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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

No. 11. SAINT JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER, 1841. Vol. 1.

Written for The Amaranth.

THE INGRATE.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

Of all the blemishes characterising human nature, and of which no account is taken by the genius of the English law, none perhaps is marked by a deeper shade of infamy, than ingratitude; and when this ignominious disposition accompanies the conception of any of those offences against the laws of civil society, denominated crimes, they carry with them a tenfold criminality. We behold in imagination the hosts of miscreants that have polluted the fair face of nature: we mark their various crimes, and picture to ourselves the demoniac cruelty of the perpetrators of some, the ambitious criminality of others—and the inhuman thirst for revenge that has actuated the multitude: but for none of these are we filled with that utter abhorence which attaches to the crimes of the Ingrate.

The accession of James the II. to the throne of England, an event justly dreaded by the great mass of the people, was followed by scenes of the greatest atrocity, enacted by men whose only recommendation was their perfect indifference to the effusion of blood, and to the calamities everywhere perfected by their unrelenting devotion to the will of a gloomy and unprincipled tyrant. Among the most conspicuous characters of the times stands Colonel Kirke, whose conduct must have become familiar to every one, from the tales related of his cold-blooded treachery, and total estrangement from all those redeeming qualities that are to be met with in the characters of the depraved. Not content with the summary and illegal punishment of such as were taken in arms against the Sovereign, and whose offence was therefore evident, he had recourse to a scheme by which to pamper his vicious appetite for blood, while his indolence suffered no inconvenience by even the mockery of a trial. Many were thus ensnared to the confession of deeds which they had never performed, and had to lament with bitter self-reproach a too ready credulity in his assurances of pardon. It is not wonderful therefore that in times such as these, when father rose up against son, and brother pursued his brother with all the fury of bigoted and blindly devoted Sectarianism, there should be found sufficient atrocity to substantiate the following tale.

It is a curious fact, and one well worthy of observation, that in times the most perilous, and when universal degeneracy and a total laxity of morals has deluged the general face of society, there have arisen some of the noblest examples of disinterested patriotism and determined virtue. We have many glorious examples of this during the decline of the Roman Empire; and not forgetting the history of our own ancestors, we may contemplate the same bright picture in the turbulent times shortly preceding those we are now considering; and even then when the genius of evil had spread his baleful wings over the breadth of the land, and seemed to have swallowed up the feeble remnant of good that had survived the luxurious reign of the second Charles, there were found some magnanimous enough to protect the needy and succour the victim of persecution. Among the number of these was a Mrs. Gaunt, who, in her own person, united all the essentials of a strictly christian woman.—Though professing the religious opinions of the Anabaptists, Mrs. Gaunt was noted for her discerning liberality to the needy of every denomination, and none that sought protection at her hands were denied the hospitality of her roof. Thus we see during this reign the extremes of virtue and vice arrayed against each other in formidable contrast.

Mrs. Gaunt was the widow of the last mem-

ber of an old and respectable family of Wiltshire; her husband had fallen while gallantly repelling an attack of the combined Dutch and French fleets on the English ships in the river Thames, A. D. 1666. Since then she had remained a widow, preferring to the restrictions of a married life, the single state, in which she might engage in those works of charity the ample fortune left by her husband enabled her to perform. The house she occupied, situate in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, was an antique structure—built seemingly with the view of defence against the attacks of midnight marauders; for although its walls were high and thick, and its doors were oaken, and well studded with bolts and bars, and its windows partook more of the character of embrasures for military engines, than apertures for the admission of light—it did not appear capable of resisting the onset of a large or well organized force.

The inmates of Mrs. Gaunt's family were assembled, as was their constant custom, shortly after the rout of Sedgemoor, in the great room of this estimable woman's mansion, for the purpose of religious worship. They seemed to pay little attention to the angry strife of the elements raging without, with a fury that threatened annihilation to the inventions of man. During the pauses of the storm, a slight noise was heard at the door, but so feeble as to negative the supposition that any one sought admission. The services had concluded, and all had found oblivion of the impending calamities of the times, except their mistress, who remained reading at a small and richly carved table by the light of a solitary lamp, which, every time the wind forced itself through the chinks and keyholes, flamed over the ample page before her with an intenser light, and then flickered up towards the lofty ceiling, amid heavy wreaths of smoke, casting a funereal gloom over the time-worn draperies and massive relics of a former time. The attention of the reader had more than once been diverted by the noise without, and at last she raised her head and listened attentively. "Can it be," she said to herself—"can it be that any one seeks admission at this hour, and on such a night, and yet fears to make his wants known by a bolder application ?" Rising from her seat, but without raising the lamp, she proceeded to the door, and on opening it started back at the sight of a tall man wrapped in the folds of an ample cloak. Gathering courage on perceiving he awaited her invitation to enter, she demanded the nature of his business.

"Protection, lady," was the answer; "a shield from danger, greater than that threatened by the inclemency of the elements."

"Enough," was the cheering rejoinder; and Mrs. Gaunt led the way to the sitting room, without further questioning.

"I have been some time at the door," he said, in a low voice, while he followed her through the hall—"but not daring to trust myself to others than yourself, I delayed making myself heard until assured that all but you had gone to rest." Here he threw off his cloak, long since saturated with rain, and discovered the dress of a subordinate officer in Monmouth's service. The stranger was well made, and might have been called handsome, had there not existed a certain knowing familiarity between his habitually upturned mouth and the outer corner of his left eye, that suggested the idea that they two were leagued together for purposes known only to themselves, and the long hooked nose, acting as a sort of go-between, and not unfrequently shielding the confederacy from the approach of a too minute curiosity from the other side of their owner's person. In spite of wind, cold and rain, enough to have banished all other expression from an ordinary countenance, than that of weariness: in spite of a desperate effort to look grateful, the light of the lamp falling full on his countenance revealed something there innate and evil, that carried a sort of warning to the bosom of his hostess; but she rejected the monitor on looking at his torn and dripping garments, and bethought herself that toil and care had engendered the expression; and certainly, the tale of suffering he then related fully bore out the benevolent construction.

"Madam," he commenced, "since the day that Monmouth met a death-blow to his hopes, and such of his followers as escaped the slaughter of Sedgemoor, were left without a leader, I have been driven from hole to hiding place by the instrumentality of Kirkes Lambkins, and have only now, aided by the darkness of the night, succeeded in reaching the roof of one, who, if report speaks truth, will not refuse shelter to the homeless wanderer."

The knowledge that she risked her all—that life and property were at stake, weighed naught with this estimable woman, whose hopes of happiness were placed on another than an earthly king. Reason had gone abroad upon the world, and the light of the reformation bursting in upon the dark superstition of centuries, had swept away a monstrous superstructure of fraud and tyranny, and by it man

had been taught to free himself from the chain that had bound him to the footstool of one great potentate, by whom he had hitherto been regarded as the mere instrument of his pleasures, and although, at present the iron weight of power had fallen within the grasp of the monarch, men knew they were justified in resisting the intolerable burthen.

Mrs. Gaunt was imbued with something of this spirit, which dictated the course she had adopted; and neither the fate of Lady Lisle, who had suffered death for the protection she had afforded to two of her nearest kinsmen, nor other prudential motives could make her swerve.

"You are welcome to such protection as my roof affords," she said, in answer to his appeal. "Life is a precious gift, and heaven forbid that I should withhold my humble means of preserving yours. Rest here," she continued, after a pause, placing before him a flask of wine and a drinking cup; "and in the mean time try if you can keep yourself warm by the aid of this."

There was one part of the building in which Mrs. Gaunt resided, only partially connected with the main pile, and being seldom made use of, seemed well calculated for a place of concealment. Into this she determined upon introducing her guest; and having with her own hands fitted up a room there with every despatch, and having provided him with every thing that could conduce to his comfort—having, in fact, anticipated his every want, she returned to where she had left him, and giving him the key, directed him to his apartment.

What a contrast was this to the sufferings he had lately endured;—a pig stye, a sheephouse, a hay stack, or at best, a miserable shanty, with the accompaniment of cold, rain, and hunger, on one side of the picture: on the other, a table spread with every luxury, stood before a blaze that went gambolling up the old fireplace that had not for years echoed to its cheerful roar, as if delighted at triumphing over the rich stores of cobwebs that choaked its orifice; what a type was this of the spontaneous and fearless beneficence of her who had caused it. Base indeed must have been the heart that would not glow with intense and interminable gratitude!—Cold the blood that would not fire at goodness such as her's, rooted on the broad ground of principle, and called into exercise by no incentive of love, friendship, or ties of kindred.

What the precise nature of his reflections were we are at a loss to determine; that they were not what they should have been, may be safely inferred from the manner of their requital.

Weeks passed on, and none knew, except themselves and the crickets, chirping merrily by the snug fireside, that the house contained more than its ordinary occupants; although many surmises began to circulate as to the sudden change perceptible in the widow's conduct, and the interest she seemed to take of late in all that pertained to the fate of the fugitives from Sedgemoor. A story had indeed been told among the household in an undertone, "that Roderick, the coachman, on coming home late one night from his mother's cottage, had seen something going into the old deserted wing," but this was treated as one of Roderick's vagaries.

Roderick was a young man of good principles and observing habits, he was brave too and generous—and with such qualities, he had gained much of his mistress' confidence.—From his situation he had been necessarily a witness to many charitable deeds performed by her, which, together with her uniform kindness to himself, secured his firm attachment. He had been annoyed at first at the reception his story met with, but after a little consideration, he became pleased that it had taken the turn it had. It was evident to him that his mistress had at least connived at the entrance of the stranger, but why or wherefore he remained in doubt. Her anxiety that he should remain concealed was also plain. Roderick had determined at first to know more about the matter, because he wished to clear his character from the suspicion of cowardice that rested on it, and because, moreover, he felt a strong desire to satisfy the cravings of his curiosity; but after much deliberation he was contented to forego the satisfaction resulting from an ability to effect these purposes, on the very correct conclusion that as his mistress wished to preserve the secret, it could be no affair of his; and that any attempt to investigate the matter without her knowledge and consent, would render him unworthy of her esteem, and that he prized above every other object.

With this feeling the worthy fellow determined to lighten as much as possible, the load that weighed upon her spirits; and his attention and unremitting exertions to please, contributed in no slight degree to soothe her troubled mind; and this conduct resulted in his obtaining a more complete and satisfactory knowledge of the affair than could have been obtained by pursuing his first inclination. In

fact Mrs. Gaunt, after mature consideration, resolved upon admitting him into her fullest confidence, and accordingly summoned him into her presence: but how great was her consternation when she observed that her communication caused him no surprise. "Can it be known to him already?" she asked herself, and then enquired: "How's this, Roderick? you appear to be already knowing to the affair."

"I do," he answered; and he told her how he had made the discovery.

The widow became thoughtful for some minutes, and then enquired in an anxious tone—"Did you tell any one what you saw?"

"Yes, but they jeered me, and said I'd been frightened by a ghost."

"And do they disbelieve the story still?"

"They do."

"It is a relief to know even that; and yet how long they can be kept ignorant, is uncertain."

"It was only by chance I ever found it out."

"Yes, but by the same chance some one else may stumble on him: the most we can do is to take every precaution, and leave the rest in the hands of providence—but come, I will take you to him."

Mrs. Gaunt had called in Roderick the moment she had made up her mind to employ him in this service, and had omitted to inform her guest, whose name she had learned to be Martin Gould, of her intention. It was not without some reason, therefore, that he seemed displeased at first; but his chagrin continued after her repeated assurances that Roderick might be trusted to any extent; and the poor lady perceived with alarm that her assurance, that she herself had as much cause to dread betrayal as he had, brought no look of acknowledgement to his features, which still maintained the same uncharitable air of suspicion.

Keenly as Mrs. Gaunt felt this unkindness, and alive as she was to the coarseness of his suspicion, she refrained from any remarks, and without venturing another word she beckoned to her servant and passed into the hall. The tears started to her eyes as she traversed the passage, but by a strong effort she succeeded in suppressing the bitterness of her feelings.

"I'm thinking," said Roderick, who was the first to speak after they had returned; "I'm thinking that man does'nt deserve your kindness."

"Did you observe any thing out of the way, Roderick, that causes you to think so?" she replied, wishing to test the correctness of her own conclusion by comparing it with his.

"I've seen enough to make me dislike the man, and I wish you were quit of him."

"We must make allowance, Roderick! and after all, he may not be blameable. Perhaps if we were placed in his situation we might regard the matter as he does."

"I hope so," and the noble fellow withdrew, but as he went, he shook his head in a manner that showed his words were not the result of conviction, and "hoped" again, but 'twas a doubt—implying hope, "that no harm might come of it."

Mrs. Gaunt had been a double mourner since the death of her hushand. Her only child, a boy some five or six years old, chancing to be on board his father's ship when she was captured, and no tidings of him or his servant having ever after reached her, she had mourned him as lost. At the end of twenty years the affection of the mother was still warm for her child, whom she often pressed to her bosom in the delusive moments of her dreams; and this night, in the occasional snatches of sleep, permitted by the phantoms conjured up by the incidents of the interview with her guest—her boy was ever present, beating off with his tiny arms some ugly monster that seemed pressing forward to devour her. She arose early the following morning, feverish with anxiety—and the hope secretly cherished of again beholding her beloved boy—of again folding him in her maternal embrace—a hope that had hitherto been as the sickly glimmering of an unfed lamp, growing fainter and fainter as it settles into gloom—suddenly, as if by some superhuman sympathy, flamed up with a brighter gleam than ever. But with this hope was mingled something that like a dreadful incubus threw her prostrate to the earth; and every effort she made to shake off the burthen only fastened it on with greater venom. Why it was so she could not tell. There had been nothing so very alarming in Gould's conduct—nothing that could justify such hideous misgivings, but there it was—a mysterious warning prevailing over every effort of reason and religion. Meanwhile Roderick attended to his duties with all cheerfulness for his mistress' sake; and though no language bespoke the character of him he served, Roderick's dislike increased with each succeeding day.

Martin Gould had been about six weeks in his retirement, during which the attentions of Mrs. Gaunt had never diminished. Whatever could contribute to his amusements, had been supplied, and every information, interesting or serviceable, had been obtained for him.

The heat of pursuit having subsided, he at length expressed a wish to enter once more upon the busy scenes of life; but how to do this with safety was the question that often rose to his lips, but was as often met by the cavernous gloom of the future. By and bye he became more fitful and abstracted, and to the attentions of his kind hostess he seemed perfectly indifferent, and at last he sought to evade her altogether.

"Can it be," she thought, turning over in her mind every incident that had happened since his arrival, to find a clue to his conduct. "Can it be that he feels too deeply the weight of obligations to a stranger? If I thought—but that cannot be! have the avenues to his heart been choaked up by disappointment, cruelty and relentless persecution; and that the chain that links him with society is about to snap asunder;—that from fearing some and hating others, he is about to make the fearful leap into the vortex of crime—to wage war with all the affections of our nature?—perhaps his reason totters, and he is doomed to suffer—a hapless maniac!"

Which of these surmises was correct, she was not to be long in ignorance; but her conception had not reached half the reality of what, in the extent of her worse conjecture, she had shadowed out and rejected as a slanderous suspicion.

One morning the inmates of the family were surprised to find the door opening from the yard into the unoccupied wing of the house, standing open, and on entering a small room through a narrow passage, they were amazed at the indications of a recent tenancy. The circumstance was made known to Mrs. Gaunt, when the poor lady became pale, and appeared greatly agitated, for until now, she had been ignorant of any intention on the part of her guest to leave her protecting roof, much less of so unceremonious a desertion as this. The only clue that could be discovered to his intentions, was an open paper lying on the table, containing the offer of a reward and indemnity to all such, as should inform against criminals, and which from its position, appeared to have been before him up to the time of his departure. The consternation depicted on their mistress' features, was attributed by the servants to any thing but the true cause, and Roderick seemed to share their sentiments.

Every sound, and every footstep through the whole of that day, made the widow start; and it was only when every thing settled down to the quietness of night, and no appearance of a change was visible, that she began to think her fears were idle, and that the dread of discovery and betrayal had worked upon the mind of her guest, and had induced him to elope.

A week more passed, and all went on smoothly within the old mansion, and only two days of the nine were wanting to entomb the wonder. The lady herself had begun to smile at her vagaries, and even to remember an event that had relieved her of a dilemma, with gratitude for the deliverance. Roderick too, felt his heart grow lighter, and questioned why it had ever been heavy—the crickets had taken up their old abodes in the chinks, and the spiders wove their webs in the places whence they had been so rudely driven—and again was the old wing given up to darkness and solitude; once more had the widow returned to the dependants on her bounty, with the same hopeful smile that had been wont to cheer them in their poverty, and to remind them of 'the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal that never failed;' and if the prayers of some could have availed, she might have lived on to the end of time, an angel indeed, ministering to the wants of afflicted humanity. But virtue meets not its reward in this world, nor do the machinations of the wicked terminate with adequate retribution.

If the leading incidents of this tale, which are matters of history, are fixed upon the reader's memory, with the same tenacity with which they have worked upon ours, perhaps much of the interest of our narrative will be lost—if not, before judgment be passed on our veracity, or this be declared an overworked picture of human frailty, let him turn to the transactions of the year 1685, in Hume's History of England.

A man in an undress uniform lay reclining on a couch in the principal room of a noble mansion on the banks of the Ouse; every thing around him showed that the hand of violence had been recently there, and proclaimed in language too loud to be mistaken, that he who then occupied it was not the rightful owner. Instruments of female industry and amusement lay scattered on the chairs, tables, and floors, in a way that too plainly announced the removal of their owner. A small boy stood trembling with downcast eyes before him, whose coarse and vulgar appearance was so much in keeping with the disorder and confusion he had caused. The man had been asleep on the shady side of the room when the boy's entrance had disturbed him, and he had raised his head, and was support-

ing it with his arm, while a tiger-like expression sat on his countenance, and his eyes shot into the youth like drops of molten lead. For some time he thus held the lad in torture from very capriciousness. "Tell him to come in then!" growled the man at last, turning away, his head sinking down again to the attitude of repose,—and the boy darted off without waiting for a second bidding, and when he returned with a stranger, his master's features had undergone a wonderful transition. Supreme content and affability of manner seemed characteristic of the man. When his eye caught the uniform of Monmouth, it did flame a little, but very little. "Ha!" thought he, "another fool runs his neck into the noose!

"What would'st with me, friend?" he said in a careless tone of voice.

"I come to ——" the speaker hesitated, and his face crimsoned a moment with a semblance of shame—"I accept life on the offered terms, Colonel Kirke."

"'Tis well and wise! proceed!"

"A follower of Monmouth has been secreted by a woman."

"There's nothing strange in that! women are the head and front of all rebellion! what more?"

"Her name is Gaunt!"

"And his?"

"Give me first assurance that you'll keep faith with me."

"There's no need of promises. Thou'rt in my power already. Hast not looked at thy dress to-day?"

The stranger trembled slightly; "but suppose," he replied, recovering himself;—"I'm habited thus to avoid suspicion by Monmouth's friends!"

"He who would serve the king, needs no disguises. It will not serve you, friend!"

"But I have come hither on offer of indemnity."

"Well then, safety depends on the information you may furnish."

"His name is Martin Gould!"

"Where is he?"

"Before you!"

"Say't again?"

"I've said it!" the other replied doggedly.

Colonel Kirke eyed his visitor with no little curiosity. Bad himself, and familiar with wicked men, he seemed yet doubtful that he had heard aright. "Tell me," he again demanded, "Am I to understand shelter was given to you—*to you, yourself?*"

The man nodded assent.

Kirke regarded him contemptuously for some minutes;—for even the depraved can censure those of their own stamp, and hunt down their faults with pursuit more eager than that of better men.

"You seek to amuse me, friend," he said in a playful tone, throwing himself back with the air of a man preparing to examine some curiosity at his ease. "You do but jest at Monmouth and his friends—and faith! the joke's a good one—a lampoon like that should be preserved; 'tis rich, man! rich!—would'st sell the authorship?—well keep it then, and take it to the King's Attorney General. Take with thee too, a file of soldiers, lest you lose it by the way. Ho! Albert, escort this man, and see him taken care of. Ha! ha! ha!" he added when left alone, "I wonder had Monmouth any more such men as that to fight his battles?" * * * * * * *

It was a fine morning in April in the year lately referred to, there was just enough motion in the air to create that sleepy rustling noise among the leaves, so congenial to the unruffled spirit; scarcely a foot passenger was to be seen in many parts of London. The desire of seclusion seemed to have extended to the very dogs, which, whenever they ventured upon the side-walks, looked about them with an air that seemed to imply a sense of latent danger, and retreated quickly to their kennels. Now and then might be seen an anxious face peering between the folds of a window-blind as a mounted patrole thundered by. A stranger, unacquainted with the history of the times, might have supposed that a judgment had passed over the city, and struck down its multitudinous inhabitants, and that few were left to perform the last offices for the dead. A sentence had indeed been passed, but it was not that of offended heaven against a guilty people. A judgment had been pronounced, but it was upon one of nature's purest handiwork. The noble bird, whose spirit soared high on pinions of light, had fallen a prey to the wiles of the wicked; and the city, lost and depraved as it was, wept for her misfortunes. A cry of execration had gone up, and the silence of despair had succeeded; and then men looked upon their offspring and wondered whether such a destiny might not soon be theirs. Tempted by the alurements of mammon, and the hope of preserving his miserable existence, Martin Gould had basely given up his benefactress, and by his own unsupported testimony, convicted her of the crime of succouring his own unworthy person, when all others had desert-

ed him, and when she alone had the will and courage to brave the fury of the 'powers that were.' Yes! an outrage had been committed upon humanity—a parallel to which is scarcely to be found in the pages of history; and well might the people mourn for the degradation of the accuser, and the horrible fate of his victim. With the exception of the judge—the infamous Jeffrey's—the licensed murderer, and a few others, the crowd that attended the trial had sympathised deeply with the unhappy lady, and had given vent to their wounded feelings in a cry of vengeance against the traitor; and it was with the greatest difficulty he had found protection from the soldiery. Mrs. Gaunt had been condemned to expiate her offence—not on the scaffold and by the hands of the headsman: that were too merciful a sentence for so great a crime as hers. Fire alone could cleanse the earth of such a monster; and she was to suffer by the faggot, in accordance with the merciful hope that the magnitude of her punishment might deter others from the commission of similar offences!

During all the morning, a vessel having the appearance of a voyager to distant regions, from her tattered sails and strained rigging, had been seen contending against the tide with the aid of a light wind and a number of sweeps. But little attention had been paid to her by the loiterers on the beach, so interested had they been by the proceedings at Westminster. She had scarcely dropped anchor when a boat was lowered from her side, and three persons seated themselves in the stern-sheets. One of them an old man with snowy locks, looked about him sometimes in wonder, at others, with a look of joyous recognition. The next a man much younger, sat further back, and held the tiller. A bounding heart was his—free and wild, but with him every object seemed familiar. This was the sailor captain of the day, bold and daring, full of enterprise; one of those to whose hardihood England owes her colonies and commerce—a sea chief, whose slouched hat and plume, and slashed and tasselled jacket, and buff buskins—conspicuous alike in courts and in the front of battle—proclaimed his wealth and how lavish he was of it. The other person looked on every passing object—the wharves, quays, bridges, towers, palaces and churches, with wonder and delight. His form was manly, and his face bronzed by the sun of many summers in a foreign clime, beamed with intelligence. His costume, in the choice of which he had not been regulated by the tyranny of fashion, was not unlike his friend's, with the exception that a light short cloak in place of the jacket covered his shoulders, and was so constructed as to admit of being belted to his waist without interfering with the free action of his arms. He seemed impatient, and bent forward as if to increase the motion of the boat rushing through the dancing ripple with all the speed the strength of four stout men could urge her.

"Hilloa, friend! are you all dead here?" shouted the sailor to a couple of men standing near the beach where the boat grounded.

"Not exactly—don't know how soon we may be, though."

"How's that, my hearty? Got consumption or another touch of plague?"

"Wrong again!—Nay, but on second thought you're half i' the right. Laws and judges all on one side—the people can't say 'aye or no' without being butchered for't. Sad times, neighbour,—sad times."

"Try the sea, then: its cure for all complaints. Try a tack at racing with the whirlwind and boxing with the clouds, and I'll warrant ye'll love life as long as a strand in your cable holds together. But what's in the wind now—what the grievance that keeps the world at home?"

"Why then you must know we've had a rebellion lately; the Duke of Monmouth struck for the crown—it was soon put down, and the partisans of the Duke were scattered. One of them received protection from a lady and afterwards betrayed her, and she's to die a cruel death."

"The wretch!—but who's his victim?"

"A Mrs. Gaunt, of Wiltshire, a——" But a piercing cry from the young man, who stood beside the speakers, cut short the sentence."

"My poor master, is it for this I've brought you home? Alack-a-day!" groaned the old man in very bitterness, stooping over the prostrate form of the youth. But the life-blood was only checked in its course, not chilled—and with prompt assistance he soon recovered and listened to the particulars of the tale, so unexpectedly interrupted.

Mrs. Gaunt was sitting on a ponderous old chair, the only piece of furniture in her prison, besides an oaken table, that bore upon its surface many a caricature and many a quaint inscription, that bespoke the indifference of the artist to his fate. Adown its crazy legs too, for want of room elsewhere, had crept—it seemed as if there had been a mysterious compact between the "pro tempore" tenants and the shades of their departed predecessors, to

reverence each other's works,—full names and initials, besides portraits without number, as if a strong desire of immortality in this world possessed their minds in the last hours of their existence. Other thoughts were hers who occupied the room at present. Busy with the things pertaining to a future world, she needed no such device to guard against the terrors of a dreadful death. Her fate was sealed and she murmured not at the decrees of providence, inscrutable as they were,—consoled with the reflection that whatever had been allotted her to do, she had performed. She had sat long thus, and again the thought that she should see her son once more, made her sick at heart; because at best it seemed a strange delusion—weaning her mind from weightier matters that should have occupied it. Thus absorbed she heeded not the tread of men upon the pavement leading to her cell, nor did the key grating in the huge lock, nor the creaking door arrest her thoughts.

A young man stood within the walls, and behind him an aged servitor looked eagerly towards her bending form. Many minutes they had stood regarding her. The young man looked first at her, and after, at a miniature taken from his bosom. The faces were the same, but time had spared the one and marred the other's beauty. Benevolence was strongly marked in both, but it had mellowed to a holier character in the original—the inborn love of doing good, had been strengthened by the practice of religious duties.

"It is she!" murmured the youth, and the tones thrilled through her frame.

"My son!"

"My mother!" were the simultaneous cries of Roger Gaunt and his parent, as they rushed to each other's arms. The voice and look of the father survived in the person of the son, and the yearning heart of Mrs. Gaunt needed no other introduction to her offspring.

Leaving the workings of affection such as theirs, as matters too sacred for portrayal, we hasten to inform the reader that after the action in the Thames, Roger Gaunt had been removed to a Dutch vessel, which sailed shortly afterwards for one of the settlements recently established by the Dutch; in the newly discovered regions; and after being carried to different colonies, they were finally left in care of a fur trader, in New-Amsterdam. Being shortly after separated, the recollections of home which had been kept alive by the faithful servant, faded from Roger's mind in his absence. Years had rolled on, and when they again met the colony had changed masters, and was now a British possession, under the name of New-York. The desire of returning to his parents was revived, and as there was now no obstacle to the accomplishment of their wishes, they embarked on board the first ship bound for London, where they had arrived as has been seen.

Roger Gaunt had been bred in the school of adversity, which had often thrown him on his own resources under circumstances of difficulty and danger; and now, although little acquainted with the world, such as he found it in the great metropolis of England, he never for a moment yielded to despondency. Of an ardent temperament, and in the hey-day of youth, he at once determined to run all hazards to effect the escape of his mother. Putting himself in correspondence with Roderick, he hastily collected such money and valuables as were at hand, and then set about gaining over the gaoler to his interest, by means of bribes. This proved an easier task than he had prepared for. After enlarging upon the beauties of the country he had recently left, and the facilities it afforded for avoiding detection and arrest, the man consented at the prospest of a reward to assist and accompany them in their flight. So far all went on prosperously, but on making enquiries, he found that the fleet that was preparing to sail for the New World, had to wait for a convoy, which would not probably arrive until after the day fixed for the execution. Other means of escape from the kingdom were therefore sought, and when at length one had been found, the gaoler became alarmed at the increased difficulty of the undertaking, and refused to concur. Meanwhile, as day after day sped past, their anxieties increased, and Roger redoubled his efforts. Many schemes were framed between him and the young sailor who had brought him home, for secreting them on board his vessel, which was to form part of the fleet, until the time of sailing should arrive, but all to no purpose, as the gaoler remained obdurate.

Thousands were assembled on the day appointed to witness the mournful spectacle of the execution. It was already past the hour, and the torch-bearer stood ready to fire the pile, when a horseman dashed down with intelligence that the prisoner had effected her escape. Up rose one mighty shout of triumph—the crowd heaved like a huge wave swelling toward a sanded shore, and then spread itself in joyous groups, like the bubbles on the beach. Fortunately for the parties so nearly interested in the event, an order for sail-

ing had arrived the evening before. Every preparation had been made by the fugitives to embark at nightfall, till which time the captain had found means to detain the vessel—and then tripping anchor, they had bounded off in pursuit of the fleet which had sailed some hours before.

In the course of time the vessel reached her destination, and the emigrants settled themselves in a secluded little valley a few miles up the Hudson, where for many months they kept an anxious eye upon every boat that floated up the stream; but no efforts were ever made to molest them. Soon other settlers came among them, and a pleasant little society sprang up in the wilderness, which derived lustre from the exalted character and superior intellect of Mrs. Gaunt, who also acted the part of a friend and physician to the indigent, and contributed by her example and encouragement to keep alive that spirit of endurance which is so necessary to overcome the difficulties that oppose the efforts of those acting in a capacity so far removed from their former experience.

Years rolled on; and Mrs. Gaunt had frequently the pleasure of meeting with former associates, some of whom crossed the sea in the hope of mending their condition: others on tours of pleasure and observation. With one of these visitors Mrs. Gaunt and her son made an incursion to Albany, situated about one hundred and fifty miles up the river. The day they arrived at the village was sultry and almost suffocating; as they stepped on the beach they observed a man, habited in the rags of a beggar, stooping to the margin of the river to drink. He arose feebly, and removed his hat from his head to wipe the perspiration from his brow.—At that moment Roger advanced to offer him a few pence, and when he acknowledged the gift with an humbled look, a cloud passed over the widow's features, for in the despised and neglected beggar, she beheld MARTIN GOULD, *the Ingrate.* W. R. M. B.

St. John, October, 1841.

LIBERTY.

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God, and of his country.—*Cowley.*

THE STARS OF NIGHT.

WHENCE are your glorious goings forth,
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?
For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in brightness still—
O glorious stars of night!

The vestal lamp in Grecian fanes
Hath faded long ago:
On Persian hills the worshipped flame
Hath lost its ancient glow;
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet,
O changeless stars of night!

Long have ye looked upon the earth,
O'er vale and mountain brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now:
Ye beam upon the cottage home—
The conqueror's path of might—
And shed your light alike on all,
O priceless stars of night!

But where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
Amid their desert clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the watcher's sight;
And shine where bark hath never been,
O lonely stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love;
And fearful deeds of darkness too,—
Ye witnesses above!
Say will that black'ning record live
For ever in your sight,
Watching for judgment on the earth—
O sleepless stars of night!

Yet glorious was your song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn;
And still amid our summer sky
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have shone on many a grave,
Since Eden's early blight:
Ye tell of hope and glory still—
O deathless stars of night!

No end can justify the sacrifice of a principle, nor was a crime ever necessary in the course of human affairs.—*Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.*

For The Amaranth.

A TALE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

BY MRS. B——N.

WHERE the bright waters of the wide ST. JOHN roll on their shining course, 'mid woodland height, and emerald glade, a thousand spots of loveliness are seen—but far the fairest of them all is concealed from common view, and stands embosomed in its own surpassing beauty; a low and leafy promontary stretches far out into the river around its base—the glittering waters sweep inland and form a fairy bay of such enchanting grandeur, that it seems rather the pictured tracery of a dream than a scene of the material world. Close to the water's edge, the spiry cedar and the graceful fir tree gaze upon their imaged boughs in the glassy depths beneath, and form a belt round luxuriant fields of golden grain and broad parks of the richest and most brilliant green.—A lofty hill covered to the very summit with the magnificent trees of the olden time—not the saplings of a second growth, but the same woods through which the Indian tracked the moose and the carribou, ages before the white man disturbed their haunts, formed a fitting background for the scene beneath it, whether clad in the full richness of its summer beauty, or glowing in the gorgeous tints of autumn.—A sparkling rill dashed in bright cascades down its side, gleaming like silver through the trees it held on its way through the green meadows, bearing music in its waves, 'till they were mingled in the waters of the bay. The stream marked the division between two farms, and a dwelling on each side raised its white walls among the shadowing trees of its surrounding orchard—they were the houses of two brothers, EDWARD and WALTER LESLIE.

During the reign of Elizabeth, the name of Leslie, although not titled, was found amongst the proudest aristocracy of England, and Herbert, the youthful heir of Leslie, was the cherished favorite of the Queen, and bosom friend and companion of the gallant, gay Sir Walter Raleigh.

Years rolled on—Elizabeth was dead, and Raleigh was imprisoned and beheaded in the tower.—Indignant at the fate of his friend, Herbert Leslie left England, never more to return to a country that had disgraced itself by the death of one so talented and brave, but although he fled from England, England fled not from him, and in the distant land of Virginia, the manners and usages of England—the English features and their very speech, were as pure and as free from alloy in the children of Leslie, as if they moved on the soil of Britain.—Although Herbert left his native land in anger, her name was still fondly cherished by his descendants, and years after when England's rights were wrested from her in America, the Leslies were the first to fight in the defence of the land of their fathers.—Their rich estates in Virginia were lost, and they were forced to take refuge in New-Brunswick. One brother returned to the United States, and the two already mentioned, with a widow's sister and her orphan child, were the descendants of the first settlers on the banks of the Saint John.

Sixty years rolled away and the Leslies owned a home, equal to the one they had lost. Walter Leslie had never married, and the orphan son of his sister was adopted as his own. Edward was dead and his widow and daughter occupied the farm—it has been said that the Leslies still retained the characteristics of their English descent, and never was a fairer specimen of English beauty seen, than in the form of Alice Leslie—her figure was tall and graceful, and trod the earth with the firm, free tread of "England's born,"—long glittering ringlets of paly gold floated from her snowy brow, and the cloudless light of her clear blue eye beamed with the feelings of the "Ocean Isle." It had been settled in the family, that Alice was to wed her cousin Edward Hastings—they had passed their infancy and childhood together, and Alice loved him with the affection of a sister; but a deeper feeling burned in the heart of Edward, and at her father's death he felt the difference between himself and the wealthy heiress so great, that absence was deemed better than to live near and gaze on her as a star beyond his reach. His uncle always intended making Edward his heir, yet loved independence so much himself, that he never breathed it to him lest he should consider himself as bound to obey his wishes, rather than his own—he was therefore left to the enjoyments of his own will, and his uncle behaved rather as a kind friend, than as one who had a right to advise—he had nearly finished his studies as a physician, and he now declared to his uncle his intention of spending the summer in the United States, and of there continuing the study of his profession. His uncle agreed to his proposal, and determined in his own mind that at Edward's return he should declare him his heir, and that his marriage with his cousin should then take place.

Alice parted with Edward as a young girl

parts from every thing she likes. She shed abundance of tears, and refused to be comforted. Alice was always grieved to bid adieu, but this time Edward fancied there was a tender sadness in her manner he had never seen before; and so there was, for unknown to herself she loved Edward fondly as he could have wished, and still she fancied she was but grieved to part with the companion of her childhood's laughing hours, and the sharer of her girlish pleasures. Like the beautiful flower which gives forth all its brightness and balm to the sunlight, when the object of its devotion withdraws its beams, the leaves are closely folded and the fair flower droops its head in sadness—so is woman when she loves—she can have no enjoyment but in the presence of her heart's idol;—when absent from or bereft of that being, "the beautiful, the bright joy-giving world to her is but a blank." Not so with man—he can love with fondness and fervour, yet take his place in the world, and share its duties and its pleasures with free, unfettered mind; but often the gem loses its lustre by coming in contact with baser things—while woman's love, like the dew-drop on the flower, is exhaled before ought of earth has sullied its purity. She, like the flowret, may fade and die, but her love, like the dewdrop, has ascended to its native heaven.—Man, on the contrary, dazzled by ambition, gold, or glory, still holds the tarnished jewel and fancies it bright as when first he owned it.

Edward after leaving Alice felt sad and mournful, but the fair fields of science spread their enchanting vistas before him and the flowery paths of learning won him for a time from the thoughts of her wedding another; while Hope, that blesser of the youthful heart, waved her starry pinions o'er his head, and cheered him on with the promise that Alice might yet be his. During the summer vacation of his college, which was too short to allow of his returning to New-Brunswick, with a volume of the enchanting "Audubon" for his companion, he set forth to wander on the same paths the naturalist had trod. Oh! how grand, how beautiful is the solitude of the American wilderness to those whom God has gifted with the eye and heart to enjoy the beauties of creation—like dreams of fairy land are the recesses of the hard wood forest;—through the light leafy sprays of the beech and maple the sunbeams shine with a softened beam on the cool green moss beneath, and the forest stream, where it meets the rays, goes sparkling bright on its flowery way. Tall plants of the most gorgeous hues, and delicate though of faint perfume, twine themselves round the trees and drooping again from their own luxuriance, form graceful arbors and shady alcoves; where the purple violet and golden adder-tongue gleam like stars in the shadowy grass; and birds whose plumage seems borrowed from the rainbow, float in silence through the air, for even the breeze is stilled in the quiet magnificence of the woods. Again, how different is the sombre stateliness of the lofty pine—no flowers bloom where its branches spread—the earth is brown and dark beneath its shadow; but even here there is a charm, and the wind as it trembles through the twining boughs, sighs with a soft and soothing melancholy and inspires a holy feeling in the wanderer's breast. Edward was delighted with the wilderness—"for man's neglect he loved it more;" he spent the day in rambling through the forest—and the night in whatever shelter he chanced to meet with.

One evening at the close of a long and weary day, he came on one of those tracts of land which frequently occur in the woods, and are emphatically termed "barrens." His horse had become lame, and as the night was advancing it became advisable to think of rest. He had commenced his preparations for encamping out; the valisse and saddle were taken from his horse's back, when a light smoke among the trees opposite to him attracted his attention: fancying it to be a camp of lumberers, he took the saddle on his arm and leading his horse proceeded in that direction, when he was surprised by the sight of a house erected among some straggling pines, which had struggled into a stunted growth in the sterile soil. As he approached the house, a tall female figure robed in white, was standing at an open window, gazing earnestly on him. She withdrew as he approached the house—his signal for admission was answered by an old woman, who unlike the generality of American housewives, was rather churlish of a welcome, and seemed labouring under a restraint before her guest, by no means agreeable to herself—she retired for a while into an inner apartment of the house—he heard her speaking in a low tone, and a soft musical voice spoke some words in answer to her; she returned, and seemed in a better humour. Supper was prepared, and Edward expected to see the inmate of the adjoining room; but himself and the old woman sat down alone, and a young girl of thirteen who assisted in the household duties waited on the table. In the course of the even-

ing the old woman grew more talkative, and when she had questioned Edward on every subject she could think of, down from the number of guests at his grandmother's wedding to the rattlesnakes he had seen in the woods yesterday, she began on a subject which he was a little curious to learn. She said the house had been built by a man who with his two sons had been engaged in lumbering, but timber getting scarce they had moved farther away, and the house had been falling to ruin when it was repaired by a gentleman as a residence for his lady, who was in delicate health, and she and the girl had been hired to wait on her. Strange place for a lady in ill health, thought Edward, as he looked from the window on the gloomy woods and the dark unwholesome vapours rising heavily from the swamp. The woman then conducted him to the chamber above, and pointing to an humble bed retired and left him to the repose he so much needed. Sleep had just began to mingle with his waking thoughts, when a strain of music seemed to float around him—he started from his sleep—so sweet, yet so unearthly were the notes, he fancied he must be dreaming, but the words of the Hebrew bard, the Shepherd King of Israel, came borne in that wild music to his ear, and the thrilling notes that closed the strain convinced him he must be awake. He listened long for a renewal of the melody, but the silence remained unbroken, and he slept again—how long, he knew not, when he was roused suddenly from slumber by the old woman standing at his bedside with a light. Terror and alarm were strongly marked in her features as she earnestly besought him to come to the assistance of her mistress, who was suddenly taken ill and she feared dying. Edward hastened after her, and stretched on the floor lay the figure he had observed at the window in the evening. Her long black hair fell unbraided on her bosom, and her eyes were fixed wildly in her head—strong convulsions racked her frame, her face and hands were livid, and a white froth mixed with blood issued from her mouth. Edward saw at once she had been poisoned—the old woman declared she had taken nothing but the medicine her master had left, and which she had given as he had ordered. Edward looked at the phial, and saw it contained a deep and deadly poison, and one that could not be mistaken for any thing else, as it was composed of several, and skill and care were required in its preparation. Horrified at the sight, he flung the phial into the fire, and sought if any means could relieve the victim of premeditated malice—the poison consisted of vegetable compounds, and had not yet had time to disorganize the fabric of life. Edward's valisse contained a few simple remedies, and his ready talent supplied the rest, and in an hour there was hopes of her recovery—she fell into a deep and heavy slumber, and afterwards awoke calm and collected. At daylight she asked for Edward—the pale rays of morning shone on her face and shewed how lovely she once had been. She was a Jewess, and the well known features of her race were there but softened into grace and beauty. Taking Edward's hand in hers she said, "Swear to me, young man, never to divulge the secret of this night while the life you have restored remains."

Edward seemed to hesitate; and raising her lustrous eyes to his, she said with increased energy, "Oh, stranger, grant me your promise to be secret, and may the God of Israel bless your path." Edward, fearful that agitation might prove injurious, gave his promise, although he had previously resolved to bring the intended murderer to justice. She pressed the hand she held to her lips and fell exhausted on the pillow—"Oh! never," said she, "may the world know this last mark of his cruelty to one whose only fault was loving him too well—for him have I forsaken my kindred, and the curse of Judah clings heavy to the follower of the stranger—my brother's blood rises from the earth against me, for by that same drug he died; and oh! how I have loved the hand that took Abiram's life."

Edward fancied her brain was wandering, and giving her a soothing medicine, she again was calm—he saw she was now free from the effects of the poison and he was anxious of leaving the place immediately, as nothing he could do would heal the sufferings of a broken heart. His horse had recovered from his lameness and he was preparing to depart, when the lady started from her couch and clasping his hand, exclaimed, "Stranger, remember your promise must be kept—he is coming—I hear his horse's tread, he comes to see me stiff and cold but I shall meet him with the smile he used to say he loved." Edward looked in the direction she pointed to and beheld a horse and rider rush furiously from the woods—his speed was unchecked for he was under no restraint, when he stumbled and the man was thrown forward on the ground, while the horse proceeded in his wild race. The Jewess and her servants flew instantly to the spot—Edward followed reluctantly, for he wished to avoid the sight of one of whose villany he had such

proofs;—the old woman screamed he was dead, and the Jewess herself, pale and cold as marble, chaffed the powerless hand--he was not dead, but stunned with the fall. Edward opened a vein and the blood flowed freely from his arm. As he lay senseless, Edward could not but remark the exquisite beauty and faultless features of the face before him—clustering curls of hair lay in heavy masses on his cold brow, and contrasted with the snowy white of the forehead beneath them. Edward had studied Lavater, but in that face Lavater himself would have been at fault—he had also studied the newer theory of Gall and Spurzheim, and as the head reclined on the arm of the Jewess, he read the character of the man before him, in the flat and unelevated head and the largeness of the posterior portion. Benevolence and conscientiousness seemed to have neither part nor parcel in its formation, whilst the exercise the baser passions had received by a life of villany and voluptuousness had increased their size and strength. This was the hand-writing of the Almighty, and probably a type of the mark set upon Cain. Edward looked again at the senseless figure reclining before him, and seeing he began to revive, waved his hand to the Jewess, and putting spurs to his horse, was soon far from the lonely barren.

The season closed and he again returned to New-Brunswick.—The crimson flush of an autumnal sunset was beaming brightly on the water as he again trod the banks of the Saint John—Alice accompanied by a stranger met him on the way; her greeting was kind and affectionate—she introduced her companion as their cousin, John Leslie, from Ohio—something in his manner made Edward dislike him from the first, and yet he seemed polite and accomplished, still there was an air of fawning civility in his politeness, and cunning and secrecy in his every word and action, so different from the true nobleness and candour of Edward's own character. It was with sorrow he heard he was the acknowledged lover of Alice—not for the disappointment of his own hopes; he mourned that she should have placed her affections, as he feared, and feared too truly, on a being unworthy of her. Poor Alice was dazzled by the gay exterior of John, but while she promised to be his, her heart owned that Edward should have been her choice—the marriage took place and Edward again left home; he had not been long absent when he received a letter from his uncle requiring his immediate return—he found him dreadfully enraged against John Leslie—he had always disliked him, and now he seemed to hate him; that night he made his will, and like many who destroy the wisdom of a life by one foolish action, so did he, for Edward was made sole heir of the estate, and was the only witness to the testament which declared him so. Business required Edward's absence for a short time; the night of his departure his uncle died, he returned immediately with the messenger, but ere he arrived the body was interred, and John Leslie had taken possession of the property as its master. From what he learned from the servants, the manner of his uncle's death was strange. John Leslie had visited him in the evening—the old gentleman retired to rest in perfect health—in the morning he was found dead, and the corpse was so swollen and disfigured that John ordered the burial to take place immediately.—Edward made no remark, but dark thoughts arose in his mind—the will was read before assembled witnesses—John of course declared its invalidity, and he and his wife as next of kin, took possession of the estate, while a portion of money alone fell to Edward. Alice had in vain besought John to let what was evidently the wish of her uncle remain as he had expressed it; but he had already dropped the mask he had worn, and appeared in his true character of a mean tyrant. All that she received for her interference was contumely and abuse. Edward saw that she was unhappy and it was with a sorrowing heart he bade her farewell, as once more he took his departure from New-Brunswick.

John Leslie had no sooner taken legal possession of his newly acquired property than he offered it for sale, and it was purchased by an attorney who had been commissioned to act for a gentleman—Alice wept as she signed the document which passed the estate from the family. The attorney had been charged to secrecy, but he betrayed that Edward Hastings was the purchaser—Alice was overjoyed, and a dark smile gleamed in the eyes of John. That night she was awakened by a blaze of light glaring in her eyes—the building on the opposite side of the stream was enveloped in a sheet of flame, and she saw the figure of John Leslie glide along the rustic bridge—he had taken a mean and paltry revenge but one well worthy his nature.

Time passed on, and the young warm heart of Alice had tasted deeply of the cup of sorrow, her mother died a broken hearted witness of her misery, and John increased in cruelty and tyranny—large sums of money were expended

by him in some secret manner—how they were disposed of no one could tell, but he kept up a constant correspondence with his friends in the United States, and at every letter received a fresh supply of money was required—every thing that could be removed off the farm was disposed of—large rafts of valuable timber floated on the stream, and herds of cattle were driven to market—nothing now remained but the land, and more money was required; he had begun to make proposals for its sale but Alice was inflexible in her resolution of retaining the home of her fathers, and without her signature nothing could be done; threats and flattery alike failed—her English firmness deserted her not, for herself she cared not, but 'twas an insult to the dead to give the fields they had won from the forest, and the home where they had lived and died, to the stranger for paltry gold.—Never while she had breath, should the land of the Leslies be anothers.—Things were in this state when a visitor arrived. John seemed to gain new courage in his presence, and again every means was tried to force Alice to comply with his wishes.

Edward Hastings had never returned to New-Brunswick; although he had purchased the estate of his uncle, he had no intention of residing on it, he had bought it for the feeling that actuated Alice, he wished it not to pass to the stranger, but now a wish arose in his breast to revisit the scenes of his boyhood; and once more he was wandering through the groves where Alice in her sylph-like beauty and gladness of heart had been his companion. The first day of his arrival was spent in recalling the dreams of other years from the scenes before him; he had not yet seen Alice, and as the evening closed he ascended a small eminence to take a view of the landscape as it lay in the purple light of sunset—a grove of pine crowned the summit, and an arbor had been erected among the trees; it had been a favorite retreat of his uncle, and a crowd of fond recollections filled his mind as he sat once more in its moss grown chair. He was roused by the sound of voices near him, it was John Leslie and another—too well were the features of that face engraven on Edward's memory to allow his mistaking another for it. That faultless symmetry he had never seen but once before; the breeze caught the light hat of the stranger and the despicable formation of the ill-formed head again met his eyes—it was the horseman of the lonely barren—the husband of the unfortunate Jewess stood before him—this then was John Leslie's companion, his bosom friend, their arms were closely locked as they passed in deep and earnest conversation, and with beings such as he was, Alice associated. His uncle's death rose involuntarily to Edward's mind; the suspicion he then felt was now doubly strong—John Leslie with the assistance of this man, had poisoned him—rage for a moment overcame him, again the thought of Alice crossed him, should he appear as the accuser of her husband. John and his companion again passed the arbor—they paused beneath the window, and Edward unwillingly became a hearer of their conversation.

"Delay longer than to-morrow," said the stranger, "and the cause is for ever lost—have I not told you that the steamer is already engaged, but our stock of arms is not yet complete. More money must be raised to procure them, then hurrah friend John for the fair fields of Canada."

"But are we sure after all?" said John. His friend looked at him with contempt—

"You procure the money and leave the rest to me—let us but reach Buffalo and I have gulled wiser heads than Papineau or Van Rensalaer in my time: get this woman to sign the deed and John Leslie and his friend St. Ledger will add a new kingdom to the world."

"But I tell you, Colonel, it is impossible; I have tried every means to make her sign, that the cursed laws will allow."

"Then here is a cunning little lawgiver," said St. Ledger; and Edward heard as the glass phial rubbed against the buttons of his coat, a low chuckling laugh rise from each as they proceeded down the hill. Edward harshly wrote the following note, and as it was now dark he approached the house and gave it to a servant, with directions to deliver it immediately.

"Colonel St. Ledger,

"I have thwarted your villany before this, and with heaven's help will do so again—the slightest injury to Alice Leslie calls instant vengeance on your head—beware of one who knows you.

"The Physician of Oswego."

Edward retired to the adjoining village, determining to go no farther from Alice at present. His letter had the desired effect of saving Alice from further persecution. St. Ledger as he read it, bit his haughty lip till it bled—he had no resource but to change his tactics. A great public road had been making through the Province, and with the money to be expended on it John Leslie had been entrusted, as the head of one of the oldest families in the Province. John Leslie had been treated with

much respect, and had his seat among her legislators, and at that very time was lending all his aid to subvert British rule in Canada—he was considered one of the firmest supporters of the government. The money I have just spoken of was in John's keeping, and St. Ledger now determined to appropriate it to his own purposes;—he was tired of John as an associate, his assistance was, however, necessary to accomplish this scheme, and when it was finished he should be disposed of. John readily agreed to his proposal, for there was nothing too mean or vicious for him to engage in. The servants on some pretence were all discharged—St. Ledger took his departure with John, who was accompanying him part of his journey. All day Alice was alone, and as night closed, a feeling of such loneliness oppressed her as she never before had experienced. She sat at the open door of the dwelling—the birds had all gone to rest, and one by one the stars began to rise in the heavens, when she perceived on the path leading to the house a form bending beneath a load. It was an aged pedlar—one of the despised race of Abraham, and in the peculiar accents of his tribe, he asked a shelter for the night. Alice hesitated—she was alone and he might know of the large sum of money the house contained—she had refused, and the old man with a heavy sigh had raised his burthen and was proceeding on his way.—The heart of Alice smote her—she called him back and he followed her into the house. The old man took from his pack a pair of brightly polished pistols and left them on the table near him. Alice shuddered at the sight of them, and giving him some refreshment pointed to a bed and retired hastily to her own apartment. She put out the light and sat for some hours in darkness;—the moon had risen and was now beaming brightly with a radiance almost equal to the light of day into the room—the rays fell on the steel clasps of the box that contained the money: Alice started from her seat to secure the door of the apartment which she had forgotten—on the threshold stood the pedlar with his glittering pistols in his hand; her heart died within her, but the pedlar in a low voice said, "Lady, pardon me, let me not startle you—there are robbers outside the house, they know it well and this is the room they wish to reach."

Alice had hardly time to recall her faculties, when the house door was softly opened and footsteps sounded on the passage. The pedlar hastily shut the room door and drew the bolt, giving one pistol into the trembling hand of Alice, he stood with the other pointed to the door; the robbers instantly demanded admittance. Alice had recovered her firmness—again they desired her to open the door or her life should be the forfeit of her obstinacy—still they were refused. Muttering curses on her they began to force the door, and it yielded fast to their heavy blows. The foremost ruffian entered the room and the pistol of the pedlar lodged its contents in his brain; as he fell he discharged his own, not where it was aimed, but in the breast of his accomplice, whose corpse fell heavily on the floor beside him.—A sound of many voices and thronging footsteps were heard, and people with lights entered the house. Alice dropped the pistol from her hands and fell senseless into the arms of Edward Hastings. Since his first discovery of St. Ledger, Edward had kept an anxious watch on the house and its inmates. The dismissal of the servants excited his suspicions—in the evening he had seen the two men hovering in the woods near the house. Thinking all was not right, he had assembled a few neighbours and had just reached the place as the robbers fell. The masks were taken from the faces of the dead men, and shewed the features of John Leslie and St. Ledger. A murmur of horror ran among the spectators, and the old pedlar bending on his knees held a light close to the face of St. Ledger—long and earnest was his gaze, clasping his hands he exclaimed, "mysterious and wonderful are thy ways, oh! thou God of Israel!—He who has crushed me to the earth as a worm, thou hast brought low before me—he, the ravening lion, the destroyer of my household, thou hast made to fall by my hand.—He who brought the grey hairs of my wife to the grave—who beguiled Miriam, the dark-eyed daughter of my tribe away from her people—the heartless murderer of my son Abiram, I have slain forever—blessed be thy name, thou high and holy One of Israel!" He paused and remained some time buried in thought. St. Ledger and John Leslie were buried in the same unhallowed grave. The schemes in which he had been engaged ended with his life, or at this moment the Canadas, perhaps the destiny of England herself, might have been changed by the daring recklessness of that dark spirit.

The old pedlar was father to the lady whom Edward had saved on the Oswego barren, and to that lonely spot he now bent his steps.—Miriam, the beautiful Jewess, had been sought by St. Ledger, not for herself alone, but for her wealth—which consisted of a large quantity of diamonds, left her by a relation; and he

had killed her young brother for daring to thwart his will. Since the ruin of his family, the old man had spent his time in wandering from clime to clime, without any settled purpose or end. From Edward he heard where the ill-fated Miriam had been last seen, and he sought and found her lowly grave in the wilderness.

Some years after these events, in the bright and glorious fall, when the woods are gorgeous in their hues of crimson and gold, a gentleman and lady, yet in their prime and beauty, walked on the banks of the lovely bay of the St. John; two beautiful children gambolled among the flowers by their side. They were Edward Hastings and his cousin Alice. They were married; and if the step of Alice was not so elastic, or her laugh as frequent as in former days—there was a light in her eye and a colour on her cheek that told of happiness. As they held on their walk in that bright evening light, a figure issued from among the trees and stood before them—it was the Jew. He had come to bid them farewell—he had stood by the graves of the last of his household.—"Christians, adieu—I have seen my kindred pass from earth—the City of David is before me, and thitherward I now bend my steps, there to await the coming of the Messiah, and sleep among the sepulchres of my fathers."—These words were spoken in a low subdued tone—he left them silently as he had come, and they never saw him more!

Long Creek, Q. C. October, 1841.

SERENADE.

BY DR. JOHN C. M'CABE.

THE moon o'er the mountain is beaming,
And wreathing the ocean with smiles;
And the night flowers, dew-gemmed, are gleaming,
And fairies beginning their wiles.

Let us haste—let us haste where the billow,
With soft murmurs dies on the shore;
On its bosom the wild lillies pillow,
Undisturbed by the dash of an oar.

Let our feet by the wave-beat strand wander,
While our eyes are discoursing of love;
No soul is more faithful or fonder
Than is mine—by the bright stars above!

"I will trust thee, I will love thee, believe thee!
For falsehood ne'er darkened thy soul;
And I know thou wilt never deceive me,
While thy life-tide its currents shall roll."

THE FIRST DOUBT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

OF all pangs inflicted on the sensitive heart, that which is the most insupportable, and which disenchants for ever the bright illusions of life, is the first doubt, which intrudes itself on the idol of our soul's affection. The sweet outpouring of entire confidence and perfect trust, vanishes never to return, and the warm and trusting heart feels crushed in its most holy feelings. This intense suffering is further aggravated by the consciousness that it is unmerited; the evil increases; we are no longer guided by reason, and incapable of consolation, the victim sinks, and the heart is broken.

The imagination in woman being more vivid than with us, renders them more frequently the victims of their unguarded attachment.—They endow the idols of their fancy with perfections which they seldom possess; they torment themselves with groundless fears, and imagine that all covet the same treasure. They are ingenious in creating phantoms of infidelity, and the most tried constancy is sacrificed to a crime. A calm exterior hides the secret suffering; a constrained smile suppresses the rising reproach, and the fever of the heart withers like the hot breath of the Sirocco, the delicate garland woven by the hand of Hymen.

Caroline Armigny, an orphan of noble extraction, had been, some months, united to Leon de Saint-Far, an officer in the French navy, in whom, to the brilliant advantages of person, were added a mind of the highest order. His bearing was frank and manly; his countenance open and expressive, and his eloquence captivated the heart, while it charmed the ear. These attractions, joined to a cultivated understanding, might well justify the thrill of gratified vanity which agitated the heart of Caroline when she distinguished him in the crowd of adorers, drawn around her by beauty, her rank and her large fortune. In the last, she was far superior to her lover, whose family had been ruined by political reverses; but it was her pride and pleasure to bestow, with her hand, that worldly wealth, which was her least attraction in his eyes.—His unbounded gratitude expanded itself in constant endeavours to contribute to her happiness, and to vary her pleasures and occupations. Their hotel at Paris was the resort of all the most distinguished persons. All of birth, rank or talent, sought admission to their society, where taste and refinement heighten-

ed the eclat of wealth. The first three months of their marriage flew away on wings of enchantment. The unwearying exertions of Leon to increase the pleasures of his adored wife, blinded him to the possible conseqnences of so much dissipation; until a slight cold, acting on an impaired constitution, produced an inflamation of the lungs, of which the progress was so rapid, that, in a week, she was on the brink of the grave. What a contrast! the brightest ornament of the Parisian fetes—she who had eclipsed all others, where all are graceful, was now insensible to the assiduities, and to the despair of her unhappy husband. He never left her; he listened with a pulseless heart to her incoherent murmurings, and executed, himself, all the prescriptions of her physicians. During her intervals of consciousness, her first look found the anxious eye of Leon bent on hers, and her hand fondly clasped in his; and, for a moment, a languid smile of gratitude and love would contend in her angelic face, with the shades of death which were fast gathering around it. It was but a moment, for the fever returned with such violence, that hope was abandoned, and the physicians confessed that the resources of their art were exhausted.— Her youth was her only chance for recovery, and that night would determine her fate.— Their friends endeavoured to persuade Leon to retire from the distressing scene, but his determined answer that "he had received her first avowal of love, and would receive her last sigh," silenced their importunity. Regarding her altered features, and listening to her fluttering breath, he desired them to leave him alone with the poor sufferer, whose last hour seemed fast approaching. Then fastening the door, he threw himself beside her, and gave full vent to the anguish of despair. He pressed her to his throbbing heart, and wildly supplicated Providence to spare an existence in which all his hopes of happiness were enrapped. His loved voice found an echo in the heart of the dying wife, and as his scalding tears fell on her face, he perceived a faint colour displace he paleness of death. His prayer was heard! and a faint pressure of his hand accompanied the soft murmur of her voice as she said, "Leon, dear Leon, we shall not part." Frantic with joy, he pressed her again and again to his breast, exclaiming, "No, beloved! nothing *shall* separate us! live, live to love me, to make happy a life that without thee would be a long agony."

When the physician returned, he declared the crisis past, and that her recovery might be hoped for. Soon afterwards, she again revived, and turning towards her husband, repeated with a sweet smile, "Leon, dear Leon, we shall not part." From this time her recovery was rapid, and the increasing care of her happy husband was directed against every possibility of relapse. He carefully guarded her from the danger of exhausting visits of congratulation, and providing such slight amusements as her weak frame could bear. The variety of his talents, which had charmed crowds, was now devoted to such tender exertion of them as would relieve but not fatigue, the attention she could give them. He read, he sang to her, and when his love was rewarded by her perfect restoration, he formed plans for the future more consistent with the care her delicate health would require. They determined to abandon those irregular hours and large assemblies to which they owed all their late suffering.

"Why should we," said Leon, "risk the loss of your precious health for the delight it gives me to see you shine above all others in society? Are we not all to each other, and where can we be so happy as in our own home?"

"And, my beloved Leon, whose admiration is valued by me like thine—how I glory in my choice, and how happy I am to call myself thine!"

"And, sweet wife, how has the agony of the moment when I thought I was losing thee, strengthened the tie that binds us, and how grateful am I to the beneficent Being who heard my prayer, wrung from the torture of a heart whose life was bound up in thine."

"'Twas thy voice, my Leon, thy prayer, which penetrated my heart and awoke me from the sleep of death, and nothing can add to my felicity, since I owe my life to thee."

"Should I, in my turn, be on the borders of the tomb, thou, beloved Caroline, canst call me thence by repeating thy dear assurance."

"Leon, dear Leon! we shall not part!"

It was in such delightful converse that those happy beings passed every moment not devoted to the necessary claims of society, and they felt how little, in comparison, were the tumultuous pleasures of the gay world, to the perfect union, the delicious effusion of united hearts and congeniality of thoughts, taste, and disposition. Happy epoch of life, in which we realize a paradise on earth; blest spring of Hymen, when the path is strewn with flowers and whose sun shines beneficent and pure.— Ah, why is your duration so short; why can the smallest cloud so often obscure your horizon, and create tempests, when all before was so serene?

The spring approached and Saint-Far was recalled to his ship; he left his restored treasure with pain, and though her courage sank at the idea of separation, she was yet to taste the bitterness of absence. She possessed, at some distance from Paris, a fine chateau, to which she resolved to retire, and she formed a plan of rigid seclusion, to which she strictly adhered. Reading, music, and drawing, alternately, with acts of benevolence, filled up all her time that was not devoted to a constant correspondence with her husband. The time passed more rapidly than she dared hope for, and her heart was sustained by the aliment of his tender expressions of unchanging affection. So true is it, that, in the words of a true painter of nature, speaking of parted lovers—"as soon as one is alone, they are together."

Saint-Far returned at the close of autumn, after visiting the southern shores of France, and distinguishing himself in an expedition to the isle of Cyprus. Caroline was ready to receive him at Paris, and the joy of meeting repaid her for the pain of separation. Again, under his protection, she appeared to ornament society, but carefully avoiding the vortex of which she had nearly been the victim, she devoted an evening in each week to the reception of the most celebrated of both sexes, and, at these assemblies, Saint-Far, whose disposition was very gallant, shone conspicuously in the fair circles of which they were composed.

At first this occasioned Caroline no uneasiness; to her he was uniformly so tender and so kind; she was so sure of reigning supreme in his heart, where all was open to view, that suspicion could find no place in her bosom.—But there were not wanting those who would willingly have received his vows, and who would not have scrupled to triumph in the violation of that fidelity to his wife, of which she was so justly proud. They could not conceive the possibility of its continuation. Many a bright eye shed its softest ray at his approach, many a smothered sigh met his ear, many a sentimental revery was assumed in his presence, and all the artillery of coquetry was called forth and aimed at poor Saint-Far. His amusing description of these incidents, to Caroline, furnished them with many a gay hour, but, as yet, no doubt disturbed her full security, though her indisposition to general society was thereby much increased, though she scarcely was conscious of the cause. She took care not to lose sight of her husband, who, however, unconscious of his danger, abandoned himself to the full vortex of coquetry, in which many a more experienced mariner has suffered shipwreck.

A few days after his arrival, a party at tennis-ball was formed, and many ladies invited to witness the skill of the players. Saint-Far shone conspicuous for grace and agility; bets ran high in his favor, and encouraged by the applause of the spectators and the tender interest depicted in the eyes of Caroline, he grew animated, until, throwing up in his eagerness the sleeves of the dimity vest, worn at the games, he disclosed a bracelet of hair, of a dark colour, to the alarmed gaze of the poor Caroline. A mortal agony seemed to chill her whole frame. She could not believe her senses, and when the mist cleared from her sight, she stole another glance, and saw too clearly that a braided tress, with a rich clasp, was there.

"From whom," thought she, "could he have received this love token? I have never given him one like that, and the hair is not light like mine. Leon, dear Leon, canst thou have deceived me?" Then trying to rally herself and to conceal her agitation, she recalled his increased tenderness since his return, the perfect openness of his communications to her, the enthusiasm of his gratitude for her selection of him, and his almost idolatrous love. She thought of his brilliancy, of the eagerness with which his society was sought for by the most fascinating women, and again exclaimed,—"Leon, dear Leon, canst thou have deceived me?"

But the conflict was too great, and while her imagination thus led her from conjecture to suspicion, a burning fever succeeded the chill which had benumbed her, and when Saint-Far turned to seek his reward in her sweet face, which, to him, was more dear than the rapturous plaudits bestowed on his success, he was shocked to perceive her pale, and nearly fainting. He eagerly demanded what was the matter, while she tried in vain to dissipate his fears.

"But *something* must have caused this trembling—tell me what it is, my love?" he persisted, and Caroline, whose pride forbade her to tell the truth, said that—"She had been foolishly alarmed at the near approach of the tennis-ball to his breast, and that she thought she saw him wounded and overthrown; and," added she, "I also felt the blow strike my heart."

Touched at her anxiety, he tried to laugh at her fears, declaring that she must accustom herself to see him attack and defend his adversary at the game. "I must make a heroine of you, at this mimic war, which is so attractive to me, dearest, and after you have seen it a few

times, and know that with skill and practice there is no danger."

"No, no, no, one trial like this is too much. I could not bear another." So saying, she turned tremblingly away, and, supported by his arm, she could scarcely gain her carriage. She was unable to appear at the splendid collation which succeeded this memorable contest of tennis players, and was confined to her apartment many days.

Her confidence was now shaken, and she could scarcely endure the caresses her husband lavished on her. She replied to his endearing language by looks which sought to read the bottom of his soul, and she shrunk from his embraces as from the deceitful folds of a serpent. In his looks she read treachery and infidelity, and the idea of the concealed bracelet never left her thoughts. If pride had not restrained her, she would have avowed her anguish, and by disclosing her knowledge of his secret, have confounded, at once, the author of her misery. But, in spite of his faults, she still loved too tenderly to willingly cause him a moment's mortification.

It was not only in their moments of domestic privacy that the unhappy Caroline endured a torture, which it is useless to attempt to describe. Her sufferings were aggravated in the gay circles where she again suffered herself to be led. While others participated in the pursuits which called them together, and Saint-Far was again the life and attraction of all their parties, Caroline, under the pretext of indisposition, seated herself in a retired corner, and with restless eyes and heart, endeavoured to discover the object of her gnawing jealousy. She examined the colour of each one's hair, that bore any resemblance to that of the bracelet, and watched every action and motion which could unravel the mystery which attended it. Ashamed, at last, at the meanness of espionage, and wearied by the inutility of her endeavours to find a rival on whom certainty could fix, she resolved to seize a moment to examine the bracelet itself, and discover the name of her rival. Fortune soon favoured her wishes. Saint-Far, returning fatigued from a game at tennis, threw himself on a sofa in the little music-room which overlooked the gardens of tne hotel; and Caroline encouraged the drowsiness which oppressed him, by the loftiest strains of her harp. In a few moments she perceived that a soft slumber had possessed his faculties, and that the execution of her design was made easy, by the light morning undress which he still wore; his head was supported by his right hand, while the left, on which was the bracelet, hung negligently by his side. Caroline approached softly, but at the moment of discovery, she hesitated, from the fear of confirming her misery. "Alas," said she, "what am I about to do? if doubt be insupportable, how shall I bear to *know* that another rivals me in his heart; and am I not seeking to penetrate what he wishes to keep secret? But no! let me, at least, know my rival; perhaps it is my dearest friend, one whom I have cherished, and shall I let pass this opportunity of unveiling treachery and ingratitude; to hesitate is a weakness. If this chance be lost, I may not find another! No, to know the worst is better than this dreadful suspense." Softly kneeling at his side, she gently raised the arm which had so often encircled her, and cautiously lifting the sleeve, saw the fatal bracelet, which, however, appeared, on a nearer view, much brighter than before. With eager eyes she sought the inscription, and read the words, in golden letters, "Leon, dear Leon, we shall not part!" Below was inscribed the date in Roman characters, "Midnight of the 9th and 10th February."

Shall we attempt to describe the sudden revulsion from fear to joy? "Ah, Heaven!" said she, "how well I remember that night! when the earnest invocation of a despairing husband resuscitated my fluttering breath.—This must be my hair darkened by the braiding! whose else would be ornamented with this inscription? I could gaze for ever—'Leon, dear Leon, we shall not part!'" Her husband's light slumber was broken by the joyful tones of Caroline, and amazed at her humble position, he attempted to raise her in his arms. "No," said she, "let me expiate at thy feet, my shame and remorse for having doubted thee! Ah, could my scalding tears efface from my remembrance the injustice I have done. Could you but know all I have suffered!" She then disclosed the fatal discovery of the bracelet at the game of tennis, the circumstances which gave weight to her suspicions, the anguish, the conflicts between her love and pride, between her love and confidence.

"And Caroline could doubt my love?" said he, pressing her to his heart; "but her sufferings have expiated her fault." Then recurring to the memorable night of her illness, he avowed that, believing her expiring, he had cut off a tress of her beautiful hair as a memorial of their short-lived felicity. He had not mentioned it from the pain of recalling the scene,

but wishing to preserve a remembrance of it, he had the bracelet made at Toulon, and the clasp so secured, that it could not be removed.

"And thus have I compensated you for so much constancy, fidelity and consideration!—Blind that I was, to even, for a moment, suspect you of deceit!"

"And, what misery may arise from misapprehension and concealment with those we love, my Caroline; let us here enter into a sacred engagement to allow no appearances to disturb our happiness. Should one of us have cause to complain of the other, let us clear the doubt before it oppresses one heart; otherwise, our union, which is the sweetest of earthly blessings, will become a tedious slavery, and the hymeneal chain will become heavy and insupportable, and all for the indulgence of The First Doubt!"

For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

Why this delay—the evening breezes
Among the foliage play,
The last faint gleam of daylight ceases,
The moon has lent her ray;
Each dew-gemm'd leaf is glistening bright,
And the stars in the azure vault of night
Are vividly glancing on—
The trees that lave,
Their roots in the wave
Of the moonlit, fair St. John.

Why this delay—the breeze is playing
O'er the scented clover plain:
Fire-flies are in the shade displaying
Their lights that wax and wane;
Bright gems of the lovely summer night,
Living diamonds flashing bright,
Still sparkle in splendor on—
However brief
Each flower and leaf,
By the moonlit, fair St. John.

Why then delay—the rapid's rushing
Comes faintly to the ear—
The streamlets from the hills are gushing,
The skies are calm and clear;—
The balmy air of the summer night
Is floating in valley and on height,
And ready to bear us on;
The canoe is here,
And smooth and clear
Is the moonlit, fair St. John.

Fredericton, October, 1841. L. E.

POOR RELATIONS; OR, '36 AND '40.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Drive to Mrs. Grantham's," said Mrs. Harley, as she issued from one of the fashionable Broadway stores, and entered her splendid carriage. In a few minutes the velvet-covered steps were again let down, and she stood at the door of her friend, with her card-case already half opened in her hand, well knowing that it would be in requisition, as she had just seen Mrs. Grantham and a group of ladies in the crowded promenade. "Wait here 'till I return; I am going to pay another visit," said she, as the footman threw open the carriage door. With stately step she walked onward until she reached the nearest intersecting street, then drawing her veil closely over her face, and quickening her pace, she turned the corner, and was lost to the view of her watchful servants.

"I thought so," said the liveried coachman with a knowing leer; "where do you think Mrs. Harley has gone, Wilson?"

"How should I know?" was the careless reply.

"She's gone to see her old aunt who keeps school in one of these up-town streets."

"Oh, ho! is that the game? *poor relations!* Well, I am glad that she has too much regard for her horses to let them stand at the door of a beggarly school-madam."

Quite unconscious of the remarks of her saucy domestics, who assumed the privilege of conjecturing the truth at most inconvenient seasons, Mrs. Harley hurried on, and, after several turns and windings, taken to avoid publicity, found the place she sought. Her loud knock having procured her instant admission, she was ushered into an apartment, which could scarcely fail to awaken some early associations in the heart of the woman of fashion, for every article of its simple furniture had been familiar to her childhood. The tall thin china jars which adorned the narrow chimneypiece—the still taller silver candlesticks beside them—the cumbrous mahogany chairs, with the clean but faded chintz covers—the strait-backed sofa—the spider-legged tea-table, all were old friends. Even the worsted-worked tea-kettle holder, its original colours now blended in one dusky tint, held its accustomed place on one side of the fire; while a fly-brush of peacock's feathers, an exact counterpart of the one whose hundred eyes had been the wonder of her childhood, still hung in the corner. Many a happy hour had Mrs. Harley spent in the very room

where she now stood a stranger, and in spite of herself, her feelings softened as memory retraced her by-past life. The entrance of the mistress of this old-fashioned mansion, only served to revive with still greater vividness her recollections of the past, for in the mild countenance of Mrs. Wilkinson, she beheld the same kind expression which had won her childish affection. The years that had stolen the bloom from the cheek of the votary of fashion, and had robbed her form of its pliant grace, had left scarcely a trace of their progress on the elder lady. Her tall thin figure still retained its perpendicularity, and time had only deepened the furrows which grief had early traced upon her brow. Her closely-cut black silk dress—the square of thin muslin pinned with so much precision over her bosom—her high-crowned cap, with its neatly-crimped border, and the smooth braids of silver-sprinkled hair, which crossed her high forehead, all were in exact resemblance to the picture traced upon Mrs. Harley's memory some twenty years earlier.

"I have come to ask you to pass the day with me, aunt," said Mrs. Harley, assuming her blandest tone in answer to Mrs. Wilkinson's polite but cold salutation. "Your duties, and my constant engagements, prevent us from meeting as often as we ought, but I am determined, for the future, to arrange some plan by which we can have more of your society."

"Your determination comes too late, madam," said the old lady, while a slight flush crossed her pale cheek; "had my duties and your engagements been the only barriers between us, they might have been easily removed. The true obstacles have been somewhat more insurmountable, and yet methinks even the distinction between poverty and riches might have been overlooked in favour of your few surviving relatives."

"Nay, aunt, you wrong me," said Mrs. Harley. "I am sure I have never failed in respect towards you."

"No: you have managed to treat me with total neglect, and yet, to be perfectly respectful, if, by any chance, we accidentally met.—However, I wish not to reproach you, Caroline; your way through life has not been as my way, and though both of us were nurtured in the same home, we have sought very different roads to our journey's end. When your mother—my only sister—named you by my name, and gave you into my arms as another claimant upon my affections, I received you as a precious gift from her hands; and when, two years later, she was borne to her early grave, you can testify to the manner in which I fulfilled my duties to the little orphan. But times have altered; I was then prosperous and happy, the wife of a man eminent in his profession, and the mother of a lovely family. I am now a lonely widow, compelled to eke out my diminished means of support by keeping school, and I ought not be surprized to find friends changed as well as fortune."

"My dear madam, can you suppose your altered circumstances have had any influence upon my feelings?" exclaimed Mrs. Harley, in well-dissembled surprize.

"I do not speak from vague supposition only, Caroline; I *know* what I say. When my daughter and myself undertook the charge of a private boarding-school, you gradually dropped all intimacy with us, for you had grown rich, as we had declined in fortunes, and you began to feel that the presence of '*poor relations*' might be rather inconvenient. When your daughter left the nursery, she was transferred to one of those pests of modern society, a *fashionable* boarding-school, not so much on account of my antiquated method of imparting real knowledge, instead of superficial accomplishments, as because the relationship between us would seem degrading in the eyes of the world. Nay, you have even denied that relationship when questioned on the subject, and I therefore can have no confidence in professions of regard."

The self-possession of Mrs. Harley quite failed her as she listened to these bitter truths. Her brow crimsoned, and she bit her lips as she replied, "Well, aunt, you have chosen to misunderstand my motives, and reject my good will."

"No, Caroline, I do not reject your good will, but I cannot consent to accept your civilities; if I can serve you in any way, I am ready, but do not come to me with hollow professions. You have doubtless visited me on business, this morning; let us therefore discuss it as strangers, or, at least, mere acquaintances."

Nothing but Mrs. Harley's strong desire to acquire some information on a subject which nearly interested her, could have induced her to bear her aunt's severe remarks. She, however, repressed the angry feelings which rose within her breast, and with the bland courtesy for which she was remarkable, replied, "I shall be as you wish, madam; I will no longer proffer any claim of kindred, but if it be not contrary to your ideas of propriety, will you be so good as to afford me some informa-

tion respecting the character and temper of a young lady now under your charge? I mean Miss Eveline Morris."

Mrs. Wilkinson looked surprized. Mrs. Harley continued, "I did intend to include her in the invitation which I just had the pleasure of offering to you, and the pain of hearing you reject; of course I wish my questions concerning her to be considered in the light of a confidential communication, and I should be unwilling to have the interest I take in her made public."

"Will you oblige me by making known the reasons for such inquiry?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Why, to tell you the truth, it is on my daughter's account that I feel interested in the child. Major Morris visits us very frequently, and I think is strongly disposed to admire my beautiful Mary."

"Major Morris?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson; "pardon my surprize, Caroline, but if I retain my recollection of the very lovely little girl whom I once saw with you, she can scarcely be more than eighteen years of age, while the major is certainly past forty."

"You are quite right, aunt," replied Mrs. Harley, in her most dulcet tones. "Mary is just eighteen, but the major is a very young-looking man, and possesses many advantages."

"He is rich and fashionable, you mean, Caroline."

"It would certainly be a brilliant match for Mary; he is very distinguished in society."

"He is more than that, or I am much mistaken in him," said Mrs. Wilkinson, warmly. "He is a man of high-toned fellings, of elevated character, and of fine talents. I am not surprized that he should seek a second marriage, for I doubt whether his first was a very happy one, but it is strange he should choose so young a wife."

"Mary is very beautiful, aunt, and I have taken great pains to destroy in her mind those youthful illusions which so often interfere with the prudent calculations of parents."

"What do you mean by youthful illusions?"

"Oh, those romantic ideas of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection, which generally fill a girl's head when she first enters society, and often induce her to throw herself away upon some penniless fellow with black whiskers and a sentimental smile. Mary, though so young, has as much discretion as if she was thirty. She never reads novels, and her knowledge of the world is derived entirely from my experience. It has been my object to make her understand society as it actually exists. My own preconceived fancies of worldly happiness have given me some bitter hours, and I wished to save her from the pain which we all suffer, when our early dreams fade into reality."

There was a touch of feeling in Mrs. Harley's manner which softened the stern old lady.—"Take care, Caroline," said she, "lest in destroying the romance which grows up in the heart of every woman, you do not root up the generous impulses which are ever entwined with it. She who enters upon life endowed with warm and enthusiastic feelings, must necessarily encounter many sorrows, but that very discipline of grief renders her more capable of bearing her burden meekly; of sympathizing with the afflicted, of practising the disinterested kindness which is a peculiar privilege, and, in a word, of performing those feminine duties which are designed to make her a help, meet for man. I do not admire a calculating spirit in youth. It is so unnatural, so unsuited to the unsuspecting innocence which ought always to characterize that bright season of life, that, schoolmistress as I am, I would rather see the errors of a generous mind, than the undeviating propriety of a perfectly selfish one, which is always correct from motives of interest."

"Well, aunt, for my part, I think those happiest who allow their affections to run in the freeest channels."

"Those are happiest who, *having the greatest number of duties to do, perform them best.* A woman is blest in proportion as she ministers to the happiness of others; she may have more sorrows, more calls upon her sympathy, but she has also more sources of enjoyment; for she thus exercises all her faculties—all her affections—and in this exercise consists the secret of woman's happiness."

"I dare say you are right, madam," said Mrs. Harley, politely, suppressing a yawn, "but now let us talk of Eveline Morris. If Mary is to be her step-mother, as I hope she is, I should like to know how the young lady may be best managed."

"*Managed!* how I detest the word," exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, warmly; a child should never be managed. Management implies finesse, and trickery, and concealment, neither of which are necessary in the guidance of children. I have taught school for twenty years, and have never found one who could not comprehend and appreciate plain, honest dealing. Teach young persons with candor, kind-

ness and resolution, and you will never study the art of management."

"Is Miss Eveline accustomed to the exercise of her own will?"

"Yes, when she wills to do right, and when she is wrong, a word of remonstrance is sufficient to subdue her. Eveline Morris must be governed only by the gentle influence of the affections, for although to kindness she is as docile as a lamb, she would be utterly untameable by harsh and severe treatment. But are you sure Major Morris is in love with your daughter?"

"I wish I *was* certain of that fact, my dear madam; but I do not despair of seeing him so; he admires the fresh and youthful beauty for which she is so remarkable, he is charmed with the simplicity of manners which I have taken so much pains to teach her, and I think, with proper discretion on our parts, he may be led on to form a serious attachment. Excuse me for trespassing so long upon your valuable time," continued Mrs. Harley, looking at her watch. "So you will not be persuaded to bring your young pupil to dine with me to-morrow?" The old lady coldly answered in the negative. "Well, good morning! the next time I call, I will bring Mary with me, to make the acquaintance of Miss Morris."

Mrs. Harley hurried away, and as she regained her carriage, she threw herself back upon the silken cushions with a feeling of discomfort such as she did not often experience. "Thank Heaven," thought she, "that long lecture is at an end; the old lady has passed away an hour, and yet contrived to give me no actual information about this Eveline Morris; I dare say Mary will have trouble enough with her, unless her father can be persuaded to keep her at school."

Perhaps the manœuvring mamma would have felt less sanguine in her schemes if she could have taken a peep into a certain back parlour, where sat the handsome and stately Major Morris, holding the hand of a delicate and graceful woman, in whose intellectual countenance the 'freshness of youthful beauty' had long since given place to more lasting charms. He admired the beautiful Mary Harley, as he would have done a fine picture, but if he thought of her at all, it was only as a child, in comparison with himself. He was the friend of her father, without having the slightest idea of becoming the lover of the daughter, for his good sense taught him, that in making a second choice, his age, and the future welfare of his child should be taken into consideration. This he had done; and even while Mrs. Hardy was condescending to visit her *poor relations*, in order to further her plans with regard to the rich widower, he had taken the liberty of calling upon one of those humble relatives, with the offer of his heart and hand. In less than three months after the double interview, the fashionable world were all surprized by the announcement of the major's marriage. He had learned to estimate the true character of women, and despising the allurements of fashion, he had chosen the modest, unpretending daughter of Mrs. Wilkinson—the *poor relation* of the aspiring Mrs. Harley. The close of the memorable year of—36, *the year of bubbles*, as it may emphatically be called, found the major and his pleasant family circle enjoying the rational pleasures of Parisian life, while it left Mrs. Harley planning new schemes for the advancement of her daughter, and vainly regretting her neglect of her '*poor relations.*'

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It was in the spring of 1840 when Major Morris returned to his native land. His daughter had grown up into an elegant and graceful girl, his wife had realized all his anticipations of domestic happiness, and he had learned to love old Mrs. Wilkinson with almost filial affection. They formed a united and affectionate family, studying the comfort of each other, and thus contributing most effectually to their own. They returned to take up their residence in the city of their birth, and the major's first care was to select such a dwelling as might become his permanent place of abode. He found no difficulty in procuring such. Many a splendid mansion, which, at his departure, was filled with aspiring and wealthy families, now stood untenanted and lonely in their magnificence. The spirit of speculation had proved itself but a juggling fiend—the gold which men had fancied within their grasp, like fairy treasure, had returned to its original worthlessness, and the millionaire of—'36, was the bankrupt of—'40.

Among others who had put in the sickle at harvest-time, and reaped only tares, was Mr. Harley. Tempted by the opportunity of making a fortune in a night, he forgot that things of such *gourdlike* growth may wither even as quickly. Neglecting the business which was gradually heaping up wealth within his coffers, he threw himself into the midst of stock and land speculations, entering heart and hand into all the gambling schemes of the wildest projectors. We smile at the credulity of those

who, in the olden time, ruined themselves, and beggared their children, by their insane quest of the philosopher's stone; but will not posterity regard with the same contemptuous pity the mad and headlong career which the men of our own time have followed, in their pursuit of wealth? We were smitten with avarice as with a pestilence—the strong and the weak—the wise and the ignorant—the virtuous and the depraved—all fell victims to the plague, and many an untimely grave—many a broken heart, which 'brokenly lives on,' remains to attest the fearful ravages of the disease.

Mr. Harley had *risked all*, and *lost*. From a condition of affluence and splendor, he was cast headlong into beggary. Every thing was gone—his money—his credit—even his character, as a man of honor, was lost, in his vain attempt to sustain himself, and in the very crisis of his misfortunes, he was found lying dead on the floor of his counting-room. He had died in a fit of apoplexy, produced by intense mental distress, but the good natured world, of course, suggested that an event so judiciously timed, could scarcely be a natural one, and thus the cloud of suspicion rested even upon the grave of the unhappy bankrupt. Major Morris sought in vain to discover the retreat of the bereaved family. Whether from pride, or some accidental cause, they had left no trace of their course after the final sale of all their furniture and effects, and Mrs. Wilkinson, whose sense of past wrongs had long since been forgotten in sympathy for their misfortunes, in vain lamented her ignorance of their condition.

Some months had passed away, when Mrs. Wilkinson, having occasion to employ a sempstress, received information from a person who kept a sort of haberdashery store, that she could not perform a greater act of charity, than by giving her work to a lady who lodged in the upper part of her house. Upon further inquiry, Mrs. Wilkinson ascertained that the person whom she was required to employ, lived alone, in great seclusion, and that her name was never mentioned to the ladies who gave her work. "The work is left with me, ma'am," said the woman, "and I am responsible for it; but the lady does not want to be known; I believe she was once very rich, and she is afraid some of her acquaintances will remember her."

"Has she a daughter?" inquired Mrs. Wilkinson.

"She has, ma'am, but the unnatural creature has left her mother, and gone off with a young Frenchman, who took a fancy to her pretty face."

"Was she very handsome."

"Yes, ma'am, but she was no better than a beautiful wax figure—she did not seem to care for any body, and all she did was to dress herself in all the little finery she could get, and sit by the window to attract the attention of the gentlemen. Her mother was almost killed by her desertion, but it did not destroy the poor lady's pride; I believe she has gone without a dinner many a time, because she was too proud to let any one know her poverty."

Mrs. Wilkinson's interest was excited, and she insisted on being allowed to visit the nameless lady. In spite of the remonstrances of the kind-hearted shop-keeper, she made her way up the narrow stairs, and in the miserable apartment, found, as she had expected, her bereaved and impoverished niece.

Mrs. Morris did not insult her unhappy cousin by calling to see her in her carriage, nor yet did she make her way by stealth to the abode of poverty. A comfortable home, a competent provision for her comfort were provided, and then Mrs. Wilkinson conducted her daughter to the presence of her relative, whose claims to kindred were not now disavowed. Doubtless, of all the parties, Mrs. Harley felt, with the most acuteness, the difference between *poor relations* in '36 and '40.

ODE TO PEACE.

All hail the long expected day
  When Peace shall dwell on every shore,
When angry strife shall pass away,
  And men shall wield the sword no more;

When turns our race to peaceful toil,
  The hand to guide the shining plough,
And when upon the blood-stained soil
  The yellow, waving harvests bow:

When silent is the widow's wail,
  Nor tearful is the Orphan's cheek:
And when upon the moving gale
  No more the martial thunders break.

Then shall all coming time abound
  With moral virtues blest increase,
And Earth be consecrated ground,
  To great and holy deeds of Peace!

And man shall rise in conscious power,
  And cast the passion's thrall away:
Whilst onward hastes the happy hour
  That ushers in Millennium Day.

For The Amaranth.

A Short Story, Founded on Fact.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE story which I am about to relate is founded on facts, to several of which I have been an attentive but silent observer. The parties have now long since seen,

"That death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come:"

and they scarcely live in the recollection of many people to whom they were once familiar. I love, however, to dwell upon the scenes of my early days, and whilst I enjoy "the pleasures of memory," I can sit calmly and observe the transactions of the present hour, without being blinded by tumultuous passions, or soured by age and infirmity. In my younger days the nature of my avocations compelled me to travel—*compelled*, I say, when the distant recollection of my paternal fireside, and the many endearments which HOME presented, press upon the mind, and even now demand a tear in memory of those bygone, but sweetest hours of my existence. The recital however of private feelings always fails to interest the cursory reader, and I shall of course refrain, and seek their quiet enjoyment within the retirement of my closet, perchance pitied by some kindred mind, ever alive to tender emotions, or despised by the abandoned heart, callous even to the calmness with which sorrowful recollections will naturally surround us. It was in the south of France, where I gleaned the facts which I shall now attempt to record for the readers of the Amaranth.

The hero of this tale was born in ——, in the State of Massachusetts, not far distant from its capital. He was delicate in form, possessed a sweet disposition, and cultivated mind, educated to a liberal profession, he followed in the footsteps of his worthy father. He had scarcely attained the age of three-and-twenty, than he was not more renowned for his many good qualities, than valued for his high professional attainments. Assiduity, laborious study, and inordinate application to business, together with anxiety of mind, preying upon a weak frame and constitution, brought on alarming symptoms of that flattering, but insidious disease—CONSUMPTION.

Advised by his physicians, and in compliance with the urgent requests of his dearest friends, he determined if possible to obtain relief from his malady by the ameliorating effects of a more favorable climate; and the beneficial air of the south of France was decidedly recommended. But 'ere he bid adieu to his native soil, never again alas! to behold the scenes of his youth, and to realize the benefit of true friendship, by enjoying the blessings of its counsels; he sought a favorable opportunity to bid adieu to one being, whom above every object in this world, he prized the most highly. He entered the residence of Ellen ——. Each resolved to sustain unimpaired, those hallowed sentiments which they mutually entertained for each other; and to communicate by letter, those chastened feelings, which a thousand times had been orally expressed.

He soon arrived at that land where the invalid too frequently finds not the convalescence which he seeks; and where the shattered fortune of the unfortunate, but honest man, or perchance, the impaired resources of the prodigal spendthrift, are nearly inadequate, but totally so in less expensive, and less luxuriant countries, to support an endurable existence.—His malady was found to be too deeply rooted to be expelled by the best devised remedies.—Two months had now elapsed since his arrival in L——, and for some weeks past he hourly anticipated with the deepest anxiety, the receipt of a communication from the idol of his heart—she, whom alone occupied his waking and slumbering moments—but it arrived not! and the mental torment he endured, (whilst even in agony, he could not dare to contemplate any transition from reciprocated affection,) was scarcely tolerable. Often did he form the resolution of returning to his native land, but his enervated state would not allow him to carry his plans into effect; twice he commenced his journey to the frontier, but was compelled from weakness, slowly to return, exhausted and despairing of the blessings of HEALTH which had so long since taken its permanent departure, from the emaciated form of the disconsolate EDWIN. Now suffering a rapid and painful decline, the near approach of the grim messenger was gladly hailed as a welcome relief; and whilst in a calm and holy frame of mind, he composed the following lines, and frequently repeated them with pious resignation.

ON THE NEAR PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in HIM."

"God of my life, my hope, my fear,
"In whom alone is all my trust,
"I feel the closing hour draw near
"That gives this fainting frame to dust.

"Like a tir'd hart, at bay I stand,
"Thy toils have compass'd me around;
"I wait the death-stroke from thy hand,
"And stand resign'd to meet the wound.

"Yet one fond wish still warms my soul,
"To thee in humbler hope express'd,
"That 'ere the sable shadows roll
"To close me in their final rest—

"Thou would'st some worthier aim inspire,
"Some living energy impart,
"Some holier spark of purer fire
"Rekindle in my dying heart.

"That when remov'd from grief and pain,
"This fragile form in earth shall lie,
"Some happier effort may remain,
"To touch *one human heart*—with joy.

"Some nobler precept to bestow,
"One kind, one generous wish reveal—
"To bid the breast with virtue glow,
"To love, to pity, and to feel.

"To sooth the ills *she* cannot cure,
"The sufferer's injuries redress;
"And through life's varied channels pour
"The living stream of happiness.

* * * * * *

"Smite, Lord! this frame shall own thy power,
"And every trembling chord reply;
"Smite, Lord! and in my latest hour,
"My drooping voice shall sing with joy!"

One morning whilst painfully reflecting upon his hapless condition, and enduring those heart-rending thoughts which were too apt to take possession of his mind, and whisper to him—but how untruly! of the faithlessness of his Ellen; he was aroused from his lethargy by the voice of his nurse, who informed him of the presence of a stranger, in the person of a distinguished physician, who entreated by Edwin's faithful valet, had consented to visit his unhappy master. A kind and benevolent countenance proved a ready introduction to the stranger. He feelingly expressed his sympathy and pity for the melancholy situation of his patient. Certain soothing remedies were prescribed, and the strange comforter tenderly bade his new acquaintance a temporary adieu, expressing a wish for his speedy return to health, and with ill-assumed confidence, his hope, that he might 'ere long enjoy it. In the evening, the good man with anxious solicitude returned to the sick chamber, and holding the hand of its weakly inmate, with anxious attention he counted the pulse, inwardly despairing of his recovery, and seriously regretting each foreboding presentiment. Intent o'er his humane employment, and leaning over the couch of Edwin, a *miniature* accidentally fell from his bosom, which no sooner attracted the eye of Edwin, than with a melancholy groan, his soul

"Wing'd its way
To regions of eternal light!"

The astonishment of the physician was for a while superior to his grief, at the mysterious suddenness of the loss of an acquaintance, whom the intercourse of a few hours had rendered interesting to him. Oscar, Edwin's faithful valet, entered the room, and beheld with horror the cold hand of death thus sudddenly stamped upon the brow of one, who by many kindnesses had rendered himself dear and precious to his fond domestic. The accidental production of the miniature was mentioned, but its fatal effects remained unexplained.—The medical friend of the deceased had now to perform what he conceived to be his last melancholy duty,—to superintend the interment of the remains of his unfortunate patient. A plain white marble monument, in the village Church-yard of L—— intimates to the traveller, that--

"The ashes of Edwin —— lie here."

The following extract of a letter from a friend of Edwin's, dated at L——, to his sorrowing mother, will furnish the *denouement* to this melancholy history:—

"I most sincerely condole with you upon the "loss of your truly amiable and accomplished "son. You are aware no doubt, that he cher-"ished an honourable affection for Ellen ——, "her letters were intercepted by a treacherous "individual, who in vain endeavoured to sup-"plant Edwin in Ellen's affections. Doctor "——, had intimated to Ellen, his resolution "to travel in the south of France. Ellen re-"vealed to him confidentially the tale of her "sorrows, and entrusted him with her minia-"ture, a gift from her lover, to present to Edwin, "if he should meet with him. Poor Edwin was "so much reduced by disease, as not to be re-"cognized by the doctor, between whom there "existed but a very slight acquaintance. The "miniature which fell from his bosom, caught "the eye of Edwin. The shock was too great "for one in so deplorable a state of mental and "bodily exhaustion, and immediate death was "the unfortunate result of its accidental pro-"duction.

"ANNA."

St. John, October, 1841.

For The Amaranth.

"THE BELLE."

Behold in the hall where the lustres are throwing
'Mid garlands of flowers, the blaze of their light;
Where bright eyes are flashing and beauteous cheeks glowing,
Expectant of pleasure are all met to-night.

And music's sweet sound thro' the hall is resounding,
Their hearts and their feet keeping time to its tone—
Fairy forms in the merry dance lightly are bounding,
Oh! Pleasure!—this happy night, thine is alone!

But one moves among them, in summer-like beauty,
Resplendent o'er all there, in beauty's lap nurs't—
To whom all the gallants pay homage and duty,
In the bands of the lovely, fair Fanny is first.

And gaily they render to her their devotion,
And gaily she answers their call to the dance:
And light is her step and graceful her motion,
Sweet the smile on her lip and her blue eye's soft glance.

But the hour has arriv'd that this bright scene must measure—
Thro' the richly stain'd window now dawns the young day,
And the spirited steeds, to the votaries of pleasure
That brought the gay beauty, have whirled her away.

Ah! why is her eye which so late shone in brightness,
Now shaded and hid?—aye, and dimm'd by a tear!—
And why does her heart, which but late was all lightness,
Now throb, and with pain beat?—oh, love! thou art there!

That they lov'd her, tho' many had made the confession
Amid the gay throng of last night, there was one
Whose glance spoke his innermost soul's deep expression—
Her heart own'd its power, and fair Fanny was won.

But soon passes the pang and the tear, for the morrow
Brings that youth to her feet, and by each the vow past,
That between them thro' sunshine, gloom, joy, care and sorrow,
Love and life shall go hand-in-hand while life shall last.

Ah! little they dream what the future shall bring them,
That the fates have decreed that estranged be each heart:
That between them shall pass that, like scorpions shall sting them,
From each other at last they for ever shall part.

Yet blind to the future, shall many an hour,
With each other be pass'd, while their hearts beat as one,
Which indelibly stamp't on their souls, have the power
To recall to their minds when those day-dreams have flown,—

How hand clasp'd in hand, and how spell-bound they wander'd,
Their love-language breathing, thro' wood and o'er glade,
With joy in their hearts, how affection they squander'd,
And weep o'er the ruin those affections are made.

Ah, yes! the time's come, for see at an altar
Fair Fanny is kneeling, a beautiful bride,
And breathing those vows that, but death, none can alter,
With pale lip and blanch'd cheek—but who at her side?

Not the love of her youth, he who spell-bound had held her
For years in affection and love's gentle band;
Not he, from the hour who when first he beheld her,
Would have laid down his life to obey her command.

And she too now thinks of him, tho' he's not near her,
And gladly would change her attire of a bride
For the shroud, and, could he whom she thinks of, but bear her
To, the grave, and in death's deep sleep rest at her side.

Oh, Love! tho' thou boastest that all thou canst vanquish,

The prince and the peasant, the low and the great,
Break thy bow, break thy shafts, inflict no more anguish,
For thy victims are won from thy conquests by Fate. H. C.

St. John, October, 1841.

AN OPERATION;

From an unpublished Work, called the "Romance of Anatomy."

"You urge that there is no romance in our profession?"

"To be sure I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make strange acquaintances in the course of our practice, I admit; but that any thing positively romantic, as the word is understood, occurs in the practice of surgery, I deny."

Thus discoursed two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at the end of their names.

"Charles," said the elder of the two, "light your segar, and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events narrated here occurred." He opened a portfolio, and commenced reading as follows: 'During a period of time occupied by me in a tour through the New England States, in the year 183-, I was on board a steamboat, crowded with passengers. The state of Maine had attractions for me, and to one of its towns I was destined.—Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea in their chosen positions on the steamer'a deck, a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly to a family party of three persons—an elderly gentleman of intellectual appearance, and two young ladies, his daughters;—one an invalid, the other the incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey—the restoration of the health of the afflicted one, by change of scene, and the magic potency, in many cases of the invigorating sea breeze. Having selected a seat near this party, for no motive of listening to their discourse; the earnest manner of the elder of the ladies prevented any other result, I heard her father's repeated cautions, and he earnestly entreated her to be careful if she remained upon the deck alone.

'There is no danger, father,' said she. 'I would not wish to live, if I am ever to be the slave of fear.'

For the first time, I had become interested in her character, and a silent prayer went forth from my heart, that her path through life should be guarded from any cause for the fear she seemed with all her soul to despise. I left the deck as her father ending a fresh caution with, 'Ellen, my dear, I hope no harm will come of your want of care'—led the younger sister to the cabin below.

A short time afterwards, while standing near the place appointed for the engineer, watching the movements of the complicated machine, with powerful precision propelling us against wind and tide, some dozen miles an hour, on a sudden the engine was stopped in obedience to the signal bell, and I heard considerable bustle on the deck above. A fishing-boat had attempted to cross the track of the steamer, and to avoid collision, the abrupt stoppage had been deemed necessary by the captain. The fishing-boat passed in safety by, and the steamer was again under full steam. As I walked leisurely to the after part of the boat, I saw a crowd near the ladies' cabin, and borne in the arms of her father, apparently dead, was the young lady whom I had left, and who subsequently became an object of intense interest to many on board. I hesitated in forcing my way to her, supposing that it might be a case of fainting, and there were enough to apply the remedies usual on such occasions. After the lapse of a few minutes, from the agitated appearance of those who had accompanied the young lady into the cabin, it was evident to me that a serious accident had occurred. I entered the cabin with the captain, and beheld reclining upon a settee, the form of that lovely girl, to all appearance, dead, her father and sister bending over her in agony, chafing her temples, pressing her white hands, calling upon her name in vain, their anguish subsiding in floods of tears. Messengers had been despatched to the different parts of the boat, to ascertain if there was among the passengers, a surgeon, who could ascertain the nature and extent of the injury. No one had yet been found. I asked how the accident occurred, and was informed that when the boat stopped, the young lady was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck; the passengers anxiously rushing to one side, as the fishing-boat passed, caused the steamer to careen, when the poor girl fell to the deck below, striking her head upon a corner of the chain-box. A medical gentleman entered the cabin—a young man entered with him. Upon examination, it was found that the skull of the young lady was fractured, and every symptom indicated compression of the brain. This intelligence was imparted to

the unhappy parent of the girl, with the candid acknowledgement that her situation was one of imminent peril. 'Can nothing be done to save her?' said the weeping father; the sister had been removed in an almost unconscious state from the cabin, and was in the care of some of the ladies. The physician replied that there was but one hope to rest upon—an operation, and that skilfully and speedily performed. 'What operation?' said the father, holding her head in his hands, and waiting a reply in breathless anxiety.

'Trepanning,' quietly responded the physician, and briefly explained his meaning. A silence of some duration ensued.

'When this dreadful operation is performed, what is the chance of recovery?' gasped the father, seizing the physician by the arm.

'That must depend upon circumstances,' was his reply.

'Save her life. Ellen, my child—my child. Poor girl, 'tis an awful thing to think of. If, as you say, it must be done, for Heaven's sake lose no time.'

'I have no instruments fit for the purpose. Nor would I undertake it if I had. It needs a more experienced hand than mine. I never even saw it done. From the books only I know its nature and manner of proceeding.'

The captain remarked that he had a case of instruments on board the boat; of their purposes he was ignorant. The young man who had entered with the physician, had been carefully examining the injury, and requested the captain to procure the instruments, who left the cabin for that purpose. He then addressed the physician—'Sir, should the trepan be at hand, would it not be well to attempt the operation? In her present state, she must die, unless some aid by promptly given. I will assist you.'

'Are you a physician?'

'No, I am a student of medicine only. I have seen the trepan twice used with complete success. I am aware 'tis a dangerous operation, though easily performed.'

'I shall not undertake it. I could not summon resolution. I do not profess surgery.'

'We are many miles from land, sir. I never performed this or any other operation upon the human body. Relying upon my knowledge of anatomy—the exigency of the case—the favorable position of the wound, I would not shrink in my attempt to save a valuable life. Why should you?'

The captain returned. The case was opened, and proved, upon examination, to be a large case of amputating instruments, and, fortunately, the trepan and its necessary apparatus accompanying them. The father revived from an apparent stupor. The sight of the knives made him shudder. 'Well,' said he, in a whisper, 'what is to be done?'

The young man and the physician were conversing inaudibly together for a moment.— 'No, sir,' replied the physician. 'Nothing in the world would induce me to attempt it.— Having no confidence in my own power, you know, sir, it is not likely that I should succeed.'

'If you were not on board the boat, under the circumstances, and at the request of those interested, I would attempt it. Be it understood that you refuse, and if her father will trust me, I will save her if I can. Captain, you know me. I can have none but good motives.'

The father had listened. The calm and cool manner of the young student weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child, who still seemed in the sleep of death, the low, peculiar breathing sound, attendant upon such cases, being the only sign of life, and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man's hand and said, 'Do what you think best. Save her if you can; God help you.' He kissed her, and walked away, checking the emotion, and repeating the prayer for her safety.

A request was made for all those whose aid was not necessary, to retire from the cabin, which was, of course complied with. The physician, to his credit be it spoken, remained to assist in an act which he dared not be a principal in. The instruments having been carefully arranged, and every thing that prudence could suggest, attended to, the young lady was placed upon a table to undergo this fearful operation. There was, to her, no dread. She could feel no pain. Sensation, to her, was a lost faculty. But the loss of self-possession in the operator—a lack of knowledge and judgement in the critical moment, might make of the instrument used to save a life, a weapon of sure destruction. The physician secured her head in a position most convenient, the student removed from the injured spot the golden curls, as he took the scalpel in his hand to make the necessary incision through the integuments. 'Twas evident success would attend his efforts. His hand trembled not, his eye quailed not. In a moment a part of the scalp was dissected up—the bone was visible—the saw about to do its work. Such silence:

a frightful wound appeared, and though inflicted upon one who felt not the edge of the knife, still it called forth a terrible feeling of suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when, removing a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels distended with blood, showed plainly through its covering membrane. Her father had walked about the cabin, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost, trickling down her livid cheek, and covering, in its course, the loose locks that had been spared. 'Is she alive? do not answer me—still I must ask—Ellen, Ellen.'

Expressions like these escaped from his lips, in tones of heart-sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who was proceeding to the last stages of his task, with as firm a hand and determined heart, as if the instruments were acting upon marble. A moment's pause for reflection and consultation, had enabled him to decide upon an important point. Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with some difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness were evident. She moved her hands, raised them to her head. The eye of the sufferer resumed its natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport—'Father! I am safe!' The transition from apparent death to life, so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art. Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair, and was not disturbed 'till the proper dressings were applied, and the operation pronounced complete. The party were soon after landed at the town where I intended spending some days, and with the young surgeon, I assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her constantly, and her complete recovery was the result. "Is there not something romantic in this?"

"No, it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of your published lectures by distinguished professors of surgery."

"Well, it's an odd way to be introduced to a wife. You'll allow that, I suppose."

"Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady was the way to win her heart."

"It was in this case, at any rate. The fair-haired lady I introduced you to yesterday, the wife of my friend ———, who, you know, is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance. I had the story from the M. D. who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him, with her, a fortune. That lock of hair you saw braided in the brooch you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's head, previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels that encompass it. Now what say you to the romance of our profession?"

"Say," yawned the junior M. D., "why that such things don't happen every day. Why is not your friend one of us?"

"He is, in all but the name, possessing the qualities necessary to excel in the practice of the healing art, an honor to society, delighting to do good, enjoying the felicity of domestic life with a companion won from the grave, by the knowledge of a splendid science, and the courageous exercise of its principles Is not his reward the continuation of a true romance?"

For The Amaranth.

PIETRO DELLA TEMPESTA.

The Storm Painter.

HE sits upon a rude worn cliff, that stands
Like a grim giant, steadfast and unmoved,
Above the fretful dash of the wild sea;—
A strange, unusual child—a young face,
Majestic in its beauty, but impress'd
With that which fill'd the gazer's heart with fear—
Yet knew not why: perchance there lurk'd a spell
Within the depths of those foreboding eyes—
Or the dark meshes of his raven curls
Look'd elf-like, as the wind from off his brow
Parted their thick shade. Upon the pale cheek
No sunny beam ere played, and the young lip
Was far too stern and scornful for his years,
Wearing an air of dread unearthly thought;—
And over all a mien of loneliness,
Bespoke a want of fellowship with man.
He listened to the deep and hollow roar
Of the waves breaking on the rocks beneath,
Shaking their base;—he look'd upon the sky,
Where creeping from its verge a mist-winged cloud
Was slowly blotting out its tranquil blue;
And heard the muffled messenger that speeds
Before the storm, muttering its rude sighs:
While through his waking heart the life-stream rush'd,
Warmed with the wild joy that fill'd his soul;
And his eye gather'd up its wand'ring rays,

Dilating in a glow of proud disdain.
Hark, the approach of the far thunder's voice,
Cheering on the waves like famished wolves,
Yearning for blood! see how they shake their manes,
Foamy with rage, trampling each other down!
While the mad breakers beat time to the song
Of the unconquerable winds;—midway
The fierce lightning darts its quivering sword,
Twining in snaky folds among the clouds,
And scaring ocean's back, as with a sythe
Heated by fire, salving the wound in smoke.
The wing'd spray flies up like muttered curses,
To return a chastening scourge; its salt tongue
Sought the rocky lair of that unpassion'd boy,
Licking his cheek, and yet he did not shrink,
But looked with calm wrap'd face upon the storm,
Thrilling with a sense of new-born power,
That sprang unconsciously within—a voice
Which bade him paint upon his heart a type,
A vision of that hour, which might not pass,
Like its unworn sublimity, away.
Clinging with untired hands unto the rock,
He drank the music of the whirlwind's harp,
And laugh'd to see it flinging up on high
Huge fragments of the earth, like worthless chaff;
Rending apart the veil of pall-like clouds,
Through which a ray shot down upon the deep:
Sunshine midst the tempest. The memory
Of a dead mother's smile was not more fair
To a mourner's heart—'twas like the mild eye
Of a protecting God, calming the waves.
All this was traced indelibly upon his soul,
And thence became as fuel to the lamp
Of his undying genius; its might
Was nourished in the strife of elements;
And all terrific things which strike deep awe
Into the breasts of common men, with him
Were loved companions, or foes that he
Had grappled strongly and subdued.—
His only love the *spirit* of the storm,
He learned its wildest language from her lips,
Deeming it most glorious melody—
And when the sinews of his frame wax'd strong
He made his home among the mighty hills—
Where the savage howl of wandering winds
Sang tenor to the deep eternal base
Of torrents, whose dim mists curdled round
The icy moon;—where, in the still midnight air,
Pale shadowy things were winging 'neath the stars;—
A phantom world—but soon o'erteeming with
The spoils heap'd thick within the miser mind;
His spirit, like a full cup, o'erflowed,
Frenzied with passion—so he went to Rome;
And in the city of the seven hills,
Amid the trophies of an age gone by,
The stubborn canvass warm'd beneath his touch,
Replete with every form of wild conception
That had sprang within his brain, the children
Of his heart—a horrible creation!
Set breathing forth a dread sumblimity of
Beauty most severe.

Thousands wond'ring came,
And gaz'd with admiration and mute awe
Upon his works, and him who thus had bound
The tempest to his car, and bid it drag
Him on to fame. To that which he had made
His daring theme, they link'd his name—
And yet a shade was ever on his brow,
Within his breast a principle of pain,
That never lull'd, as though his fellowship with storm
Had stamped its seal of unrest on his soul.
His heart was ever haunted by a sad,
Solitary ghost, lamenting always,
That would not be appeas'd. Oh God, we dread
That power which strings the sense to keenest touch
Of agony: that makes our sickly span
A fantasy of fever'd dreams, eating
To the core, and driving the hermit from
His solitude, to chase the shadow peace.

St. John, October, 1841. EUGENE.

A JANUARY VOYAGE ON THE NILE.—A voyage upon the Nile at this season can never be otherwise than interesting. The weather is usually pleasant, and the traveller is surrounded by scenes and objects striking in themselves, and closely associated with all that is great and venerable in the records of the ancient world. The gleaming waters of the mighty river, rushing onward in ceaseless flow; the pyramids, those mysterious monuments of gray antiquity, stretching in a range along the western shore from Gizeh upwards beyond Shakkarah and Dashur; the frequent villages along the banks, each in the bosom of its own tall grove of graceful palm-trees; the broad valley, teeming with fertility, and shut in on both sides by ranges of naked barren mountains, within which the desert is continually striving to enlarge its encroachments; all these are objects which cannot be regarded but with lively emotions. Nor is this wholly a scene of still life. The many boats, with broad lateen sails, gliding up and down; the frequent water-wheels, *Sakieh*, by which

water is raised from the river to irrigate the fields; the more numerous *Shadufs*, who laboriously ply their little sweep and bucket for the same end; the labourers in the fields; the herds of neat cattle and buffaloes; occasional files of camels and asses; large flocks of pigeons, ducks, and wild geese; and, as one advances, the occasional sights of crocodiles sleeping on a sand-bank, or plunging into the water; all these give a life and activity to the scenery which enhances the interest and adds to the exhilaration.—*Dr. Robertson's Journey to the Holy Land.*

"THE WOODMAN."*

Far remov'd from noise and smoke,
Hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not as he fells the oak
What mischief dire he brews.
How Art may shape his falling trees,
In aid of luxury and ease,
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings and hacks and hews.

Perhaps now fell'd by this bold man,
The tree shall form the spruce sedan,
Or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig.
The stage where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or else a quacks—perhaps the stocks;
Or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st bold peasant, O! what grief—
The gibbet on which hangs the thief—
The seat where sits the great Lord Chief,
The throne—the cobbler's stall.
Thou pampers't life in every stage,
Mak'st follies whims—pride's equipage;
For children, toys—crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The *bin* that holds gay Becca's hoard—
Confess the woodman's stroke.
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the gen'rous wine—
The hall itself where tiplers join
To crack the mirthful joke.

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* This sketch, which is extracted from an old work, was handed to us by a friend for insertion in the Amaranth.

The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites, it can never make them converts.—*Dr. John Moore.*

QUESTIONS.

1st.—The area of an equilateral triangle, whose base falls on the diameter, and its vertex in the middle of the arc of a semicircle, is equal to 100, what is the diameter of the semicircle?

2d.—If from a right angled triangle, whose base is 12, and perpendicular 16 feet, a line be drawn parallel to the perpendicular, cutting off a triangle whose area is 24 square feet: required the sides of this triangle?

3d.—If the mean distance of the sun from us be 106 of his diameters, how much hotter is it at the surface of the sun than under our equator? P—— S——w.

St. John, October, 1841.

Errata.—In the story entitled "*Malsosep; or, The Forsaken*," 299 page, 1st col., 27th line, read, *prone*, for "proud;" 303 page, 2d col., 13th line, read, "seared," for *sacred;* 305 page, 2d col., 38th line, read, *Go*, for "To."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Asteios will have to excuse us for not inserting his article—the manuscript has been mislaid: we shall be glad to give it a place in our next, if he will furnish us with another copy.

"*One Night Out*," a sketch of Life in Saint John, is in many parts cleverly written—it would suit the columns of a newspaper much better than the pages of the Amaranth.

Felix Bonitas.—If "Beta" had written his sketch in a plainer hand, with proper punctuation, it would have been inserted. We cannot spare time to transcribe original favors previous to putting them into our compositors hands.

"Constantia, or the Recluse of St. Vincent," which we promised to insert in this No. has been deferred—the manuscript will require to be written in a different style, when it will be inserted.

"*Old Times*," "*The Miser's Oath*," and several other favors have been received—they are all under consideration: but we are afraid that we will not be able to publish "Old Times" in its present shape.

☞ *Our next Number will complete the* First Volume *of* "*The Amaranth.*" *Our Agents in New-Brunswick and Nova Scotia will immediately proceed to collect the subscriptions due in their respective neighbourhoods after it is issued.*