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THE WHITE BIRD OF OXENHAM.

“Destiny may delay but not forget punishment.”—*Shakspeare.*

NEAR the village of Oakhampton, in the wild and picturesque county of Devonshire, stand the remains of a large, antiquated building, erected in the time of Elizabeth, and still known among the peasantry, by the name of Oxenham Hall. One wing is still in perfect preservation, and its massive and cumbrous architecture would lead one to wonder how so noble a structure could become ruinous, if the blackened and crumbling walls of the dilapidated portion did not immediately solve the mystery by exhibiting the traces of the action of fire. To the superstitious, the old Hall is an object of dread, and he would be brave indeed who should venture within its grass-grown courts after the sun had set. Indeed, it is generally believed through the district, that a curse hangs on the place, and the utter desolation in which it stands, offers a more reasonable excuse than is usually to be found for popular superstition. The immense size of the apartments, which still remain, the rich oak carvings which decorate the wainscoting, and the large window once filled with the beautiful stained glass, attest the former splendours of the place. But the mouldy tapestry which flaps mournfully to the wind as it sweeps through the broken casement, and a moth-eaten state-bed, over whose velvet draperies the spider has woven his web for years, are all that remain of the costly furniture which once adorned the mansion. The ravages of fire in the left wing of the Hall, have left nothing but blackened masses of stone, save in one angle of the building, where the peasants, in shuddering horror, point out the sleeping-chamber of the Lady of Oxenham and tell you, that although the fire originated in that chamber, it

is the only one which was not entirely consumed. It is true that only a few half burnt rafters remain by which to mark the fatal spot in which the ancestral curse on the house of Oxenham was finally fulfilled in the extinction of the race.

Belonging to an ancient and noble family, the Oxenhams had long borne a distinguished part in the stirring scenes of camp and court. Always prosperous, they had acquired, by kingly largess and wealthy alliance, a princely fortune; and when, in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I., the chief of the family joined the royalist party, he sacrificed to his loyalty one of the richest estates in the kingdom. He had the grief of learning how vain had been his sacrifices, when, from his prison in the tower, he heard the cries of the populace, proclaiming the murder of his monarch. Not many days after the execution of the King, the summons of death came to the unhappy Lord of Oxenham, and, wearied with a life of turmoil, he would have laid his head calmly on the block, even as one lies down on the pillow of his nightly rest, had it not been for the ties of affection which still bound him to existence. His wife and only son remained in close concealment, suffering privation and want, not daring to venture from their humble retreat, and it was their future fate which weighed heavily on the heart of the doomed prisoner. Unable to convey any written token of his affectionate remembrance, he charged his faithful servant to bear to the Lady of Oxenham, his last farewell, together with a ring of plain black enamel, inscribed with the single word “Spes,” thereby indicating that she had more to hope from his death than from his prolonged imprisonment, since the parliament would scarcely pursue a lone widow and a fatherless boy. In the old records of the house of Oxenham, still preserved amid the archives of the Delmaine family, is the following letter, writ-

ten by the exiled King, Charles II., to the unhappy lady :

Brussels, 20, Oct., 1657.

"It has been my particular care of you, that I have thus long deferred to lament with you the the greate losse that you and I have sustained, least in steade of comforting, I might further expose you to the will of those who will be glad of any occasion to do you farther prejudice, but I am promised that this shall be put safely into your hands, though it may be not so soon as I wish, and I am very willing you should know, which I suppose you cannot doubt, that I beare a greate parte with you, of your affliction, and whenever it shall be in my power to make it lighter, you shall see I retayne a very kinde memory of your frinde, by the care I shall have of you, and all his relations, and of this you may depend upon the word of

Your very affectionate frinde,
CHARLES R."

Nor was Charles unmindful of his pledge. At the restoration, the Oxenham estates reverted to the young heir, and though oaks had been felled, parks ruined, plate melted down, and the fine old mansion used as a barrack by the parliamentary army, yet a short time sufficed to bring back much of the ancient splendors of the family. As a further proof of his gratitude for the father's loyalty, Charles took the youth under his especial protection, and, sending for him to court, bestowed on him a place of profit and honor. The widow, comforted by the kindness of the monarch, lived not long enough to learn that the favor of princes may be more fatal than their frown.

John Oxenham, young, high-spirited and passionate—with a fine person, graceful manners, and an insinuating address, was gifted in an eminent degree with the requisite qualifications for making a brilliant figure in the court of the restored monarch. But the affection of the King, the possession of wealth, and the example of a licentious circle of friends, produced their full effect upon the undisciplined mind of the youth. The fate of his noble father, the lessons of virtue inculcated by his excellent mother, were alike forgotten, and among the profligates of the day, John Oxenham soon became as prominent for his vicious indulgence as for his elegant person and address. Duplicity and hypocrisy were then court virtues, while vice, destitute even of the flimsy veil which refinement throws over its hideous features, was the bosom friend of the prince, as

well as the nobles of England. An adept in all the wild excesses and follies of the times, the fine fortune of the heir of Oxenham melted away like snow before the sun. The morning of his twenty-fifth birth-day saw him involved in debts which threatened to swallow up the noble heritage of his fathers, and leave him a homeless beggar. But the gallants of those times had learned a secret in the art of alchemy, which is not yet forgotten in modern days. If they could not extract wealth from the philosopher's stone, they knew how to win it by the spell of pleasant looks, and the talisman of lovers' vows; so that it was no strange thing for a spendthrift courtier to piece his worn-out 'cloth of gold,' with a scrap from the well-lined 'frieze' jerkin of a city tradesman. Every feeling of John Oxenham's nature revolted at the thought of marriage. His own experience amid the tainted beauties of high life, had taught him a lesson of distrust in the virtue of woman, and he was certain that such an alliance would draw down upon him ridicule, and, perhaps, disgrace. But no alternative remained, save a speedy flight from the harpy claws of his creditors, or a matrimonial connection with some wealthy dame, ambitious enough to barter, for a courtly bridegroom, her fortune and her happiness.

But fortune seemed disposed to favour the heir of Oxenham. In his frequent visits to the Jew money-lender, by whose aid his broad acres had been transmuted into the precious metals, he had, more than once, beheld the dark eyes of a muffled female gazing down upon him, as if by stealth, from an upper casement; and had he been less entangled in more serious matters, he would probably have been induced to penetrate the mystery in which the veiled beauty seemed involved. But perplexed as he was, with pecuniary difficulties, he would scarcely have ventured upon a new and perilous affair of gallantry, had he not accidentally heard a rumor of her history. Born in the wilds of the new world, the daughter of a native princess, and an English adventurer, she had been entrusted to the care of the Jew in her childhood, and in his hands were placed the rich treasures which the mines of El Dorado had afforded to the cupidity of the fortunate sailor. But about the time when the father was expected to return to his native land, tidings of his death arrived, and the youthful Zillah, left an orphan in a country of strangers, was entirely in the power of her covetous guardian. It is true the old man had always treated her as a daugh' er; the secret apartments in

which she was secluded, were hung with tapestries each worth an earl's ransom—silver lamps, fed with the perfumed oils of the East, shed their soft light upon luxurious couches, and carpets woven in Persian looms; while all that art could invent of rich and rare, was bestowed upon the adornment of her exquisite beauty. But still she was only a prisoner in his hands, for Mordecai loved her wealth, and he sought to hide her from all eyes until his only son should return from his distant pilgrimage, when he hoped to secure her riches by giving her in marriage to the young Hebrew. But there was treason in the Jew's household; a domestic, whom he had ill-treated, told the tale of the veiled beauty to the Lord of Oxenham, and the glowing descriptions which he gave of her surpassing beauty, as well as of her ingots of fine gold, aroused the strongest passions in the nature of the sated courtier. By means of the servant, who was in the confidence of Zillah, the affair was arranged with the utmost secrecy and success. Letters, expressive of the most devoted affection, had been the agents employed by the Lord of Oxenham, to win the heart of the innocent recluse, and, although she never replied to them, save by the mouth of the treacherous domestic, yet, to a nature ardent as hers, they were quite sufficient to arouse new feelings in her girlish heart. She consented to an elopement, and they, who had never exchanged a word with each other, save by the intervention of a third person, now met at the altar to exchange a marriage vow. The first time Oxenham ever listened to her voice, it was while pronouncing the oath which bound her for ever to his side, and it was not until the marriage had been legally solemnized, that he learned the secret of her ready acquiescence in his suit. She stood before him in all the budding loveliness of girlhood—beautiful as a dream, but a cloud was upon the spirit which should have lighted up that glorious temple. She was like a child whose faculties had never been awakened—simple, artless, affectionate, but with a dimness of intellect which, while, it was far removed from idiocy, yet placed her in a lower scale of being than her seraphic beauty seemed at first to claim. Nothing but her enormous wealth could have reconciled John Oxenham to such a bride, whose very imbecility of mind rendered her peculiarly liable to the dangers of a court life, and he marked out, for vengeance, the treacherous servant, who, in the prosecution of revenge on the old Jew, had been careful to conceal all the mental de-

ficiency of the helpless Zillah. But determining to lose no time in securing her rich dowry, the Lord of Oxenham applied to the King, and relating to the merry monarch the tale of his clandestine marriage, implored his majesty's aid in compelling the crafty guardian to relinquish her wealth. This he had little difficulty in obtaining, and the old man was glad to escape with a heavy fine in addition to the restoration of the bride's riches. But when the money was secure, and the King pressed Oxenham to present his Indian princess to the curious eyes of a court circle, he met with evasions and excuses. The sweetness and helplessness of the timid Zillah had awakened as much tenderness in the heart of the voluptuary, as he could now feel, and resolving, for her sake, as well as his own, to preserve her from the perils of the gay world, he hastened to bury her in the seclusion of Oxenham Hall. Loving her husband, as a child will love one who looks kindly upon it, with southern ardour, and with infantine fondness, Zillah asked no greater happiness than to be a petted plaything. Of the world, she knew nothing, and therefore the noble mansion in which she now found herself mistress, seemed, to her, a very paradise of joy. The anxiety with which Oxenham watched her every movement, lest the secret of her imbecility should be whispered among the servants, gave to his manner a solicitude which a clearer head than Zillah's might have construed into the watchfulness of affection. Quiet, gentle and silent, the young wife rarely spoke, unless to reply to her husband's voice, and then her utterance was hesitating and imperfect. Her words sounded rather like the murmers of a dreamer, and musical as were her tones, it was difficult to comprehend her meaning. Aware of this, her husband rarely addressed her in the presence of his domestics, and few of them had ever heard her voice. To one who could have beheld her moving gracefully through the stately apartments, or presiding in perfect silence and decorum at the solitary board, to which guests were never invited, she would have seemed the very perfection of womanly loveliness. But when she raised her usually downcast lids, there was a wild melancholy in her full black eyes that seemed almost startling, and this look, together with the peculiar accents in which she spoke, had excited, in the minds of the household, a strange and mysterious dread of her whom they styled "the Dark Ladye of Oxenham."

But the quiet of home could not long satisfy

the votary of excitement. Oxenham became weary of Zillah's childish caresses, her ignorance disgusted him, her hopeless imbecility shocked him, and at length confiding the care of his wife to the old and confidential nurse, who had early learned the painful secret, he determined to return to court. But first he took the precaution of exacting from Zillah a promise never to wander beyond the bounds of his own domain, and relying upon this, together with the watchfulness of old Winifred, he once more sought the scenes of dissipation.—At first, the hapless Zillah pined for the accustomed face and voice of her husband. Like a froward child, she wept and refused to be comforted, until her infantile mind had lost remembrance of her grief in its very excess. Winifred attended her as she would have done a helpless babe; studying every wish, and yielding to every whim, until the image of her husband faded from her vague fancy, and she regained her wonted quiet of manner.

In the meantime the Lord of Oxenham was plunging anew into the excesses of a court, then the most licentious in Europe, and wasting, in riotous living, the gold which had been the dowry of his imbecile bride. Many were the jeers and scurvy jests which he was compelled to endure on account of his marriage, and the seclusion in which he had kept his beautiful wife. Thinking that they had fully divined his motives, his loose companions uttered many a taunt and sneer against the care which he sought to preserve her from contamination of evil. At length, in a moment of excitement, when heated with wine, Oxenham was goaded by the pertinacious teasing of the merry monarch into a measure at once degrading to himself, and unjust to his helpless wife. The King offered to stake his royal George against a signet ring, that if Oxenham would but give him one day's advance of him, he would gain access to the imprisoned beauty, and bring back some infallible token of the favour. Oxenham accepted the wager, and agreed to remain in London one day after the King should have departed, before following him to Oxenham, only stipulating that the King should make no use of his royal prerogative in obtaining entrance into Oxenham Hall. "Fear me not," said the King, "I will take no unfair advantage of thee, good John, yet will I see thy pretty wife, and bring thee a fair token from the caged bird;" then turning to Buckingham, he whispered, "I would not ride into Devonshire for all the gentle dames in England; it is a region of perpetual weeping.

I mind me well of the weary days I spent at Tiverton, in the time when old Nell ruled the state; wheresoever else the sun may shine it *always rains in Devonshire.*"

"Will your majesty then lose your wager for a cloudy sky?" asked Buckingham.

"Not so, my lord, I care less to see the lady than to plague the proud knight of Oxenham; and it will go hard with me, but I will find means to win a jewel without going myself to seek it."

Some few days afterwards, as the Lady Zillah was seated with her faithful old attendant, in a retired part of the grounds, still known by the name of the Lady's Bower, she was accosted by an old gipsy-woman, apparently bending under the weight of years and infirmities, who importuned her to listen to her prediction. Naturally timid, and inclined to superstition, as the weakminded usually are, Zillah's fancies had been nourished by old Winifred, who was a firm believer in supernatural events, and who had found the most efficacious method of persuading Zillah to obey her directions, was by the narration of wild and wonderful tales in which she delighted. The sight of the gipsy, therefore, excited Zillah's childish fancy, and in despite of all Winifred's remonstrances, she listened in a trance of wonder to the jargon of the pretended prophetess. She even offered her hand, small, dark, and lined with the softest rosetint, to the curious gaze of the sybil, who seemed to decypher the future fortune of the lady, while she peered into the eyes much more frequently than into the palm before her. At length Winifred's threats prevailed, and the gipsy retreated, but the childish Zillah, delighted with her bright predictions, was wild with excitement. It was not until Winifred was disrobing her for the night, that she missed a curious bracelet which she always wore, and learned at how dear a price she had purchased the gipsy's skill in palmistry. Terrified lest her master should be angry at her carelessness in allowing one of the proscribed race to approach the Lady Zillah, old Winifred framed a tale for his ear, should he inquire for the bracelet, and taught it to Zillah just as one would teach a lesson to a child.—She was soon called to put in requisition all her skill in dissimulating, for in less than twenty-four hours after the loss of the bracelet, the Lord of Oxenham arrived at the Hall.—Though he had evidently ridden in hot haste, he seemed to have no especial business save to inquire most closely of all the domestics respecting the guests who might have been en-

tertained during his absence. Having ascertained to his satisfaction, that none had passed the porter's lodge since the day he left Oxenham, he then resumed his former watchfulness over his wife. But he had been absent so many weeks, that the vacant mind of the imbecile Zillah could scarcely be brought to recall his image. She shrunk from him in undisguised terror, and remained sunk in profound silence, as was her custom when in the presence of a stranger. In vain he caressed and fondled her as he had been wont to do; she was so much alarmed at his presence, that in pity to the delicate state of her health, and fearing the effect such continued agitation might have upon his future hopes, he determined to return to London, feeling satisfied that the King had lost his wager. He accordingly presented himself in the presence-chamber, with ill-dissembled glee, but what were his feelings when the King called him into his closet and produced Zillah's bracelet! There was no mistaking the jewel—there could be no other like it, unless hers had been taken as the model, for it was of Mexican workmanship—being a rudely-carved serpent of fine gold, with a carbuncle of great size and beauty, (which Zillah always regarded as a talisman) set in the encasing of the head. Regardless alike of the respect due to his monarch, or of the laugh of the courtiers who were in the secret, Oxenham snatched the jewel, and hurrying from the apartment, mounted his horse, and spurred rapidly for the Hall. He arrived at the home of his fathers a few hours after the birth of an infant heir. But whatever joy such an event might have occasioned him at an earlier period, his soul was too full of gloomy fancies to heed the frail infant or the suffering mother. He sought the well-known bracelet, and heard from the lips of the old nurse, the lying tale which was to screen herself from the charge of carelessness, while Zillah remained silent, terrified by his unaccustomed presence, and exhausted by recent anguish. Oxenham knew the woman's tale was false, and he therefore looked upon Zillah's pertinacious silence and alarm as a proof of her guilt. He uttered no reproach, he gave vent to no burst of wrath, but calmly ordering the babe to be given in charge to a peasant nurse, avowed his determination to remain at Oxenham 'till the Lady Zillah was quite restored to health. Three days had scarcely elapsed, when the lady of Oxenham was seized with horrible pangs, and ere the leech could be brought to minister relief to her sufferings, she was dead! Her hus-

band and old Winifred stood beside her as the shadow of death fell on her beautiful face—every door and window was closed, for the master of Oxenham dreaded the eye of prying wonder, yet, as the dull and leaden hue of the grave settled on her brow, as the last breath left her pale lip, a *bird of raven wing and snowy breast*, was seen to rise from her pillow, and, wheeling thrice round the canopied bed, vanished in the lofty vaulted roof of the apartment. Such was the tale told by the woman, when relieved from the terror of the Lord of Oxenham, and it tended much to strengthen the dark surmises which had gone abroad among the servants, when they beheld the livid spots on the face of their dead mistress, and the blood-red foam which gathered again and again on her rigid lips as she lay in her coffin.

John Oxenham returned to court as reckless in his profligacy, and seemingly as gay in spirit as before, but there was a fearful change in his countenance, and a ghastliness like that of a corpse was upon his brow. His face seemed as if blasted by some lightning stroke of crime, and even as the beauty of his person vanished, so did the charm of his address depart.—Moody and silent, he seemed to plunge into the very depths of vice, less from inclination than from the influence of some invisible agent who hurried him on from one madness to another. Exactly twelve months from the day on which the heir of Oxenham was born, the profligate father lay on his dying bed. A holy priest bent over his pillow, listening to the gasping accents of his confession, and ready to shrive the wretched penitent, when he should have revealed his tale of guilt. What were the words which, at the last, he murmured in the ears of the holy father, no one ever knew; but an exclamation of horror burst from the priest's lips, and at the same instant a *bird of snowy breast and raven wing* rose above the sick man's head, and wheeling three times slowly around his pillow, soared upwards, and vanished even as the mist fades into sunshine.—Every door and window was closed, no real habitant of the air could have entered the apartment, and as the priest gazed, awe-stricken, on the marvellous sight, a deep groan from the bed, announced that the soul of the unabsolved penitent had winged its way to the bar of Judgment.

From that time a curse seemed to fall on the house of Oxenham. The heir of the profligate John grew up among strangers, married early, and died on the day that his child was a twelve

month old. Orphanage and an early separation from all the ties of kindred, seemed destined to be the punishment of the ill-fated family for the crime of their ancestor, but ever, at the moment of death, the "white bird of Oxenham" was seen to hover around the pillow of each of the race.

* * * * *

"Bird of the snowy breast,
Bird of the raven plume,
Hidest thou thy distant nest
Where the sweet spices bloom?
Art thou from distant shore
Borne on the blast?
Over the ocean's roar
Safe hast thou past?

But the bird swept by—it might not stay,
For it bore a soul on its wings away!

"Bird of the raven wing,
Why art thou come?
Is it that joyous spring
Wakes the bee's hum?
Is it that wintry skies
Frown o'er thy distant home?
E'en as the swallow flies,
Thus hast thou come?"

But the bird swept by, for he came on the breath
Of the charnel vault to the bed of death!"

Such is the fragment of a song, still remembered by many in Oakhampton, as having been composed by the last lady of Oxenham, and it is with her fate is connected the desolation of the old Hall. Mary Oxenham was the last of her family, and the extinction of the name of Oxenham was now certain. The curse had lost none of its force as it descended through the several generations—each had fallen an early victim to death—each had been succeeded by an infant heir, until, at length, the birth of a female seemed to betoken the speedy downfall of the family honours. Bred up in loneliness and seclusion, Mary had learned to ponder too deeply on the misfortunes of her house, until her excited imagination led her to the dizzy verge of that fearful precipice where reason trembles, and is often overthrown. Allowed to follow the bent of her own will, with no near relatives to watch over her infancy and youth, she was indebted to an aged priest, who had long been an inmate of Oxenham Hall, for all the knowledge which she possessed. Firmly attached to the Catholic religion, she delighted to pore over the legends of saints and martyrs, to yield her fancy to the dreams of mystic faith, and to revel in the wild imaginations of the cloistered monks of olden time. The

good Father Jerome, who might have directed the energies of her active mind to more useful pursuits, allowed her thus to waste her early years, in the hope that he should thereby confirm her in the faith of her fathers, not doubting but that he should be able, at some future time, to control the vagaries of her eccentric temper. He died, however, ere she attained the age of womanhood, and Mary, in an agony of grief, vowed to herself, as she stood beside his grave, that her life should hereafter be dedicated to the quiet cloister. It was the vow of an impassioned and sorrowing child, seeking to fulfil what she believed to have been the wish of her kind guardian, but Mary remembered it in bitterness and anguish at a later period. There was something in her isolated condition peculiarly calculated to excite the imagination. The mistress of a noble mansion, filled with records of past glories, and abounding in traditions of olden times, the last of a race to whom a curse was supposed to cling, and destined, (according to the legend) in her own persons, to fulfil the penalty of her ancestor's guilt, it is not strange that the lonely heiress of Oxenham should have found that meditation was but another name for incipient madness. The style of her beauty was as remarkable as her character. Her figure was one of perfect symmetry, but of the smallest possible proportions—her features were exceedingly delicate and regular, but her complexion was of the darkest tint, while her thick raven hair, which she wore in loose curls, falling almost to her feet, together with her large, lustrous black eyes, gave a singular wildness to her appearance. Her very countenance bore testimony to her dreamy temper, and no one could look upon her without feeling that she was a visionary enthusiast, but little fitted for a world of dull realities. The few who were admitted within the precincts of Oxenham Hall, could not fail to observe the wonderful resemblance between the portrait of the "Dark Ladye of Oxenham," and the living face of her latest descendant.

But the time came when her self-imposed vow of seclusion was to be forgotten, and stronger passions to be awakened in the heart of the imaginative girl. The Lord Delmaine, prompted first by a wish to add the broad lands of Oxenham to his paternal inheritance, sought the lonely orphan in her Hall, and whispered those words of love, which, when heard for the first time, rarely fall on a heedless ear. A new world was immediately opened to Mary. The dreams of wild romance

the vague fancies of girlhood, were now merged into a bright and beautiful reality, and could she have forgotten the dark cloud which overhung the fortunes of her house, she might have given up her heart to hope and happiness.—But a blight had early fallen upon her life, and even while listening to her lover's tenderness, she felt a cold misgiving of the approach of evil. Lord Delmaine was neither vicious in habit, nor depraved in heart—he was *only utterly selfish*. He admired Mary's singular beauty, he pitied her weakness of mind, (for such, appeared to him, her gloomy fancies,) and he coveted her noble fortunes. With such notions he set himself to the task of gaining her affections, and his worldly wisdom was more than a match for Mary's guileless ignorance. It was in one of these moments of confidence that she related to him the wild legend of her ancestor's crime and punishment. But the man of the world had little sympathy with the fanciful enthusiast. He smiled at her credulity, soothed her excited feelings, affected to sympathize in her melancholy, and inly resolved to wed her as quickly as possible, lest madness should snatch from his grasp the rich prize which he sought. With the enthusiasm so natural to her character, Mary had yielded up her whole heart to its new passion, and even while she looked forward to marriage as the seal of her broken vow and her fatal destiny, she resolved to wed the lover who wooed with such earnest fondness.

Many an ominous shake of the head was seen among the peasants, as Lord Delmaine led his bride from the church where they had plighted their vows.

"Ay, ay, it is a brave bridal," said an old, decrepit creature, as she hobbled to a seat on a tombstone, to watch the procession; "it is a brave *bridal*, but there will be a braver *burial*. Have they forgotten the curse of the Dark Ladye of Oxenham? With a woman came the curse, by a woman must it be fulfilled."

These words were not lost upon their hearers, and ere the sun set, they had clouded the brow, and troubled the spirit of the youthful bride. But Lord Delmaine bore her to the home of his fathers, and amid the society of new friends, and the gaieties of new scenes, she strove to forget the evil auguries of her fate.

But time passed on, and heavier trials befel the sensitive heiress of Oxenham. Yet how may the pen of the legendary describe the gradual growth of coldness, distrust, indifference, in two wedded hearts? How depict the pro-

gress of petty annoyances and trifling grievances, until they became serious evils and mighty wrongs. Lord Delmaine fancied himself a good husband, because he neither insulted his wife by open infidelities, nor restricted her from indulging her own tastes and pleasures. He surrounded her with luxuries, and prided himself upon the lavish expenditure with which he purchased them, but he had no idea that duty required him to watch over the excitable nature of his young wife, and to guard her from disappointment and sorrow. He was a good natured, careless, fashionable husband, and with a woman of worldly character, might have managed to live in peace, if not happiness. But he had chosen a wife whose morbid feelings had been cherished in solitude—whose imagination had always exceeded her judgment—who had never learned the mystic lore of the human heart. To such a woman, his neglect and indifference, his careless manner, and frequent absence from home, seemed the height of cruelty and insult. She brooded over wrongs in secret, and met him too often with murmurs and reproaches. The passionate nature of her race existed in full vigor in the fragile form of the last of the family, and the very strength of her affection for her husband, gave new bitterness to her anger at his estrangement. Lord Delmaine was incapable of comprehending fully the character of his susceptible wife; he knew not upon how nice a balance hung the faculties of her mind, or, it may be hoped, he would have been less careless of exciting her restless and moody spirit. He encountered her sorrow with indifference, her reproaches with anger, and finally wearied with the daily excitements of so stormy a life, Mary determined to return to the loneliness of Oxenham Hall. Lord Delmaine would scarcely have consented so readily to her desire, had he known that the darling wish of his heart—the birth of an heir, which could alone ensure to him the future possession of the Oxenham estates, was so near its fulfilment. But there was no longer any confidence between the husband and wife, and he saw her depart with scarce a semblance of regret.

It was with sad and troubled feelings that the Lady of Oxenham entered once more within the walls of the home which she had left a happy and loving bride. The omens which had saddened her spirit in the days of her childhood, had, many of them, been fulfilled, and others seemed verging towards their accomplishment. She believed that the curse had fallen upon her, and felt herself doomed to

complete the circle of destruction. To her wandering mind, every thing seemed corroborative of the ancient prophecy, and she looked forward to the birth of her child as the period of its final fulfilment. The apartments of Oxenham Hall, haunted by old traditions of the Dark Lady, and the wicked John, and filled with the rich remains of the splendors which the wealth of the Indian bride had furnished, the grim portraits which hung upon the walls, the still grimmer figures which looked down from the ancient tapestry, all were calculated to deepen the melancholy which was fast settling over the mind of the lonely wife. Old legends, old tales of horror, old prophecies, old stories of fearful martyrdom were the subjects of her moody meditations; and as day after day passed on, in sickness of heart, and wandering of intellect, the light of reason faded slowly away. Yet it was only by slight tokens that this darkening of the spirit was indicated. The servants looked on her with a mingled feeling of awe and pity; they knew not whether she was giving expression to a chafed spirit, or to the vagaries of madness.—Even the feelings of a mother, which nature has implanted in the breast of all women, seemed to be forgotten, and the only evidence she gave of her consciousness of coming anguish, was to forbid any summons being sent to Lord Delmaine. Alone, with only the faithful nurse of her childhood, did she give birth to the heir of Delmaine and Oxenham, and from that moment every gleam of mental light vanished from her mind. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Lord Delmaine with the tidings, and the timid servants waited in stupid terror for his arrival, to free them from the responsible charge of the mad Lady of Oxenham.

It was late in the evening when Lord Delmaine reached the town of Oakhampton, and leaving his retinue, he rode rapidly forward with but one attendant, towards Oxenham.—The birth of a son, the wished-for heir of his honors and estates, had touched the heart of the man of fashion, and awakened kindly feelings towards the mother. He thought of her earnest affection, of her visionary temper, of her tendency to moody melancholy, and while he reproached himself for past unkindness, he determined, for the future, to make her comfort one of the studies of his life. Absorbed in such thoughts, he rode rapidly forward until he reached the park gate, and as the servant dismounted to arouse the porter at the lodge, he looked anxiously in the direction of Oxenham

Hall. The walls of the stately building rose dark and scarce-defined against the black and cloudy sky, a faint light glimmered in the window of one of the offices occupied by the servants, but the left wing of the Hall, usually appropriated to the sleeping apartments of the family, was in total darkness. He was in the act of alighting, intending to walk up the long avenue, lest the trampling of his horse should awaken his slumbering wife, when he was startled by a sudden burst of light—and in an instant Oxenham Hall was enveloped in flames. Dashing forward, Lord Delmaine beheld the servants rushing from the great porch, and the next moment all was confusion and terror.—The alarm-bell was rung, and all hurried to the rescue of the inmates of the blazing mansion.

"Lady Delmaine—my wife—where is she?" gasped Lord Delmaine, as he staggered into the midst of the terrified group.

All were silent—each had thought only of his own safety. Rushing into the midst of the flames, Lord Delmaine groped his way amid the dense smoke, towards the apartment of his wife, but the fierce flames met him as he advanced, and opposed his entrance. Thrice did he attempt to force his way amid falling rafters and blazing fragments, but his efforts were vain, and at length, scorched with the fire, and exhausted with his exertions, he was dragged out of the building by his faithful servant, who supported his sinking frame to the spot where the rest had sought safety. At that instant a cry of horror burst from the assembled group. Standing on the deep embrasure of a lofty window, was a figure clad in white, clasping in one arm a shapeless mass that bore some resemblance to a muffled infant, and brandishing aloft a burning brand. As the red light shone on the loose night-dress and long black locks of the singular apparition, the features of the Lady of Oxenham were distinctly visible. Her eyes gleamed with the wild glare of insanity, and the tones of her voice rang loud and clear above the crackling of the fire and the turmoil of the night, as she cried, "It is the martyrdom of fire! the curse is fulfilled—the broken vow expiated!"

"Save her! save her!" exclaimed the unhappy Lord Delmaine, "half my fortune shall be the reward of him who rescues her."

But life was dearer than wealth, and not one could be found willing to brave such certain death. It was but a moment that the chance of safety was afforded to the unhappy lady. With a wild cry she suddenly sprang

from the casement into the very midst of the flames which rose fiercely beneath her, and at the same instant a large bird whose snowy breast gleamed brightly in the red light of the burning pile, rose slowly from the tower of the old Hall, and wheeling thrice above the spot where the lady had disappeared, soared aloft, and vanished from the view.

No one ever knew how the dreadful calamity occurred. They who alone could have told—the crazed mother and the aged nurse, fell victims to the destroying elements. The body of the unfortunate Lady of Oxenham was found amid the ruins, blackened and charred with fire, but still clasping to her bosom the remains of her babe. It was universally believed, however, that in a paroxysm of insanity, the last of the race of Oxenham had fulfilled the curse which had doomed them to extinction. The estates subsequently lapsed to the crown, and the white bird of Oxenham has never since been seen; but the legend is still remembered among the inhabitants of Devonshire, and the ruins of Oxenham are still shunned as haunted and unholy ground.

NOTE.—The preceding tale is founded upon an allusion to a legend which I found in Mrs. Bray's Traditions of Devonshire. "There is a family," says Prince, speaking of Oxenham, in his Worthies of Devon "of considerable standing of this name, at South Tawton, near Oakhampton, in this country, of which this strange and wonderful thing is recorded: that at the death of any of them, a bird, with a white breast, is seen, for a while, fluttering about their beds, and then to suddenly vanish away."

The letter of King Charles II., which I have quoted, is taken from an autograph copy, now in my possession, of one addressed by him to Lady Shirley, on the death of her husband in the tower.

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For The Amaranth.
AN ACROSTIC.

—

A way, away, over hill and dale,
M ake speed with the breath of the passing gale,
A nd rise to Brunswick a monument,
R ife with the beauties of a Continent—
A bounding in grandeur most sublime;
N ew—tho' old as the oldest clime—
T hrice valued gem,—thou Brunswick grant,
H ail! all hail to the "AMARANTH."

Bridgetown, April, 1841. WILHELMINA.

INFLUENCE OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.—What a public blessing, what an instrument of exalted good, is a Christian mother! It would require a pen superior to mine to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorn them; or may recollect at this moment some saint in heaven that brought them into light, to labour for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses in forming the hearts of her children at a season when nature imbibes instruction at every pore.

Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour in her life becomes an hour of instruction, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her, encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, on whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed; the eager simplicity of infancy, inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion in adapted phrase and familiar story; the whole rule of the moral and religious duties simplified for easier fusion, the countenance of this fond and anxious parent all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh, what a glorious part does such a woman fill, and how much is the mortal to be pitied who is not struck with the image of such excellence! When I look to its consequences and remote effects, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated spreading through the community with richest increase of fruit. I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race. I can fancy generations yet unborn, rising to prove and hail her worth; and I adore that God who can destine a single human being to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefits to the world.—*Kirwan*.

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WE ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavour to injure us, and this, too, for fear lest by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice; so we ought likewise to have friendship, that is to say, humanity and good will, for all who are of the same nature with us.

A man endowed with great perfections, but without good breeding, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

For The Amaranth.

THE AFRICAN.

[Written on having read the following anecdote,—“A stranger travelling in the West Indies, beheld a negro praying beneath a tree, and tauntingly asked him ‘if he were praying unto the tree?’ the slave answered, ‘no, I am praying to my God.’ ‘Where is thy God?’ rejoined the traveller, when the slave, with a burst of wild enthusiasm, replied, ‘Where is He not?’”]

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.—COWPER.

Beneath a tree, whose branches spread,
Luxuriant to the morning air;
An African with holy dread,
To God address'd his humble pray'r:
To Him who is forever nigh,
To hear the wretched sinner's sigh.

Near to the spot a stranger stood,
As if transfixed in deep surprise;
He spake with an ironic mood,
And on the negro fixed his eyes—
“Who art thou worshipping?” said he,
“Say, dost thou pray unto the tree?”

“Whom do I worship? ’tis my God—
“The LORD OF HOSTS!—He whom I love—
“JEHOVAH! at whose slightest nod,
“The Heavens and earth in terror move!”
“Where is thy God?” the stranger cried,
“Where is he not?” the slave replied.

“Where is He? where the lightnings' flash,
“Sweeps o'er the heavens broad expanse;
“Or where the awful thunder's crash,
“Is heard in dread magnificence.
“Go seek him through unbounded space,
“There is the Godhead's dwelling place.

“The royal Psalmist truly sings,
“That the Most High is every where;
“E'en should he take the morning's wings,
“And soar thro' ocean, earth, or air;
“E'en there he shows his mighty power,
“And doth his richest blessing shower.

“Go seek him in the deep abyss,
“Where great leviathan doth dwell;
“Or in the barren wilderness,
“Or in the lowest depths of hell.
“Yes, HE, th' Almighty God is there,
“He whom I worship 's every where!

“He goeth forth enrobed in state,
“Invisible to mortal sight;
“Myriads of angels on him wait,
“Array'd in robes of glorious light;
“He rideth on the whirlwind's wings,
“Yes, this is He, the King of Kings.
“His voice is heard above the storm,
“Beyond the heaven's tow'ring height;
“As forth 'his wonders to perform,'
“He walks array'd in realms of night:
“He sits above the mercy-seat,
“And chaos dwells beneath his feet.
“Behold that sun, whose glorious beams,
“Shed life and light to all around;
“Look on that firmament, which seems
“Unlimited, without a bound—
“Above them dwells the Lord divine,
“And there his endless glories shine.
“But oh! 'tis not for sinful man,
“Whose life is but a few brief days—
“The Great Divinity to scan,
“Or pry into His sacred ways;
“His awful mysteries are known
“Unto Himself and Him alone!”

The stranger gazed on him with awe,
To hear—by one whom he disdain'd—
The terrors of God's holy law,
And greatest attributes explained;
He stood rebuked with shameful face,
By one of Ham's ill-fated race.

St. John, June.

J. M. 69th Regt.



For The Amaranth.

TO A FRIEND.

To prize thee only while thy heart
Is free from error's stain,
Were but to act the faithless part,
That gives another pain.
Then, not to love thee would be hard,
For e'en a heart of steel;
But this is not the true regard
That man for man should feel.
Be mine the love that whilst it views,
The faults that I regret—
Can mild, yet firm forbearance use,
Forgive them and forget.
Since e'en the best at times may err,
At times from peace depart,
On me may Grace Divine confer
A charitable heart.

Queen's County, N. S., 1841.

ANON.

For The Amaranth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TOMBE STREET.

BY MRS. B——N, LONG CREEK, Q. C.

* * * * *

My next recollection of Tombe Street, is a plain, unvarnished tale of pity and the crowd of misfortunes that arose from one false step. I well remember in the street of my nativity, a small, two-storied house, that seemed to stand apart from the others; not merely from the difference in its size, but from the exquisite neatness of its appearance, and the indescribable air of quietness and comfort which was diffused over the outside of this happy looking dwelling. The paint always seemed as if the brush of the artist had but that instant left it. The brasses of the door might have served for mirrors, and the stone steps had a whiteness and a purity, that might have excited the envy of a Dutchwoman. The large glittering windows were shaded by sun-blinds, whose snowy fringes contrasted with the heavy folds of dark crimson curtains, that fell from the ceiling to the floor. This much was visible from the street, and when you entered the door all predilections in its favour were doubly increased. The hall was covered with a Turkish mat, whose bright tints seemed as if they reflected the hues of the rainbow. Large rugs from Astracan received the feet, and imparted a delightful sensation to any biped who had experienced the pleasures of a rainy day in B—t. A small greenhouse and aviary, with glass doors, opened in the landing, and from its precincts sent forth a rich strain of music, blended with perfume from rare plants.

There was much elegance and many strange things in the apartments of this mansion. The mantel-pieces and tables were loaded with the delicate shells of the West Indies—curious stones and beautiful minerals, branches of coral, and the elaborately carved ornaments of the Chinese and Egyptians; odd looking cabinets and vases from the East, with the fairy basket of the Indian; the carved war-club of the New Zealander, and the feathered arrow of the savage, reposed on the polished surface of the piano. An ancient parrot occupied a gaily painted cage in one of the parlour windows, and a pair of ship's compasses stood in the recess of the other. A marine telescope and quadrant lay on a stand in a corner of the room; the walls were covered with charts and views of storms and calms at sea. One cherished picture of a gallant barque, was placed

in the best light and most conspicuous situation of them all; opposite this painting, at a table strowed with books and papers, might generally be seen the master of this house, who had passed his youth on the blue waters, and in many journies to distant lands.

ABEL GRAY was a man of strong natural abilities and good education; in his youth he was wedded to one he loved and who was worthy of his love. Their union was one of those which forms a paradise on earth; they had many children, but they all seemed born to weep and die, and faded like "young flowers nipt in the bud."

Once after a long and prosperous voyage, Abel Gray was stunned with the intelligence of his wife's death. She had died and left him one infant daughter. For a while he sunk under the blow, but his spirits gradually returned to a calm and settled melancholy. He soon after retired from active life, and in the house where he spent his first years of wedded happiness, he passed his time in gratifying a taste for literature, and overseeing the education of his daughter. His domestic concerns were ordered by a maiden sister of his wife's. Aunt MARGERY, was a good natured, quiet, simple woman, with nothing particular in her character, save a remarkable development of the organs of form and order; and these she exercised to their fullest extent in the arrangement of her brother-in-law's house; even the parrot, from association, had imbibed some of Margery's propensities, and "Polly, scrub your corners," was one of his favourite sayings. But there was one person who often rebelled against Aunt Margery's rules, and the marks of tiny feet, traced in mud, were often visible; for HANNAH GRAY never could be persuaded to wipe her shoes when she returned from school, till she had flung her arms round her father's neck and pressed her lips to his.

Hannah's faults were soon forgiven, for if ever there was a spoiled, petted girl in this world, Hannah was one;—not spoiled, for nothing could spoil Hannah Gray. Warm-hearted, and of a gay and ardent imagination, she was the idol of her father's heart, and of her aunt's. She was not handsome; she had not regular features nor a delicate complexion, but she had bright dark eyes, a beautiful mouth and teeth, an enchanting smile, and a profusion of rich and glossy ringlets. Her figure was round and graceful, and her foot and ankle were exquisitely moulded. Hannah had an excellent voice for singing, and her common tones in speaking had a silvery sweetness in them,

that seemed to ring through the heart. Her laugh was the most musical I ever heard; her quick temper would sometimes break out from very trifling causes, but a word or look always recalled the warm and generous feelings of her heart. She merely acted from the impulse of the moment; but there were deep and strong principles in the soul of Hannah Gray, which awaited the hand of time and circumstances to draw them out. Passionately fond of reading, her greatest delight was to retire to her own room with a dark blue romance, composed of dungeons, ghosts, banditti, and Italian monks; and there weep till her eyes were red, over the distresses of some unfortunate Clementina or Viola: but this was guarded against by Abel Gray, and the natural taste of his daughter directed by him in the proper path was still allowed to soar, but in the choicest fields of literature.

Few minds could be better stored than Hannah Gray's—few could be happier; her childhood passed on calm and peaceful as her after years were dark and wretched.

When Hannah was about fifteen, her father received a letter from the widow of an old shipmate, praying him as he had been the friend of her husband, to look after and be kind to her orphan son, who against her will had gone to sea, and was now, she believed, expected into B—t. Captain Gray sought the boy, and invited him to his house, and to make it his home while he remained in B—t. He also spoke in his favour to the owners, and on his recommendation, he was promoted chief mate, while yet only seventeen. ALLAN CLIFFORD was handsome—extremely handsome; but he was cunning, cruel, haughty, and ill-principled. The natural graces of youth concealed and threw a lustre over these qualities, which veiled them from common eyes. Few, to have looked on his open brow and beaming eye, would have known the heart that lurked within; and Hannah Gray fell deeply and wildly in love with him. She sang no more to her parrot, and the poor bird drooped in his cage. She listened not to her favourite canaries, for Allan Clifford's voice sounded sweeter than theirs. Allan warmly returned her love, for who could resist sweet Hannah Gray.

The time flew rapidly till Allan's ship was ready to sail; the idea of parting increased their love, and their grief was overpowering. They breathed deep vows of faith and truth, till at last, the thought of sealing irrevocably their vows flashed across their minds, and by banns published in another parish, young and

thoughtless Hannah Gray, unknown to her fond father, became the wife of Allan Clifford. This was Hannah Gray's false step; and, oh! how bitterly did she live to repent it. After Allan's departure, in her grief, she betrayed her marriage to her father.

Allan Clifford was not exactly the person Captain Gray would have chosen to wed his daughter. He knew the life of a sailor was wild and turbulent, and that a sailor's wife has many a lone and melancholy hour to pass.—But this was not all; his feelings were wounded to think that Hannah, young and childish as she was, could have acted thus without his knowledge; and a sad foreboding came over his mind that it was not for her good; but for this, he only drew his child towards him, and kissing her forehead, wished she might not live to repent it. Aunt Margery's faculties were astounded; she could hardly comprehend that little Hannah was a married woman;—however, she said nothing, but brushed away a particle of dust from her morocco work-box.

The time came when Allan's vessel should have made her passage, but she never reached her destined port, and her name was found among the list of missing vessels at Lloyd's. For months Hannah Gray was very ill, so ill that her life was despaired of; but a residence on the coast, with the sea air, and the change of scene consequent thereon, soon restored her health. By degrees her spirits resumed their former tone, for the young heart will suffer many a grievous woe ere its warm springs be chilled. Years rolled on, and Allan Clifford's name was never mentioned. Hannah had grown from a girl to a woman—seven years had passed since her youthful widowhood—a few changes had taken place since then—Aunt Margery was dead—her father's health was delicate, and they now lived in a cottage on the H—d road, close by the sea shore.

Captain Gray kept a good deal of company, and in all their circle none was more admired or thought of than Hannah. One of their most intimate acquaintances was a Mrs. Hill, a widow lady, who kept what is called a 'select boarding house;' that is, a few gentlemen were entertained in her house in a style of much elegance and comfort. Mrs. H. was a worthy, well bred, and agreeable woman. She had two daughters, very fine girls, to whom Hannah was much attached. Towards the close of a fine summer, Mrs. H. gave an evening party, and cottage dance, at her summer residence in H—d. Hannah had accepted an invitation, and Eliza Hill stopped on her way from town

and took her up. There was a gentleman in the carriage to whom Hannah was a stranger. He had been an inmate of Mrs. Hill's for some time, but as Hannah had not been in town for many months, she had never before seen him, and they were introduced as Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Orville. Eliza Hill was a great talker, and the conversation soon became general; she was fond of reading, and books became the subject. Hannah could speak well on any subject and splendidly on literature; her remarks had a freshness and vivacity in them truly original. Few who had heard her silvery voice reciting passages from her favourite authors, would ever forget the charm. Henry Orville was enraptured; the same passages on which he had paused with delight, were Hannah's favourites, and spoken of by her in a tone which added new beauties to them. Hannah and Henry Orville soon found, that although till that time strangers, their spirits had been intimate for years.

"In all the varied scenes of life,
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when in this world's hurried strife,
Congenial spirits meet!
Feelings and hopes, a fairy train,
Long hid from human sight,
Rush brightly to the master spell,
That calls them forth to light.

And the carriage stopped, before one of the party were aware that it had reached its destination. Every one knows what a delightful thing a dance in the country is; people go determined to be pleased with every thing, and small rooms, bad lights, and execrable music, are reckoned but as part of the amusements. But Mrs. Hill's rooms were large; the lights were good, and the music excellent. Hannah was extremely fond of dancing, and like Lady Morgan's Glorvina, "her whole soul seemed in the dance."

Mr. Orville was engaged to Miss Hill for the first of the evening; but as soon as possible, he joined Hannah, and remained by her side during the night, enjoying in the pauses of the dance, the pleasures of her conversation.—Many said Mrs. Hill's party was the pleasantest they had ever seen, but none thought it half so pleasant as Hannah and Henry Orville.

Henry Orville was an American; handsome, noble spirited, and intelligent. He had been bred to the profession of medicine; had just finished his studies in Edinburgh, and was now making the tour of the United Kingdom; but a relation having died during his absence, leav-

ing him a large fortune, his affairs required his presence, and he hastened to return to his native country—but a few more weeks and he resided altogether at H—d. Hannah Clifford was all that his boyhood had dreamt of, when wandering in the green woods of his native Vermont; and his heart sprung towards her with fond and fervent affection. She returned his attachment, not with that wild and girlish feeling she once knew, but with a love that would last through eternity, and would remain unchanged through sickness, through sorrow, and through death. Captain Gray admired and loved Henry Orville; he joyfully gave his consent to his daughter wedding him.

One evening after blessing both, he retired to rest—the next morning he was a corpse! his spirit had fled without a struggle. I have heard it said 'that the good are taken away from the wrath to come;' I know not how it is, but Captain Gray was removed when his cherished child had the prospect of much happiness before her—a vision, alas! which was never to be realized, and he knew not of her woes.

After her father's decease, Hannah resided with Mrs. Hill. She was standing in the room on the evening before her intended marriage. Henry Orville had just clasped a bracelet on her arm, containing his miniature, when Eliza Hill, who was seated at the window, arranging her dress as bride's maid of the ensuing day, started up, exclaiming, "what a beautiful boat! Hannah, only look!" But Hannah looked not at the light skiff; she only looked at the single rower, who ran his boat upon the beach, and leaped lightly out on the strand. He was a tall, handsome man, in a sort of undress naval uniform; he wore large whiskers, and had something foreign in his appearance. A shuddering came over Hannah; time had not changed that man so much, but she knew him. She turned to her companion, and in a choaking, husky voice, said, it is Allan Clifford! She felt an icy cold hand drop from her's, and for a while she was senseless and knew nothing further. It was indeed Allan Clifford, after his long absence, returned after having been mourned, dead, and lost for ever—returned to claim his wife. Hannah trembled to think that had he been but a few hours later, she might have been wedded to Henry Orville, and her husband still alive, and she now thanked God that she was saved from that. She tried to recall the fond love she once felt for him, but it was gone long since—even the memory of it hardly remained, and principle alone bound her to him; she knew she was his wife in the

eye of God, and as such, tried to feel rejoiced at his return.

That very night, Henry Orville started for Liverpool, and from thence to America. His feelings had received a shock that time could hardly cure. Allan Clifford seemed to think that his absence required no explanation, he merely said the ship he sailed in from B—t had been wrecked, that he alone was saved, and that he had written two or three times; a friend had told him that the old man had gone to "Davy Jones," and that he was now come to look after Hannah. He was still very handsome, but his manners had a rudeness and coarseness in them truly disagreeable; not the simple, plainness of a sailor, for that is always fresh and delightful, but a careless roughness, that told tales of his past life. He certainly gained nothing in Hannah's estimation, from a comparison with the elegant and intelligent Orville; but she checked the thought the instant it was formed. She strove to forget Henry, but it was impossible to do so; every thing,

"The breeze upon the sunny hill,
The billows of the sea,"

All brought him fresh to her memory; and she was glad when Allan announced his intention of leaving the country. From what passed in his conversation, it seemed as if he had spent the most of his time since he had been absent, on the southern coast of America, and thither he spoke of going. He hardly deigned to ask Hannah's consent; for he was so thoroughly convinced of his own superiority as her lord and master, that he thought to declare his will was enough. Hannah might perhaps have been inclined to dispute this supreme right, but as it was, she was quite willing to go with him. Captain Gray left his daughter a handsome sum of money—this Allan was soon in possession of. He purchased a new, Baltimore built brig, with her interior fitted up for passengers; he engaged his crew, saying he was going to sail, first to London, and from thence with emigrants, who had freighted the ship, to South Carolina; he was now ready for sea, and Hannah, after bidding farewell to Eliza Hill, who accompanied her on board, was soon far on her way from the land of her friends and her childhood; from the land where her dead parent slept; and where she had known that one bright dream which "still haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste." She was now alone in the world, bound however by sacred ties to one with whom she was little acquainted, and

whose name had often caused her to blush for herself in secret; but the mind of Hannah, like the bee, sucked honey from every thing, and rose above her griefs. As yet she had seen nothing in Allan to make her hate him; and she thought in time she might even love him. The fresh sea breeze and the blue ocean, joyful in their mirth, raised her spirits, and she felt pleased with the novelty of the scene; but before long her peace vanished, and circumstances arose which perplexed her. When she asked if their London voyage was not almost accomplished, the only answer she received was a contemptuous smile. Each day new faces appeared among the crew, and there were at least five-and-twenty men where ten would have been sufficient for the size of the vessel. A number of them were Malays, the crew of a ship lost on the coast of Ireland—they were hideous looking set, and seemed fit for "treason, stratagem, and spoil."

Instead of proceeding to London, they put into a lonely harbour on the coast of Scotland, and in a short time the vessel was totally altered—the straight, honest looking masts of the brig were changed to the long raking ones of a schooner—the paint, which had been olive and white, was now black and yellow. As Hannah looked over the side, she saw even the hull was changed in true Yankee style—a broad band of bright yellow ran along her side; now that was gone, and the whole of her hull was deep black—in short, no one would have known the good brig "Polly" in the cunning looking schooner that now took her place on the waters. One day Allan entered the cabin and threw down a large roll of different coloured bunting, and told Hannah there was some work for her, which he wanted done immediately; he showed a paper on which was drawn flags of different nations and numbers of private signals, which she was to copy and form of the bunting he had brought. She would fain have enquired the use they were to be put to, but she dared not question Allan Clifford, and all she could do, was to obey his orders; dark suspicions arose in Hannah's mind, as she bent over her task, but they were too dreadful to think of, and she stifled them as they arose. Hannah was ingenious, the stripes and stars of America, the lilies of France, the crosses of England, and even the crescent of the Ottoman, were soon completed to Allan's satisfaction, and he praised her diligence. She then ventured to ask why he had them made, but he did not choose to inform a woman of his intentions, and with a sarcastic smile in-

timated that she might, very soon, have her curiosity satisfied. There was a poor pale looking boy in the ship, who performed the duties of steward and cabin boy; he was extremely mild and gentle in his manners, unlike the rude boisterous crew of whom he was the general butt. Hannah took much notice of Arthur, and often assisted him in his arduous duties, and had interceded for him, and saved him from Clifford's wrath several times. One day Arthur was coming along the deck carrying a tureen of soup, when the ship gave a lurch, and he dropped the dish—Clifford went coolly up to him, and giving him a blow, laid him prostrate on the deck. He then kicked him several times, cursing him for a stupid young rascal. Hannah ran to the spot to plead for the boy, but she was ordered to her cabin.—Allan gave Arthur another kick, and then went forward. The poor boy had fainted—Hannah poured water on his face, and he partially recovered; but the blows were mortal, and the mists of death settled on his brow—he turned his eyes on Hannah, and pressing her hand, whispered softly, "Lady, farewell—you have been kind to me, but my heart has broken since I came into the ship, and your's will, too—they are Pirates!" He spoke no more—his head fell back, and he was dead. Hannah fled to her cabin; she had seen Allan Clifford commit murder on an innocent and harmless boy, and that boy's dying words confirmed her own hardly-breathed fears. That evening Hannah remained in her own little cabin—the unclosed lattice flapped in the rude blast that howled over the black expanse of ocean, and as it capped each dark wave with a wreath of foam, the cold spray dashed on her brow unheeded.—Heavy clouds tinged with lurid red, flew with fearful rapidity along the bleak horizon—once, in the lull of the tempest she heard a loud, hollow plunge in the sea—it was the body of the boy, committed to the deep. It was loosely wrapped in canvass, which the rude waves unfolded round the head and face, leaving it clinging like a shroud about the limbs. The body floated a-stern of the ship, and a mountain wave bore it almost upright on its feet; so close it rolled, that Hannah could almost have touched it—the long, light hair, blown far back from the face, imparted to it a more ghastly expression!—the large, unclosed blue eye, glared on her with a look, that in all her after life, was never forgotten. Many a sight of horror met Hannah's gaze, but the last look of that "unknelled, unconfined" boy, left a deadlier chill than them all. The billows soon bore their

burthen far from her sight to its resting place in the blue caverns of the deep.

As the tears fell from Hannah's eyes, the loud laughter of Allan Clifford and his ribald mates, grated harshly in her ear; they sat longer and drank deeper than usual. A thin partition separated Hannah from them. Clifford, less guarded than he was wont to be, related to his admiring companions, many a dark scene of blood and murder in which he had acted a part. Each word fell like drops of burning lead on Hannah's aching heart: she had clung to the hope that the boy's words and her own surmises, might be nothing more than the fears of simple minds, inexperienced in sea affairs—but now *that* hope had fled, and the dread reality of her fate displayed.

Arthur's place was supplied by a hideous mulatto, named Antonio; he was so horrible a looking being, that Hannah's blood ran chill each time her eyes met his. Allan Clifford's vessel was none of those fairy palaces that bear about the pirates of fiction to their deeds of cruelty—there were no satin ottomans for the blood-stained hero to repose on; no glittering mirrors, or radiant lamps—all was coarse and cheerless as it well could be; and now the gloom seemed doubly increased. Clifford seldom addressed Hannah, and she avoided his presence as much as possible. Once she besought him to tell her of his purposes, and when the voyage would be concluded—he answered rudely. Hannah's temper overcame her prudence; she used warm words, and he struck her to the deck. She fainted, and was carried away by Antonio to her room. A severe illness ensued, and for a week she was unable to rise from her bed. Clifford seemed grieved, and acted kinder to her than he had ever done before. One morning Hannah, after her recovery, went on deck—it was the sabbath, the ninth she had now spent there—a lovelier ne'er arose. The summer sun shone bright and glorious over the deep blue ocean that lay spread out as far as the eye could reach—a fair broad mirror for the sun to gaze on and look brighter where its own dazzling lustre was reflected in the waters. The fresh sea breeze blew clear and gladly, cresting each gentle wave with a crown of circling gems; the calm and peaceful feeling, inseparable from the holy day of rest, had stolen over Hannah's mind, when she observed something more than common to have occurred. The crew were all on deck, gazing earnestly in one direction. Clifford was above with his glass; he soon descended, and began to give directions to the men. Han-

nah's heart died within her as she saw these orders obeyed with joyful alacrity; they sprung to do his bidding, and demoniac joy shone in hideous faces. The deck was speedily covered with arms; boarding-pikes, cutlasses, pistols and dirks, lay in huge piles together; large pieces of cannon were hoisted from below, and the smaller ones at the port holes, put in proper trim. Hannah gazed on these proceedings in mute horror; she turned her eyes to the point where all were anxiously looking, and beheld a distant ship. Quickly the unconscious bark came on; her white sails glittering in the morning sun;—she was deeply laden, and her hull almost even with the water; she approached within half a mile, and the Spanish flag floated gaily from her mast. Clifford displayed an answering signal, but the Spaniard seemed suspicious, and bore away on her course; the pirates followed in her track. A wreath of white smoke from their ship spread wide in the morning air—a single ball skipped along the sea and lodged in the low hull of the slaver, for such she was, homeward bound, with a cargo of slaves and gold dust. Sickness had thinned her crew, or she would have been more than a match for her antagonist; but they that remained were well used to fight, and speedily returned the salute with a full volley.

Hannah had fallen senseless at the feet of Clifford, and Antonio bore her below; she revived to the yells of the pirates, the crash of cannon, and the stifling smoke around her. A full broadside from the pirate had been just discharged; the ships were nearly yard-arm and yard-arm, and Clifford with his naked cutlass, stood ready to spring into the rigging, when there arose a wild unearthly sound, far, far above the roar of cannon—it was the scream of hundreds of human beings, pent up in the hold of the slaver! With fearful madness they burst open the hatches, and came pouring on the deck. That wild scream rang long in Hannah's ears, and as the smoke rolled away, the awful sight met her eyes.—The sea was dyed a deep purple with human blood!—hundreds of the dying and of the dead floated around the ship, and in the midst of them the dark fin of the shark was seen, raised above the water!—Some of the unfortunates sprang with shrieks from his jaws, and then were lost in the red wave.

The Spanish slaver and his African victim clung together in the death grasp; none of the pirates suffered; the confusion in the slaver gave them an easy prey, and they now finished their work of havoc. Immense quantities of

treasures were transferred to the pirate vessel, and the water rushing fast into the Spanish barque alone warned them to desist. Hannah stood at the cabin lattice, gazing at the horrid scene below her; an icy calmness came over her, and she retained her senses clear and distinct till the last trace of blood vanished from her sight, and the blue sea rolled bright and beautiful as before. A deep cloud seemed to pass before her, and she started as if awaking from a dream. Long and loud was the carousal that night on board the pirate ship. For three years Hannah remained in her dreary abode among the pirate crew; many a dark tragedy was acted before her eyes; but one bright vision arose like a sunbeam and illumined that darkest period of her existence.—She was the mother of a child; beautiful as the form of a poet's dream—Hannah's heart had sunk in sullen apathy beneath her destiny, neither fear nor hope of change for long, long days had come across her mind, but now for her innocent child how she sighed for a home, far from the wretches among whom it had been born. All the warm affections and deep feeling that once glowed in the soul of Hannah Gray, sprang from their hiding place and centred in her child; they had been crushed and wounded by years of sorrow, but they now glowed warm and bright as before.

One evening as she sat on deck, gazing on the infant in whose deep dark eyes shone the germs of a whole life of feelings and ideas, she pressed him to her bosom, and wept to think how the germ within might be contaminated—when the loud shout from aloft announced an approaching sail. Hannah's heart had grown so hardened by despair, and fight and danger so familiar to her, as hardly to excite an emotion—but now in the revived state of her feelings, she looked with agony on the approaching vessel. Fast and beautifully she urged her way through the waters; the white foam flung from her prow; her light and graceful masts bending beneath the load of canvass. She was a small and beautifully built English vessel, and her nation's ensign was proudly spread to the breeze. The pirate hovered for an instant, like the hawk upon its prey, and then commenced the attack. The English, though far inferior in numbers, were resolved to resist to the last, and bravely fought while a man remained. Their few guns were so directed, that the pirate's crew fell fast before them, and so shattered their vessel that ere the victory was decisive, she had settled deep in the water;—their numbers, however, gave them the advan-

tage, and Clifford having brought his vessel alongside, sprang with his crew on board the English vessel, and speedily decided the contest in his own favour, by massacring the few that remained. Hannah and her child were borne from the sinking vessel, which soon disappeared, with all her guilty treasure.

The cabin of the English vessel was richly and elegantly furnished. A brilliant lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and poured a warm and steady light on a low couch at the farthest end of the room, where lay the captain of the ship—he was already dead, and the floor around was stained with his blood;—before him knelt a woman with her head bent on the body; her long, dark hair fell upon his bosom, and her arms were thrown around him, as if to preserve him from further harm. Allan Clifford raised her, and as the strong light fell upon her face, who can tell Hannah's feelings when she saw it was Eliza Hill, the friend of her happy youth. Yes! it was she, and the captain was her husband; she opened her eyes, but she was senseless and looked around in mute and hopeless agony. The dead body was carried on deck, and thrown overboard; she heard the noise, and uttering a wild scream she rushed past them, and flung herself into the sea!

Such are the evils to which man is subject at the hands of his brother; for as the "rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust," so in the dispensation of things and order of events, the good must suffer with the evil.

"How dark the veil, that intercepts the blaze,
Of heaven's mysterious purposes and ways—
God stood not, tho' he seemed to stand aloof,
And at this hour the conq'ror feels the proof."

The members of the pirate crew had been considerably thinned in their last encounter, and the English ship had sprung a-leak, and was altogether unfit for their purposes. Clifford therefore resolved to sail for one of his old haunts to dispose of the ship and her cargo, and to embark anew on his daring and ruthless trade. As they neared the land, Hannah's heart beat high with the hope of escaping with her child from the thraldom of sin and misery which she had endured.

One of those rocky and barren islands which lie on the bosom of the Mississippi had been for years, the rendezvous of the pirates, where they paused for a time from their havoc, and where they now cast anchor—huge grey rocks, with summits crowned with low spruce and pine frowned upon the waves that dashed furiously against their ragged sides—the heavy

surf and hidden rocks rendered it dangerous to approach, but at one point the water was calm as a mountain lake, with a passage just wide enough to admit the vessel, bounded on each side by the boiling surf, led past a neck of the island that gutted out into the sea—and thence by a circuitous wind off the land, into a large basin, formed as it were, in the centre of the island.—There again the rocks were as rough and barren as on the outside—a bare old log house stood on the bleak looking shore; several boats and a schooner—such as is used by American fishermen, lay along the beach—some nets and implements for fishing were spread upon the rocks, but with a carelessness that showed they were seldom used—a rugged path led to the house, over which the clouds of night had now imparted a more gloomy appearance. The door was opened by a tall masculine woman, whose attire and appearance might have excited astonishment. She had piercing black eyes and an aquiline nose; her complexion was of a deep yellow, and her firmly closed mouth denoted her inflexible temper and fit companionship for the guests she now received—her dress consisted of a red skirt, surmounted by a sailor's blue jacket.—she wore enormous gold ear rings, a rich Cashmere shawl of the brightest scarlet, was fastened under the chin by a diamond brooch; round her neck, hung a heavy gold chain, from which was suspended a glittering crucifix of brilliants—she was the crazed wife of REBEN FOX, who was ostensibly a fisherman, but in reality the panda of the pirates, who made this lonely island the place of their retreat,—he concealed their booty and gave them intelligence of their prey. Ruth had been the mother of seven sons—five of whom had suffered the penalty of their crimes and their bones hung whitening in the blast; this destroyed her reason and gave a wilder madness to her naturally fierce disposition; but when Paul, her remaining son, was longer absent than usual, her madness knew no bounds; and it was terrific to be near her.

A small apartment of the house was given to Hannah, and here, after placing her child on the rude couch, she threw herself beside him and burst into a passionate flood of tears. This then was the home she had sighed for so long—in the nest of the pirates, with a maniac for her companion, decked in the spoils of murdered innocence; with the power and the will to raise the glittering knife suspended from her girdle, and at any moment put an end to her existence. Rebellious thoughts arose in Han-

nah's mind and she doubted the guiding hand of mercy in the events of her life. What had she done to merit such a destiny as was her lot. Forced to be the witness of the ravages of torture, murder, and despair, wrought by the hand of one she had promised at the holy altar to love; and when she pressed her lovely child to her heart, the sickening consciousness that it must learn to hate its father, the dark spirit of so many deeds of woe, fell like a blight on her soul. While these thoughts were brooding in her mind, the child awoke, and by his sobs, threw open the leaves of a book which lay near him—it was a bible of Eliza Hill's, brought among other things from the vessel; it was thrown aside as of no value—the baby's hand rested on the page, and the dim rays of the lamp fell on the words, "those whom the lord loveth he chasteneth," a better spirit dawned on Hannah—she knelt and prayed before the holy book, and she arose comforted and strengthened to sustain her future troubles.—The next morning Ruth appeared in a Leghorn bonnet and lace veil of Eliza Hill's; she offered some robes to Hannah, but she turned shuddering from her. "What aileth thee, foolish one," said Ruth, "art thou not the bride of Allan Clifford? and why not deck thee as becomes him? truly thy rusty black suits not the bride of my avenger—look here," said she, holding up the sparkling cross which hung from her neck, "this belonged to a dark-eyed Spanish girl like thee; she was pale and sad, but Allan liked not she should mope when he was gay; he left her to weep alone, and yonder she sleeps beneath yon mountain cliff—come—let me dress thee." Hannah was forced to comply, and dress herself in the garments of her dead friend. Ruth brought a casquet of the most splendid jewels, and fastened on Hannah's shrinking arm, bracelets whose starlike rays had flashed on a sultana; she then left her, and Hannah taking up her child, wandered forth over the cliffs; unknown to herself she took the path leading to the spot pointed out by Ruth as the grave of the Spanish girl. A low mound was thrown up against the grey rock—the moss looked bright and green on that lonely grave, and the dew drops shone like eastern gems. Some fragments of paper which had been blown into the crevices of the rock attracted Hannah's attention: she drew them out—time and damp had almost destroyed them. Some leaves remained entire, they were part of the journal of Maria del Gama, the daughter of a Spanish noble, whom Clifford had torn from the arms of her father, ere he

was forced to walk the pirate's plank. The journal was written in Spanish; and Hannah wept bitterly as she deciphered the still legible writing. Maria had loved Clifford with all the deep fervor of Spanish love; he taught her to forget her father, her country, and her friends; but at times the visions of past days rose on her mind, and she grew sad and melancholy. Clifford soon wearied in her presence—Maria discovered his apathy, and to rid himself of her upbraiding, he left her on this lonely island, where she soon died of a broken heart, and the young and high born Spaniard was laid in her rude grave by the uncouth hands of Reuben Fox and his wife. Hannah lingered long by the grave of the ill-fated girl and wept bitterly over this new link in the chain of Allan Clifford's crimes; at length she left it, and pursued her way up among the rocks. A steep path led to the summit of the highest, and here a view met her eyes that might well have charmed the happy, and soothed the sorrows of the sad. Far beneath, lay the Mississippi, clear and beautiful, without a *wrinkle* on its glassy surface; reflecting in its still waters, clear and distinctly, each cliff and tree along the shore, till another world seemed living on its bosom. No cloud floated in the deep, rich blue of the heavens; the mountains rose sublimely against the sky, and stood out in bold relief, with all their deep shadows tinted with living gold, and further off they rose and sunk, till they were lost beneath the verge of the horizon; the immense space visible, the kindling light and the extreme stillness diffused over the scene, rendered it more lovely than under less favourable circumstances a scene of more varied beauty could have looked. Hannah was enraptured, and "looked through nature up to nature's God."

It was long since she had witnessed such a scene, and her aspirations floated free on the gentle breeze. For a while she forgot her sorrows, and the rich sunset was pouring its crimson light around her, when she heard a voice calling her. Hannah's thoughts were far away with her father, Eliza Hill, and Henry Orville. She was living in the green homes of memory when that voice recalled her—she turned and saw the white veil of Ruth, who was ascending the cliff in search of her. Hannah trembled, and casting a glance on her own glittering adornments, she would fain have thrown them from her, but she dared not; Ruth chided her for her long absence, and taking the child from her, began to descend the rock. Hannah followed in terror for the child, but she need not

have feared. Ruth was warmly attached to Clifford, who she styled the "avenger" of her sons, and his child shared her fierce love; she would toss the lovely infant in her long, bony arms, and tell him to imitate the deeds of his father, while her eyes sparkled brightly on the delighted child; and Hannah would pray from her inmost soul that rather might he sleep beneath the earth than live to do as Ruth wished. Hannah had now passed three years on the island; Clifford had been but once there, and Reuben and his son were often absent—thus Ruth was her only companion;—she learned to fear her less, as in her wildest fits of madness she ran shrieking among the rocks of the island, and never came near the house.

In the fourth year of her abode here a tremendous storm had blown all night, and in the morning the snow drifted so as to darken the windows of the log house. Hannah arose that morning with an undefined sense of coming evil hanging heavy about her. Ruth had been absent all night and her screams rung on the blast. Contrary to her usual custom, she came home in the morning, and remained in the house all day. The paroxysms of her madness seemed to increase, and towards evening she was frantic beyond what she had ever been before. Hannah, nervous and agitated by the ravings of the maniac, retired to her room and laid her child on the bed, and then sat down to watch by its side. She wished earnestly even for Clifford's return, to relieve her from the horrid screams of Ruth. She had not sat long, before a heavy stupor, rather than slumber, came over her; a light seemed gleaming close to her eyes, and the figure of Ruth with her knife pointed to her breast, standing over her—another instant, and her trials might have been all ended, when a scream from the child aroused her faculties, and she opened her eyes on the glaring orbs of Ruth fixed on her; the maniac shrunk beneath her glance—her raised knife fell on Hannah's arm and wounded it; she then fled from the house, leaving Hannah in total darkness. A few hours after, Clifford and a party of his men entered the house with Reuben and Paul, who returned along with them. Hannah rejoiced as she heard their footsteps—now her heart sank as she heard their boisterous laughter. Soon a blazing fire shed a light on the rough walls, and the table groaned beneath the pirate's cheer, and they drank deep of rich wine from the sunny shores of France, which had been intended for other lips than theirs. Clifford played with his child till he was weary; Hannah then laid him on the bed,

she threw open the windows and the cold night air blew fresh in her face—feverish by the agitation she had endured. The storm was now over, and the pale moon looked out bright and beautiful from the deep blue sky, gemmed with stars, thick as dew drops on a summer morn.

As Hannah gazed from the window, she saw a boat glide suddenly into the basin of the island, and in an instant it touched the beach; a number of men sprang out of it, and before Hannah could recall her thoughts, the house was surrounded, and after a short resistance the pirate band made prisoners, and conveyed to the frigate which lay off the island to convey them to the hands of justice. A daring and bloody piracy had lately aroused the vengeance of the injured state;—the pirates were tracked to their den, and Allan Clifford now lay chafing like a lion in the toils, hopeless of receiving that mercy himself, which he had never shewn to others. The lieutenant of the party sent to the island, remained on shore while the boat conveyed the prisoners to the frigate. As the men returned for their officer, a wild shriek met their ears, and hurrying they beheld the lieutenant—stabbed from behind by a woman—fall dead to the earth! They quickly ran to the spot and found Hannah standing with her eyes wildly fixed on the dead man, and her hand streaming with blood. She was seized and hurried roughly to the boat.

Fearful of a concealed body of the pirates, they proceeded rapidly to the frigate. In a few days the pirates stood at the bar; the court was crowded to excess, and strong excitement against them prevailed, for no crime so arouses the sympathies of human nature, or calls more loudly for vengeance, than piracy; so cruel, so cold, and so treacherous.

Allan Clifford and three of his associates were condemned to death, and the others to imprisonment for life. Beside them at the bar, stood the once innocent and happy Hannah Gray; a rich dress of pink satin contrasted strangely with her pale and haggard face; the brilliant jewels Ruth had forced upon her she still wore, and their splendour seemed to darken her crime; her hand was yet stained with blood—her dress was spotted with the same, and even the beautiful hair of the child, who clung frightened to her hand, was tinged with the deep red hues. No eye in that crowded court but looked on her with anger as the murderess of the lieutenant, the bravest officer of their navy, and every finger was raised in scorn at her gaudy attire. Allan Clifford's selfish heart had no sorrow to spare for others. Hannah

grasped the hand of her child in convulsive agitation, and bent her head to the earth in shame;—the sentence was passed, but the bolt of death seemed already to have stricken her heart—no breath escaped her lips, and her glaring eyes were fixed on the cherub face that smiled sweetly on her own. The voice of the judge had not yet died on the court, when the door opened, and the lieutenant himself stood before them. It was Paul who the men saw fall, and the murderess was his mother, who in her frenzy mistook him for another. Hannah was standing near her and raised her arm to prevent the blow; the action unloosed the bandage on her wounded arm, and the blood flowed from the wound—she remained horror-stricken near the dead body till she was taken prisoner. Ruth fled far into the island; the lieutenant followed his men in one of the boats, and had but that instant come on shore.

Hannah's condemnation as a murderess was withdrawn, but as an accomplice of the pirates, she was sentenced to six months imprisonment. Allan Clifford strangled himself in his cell, thus adding suicide to the black list of his crimes, and the last offices of the law were executed on his lifeless body. The four gibbets stand on a lofty rock, and their whitening bones cracking in the blast—remain a melancholy memorial of the mastery obtained by the evil passions over the better feelings of nature. The days of Hannah's imprisonment passed on, and she was declared free. Alas! her bruised spirit would soon have freed itself from the trammels of earth—her cup of sorrow had flowed to the brim, but there yet remained a drop of honey to sweeten its bitterness. She walked from the prison, leading her child by the hand; her weakness was so great she could not proceed, and she leant against a wall for support. "What aileth thee, friend?" said a gentle voice close beside her. It was long since words of kindness had reached Hannah's ears, and she raised her eyes at the sound. It was a Quaker lady, whom Hannah had often seen pass her cell in the prison. She had paused and spoken to the child on her way, and who now grasped her hand. "Come with me, friend," said the Quakeress, "I have heard thy story—verily thou hast suffered much," and the kind, benevolent lady led the discharged prisoner by the arm to her own splendid mansion. Mrs. Langly was a widow, and spent her immense fortune in the service of her Divine Master, seeking out the miserable and consoling the broken-hearted. In her visit to the prison, she was much attracted by the loveli-

ness of Hannah's child; she had heard her story from the overseer, but she knew not half her sufferings, she only knew she was unfortunate, and she resolved to receive her into her house on her discharge. Hannah's heart revived at this unexpected and unforeseen termination of her woes.

Mrs. Langly became warmly attached to her and her child, but the hand of death was heavy upon her, and her pale cheek and brilliant eye declared the work of the *destroyer*. The sunlight of peace which had so long refused to shine on her life, gleamed brightly on her declining days. Mrs. L. promised to be a mother to her child, and her fondest wishes could not have selected a fitter guardian for her last earthly treasure. Hannah's spirit, like fine gold tried in the furnace, had been purified by the arrows of affliction, and the hope of faith threw its halo around her. Perhaps had her fate been happier, her death-bed might have been less calm. For a few months she yet lingered on the verge of time—she felt no pain; the general decay of her system led her gently to the grave.

"Hannah," said Mrs. Langly to her one day, "I have sent to the city for my nephew—the tongues of men hail him as the most eminent of his profession, and if it pleaseth Heaven to grant thee health, he through God's means, will restore thee!" Hannah smiled at this new proof of her friend's kindness.

It was a fine evening in the commencement of the glorious American fall, the fragrance of the latest summer flowers yet lingered on the bland breezes, when Mrs. Langly's nephew arrived; he sent his carriage round by the avenue, while he walked across the lawn to a small Grecian Temple where a light shone within, and he knew his aunt often spent her evenings. As he approached, a low strain of melody reached his ear, and that sweet song of Moore's, beginning with the words, "Has sorrow thy young days shaded," was sung with such a thrilling combination of sense and sound that it chained him to the spot; the song ceased, and presently a silvery laugh, whose unforgettable music thrilled through his heart like the wild melody of a dream, aroused each slumbering feeling of his soul, and he stood opposite the unclosed door of the temple. The argand lamp shed its mild lustre on the scene within; it was the face of Hannah Gray that met his eyes, but oh! how different to what that voice and laugh had called to his memory—her once rich and luxuriant ringlets were thickly mixed with white—not the reverend

tint of ripened age, but the deadly blight of broken happiness and wounded affections; hardly could he have recognised that pale cheek and sunken eye, but the unchanged smile flitted sweetly across her face, and once more Hannah looked beautiful as she lived in his memory. His aunt arose to meet him, and Hannah beheld in the stranger the still cherished features of Henry Orville—sweet, yet sad was the meeting. Henry heard the recital of her unfortunate life, and wept for her sufferings.—Hannah's days drew rapidly to a close; her child had never been baptised, and although Mrs. Langly held not to the ceremony of baptism, yet as every thing about that child had been so unhallowed, save by the prayers of his broken-hearted mother, she had him baptised according to the rites of the Church of England, and he received the name of HENRY LANGLY in the presence of his dying mother. Hannah saw her child received into the arms of his adopted father, and calmly resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. She died a victim to the folly of a youthful passion, unchecked by that prudence which should ever away the actions of woman, and one false step caused all her woes.

Mrs. Langly made the child heir of all her wealth, and under the intellectual care of Henry O., who added to his knowledge of the human mind the most brilliant talents, the darker traits which that boy inherited from his father, were all subdued, and under the dominion of the higher faculties, which were drawn out and cherished with the warmest care, the noblest feelings of man reigned predominant in the character of Henry Langly—the child of the blood-thirsty pirate—who is at this moment a mild, pious, and benevolent member of the Society of Friends.

POVERTY may be classed among the principal sources of human wretchedness and debility; continual and exhausting labour; insufficient reparation of the powers; poor indigestible nourishment; care, trouble, affliction, want of necessary relief in disease, and of those refreshing and strengthening means which the rich enjoy in abundance. What causes are these of debility, consumption of body and of the vital powers! Size and strength are both lost under the burden of poverty. Such a state is the first exposed to all diseases, which, in the hovels of the poor, rage with most atrocious virulence, and produce the greatest mortality.

For The Amarant.

STANZAS.

O MAN whom God has warned to flee
From Sin's delusion drear;
Eyes hast thou, but thou dost not see—
Ears, but thou dost not hear!

Though gifted with a glorious soul,
Thou grovellest in the dust;
Unmindful of its native goal—
Its pure immortal trust.

Time—talents—every precious boon,
That Sovereign Bounty sends;
Are wasted—oft ere manhood's noon—
On poor precarious ends!

Hence, life is passed, remote from Peace,
In all the strife of Sin;
And Death—when wasted life shall cease—
Dread Death will but begin.

To dwell where everlasting woes
Succeed eternal pain,
Must be the fearful doom of those
Whom God invites in vain!

Then oh! if Mercy may not reach
The hard, unfeeling heart,
Let Judgment's awful justice teach,
And man from error start.

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



For The Amarant.

SOME LOVE TO STRAY.

SOME love to stray in the magic way,
Where the moon-beams sparkle bright;—
But give to me the fire-side glee,
Of a cheerful winter's night;
Where the sparkling bowl and the story told,
Rejoice ev'ry heart around,
Where pleasures reign devoid of pain,
And the purest joys abound.

The angry storm in hideous form,
Flies howling fast away;
To the life we lead will ne'er succeed,
The grosser passions' sway:—
But blest with her who can confer,
Bliss pure and unalloyed;
Breathe forth our days in virtue's ways,
In innocence employed.

WILHELMINA.

Bridgetown, N. S. May, 1811.

For The Amaranth.

AHMED, THE AVENGER.

AN EASTERN SKETCH.

THE surface of a small lake in the mountainous region of Candahar, was lit by the last rays of a setting sun; one part glittered in all the bright effulgence of molten gold, sparkling merrily in the flood of light, while the large trees which lined its borders cast their deep shadows on the water, seeming doubly dark in the contrast with the sunny brightness of the other—while far away on either side stretched the snow-capped mountains of Persia, and the light vapoury clouds of evening hung like mystic wreaths upon their brows.

A warrior stood by the bank: one hand resting on a naked scimitar, the other grasped the studded bridle of his noble war-horse, housed in all the glittering trappings of oriental magnificence; while part of the offensive armour of his rider hung at the saddle bow. The steed champed the bit, and pawed the ground as if impatient of his master's inactivity, longing for the red field of slaughter, and his dilated nostrils seemed wishing to snuff the air tainted with the smell of blood.

AHMED, for that was the warrior's name, gazed on in admiration of the scene which lay spread before him; one moment resting on the smiling corn field and the vineyard, luxuriant with all the beauties of a profuse vegetation: at the next, his eye would light on the glittering glacier or the cold and rocky peak of El Haikim, its sharp point piercing the very heavens, so high it seemed. As the sun sank in the horizon he fell on his face in adoration before the receding chariot of the King of Fire, and the murmuring of his bosom were wafted—as he believed—in grateful incense to the ever-burning altars of his faith, which ascended in sweet perfume to the skies, fed by the tribute of the believer. When he arose, the smile which had lit his features was gone, and the gloomy scowl of vengeful wrath distorted his countenance. "Yes," he exclaimed, "you can do my work"—pointing to his trusty blade—"or you"—and he drew an arrow from its quiver—"a tyrant's life-blood were fit to dye your feathery shaft: and now I swear, before two other suns have set, the murderer dies." He drew a silver whistle from his breast, and placing it to his lips, blew three shrill notes, loud and long, till the woods echoed to the strain;—a brief interval elapsed, and a numerous band of hardy fol-

lowers had gathered round their chief, and many more still continued to arrive, when one who appeared to be the second in command was addressed by Ahmed—"Abdalla, I intend fulfilling the promise I have made and the one you know I have had so long in contemplation—I set out immediately to Teheran, meet me two days hence at mid-day in the Court Yard of the Usurper's Palace with one hundred chosen horsemen, and the remainder of the band, if possible, within the walls of the city."

"Bechism,* God is great," answered the taciturn lieutenant as he bowed his head in obedience. In a few minutes Ahmed was again alone—then leaping on his steed they were soon lost to sight amid the increasing darkness.

Now the reader will naturally inquire, what was the cause of Ahmed's desire of vengeance? Who was this tyrant he wished to slay?

He was the last of his race; he had seen his father—the once proud Monarch of Persia—murdered; and his eyes had witnessed the slaughter of his brothers in his defence. But why was he spared?—did he submit to the destroyer? No. His body bore the scars of wounds received in their defence—he had been left for dead on the field—and when he regained his recollection, the hand of a stranger was cooling his fevered brow, through whose care he soon regained his wonted energy and strength; but fired with the injuries he had sustained, his wild spirit was soon at the head of a brave and warlike band.

The scorching heat of a vertical sun fell full upon the City of Teheran, the royal residence of the Persian Monarch, yet the inhabitants, mindless of the heat, filled the streets, hastening all in one direction towards the Imperial Divan; still some sat in the bazaars watching their neglected goods; and as the smoke from the pipes mingled with the surrounding atmosphere, many an idle, yet silent imprecation was indulged in, on account of the courtly pageants which drew away the attention of the customers.

Instantly the eyes of all was arrested by the passing figure of a horseman mounted on a steed which dropped the foam in white flakes from his curb and bit;—this was Ahmed and his victim—the Suldaun was holding his divan in regal magnificence; he passed on. Many a citizen wondered at this strange intrusion, and then forgot the occurrence as some inter-

* Upon my eyes be it.

posing object hid him from view; yet many a maiden's heart throbb'd violently, and in her dreams portrayed a lover with as fair an exterior as the passing Ahmed.

Omaud was seated on his throne surrounded by his guards and those never-failing attendants of an Eastern Court, the golaums or executioners; long files of soldiers stood around, their bright arms glancing in the sunbeams. The bright decorations of his officers and the glittering vestments of the courtiers, were only exceeded by the resplendent uniform of the sovereign: he was encased in a suit of armour of the finest workmanship, inlaid with the purest gold, chains of the same precious metal hung from his neck, a scimitar sheathed in a gold scabbard and studded with innumerable brilliants hung at his side; while the celebrated diamond of the Persian throne glittered at his right hand. The walls were hung with tapestry of golden thread from the richest looms of Schiraz, and the heavy folds of purple and crimson velvet, burning with jewelled crescents and stars, fell about his person. His eyes twinkled with delight as an executioner was about to sacrifice a victim to his power; and the trembling object lay at his feet in momentary expectation of his fate, when the Sul-taun fell backwards—an arrow pierced his skull, entering through his lowered vizor. A cry of wonder and dismay rung through the palace—all looked, but could not tell whence the arrow proceeded, when Ahmed, for it was he, threw himself forward and in a moment had raised the writhing form of his victim.—“Remember my father and brothers, I am their Avenger;” by this time his hundred followers were at his side, while the distant clash of cymbals and the rolling drums told how near the remainder were. Their shouts of “death to the murderers of our old Sul-taun Merza,” came mingled with the cry of “Long live the Avenger,” told the party they belonged to.—Those within soon caught the strain; the fickle populace, and the disaffected soldiery, corrupted by Ahmed's anarchy, soon joined in the cheer.

When Ahmed was recognized he was placed on the vacant throne, amid the loud greetings of the people; his father's ministers were dragged from prison to be reinstated in their authority: while the people long had reason to rejoice in the fall of Omaud, and the raising of AHMED the AVENGER to the Imperial Throne of Persia.

For The Amaranth.

“LITTLE FLOWERS.”

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING A NEW-BRUNSWICK
“MAY FLOWER.”

How those sweet, those little flowers,
That grow upon the lowly heaths:
They're dearer far to me than bowers,
Of richest “greens” or myrtle wreaths,

The dahlia may more gaily seem,
May more majestic—queenly be;
Oft bending o'er the wooded stream,
The blue bell hath more charms for me.

The tulip many may adore,
Its rainbow dress may please the gay;
I love it too—but yet much more,
The primrose of the mossy way.

Though blue bell thou'rt a stranger here—
Though prim-rose now I see thee not;
Yet daughter's of the new-born year,
Thou'lt never, never, be forgot.

I love ye sweetly, little flowers;
Ye flowers of my childhood's home—
How many happy sunny hours,
Ye have caused me forth to roam.

Sweet flow'rets of my native land,
Wildly decking its ev'ry spot,
To thee I am linked by affection's band—
And thou shalt never be forgot.

The cowslip with its fragrant smell:
The daisy with its dappled crest:
Th' hyacinth with its pretty bell:
The violet all in purple drest;—

These are the flow'rs I love so well,
For which I feel so great regret;
On me they wave a magic spell,
I never, never, can forget.

Meek flow'ret * of this foreign shore—
Ye too shall 'round m' affections twine,
And when I tread this land no more,
Ye in my memory shall shine.

I love ye sweet, ye little flow'rs
That grow upon the lowly heaths—
Your dearer far to me than bow'rs
Of richest greens or myrtle wreaths.

JOHANNES BACCALAUREUS.

Salisbury, N. B., May, 1841.

St. John, May, 1841.

K.

* The “May Flower.”

PROFESSOR WILSON ON THE CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF BURNS.—The old nameless song-writers, buried centuries ago in kirkyards that have themselves perhaps ceased to exist—yet one sees sometimes lonesome burial-places among the hills, where man's dust continues to be deposited after the house of God had been removed elsewhere—the old nameless song-writers took hold out of their stored hearts of some single thought or remembrance, surpassingly sweet at the moment over all others, and instantly words as sweet had being, and breathed themselves forth along with some accordant melody of the still more olden time; or when musical and poetical genius happily met together, both alike passion-inspired, then was born another new tune or air, soon treasured within a thousand maiden's hearts, and soon flowing from lips that 'murmured near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own.' Had boy or virgin faded away in sudden and untimely death, and the green mound that covered them, by the working of some secret power far within the heart, suddenly risen to fancy's eye, and then as suddenly sunk away into oblivion with all the wavering burial-place? Then was framed dirge, hymn, elegy, that, long after the mourned and the mourner were forgotten, continued to wail and lament up and down all the vales of Scotland—for what vale is unvisited by such sorrow?—in one same monotonous melancholy air, varied only as each separate singer had her heart touched and her face saddened with a fainter or stronger shade of pity or grief. Had some great battle been lost and won, and to the shepherd on the braes had a faint and far-off sound seemed on a sudden to touch the horizon like the echo of a trumpet? Then had some ballad its birth, heroic yet with dying falls, for the singer wept, even as his heart burned within him, over the princely head prostrated with all its plumes, haply near the lowly woodsman, whose horn had often startled the deer, as together they trode the forest chase, lying humble in death by his young lord's feet! Oh, blue-eyed maiden, even more beloved than beautiful! how couldst thou ever find heart to desert thy minstrel, who for thy sake would have died without one sigh given to the disappearing happiness of sky and earth—and witched by some evil spell, how couldst thou follow an outlaw to foreign lands, to find, alas! some day a burial in the great deep? Thus was enchained in sounds the complaint of disappointed, defrauded, and despairing passion, and another air filled the eyes of our Scottish maiden with

a new luxury of tears—a low flat tune, surcharged throughout with one groan-like sigh, and acknowledged, even by the gayest heart, to be indeed the language of an incurable grief. Or flashed the lover's raptured hour across the brain—yet an hour, in all its rapture, calm as the summer sea—or the level summit of a far flushing forest asleep in sunshine, when there is not a breath in heaven? Then thoughts that breathe, and words that burn—and, in that wedded verse and music, you feel, 'that love is heaven, and heaven is love!' But affection, sober, sedate, and solemn, has its sudden and strong inspirations; sudden and strong as those of the wildest and most fiery passion. Hence the old gray-haired poet and musician, sitting, haply blind, in shade or sunshine, and bethinking him of the days of his youth, while the leading hand of his aged Alice gently touches his arm, and that voice of hers that once like the linnet, is now like that of the dove in its lonely tree, mourns not for the past, but gladdens in the present, and sings a holy song, like one of the songs of Zion; for both trust that ere the sun brings another summer, their feet will be wandering by the waters of eternal life.

Thus haply might arise verse and air of Scotland's old pathetic melodies.

THE END OF PRUDENCE.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

PROSPERITY too often has the same effect on the Christian that a calm at sea hath on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder and goes to sleep.—*Bishop Horne.*

A GOOD man ought not to obscure himself; the world has a share in him: he robs his friends and country, who, capable of being of use to both, steals himself out of the world.—*Feltham.*

(From the London Sporting Review.)

Sporting Sketches from New Brunswick.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

THE INDIAN REGATTA.

BREAKFAST being despatched, our camp was broken up, the canoes reloaded, and, all being ready, the clear, long-drawn note of the bugle gave the signal for departure, and we moved off, to seek further adventure. The morning was calm and beautiful, and the air was of that pure and exhilarating character which bathes the heart in gladness. Under its delightful influence, we gazed upon the beauty of the scenery, and admired the broken outline of the distant hills which bounded the prospect, while our brigade of canoes pushed swiftly up the left branch of the river. We were told that its Indian name signified "the Lake Stream," and that it was so called because it flowed from a chain of large lakes, to explore which we now bent our course. We had not advanced many miles up the stream, until its character became completely changed, from depth and placidity to extreme swiftness; and we had frequently to land, partially unload the canoes, and then tow them up the noisy foaming rapids. Next we entered a narrow mountain gorge, the rugged and precipitous cliffs on either side rising to a great height above us. Huge masses of granite, torn from the cliffs above, strewed the bottom of the valley, and in many places obstructed the passage of the stream, creating numerous falls, and rendering the navigation exceedingly crooked and difficult. We were compelled to unload several times, and carry both canoes and baggage round these obstacles, and launch again as opportunity afforded.— This is called making a "portage;" when the canoe is only partly unloaded, and is pushed or towed up a rapid, it is called a "decharge." Both are tedious; but the "portage" is always troublesome, and frequently very laborious and fatiguing, particularly if the distance be long, or the way broken and wooded.

We toiled on nearly the whole day, no living thing appearing to frequent this wild and rocky pass, save the great bald-headed eagles, one of which hung over us for several hours, poised on almost motionless wing, evidently scanning our proceedings very closely, and half tempted to swoop down amongst us. It is always unpleasant to be watched; and although we well knew he was out of reach, we sent a few bullets in the direction of the monarch of the fea-

thered tribe, which had only the effect of inducing him to take up a more elevated position. The day was far advanced, and the fatigue we had undergone had induced strong symptoms of weariness, when we were roused by suddenly descriing a wide opening before us among the hills, and soon after we emerged from the deep glen, up which we had been so many hours toiling, and floated freely upon a large and splendid sheet of water, stretching away for miles into the depths of the forest, and glowing in all the richness and gorgeousness bestowed by the varied and magnificent hues of a North American sunset.

We paddled quietly along, diverging occasionally from our course, to take a shot at some of the numerous wild fowl which dotted the surface of the lake, until we reached a point jutting boldly out, as if to command the whole expanse; and here we resolved to encamp. There were deep covers on both sides the point, across which numerous otters appeared to have passed, leaving a well-worn track, whence we at once named it Otter Point; and, delighted with our *locale*, determined on making it our head-quarters for some days.

The bustle of landing, encamping, securing stores and ammunition, cleansing fish and fowl, cooking supper and making everything snug for the night, being over, the blankets were unrolled, and we all prepared for repose. The night was calm and still, and our attention was attracted by a continued splashing in the water near us, the cause of which it was necessary to ascertain. Tomah lit a torch of birch-bark, and proceeding to the margin of the lake, peered for a moment into the water, and then told us that the shallow near the shore was alive with large *nobsquass* (chub), actually fighting for the offal which had been thrown in, when preparing our game for supper. More torches were lit, and we all went down to see the squabble, which presented a singular scene. We saw a great number of chub, many of them from five to seven pounds weight, floundering about on the shallow, splashing, tumbling, and rolling over each other, and struggling together fiercely for a share of the coveted spoil. There were thousands of minnows and small fry, who kept as close to the shore as possible, to be out of the way of harm; but the large fish appearing to be greatly excited after the torches were brought, immediately turned their attention to the fry, and pursued them until apparently half out of water, bolting half a dozen minnows or other little ones at a time. A battalion of heavy perch could be seen a short

distance from the shore, at the edge of the deep water, perfectly still and motionless, forming a *cordon* round the fish within their circle, and waiting until the proper time should arrive for making their supper also. Ockmawbish fired a double gun, loaded with snipe shot, among the ravenous chub, killing several large ones, and that dispersed the whole of the fish, no doubt disappointing many hungry expectants of their anticipated feast.

The lakes of New-Brunswick abound with an immense variety of small fish, for many of which we have yet no name; and, as there are no pike in our waters, they increase and multiply almost beyond belief. In the neighbouring state of Maine, the lakes and streams are filled with pike (or "pickerel," as they are there called), to the exclusion of almost every other kind of fish; yet in this province "the fresh water shark" is not found, and it is sincerely to be hoped that he never may be, for he would do much toward destroying the excellent fly-fishing and trolling we now enjoy.

How delighted and astonished would be some of the numerous fishermen who try their "patience in a punt" on the bosom of old father Thames, could they but moor their boat in one of our unfrequented streams, into which, probably, a line had never before been dropped, and solace themselves for many previous disappointments, by filling their baskets as fast as they could take the fish, the only limit being their capability of endurance! I have frequently noticed one Londoner who has found his way to this province, and pursues angling in precisely the same style he has been accustomed to, in the deeps above Richmond Bridge. He regularly "peels" to the work, takes an immense quantity of perch during our long days, consoles himself for being unable to finish with a dinner at the Star and Garter, and sustains his fatigue, by imbibing an unlimited quantity of bottled porter, and smoking an endless number of cigars, bestowing not a thought upon the capital fly-fishing which is found at less than a mile from the favourite perch pool he constantly frequents.

The day after our night adventure with the chub, being Sunday, was devoted to rest and repose. The Indians performed their ablutions in the lake, and then each settled himself quietly on his blanket within the camp. They are all rigid Catholics, and keep the early part of the Sabbath very strictly; for hours they scarcely moved, and conducted themselves as devoutly as if in chapel, and under the immediate eye of their priest. Our party felt no in-

clination to disturb them; and we drew off to the margin of a bright mountain stream, clear as crystal, which dashed rapidly over a pebbly bed, and whose banks were fringed with a luxuriant growth of forest trees. The silvery stems and brilliant foliage of the birch contrasted with the dark and sombre green of the spruce, the heavy masses of which were relieved by the rich and glowing tints of the maple, and numberless bunches of the bright scarlet berries of the mountain ash. The lofty hemlock and majestic pine lifted their heads high above the graceful cedars and drooping tamaracks; while the spreading beech offered us a shade, under which we reclined, to enjoy the soothing murmurs of the brook, while listening to the beautiful homilies of old Isaak Walton, read to us by one of the party, to whom the volume is a constant companion.— Thus we spent the day; and not until the sun had declined in the west, and the shadows of the mountains had been thrown across the waters, did we perceive that our camp-fire was relighted, and that the thin thread of blue smoke, rising above the tree-tops, summoned us to return to the evening meal.

For several days after, we had full employment in exploring the bays and coves of the lake, its tributary streams, and the numerous smaller lakes connected with it. Of sport of all kinds we had abundance; for we shot pigeons, partridges, ducks, snipe, woodcocks, and, occasionally, hares. The latter are much smaller than those of England, but higher flavoured; they are of a reddish brown in the summer; but, with the first flight of snow, at the beginning of winter, they change the colour of their coats to a perfect white. If after that a thaw takes place, and the snow goes off, they afford capital shooting, their colour betraying them among the dead leaves, with which the ground is then thickly covered, and to which their coats bear the most striking resemblance before the sudden and mysterious change which is wrought upon them by nature, to protect them from their enemies.

We were very successful in fly-fishing, and in trapping otters; but in our rambles over the hills, and through the valleys, although we had seen deer occasionally, we did not obtain a single shot. We determined upon watching the shores of the lake at night, as then the deer and cariboo come to the water, to slake their thirst and cool their sides; while they, at the same time, rid themselves of the insects which torment them during the day, in the close recesses of the forest. A dark and sultry even-

ing offered a favourable occasion for this sort of deer-stalking, and our party separated, to take different portions of the shore of the lake, each canoe provided with torches to be used as occasion might require, and stealing softly along, as near the water's edge as possible.

The most distant portion of the lake was assigned to the bugle-player, who, being of the medical profession, was honoured by the Indians with the appellation of *Nochein-peel-wat*, signifying "Doctor," a distinction they never omitted to give him, doctors being held in great respect among them. My own post was nearer to Otter Point, where there was less chance of success, from the vicinity of the camp. Having carefully reconnoitred my ground for nearly two hours, Ockmawbish declared it useless, and we returned to the camp-fire, near which I lay half dozing, watching the changes in the burning brands, and searching out fancied resemblances to castles and towers, ships and steam-boats, while a thousand odd fantasies passed through the mind. All at once the fire appeared to be extinguished; but a moment after, it burst upon me, changed into a large and brilliantly lighted chandelier, depending from the firmament.—By its dazzling brightness I discovered myself seated in a stall at the Opera, with a crowded pit behind, and well-filled boxes rising, tier above tier, until the uppermost seemed lost to the eye, as they faded from view amid the bright haze with which they were canopied. Anon a sweet and melting strain arose, and then came a flood of melody from Grisi. Before me stood that glorious old fellow, Lablache, as Leporello; and once more I listened to his rich and wonderful voice. Then was I entranced with the well-remembered notes of Persiani, Rubini, and Tamburini, until "the Cachoucha" fell upon my ear, and Taglioni passed across the scene. There she floated to the castanet, as "La Gitana," with that matchless grace, delightful buoyancy, and ethereal lightness, which are so peculiarly her own, and which almost justify the belief that she is not a mere mortal, but a fair being from some other world, permitted for a brief space to delight the creatures of this earth with her surpassing excellence.

The distant crack of a rifle, and an exclamation from the Indian near me, dispelled the illusion, and in less than a minute we were again afloat, paddling rapidly and steadily for a canoe, about half a mile distant, with a flaming torch in its prow as a signal. It turned out that the *Nochein-peel-wat* had met with no better success at the head of the lake than

we had encountered below; and he was returning slowly, when it occurred to him to try the echoes with his bugle. The notes of "the Cachoucha" had been re-echoed by the neighbouring hills but a few minutes, when a sudden rush and splash, at a short distance, told that something had taken the water. A hasty shot was fired, to give the alarm, and a torch lighted, to guide us, by which it was seen that two deer, startled by the notes of the bugle, had left the cover of the greenwood, and were attempting to swim across the lake. Ere the other canoes came up, the Doctor had shot one of the deer, and a wild and picturesque chase took place after the other. Each canoe had set up the flaming torch, and the lights glanced past, and crossed each other, as they followed the turnings of the frightened animal, until it appeared as if the canoes were executing a quadrille, under great excitement. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to secure the deer alive; but at length we were reluctantly compelled to give the word, and his death soon followed, from the blow of a tomahawk. It required nice management, and great care, to get the dead deer into the canoes, without upsetting them; but this being effected, we steered our little fleet for the Point, the red glare of the torches lighting the unruffled surface of the lake for some distance around, and casting forth showers of fiery sparks, while all beyond the light seemed buried in impenetrable darkness.

Having reached the camp, and hung up the deer until morning, we addressed ourselves to supper, during which an animated discussion arose, as to the relative merits of our canoes; and several bets being made, it was determined that next day we should give them all a fair trial, and test the qualities of our Indians, who entered heartily and cordially into the dispute. The next morning, after the deer had been duly dressed, and the skins properly stretched for drying, we proceeded to make our arrangements for a REGATTA upon the Eagle Lake.

A young fir-tree, stripped of its lower branches, but with the conical top left standing, was placed in the shallow water near the Point, as a starting-post, and a similar one was placed angularly across the lake, at about the distance of a mile, near the mouth of a large stream; around the latter the canoes were to turn, and then come back to the starting-post, where the contest terminated. First, then, we had a race with the five canoes, each with two paddlers, in which *Waptook* (the wild goose), came off the winner; next, the same number started, with one Indian in each, in which *Kec-*

rek (the sea gull) was victorious. A trial match between *Waptook* and *Kee-rek* followed, with fresh hands, in which the latter again carried off the palm; after which a number of well-contested matches came off. The day was very warm, and the Indians were naked from the waist upwards, in order to exert themselves more freely. Their coarse, black hair, usually worn rather long, was tucked up and secured, and they bent forward, strained every muscle to the uttermost, uttering short, ringing yells, while they drove the light canoes so swiftly along, that they raised the sparkling foam before them, and at times almost caused them to leap from the water, when struggling for the lead. On that solitary lake, surrounded by the dense forest, and frowned down upon by lofty mountains, this aquatic sport was peculiarly exciting, and presented a species of amusement which can only be seen and perfectly enjoyed in the wilds of North America.

The canoes of the *Milicetes* are formed of one entire piece of birch bark; they are about twenty feet in length, and three feet in breadth in the middle, tapering gradually to the ends, which are quite sharp, and curve upwards considerably. Thin slips of wood are placed the entire length of the canoe, on the inside, and these again are crossed by hoops of the white cedar, the ends of which are secured to gun-wales, of the same light wood, and the whole fabric is secured by lashings, made from the long and slender roots of the young fir, which are split in half for the purpose. The largest, capable of carrying six persons, do not weigh much over a hundred pounds, and are carried by one man very readily. The Indians poise them across their shoulders by the centre bar, and then taking up the peculiar swing which they use in carrying heavy burdens, they trot off with them at the rate of five miles an hour, if they have only a tolerable wood-road to pass over. These frail barques, though perfectly safe, and easily managed by the adept, are very ticklish affairs to persons not accustomed to them, and frequently treat those who venture in them rashly, to the dangers of an upset: yet frail, and light, and ticklish, as they are, the *Milicetes* carry sail upon them; and it is then that the greatest danger is encountered.

As a close to the sports of the day, we proposed trying the sailing properties of the canoes, for a Sweepstakes; and a blanket was forthwith rigged upon each, to do duty for a sail. In this hazardous amusement we did not find, and the wind was fair from the Point, we started them properly, and agreed that the

first which passed the tree planted near the mouth of the large stream should be the winner. At first they moved slowly; but soon feeling the full force of the breeze, they flew across the water like birds upon the wing, and, passing the winning-post, all five swept together into the mouth of the creek just beyond it, and were lost to our sight. Their stay was somewhat protracted; but, after a time, we saw moving very quietly out of the creek, to our utter, astonishment, no less than nine canoes! "What!" was the general exclamation, "have the canoes multiplied, like Falstaff's men in buckram suits?" But we were soon able to discover that four of the canoes were deeply laden; and as the little fleet came slowly toward us, they formed a very pretty sight. On reaching our landing-place, there was a great bustle, and much confusion of tongues; and it took us some little time to learn that the newcomers were beaver-trappers, who had been absent in the woods, in a very remote district, nearly a year, during which time they had not seen a single human being, except the members of their own party. They had taken into the forest with them a large quantity of provisions; but these had been long since exhausted, and they had for some months subsisted solely by the chase. Their canoes were laden with heavy packs of beaver-skins, around which were stowed the skins of bears, deer, Carriboo, otters, *loup-cervier*, marten, and minks; they had among them a large quantity of *castoreum*, a valuable medicinal substance found in the beaver, which perfumed the air, sending forth its powerful odours far and wide.

To these sojourners in the wilderness our stores were wondrous luxuries, and we at once determined to have a feast, as well to welcome the return of the hunters (four handsome, athletic, young *Milicetes*), as to conclude the regatta. Our bill of fare may be somewhat curious to the unlearned in such matters; and it is, therefore, offered as a specimen of what may be done in the forest, in the way of cookery. First, then, in a large kettle, was compounded a capital *potage*, from venison, hare, partridge, and pigeons, with broken biscuits, and small pieces of bacon; then, two large pieces of pickled pork, boiled—the great favourite of all woodsmen, and always acceptable to an Indian: next, black ducks, roasted; trout, fried in fat; venison collops, broiled on the coals; and snipe and woodcock, *en papillote*, baked in the hot ashes. With these delicacies, tea sweetened with maple sugar, was used a discretion; and it was highly amusing

to see our guests, in their eagerness, swallow large draughts of it, almost boiling hot.

Our festival was merry and joyous; for all were happy, and the spirits of our party were at the highest. The feast was at length concluded; and tobacco, from which the hunters had been some time debarred, being furnished to them, the *tomaagans* were lit, and we seated ourselves in a circle, to listen to the adventures of the beaver-trappers.

THE HUMAN MIND.

"THE sea is His and He made it;" and He made too the mind of man to traverse its wide waters, to measure its broad circumference, to improve it as a thoroughfare of nations—the sole portion of this globe on which no division of mankind can erect a barrier to mark their limits, and say to another, thou shalt not pass beyond. Mind loves to contemplate the ocean, traces its laws, names, and classes its inhabitants, finds innumerable marvels in its waters, brings up countless treasures from its depths.

It treads the surface of the earth, combines its properties, examines its productions, delights in its beauty and loveliness;—descends into its bowels and discovers the apparently dark mass to be full of wonder and interest: the depository, the magazine of centuries.

It wanders through the air, analyzes the atmosphere, studies the clouds, controls the lightning, tracks the course of each luminous globe, almost makes the moon its own, investing it with intelligence and sympathy, and loving it as a friend. After scanning all outward creation, rejoicing in his beauty and admiring its magnificence, mind turns to gaze upon itself, to find there a structure more sublime and wonderful than all.

Wonderful indeed is that spirit and understanding which the inspiration of the Almighty hath bestowed. Its energies will not be restrained, its power cannot be destroyed. It is alike invincible in the prison and the palace—in the hut of the slave and the home of the free. The body may be loaded with chains, the rack and the dungeon may waste its flesh and subdue its strength, but mind still retains its vigour and its freedom, still unconquered and unconquerable.

That spirit which will exist for ever, independently of physical organization, must surely be far beyond the reach of physical restraint. Its energies are manifest in the thousand potent movements of science, knowledge, and

virtue; in the "strength to suffer" and the "will to serve," no less than when changing the destinies of nations, by planting its foot upon the neck of kings, and trampling upon the thrones of the mighty.

If so wide its agency, so irresistible its power when clogged with the fetters of flesh, what will be its action and its progress, when, freed from material bondage, it reaches that boundless field, where the expansion of its energies will be commensurate with its own infinity.

"Now while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in——,"

can we attempt to follow it to such an elevated condition—contemplate its powers, enlarged, ennobled, purified, without measure and without end?

But where will this disembodied intelligence abide? Will it inhabit any one of those shining worlds, so often the subject of its meditations while a tenant of the body? Or will it hover over the sunny places, and linger around the green spots of its former abode?

It has dropped the sins and frailties, does it still retain the affections of its mortal existence or will it henceforth wing a flight too lofty for remembrance of its embryo condition. *Can* all be forgotten? Is that pure and holy love, so far above all selfish considerations, second only in intensity to the worship of Divinity, is that to be no more remembered for ever?—Can all sweet and pious words of counsel, all precious and holy examples, employed perhaps as means of its present beatitude, can all these pass for ever from the mind, leaving no record of gratitude or love?

Is that beautiful chain of memory an association, by which the mind could trace its own progress in knowledge from the time it became conscious of a being, an immortality independent and superior to sense, is that bond dissevered by the great separation? or are its links united in that exalted and glorified existence. Will its progress hereafter be proportioned to its discipline and improvement while on earth? How, and to whom, can the mind become useful, where all are perfect, all happy? And how supremely blest, without a consciousness of utility.

But I forbear, for I fear to trespass upon sacred ground. Speculation must yield to duty, imagination to revelation, the human mind to the will of its Creator. A mystery it is unto itself, and a mystery it must remain until "mortality is swallowed up of life." "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

Let it suffice now to know the mind will be happy hereafter, happy for ever—if it has delighted to contemplate the universe and investigate its phenomena, not only because it found therein an inexhaustible source of wonder and enjoyment, or solely from an intellectual thirst, but if remembering—"The tree of knowledge is 'nt that of life,"—it has sought to look into the mysteries of creation, and admire each discovery as a new development of Almighty Power, and has been led to bow with increasing reverence and awe before the glory and majesty of its Creator—if it has learned to recognise the hand of Jehovah in all events, delighted in His government, adored His attributes, desired to be like Him, it will go on unto perfection until it be "filled with all the fullness of God." For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive, the things which God hath laid up for them that love him.



THE CONQUEROR.

It was a battle field;
 The work of death was done,
 And, like a crimson shield,
 Down sank the rayless sun.
 The trumpet's blare, the shout,
 The dread artillery's roar,
 The carnage and the rout
 Shook the red plain no more.
 Surrounded by the dead,
 Wherever strayed his eyes,
 His gory steed his bed,
 Young Harold strove to rise.
 Vain was the effort—vain!
 The death-wound in his side,
 The ebbing blood—the pain,
 Life's rallying power defied.
 "And must I, then," he said,
 "With all my dreams of fame,
 Of hosts to conquest led,
 Perish without a name!
 Oh, for my mother's voice!
 My home, my native sky!
 And her, my fond heart's choice,
 For whom in death I sigh!"
 He ceased. A page, whose hair
 Stream'd loosely on the breeze,
 Sank wounded by him there;
 It is herself he sees!
 Death! thou can'st not appal!
 Ambition! quit the field!
 Love is the Conqueror—all
 To woman's love must yield!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Love, in the heart of woman, is paradox, a strange compound of contrarieties—a bright and beautiful hope, overshadowed by anxiety and fear—a sweet and thrilling delight, troubled by the keenest sorrow. It is a plant that springs up and attains perfection instantaneously, yet are its roots so deeply imbedded in the soil which nurtures it, that no blast of adversity can disfigure its foliage; no storms of passion mar its enduring beauty. It is a flower of the brightest hues and sweetest fragrance, which bursts into full and perfect loveliness at the very instant of budding! Its brilliant colouring never fades—its grateful perfume never passes away, and while the life blood is warm within the heart that cherishes it, that flower is never known to change. Its early companions, Hope and Happiness, may pass away for ever—life may grow dark with despair—Poverty, Pain, and Sorrow, may come and shed their blighting influence around it, still it remains unchanged. The cold breath of indifference and neglect may be the only airs that fan it, still it does not wither. The rude foot of insult and oppression may seek to destroy it, by trampling it to the earth, but it will rise again in its purity, and the wrongs it suffers be forgotten, in the remembrance of earlier years, and the soft and serene loveliness of its spring time will again return in its freshness, and bloom. It is a beautiful mystery. Who can comprehend it?



WESTMINSTER HALL.—This stately relic is of exceeding great antiquity, its origin extending beyond the reach of either record or tradition. The first mention of it occurs in the time of Edward the Confessor, who, as we learn from the testimony of Ingulphus and others, kept his royal court at Westminster, and dying there, was buried in the monastery which he had built. Edward the first, established it as the regular residence of the sovereign, and either totally rebuilt it, or added to it so very largely, as generally to claim with posterity the honour of being the original founder. Westminster Hall has long been reputed to be the greatest room in Europe which is not supported by pillars, its length being 270 feet, breadth 74, and the height in proportion; but the size may be better estimated, when we are told that Henry the Third entertained in this Hall, and other rooms, on New Year's Day, 1236, six thousand poor men, women, and children.—It became ruinous before the year 1397, when

Richard began to repair it. It was two years in rebuilding, and the expense was defrayed by money levied of strangers banished or flying out of their countries, who obtained licence to remain here upon paying certain fees to the king. The roof is constructed with wonderful art, and most elaborately carved. It is said by some to be formed of chesnut tree, but by others, of Irish oak, to which cause is attributed its freshness, and its having so long resisted worms and vermin. The projections of the vaulted roof are enriched with great carved figures of angels supporting the arms of Edward the Confessor and Richard the Second, as is the stone moulding that runs round the hall, with the hart couchant under a tree, and other devices of Richard. In 1399, on the building being finished, the founder, Richard, kept his royal Christmas in it with his accustomed prodigality, "with daily justings and runnings at tilt, whereunto resorted such a number of people, that there was every day spent, twenty-eight or twenty-six oxen, and 300 sheep, besides fowle out of number." The number of guests who daily sat down to meat was 10,000 people, whose messes were told out from the butcher to 300 servitors; and not less than 2,000 cooks, well skilled in their profession, were employed by this luxurious monarch, to furnish the requisite number of dishes. The king himself frequently presided at the feasts held in this hall, clothed in a robe of gold, garnished with pearl and precious stones, to the value of 300 marks, and having commonly about him thirteen bishops, besides barons, knights, and esquires. The solemn trial of Charles the First was held in this hall; it has long been the place likewise for the trying of all peers of the realm, and other eminent persons arraigned as criminals. The great Earl of Strafford heard here the fatal sentence but a short time before his royal master. The most celebrated trials that have taken place in it in modern times are those of Warren Hastings, Esq., the late Governor-general of Bengal, and Lord Melville.—*Antiquarian Cabinet.*



It is well known that white oxide of bismuth, under the name of *pearl white*, is used as a cosmetic, by those of the fair sex who wish to become fairer. A lady thus painted was sitting in a lecture room, where chemistry being the subject, water impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas (Harrogate water) was handed round for inspection. On smelling this liquid, the lady in question became suddenly

black in the face! Every one was of course alarmed at this sudden *chemical* change; but the lecturer explaining the cause of the phenomenon, the lady received no further injury, than a salutary practical lesson to rely more on mental than personal and artificial beauty in future.



THE SABBATH BELL.

BY JOHN M'CAEE.



'TIS sweet to hear the Sabbath bell,
Whose soft and silvery chime
Breaks on the ear with fall and swell,
Wafting our thoughts from time.
I love to hear its mellow strain,
Come floating up the dell;
While wending to that sacred fame,
Where chimes the Sabbath bell.

How memory mingles with that peal!
How hours of other years!
How sad the thoughts, that, pensive, steal
Along my trickling tears!
Thoughts, mournful to my bosom lone,
Yet those I would not quell;
For, soothing to my grief, that tone
Of thine, sweet Sabbath bell.

A few years more—the winds, so bland,
Will bid the young flowers wave;
Which, oh! perhaps some soft sweet hand,
Will plant around my grave!
I'll miss thy dear, familiar voice,
Which, ah! so oft could tell
My heart, though tempest-tost, "rejoice,"—
Thou dear, dear Sabbath bell!

THE AMARANTH.

THE AMARANTH has now reached its Sixth Number, and for the first time appears in an entirely new garb. We trust that our friends and patrons will now be convinced that our Magazine is *firmly* established, and yet destined to become very popular. Our suscription is large, and includes the names of the most respectable members of our city. The circulation generally, as well in St. John as throughout the Province, is daily increasing. We make these remarks because when our terms were put at 7s. 6d. per annum, it was intended that the year's subscription should be paid on delivery of the 1st number, as it was only by such payment, that we would be enabled to publish at so very low a price; but while we were pro-

curing subscribers, and previous to the appearance of our first number, some of our friends seemed to think that the price was so low as to render the undertaking unprofitable if not altogether impossible; others again conjectured that sufficient patronage could not be obtained to ensure its continuance—and from these and similar expressed opinions, we determined to take the whole risk, and let the Magazine speak for itself. Without further preface, therefore, we think we are justified in intimating to our subscribers that we would wish the subscription to be paid after the receipt of the present number.

— Our Agents in the country are requested to act in accordance with the above intimation.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Our roll of M.S.S. for our July number, is unusually large: and our patience has been severely tried in useless attempts to decipher some of them, which are as unintelligible as the Hieroglyphics of Herculeanum.

"The Lost One: a Tale of the Early Settlers;" "The Canadian's Farewell," &c. will appear.

The rejected articles are very numerous.—The Tale without a name, which comprises twenty-five pages of closely-written foolscap, is so imperfectly written as to prevent insertion. "Lines to Miss L—,"—if the author lives to be three years older, he will thank us for not publishing this effusion. "The Indian's Doom," the author must "try again," we know he can do better. "Lady! thy Fate is Sealed," a Ballad; this possesses one great merit, which we cannot omit to name, viz: it is written in a beautifully clear hand. The contributors to our Magazine would confer a great favor on us by sending their contributions in a clear and plain hand;—many are rejected merely from our not being able to decipher them; and some we are obliged to transcribe, which frequently requires more time than we can conveniently devote to such purposes. Many errors which now appear in original articles after they are before the public, could be prevented by very little attention on the part of the authors in writing their contributions in a plain hand, and by paying due observance to punctuation.

SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.—Monday, 24th May, being the Anniversary of the Birth of our most Gracious Majesty, this Society gave another of their entertaining concerts at the Hall

of the Mechanics' Institute; and it must have been highly gratifying to the members to see so large and very respectable an audience around them, at once proving the interest they take in the society, and the gratification afforded them by its concerts. In our judgment, the performances, both vocal and instrumental, were very good; and it must have been evident to all present, that a great improvement had been effected since their concert in January last. We thought, too, that the pieces selected were more appropriate, and that less want of confidence was exhibited than on the last occasion. Where the members, taken collectively, acquitted themselves so creditably, we may perhaps be censured for singling out individuals; yet, we cannot omit to offer our meed of praise to Mr. S. K. FOSTER'S tenor solo, "Christ stilling the tempest," which was performed with great taste and effect, and richly deserved an *encore*. Mrs. DEAN, Miss BUSTEED, and Mr. BUSTIN, in the Trio, in *Massinghi's* "Voice of Peace," acquitted themselves admirably, and won golden opinions. Mr. WEISBECKER, Professor of Music to the Society, presided at the piano, and performed his part with skill and judgment. The symphonies and accompaniments to several of the pieces, were composed and arranged by Mr. W., and showed his intimate acquaintance with the science of music. The evening's entertainments were concluded with the National Anthem, the audience standing up during its performance.

The Amaranth,

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