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THE

A M A R A N T H ;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

News and Popular Tales, Poetry, History, &c.

VOLUME III.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

1843.

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Vol. 3.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY, 1813.

No. 1.

THE FIRST MANUSCRIPT.

She broad lay slept in beauty—and the light opened her thousand starry eyes, which shone out and came like the lamps in an eastern city, and twinkled with their strange miraculous lustre, as they drank in the perfumed breeze which lay panting, full of its own unparelleled beauty, beneath the moon. Who would wonder that the dark tides in their mighty bosoms love the moon, and sink or swell in obedient tumult at her gentle bidding! for as she beamed her ray a smile from the Source of Beauty, drawing all things—aye, even the lifeless, blackened and weary heart of man—towards it? The bland breeze came singing a soft tune of mournful gladness among the rigging and sails, and then leaping madly down upon the sea's untrampled floor, and breaking it into vast mirror into myriads of flashing and glittering fragments—each still holding heaven in its bosom. The ship, like a mus-shapen monster, crept clumsily along, and idle sails rattled like great ears on either side—for a ship, when calmed, or crawling reluctantly through the water, dragged by a breeze might whisper from the mast, as dull and unromantic enough. But when the spirit of the winds arises, and sheers her under its mighty wings, and sweeps her along, making with her across the parting seas, then indeed she becomes a sublime and fearful thing. But the sea slept—and the murmur of the soft breeze but served to rock her into a deeper slumber; and although the distant hills and flowering orchards sent their perfume to the shore, and you could even hear an occasional burst of music, exquisitely tempered by the symmetrical way, over which it floated, and which spoke to the weary heart of joyful faces, laughing amid broad terraces of flowering flowers—yet it would be many hours ere the ship could reach the anchorage, and ere Meredith, with his beautiful wife, walk-

ed the quarter-deck, in converse sweet, waiting for the sluggish tide to throbb them on their way.

Meredith was an intellectual man—you felt sure of that at the first glance; but that was not all. In his large, dark and melancholy eyes there dwelt a latent fire, which sometimes blazed startlingly upon you, and then sank back into darkness, as if the brain had no control upon its flashings. That glance spoke of madness—not present, but past or to come, when some dreadful whirlwind swept over the garden of his heart. Few would have detected aught strange or unusual in his aspect—but to those who *did*, the conclusion was certain, irresistible—one of those intuitions at which the soul leaps by an intellectual instinct, which it cannot define or describe, but the *truth* of which has become on the instant a part of its own being. The instincts of the intellect are far more unerring than the clearest calculations of logic. Do you *understand* this, reader? If so, well; if not, pass on to the story—for I cannot explain it to you.

"How grand," said Percy, "was this vast army of waters, tramping onward in such perfect unison, wave with wave, drawn by an irresistible yet invisible impulse! Thus is it, sweet love, with human hearts. Their tides gush wildly to and fro, beyond the thought's control, and *there* is the moon that bids them sink or swell. Mark you now," he continued, drawing his wife towards him, with a slight yet graceful motion—"mark how tenderly the bosom of the wave swells and pants beneath Diana's chaste embrace. You smile—and why? I am one who believes there is *reality* and *truth* in all these unutterable sympathies and similitudes between animate and inanimate nature, and that poetry is the only pure and ever-living philosophy which has discovered and proclaimed these things. Bury a chain under the earth, and short-sighted man, with

his boasted knowledge and skill, digs and burrows slowly and painfully to follow its winding clue, and sometimes at last loses the trace and gives up in despair: but let the lightning drop from heaven, and how eagerly and delicately does it in an instant trace out and flash along each hidden link! Poetry is the lightning—the instinct of our souls—which, true to its nature, leaps with unerring certainty along the path where education and talent and science grope and grovel—always in doubt, often in despair. Heaven is all truth; and shall not the poetry infused into the soul of man find out its life, scattered throughout the wide universe—in mountains, seas and deserts, in the soft and breathing flowers and stars that mingle at dew—*eye*—and, above all, in the soul of woman—such as these!” and the impassioned speaker pressed her rosy lips as if they had been some rare and precious flower of a strange and mysterious fragrance.

“Oh, Percy—how beautiful is all this! and yet it is so strange! It makes me tremble to hear you talk in this wild way. Forgive me, love; but I am a foolish, fearful thing, and cannot follow thy bright spirit in all its wanderings. Thou soarest when thou wilt amongst the fiery stars, and leavest thy gentle Grace alone on earth. But, dearest Percy, you forget our almost hopeless situation. Without friends or money, and nothing to which we can look for even the necessities of life, I shudder to think what may become of us.”

“Do you never, Grace,” said the husband, withdrawing his arm from her waist, and placing one foot suddenly forward, on the very edge of the vessel’s deck—“when standing thus over the flashing sea, or looking from some high tower or precipice, feel an almost irresistible impulse to spring like a bird into the air—until, with a shudder, you recoil backwards, and, shutting your teeth hard, fall upon your knees and pray inwardly to be ‘delivered from temptation?’ I do; and often—nay, even now,—I hear the demon whispering, ‘plunge!’” and he drew back, as if about to leap, from an uncontrollable impulse, and that strange unearthly glare flashed in his eye.

“Percy! Percy! what would you?” exclaimed his wife, as she threw herself upon him, and, twining her arms about his neck, dragged him with an unnatural strength away from the vessel’s side. Then, bursting into tears she drooped upon his breast, murmuring, “*cruel, cruel*—thus to wring my heart in idle sport!”

“Ah, would to God it were an idle sport,

But ’tis past now. Nay, be assured—there is no danger for me; for, although I feel the impulse strong upon me, yet have I the power of soul to drive back the fiend, and shut him in his cell. Fear not, frail flower—love and beauty have sanctified me to thee, and make me bear a charmed life. But the spookiest but now of poverty and want and gradation. Idle dreams, all, sweet lady were. In the great metropolis, whither we go, intellect and genius meet a quick reward, and we are not cold and blind to all the bright and beautiful dreams of poetry and thought, as the rude prairies of the West. The web woven by the imagination is a golden fabric, and we buy it and bow down before its possessor. Lay aside thy fears, sweetest. I am not a dull and worthless clod, to sink down and starve here in this capital of genius, wit and intellect. I’ll play my part with the best of them.—But the breeze freshens, love, and kisses thy cheeks too rudely. Leave me here to commune awhile with the burning stars, and pray for pleasant dreams to cluster round thy pillow.”

“I will not leave thee, Percy! Oh, how I shudder to recall the wild words thou utteredst but now! No, dear Percy—I am thy guardian angel, and must never leave thee, lest some ill befall thee—and then, what would be to me?”

And thus, chiding, caressing, and twining their arms together, walked these husband and wife lovers on the lonely deck, amid the beautiful and flashing sea; and, as the cold grey light of morning swallowed up the stars, and the perfume from the land forgot in sleep breathe, they heard the startling cry, “let go the anchor!” and stealing down the companion way, were lost amid the sounds of the confined cabin, ere the vessel felt her anchor and swung lazily round with the now turning tide.

For two long days must the vessel be in quarantine, in full view of the romantic hills and gardens of Staten Island; and, while all else on board were overwhelmed in the ludicrous bustle and turmoil of a debarkation, Grace and her husband sought the quarter-deck, and dwelt with rapture upon the magnificent scene as the morning burst from behind the hills and came pouring in a golden flood down to the sea. They had no friends awaiting their coming—no cheerful home and happy faces to welcome the wanderers back. But they were still, most exquisitely happy. They were drawn all to each other, and what cared they for those lesser and common-place ties, which

ordinary humanity in one vast and un-
distinguishable bundle of low hopes and gro-
wing fears?

It was settled at length, that Grace should
remain on board the vessel until it went up to
the city, in order to save the expense of quar-
antine regulations, which Percy's pocket could
well meet; and, taking a few shillings—all
she had on earth—he kissed his wife, and
stepped gaily on board the steamer, which had
come along-side to take off the passengers,
and was soon on shore, and treading the delightful
walks of the Battery.

Percy Meredith was a man of the most de-
voted genius—enthusiastic, original, chaste and
gentle in his style, he felt certain that the
manuscripts he bore with him were far superior
to the endless periodical trash of the day, and
that he should meet with no difficulty in find-
ing a purchaser. As it is an universal truth
that noisy pretenders and quacks attract more
attention, and are better known in the literary
world, than men of real genius and discern-
ment, it will not be wondered at that Meredith
made his first application to one of the great-
est of our metropolitan humbags, whose fer-
ocious ignorance, envy and malice are on a par
with his lack of all the decencies and cour-
tesies of life; and whose only principle of ac-
tion is a most insufferable vanity, joined to the
heart and soul of a miser, who gloats on gold
and cares not how it is obtained—who is ready
at any moment to sacrifice honour, faith and
reputation to procure the gratification of his
base passions. The individual to whom
Meredith had concluded to apply, on the pre-
sent occasion, was the very *beau idéal* of this
species of literary highwaymen, and universal-
hated and despised by the honorable amongst
his profession, while the timid and weak-mind-
ed had learned to fear him. Weak-minded
and common-place himself, he passed his
orthless and poisonous life in abusing every-
thing above him, and grinning and spitting his
nom upon all who journeyed along the high-
road to literature. Meredith knew nothing of
this; nor would he have believed for a mo-
ment that the noble cause of literature posses-
sed such unworthy followers.

It was not without a throbbing at the heart,
which, for the moment, almost unmanned our
young aspirant after literary honours, that Me-
redith stood in the presence of the 'great man,'
and modestly made known his wishes. The
critic, seated in a large stuffed chair, with his
legs drawn up under him like a couple of Bo-
bena sausages, left his victim standing, and

with an air of supercilious condescension, glan-
ced over the manuscript, which Meredith put
into his hand.

What a situation for a high-spirited young
man, whose heart was keenly alive to every
appearance of neglect, and took fire at the pos-
sibility of an insult! He was on the point of
snatching his manuscript from the fellow's
hand, and overwhelming him with a torrent of
eloquent rebuke; but he thought of his desti-
tute and penniless situation—of his beautiful
wife—and, smothering his rage, he coolly drew
up a chair and seated himself in front of the
critic.

By this time, Mr. Grub, who was quick
enough to detect merit in others, if only to feed
his envious and malignant disposition, had dis-
covered that he was dealing with no common
man, and that, in all probability he could turn
an honest penny, in the way of his profession.
Assuming, therefore, a cheerful and almost
boisterous manner, he said:

"Ah, excuse me, sir—I am forgetful! Glad
you have helped yourself to a chair. I have
so many things on my mind that really—you
have plenty of this sort of stuff, sir, I suppose?"

"Stuff, sir! What do you mean?"

"Tut, tut, man—that's a mere phrase of en-
dearment amongst us authors. I even allow
my friends to call some of my best things stuff.
All in the way of trade, you know. But you
can throw off these things readily, can you
not?"

"Yes—tolerably so?"

"Well—you see the literary market is terri-
bly glutted, just now, and even I, myself, have
to resort to all sorts of expedients to sell my
own productions. 'Tis a villainous shame, I
know, my dear sir; genius ought to be better
paid. But, so it is—the world is full of hum-
bug and trash, as I take care to convince the
world every week, in my paper; and real solid
talent is *obliged* to humbug as well as the rest,
if it would succeed."

"Can you buy my manuscripts, sir?" in-
quired Meredith, abruptly, immeasurably dis-
gusted with the frothy being before him.

"Why, I don't know about that—I'll see.—
As I said before, the market is entirely over-
stocked, and nothing but a *great name* will
sell any thing. Let me see—'The Lost Genius
of the Ancient Greeks,'—a good subject, but
rather too learned for this market. 'Donna
Inez, of Seville,'—that's better. I'll tell you
what I think can be done. I will change the
name of this,—say, to 'The Orange-flower of
Seville,'—so as to tickle the fancy of the pub-

lic, and adopt it as my own. With my name attached to it, I think I can get it inserted in the ———, at two dollars a page, and perhaps get a *first rate notice* for it in some of the papers for which I write. I would not do this for every one—but I like your looks, and am disposed to befriend you.”

It was an extremely fortunate thing for Mr. Grub, that Nature had made Meredith master of his anger; for, during the delivery of his last speech, Meredith had risen to his feet; and, with a scorn, which he could not repress flashing from his eyes, he stretched out his hand and took up his unlucky manuscripts—and, whispering almost inaudibly, for he was near choking with rage, “I did not expect to make my first acquaintance in literature with meanness and rascality,” strode out of the apartment. Upon reaching the pave, he cast a hurried glance up and down the narrow precincts of our American Grub-street, and, as if stifled with the closeness of the place, hurried into Broadway, and was in a moment lost in the mighty tide of humanity which there hourly ebbs and flows.

For that day, at least, his resolution was broken—he could make no more efforts; and, with a sad and heavy brow, he returned down the bay, and sought the ship.

Grace was leaning over the side, watching; and, as he approached, she leaned over so far to greet him, that Percy involuntarily stretched out his arms, as if to catch her in her fall. She smiled playfully; and pulling him roughly by the arm, led him into the cabin. The forward deck was crowded with dirty and ragged emigrants, pushing their great wooden chests about, and swearing in Dutch at the sailors for not assisting them to hoist their luggage over the side. No one would help his neighbour, and all stood quarrelling and chattering, in inexplicable confusion, until the mate ordered water to be thrown over the deck, and the men to commence scouring and scraping. The captain still remained on board, making out his bills and preparing his manifest. He strove to be polite, but Percy could see that he wished his passengers away.

“How can you endure the idea, Mr Meredith,” said he “of staying a moment on board after a ship is in port?”

“If we incommode you, sir,” said Percy, stiffly, “we will remove to-night.”

“Oh, not all, I assure you. Only it seemed so singular to me. You are entirely welcome to stay.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Again the night, beautiful as an afternoon dream, fell slowly over the water, and lovers walked the deck of the now almost deserted vessel. How calm and serene was around!

“Nay, look not so sad, dear love,” said fond wife, wreathing her arms caressingly about her husband, “we shall still be here to-morrow you shall have better luck. Meanwhile, talk to me, and tell me of the mysteries of the stars. I am sure you can if you wish.”

“Better study the mysteries of earth,” replied her husband, almost bitterly. “What shall we do now? I have no money—no friends. My hopes of realizing something from my literary labours all blasted—without absolute privation, stares us in the face. My own Grace! bitterly, I fear me, will repent your imprudent love for one who now naught but love to feed and cherish withal.”

“Fie, Percy! rail not against the omnipotence of love. I am not a awkwardly made lady, who is shocked at the realities of life. Poverty is neither vulgar nor humiliating; and the lowest offices menial or degrading when performed for those we love. As to absolute starvation, here in this happy land, laugh at the idea; and I know you have capacities and energies, which, in a little while will make themselves felt, and will command attention and respect. Come, clear that gloomy brow. I had rather live for an age in poverty and want, than see thee thus moved, dear Percy!”

“Was it an angel who spoke thus to his better nature, and roused within him those deeper energies which lie beneath the surface of the soul? No, not an angel—and yet a far more worthy and admirable being than any angel poet ever painted. An affectionate, sensible woman—she is the most perfect work of God. Hearing this frail and delicate creature speak thus confidently and cheerfully, Percy Meredith became a new man, and began contemplating the difficulties of his position with coolness and deliberation.

“It was for you alone I feared, my sweet wife,” said he, as he drew her upon his knee and kissed her pale and thoughtful brow; “and now I find you giving me lessons in fortitude and forbearance. Indeed, you are an angel.”

“Not quite—for if I were, I would command golden wings and harp for drachmas, as Shalpeare has it, to line thy shrunken purse withal,” she exclaimed, laughing, and putting her lip to be kissed. “But come—the night

izes here, pleasant as they are, bear not an innoxious freshness upon their wings as dreamy winds that slumber in the southern gales, or come laden with the breath of orange trees. I declare," she continued, blushing to her temples at her own eloquence—"I believe in gods—or thy burning thoughts—make me musical. Good night, sir star-gazer! It is not those sober ladies, like myself, sought their pleasures. Pleasant dreams!"

"Fritter! I'll punish thee for thy raillery.—Come—lead me thy strong arm, to help me down this narrow stair. *Good night, indeed!*"

The next morning was glorious; and Percy, when he stepped on shore, remarked that every thing wore a bright and cheerful aspect—for, from his bosom he carried a lamp which shed glad rays over all objects around. Ah, how true is it that man is the creature of circumstances! He makes circumstances either joyous or melancholy, as the mirror of his soul is bright or clouded. Like the rushing stream, man's life receives a transient colour from the flowers or woods or beeting rocks by which it sweeps; but its character and qualities take their impress alone from the deep fountain in the earth whence it sprung.

To-day, Percy was determined to be successful—he felt that he should be so. Up Broadway he trod, with a free and gallant step, and thought that every face he met wore a cheerful and happy smile. He had never studied the *tricks* of literature, as it exists in every great metropolis, and knew nothing of the paltry cliques and factions which, by combining together, contrive to put down modest merit, and keep themselves and their own paltry performances constantly before the public eye. Bethinking him, however, of a name associated with all that was generous and noble, and which he had seen connected with periodical of high standing, he determined to make application there at once.

He was received with the urbanity and politeness which characterize all gentlemen, of whatever circumstances. He was asked to be seated—and, as he represented, in as few words as he could select, that his necessities were immediate, Mr. Alton begged he would excuse him for a moment, while he looked over the manuscripts. As he read, Percy's heart began to throb, and he thought his article more faulty than it had ever appeared to him before. With eager eye, he followed the reader, and felt, as sentence after sentence was scanned, how this expression might have been amended, and that sentence completed. So tame ap-

peared then, the recollection of what he had written, that he was prepared, almost, to receive with cheerfulness a polite declination from the critic.

The trial was not long. Mr. Alton soon laid down the manuscript, and observing that the great competition and low prices at which periodicals were now necessarily published, served almost to banish the idea of adequate recompense for literary labour, proposed that Percy should receive fifty dollars for the manuscripts he had bought, and the same sum every month, whenever he chose to write.

Fifty dollars! it was quite a little fortune! and Percy could scarcely believe his senses, as his imagination immediately began busying itself with plans for its economical expenditure. It was, too, his first attempt at literary bargaining, and he felt that he had discovered within himself a mine of wealth.

"My dear sir," said he, rising, "you know not what a load of distress and almost despair, your unexpected kindness has taken from my heart. I cannot thank you as I ought—but *she*, for whose sweet sake life alone is sweet, shall pray for blessings on you."

"Tut, tut, my good friend, never be sentimental, except on paper. 'Tis altogether out of fashion; and besides, I don't know whether I have not made the best of the bargain, after all. The articles, I do not hesitate to assure you, possess uncommon merit; and, were our native literature protected by wise laws against the monstrous sea of trash from abroad, which is literary overwhelming our young writers, I might venture to encourage you with brilliant hopes. As it is, however, literature is a thorny and rugged road. At every step, the young aspirant for fame finds his unknown and unpractised pen placed in competition with all the brazen and polished writers of Europe—good, bad and indifferent—so that they have a name, obtained either by their own merit or from shameless and unmitigated puffery.—By the way, what name shall I affix to these?" added Alton, laying his hand upon the happy Percy's first effusions.

"'Tis an humble one, but one which, when my father lived, was at least respected. Percy Meredith, sir."

"Meredith—I had, in early years, a well-beloved friend who bore that name. Long since, he emigrated to the West, and, as I heard, became eminent in his profession—the law. But the accumulating duties and labours of our several professions rendered correspondence gradually less and less frequent;

and for many years he has been as one dead to me. Pray, what was his Christian name?"

"Walter Meredith; and, when he died, he was Judge Meredith, of——."

"The same! Young man, your hand.—Your father was my class-mate, and the dearest friend of my youth; and thus do I delight to renew our broken intimacy through his son. How stupid I was, not to see that you have your father's lofty brow, and that your voice speaks to me in tones once dear and familiar to my heart! Come—never mind the manuscript, now; we will arrange that another time—but tell me who is that '*she*,' you but now so delicately spoke of? and how came you to be guilty of this dreadful crime called poverty? I heard your father had acquired vast wealth."

"Alas, sir—and so he did, as he and all believed; but, shortly after his death, the stocks in which he had invested his funds, became worthless, and even his house and all it contained, were swept away by the sheriff. Not even poor Grace's piano—my father's last gift to his daughter-in-law—was left. Harassed almost to madness by the suddenness of this double grief, and knowing nothing of the world or its selfishness, I stood by in silent despair, until I found myself and my poor wife beggars. Driven from our home—my father's home—we felt that we could stay no longer in the neighbourhood; and, scarce knowing or caring whither we went, we embarked down the Mississippi, and found ourselves at sea, with just money enough to pay our passage here, and with nothing else in the wide earth that was our own but two foolish hearts overflowing with love and hope."

"Well, well—we shall see! But where is this charming Grace? I feel a sudden fit of gallantry coming over me—and, were it not that this sober brown hair of mine is nothing but a wig, and that I have a very promising son in the University, you might—but no matter! Let us go and see this dear delightful charmer. Here, though, about these manuscripts. The people will be here presently for copy, and I will send them up at once. Let us see—two articles, at fifty dollars—here's just the money," and the gay and kind-hearted old gentleman slipped a bank note for a hundred dollars into Percy's hand.

"Nay, sir, I cannot allow this. It was fifty dollars for both articles; and I begin to think even that a great deal more than they are worth."

"Never mind—never mind. We'll settle all

that as soon as we have seen Grace. Where is she?"

Percy explained, and begged that his benefactor would postpone his visit until he got his family on shore. "The ship," he continued, "must be at the wharf by this time, and by to-morrow morning I doubt not I shall be comfortably situated."

"In some pestiferous boarding-house tavern or some such abominable place, I supposed added Alton—"where they dine at one o'clock and put fried pork gravy in every dish on the table, from the roast chicken to the *desert*, (because the pun—we editors are witty fellows, you know!) composed of a baker's pudding and a rind of Worcester white-oak cheese. I think we can manage things better than this. So—here's a cab. Jump in, and let us cast off this charming Grace, and you can leave the rest of the 'baggage' to come after at its leisure. Nay, sir, I'll take no denial. Where is this better than cutting up a new book?"

That day there was a merry gathering around the table of the good and happy Mr. Alton; and, while the Champagne modestly sparkled, in the pauses of the more brilliant conversation which flew from lip to lip, the least amusing source of wit and humour was Percy's grave description of his receipt by the great Mr. Grub, and the unwelcome honour which our young author had escaped by declining to see his poor literary first-begun ushered into the world under the paternal name of so great a name.

Mr. Alton had been many years a widower, and when Percy's "baggage," (including the sparkling Grace) was all comfortably arranged in a quiet room on the second floor, near Mr. Alton's study, it was found to be so entirely convenient, that Percy was prevailed upon to take formal possession, and to undertake to pay his worthy host in amateur scribblings for the — Magazine.

Thus ends my simple story; and, gentle reader, although it is by no means my first, yet, should you so decide, it is all at least my last manuscript.

A GOOD JUDGMENT.

The most necessary talent in a man of conversation, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

Æneidic Romance on the Death of General Wolfe.

SPRING, wasting, and lamenting with care
 Her silent and gloomy retreat, sat Britannia,
 Ere she exclaimed against fate, mourned the
 Loss of her gallant son, General Wolfe, and
 Threw herself up to gloomy despondency and
 Helpless despair. The sacred dust that lay in
 Union on her fertile and lovely plains was
 Saved with the many gallant achievements
 He had performed; and the stately walls of her
 Antic cot were sculptured around with his
 Heroic and noble triumphs. Jupiter, looking
 Down from his lofty, crystalline throne in the
 Firmament, beheld with anxiety and sorrow, the
 Fate of the disconsolate dame, and being moved
 By her tears, immediately sent Mercury to
 The plains below to soothe her aching heart,
 To assuage her useless grief; and these were
 The tidings that with him came: August Britan-
 Nia cease to weep any longer; your gallant
 Hero is not dead, but is only removed from the
 Earth, which he loved so well, to command the
 Armies that are above. For, the sons of the
 Gods, the powerful and proud giants of old,
 Escaped from their dark habitations, and the
 Messages which they communicated, was, that
 They were marching, or preparing to march, to
 Meet with the gods; upon which a council was
 Held, wherein it was decreed that Wolfe should
 Be removed, and the charge, together with
 Many others, was entrusted for immediate
 Execution to me. With this rigorous order I
 Immediately hied to the plains of Quebec, fully
 Determined to execute it with the least possible
 Delay. I encompassed his eyes with a dark,
 Opaque film; his spirit I bore away in an urn,
 About one moment's respite, which he beg-
 GED, in order that the joyous sound of victory
 Might break on his ear.

I left the friendship he always bore towards
 His native plains, his own skies, and you, his
 Much loved country, which he has by the
 Military triumphs his valour has achieved, ren-
 Dered the envy of surrounding nations, to wish
 Him a speedy and safe return. I am now
 Flinging to bid you adieu, perhaps for ever. It
 Was your tears, your sighs and lamentation
 That brought me down from yon clear, un-
 Clouded regions to this cold world below. See
 At the achievements of General Wolfe be-
 Linded with exultation by you, to your chil-
 Dren, so that when the will of heaven, and the
 Common destinies of nature shall have swept
 Him to oblivion and repose succeeding genera-
 Tions, his great name will be left an imperish-
 Able monument, exciting others to like deeds

of glory and renown, and serving at once to
 defend, adorn, and perpetuate your existence
 among the ruling nations of the earth; and in
 the height of that splendour to which you, by
 the superior skill of your future commanders
 over those of other nations, are destined to rise,
 do not forget to remember with gratitude, the
 patriotism of him you now so reasonably la-
 ment and bewail. But dry up your tears, and
 lament him no longer. Rouse from the torpor
 his death has occasioned you, and be prepared
 to follow with success, the successors of him
 who can return to you no more, and is now
 satisfied of your fidelity to him, and will be-
 hold with joy, your endeavours to preserve in-
 violate, those rights which he has so nobly put
 you in possession of. Farewell." He ceased,
 and the next instant saw him winging his
 lofty flight to the court of his master, Jupiter.
 He has never since had occasion to return to
 assuage the woe of Britannia, who has con-
 tinued advancing in the field of fame and glory,
 'till she has attained that dazzling height pre-
 dicted by Mercury; whilst in every stage of
 her rising glory and magnificence, she has
 honoured the memory and cherished a grate-
 ful remembrance of her much loved, brave,
 gallant, and patriotic son, GENERAL WOLFE.

King's County, 1842.

S. G. F.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I think of thee when winter binds
 The stream with frost :
 I think of thee when stormy winds
 Are raging most ;
 And when the summer sun looks bright
 O'er land and sea,
 And by the moon's tender light
 I think of thee.

There is no place, sweet lady, where
 Thou art forgot :
 I mingle in my daily prayer
 Thy dearer lot ;
 And when the voice of beauty blends
 With melody,
 I turn away from present friends
 To think of thee.

Then, lady, sometimes let thine eye
 With tears be wet,
 For happy days, alas gone by,
 In which we met ;
 And though the fount of sorrow flow
 No more in me,
 This heart at least where'er I go,
 Shall think of thee !

ANALYSIS OF LIFE.

—
 "WHAT is life?"

I ask'd a child whose fair, unshadow'd brow
 Laugh'd as his golden curls floated wild
 In the warm summer wind; and as he turn'd
 His cherub face, radiant with the light
 Of his young heart, and garlanded with flowers,
 I found a gladsome answer—"Life is joy!"
 I asked a youth whose sword was dripping
 gore
 From the red strife, soil'd like his childhood's
 dream

Of holiness and love; whose guerdon was
 The price of human tears, and the vain hope
 That time would sound his name when he was
 gone;

And, verily, he chose the wisest path
 To deify such tyranny on earth!
 His death-wing'd banner glared beneath the
 star

That fools proclaimed the emblem of his fate,
 And as its ray seem'd brighter, to the field
 He led his living off'ring for the mead
 Of heaven's wrath, and while his fell arm
 quench'd

Some spirit's flame, his war-cry madly bore
 This burthen—"Life is fame!"

—
 An old man

Bent him o'er a grave—a tale of former years;
 His wan hand rested on the hoary stone,
 And while he traced the name, half washed
 away,

Of his young love, a tear slow glistened
 On his furrowed cheek—the last his dim eye
 Ever—ever shed; and was it all for this
 He had endur'd the cold world's breath, the
 blight

Of his youth's hope and his heart's dearest
 dream,

That time might bring some recompence for all;
 To weep when his hair was grey, o'er the love
 Of his early years? Tenderness and truth!—
 It stood a beacon on the ocean of his life,
 To which the thought of his lone age returned,
 While the false pyres sank beneath the dreary
 wave

Of mem'ry; alas! I could not ask
 The bitter proof experience sadly gave;
 Was not that tear a silent pledge of all
 The soul had ever suffer'd, answering—
 "Life is grief!"

—
 And is it not even thus?

A thing of sunshine, tempest and regret;
 In infancy all flowers and rainbow hues:
 In manhood, strife and wild ambition,
 'Till the fierce passions wear the heart away,

And the aged wanderer lingers in
 The gloom of his life's wreck, turning his
 To that calm heaven he scorned, perchance
 While earth had ought to yield; and as
 cloud

Catches the sun's bright ray at eventide,
 E'en as the fair reflection of the dawn;
 So in the pathless twilight of his years
 Doth hope impart a glory from her throne.
 And the child and the sage are one.

St. John, January, 1843.

EVGENE

—•••••
 TO GENEVIENE.

I loved thee when an infant; I remember
 Seeing thee cradled in thy mother's arms,
 And smiling like the cherub that I ween
 Hovered for Raphael's pencil. Though a child
 I loved thee; for the first delightful glance
 Even then I knew to be an angel's look,
 And angel's and my Geneviene's. Since that
 I've wandered wearily; yet thoughts of thee
 Have flashed upon the darkness of my path
 Gilding life's blackest midnight. We shall
 soon

Wander together where the turbulent thro
 Of cities and societies and friends—
 Friends!—where false looks and false hearts
 are not;

And in seclusion sweet, freed from the world
 Live for it, but not in it; having hearts
 Nerved for high uses to our fellow men.
 For we can love them though they love not;
 Guide them and help them though they know
 it not,

And pity them for follies. Would they know
 The happiness they hate!—Dear Geneviene
 When we are laid in dust—not we, but that
 Which holds us—when our bodies are in earth
 And our free spirits join in those fair fields
 Where love is all in all,—some gentle heart
 Congenial with our own will read these lines
 Penned with the running reed, and understand
 More than they now reveal;—for the
 stores

Of Love, unsabled in the Golden Age,
 Are overhanging Earth, like the big clouds
 Of harvest rain, ready to fall on man,
 So, he will but receive it; and the years
 Freight with peace to man, to man
 will.

In their tenth joyous decade bring again
 Astræa back to earth. Oh, happy morn,
 To those who from the mountain-top
 round,

And hail its harbingers!

THE HAUNTED MINE.

in the neighbourhood of Presburg in Hungary celebrated for its iron mines. As far as the geologic survey, the country exhibits a prospect of yawning caverns and ponderous machinery; and if the traveller dares to venture upon one of the platforms constructed over the chasms, or mighty mouths of the mines, he will shudder on viewing the work-peasants ascending and descending, retarded by their distance to pigmies in size, 'till the bottom below are lost in gloom.

The Hungarian miners are great observers of their saints' days; mingled with religious games are their songs, dances, and merriment; these days are generally selected for weddings and christenings. It was on one of these days that our story commences.

Johan Varasok was a master miner. He was about fifty, with a wife, and one son only remaining from a family of six. This son, Martin Varasok, was a fine athletic young fellow of generous qualities and quick passions; like most young men, he had the misfortune to fall in love.

In a small but neat stone cottage, situated in the quiet of the mining village, dwelt Marie Schonborn, the daughter of a widow who had no better days. Marie was a girl of strong feelings, of affectionate, ardent, and independent feelings; and, by dint of great industry, she had succeeded in a branch of embroidery work in gold and silver thread on Saxony cloth, which met with a sure market at the establishment of a *marchand du mode* in Presburg, and thus was she enabled to support both her mother and herself. Marie Schonborn was a fair haired, and handsome. To be sure, her constant attention to her invalid mother, and the many hours she had to bend over her work, had blanched her cheek; but whenever she went abroad, she formed an extraordinary contrast to most of the other females of the village. It is no wonder, therefore, that Marie Schonborn was the object of attraction to all the likely young fellows of the district, and among others Martin Varasok was deeply smitten by her beauty.

His father, Johan Varasok, had got into a dispute about certain mining rights with a most respectable person of the same calling as himself, named Karl Bereny, who had been very successful in discovering huge masses of iron, and become rich. The dispute having been carried into the court appointed to try such cases, a judgment was given in favour

of Bereny; consequently Johan Varasok and Karl Bereny, (both captains,) were no longer friends, and their differences were not a little increased by the knowledge of the fact, by both the Varasoks, that Bereny had paid great attentions to Marie Schonborn, and had been most favourably received by her mother, who was looking out for a wealthy husband for her daughter.

It was the holiday of St. Jasper, and the miners and their wives and children, all dressed in their best attire, had been to church, and were commencing their sports, the younger men throwing the bar, leaping, &c., and the girls preparing their national dance, when a cart, drawn by a diminutive but hardy little horse, gaily decked about the head and collar with flowers and bells, was driven by a boy into the centre of the throng. In the cart was a cask ornamented with garlands and coloured worsteds, and by the side of it walked, with a triumphant air, Karl Bereny, accompanied by his kinsman, a fat little countryman, well known to all the miners by the name of Peter Patak. When the cart stopped, the crowd assembled around it, and Bereny said, "harangue them, Peter." Peter Patak thereupon stepped on the cart, and waving his pointed hat to obtain silence, screamed out, "Neighbours, do you know what is in this cask? No! then I do. It is choke-full of wine of the Banat.—Karl Bereny has gained his cause in the court, and he brings you this barrel to drink his health, and success to all true miners."

This was answered by a joyous shout. A gimlet was instantly bored in the cask and a peg inserted in the orifice, every man produced his drinking cup, (many of them of silver,) and Karl Bereny's health was pledged as fast and as long as the generous wine would or could run, Peter Patak, who was tapster, ever and anon tasting a cup, to see that it was in proper order, until he found it in such excellent condition that he saw double; and a mighty clattering of drinking vessels and clattering of tongues ensued.

In the meantime Karl Bereny had proceeded to the spot where the young fellows were hurling the bar, and arrived at the moment when Martin Varasok was preparing to throw it; but Martin, suddenly perceiving Bereny, and irritated by the loss of the cause, and the presence of his rival, lost his customary nerve, and threw inefficiently. His rough companions raised a laugh of derision; when Bereny, taking up a weighty bar, pitched it beyond the usual bounds, amidst the shouts and huzzas of

the assembled miners. Martin Varasok again essayed, threw, but once more threw short.—Bereny then triumphantly grasped the bar, and strengthened by the excitement of several cups of his sparkling wine, hurled it in first-rate style beyond the mark, and was proclaimed winner of the prize, a small silver goblet.—Overpowered with vexation, his rival walked away. His father, who had watched the whole affair with some chagrin, followed Martin with hasty strides, and thus endeavoured to console him: "Come, cheer up, my boy. I don't care for the loss of my cause, nor mind you the defeat in your game. These are the ups and downs in life, the buckets that go to the bottom of the shaft come up again filled. But something else is on your mind, Martin."

"I will not complain," replied young Varasok, "though my heart is ready to burst!"

"What is it, boy?" said Johan.—Martin sighed, and uttered "Marie!"

"Well," rejoined his father, "Marie Schonborn is a good girl, and I always wished that, if you were rich enough to marry—"

"Marie," exclaimed Martin, "will never be my wife."

"Why, I should like to know?" inquired Varasok.

"Karl Bereny!" replied Martin.

"Karl Bereny again! What! has he insinuated himself there, too?"

"Yes," said Martin. "Her mother told me last night that Marie was to be Karl's wedded wife."

"Her mother is an old woman; what does the girl say herself, Martin?"

"Ah! father," sighed young Varasok, "I had hoped—I had fancied that I had perceived a tender joy sparkling in her eye when I have addressed her. My want of confidence, the infirmity of my temper, is the cause of my misery."

Johan paused, and muttered, "Marie Schonborn a jilt! I am an old miner, and have lived half my life under ground—but woman is woman. Compare Karl Bereny with my Martin Varasok!"

At this moment the shouts and laughter were borne across the plain on the gale—"Hark!" said Johan, "the wine has got into their heads, and I am just in the humour to break a pate or two, and if I once begin, I'll—But as I am sober, and they are not, poor beasts! I'll prudently put myself out of mischief."

Hereupon the father and son walked toward their own home.

Although the young men and women were dancing and frisking about merrily, and tuning up to concert pitch with Karl Bereny's libel supply, a knot of elderly persons were gathered round the cart, and several had lighted their pipes, listening to Peter Patak's jokes and stories. Among them, with her ears wide open, was the wife of Varasok, a comely, healthy looking dame, but pre-eminently possessed with a foible of her sex, curiosity. Peter Patak had been informing his auditor of a rumour that one of the shafts of the mine was haunted; and, on being asked what business a ghost had in an iron mine, Peter said that he was not the person to meddle with a specter business, he hoped that he might be picked up in pieces with pick-axes if he hadn't seen the ghost himself.

"Tush, Peter!" remarked the dame, "I saw your own light figure reflected in one of the pools!"

"Light figure!" replied Patak, placing his hands on his protuberant stomach. "Oh, I never reflect."

"Have any of the other miners seen a goblin?" inquired the dame.

"Johan Varasok, your lawful husband, has seen it; but he isn't a bit afraid of it."

"My husband, bless his heart! does not fear the devil himself, though I say it." Peter gave a gulp, and muttered, "he was a bold man when he married you, old lady."

The group now separated; the highly complimented wife of Johan Varasok wended her way home to prepare her husband's food before he started for his customary occupation at the mine. When she entered their well-ordered little cottage, she saw her good John sitting by the light of a flickering lamp, which danced the shadow of his sober head against the whitened wall.

"Well, Theresa," said Johan, glancing kindly at her, "I must be stirring; it is my turn to relieve the other gang of workmen. My bucket—I hope there is plenty in it. Put the loaves of millet bread in."

"Why, Johan," said the dame, tartly, "I can't eat all the victuals I put in your basket."

"How do you know I don't," replied Varasok. "I am in pretty good condition round about; I work hard, and require food and drink in proportion."

"That may be, Johan," responded his wife, "but why do you require a double portion of candles in your basket when you go to the mine? You don't eat them, I suppose?"

"No," said Johan, "they consume the

es. One day, my old wife, I will explain—
all astonish you with a strange story."

Varasok kissed his better half with affection,
started off to his employ, and as he walk-
on he muttered, "she is an admirable wife,
a thousand excellent qualities, and only
natural drawback, she has a tongue!"

Meanwhile Karl Bereny, exulting in his suc-
s, made his way to the door of the cottage
he Schonborns. The mother was seated
high backed wicker chair, her counten-
e pale and emaciated.

"Ah! my dear, dear Marie!" exclaimed
l, "I regard you better than anything in
world!"

Marie replied, "But you must not regard me
ter than anything in the world."

"Pshaw! Marie," continued Bereny. "I'll
you a secret. Your mother consented las-
nt to all my wishes. She said, Marie, that
had been kind to her, I might come and
rt you. In short, she said that I might
rry you."

"Indeed!" remarked the girl. "But there
another consent to be obtained."

"Whose, I should like to know?" eagerly
quired Karl.

"That of Marie herself."

The mother raised herself up, and in an ex-
ssive tone, said—

"Marie, before your parent sinks in endless
umber, promise that you will become the
ic of Karl Bereny."

"Exact not the promise at this moment,
ar mother."

Karl was somewhat abashed, but he utter-

"I will endeavour to deserve your esteem,
arie. See the prize I have won to-day.—
his little cup will grace your chimney piece."
ad he placed it in the mother's hands.

"Ah me!" tremulously articulated the old
y, "once I had good store of silver baubles,
t now—"

At this moment a face gleamed through the
indow at the back, apparently watching
anxiously. Marie's mother took her daugh-
r's hand, and with gentle force and an im-
poring smile, placed it in that of Bereny. A
ud curse was heard outside the window at
e same moment. Marie turned more pale
an ever, and Karl ran and opened the door
o see who was the intruder; but the only per-
on that appeared was one Issachar, a nonde-
ript. "Why, doctor, is it you?" said Bere-
y.

The being thus addressed was a shabby
oking, sallow faced son of Cain, who in a

short wandering career, had attempted half-a-
dozen professions and trades, without settling
or prospering in any. Baffled in his commer-
cial enterprises, Issachar turned his attention
toward operations on dogs, cats, and other
animals; and this occupation leading him na-
turally and gradually to the noble science of
anatomy, he branched off, without a diploma,
into the whole duties of a medical professor,
and from cat-skinning took to the obstetric
art, tooth drawing, and phlebotomizing. Doc-
tor Issachar had come to the cottage of Marie's
mother, with some cabbage leaf nostrum for
her rheumatism.

"Well, what brought you hither?" inquired
Marie, who detested him.

Issachar muttered to himself, "she wants to
get rid of me; but I'll stir up some mischief,
throw in a double dose of bitters. Why, I de-
clare, what a swearing noise Martin Varasok
made at the window just now!"

"Martin Varasok?" exclaimed the old wo-
man and Karl.

"Yes, he peeped through the casement, look-
ing as yellow as saffron.

"Marin is a gloomy tempered youth," said
the dame. "I like him not."

"No more do I," interrupted Issachar.—
Then assuming a knowing look, he whispered
to Bereny, "Martin is in sad want of a wife.
Take care of your Marie. Good-bye, dame;
I'll call and leave your cough drops, and the
poison for the rats. Mind, don't take the
wrong!" Soon after his departure, Karl Be-
reny took his leave. He was going to the
same branch of the mine where old Johan Va-
rasok superintended his workmen, and he ex-
pected Johan to be very sore about the loss of
the law-suit.

As the cow doctor proceeded on his way, he
reflected that part of his business was effected,
so far as startling the jealousy of Bereny went.
He now sought an opportunity to get a private
talk with Martin Varasok, and thus, by setting
the rivals by the ears, get rid of them both, and
then make the "bone of contention," "bone
of his bone," "flesh" he could not add, for
there was not a sufficient quantity on his car-
case. But Issachar wanted a wife to scrawl
his pharmacy bills, and cut out his new shirts,
whenever he had any.

Martin Varasok through the window had
seen the prize cup given by Bereny, and the
hand of Marie placed by her mother in the
hand of his rival. He was overcome with
vexation and jealousy; and he bit his lips 'till
they bled, muttering, "I will never see her

more! Yet I fancied I perceived that Marie wept. If I could only hope!"

While musing in this manner, some one brushed at his elbow; it was Issachar.

"Bless my heart!" cried he, "I don't wonder at your being in such a rage, considering what you must have witnessed at old Mother Schonborn's cottage. Karl Bereny to be sure is a good looking fellow; rich too; but he should take care, with a handsome girl right before the window, and no window blind; and unless one was blind one's self—but I say nothing." Issachar saw the effect he had produced, so he thought he would make Martin a little more comfortable. "Do you intend to be at Karl Bereny's wedding?" said he carelessly. "Ha! ha! old women will talk. I heard Marie's mother abusing you charmingly! She said you were the most untoward, ill tempered, fidgety, cross grained animal that ever walked on two legs."

Martin merely asked—"And did her daughter assent to this?"

"Why, I say nothing; but this I will say, she did—if silence gives consent. Marie *might* have said a little more; but I, of course, never rip up old grievances; it is my business to heal wounds, not to inflame them—so I say nothing. Good night!" and Issachar walked away chuckling with the notion that he had made Martin as happy as a bird with both his feet in bird lime?"

The distant bell of Presburg cathedral tolled the hour; and the clocks of the other steeples kept up a striking chorus, as Martin hastened to join his father in his duties at the iron mine. As they walked together, Johan Varasok guessed what was uppermost in Martin's thoughts, so he sought to divert them to another channel. "Has your mother been talking to you again about the spectre of the mine, Martin?" said he. "She pants to discover the mystery."

"I could tell her no more," replied the son, "than the others miners have told her, and that I was startled one day last week by the tall unearthly, hag-like form which flitted by me with a lantern."

"Oh! my boy," said Johan, "you must not believe in such things! Did you ever hear of a miner called Michael of Filleck?"

"I recollect hearing of such a person before I left Presburg," answered Martin.

"This Michael," continued Johan Varasok, "was a wild fellow, and had been banished from Filleck for some offence; but when he came among us he appeared patient and reformed. I held a helping hand to him; he

appeared grateful, and worked with the strength of a lion. We contrived that he should marry, and he wedded a good girl, taught her to love him tenderly, and a little smiling, curly-headed urchin blessed him with the name of father. For a time Michael appeared happy, 'till a fatal disorder sent his poor wife to her last home. Deprived of her bland influence, his wild dissolute habits again broke out. Providence ordained a heavy calamity to the poor wretch. One day, by the carelessness of the woman who undertook to nurse Michael's child, little fellow wandered to the mouth of one of the pits. He was playing about unconsciously, when his foot slipped, and he fell headlong. I need not describe its fate."

"Where was the father?" asked Martin.

"Below, at work in the mine, and the person that discovered the lifeless and mangled form of his beloved child. From that moment his reason fled, and he never returned to the world. I watched him gloomily seize spade and mattock, and in a remote corner of the mine he buried his poor infant."

"But how has he contrived to exist?" inquired Martin.

"I have supplied him with food and shelter ever since. I have made many efforts to induce him to return above ground; once I used force, but the powerful strength of the wretched maniac repelled me."

"Father," said Martin, "I have always had a strong suspicion that the tall fellow whom I struggled on the night that Doctor Schonborn's cottage was broken open, was that same Michael of Filleck."

"Ah! well, if it should prove so," replied Johan, "it would be of no use breaking an incurable madman on the wheel! But I tell you, Martin, you are still brooding on that girl. Come, come; I have a better opinion of Marie. She has not the want of feeling which you would attribute to her! Hark ye! your rival, Karl Bereny, has gone to the mine. Go you bet to Marie's cottage: pop the question at once. Cerberus's cat's-meat! you can't be in a worse plight should she decisively reject you. Pop! you should have seen how I carried off your respectable mother—triumphantly, in a white barrow, in sight of her hostile relations—of two, three and away. Go, boy, go!"

Here the hearty old miner pushed him from him, Johan descending the ladders of the shaft with practised vigor, while Martin, with a beating heart, took the direction toward the cottage.

Let us now accompany old Johan down

owels of the earth, and look around us at a curious scene. It was here lighted with gas, and pine torches stuck in clefts of the rock, and columns of iron ore, and brown and black clay ironstone, purposely left as supports to the roofs. These branched off into chambers and galleries in every direction.—The workmen were dispersed about at their various situations, in short frocks, and trowsers of coarse flannel, and woollen caps. In some places corves or baskets filled with the ore, were placed on trucks with four iron wheels, drawn by a man with a rope across his back, assisted by a boy, who guided the man from behind. Where the floor was more practicable, three or four of these trucks and corves were attached together, and a small dingy engine horse dragged them on a level to the shaft, where the baskets were wound up by a winding machinery to the mouth of the pit. A constant hammering and reverberation of the pick-axes were going on; and ever and anon a roar of awful thunder rushed along the gallery where they had been firing a train of powder to blast through the iron-rock.

One of the chambers, remote from the shaft that led to the entrance of the mine, Karl Bereny, Peter Patak, and other miners, were working. Presently Johan Varasok came along the gallery with his basket of provisions and a lantern; he placed the basket on a ledge of ironstone, and took out a millet loaf of a size which would surprise any one not conversant with the sharpness of a miner's appetite; and he quitted the chamber with his lantern. As the other miners were talking together, they suddenly stopped on hearing a wild shriek of a wretched echo from a chasm at the lower end of the gallery, a yell resembling that of the red hyæna when its keeper throws its food into its mouth. Peter Patak tremblingly uttered, "there's a spectre."

"A terrible noise, sure enough," said Karl Bereny; and the miners were all agog listen-

It happened that over a certain portion of the mine was an extensive bed of fine red sand, this sand being extensively used in their iron foundries, many thousand loads were carried away for that purpose. About this critical moment, owing, it was supposed, to the perpendicular bearings that are usually left, being too loose, or being too much weakened to support the mass above, a falling in of the superincumbent strata took place; and the disrapture occurring about midway between the shaft of the mine and the situation where Karl Bereny, Jo-

han Varasok, and the others were placed, the driftways were instantly filled with the falling mass, consequently all escape for them was in a moment cut off. The concussion of air extinguished all the lights but the lantern of Johan Varasok. The men were in despair, but hardy old Johan did not lose his presence of mind; "Be firm, my friends," he exclaimed; "one and all must work or perish now. Karl Bereny, don't hang back, man! your hand.—We must forgive all animosity now. We are no longer disunited comrades."

Another heavy fall was heard, and then the loud gush of a torrent of water. Peter stumbled and fell against Varasok's lantern, which he crushed, and extinguished the light. Utter darkness now ensued.

Johan Varasok solemnly exclaimed, "God's will be done!" which was responded by "Amen!" from the buried men.

Suddenly Bereny called out, "here—here is a light from below."

All eyes were eagerly turned in the direction, when a tall pale figure scrambled up the platform, with streaming rags, matted hair, and beard perfectly white.

In agony Patak screamed out, "The spectre! the spectre!"

It was Michael of Filleck, haggard and insane!

"Ho! Michael, your light!" shouted Johan, and attempted to approach him; but the maniac howling and shrieking with unearthly laughter, rushed across a narrow plank which covered a chasm of water, fathoms in depth, and disappeared, leaving the unfortunate men in a state of frightful anxiety. The only sound then distinguishable was an exclamation in dissonant tones, "Which of you threw my child headlong down the shaft?" and the wild yelling echoed through the caverns.

At this frightful moment Martin Varasok, who had proceeded to the cottage of Marie, stopped anxiously at the door. Marie was up, for her mother, afflicted with infirmities, had passed a sleepless night; and when the morning dawned she had fallen into a heavy slumber. As Marie approached the window, she perceived Martin.

"Marie," said he, falteringly, "dare I speak to you?"

"This is an unusual hour to visit the cottage, Martin."

Martin replied in a low, but impassioned tone, "Marie, I must and will ascertain my fate; my happiness or misery is in your hands; one word from you, Marie, one little word

will decide which is to be my lot; speak that word."

Marie sobbed. Martin, in a more subdued voice, said, "Marie, my heart and soul are yours; say you will love me, and for your sake I will conquer this impetuous temper!" He drew Marie toward him; her head sank on his shoulder, and her warm tears fell on his hands. Suddenly the alarm bell tolled violently. They both started; hasty footsteps passed the cottage; an engineer was passing. Martin anxiously inquired what had happened. The engineer replied, with a look of horror—"The mine has fallen in, and all the workmen are buried."

"Distraction!" cried Martin. "My father is down there!"

"And poor Bereny!" added Marie.

"Ha! Bereny!" wildly exclaimed Martin; "her Bereny! fiends and furies! have ye been mocking me? Away—away! my father, my dear, brave old father! I will seek you to the centre of the earth, or die!" and he rushed out.

The bell continued tolling fearfully, and the alarm spread like wildfire; hundreds were seen rushing to the fatal spot; fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and children, by their cries adding misery to the scene. Martin Varasok soon arrived at the mouth of the mine, and, after a rapid consultation with the engineer on the spot, parties of the workmen, headed by Martin, went down the pit in the hope of clearing away the rubbish below, so as to get at the unfortunate men; but after many hours of hard labour, this was found to be impracticable, as not only the sand, but water continued pouring down as fast as it could be removed from the bottom. The different masters then formed their gangs, and, people coming in from other villages, working parties were formed sufficiently numerous to relieve each other day and night. Martin was the first man to descend the old shaft; he was followed by several adventurous young fellows, and the work began in earnest.

Incredible efforts were made, and, by dint of perseverance for several days and nights of continued labour, a way was made into what they ascertained to be a portion of the iron mine. Martin Varasok, notwithstanding the great fatigue he had undergone, insisted on being lowered down to a platform he beheld by the light of the torch below. His comrades remonstrated with him, but ineffectually; so he was let down the chasm with a rope fastened around his body. He had a lantern also tied to his girdle, a torch and his mattock in

his hands; but, alas! the rope, swiftly trailing against the sharp edge of a slab of stone, was severed, and Martin fell when at twelve feet from the platform. He fortunately dropped on his feet, and was only severely shaken. He hallooed, with all his might, to assure his comrades of his safety, when he heard, or thought he heard, a distant cry shout to the right, but still beneath him. He again exerted his voice to the utmost. His effort was answered by a horrid yell, and a peal of such laughter as could only have proceeded from a demoniac.

This served, however, only to encourage the brave spirit; for, although he was nearly certain that the first sounds he heard were distinct quarter from the latter, it proved him that there was life below, and while there was life there was hope. In the meantime intelligence was conveyed to the surface. Martin Varasok had fallen, but that they had heard his shouts far beneath the platform. This intelligence immediately spread, and of course made its way to Marie Schonborn, whom it was most maliciously conveyed to Issachar. But Marie had too much energetic character to give confidence to all the unprincipled Jew reported. She was a good determined principle; she could not rest at home, even with her infirm mother, and she was convinced of the fact that Martin was living. She went into the cottage of a neighbouring friend, whose brother was a miser; she implored her to come to sit by her mother, who very probably might not awake, and persuaded her friend to lend her the dress of her brother. She then succeeded in completely disguising her rather tall figure in the most habiliments, covering her fair forehead with a broad brimmed hat. After offering up a hearty but fervent prayer for the success of her project, she ran to the mouth of the old shaft, which was discernible by the motley crowd and glaring of many torches.

The machinery and chain windlasses and iron tubs had been properly fixed at both elevations above and below; and the men were selected who were to descend. As Marie mingled with the throng, she perceived a young woman, with an infant at her breast, grasping energetically the hands of her husband, a miner, and entreating him not to leave her. Her piteous tones and tears appeared evidently to impress him; and he wavered. Marie seized on this minute of indecision; and when the captain called out numbers one, two, three, and the men severally placed themselves in

es to be lowered by the machinery, at the
 in's order for number four, Marie, with a
 muffled around her, presented herself,
 stepped into the iron bucket, and was
 ntly descending link by link as the wind-
 turned. It may be easily imagined that
 heart quailed in being placed in so novel a
 tion. The iron bucket was up to her
 lders, and the lantern which had been pla-
 n her hand threw its dim rays around.—
 thought of her aged mother, and trembled;
 she recollected the first impression and
 t vow to save Martin, if he was to be res-
 ; so, putting her trust in God she reached
 econd level, from whence her lover had so
 ardously ordered himself to be lowered.—
 n she arrived there, she perceived on the
 faces of the miners manifest marks of dis-
 . The chain windlass was there, and man-
 ; but a hesitation was evident as to the
 on who was first to descend; it even came
 doubt whether any of them would venture.
 ie made a desperate effort, exclaiming,
 "Make way there; I will volunteer to go
 n."

way, with the creaking of the rusty wind-
 only to be heard, descended the corve with
 devoted Marie, fathom after fathom. At
 the iron tub rested on a level surface.
 rie looked around wistfully with her light,
 observe whether she might only have been
 ed on the summit of a subterranean precip-
 ; but, to the extent she could discern, the
 k appeared flat and even. She therefore
 icated herself from the corve, and gave the
 al (by pulling a small line which had been
 round her arm before she descended,) that
 landing had been effected.

the grating of the receding chain sounded
 shly and painfully on the ear of Marie. She
 ed around; at a distance, at intervals, ap-
 red a flickering, paled blue light, which ex-
 ded itself considerably, but never in one
 ce for a moment. The illumination, altho'
 could not then account for it, was a slight
 ition of fire-damp. The mind of Marie had
 n too well regulated for her to have any
 ad of supernatural agency; yet this sudden
 ing gave her alarm. While painfully pon-
 ing, a figure stood at some distance from
 —an extraordinary figure—perfectly visible,
 h its dark and ragged outline standing forth
 n the sulphuric, capricious blazing. What-
 r the being was, it evidently was attracted
 the light which Marie carried; she now felt
 fortune sinking! The creature approach-
 —tall, enveloped in rags, white hair, and a

a huge white beard, the eyes sunken, and hol-
 low cheeks. Starvation appeared to have near-
 ly effected its utmost on the human frame—for
 it was a man!—As he came closer to Marie,
 and glanced a flashing eye at her, he uttered in
 a faint and plaintive tone, "Bread! bread!"—
 Marie looked at the miserable wretch with a
 woman's pity, and took from her wallet a half
 loaf, which she held out to him. He eagerly
 snatched, devoured it like a famished wolf, and
 appeared to wait for more. Marie, summoning
 up all the courage of which she was mistress,
 asked him if he knew of the accident that had
 occurred in the mine? but the only reply was,
 "Bread! bread!" She gave him another
 piece, which was disposed of as the former.—
 The mysterious being then beckoned her to fol-
 low him. As Marie had observed the path by
 which he had found his way to her was level,
 she assented, and this wretched, ragged, and
 white haired object led the way.

Several passages were traversed by the ma-
 niac, followed by the undaunted Marie. At
 last her conductor brought her to a small cav-
 ern, in a corner of which were heaped some
 rags, and a piece of coarse canvass; evidently
 the sleeping place of this isolated being. It
 was very cold and very damp; here the white
 haired recluse seated himself on the bare earth,
 and endeavored to call the attention of Marie
 to something in the corner; instantly turning
 the light in that direction, she beheld a rude
 heap of stones arranged in the shape of a tomb,
 but of such dimensions that it could only have
 been intended as the sepulchre of a child. The
 strange being looked at Marie piteously, and
 large tears flowed from his eyes, and he ar-
 ticulated, "Ludolph, my child, here is bread
 for you."

In agony, on his knees, he seemed to pray;
 he then turned to Marie, and showed her a
 small leather cap, such as was worn at the
 period by boys, which he kissed frequently.—
 On a sudden, however, the fiend raged within
 him, and scowling horribly at Marie, he scream-
 ed out—

"Ha! It was you that threw my poor child
 down the shaft!" and he sprang on the affright-
 ed girl like a tiger.

It was in vain that she resisted. The ma-
 niac seemed to be possessed of supernatural
 strength. She struggled and shrieked. "Re-
 tribution!" cried Michael of Filleck. "The
 death thou inflictedest on my boy is reserved
 for thee," and he laughed wildly. "Come—
 come! here is a chasm deep and dark enough."

The maniac dragged Marie toward the edge

of a precipice. Her shrieks were awful, when suddenly the insane ruffian was felled to the ground by a blow on the head, which proceeded from the mattock of Martin Varasok, and in the next moment Marie swooned in his arms. He supported her back to the cavern, and with difficulty restored her to her senses. As soon as they had somewhat recovered from exhaustion, Martin examined the rude sepulchre by the light of his lantern, when something glistening attracted his eye. He stretched his hand toward it; it was an antique silver flagon. On Marie perceiving the vessel, she recognized it to have been her mother's. Martin made a farther search; various other articles of plate, and a bundle of papers tied up, and covered with mildew, were found. These proved to be the title deeds of the estate of the Schonborn family, for the want of which they had been deprived of it.

But to return to the poor men. Johan Varasok, Karl Bereny, Peter Patak, and four others, were entombed alive.

"Alas! alas!" said Bereny, "to what purpose is it for us to prolong a dreadful existence, to perish by famine?"

"Who desponds?" exclaimed the brave old Johan Varasok. "Here, Bereny, friend in misfortune, here is a biscuit I had secreted, eat!"

Bereny wept in utter weakness. "And you, Johan?"

"Want nothing," replied Varasok, although he was, in fact, starving.

"Is there a hope of escape?" desolately asked poor Peter Patak.

"Escape!" replied Johan; "I pledge my word we shall all eat our dinners above ground to-morrow. Depend upon it, our more fortunate comrades are probing the earth for us now. Is not my bold boy, Martin, safe? Do you think that he will suffer his old father and friends to be buried alive? Hark! hark! hark! I hear them now. Hark! an explosion! they are boring the rock!—shout—all—halloo!—Strike against the ironstone walls with your hammers. They hear us! Listen to their cheering!"

All was now increased activity. The miners were no longer labouring without strong hopes of saving some of their fellow creatures; and this feeling gave an additional stimulus to their exertions. The iron-bound walls were at length driven through, and the first man that dashed into the aperture was Martin Varasok.

THE OLD YEAR.

Of ruddy hue

With a kind, constant smile upon his cheek
And in his eye a tear as soft and meek

As twilight dew;

For sadness ever mingled with the calm
That filled his heart—a pure and holy balm

His brow was bound

With withered leaves, through which wild
ries' red

Were peeping bright—the living with the dead
And like the sound

Of cold ghosts creeping o'er the moonlit sea
Those sear things rustled as the wind
low.

And yet he seem'd

To joy with all that join'd him on his way
Rejoicing in the glad unsullied ray

Which on them beam'd;

The cotter bless'd him as his arm grew strong
And children laugh'd when that old man pass'd
on:

With silver hairs

He strew'd the aged head, and pour'd with
The cordial of a sweet oblivion

O'er all their cares;

The mourner rais'd and pluck'd the gnaw'd
dart

That fester'd in the mem'ry of his heart.

He wept to see

So many fair things fading from the earth
Rich, bird-like voices—hearts of truest worth

Each flower and tree

Sprang forth and cloth'd the world in
array;

The beautiful—the lov'd, ah, where are they
Yet angel forms

Re-peopling the solitudes appear,
Weaving their web of love, and hope, and
While the rude storms

That mow the unshorn verdure of the
Still scare the sleeper from his dream of
And now his eye

Was oft times turn'd to one star in the night
He knew when burn'd its torch at zenith
That he must die.

Wide yawns the cavern where his brother
sleep,

To add a mummy to the untold heap.

Why doth he start?

An infant boy, that day had never seen,
Lies cradled low on boughs of evergreen,

With lips apart

And eyes fast clos'd, yet through the lids
worn

A soft ray stole like light of unveil'd morn-

The old man bent

weary head, and you might faintly trace
 semblance in each strange contracted face,
 Each lineament

offspring both of one untiring mother;—
 when will *Time* e'er cease to bear another?

The hour was come,

star it cast no shade—he kiss'd the brow
 the awakening babe, upspringing now

And bounding on,

the pillow'd on the wind a fitful knell
 and mournfully, like voice of passing bell.

Without a sigh

the old man sunk upon the vacant bed,
 spirits came, when calmly life had fled,

To close his eye;

the bright child was welcom'd every where
 with gifts, and smiles, and songs that fill the
 air.

Remembrance came,

allow'd stream rose clear, and gushing fast,
 flowed the sealed-up fountain of the past;

Then breathed his name

pledge of every heart, for it did seem
 wined with precious thought of some dear
 dream

it vanished with the good Old Year, I ween.

John, January, 1843.

EUGENE.

—●●●—
 STANZAS

TO A LADY DYING OF CONSUMPTION.

Very early hath the victor won thee

To share the slumbers of the rayless tomb!

Chilling shadows as a pall have bound thee,

Though Heaven's own light hath pierced the
 gathered gloom!

Know that thou must die, yet hopes are
 clinging

With added fervor to thy wasting form!

Though in our hearts despair thy knell is ring-
 ing,

Oh! how we struggle to avert the storm!

With what strange brilliancy thy eyes are
 beaming,

Lit with a splendor that is not of earth!

Each day thy gentle smile is fainter gleaming,

And thy low whispers have forgot their mirth,

For us, without thee, what a dark to-morrow,
 is the dim future that before us lies!

Thou in the grave, and we the heirs of sorrow,
 With sad and lonely hearts that mock dis-
 guise!

God grant his presence in the sunless valley,

Which thou must tread ere Paradise be won!

Behind its portals clouds and tempests rally,

But boldly enter, for thy toil is done!

WOMAN'S PRIDE

"You are very impudent, George," said a laughing, blue-eyed girl, of nineteen, to a very handsome and fashionable young man, apparently about twenty-five, whose arm encircled her waist, and who had just imprinted on her rosy lips a kiss.

"Impudent! and for what, my sister—that I dare to love you?"

"No, not for that—but, George," said the young lady, looking up into his face with a sweet smile, while a faint blush tinged her cheeks, "do you love me as well as a sister?"

For a moment the young man was embarrassed, but it was only for a moment, and he replied, carelessly, "certainly, dear Maria, do you not love me as a brother?"

Maria's lip quivered—a tear trembled in her eye, and her bosom seemed heaving with concealed emotion as she answered, firmly—"I will love you as a brother, George, but it is late—good night," and she left him somewhat puzzled at her abrupt departure.

Maria Fenton had been left an orphan at the age of fifteen, both her parents having been carried off by a sudden epidemic, and with a sister eight years younger than herself, had been left to the care of a wealthy uncle. The bereaved orphans were treated well by their relations, and being young and sprightly, soon forgot their sorrow in the many amusements of their uncle's house. Mr. Fenton having died insolvent, his daughters were left portionless; but their young and cheerful hearts regarded this as no misfortune.

Maria was not a beauty, but there was that about her which could not fail to inspire the beholder with respect and esteem. Her person was full and exquisitely formed—her complexion of dazzling white, but it wanted the blooming tints of the rose; and her deep full blue eye, who could withstand its softness, its winning gentleness; it spoke in silent and eloquent language; but ill spoke the feelings of the soul's purity and innocence. By many she was esteemed proud and haughty; but it was owing to a diffidence and reserve which ever characterised her movements, especially towards strangers. Maria was proud, but her's was a pride seldom known, seldom appreciated. Her feelings were acute and sensitive in the extreme: but when wounded she possessed that singular self-possession as to hide the wound from all observers.

George Clayville was the youngest son of a very old, and very respectable family; was well educated, handsome, pleasing in his man-

ners, and naturally warm-hearted—consequently he was a great favorite with the ladies, and envied by the gentlemen. But George possessed some very bad qualities—he was selfish, thoughtless, and regardless of the feelings of others. Fully aware of his engaging propensities, he indulged himself in winning the affections of the innocent and unsuspecting; but in a manner so very guarded, as never to commit himself. He saw Maria—saw that she was something above the common class of young ladies, and resolved to win her affections.

This was no difficult task; she was young and affectionate—and in a few short weeks they were indeed like brother and sister. For four long years their intimacy continued the same—their friendship unbroken. Maria loved him truly and devotedly: she never once questioned his motives—the thought never entered her head that he might be a heartless deceiver. She trusted in him implicitly—faithfully.

George Clayville's feelings were not so easily defined—he hardly knew them himself, but this much he did know, she should never be his wife. His principles forbade it—it ever had been, and still was his firm determination to marry a fortune. This, poor Maria, unfortunately did not possess. But he trifled with her generous and confiding nature; saw her undisguised, devoted attachment, and even exulted in the glorious conquest he had achieved. Alas for human nature! alas for the principles of man! George Clayville, thy conquest was glorious—but beware, ah! beware, the ensnarer is himself often ensnared, and thou mayest yet reap the bitter fruits of thy folly—of thy wickedness.

Maria, as we said before, never doubted the truth of George, but of late she had heard it confidently reported, that he was playing the agreeable to a young and beautiful heiress, and the truth, the painful truth, instantly presented itself to her mind. She resolved to know, and for that reason addressed to him the apparently simple question at the commencement of our story, "Do you love me as well as a sister?"

His carelessness in answering, together with his evident embarrassment, convinced her that report spoke truly—that had he been for four long years trifling with her heart's best feelings. The struggle between love and pride was long and bitter; the latter at last prevailed, and a noble pride triumphed over a slighted love. "Yes," exclaimed Maria, the evening after our hero's departure; "yes, he shall

see that I can forget him. He knows my name, who would not, that has seen us, and he shall yet feel my pride. George Clayville, faithless as you are, you shall not crush me."

The first passion of her wounded heart quelled; the bursting sigh was hushed, flowing tears wiped away; and again they met—the injurer and the injured—as they never met, apparently loving and affectionate. She suffered him still to play with her curls, her ringlets—still received his warm caresses—played, and sung, and danced with him. A few would ever have fancied that Maria's was an aching heart. But at last business called George away—Maria's first thoughts were sad—her second, "it was better so."

The evening before the intended departure of George and Maria for the last time set out on an evening walk. The evening was calm and beautiful, the balmy zephyrs floated lightly amidst the green foliage of the trees; the fireflies danced merrily through the scented air, the nightingales were pouring forth their sweetest, softest notes; and all—all breathed harmony and love. But the heart of George Clayville—did that speak love? oh, no, it was still selfish. After a protracted silence, which each seemed busy with their own thoughts, George stole a glance at the sweet calmness of his companion, and said, gaily, "of what are you thinking, Maria? is it how very lovely you will be after I am gone?"

"Yes," said Maria, cheerfully, "I shall love you very much!—but," she added, laughingly, "you know I am not of a desponding nature, so doubtless, I shall soon forget you."

George seemed greatly displeased, and answered, sadly, "I hope not—perhaps you will be married before my return, if so, will you not promise me an invitation to the wedding? I shall only be three hundred miles away, and would travel twice as far to see you married."

Maria readily gave the promise, deeply repaid her; and claiming a similar one, she returned to the house. A few short hours after George Clayville was gone—Maria could help feeling desolate.

"See here, Maria," said her sister Amelia, a bright, blooming child of eleven; "see what a beautiful watch I have got—I met George this morning as I was going to school. He was going to see you, he said, but was in great hurry, so he gave me this watch for myself, and this little box for you. I do not know what is in it, for George said I must not look, but cousin Julia peeped in—oh! what a beautiful ring! just what Julia said," for Maria, who

palpitating heart, and blushing face, had opened the box, and displayed a beautiful bond.

"Dear, dear Maria," said the happy child, "is it not pretty?—and George told me that I must wear it when you was married—and when after he was gone, Julia said that you were to marry him;—are you, Maria? I hope so for I love George very much."

"Hush, hush, Amelia—Julia is a naughty girl to tell you so, and I must scold her."

"No, no," said the affectionate child, "you must not scold dear Julia—but you may Frank, who said that George was not to marry you, that proud Miss Netherton."

"There, there, Amelia, that will do; now give me a kiss, and go and play with your cousins," and away frolicked the laughing child unconscious of the pain she had inflicted in the bosom of her sister.

The gift of George was kept, but never worn. Her cousins often rallied her upon the subject and she always laughed them off.

A year had nearly elapsed since the departure of George Clayville. There was great preparation making in the house of Maria's uncle, for some coming event. Splendid furniture purchased—the richest dresses making, and foreign cooks procured. What was going to happen, perhaps this letter may inform our readers, written by Maria herself:—

"MY DEAR GEORGE,

"Do you remember the promise I gave you the evening before you left us: I did not think to be required so soon to fulfill it; but strange events do sometimes happen. This day week I shall become the bride of Captain H—, remember I will expect you.

"Yours &c.,

"MARIA."

What were the feelings of George on the reception of this letter, we will leave our readers to judge. He was at the time seated between two reigning belles—at his old employment—staring; breathing "soft nothings" into the ear of one, and looking "unutterable things" at the other. The letter was given him by a servant—he glanced his eyes over its contents; turned extremely pale, and the letter dropped from his grasp. It was instantly taken up by one of his fair companions, and who, with the assurance generally attendant on coquettes, deliberately read it through, and then throwing it from her and tossing her head with an air of affected contempt, she exclaimed to her wondering companion—

"A very pretty epistle, indeed, from some ignorant country girl, I suppose. Mr. Clay-

ville, since it seems to affect you so seriously, you will depart instantly, I presume, and forbid the happy union."

George listened to this speech in silent indignation, then bowing coldly, said in suppressed accents, "Yes, madam, if I can, I certainly shall. Good evening, ladies," and with a haughty bow, left the mortified belles alone.

The long dreaded, and the long expected day came at last. Nature had seemingly done her best, to paint with beauty every scene. The sun shone brightly—gloriously—the silvery clouds with the azure blue, sported playfully in the radiant heavens—the feathered songsters warbled forth their sweetest notes, and the faces of all were beaming with love and happiness. All, shall I say all, oh, no, where is Maria? Does her heart thrill with joy and extacy. Look upon that pale face, and judge. How singularly calm and dignified for one so young, and the expression that beams from that deep blue eye—surely it cannot be joy—it is too cold—too passionless.—Oh, no, hapless Maria, thou art making a sacrifice to *pride*. Well, be it so—we would not reproach thee. Hark! the clock strikes six. How brilliantly that gay saloon is lighted, and how mirthful and joyous every one appears.—See, yonder stands the bride-groom, holding by the hand the laughing blue-eyed Amelia; a noble looking gentleman, certainly, and well deserving his approaching happiness. But Maria, where is she? In yonder little sitting room, which is now deserted by the merry throng. Oh, looks she not like an inhabitant from yon heavenly sphere, descended for a few moments to view the happiness of mortals?—Her face almost rivals the dazzling whiteness of the bridal robes. No pearly gems glitter in her soft brown hair, no golden chain hangs carelessly over that "snowy neck"—she wears no ornaments—yet stay—there is a ring—one brilliant gem rests on that thin white finger. Behold, she kneels by yonder sofa—that sofa which has witnessed to so many of her happiest, brightest hours. Listen!—with clasped hands and tearful eyes she murmurs—"Father forgive him, may he never know—never feel the agony that now rends my heart." And now she rises, the tears are wiped away—she must rejoin the expecting group; but stay—there has been an intruder. George Clayville has witnessed this last scene—he has heard thy prayer, my sweet Maria. "George," she exclaimed, "dear George, I thank you for coming—one hour longer and you had been—" "Thank heaven! I am not too late," he

passionately exclaimed; "but," he added, resuming his self-possession, and noticing her surprise. "But dear Maria, are you really going to be married?"

"Most certainly," she answered gaily, "come go with me to the saloon. Harwick will be rejoiced to see you, and Amelia has not ceased to talk of you for a week—come, why are you waiting?"

He scrutinized her narrowly, as if to read her inmost soul. "Maria, do you love Captain Harwick?"

"Love my affianced husband! what a strange question! You certainly would not doubt it, George?"

"Yes," he exclaimed, quickly, "I do doubt it. I heard your last prayer, Maria; answer me truly, do you not love the faithless, the apparently heartless George Clayville?"

Maria drew herself proudly up—there was a struggle in her heart, but it passed away, and she answered with calmness and dignity—"I *did* love George Clayville; but he trifled with my heart's dearest, holiest feelings, and wounded my pride—farewell!" and she was gone.

Poor George, but you deserve to suffer; we can hardly pity you. But Maria, the injured Maria forgives, so must we.

The last solemn words are pronounced "man and wife," and the hitherto calm and dignified Maria has fainted, and George Clayville, where is he?—gone—gone—none knows whither.

Oh! man! man! how often dost thou doom the hearts of the young and innocent to misery and despair! How often dost thou change the brightest day into the darkest night; but remember, oh, remember thy day is coming!

Maria Fenton was not doomed to misery.—The husband she had taken was one whom all respected and honoured. He loved her as devotedly as she had loved George Clayville, and was it wonderful that his unceasing attentions, his love, his goodness, could be long withstood by such a gentle and affectionate being as Maria? Oh, no, he first won her gratitude, and love quickly followed, not a passionate, but the deep lasting love which was so well deserved, so well merited.

For six long years George Clayville was unheard; of at length he returned; but oh! how altered. None would have recognized in the grave, care-worn being before them, the once gay and brilliant George Clayville. Maria could not meet him without emotion; but she had learned to love him "as a brother," and perhaps it may please our readers to know that

in time he gave her a right to do so, he made the young and beautiful Amelia his, who still remembered him as in days of old and loved him still as well.

His punishment had been long and bitter, but it eventually worked his salvation.

Portland, January, 1843.

HARRIS

The Bride's Remembrance of Home

—
Thou hast no voice so soothing to mine ear
Land of the Healing Spring—no sound so sweet
As the bland spirit of the mountain sigh,
When with the scent of forests floating by
It steals upon me in the dreamy night
With a sweet thrill of rapturous delight;
For it hath power in its wild melody
To waken thoughts, beloved Home, of thee
I seem to stand beneath my own blue sky
Where 'bove the clouds the lofty Catskills rise
Once more I ramble o'er the fragrant heath
Where the young zephyr woos the vernal
breath,

And in imagination hear the swell
Of torrents rushing down the rocky dell;
Then my own Hudson, noble, pure, and free
Its waters sweeping onward to the sea,
Steals in soft visions to my memory,
As when I lingered on its verdant side,
Listening the murmur of its rippling tide,
'Neath the cool shadows of the clustering trees
My favourite summer bower in days of long ago
Watching these sails its bosom whitening
Which Commerce wafts to many a foreign
shore,

As when meandering in joyous play,
From the lov'd mansion on my bridal day
I look'd upon its waves' deep sunny blue
And breathed a fond, a passionate adieu.

Flow on, flow on as when, majestic stream
Thine echo blent with youth's romantic dream
Though far away, thou'rt not forgotten here
The faintest mountain echoes which mine ear
Hath ever caught of this land's melody,
Waken remembrances of Home and thee!

VIRTUE AND VICE.

If laws had been promulgated to recompense good actions, as they have been established to punish crimes, the number of the virtuous would surely have been more increased by the attraction of promised benefit, than the number of the wicked are diminished by the rigour of the punishments with which they are threatened.

LADY ALICE LISLE;

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WHEN we look upon the great picture of events, as portrayed by the pencil of history, we see little else than the colossal outlines of those who occupied prominent places in the pageantry of courts, or acted distinguished parts on the theatre of public life.—The Muse of History disdains to tread the path of daily life: her buskined foot treads only the tapestried floor of kingly palaces,—her sweeping garments rustle only in the halls of regal splendor. She calls up the scenes of the past, but

Kings

come flit by us,—dim and shadowy things;

the people—they who have borne the weight and burden of the day,—“the humble carriers of wood and drawers of water,” are forgotten, or only remembered as

the broken tools that tyrants cast away;”

how much of tragic interest may be found in the simple annals of those, “of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice;” and, as we pore over the chronicle of the gentle and unassuming student of olden time, how often we pause upon some name which has been hallowed by virtuous deeds, and hallowed by unmerited sorrows!

The Lady Alice Lisle was wedded, at an early age, to one whom she regarded with respect and reverence, rather than earnest and passionate love; yet her life had been one of perfect happiness, unbroken by a single real sorrow, until the hour when civil discord in the nation extended its baleful influence within the sacred circle of domestic life. Lady Alice had been educated in the strictest principles of duty and allegiance, at a time when loyalty was but her word for blind and bigoted submission to an anointed monarch. “Fear God—honor the king,”—were the two great precepts which had been impressed on her youthful mind, and as fervently had they been inculcated, that she revered both duties to be equally sacred. Her husband, on the contrary, became one of the first advocates for freedom, in the struggle which was then commencing between Charles and his people. His strong mind and firm principles were enlisted on the side of the oppressed, and in resisting the tyranny of a king he was only obeying that instinct of nature, which has led him even in boyhood to defend the weak and defy the strong. In vain Lady Alice sought to change his opinions, and entreated his forbearance in the expression of his

sentiments. Every fresh act of injustice on the part of the misguided monarch, only served to exasperate the stern temper of the severe republican, and the people numbered no sturdier champion of their rights than the rigid and inflexible John Lisle.

Lady Alice wept in secret over what she considered her husband's defection from duty, and, when the discontent of the nation had broken forth with open rebellion, she retired with her children to her paternal inheritance at Moyles Court, where her daily prayers were offered up, alike for the success of the royal cause, and the safety of her rebel husband, who then had a command in the parliamentary army. In modern days, when “the people are warring with the kings,” until loyalty has become little more than an empty name for a forgotten principle,—it would be quite impossible to estimate the full amount of Lady Alice's sorrow, when she thus beheld her husband in arms against his sovereign. But her heaviest affliction was yet to come. King Charles was dethroned, betrayed, imprisoned; and the ambition of Cromwell led him to be satisfied with nothing less than the death of the unfortunate monarch. Blinded by excess of zeal, and duped by the semblance of stern republican virtue in their leader, men of strong minds and pure hearts, unwittingly lent themselves to the usurper's designs. It was decided that the king should be brought to trial, and while some of his self-created judges only sought to render justice, and others hoped to secure mercy, the many were predetermined that their verdict should be sealed in blood.—Foremost among the honest and well-intentioned of that strange assemblage, appeared John Lisle; but his rigid sense of duty, and his almost vindictive hatred of tyranny, left no room in his heart for the impulses of pity.—With the details and result of that unprecedented trial, every one is familiar. Charles Stuart was condemned to an ignominious death, and the errors of the monarch were expiated by the sufferings of the man.

From that hour Lady Alice regarded her husband as a murderer. In vain she tried to thank him only a misguided but honest zealot; the stain of blood—the time-honoured blood of royalty,—was upon his hands, and to his loyal wife John Lisle henceforth appeared but as a sacrilegious homicide. On the day of the king's death, she shut herself up in the solitude of her own apartment, where, by fasting and supplication, she sought to atone for the sin of him who was the father of her innocent children,

and, when she again emerged from her self-imposed seclusion, she had donned the sable robe of mourning, which she never laid aside during the whole of her long life.

The sorrow which preyed on the heart of the unhappy wife during the years which succeeded this horrible tragedy, may be better imagined than described. She saw her husband sharing the counsels of the usurper, and winning high honours from the Commonwealth. Riches were bestowed on him, but they seemed to her only the wages of sin, and the rank which he held among the satellites of Cromwell she regarded as a badge of shame and guilt. In vain was she tempted by the pageantries of the Protector's court; in vain were all the blandishments of favour exerted to overcome her prejudices. She refused to leave Moyle's court to mingle with the myrmidons of the artful and ambitious man who now possessed all of royalty but the *title* and the *right*. Her sense of duty led her to avoid the recurrence of domestic differences; there was no semblance of discord within the circle of her household duties, but she well knew that heart-felt, homebred happiness was gone from her for ever. Occupied in the education of her children, and sedulously attentive to the welfare of her dependants, she sought for solace in the strict performance of her manifold duties; but not all the censure of her neighbours, the expostulations of her husband nor the threatened displeasure of the court, could induce her to lay aside her mourning garb or omit keeping a solemn fast on every returning anniversary of the king's martyrdom.

Time passed on, and the revolutions of the seasons were then, as now, but types of the revolutions in men's opinions. The yoke of republican tyranny began to press as heavily as that of royal power, and the people began to question whether the golden sceptre of a legitimate monarch would not be lighter than the iron rod of an usurper. But the matter was decided by an arbiter from whom is no appeal. Death came to conquer the untameable spirit of Cromwell, and the tempest which raged so fiercely throughout England on the night when he expired, was but a symbol of the conflict which was soon to be raised in the minds of the nation. Had the Protector's son possessed a spark of his father's energy or ambition, such conflict might have been quelled by the strong hand of power, but the quiet gentleness of his good mother was the prevailing characteristic of Richard Cromwell, and the usurper, like most other great men, left no

heir to his genius and his ambition.

Charles II, peaceably ascended the throne from which his father had been hurled into ignominy, and the nation who had named one monarch for errors of judgment, more than acts of evil, now bowed themselves to the footstool of a selfish and heartless sovereign whose name has come down to us associated with one virtue and a thousand crimes. The restoration, which brought back to their country so many expatriated cavaliers, banished the most prominent of the republicans. Charles II, kind and good humoured as was the "merry arch," he yet could not, in common desire, refuse to punish his father's murderers; the regicides were compelled to seek safety in flight. A branded, and disappointed man, John Lisle went out from his quiet home, and sought a refuge from retributive justice amid the mountains of Switzerland. Willingly would Lady Alice have borne him company, though she had scorned to share the reproach of his treason, she would faithfully have followed him in the endurance of its punishment for the welfare of her children, and a well-grounded fear lest the sequestration of their father would be the consequence of such fidelity to a proscribed husband, compelled her to accompany him to England. She continued to dwell at the Court, watching over the developing characters of her children, insulating loyal and virtuous principles in the mind of her only son, so far happy in her seclusion that it preserved him from contact with a court which was then becoming the most licentious and depraved in Europe.

But the sorrows of the Lady Alice were yet at an end. There were those in the court who could not forget past injuries with the same facility as the indolent and voluptuous king. Men were found who remembered private wrongs long after the fate of the murdered Charles had ceased to excite the fiercest passions of the re-established royalists, and to sons of John Lisle loyalty became only a cloak for revenge. John Lisle had been a stern and inflexible republican. He had never stayed his hand when it was in his power to scotch the viper which the atmosphere of court favour engendered, and many a despoiled cavalier treasured up a heavy account against him of reckoning with him. The fugitive knew that his steps were dogged, and every movement watched by men who thirsted for blood. For awhile he succeeded in eluding their vigilance; the love of life was still within him, and by many a subterfuge

their search. But the stealth-hounds of the law were not always to be baffled. He was assassinated in open day, near the place of his retreat in Switzerland, and the unhappy woman who had so long wept over his dereliction of duty, now felt her early tenderness re-echoed when thus compelled to lament his un- and cruel death.

When time had applied the balm of healing to the heart of the bereaved widow, it might have been hoped that the sorrows of the Lady were now at end, and that her future life would be one of peace if not of happiness. She saw her children growing up in beauty and around her, and in their welfare she found her sources of enjoyment in old age. But her loyalty could not blind her to the state of the torrent of vice which was fast spreading the land, had its fountain head at the regal palace, and she therefore kept her within the limits of her own fair domain, carefully avoiding all intercourse with courtly life. She watched the progress of events with a keenness rendered keen by maternal affection, and was endowed with almost prophetic powers, to foresee affliction. She dreaded the encroachment of that wickedness which was already undermining the bulwarks of virtue and re-echoing throughout the land, and she resolved to guard her precious treasures from the wide inundation which she foresaw would soon sweep away all the landmarks of principle.

The death of the second Charles occasioned a new phase in political affairs. The reckless and dissolute king died as he had lived. "I never forget," says the excellent Evelyn, in his diary, "the inexpressible luxury and profligacy, gaming and all dissoluteness, which as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it was Sunday evening,) which this day evening I was witness of, the king setting and sitting with the ladies of Portsmouth, Cleveley, and Mazarin, a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greatest courtiers and other distinguished persons were at hasset round a large table, with a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them, and which two gentlemen who were with me, were in reflexions in astonishment. Six days after all was in dust." What a picture is here presented of the rulers of a Christian nation! From the feeble hand of the weak Charles, the sceptre passed into the grasp of his brother James, whose licentiousness, though little less than that of his predecessor, was less agreeable to the people than his bigotry. They bore patiently with the vices of the good-

natured Charles, but the Jesuitical policy of James struck at the root of their religious and national liberty. Murmurs arose to various quarters, and the young and gifted Duke of Monmouth, son of the deceased king, and nephew of the reigning monarch, was induced by ambition, to become the leader of a rebel party. But the beauty of person and brilliancy of character which made him the idol of a courtly throng, were not sufficient to ensure him success in the new part he was called to fill. The foresight, energy and decision which are so requisite in one who would command the multitude, the firmness of purpose which can alone lead him in the path of safety, formed no part of the character of Monmouth. The result of his ill-arranged scheme is well known. He was defeated and fell into the hands of his ruthless uncle, who, notwithstanding the solicitations of friends, the abject supplications of the unhappy criminal and the claims of consanguinity, condemned him to the scaffold.— He perished in the prime of life, and in the sympathy which his fate awakened may be found the first germ of that national hatred, which, when cherished into full growth by years of cruelty and wrong, forced the king to resign his sceptre to a daughter's hand.

Ever distinguished for devoted loyalty, Lady Alice had sent forth her only son to do battle for the king in the recent rebellion, and the unhappy Duke of Monmouth had numbered among his most successful opponents the heir of the Lisle family. Yet to this very rebellion, which her child had aided to subdue, may be attributed the last and most tragic scene in the life of the long suffering lady. Recent events had furnished the bigoted and cruel king with sufficient pretext for gratifying his natural propensity to bloodshed and intolerance. He found a worthy instrument in the vile and degraded Judge Jeffreys, who was justly said to have "possessed the spirit of a Caligula, with the morals of an alehouse." This man, whose ferocious temper and constant inebriety added to his ruthless cruelty, made him little else than the coadjutor of the hangman, was sent down to try the prisoners, and a record of the executions which took place under his orders, was daily sent to the king. His majesty jestingly styled this "Jeffreys' campaigns," and took great pleasure in reading its frightful details to the foreign ambassadors. Two hundred and fifty persons suffered death, and nearly a thousand were sentenced to transportation during that season of blood and horror; while the wretch who committed these judicial crimes,

was afterwards rewarded by the chancellorship and elevated to the peerage!

It was while these dreadful scenes were enacting at Winchester, that a non-conformist minister named Hickee, together with his friend Nelthorpe, sought refuge at Moyles Court. Of their participation in Monmouth's rebellion, Lady Alice Lisle was utterly ignorant. The persecutions, which all the too scrupulous clergy had undergone from the myrmidons of the bigoted monarch, were well known to her, and it was in their ecclesiastic character that she had received the jaded and wayworn men, without entertaining the slightest suspicion that they had been numbered in the list of traitors. With the frank hospitality of her generous nature, she supplied their wants, and gave them an asylum in her house, using no attempt at concealment, except such as the safety of her guests required. But the unfortunate fugitives had been watched, and a military party was soon upon their track. They were traced to Moyles Court, and the Lady Alice not only saw her guests borne off to certain death, but also found herself a prisoner in the hands of the soldiers. The infamous Jeffreys was still holding what has been aptly termed, "The bloody Assize," and before him she was brought on a charge of having aided and abetted traitors.

On the 27th of August, 1685, the loyal and virtuous Lady Alice was confronted with her accusers, and never was there a more outrageous mockery of justice. Cloaking his violence and scurrility under a pretended zeal for truth, and mingling his vituperations with the most solemn appeals to Heaven, Jeffreys heaped every species of indignity on the grey head of the noble and excellent woman. Lady Lisle employed no counsel; she trusted to her own truthfulness and innocence, and her only defence was a simple, artless statement of facts. She calmly repelled the charge of treason, by pointing to the example of her son, whose loyalty, instilled in him from infancy, had led him to take up arms for the king in the recent revolt; while the dignified manner in which she proved the improbability of her risking the life of all most dear to her by harboring known traitors, won the admiration of all who listened to her defence. "I am not pleading for my life," said the noble woman; "I am not seeking to ward off the blow, which, even if now withheld, must soon fall upon my head, and lay me in the dust. Think you, that she who has counted three-score and ten years—years, marked by loneliness and sorrow; years, whose

record has been traced upon my heart in characters far deeper than those upon my brow—think you, she can find sufficient joy in life to make its continuance worth the words—'I have now been wasted upon it?' No, my lady, the day when I shall be called to lay aside my burden of existence will be one of joyful not of fearful anticipation. But let me rest on the traitor's death. Let not her, whose life has been a sacrifice to loyalty, go down to the grave with a branded and a blighted name.

But Jeffreys was drunk with blood and rage. He charged the jury in so partial a manner that no one could doubt his wishes, yet so convinced were all of the lady's innocence, that an unanimous verdict of acquittal was rendered. Enraged at this opposition to his will, Jeffreys compelled them to reconsider the matter; and at length, intimidated by his ferocity, they returned a verdict of guilty. Then did the wretch riot in his legalized cruelty. On the following morning, he condemned the Lady Alice to be *burned alive*; allowing only six hours between the sentence and its execution.

The aged lady listened with calmness to her frightful doom, and however nature must have shrunk from the fiery trial, she gave no evidence of weakness in her placid deportment. But the clergy of Winchester interceded and remonstrated until the tiger-hearted judge was compelled to grant a few days' reprieve; and the royalists, who had so long found in her a firm friend, seized the opportunity to sue from the king her pardon. The Earl of Pembroke knelt to the obdurate monarch, and implored him, with tears, to spare the life of a venerable and excellent woman. He recalled the events of her blameless life, the sacrifices which her husband's principles had cost her, her devotion to the cause of the Stuarts, her solemn commemoration of the anniversary of the martyr's death, and the loyal education she had bestowed upon her children. He dwelt in moving terms the disgrace that would fall upon the court, if the grey head of so aged and noble a person were branded with unmerited dishonour; but the bigoted and cruel monarch coldly replied that "he had pledged his word to Jeffreys *not to pardon her*." The only mercy extended in return for the entreaties and solicitations of her many friends, was the commutation of her sentence from burning to beheading.

On the 2d of September, the Lady Alice, who had then just attained her seventieth year, was brought to the scaffold. Before she laid her head upon the fatal block, she handed

sheriff a paper which contained the expression of her sentiments. She therein avowed herself a Protestant—deprecated the restoration of Popery as a judgment for national sins, disclaimed herself from the charge for which she was about to die, and offered her hearty amenity to all her enemies: her resigning as she said, "in the expectation of pardon and acceptance with God, through the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ."

Thus perished, in her old age, one of the most virtuous and blameless of women. Surely the excess of loyalty which estranged her from the husband of her youth, and condemned her to a life of melancholy seclusion, was rewarded by the doom which sentenced her traitor's death.

Reader, I might have drawn upon my imagination for many an adornment of this plain, unvarnished tale. I might have sketched many accessories to the picture which has now been presented to you; but I could do nothing of all that without detracting from its perfect truthfulness. The Lady Alice Lisle is no creature of fancy. In the church yard of Ellingham, Hampshire, is still to be seen a headstone inscribed with her name and the date of her death; while, until within the last twenty years, Moyles Court, the spot so long hallowed by her noble presence, was still standing in all its early quaintness. The Lisle family is now extinct,—the estate has passed into other hands, and of the stately pile of buildings which once echoed to the sounds of busy life in England's troublous times, nothing now remains save an humble farm house. The hand of time has anticipated the ravages of time, and a part of the edifice has been pulled down, but the drawing of the fine old mansion as it existed in the days of the last lineal descendant, now before me, and, as I look upon it, the image of the Lady Alice rises before my fancy with the reality of outline, which no mere "word-painting," can convey to the mind of another.



RAD MORALISTS.

Rad moralists produce no better effects than their preachers; who admonish Christians of their duty in general, and exhort them to practice it; but neglect to inculcate the principal duties of life—so that the hearers hence become no wiser, nor live after a better manner than they did. Admonition, indeed, should be used; but instruction is more essential. Admonitions of use, but to be always repeating the same things, cannot be necessary.

THE COVENANTER'S BURIAL.

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

DEEPLY embosomed in the wild gorges of the Pentland Hills, seven Scottish miles, at least, from any human habitation, there stands a small, old moss-grown chapel, partly dilapidated, although it is still in use, built in the very earliest style of Norman architecture. It has no tower, nor aisles, nor transept, and could not readily contain a hundred worshippers, consisting merely of one oblong apartment, with a short, massive column at each angle whence spring the groinings grotesquely carved in dark grey freestone, which support the steep slated roof. It is lighted by one large pointed window at the east end, and a small loop-hole, more resembling a crenelle for arrow-shooting, than an aperture designed to admit air and light on either side. The entrance is by a low-browed arch facing the window, and immediately beneath the little open belfry, which is perched like a dove-cot on the point of the gable. The whole exterior of the chapel has, evidently, at some former day, been decorated by full many a sculptured effigy of virgin, saint and angel, as may be still seen from the empty niches wherein they stood enshrined until the rude hand of the puritans in the days of Scottish reformation hurled them down, and ground, in the wild zeal of their new faith, the very stones of which they were composed, into dust, which they scattered to the four winds of heaven. In the interior, likewise, two or three vacant niches still remained, with a large font of stone, made to hold holy water, now consecrated to baptismal uses; besides this, a few oaken benches of the most rude and antique form, and a huge reading desk of the same material, composed the furniture of this most primitive place of worship. Around the wall lay a small burial-ground, with many a green half-sunken headstone peering up from out the rank growth of dark coarse herbage, nettles and thistles, and yellow weeds, which betrayed, by their rank luxuriance, the fatness of the soil, enriched from the decay of mortal bodies. A few of them had been, as was still evident, the last homes of personages not void of dignity and rank—there was one, in particular, a vast uncouthly sculptured block of freestone, where might be distinguished the form of human figure, with a small hood upon his head, a heater-shaped shield suspended from his neck, his folded hands resting upon the hilt of a huge cross-handled sword, and his legs crossed in that peculiar manner, which indicates that he who sleeps beneath, was a

Knight Templar. Upon the shield were some faint relics of armorial bearings, but it would now have puzzled the keenest antiquary that ever pored over mouldering ruins, to detect the obliterated blazonry which would have told the name of him who slumbered there, as still as though he never had pealed through his furious lips the war cry, Ha! Beauseant, or battled for the cross of Christ, knee deep in Paynim gore. Another heavy stone displayed the mitre and the pastoral crook of some proud abbot, and some two or three more of the number bore marks of decoration which, though now much decayed and broken, showed that they had been in old-time dedicated to the long since forgotten memories of the pure, the beautiful, the noble or the wise. The rest were low grass-covered mounds, without a stone to bear the name, or record the destinies of their inhabitants, and the most of them, from their sunken ridges, and half obliterated outlines, were evidently of no recent origin. Nothing could possibly be wilder or more gloomily romantic than the spot chosen for the site of this place of rural sepulture. It was a small deep hollow, scooped, as it were, out of the bosom of the huge moorland hills that raised their bare, round-headed summits treeless and bleak and desolate, on every side around it. On the right hand side, the little burial-ground abutted on a steep precipice of rifted sand-stone rock, which rose straight as a wall for sixty yards above it, and then sloped still farther upward, 'till it was merged in the heather of the loftier fell—behind the chapel was a thick grove of matted yews, filling up the whole width of the gorge between the hills, through which a little brooklet rushed murmuring and sparkling in a thread of liquid silver, girdling the church-yard round on the left side, and in the front, where it was crossed by a small one-arched bridge of free-stone. The margin of this stream was bordered by a long line of ash trees, probably chance-sown there by emigratory birds, for not another of the species was to be found for several miles' distance from the spot, and above these, the hill sloped boldly to the westward, showing beyond its rolling summit the crests of loftier mountains looming up blue and indistinct in the far distance. It was a dark and gloomy afternoon, although in the fairest time of summer, but the air was surcharged with electricity, and damp withal, and very sultry and oppressive. There was not a breeze to fan the lightest leaves of the ash by the stream, nor to wave even the slight stalk of the blue hare bells on the rock, but the

clouds mustered heavily, sweeping up, seemed, before some higher current that was not felt below, mass above mass, 'till the w sky was crowded with their huge tower volumes—the sun, when he shone out, at times from the interstices of the dense thunderclouds, shot a hot brassy glare, that seemed as if it came from the mouth of some vast furnace. No bird was heard to warble or even chirp from the bushes, the throstle and the blackbird, those never silent songsters of a Scotch summer, were hushed in sad anticipation of the coming storm—only the plaintive cry of the lapwing from the upland, and the scream of a kite wheeling in airy circles above the solitary belfry, disturbed the death-like stillness of the valley. Death-like indeed was—and not unfittingly, for, in the church-yard, hard by the bank of the little stream, and under the dark shadows of the yews, there was an open grave—the pile of earth, ready to fill its yawning mouth upheaped upon the side, mattock and spade planted in the ground by its brink—an open grave waiting its tenant. At some short distance from the grave there sat upon a fallen head-stone, as motionless as though he had been himself a part of it, an old grey-headed wrinkled man, in attitude of melancholy thought, with a small, long-haired terrier, wire-haired, and with a face as wrinkled as his master's, dozing among the weeds beside him. For nearly an hour, he sat there without stirring, unless when at times he raised his head for a moment, and appeared to listen, but then not hearing what he seemed to be expecting, relapsed into his grim and gloomy meditations. At last the sounds which he awaited made themselves heard at a distance, the well known death-hymn of the cantans swelling up awfully among the bare hills, a volume of wild, doleful music. The old man rose up at the signal, and tottering to the porch, opened the iron-studded door, and in a few moments the dissonant clashing clang of the old cracked chapel bell rang harshly out over the lonely valley. It was long before the melancholy train came into sight, winding along the narrow road, which, following the mazes of the brook, gave access to that lonely place of worship from the more cultivated glen of the lower country. The first of the procession was the old, cantanting pastor, a tall thin man, bent almost double with the infirmities of age, with a bald head, and stern, harsh features, but a flashing eye, full of enthusiastic life and vigorous energy. Immediately behind him

offin, of rude plain boards, undecked by plate or ornament, with neither pall nor es, upborne upon the stalwart shoulders of stout peasants, dressed in their wonted garb of shepherds' plaid, and broad blue and bonnets—following the body—hapless and helpless mourners—an old woman, aged that her frail limbs had scarcely strength of life left to support them, and a fair, eyed, flaxen-haired girl, crept along—the girl bathed in the fast flowing tears which fell so readily, and seem to sweep away in their flow the sorrows of the young—the foremost, stern, cold and tearless, as if the grief had penetrated to her heart's inmost core, mustered there, and checked her very tears, and froze up the fountains that gush so freely at any transient grievance in the young of sentiment and sympathy—the mother of the niece of the deceased—for it was he widow's son, who was borne thus to his home—the widow's son, who yesterday full of stirring spirit and quick life, had been cruelly cut off—cut off before his prime, and had a mere ciod of the valley at the foot of the wretched parent, by the fell mandate of the Tiger Laird.

Twelve aged farmers, the patriarchs of the vale, the grandsires or great grandsires of all the country, followed them, tottered along, staff in hand, behind the mourners, lifting their tremulous voices to swell the deep wild hymn that rolled up the valley, and then, for the rest of the train, like their pastor, were all unarmed, and defenceless. Yet even of these, two or three had polished their old broadswords on their thighs, and they could have done then aught of service in case of an armed onslaught on their sacred train; but in the rear of these, there were a party of widely different character in appearance. In front of them stood one well known after days as Hackstoun, of Rathillet, a dark, dark featured man of middle age, hawk-nosed, thin flanked and tall—the very picture of one of those martial saints of Cromwell, in whom the sword was second only, if not to the Bible. Armed to the teeth, with a broadsword on his hip, and dirk and pistols in his girdle, and a short musketoon slung over his broad shoulders—fury and vengeance flashed from his grey eye—the gloomy martialist strode onward, and at his heels, all armed like him, a leader, six or eight men, whose stubborn and erect bearing showed that they had been in service, clad in hodden grey, but heavy jackets, or long barrelled fowling pieces on their shoulders, and knives and pistols at their

waists, followed with the deep air of dogged resolution, that seems disposed to court rather than shun encounter with aught of man or fiend that should oppose them. The rear of this wild and ill-assorted train was brought up by a body of young men, variously weaponed with scythes set each on poles, and fishing spears, and clubs and axes; and all alike mourners and aged men and boys and stubborn warriors, were pealing forth one of those wild denunciatory hymns in which their souls delighted. On they filed, and they entered now the precincts of the lone church yard, and clustered round the grave. No prayers were read over the senseless, such ritual being held in the eyes of those stern puritans as an abomination of abominations. The wild hymn sunk into dead silence—the coffin was lowered into the pit prepared for it—the heavy clods rattled upon the lid—the earth was trampled down with a deep hollow sound—the grave was heaped, the sods were levelled and beat smooth by the old sexton's spade—and not a sound was heard except the childish sobbings of the infant niece, until the last blow had been struck, and then the voice of the frail aged woman arose among the hushed and awe struck throng, clear as a silver trumpet: "The Lord giveth,"—she exclaimed,—"the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" A deep hum followed her submissive exclamations—the solemn acclamation of the puritans, and then at once the gathered concourse burst into a loud hymn. It ended, and, as it did, before the echoes of the old hills had ceased to reverberate to the strange melody, Hackstoun, of Rathillet, drew his long broadsword from the scabbard, and stepped at once to the head of the grave. "Countrymen—Bretheren," he exclaimed, "the blood"—but as he spoke, the tramp of hoofs was heard, the click of steel along the winding road, and another instant the Laird of Livingstone and eight of his fierce troopers might be seen winding up the road.—"It is enough," cried Hackstoun. "It is enough! The Lord hath given them into our hands—we have them in a net—smite, kill—slay utterly!—suffer not one of them to go hence scatheless!" Then, in a calmer tone, he added: "Keep peace until they be upon us, down with your arms upon the turf—and raise them not 'till I cry 'Havoc!'—then on and leave none living." His orders were obeyed upon the instant. Meanwhile, the troopers, with the young laird leading, rode into the enclosure; taking a proclamation from his holster with that same fiendish smile upon his lip

which played there when he had bidden them to slay the widow's son, he had begun to read it, when Hackstoun, stooping suddenly snatched up his carbine from the ground, and shouting his word "Havoc!"—took a quick aim and fired. Upon the instant his men followed his example! A quick, sharp, straggling volley rattled above the grave of the murdered peasant, and four of his slayers leaped up in their saddles, and fell lifeless; surprised, but daunted nothing, the soldiers fired an answering volley, and charged, sword in hand—but Hackstoun met the foremost—he struck two blows—two only! the first fell on the charger's neck where the spine joins the skull, and hurled him lifeless—the second clove through the casque, the skull—the teeth of the trooper—musket-butt, scythe, and pitch-fork, were plied fiercely, and ere ten minutes, not a man lived of all their foes, save Livingstone. He, when he saw all hope lost,—he had fought foremost 'till he did so—turned his horse at the brook with a fierce shout, leaped it, and galloped over the wild hill. Hackstoun and his stern band rushed after him in wild pursuit. Ten minutes more, and the lone yard was utterly deserted, save by the corpses of his slayers—the slaughter of his murderers finished the obsequies of the poor widow's son.



A CANINE INCIDENT.

THE march of intellect is a mighty capricious sort of movement, and, withal, rather troublesome to wait upon. Sometimes it creeps at such a "snail's gallop," that it may be supposed altogether at a stand-still. Sometimes it doubles on itself like a hare, and brings us back to some point, which we had hoped to have placed for ever at an immeasurable distance behind us. and sometimes it hurries forward with such gigantic strides, that individual industry "pants after it in vain." The last has for some years been the case with respect to the science of medicine, which, within the life time of the present generation, has, (as parents say of their lubberly children,) "grown out of all knowledge." Not only have the various objects included within the study multiplied almost beyond the power of record to identify them, but the subjective elements of the science, have assumed new forms and dimensions, under the piercing examinations of successive physiologists; and are daily acquiring greater importance with relation not only to medical science itself, but to many other branches of enlarged and philosophical

inquiry. It is a melancholy fact, however, that notwithstanding the gigantic strides of science, and the myriads of new-fangled notions with which its possessors are cluttered, innumerable diseases still continue to afflict the human frame, for which no remedy has yet been devised, because they have never been understood. Among these, the most terrible in its consequences, is the Hydrophobia. The same ignorance of the subject, which characterized the darker ages still prevails, and its victims continue to be consigned to an untimely grave, without the least effort being made to save them. The following is but a sample of the hundreds of cases which occur yearly.

A few years ago, a large French dog, belonging to one of the officers of the 8th Hussars then stationed at Portobello Barracks in London, was observed to grow uncommonly savage, and attempted to bite at every dog he met in the streets: this change of temper in the animal was attributed by his master to his having eaten a quantity of meat which had been seasoned to him highly seasoned with pepper. However, ever, towards the evening of the day on which the change in the animal was perceived, he came at intervals outrageous, and bit his master and two more officers, who happened to be in the room: notwithstanding, his master was inclined to think it was done more in ruid than any thing else; consequently, no measures were taken to secure him. That same evening the dog was uncommonly ruffled: and whenever attempted to caress him, although he had been so well, he turned upon them and growled most savagely. The next day he was still more violent, and furiously bit several dogs who crossed his way; still, unfortunately, no measures were taken to secure him, his master supposing nothing serious was the matter with him. On the evening of the second day the dog was lying in his master's room, perfectly tranquil, when this unfortunate young man (who has fallen the victim,) entered: he remained in it some time before the dog took notice of him: when, suddenly he made a dash at him, seized him by the shoulder, and hurled him to the ground, and tore the arm down to the shoulder, and was with difficulty taken from him. A sergeant of the regiment happened to enter the room on duty, about this time, the dog immediately seized him by the leg, and tore away a considerable portion of flesh, and bit also two soldiers, one by the nose, and another on the hand. Still the animal was suffered to remain at large, and even slept

er's room by his bed-side, and licked his repeatedly.

Following morning, the master of the began to feel some alarm, and as I had stopped in to pay a casual visit, he asked go with him to examine the beast. I advised him to have him shot instantly, to which he agreed. As we were advancing towards the where he lay apparently at ease, he trotted snapping at every thing which came in his way. As he passed close by me, I hailed him in a friendly tone, but he did not notice me. He then ran through the streets of Dublin, bit a number of dogs and children, and on the point of seizing a man, who fortunately had a hammer in his hand, with which he struck him on the head, and killed him. — The tongue of the dog was immediately cut off at the spot by a physician, who, on examination, pronounced the animal to be in an excited state of hydrophobia.

None of the officers and soldiers who had been bitten knew the decision of the physician, nor did they know of any ill effect having resulted to those who had been bitten. However, three dogs which had been bitten died in six weeks, exhibiting strong symptoms of hydrophobia; the first child who had been attacked in the streets, subsequently met with the same fate. All this was kept secret, therefore no cause of alarm from report could have been excited hydrophobic feelings in the unfortunate man who has fallen a sacrifice; on the contrary, he was in high spirits, and applied for leave of absence to go and see his friends in Worcester-shire, as he had some intentions of being married. He obtained leave; and not thinking it might divert his attention, he left us with the same flow of spirits. During his absence all was forgotten; and the remaining who had suffered, (though not so severely,) recovered their cheerful spirits. The period of leave granted to my friend having expired, he set out from his father's house, in perfect health, to rejoin his regiment. When he reached Birmingham, (he told me a few hours before he died,) he had a curious taste in his mouth, which prevented him from relishing his breakfast as usual. However, it gave him no alarm, nor did he again think of it 'till he got to Shrewsbury, when he found himself suddenly seized with a most unaccountable aversion for food and drink when put before him, although he had felt both hungry and thirsty previous to the meals being served. He could not account for this in any way, but observed he was by

no means alarmed, until he happened to call for a bottle of porter. When it was brought, he put it to his mouth, but the moment he had tasted this liquid, he dashed the glass from his lips, and spit the porter over the table, when the passengers all rose up and exclaimed he was mad.

This extraordinary feeling, of not being able to eat and drink, though he wished to do so, caused him some uneasiness, though he was willing to attribute the circumstance to the effect of a sore throat, and comforted himself under this idea. He proceeded by the coach to Holyhead, ruminating what could be the cause of this sensation, when the coach passed a small pond of water, the surface of which being ruffled by the wind, he immediately shuddered at the sight, and with a kind of horror he could not describe, hid his face with his hands: and for the first time, the dreadful idea of hydrophobia struck him.

When he arrived at Holyhead, he wished to wash before dinner, and called for water; when it was brought to him, and while in the act of putting it to his face, he screamed violently, threw the water about the room, and was convulsed for some time: the servant left the room alarmed. He then tried to clean his teeth, but could not get the brush into his mouth, on account of the water remaining upon it. The packet by this time was ready to sail, and he embarked. Poor fellow! while he was relating his sad tale to me, we were sitting together by the fire-side, he having just landed from Holyhead, which place he had sailed from the night before; consequently this was the third day only since his attack at Shrewsbury.

Before he began to tell me, on his arrival, of the symptoms he had experienced on his journey, he greeted me on our first meeting, with "How are you, my dear fellow? Here I am at last returned, but I fear with hydrophobia!" I affected to laugh at it, but was much shocked, and replied, it could only be imaginary; he said, it could not be so, for he thought he should have died coming on shore in the boat; he was so much affected at the sight of the water, that they were obliged to cover him, in order that he might not see it. He also observed, that if he had remained on board one day longer, he felt convinced that he should have died mad. I was still inclined to think there might be a great deal of imagination in my friend, and endeavoured to persuade him to believe it: although I cannot describe the poignancy of my feelings at hearing him relate what he suffered at intervals since he had left

Shrewsbury. In the course of our conversation, some dogs began to bark in the barrack-yard: he sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking over my shoulder, and said in a tremulous and hurried manner—"dogs!" If I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget that moment,—something struck me so forcibly that the poor sufferer would die, that I was afraid to meet his eyes, fearing he might discern signs of alarm in me!

Soon after this little incident, he was in the act of peeling an orange which we had persuaded him to try to eat, as he had taken nothing since he rejected the porter at Shrewsbury. He had hardly taken off the rind, and applied a small piece to his lips, when he became greatly convulsed, spit out the orange, and gave an inward scream that filled me with terror and dismay. When he recovered himself, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said—"There! was not that like the bark of a dog?"

A physician of some eminence in Dublin, soon after made his appearance. As soon as he entered the room, the poor fellow apologized to him for having given him the trouble to come, as he thought he had symptoms of hydrophobia, but believed it was only the effect of a sore throat, therefore would give him no further trouble. He appeared to catch at any thing which might give hopes of life. We were very anxious to learn the decision of the physician on his leaving the room; upon inquiry, he pronounced his death to be inevitable. It is unnecessary to describe the state of our minds on receiving this melancholy news—to know that our ill-fated friend, with whom we were then conversing—to all external appearance, in perfect health and apparent spirits, was to be numbered with the dead in a few hours, was deeply—terribly distressing.

The doctor added that he was in an advanced stage of hydrophobia, and that bleeding him copiously, in order that he might die easy, was the only thing that could now be done for him. I remained with him some time, conversing about various things that appeared to please him, and his spirits retained all their buoyancy and cheerfulness. On leaving him, I asked him when he intended to dine at the mess: he replied he could not make his appearance at the table that day, but he thought he should be able to do so in a day or two, when his throat was better. After he was bled, he felt relieved, and expressed a hope that he might be able to drink water by the next morning. Some time after, in the course of the evening, he appeared at intervals rather wild

and confused, and told an officer to get in his way, or he would bite him. After he became more tranquil, and sent his compliments to one of the married ladies of the regiment for a prayer-book; but begged that his name might not be mentioned, or he should be mentioned at.

At midnight he became very violent, so that three men could scarcely hold him; he afterwards recovered a little, and fell into a heavy slumber, which was disturbed by his starting up now and then, and crying out, "Do you hear the dogs?" he also imagined, at times, that he barked like a dog. He requested that he might be left alone about one o'clock the next morning—his servant, only, remaining in the room, when, in about ten minutes, he lay up at the man quite calm and collected. He said, "he regretted that his mother and sisters were not with him." He then prayed a short time, turned himself round, burying his face in the pillow, and expired without a groan—this was the melancholy end of one of the bravest young men in the British service.



PARTING LINES TO ROSA.

ADIEU—I ne'er may see thee more,

But treasured in this faithful breast,
Although I roam a distant shore,
Thy lovely image still will rest;
And like yon star's celestial beam,

That gilds the cloud-wreathed brow of
Shed o'er life's dark and troubled stream

A ray of pure and holy light.

'Mid Beauty's daughters should I sit

At eve, beneath Italia's skies—

From ruby lips should sparkling wit

Flash forth, or beam dark loving eyes

Each whispered word—each look of thine

That sanctifies this parting hour,

A holy spell will then entwine,

And shield me with its magic power.

When rosy twilight's lingering ray,

From off the ocean's heaving breast,

Softly and sweetly melts away,

And all puts on a look of rest,

Then, Rosa, I'll live o'er again,

Those bright-winged moments spent

thee,

For though divided by the main,

Our souls may still commingled be.



As it is the chief concern of wise men to trench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

SADI; OR THE TRUE DEATH.

storm suddenly went murmuring, like a restless spirit, to his resting-place, and a rainbow started up on the plain of battle, and the evening sun shone mildly over theesperides: and the universe was mantled in a garment of glory—bright and ineffable. It was this for the death of the Good, the Beautiful and the Great! fit time for the leap of the imprisoned flame, to join its kindred Fire. He leaned against a cypress, and the drooping boughs threw a melancholy shadow in the garden where flowers and cascades and gentle hills lay in a circle of majestic mountains, whose brows were bathed in the deep crimson of sunset. That garden was the work of his hand had created the Paradise: his glorious thought expressed by other means than language: it was the God-like Ideal expressed in the lower, but not worthless material.

He had come forth to die—the Good, the Beautiful and the Great! His faint hands held a harp, dark with centuries—a harp swept by the fingers of a hundred bards whom Sadi was about to leave behind their star-lit abodes. Its tones wild and wonderful, as the shout of many voices, had startled the souls of generations since passed away—roused the bondman from his slumbers—enchanted a world, and had opened new vistas into the weird future. And he was the last one who might sweep its strings with loved chords. Mournful and yet glad were the emotions which shook the soul of the mighty bard.

Suddenly a sweet, low music stole through the air: and the flowers and the cascades and hills, seemed to thrill in unison. Sadi looked up, and saw the garden tenanted by spirits of light and loveliness, who were bending their mild but radiant eyes upon his own. They wore long flowing robes of intense white, and their lofty brows were crowned with stars, unlike those of earth, and behind each inferior but still lovely creature, bearing a halo that flashed as though they were enamelled with diamonds more lustrous than the finest stars. And Sadi knew his visitants. They were the originals of those venerated portraits which were suspended in the great temple of Ildee. *These were the hundred bards.* Simultaneously the harp-bearers handed the instruments to the minstrels. Simultaneously burst forth the entrancing music of Heaven from their lyres. It was first loud and deep and massive as the march of a midnight storm over the mountains of Idora: then it gradual-

ly sunk into a breeze-like whisper; then, slowly gaining greater volume, it rolled out in clear, triumphant tones, ascending higher and higher, until the heavens received the final vibration. The music ceased as the sun sank behind the west.

"Sadi!" exclaimed the hundred, in accents sweet and low as the rustling of an angel's wing around the couches of the young, when dying. "Sadi! are you ready?" And the poet bowed his head. A quick murmur went through the bright host, like a word of joy.—Again they struck their harps, and, as evening threw his last ray upon the altar of night, the spirits vanished from the eyes of Sadi.

And night came out into the blue infinitude—night, with her star-plumes as brilliant, her wings as far-stretching, and her countenance wearing a look as quiet and grand as when she first bent her coal-black eyes on our orb, four thousand years before: and in her shadow lay the earth like a wearied goddess slumbering.

Sadi sang his last hymn, for he felt the dews of death clustering upon his brow. Then did he grasp his old friend, the harp, still closer to his bosom; and casting his eyes over that Paradise and up to the embattled orbs on high, his companions for years one-score-and-ten—the poet heaved a deep sigh. He thought of his fame; he thought of the laurels that he had won; he thought of *life; was Sadi ready now!* Was the vision of the hundred bards already forgotten? Was the music of the cascade sweeter than theirs? Did his laurel glow brighter than the unearthly garlands which circled their lofty brows? "Oh, earth, thou—thou art *very* beautiful!" whispered the dying bard. He heard a rustling by his side, and, turning, beheld a form more resplendent than imagination had ever shaped in his most holy dreams.

"Who art thou?" asked Sadi.

"Thy guardian angel!" exclaimed the form, in a melancholy voice. "Dost thou still wish to linger on this earth?" Sadi was silent; but a blush of shame rested for an instant on his pallid cheek. "Answer me!" cried the spirit, in a stern voice.

"Memory opens the tomb of the past; and from the marble portals I see issuing many forms with whom I fain would dwell," replied the bard.

"And doth not Hope flash her torch over the future?" asked the spirit. The features of Sadi wore, for a moment, a lustre such as might gleam through the ivory gates of the blest, upon the face of a penitent.

"Thou—the poet of the world," continued the spirit, "thou—who hast echoed the pulsations of the infinite; thou—who hast uttered thy word—it is well for thee to die!"

"Yes! yes! It is well!" exclaimed the bard. He laid himself gently down upon his mother earth. The spirit pressed his hand—it was icy cold. The mortal was dead. But from the body leaped up the glorious LIFE—ESSENCE—clothed in a form such as that worn by the hundred. And another minstrel was added that night to the DYING ONES; and a new song went up that 'ing' from the bowers of the blest, to the Most High.

A nation—the nation of Ildee, wept over the tomb of their 'lord; and his songs are still chanted in the temples; but his greatest poem is unknown; and that poem was the TAPE DEATH, his last and sublimest composition.—Oh! destroyer of the grand and lovely, thou won't no laurel that night in the garden of the august poet!

THE CHANGING OF THE MOON.

SHE comes with a feeble silvery ray,
Traced faintly 'midst the blue;
She hangs above the dying day,
A thing of air and dew.
The stars flash brightly o'er her path,
With wilder light than her's,
No power or majesty she hath,
No glory she confers—
She seems so frail a child of space,
That the zephyr, rising now,
Might almost shake her from her place,
Like a dew-drop from the bough.
She comes again, and clear, and strong,
Her lustre floweth wide,
And its golden track is borne along
Upon the rippling tide,
The smaller stars have hid their heads,
The larger seem to fade,
A glorious radiance now she sheds
On the forest's solemn shade
A lovely crescent now she gleams,
No longer pale and weak,
And scarcely of a kindred seems,
With that first silvery streak;
But, lo, her regal hour hath come!
She reigns triumphant now,
And all the light of Heaven's wide dome
Seems from her fount to flow.
Thro' the thick wood her searching eye,
Sendeth its glances bright;
There's not a cloud upon the sky,
She cannot turn to light;

It is her hour of pomp and pride,
In this fair night of June,
What starry orb unveiled may ride
Beside the queenly moon?
Again she comes, but late and drear
Is her red rising now.
No more with face of smiling cheer,
She climbs the mountain's brow;
Seems despoiled of half her state,
And comes as one might come
Whose widowed heart is desolate,
To watch beside a tomb.
She tarrieth still altho' ~~away~~
Hath past the starry host,
And in the early light of day
She lingers like a ghost;
Oh, learn a lesson. Vanity!
Thou canst not learn too soon,
How beauty's charms wax, wane, and
Like the changing of the moon.

LET us consider how great a common doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to rods and ferrules, without hard words and get, without clothes or money. If you proach them, they are not asleep; if inviting you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never blame; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh you.—*Philobiblion, by Richard de Bury*

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