of his hospitality and charity might be traced to the ostentation which was his besetting sin, yet those who knew him were willing to excuse the weakness for the sake of its frequent good results. His wife resembled him in some points of character. Her past experience of the evils of poverty, had perhaps tended to increase her sense of the

value of money, while it served to keep alive in her a spirit of economy which savored strongly of parsimony, and blended most strangely with the love of display, which formed a prominent trait in her disposition. She was at once luxurious and mean—seeking to outshine her neighbours but always at the least possible expense. The sons were men of business, engaged in the acquisition of gain and having no thought beyond their day-book and ledger.

"But how shall I describe their only daughter, Margaret? It seemed a strange fate which placed a creature so delicate in all her perceptions, so sensitive in her feelings, so refined in all her tastes, amid a family so coarse in their habits. Her figure was almost too fragile for perfect symmetry, but her face was full of that gentle, spiritualized loveliness which the painters of olden time imaged in the countenance of the Madonna. I think I see her now, with her soft brown hair braided smoothly upon her fair brow, her deep blue eyes full of liquid light, and her cheek wearing the delicate tint seen in the inner fold of the sea-shell. Quiet and placid in manner, every movement was full of grace. She had none of the buoyancy of early youth, but her demeanor was characterized by a timid and gentle reserve, which spoke rather of subdued feelings than of a cold nature. She always seemed to me like some delicate wild flower which had sprung up in native fragrance and beauty amid a bed of gaudy and flaming exotics. She was an only daughter, and of course an heiress, and her parents looked forward to the period when she should contract a brilliant marriage. Visions of French Counts and German Barons, and even vague dreams of the younger son of an English peerage, visited the scheming brain of Mrs. Danville. She determined that Margaret should visit Europe and she scarcely doubted that she would return with a title which might excite the envy of all her acquaintances. She reflected upon the splendours of such an alliance; the sound of 'my daughter, the Countess,' rung in her ears, until she almost believed that her wishes were prophecies.

"In pursuance of these plans, Mrs. Danville steadily discouraged the visits and attentions of all those young men, who, attracted by the charms and fortune of Margaret, would willingly have sued for her favor. She wished to keep her daughter secluded from society, lest some girlish fancy should mar her plans, and Margaret's retiring habits rendered this no difficult task. In fact Margaret felt little enjoyment in society, for she knew that the watchful eye of

her mother was constantly upon her, checking the flow of quiet mirth and restraining the free impulses of her pure nature, until she absolutely dreaded to enter a gay circle. Her tastes were all perfectly feminine, and to the cultivation of these she devoted a great proportion of her time, taking little thought for the future, so long as the present brought contentment. She was neither a genius nor a beauty, but the loveliness of her gentle nature, her quiet good sense, and her nobleness of heart, were depicted in her sweet face, and if I were called to sketch the face of an angelic being, I should scarcely fail to trace the lineaments of Margaret.

"At the time I first became acquainted with the family, Margaret was about eighteen, and the charm of her society reconciled me in some degree to the very unprepossessing manners of her parents. There is something so impertinent in purse-proud superiority—something so annoying in the affectation of condescending politeness in such people, that those who are poorer but not less proud, are apt to lose sight of christian charity in their judgment of them. For my own part, I must confess, that I was rather vexed than pleased with Mr. Danville's ostentatious display of his old wines and costly plate when I occasionally dined with him; and I would rather have plodded on foot through the most miry lane in the parish, than have accepted the use of his elegant carriage, with its gold-embroidered hammer-cloth and liveried footmen. I suppose I was wrong, but his very civilities seemed almost like insults, from the manner in which they were proffered, and, but for the interest I felt in the gentle daughter, I am afraid my parochial visits to them would have been few and far between. You need not smile at an old man's confession. I was not in love with Margaret Danville, for long ere then, I had wooed and wedded one who is the comfort of my age as she was the joy of my youth. No, I loved Margaret as I might have loved a younger sister, and I watched over her with deeper interest because her position was so little suited to her character.

"Mrs. Danville had a nephew, the son of a deceased sister, who had early shown such evidences of talent that his poverty-stricken parents had strained every nerve to bestow on him the advantages of a liberal education.—They lived to witness the completion of his academical studies, and then died, leaving him to struggle with the world in that most helpless of all conditions—a poor scholar. But Carrington Wilson was too energetic a man to sit down in hopeless inaction. The opportunity of

visiting Europe, as tutor to a young heir, was offered to him and immediately accepted. During his absence he applied himself to the study of medicine, for which the schools at Paris afforded great facility. His pupil, who fortunately for him, was equally studious, though his taste led him to a different class of pursuits, gave him all the aid in his power; and, when at the expiration of six years, the young men returned to their native country, the one was a skilful amateur painter, the other an accomplished physician. But the artist returned to the possession of an ample fortune, while the physician was doomed to all the wasting anxieties of an early professional career. He had talent and learning, but he was young and unprotected, and his only prospect was a weary waste of expectancy. Mrs. Danville had never noticed her nephew during his early years, except by those decent observances by which people manage to quiet poor relations: a New Year's gift to the mother, and a Christmas box to the boy, were supposed to make amends for the want of sisterly affection and kindly interest. But when the young Doctor returned from abroad as the companion of a rich friend, when she learned that they had possessed the entrance to some of the best society on the continent, she thought she saw an opening which led to the fulfilment of her schemes. She resolved to cultivate an intimacy with her nephew, and by inducing him to become the companion of their projected tour in Europe, obtain admission into the circles where she hoped Margaret might shine. Whatever feelings of contempt Carrington Wilson might have had towards the designing and self-interested woman, he determined to avail himself of every honourable method of advancement, and he therefore accepted her invitations from motives as selfish as were her's who offered these courtesies.

"But his acquaintance with Margaret soon led to better feelings. Her pure and unsophisticated character, her timid gentleness, concealing as it did, the warmest and deepest affections, and her delicate beauty of person, soon awakened his earnest interest in his young cousin. Mrs. Danville encouraged their intimacy from perfectly sordid motives, without being in the least degree sensible of its danger. Indeed the idea that her penniless nephew should dare to raise his thoughts to the heiress of the rich Mr. Danville never entered her brain. She would have been as likely to suspect her footman of such presumption. But Carrington was perfectly familiar with the spoken languages of Europe, while Margaret

only knew them from books, and in pursuance of her plans, she wished her daughter to be able to converse fluently in foreign tongues.—She therefore suggested that Carrington should share with his cousin some of the benefit derived from his residence abroad, and that, by a course of reading and daily conversation, Margaret should endeavour to acquire his facility in speaking French and Italian. It may readily be imagined that neither of them undertook the task with much reluctance. For the first time in her life Margaret found perfect sympathy of tastes and congeniality of sentiments; while Carrington enjoyed the purest of all pleasures, an intimate yet passionless communion with one for whom he felt a more than fraternal affection. Had they been subjected to any restraint or suspicion, they would probably have discovered the nature of their feelings, but, content with the thought that Margaret, without any additional expense, was becoming better qualified to dazzle in the gay scenes of continental life, Mrs. Danville looked with perfect complacency upon their intimacy.

“The time fixed for their visit to Europe at length arrived. Carrington Wilson accompanied them, and during the two years that they remained abroad, I knew little of them, except a few vague reports of Margaret’s success in society. But, at the expiration of that time, Carrington suddenly returned alone, and the Danville family soon followed. Not long after they were again settled in their home, Mrs. Danville informed me, confidentially, of her troubles, and begged me to exert my pastoral influence with Margaret to turn from the error of her ways. Margaret had fallen in love with her cousin, and for his sake had refused a French Marquis, with more hair on his face than brushwood on his estate—a Russian Baron, with a name longer than his rent-roll—and an Italian Count, with a palace as old as the republic and as empty as his head or pocket. It was quite a terrible affair. Notwithstanding all the money expended upon their tour, Margaret had derived no benefit from it, for, not only had she refused to listen to the overtures of these distinguished foreigners, but she had even threatened to apply to her native Consul, when her parents talked of exerting their authority over her. This was a singular tale to hear of the gentle and timid Margaret, and I repaired to her with a determination to understand the affair more fully before I attempted to use my influence over my young favourite. Her version of the story was somewhat different.

“‘I know,’ said she, ‘that obedience to my

parents is a law of God, but the very words of the Book of Truth teaches that children should ‘obey their parents in the Lord;’ and surely there was no sin in rebelling against the authority which would have consigned me to temporary and eternal ruin. They would have wedded me to folly and vice, to age and covetousness, to ill temper and irreligion; and I refused—ay, even when threatened with the harshest of treatment—when the tyrannical laws of the land in which we sojourned were about to be exerted to enforce my obedience; when they would have dragged me to the altar a struggling victim, I resolutely refused; and had they persisted, I would have appealed to the laws of my own country to rescue me from such martyrdom. I have been permitted to look upon my cousin as my dearest friend, and now—when the very intimacy which my parents encouraged has become necessary to my happiness—I am forbidden to cherish the feelings which are entwined with my very existence. If Carrington had faults of character to which they could object, there would be some reason in their opposition, but no—the only barrier between us is my mother’s ambition, and I have suffered too much from that, to submit now calmly to its dictates. I will not degrade myself by a clandestine marriage with Carrington, but I will never marry another.’

“It always seemed to me as if this singular violence in one so uniformly gentle—this

“‘Unwonted fierceness of the dove, Pecking the hand that hovered o’er its mate,’ had terrified the sordid nature of her parents. They could not understand this sudden outbreak of impetuous will in a creature heretofore so docile and submissive. I believe they looked upon it as a species of insanity, the incipient stage of madness, and were actually frightened into a compliance with her wishes. Whatever were their motives, they yielded at length to her steadfast purpose, and, when Margaret had attained her twenty-first year, I was summoned to perform the nuptial ceremony. I must confess that I was not sorry for the turn which affairs had taken, for Carrington Wilson was a noble fellow, and I knew him to be worthy of the love of such a being as Margaret. I had never been able heartily to condemn her apparent undutifulness to her parents, because I was certain that they were incapable of judging wisely for a child so unlike themselves; and, therefore, though I have seldom known any good to come from a marriage contracted contrary to the wishes of parents, I was willing to hope the best from this union.

"Mrs. Danville had consented with a very ill grace, but, the sacrifice once made, she was determined to manage the affair with some display. A large party was invited; all the fashion of the neighbourhood was collected; and, in the midst of the frivolous assembly, Margaret, looking like the Peri when she beheld the opening gates of Paradise, plighted her vows to her beloved cousin. I never saw a face so radiant with happiness as was her's on that eventful evening.

"The mother found some consolation in selecting the most gorgeous furniture for the house destined for the young pair, and in relating to every one the tale of Mr. Danville's generous conduct towards them. Indeed a want of liberality was not one of the father's failings, and when he endowed his daughter with a fine house and a competent income, every body was in raptures with his noble spirit. Carrington devoted himself earnestly to his profession, probably from a wish to become independent of his father-in-law; and he was not long in discovering that his wealthy alliance had produced a wonderful effect upon the perceptions of those who had heretofore been blind to his merits. A wide field of practice began to open before him, and I believe if ever perfect happiness blessed the lot of mortals, the young husband and his gentle wife then enjoyed it. But alas! it was like the few glimpses of Heaven which the weary wayfarer beholds in his toilsome earthly pilgrimage.

"A year had scarcely elapsed, when they were aroused from their placid enjoyments, by the necessity of a temporary separation.—Margaret's elder brother had gone to the south on business, and, while there, intelligence was received of his dangerous illness. Mr. Danville immediately suggested that Carrington Wilson should proceed to the place of his sojourn, not only to give him the benefit of his medical skill, but also to accompany him home as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to travel. Of course to such a summons there could be but one response. His duty was plain; and with his hopes of a speedy return struggling with his regrets at leaving his sweet wife, he bade her farewell. Day after day Margaret's heart was gladdened and her eye brightened by the receipt of a letter from him whom she loved with such passionate fondness. At every place where the traveller stopped, he wrote to her, and this enabled her to endure with patience the first fortnight of his absence. But at length a day passed without a letter—another and another followed—and while the

family were filled with anxiety; they received tidings that the invalid brother was already on his way home. His letter told them of his convalescence, and bade them expect him home at a certain time—but the name of Carrington was not once mentioned. Margaret was almost wild with anxiety, but she strove to listen to the whispers of hope until the return of her brother. He returned, sick and feeble, and *alone!* He had not seen Carrington, and did not even know of his journey. Need I describe to you the anguish of the unhappy wife? Her family, sordid and calculating as they were, could not behold her agony unmoved, and her younger brother determined to go in search of her husband. Margaret, at first, prepared to accompany him, but when it was suggested that her presence would only impede him in his design, she quietly submitted, and remained to abide the issue of his research. What wretchedness did the young creature endure during that awful season of suspense! Daily did I minister to her the words of consolation, but her heart could listen only to its terrible forebodings, and my services were of little avail.

"Are you prepared to hear the result of young Danville's journey? In a lone and unfrequented wood, beneath a pile of withered leaves and hemlock branches, was found a mangled and disfigured body. The knife of the assassin and natural decay had left no personal trace of its identity, but the name still visible on parts of the dress, some peculiarities in the form of the poor remnant of mortality, and a little locket, apparently of too trifling value to tempt the cupidity of the robber which still hung upon the ghastly breast, offered proof enough. It was indeed all that remained of the hapless Carrington Wilson! His murderer had probably been stimulated by cupidity, as his watch, his pocket-book, and even a ring, the gift of Margaret, which he always wore, were now gone. Every clue to the perpetrator of the awful crime, was, of course, lost; and consigning the body to an unhallowed grave, young Danville returned to his home, bearing with him the terrible evidences of the fate which had befallen his sister's husband.

"I will not harrow up your young minds by a recital of all the wretchedness which I witnessed in that house when the fearful tidings were revealed to Margaret. She listened to them with a cold and strong look of horror, and when the locket was placed in her hand she fell prostrate on the floor—not with the relaxed motion of one in a fainting-fit, but st

and rigid like a statue thrown from its base.— For three days she remained in that fearful state; her limbs bound in the rigidity of catalepsy—her eyes open but sightless—her features petrified in their horror-stricken expression, and nothing of life remaining, save a slight warmth of the skin and a feeble flutter of the pulse. All efforts to arouse her seemed futile, and her medical attendants watched, with almost breathless anxiety, for the moment when this 'Life-in-Death,' should give place to the actual presence of the King of Terrors. But she awoke from this frightful trance—with senses bewildered and chaotic she awoke to physical consciousness, and the very alienation of mind, which prevented her from realizing the full extent of her misery, enabled her physicians to restore her to bodily health.

"The return of reason to Margaret's darkened mind, seemed like the slow uprising of a heavy curtain which had hidden all the past from her view. Gradually the truth broke upon her, and, at length, *tears*, the first she had shed, though Carrington had lain more than a year in his bloody grave, gave promise of a milder and more manageable sorrow.— But I think she never quite recovered her vigor of mind. Her fine taste, her delicate sensibility, her firmness of character, seemed extinct; and, from the time when she was stricken down to the earth by the lightning-stroke of sorrow, she became merely a passive and unresisting instrument in the hands of others.— She considered the awful death of her husband as a judgment for her former wilfulness; and this idea—a proof of her weakened state of mind—she brooded over, until it became like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, the daily guest in the chambers of her heart. A system of penance, like that which condemns the nun to the cold austerities of the cloister, became the guide of Margaret's conduct; and, while she steeled her heart against all cheerful impulses, she determined that the will of her parents should henceforth be the sole guide of her future life.

"It was about four years after the terrible death of Carrington, that I was again summoned to perform the marriage ceremony in the stately mansion of the Danvilles. Margaret was a second time a bride! You start, but she was only affixing the seal of martyrdom to her self-inflicted penance—it was the will of her parents. They had dragged her from one fashionable watering-place to another. They had compelled her to throw aside her weeds of widowhood—they had forced her

into the giddy dance and the midnight revel, and to all this she had submitted without a murmur. 'It is a part of my punishment,' she would whisper, when she saw herself decked in ball-room attire; and she went into the midst of gayety even as a martyr might have gone to the stake. But no earthly power could change the cold, stony expression of her once lovely countenance. Its tender sweetness was gone for ever, and those who marked her frozen look, or the mechanical movements of her delicate form, might almost have believed that they looked upon the realization of the fable of antiquity, and actually beheld

'The marble stiffening o'er the mortal form.'

"During their stay at Newport, the preceding summer, the Danville family had become acquainted with a young Englishman, who, to great apparent modesty of deportment, united the advantages of fortune and high birth, being the second son of the Marquis of Thistle-down, and bearing the title of Sir William Thornton. Mrs. Danville was enraptured. A real English nobleman was something better than a foreign Count, for, though titles might be purchased in England, yet they were more costly affairs there than on the continent, and of course more aristocratic, according to her notions. The cold hearted mother saw with delight the possible success of her long cherished scheme, and actually congratulated herself on the chance which had thus left Margaret unfettered. Indeed, after the first natural feelings of horror had subsided, the Danvilles did not pretend to feel any regret at the death of Carrington Wilson. They had never loved him, and they determined that as Margaret had followed her own will in that alliance, they would assert the same privilege on some future occasion, for, it is certain, that the unhappy widow had scarcely recovered from her alienation of mind, when they began to form new projects for a future matrimonial connection. Mrs. Danville left no means untired to secure the attentions of the noble Sir William. She excited his sympathy for Margaret by details of her early widowhood, sedulously concealing however the manner of her bereavement, lest a knowledge of her past insanity should deter him from seeking her hand; and she took care to make him understand that Margaret was now perfectly free to bestow her hand and fortune on a second husband.

"Sir William seemed quite charmed with Margaret, although it must be confessed that, to a stranger, there were few attractions in the

pale cold face of the young widow. But the feeling was not returned by Margaret. She walked with him, rode with him, listened to him, sang to him, only because her mother bade her do so—but not a ray of feeling ever lighted up her countenance or enlivened the tones of her monotonous voice. Sir William, however, was not to be turned aside by trifles. He visited the Danvilles at their own house, and delighted them by the assurance that they lived in precisely the same style as his father, the Marquis; excepting that the noble possessed several fine seats and broad parks, while the tradesman, alas! could only boast of one villa. He succeeded admirably in his designs upon Mrs. Danville; she was perfectly happy, and when, at length he made proposals in due form for the hand of her daughter, she was ready to drop him a courtesy and thank him for his condescension. Margaret was not consulted on the subject. She was told of his offer and commanded to accept it; and with shuddering horror, like that which convulses the poor Suttee when she binds herself to the funeral pyre, she submitted to her fate.

"I conceived a great dislike to Sir William Thornton from the first moment I beheld him. He was a strong-built, muscular man, between thirty and forty years of age, thick-necked, coarse-lipped, and heavy browed, with an expression in his light grey eye which I could not endure. He never looked full in the face of any one, and his shifting restless eye seemed full of suspicion. He rather avoided me during the short time I had an opportunity of seeing him, and I began to doubt whether he was actually what he pretended to be. However, Mrs. Danville was pleased and Margaret submissive, so that the preparations for the marriage were carried on with a great degree of splendour.

"The day before that fixed upon for the marriage, I could not resist the impulse which led me to see Margaret in private, and learn her true sentiments. The familiar terms on which I now visited the family, enabled me to accomplish this with great ease, and our interview was prolonged for several hours.

"I know you think I am doing wrong, my dear sir," said Margaret in conclusion, "but you cannot feel as I do. I am offering myself in expiation of the sin of my youth; a sin which cost my husband his precious life. God saw fit to punish my wilfulness by the most severe of all trials—for he well knew that while my idol lived, all other sorrows were as dust when weighed in the balance against my happiness. Carrington was taken from me, and I was left

to make atonement. But I feel as if my punishment will not be made harder than I can bear; I shall not live long to wear the chains I now assume."

"And Sir William—what are your feelings towards him?" I asked.

"Excessive repugnance," was the shuddering reply. "It has cost me many a bitter struggle to overcome the almost instinctive loathing with which I recoil from him. But waste not your sympathy upon him, my dear friend, nor think that I treat him with injustice; he wants only my father's wealth, and he shall be satisfied with money, while my mother will rejoice at seeing me ennobled, and I shall be made happy by a speedy release from a thralldom which must soon destroy either life or reason.

"It was useless to argue with one who erred so widely both in her feelings and her judgment. Indeed I fancied there was incipient insanity lurking beneath her calm demeanor, and I could not but tremble for the result.

"The evening of the wedding came. The large rooms were filled with company, and the hour approached when I was to pronounce the nuptial benediction. I was already seated in the drawing-room, awaiting the entrance of the bridal party, when suddenly there rang through the house a long loud shriek, such as never yet issued from mortal lips save as the requiem of a broken heart. A look of consternation sat upon every face; with the swiftness of thought all flew to the apartment whence the sound had issued. Mr. Danville and myself were the first to enter the room, and the sight which I beheld will never leave my memory. Seized with the same mysterious and frightful malady which had once before reduced her to the brink of the grave, the victim of catalepsy stood fixed as a statue—her arm extended—her long thin finger pointing towards some unseen object—the features of her face petrified in their awful expression of horror, and looking like some terrific spectre. Sir William cowered in a remote corner, his pallid cheek and lurid lip bearing witness to his alarm. But a frowning brow was bent upon him, and a strong arm was ready to grasp him when he arose from his abject position.

"Of course a scene of great confusion ensued. Rumors of all kinds were whispered among the company; the stranger guests dispersed quietly, and the few friends who remained learned the full horror of the tale.

"Margaret had suffered herself to be attired as passively as a child, and gave little evidence of heeding the efforts of her dressing-maid.

until the moment when the girl attempted to remove from her neck a black ribbon which held the locket that had been her constant companion since it was removed from the bosom of her murdered husband. This she vehemently insisted on retaining, and in strong contrast with her necklace of pearls and her brussels lace, appeared that dark badge of sorrow. When she entered the apartment where the bridal party awaited her, she was observed to shudder as the bridegroom approached to lead her to a seat; but the emotion was instantly repressed, and she passively suffered him to place himself at her side. His eye was caught by the black ribbon, and with singular want of tact as well as delicacy, he made some jesting remark as he raised his hand, as if to draw from its hiding-place, the treasure which was attached to the dusky band. Margaret felt the dignity of womanhood insulted by the gesture, she turned suddenly to repulse his audacious touch, but as she did so, her eye fell on a ring which he wore on his finger. Without a word she snatched it wildly from him, and the next instant the fearful shriek was uttered which had so shaken the nerves of all who heard it. That ring was found tightly clasped in her hand, after she was placed in bed, and it was instantly recognized as the one which had been her gift to Carrington Wilson. It was of rich and massive gold set with a single diamond of great value; but, as a proof beyond all doubt, her brother who was familiar with the secret, touched a spring which raised the diamond and disclosed the word 'Margaret,' enamelled on its inner gold.

"Do you read the enigma? or must I tell you that suspicion was aroused, and that by a singular concatenation of circumstances, such as often confounds the most deeply laid schemes of villany, the man who styled himself Sir William Thornton, but who was better known by the name of Will Tobin, was found guilty of the murder of Carrington Wilson, more than two years previous. When in prison, under sentence, he confessed the crime, to which he had been tempted by the sight of the victim's well filled pocket-book, which he had noticed as the hapless young man was paying for his night's lodging. But he solemnly disavowed any knowledge of the connection between the murdered man and the widow whom he sought to wed. He had destroyed Carrington's few papers without reading them, and the name of Wilson was too common a one to excite any suspicion in his mind. The wealth of Mrs. Danville, and his accidental

discovery of Mrs. Danville's ambitious views, determined him to personate the character he had so successfully assumed. But for the silly vanity which led him to add the fatal ring to his wedding ornaments, the widow of the murdered would have been the wife of the murderer!

"Margaret did not survive the shock. She died without giving any evidence of returning consciousness, and six weeks after she was consigned to her early grave, the criminal perished by the strong arm of the offended law."



TO C — W —.

THEY tell me that she loves me still,

Though I have coldly passed her;

They say I pluck'd the flow'r at will,

And to the winds have cast her;

Oh! would that we had never met,

I love her—as a brother,—

But my heart forbids me to forget

Its passion for another.

'Tis true I linger'd by her side,

But all who knew carress'd her;

I did not woo her for my bride,

But as a friend address'd her.

I did not deem that when we spoke

Love's accents then were shaken,

Or that I thus the chords awoke,

That in her breast are broken.

She does not blame me, though her friends,

With looks of anger greet me,

But, pining, 'neath her sorrow bends,

As she'd to love entreat me.

I would that we had never met,

I love—but as a brother;

For, oh! I never can forget,

I fondly love another."



SONG TO —.

I love the stars—I see one now

Look smiling down upon the stream,

And its reflected form below

Shines like the light of many a dream.

The form beneath—the form above,

Exchange their beams like love to love.

I wish thou wert that starry orb,

And I were that wave's mirrored-breast,

That I might evermore absorb

The starlight that I love the best;

That thou mightest look into my heart,

And see thyself its brightest part.

Written for the Amaranth.

TO "CLARA."

In looking through "the Amaranth" for March,
I thought I missed "mine own familiar
friend ;"

And instituting, then, most rigorous search,
Slap from the coloured cover to the end—
To where old "Finis," solemn as a church,
Does to the book an air of coldness lend ;
I found not what I sought, and, tho' no swearer,
I out at once with "Hang it, where is Clara ?"

I would not give a fig for all the storics,
And poems which occupy the recent number :
Dears's beauty, and O'Rourk's fell glories,
Mac Murtagh's immortalities, might slumber
In Ossian, whence the tale of love and war is
Extracted from a mass of other lumber ;
I'm very sure no sinner like Dears
Would e'er have figured in a tale by "Clara."

I would not have you to suppose I speak
Disparagingly of dear Mrs. B—n,
Who dates from that romantic spot, "*Long
Creek,*" [every wee hen—
Where "wood notes wild" are heard from
Where dying pigs most musically squeal,
And barn door fowls exalt their cackling wæan,
Telling to Betty that their trouble's o'er,
That there's an egg where they were—in the
straw.

I merely mean to say that such narrations
Proceeding from a single lady's pen,
Would lay her open to grave imputations,
And horrify all modest *nice young men* ;
Who like (ah ! what a pity) those flirtations,
Which charity absurdly styles platonic, when
Insulted virtue calls me to prohibit 'em,
Believe me, I'll apply the scourge *ad libitum.*

But I must not indulge in such digression,
Which would, if persevered in, fill a volume
Full of soft nothings, like the House in Session :
I hope it's not a breach of privilege to call 'em
By such a name—but, dear me ! if the expres-
sion [solemn
Should be so construed by their wise and
Deliberative wisdom, lord ! how odd I
Would feel when Mr. Sergeant took my body.

He'd search for me no doubt, and when he found
My body, as commanded in the writ,
He'd find that body stretched upon the ground,
Which he might shoulder if he so thought fit.
I'd not oppose the warrant for a pound,
But yet I would not walk or budge a bit ;
He'd have to carry me to Mr. Speaker— [er,
I'm blessed when we at rest, but he'd feel weak-

Than when we started from Saint John.—O
dear !—

I've been again digressing—well I never !
No matter—this one verse may go ; I swear
That it shall be the last, I must endeavour
To curb my Pegasus, inclin'd to rear ;—
In other words, I am so very clever,
That I must take a limit bond repressing
The muse's flight beyond all rule transgressing

Reverens a nos moutons—and so here goes
In praise of "Clara," though unknown to us
Her features—if her eyes are like two sloes,
Her lips like coral blushing from the sea,
Her cheeks soft bloom red as the *cabbages* roses
Or any other well-worn simile,
Whether *un petit nez retroussé*, or a Roman
Or Grecian pair of *snuffers*, mark the woman

She's my ideal beauty, and the love
I bear my unknown goddess is as bright
As is the ray reflected from above,
Thro' the dark waters, shedding its pure light
Where lies some jewel in its wave washed ground
Flashing back splendor through surrounding
night ;—

Though all unseen the source of light may be
That ray unites them in strong sympathy.

And such is she to me—her's is the beam—
The intellectual ray of light, which reaches
Feelings long buried, till I scarce could deem
My lone breast harboured them. Like new
found riches

Enclosed by shipwrecked sailors in the seam
Of some old half-worn, tar-stained pair of
breeches ;— [stripping
Some landsman sees a corpse, and finds
The hidden treasure from the waist-band slip-
ping.

She must be beautiful—I see her now
Seated within her chamber's deep recess :
While genius sits enthroned on her brow,
And high thoughts temper her rare loveliness
She looks the novice musing on the vow,
And every vain thought able to suppress—
Her earnest gaze fixed on the starry throng
As tho' her spirit heard creation's song.

Oh bright one ! listen to the rugged muse,
Of him who now addresses thee, and deign
To take the humble offering, nor refuse
The tribute, tho' the casket may be plain—
The giver's heart is with it when he woos
The lyre's mistress in unworthy strain,
From the crushed flower the fragrance will arise
Responsive to the touch by which it dies.

St. John, March, 1842.

MONEY AND THE WORKING-MAN.

THE working-man is the only substantial citizen. The nation is strong in proportion to the number of its working-men. Every institution which tends to diminish the amount of positive performance in a nation—which goes to lessen the grand result of human labour—is an evil institution! Such are, necessarily, all stock companies, which, from being agents of social industry, become primary conditions; and divert, from their legitimate tasks, the minds and energies of a population which it thence renders superfluous. There is in our country a very prevalent distaste for labour. We loathe and despise the severer tasks of that industry which removes mountains and fills the desert with fruits and blossoms. Our people prefer to be lawyers, doctors, divines, and tradesmen; and hence the enormous disproportion between the number that we have, and the number that we require, of those agents of the producer, who contribute nothing to the national stock. Society is very much like a beehive. If the drones are allowed to remain, even if they do not propagate, the hive will very quickly become empty. Perhaps, the most fearful sign to the patriot in our times, is the singular dependance which we exhibit upon foreign labour. There is a morbid vanity at work among us, which seems indeed, to be the only thing that does work to its utmost—which makes us revolt at those necessary tasks of the fields and highways, without duly grappling with which, society must continue to lose, day by day, more and more, of its whole some characteristics. In our day, the cry is—"want of money." The proper subject of complaint is a want of industry. We have money enough in proportion to our need, in proportion to our industry; but not enough in proportion to our profligacy and vain pretence! Perhaps, it is owing to our having so much money, or so much that had the look of money, and was believed to be money, that we are now suffering and complaining. Money is one of the most dangerous of all social possessions!—There are very few people who know properly how to make use of it. Most persons not accustomed to its use, become gamblers with it; and the Americans, being a new and consequently a poor people, were, of all others, least prepared to use it judiciously. In many respects the Spaniards were the richest people in the world. They are now among the most degraded. The one condition came from the other. By the discovery and conquest of South

America, they had suddenly come into possession of a power, gigantic almost beyond all others, which they knew not how to manage. Take the youthful heir of an old miser—one, whom the sordid stinginess of the sire has, while he lived, kept in the most contracted limits of a slavish economy. Let him be free among the hoards of which he has only dreamed before, and mark with what studious industry he dissipates them. It is, indeed, a subject of boast with him, that he does so—as expensive living, in our days, has become a subject of boast with us. "May be I did'n't *kum it* while it lasted!" was the chuckling reply of a profligate, born to fortune, when one of his friends condoled with him upon its loss.—This miserable creature fancied, while he spoke, that he was an object of admiration to all bystanders. A people may become profligate, even as an individual, for excesses are periodically epidemic. The American people have been profligate even in this fashion. For the last ten years we have presented the spectacle of an entire nation, "*kumming it*," in like manner with the silly heir, and with like consequences. It is something, however, which encourages us hopefully for the future, that our "*kumming*" is no longer a subject, with us, of congratulatory chuckle. We shall cease to "*kum it*," I suspect, for some ten years to come—but the periodical return of the epidemic is tolerably certain, unless we learn to respect money less and labour more. Meanwhile, our moralists will be eloquent from the house-tops. We shall have prate enough against speculation, until the rabid fit comes on; and then, "*hey, presto, for the world in a string again!*" Seriously, our levity of character is a great evil in our moral constitution. It cannot be otherwise, until labour becomes more a native than it is. We must shut up our shops—six in every seven at least—the seventh is adequate to all the traffic necessary—and go back to the deserted fields, and make our own potatoes and learn to dig them for ourselves. How many good farmers have the last ten years converted into bankrupt tradesmen and bad men!



I CANNOT call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta*; for as the baggage is to an array, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march: yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory; of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—*Bacon.*

CANADIAN INDIANS.

"I recollect the first time I saw the Canadian Indian was in coming up the St. Lawrence, when, on the break of an autumnal day, the most picturesque and splendid scene of the passage from the Isle of Orleans, opened itself gradually out as the morning mist yielded to the sun. The white and fleecy Falls of Montmorency, the high-capped mountains, the bold and lofty promontory of Cape Diamond, the glittering silver-roofed city (for so Quebec appears to a stranger,) the formidable citadel, the broad and majestic St. Lawrence, covered with noble vessels of war, and of trade, strangely mingled with the woods of Point Levi, on the opposite shore, where, their night-fires slowly expiring, we observed an Indian encampment. The contrast between the solitary wretchedness of the wigwam camps, hastily formed of boughs and bark, and incapable of resisting the rain-storm, with the splendid city, and the mass of noble vessels, of the whites, was, to me, very striking and melancholy. The poor and defenceless owners of the soil seemed to have been pushed back into the lonely cove of the forest, by the arrogant intruders on their birthrights. The extremes of civilization and barbarism were separated only by a few yards of mountain land; whilst the knowledge that the power of the white and bearded stranger, as the Mexicans, and others of the red family, designate their conquerors, was originally exerted only to annihilate, increased the feeling for a people whose condition, though somewhat ameliorated, is, perhaps, with a few exceptions, as bad as it well can be. I have seen the red man in all his relative situations—of warrior hunter, tiller of the soil, and preacher of the word; I have seen him wholly wild, but never wholly civilized; for the best specimen of an Indian missionary I am acquainted with, in Upper Canada, forgot all his instruction, all his acquired feelings and habits, when he witnessed with me the war dance of heathen and perfectly savage warriors. He had been carefully educated from a boy, spoke English perfectly, was modest, intelligent, and well-bred; guided his young family excellently, and did not intrude his professional habits and opinions when in society, nor seemed to be in the least elevated by his superior acquisitions. Yet, he grinned with savage delight at this exhibition of untutored nature. And when I asked him if it was not a blessing that the Indian had listened to the mild spirit of the white man's religion, and having proved himself capable of appreciating it, that he might be the means of

imparting its doctrines to the savage nation before us, who displayed human frailty in the lowest state of degradation, he calmly replied, 'What you say, my friend, is true; but I never before saw my red brother in the condition of an absolute and acknowledged warrior. Alas! he is very brave! My father was as brave as wild as he is, and often have I hid me from his frown in the depths of the woods. Listen! the warrior is telling of his battles! I will interpret the brave man's speech to you.' As he became excited beyond the power of control by his native feelings, he went on translating the mighty deeds of a second Walk-in-the-Water, or Snapping Turtle, or some other chief, in equally euphonious and terrible cognomen. He stayed out a second edition of the war story, and even of the pipe-dance, which late exhibition, a European missionary would consider himself justly degraded by being present at, and I left him involved in rapid discourse with the heathen warriors."—*Bonnycastle in Canadas, in 1841.*



CHURCH MUSIC.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

— "All the train
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas."

Mills

AGAIN! oh, send those anthem notes again!
Through the arched roof in triumph to the sky
Bid the old tombs give echoes to the strain,
The banners tremble, as with victory!

Sing them once more!—they waft my soul away
High where no shadow of the past is thrown
No earthly passion through th' exulting lay,
Breathes mournfully one haunting under-tone

All is of Heaven!—yet wherefore to mine eyes
Gush the quick tears unbidden from their source
E'en while the waves of that strong harmony
Sweep with my spirit on their sounding course!

Wherefore must rapture its full tide reveal,
Thus by the signs betokening sorrow's power
— Oh! it is not, that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limits in its proudest hour!



If toil were only toil, or if it had no object but the supply of one's own bodily wants, to gratify hunger and thirst, or to minister to luxurious appetites, if this were all, the labour of man would be as the labour of brutes.

For the Amaranth.

The Wanderer Longing for a Home.

HALL I never, oh! never find pleasure in life,
That pleasure I long have repined to embrace?
Must I still spend my days in ambition and
strife,

'Till my body is laid in its last resting place?
Must the din of a city my spirits still cloy
For year after year, 'till my manhood is flown,
All languish in vain, nor ever enjoy
A snug little home of my own?

Oh! how have I pictured a charming retreat,
Far, far from the restless confusion of men,
Where the smooth glassy lake murmurs low
at my feet,

Or the bubbling stream glides through the
grass-cover'd plain;

And distant the noise of the wild waterfalls
Is mixed with the insect's monotonous moan;
While near stands a cottage with vine-covered
walls,

A snug little home of my own.

And in this sweet cottage one dear one to share,
My hopes and my fancies, whilst calm I re-
cline

In her bosom of snow, and to know whilst I'm
there,

That her heart most emphatically is all mine!
Her transparent cheeks and her heav'nly blue
eyes

That languishes on me, and on me alone,
Oh! how would it make me enraptured to prize
That snug little home of my own.

With her in the morn would I trace the fresh
dew,

Or wander at noon 'neath the loaded front
trees;

Or stray the green meadows and sheep-pastures
through;

Or wait 'till the eventide brings the cool
breeze,

Then sail on the lake while the harp's melting
strain

Shall mix with her voice and the tiny wave's
moan;

And with tender emotions dissolved, we regain
That snug little home of my own.

Then to sit near the cheerful wood fire at night,
And pore o'er the pages of Byron or Scott,
Or Coleridge's famed Christabel with delight!
Or Southey's wild visions! how envied my
lot!

To commune with the souls of the mighty,
What bliss!

With her on my knee, and her arms round-
me thrown;

"Oh! sure if there's heaven on earth it is this,"

A snug little home of my own!

St. John, March, 1842.

SAM SCRIBBLE.



SWISS SCENERY.

ONE of the most memorable spots we visited in Switzerland was *Goldau*, which, thirty years ago, was overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain, and which buried no less than five villages, including old Goldau, and 467 persons. This awful catastrophe is still remembered by some who were eyewitnesses to the heart-rending scene. As we wandered over this mountain-tumulus of the dead, imagination pictured the spot, which now spoke only of blasted hopes and desolation, wild as even it was on the very eve of that fatal day; a rich valley, inhabited by youth and age, each indulging in the hopes and pleasures peculiar to their years; looking forward to the morrow with anxious care or joy, little dreaming that an awful fate was hanging over their devoted heads, or that the mountain, which had so long yielded to their comfort and support, would in a few short hours spread death and destruction over all who dwelt beneath its shadow. The infant slept in its mother's arms as sweetly that night as it had ever done before; the jocund laugh went round; the merry song of the shepherd rang through the parting mountain with the same joyous sound; sorrow—for there is sorrow every where—hung with the same deadly weight upon the mourner's heart, as though it were to feed through a sad and protracted life upon its prey, while the afflicted, to whom the grim messenger alone could have spoken words of comfort, still bent the head in pious resignation, waiting their release, but not daring even to hope for it. The weary traveler, too, slept as peacefully through that night, as if the morning sun would only rise to show forth to him Nature's beauties with still greater lustre, when he would wander as fearless o'er the mountain's side and through the pleasant valley, as we who now stood, gazing on the fearful wreck, little dreaming that night would be their last. The scene was awful.—Rocks of an immense size—huge hillocks or mounds of earth—lay beneath our feet, wrapped in one common winding-sheet; the mountain earth their sepulchre.—*Mrs. Mott.*



He is wise who never acts without reason,
and never against it.

TO MR. R. MATHEWSON.

SIR,—I thank you for the letter you have addressed to me, but really I am yet only a beginner in mathematics. Question 3d, I found answered in a Book of Arithmetic, with a rule given, and as it was inserted in the Amaranth with two other easy ones, I thought I would solve it with them. I had no idea that I was guilty of using "erroneous principles," and "false reasoning," by giving a simple arithmetical solution. I am not aware that I employed any principle but that used by yourself, nor any reasoning at all. If I had squared the number of semi-diameters, instead of the number of diameters, as given in the question, I should have found the same answer as you have;—but as there appears to be a difference of opinion among writers on these subjects, as to the proper mode of solving such questions, I shall leave the matter to be determined among themselves.

I am yours respectfully

M. N. W., *A School Boy.*

St. John, March, 1842.

For The Amaranth.
QUESTIONS.

1st.—Construct an isosceles right angled triangle, whose three sides shall be equal to a given line.

2d.—Let the given line be twelve inches, required also the several sides of the triangle.

St. John, March, 1842.

Tyro.

THE AMARANTH.

"SOLITUDE AND OTHER POEMS,"—Printed by Edmund Ward, Fredericton.—The appearance of this choice selection of original pieces, is another evidence of the truth of an oft-repeated assertion, that New-Brunswick is not deficient in literary talent, and if farther proof is wanting to justify our assertion, we have only to refer to the numerous original contributions that have appeared on the pages of our Magazine—to the writers of those contributions, it must be gratifying to know that their compositions have been highly spoken of by the weekly press of this and the adjoining Provinces—and that many of the beautiful romances which appeared under the signature of "Mrs. B—N," as well as the tales and poetry, by "EUGENE," "W. R. M. B.," "CLARA," and other favourite writers, have been copied into

the columns of many of the United States Colonial papers.

We have extracted a short article from a collection embraced in "Solitude and Other Poems," which by the way is the production of "An old Resident of New-Brunswick." is highly creditable to the author, and comes from one who it would appear but seldom indulges himself in offerings to the muses, exhibits a good taste, and well cultivated mind.

We beg to call the attention of those of our readers who are fond of the study of nature, to the excellent Essay by "Eugene," which on perusal, will be found highly instructive and interesting.

The selected story in our March number entitled "WILTON HARVEY," was intended a sketch from a longer story—the remainder of the tale having but very little connection with the scenes already published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Travelling Sketches in New-Brunswick," by "A Subscriber and Citizen," "J. T.," and a great many other favours are under consideration.

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Is issued on the first week in every Month, by ROBERT SHIVES, Proprietor and Publisher—and delivered to City subscribers at the very low price of 7s. 6d. per annum; Persons in the Country, receiving the Amaranth by Mail, will be charged 1s. 3d. additional, to cover the cost of postage.

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