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# THE AMARANTH.

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## THE WAY TO RISE.

About sixty years ago, there dwelt in the town of Burnt-Island, situated on the west coast of Fifeshire, just opposite Edinburgh, a certain merchant, named Robin Drysdell, its most distinguished inhabitant. He was a trader of extensive business, having the entire ownership of two coasting vessels, besides a large share in a three-masted West Indiaman, that was seen regularly, once a year, sweeping up the Firth of Forth, laden with the produce of some other zone, and putting to shame with her white lofty sails, as she drew it towards the quay, the humbler craft, whose uncouth lock-ing hulls and sooty lamps crowded the port.—Mr. Drysdell was not only the richest merchant, but at the time we take up our tale, had attained the highest civil dignitary in the place, viz: that of baillie or chief magistrate: he was also an elder of the kirk,—an office, as it is managed in Scotland, of no small ecclesiastic-al dignity; and withal, held the military rank of captain in the Fifeshire militia. These honours, however, were not all of the baillie's seeking;—they rather devolved upon him as a necessary concomitant of his rising fortune, and he submitted to their infliction according-ly. We do not mean to say he was not proud of all and each of them; but there were some points attending them—and more particularly the time those different duties deducted from what was formerly devoted to his peculiar affairs,—which, to use his own expression, were *fashious*. Even at the proudest of his official moments, too, there was a feeling of awkwardness he could not overcome, which cramped the satisfaction he might be expected to feel.

It was, for instance, with something amount-ing to shame, that he made his way through the crowd of urchins assembled at the door, to see the baillie issue forth in his regimentals, when the militia were on duty; and on such occasions, it was observed that he frequently reached the rendezvous in a more profuse perspiration than either the weather or the distance accounted for. Neither was he at perfect ease, when, in the magisterial duties, he was marshalled to church on the Sabbath, by two halberdiers dressed in red coats, the council following at a respectful distance, and the procession brought up by the town crier.—Even when standing at the plate in his capacity of elder, there was something annoying in being stuck up for the gaze of the public, when every other Christian was allowed to pass quietly on, and in being constrained for half an hour together, with the polite humility esteemed decorous in a servant of the poor, to bob his head to every dull tinkle which the half pence made as they descended into the pewter basin. But the counting-house was his proper element,—there he found himself at home; and with his short thick pen, firmly compressed between his lips, his squat figure in a well worn coatie, or short coat, of a snuff colour, and a ruler in his left hand, which it was his custom to retain even after leaving the desk, he felt himself a man of more consequence, and actually commanded more respect, than when surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of official dignity.

There was only one quay in Burnt-Island, which ran out from one side of the wharf or breast, a considerable distance from the sea, and forming a curve towards the end, confined the shipping in a pretty secure and commodious basin. At the entrance of the quay, and only separated from it by the breadth of the street, stood the baillie's house,—a large, three-storied tenement, about two thirds of which were devoted to business, and the remainder to domestic purposes. It was distinguished from the rest of the houses in the street, by its greater height, and by a huge

beam which projected from the highest window of the warehouse, somewhat in the form of a gallowe; from this beam depended a thick rope, which, to the eye of an inlander, must have added to the sinister appearance of the machine; but in the iron clicks at the end, and the blocks of the upper part, a denizen of the coast might recognize that sort of tackle by which heavy goods are hoisted into the warehouse. The affairs of the counting-house were managed under the master's superintendance, by a youth whose name was Alick Dumfries, a distant relation of the late Mrs. Drysdell, (for the baillie was now a widower,) and was permitted to look forward to a share in the concern. The domestic economy was under the sole direction of an only daughter, named Jennie. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, clear-complexioned Scottish lassie, as gay as the lark singing in the morning sun, and as sweet and modest and graceful as the primrose of the spring. She was the light of her father's eye, and the pride of his heart; and so complete was her dominion over his affection, that, in the common phrase, she could have turned the old man round her finger.

Her power over the baillie was often a source of great comfort to Alick Dumfries, who, although clever and steady in the main, was apt to take "camsteerie fits," as his master termed them. In fact, he was somewhat self-willed on all occasions; but except in the said fits, contrived to gain his end by artful manœuvres, rather than open rebellion,—so much so, indeed, as frequently to appear to give in with willingness to schemes which he had himself suggested. The firmness of the youth's character, at length, in some measure, got the mastery over the milkier soul of his master, and except on great occasions, when the wrath of the latter was raised to a pitch which the clerk did not think fit to tempt further. Jennie was rather the mediator between the two rival powers, than a pleader for mercy in favor of the weaker party. Her mediation very seldom failed of its effect, for she was as powerful with Dumfries as with her father. Whether it was gratitude for her kind offices which had ripened into a warmer attachment, or

> Accident, blind contact, or the strong
> Necessity of loving,

I know not; but Alick did love his cousin, (twenty times removed,) with a vehemence proportionate to the turbulent strength of his character. The baillie was not perfectly satisfied with the evident partiality of the young people. Alick, to be sure, was come of gentle kind, and was a shrewd, active fellow, and by this time, well nigh indispensable in the business; but his whole income amounted to no more than fifty pounds per annum, and even that, together with his future prospects, depended on the baillie himself. The father, too, was proud of his daughter, and thought, perhaps with good reason, that she might aspire to a much higher notch. She was the admiration of all the young men of the town, who toasted her health in huge tumblers of whiskey toddy, after the fashion of Burnt-Island; and even the strangers, he observed, whom business brought occasionally to this rising port, threw "sheep's eyes" at her as she trippe along. More than one of his mercantile correspondents, too—good men and warm—who had experienced his hospitality, remembered, in their letters, the sweetness of the May-flower, as they gallantly termed her, and inquired warmly after her health. No positive declaration, however, had, as yet, been made by any of the admirers, and the baillie left the affair to chance or destiny.

Alick Dumfries was not discouraged either by his own poverty, or the baillie's sour looks; he was secure of Jennie's affection, and he was determined to marry her. Of this he did not make any secret, but, with an impudence peculiar to himself, took every opportunity of insinuating his purpose to his employer. This produced much dissension between them, but at length answered the knave's purpose completely; the wrath of the baillie became less bitter every time, and at length the dose was repeated so frequently, that it ceased to be offensive, and, by degrees, imperceptible to himself, he came to look on Alick Dumfries as his future son-in-law.

Matters were in this position, when the West Indian Argosy arrived, and, for a while drove all thoughts of his daughter's marriage out of the baillie's head. Even Dumfries was so completely engaged by the multiplicity of business which the event produced, that he saw very little of Jennie 'till after the discharge of the vessel. At length the bustle was over, and things subsided into their usual state; the ship was laid up in the dock to undergo some repairs; the cargo was shipped off by coasters to other ports, or hoisted into the warehouse; and the counting-house assumed its accustomed appearance of quiet industry. It might almost have been forgotten that such an event had occurred, so totally were all vestiges of its effects removed or concealed, but for some troublesome memento, which now began to

give Dumfries no little uneasiness. In addition to her usual freightage of rum, coffee, and sugar, the good ship had been charged with a West Indian planter, returning to his native country, to breathe the cooler air of the Scottish coast for the brief space it might be his fate to breathe at all. He had gone out to push his fortune when very young, and, from the meanest offices undertaken by Europeans, had risen to be the possessor of a very considerable plantation, with a sufficient complement of the black cattle, which were then used in that quarter of the world, for its cultivation.

*It was easy for a man possessed of so much* wealth to secure the good graces of so inveterate a worshipper at the shrine of Mammon, as the baillie; accordingly, as soon as Mr. Snelldrake (such was the name of the interlopping planter,) had condescended to vouchsafe a few amorous glances at Jennie, her father went regularly to work, not only to humor and countenance the addresses of the new comer, but to promote by every means in his power, a union, which filled his imagination with visions of future splendor too tempting to be withstood. Snelldrake was invited to the house on all occasions; and so complete was the victory he had won over the heart of the aspiring baillie, that Jennie at last began to entertain serious fears, lest her father should really intend to push matters to extremes, and force her to take a stand repugnant to her own feelings, and at variance with that passive obedience she had ever yielded to his will.—How to get rid of the contumacious Dumfries was now the main source of anxiety with the baillie and the new rival. *Every plan had been* tried without effect; at last Mr. Snelldrake suggested a quarrel and his dismissal.

This however, was an act easier talked of than executed; the baillie tried it over and over again in his mind, but the difficulty was to manage it so as to have some colour of justice on his side; without this it could not be thought of,—the whole town would cry shame on him. It at last occurred to him, that it would be a very easy matter for him to push some of the disputes, that were of almost daily occurrence between him and his self-willed clerk, but a step or two beyond the point at which they had hitherto terminated. "His blood will then be up," said he, "and, if I am no mista'en in Dumfrie, he'll gi'e me cause enough to pack him about his business,—and may be a ruler if no' a bar at the tail o' him."

Whether it happened that Jennie got some intimation of the line of action determined on by the confederates, and gave her lover the hint, or whether the honest baillie went too inartificially about it, we cannot very well say; but the next morning, when his employer got into the counting-house with a stately step and a sour visage, and sat himself down on the opposite side of the desk to watch for cause of offence, he found the usually rampant Dumfries in a temper so perfectly angelic, that no Christian man could have said a cross-grained word to him. In vain he tried to start some subject on which they might have the good fortune to differ; Dumfries was of his patron's opinion in everything. He then ordered him to make an entry, which he knew to be wrong, in the books; but Dumfries, without so much as arguing the matter, although on these points he was particularly ticklish, obeyed without a murmur; and when the baillie affected to discover the error, took the whole matter on himself, blaming his own precipitation, and erasing the entry with much apparent contrition. In short the enemy was fairly baffled, and Dumfries maintained his stool in triumph.

A plan for sending him to the West Indies succeeded no better, for as often as the subject of his embarkation for those distant regions was mentioned, Dumfries invariably managed to throw impediments in the way, as the worthy baillie could not well surmount, without exciting suspicions injurious to his character as a christian and a man of probity. At last, desperate with disappointment and impatient of delay, the planter caused Dumfries to be way-laid by a press-gang, who would no doubt have succeeded in spiriting him away, but for the unexpected integrity of the young clerk, which enabled him to make a most gallant escape from their clutches, and fight his way safely back to his house and to his mistress.

Jennie was sitting alone in the parlor, when her lover stalked into the room hatless and shoeless, like an apparition of the drowned;—his face pale with cold and fatigue, and his sandy locks hanging over his brow like a pound of tallow candles. "In His name, Dumfries, what has become of you?" cried his terrified mistress. But Dumfries, without answering, sat down beside her, all dripping as he was, and putting back his hair with his blue fingers, that he might see and hear distinctly, turned himself on the chair so as to front Jennie, and fixed his watery eyes on her face.

"Jennie," said he at length, "do you remember that your father wanted to turn me out of the business, after a long and faithful service,

and that I endured daily the torments of the damned in keeping my tongue between my teeth, when he came on with his blethers wit to try the fortitude of my patience—and all for love of you, Jennie?"

"To be sure I do, Dumfries," said Jennie; but what has that to do———"

"And do you remember," interrupted Dumfries, "that I was nearly shipped off to the West Indies, as innocent of all thoughts or desires thereto as a bale of Osnaburghs; and that to escape, I was fain to lay eighteen hours on my back without turning, and to swallow gloats of such stuff as it makes my soul sick but to think of—and all for love of you, Jennie."

"To be sure I do, dear Dumfries; yet, you know, the doctor said you were all the better, body and spirit, for the screed of castor-oil you got from him, and of doctrine from the minister, —but for goodness' sake and mine, what has that to do———"

"Then, know, now," cried Dumfries, impatiently, "that my life and liberty have been attacked! single-handed I fought for three hours against sixteen murderers, set on me by your father and your new woer—and when they found they could not kill me so easily, they bound me head and foot, and carried me out into the woods and put me on board a ship bound for Africa, and from which I escaped by little short of a miracle, swimming all the way below the water 'till I gained the shore—and all for love of you, Jennie!"

Almost screaming with surprise and horror, Jennie heard this dreadful narrative, which it would have been impossible for her to believe, but for the irrefragable evidence before her in Dumfries' person, dripping with the very water through which he had swam, and bruised with the very blows he had suffered. Her eyes filled with tears, and regardless of the damage her dress might sustain by the contact, she threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, what shall we do," cried she; "that hateful old villain will murder you before my eyes—I almost wish you had gone to———"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Dumfries, "I'll tell you what we shall do—you shall run away with me!"

"A likely story, indeed!" said Jennie, raising her head coquettishly from Dumfries' shoulder.

"I know the baillie," continued her lover; "when all is over, and cannot be helped, he will rather be glad, honest man, to have got over the fash he had between me and old Snelldrake—at any rate I cannot stay here to be turned out of doors, transported, poisoned, stabbed and drowned—I am off to-night."

"To-night!"

"Ay, to-night," said Dumfries, in his most peremptory tone; and then lowering his voice and taking Jennie by the hand, added softly, and looking fondly in her face, "will you go with me, Jennie!"

Jennie still said,—"A likely story," but in a less decided tone.

"I have a plan," said Dumfries, not seeming to doubt of her consent, "by which we shall have the start a whole night, difficult as it is now-a-days to get sight or speech of you. I will contrive to be locked into the warehouse to-night, where you can easily join me by the door which communicates with the dwelling-house, and which is never locked. You shall then, for want of a better mode of egress, just make the venture you did when you were a lassie,—descend into the street, from the upper window, by the crane,—only I will take care to fasten a chair to the clicks and tie you well on. As for myself, I can slide down the rope after you, as I have often done."

Unfortunately this plan was overheard by the West Indian, who happened to be prowling about the house, when, in order to disappoint them, he resolved to watch himself, and actually did take his position under the window at an early hour of the night. Not being accustomed to such exertion, he soon grew tired of the job he had undertaken, when, to add to his other perplexities, sleep overcame him so completely that he could hardly stand on his feet. In this predicament, afraid to rest on the damp ground for fear of rheumatism, and determined not to quit the rope by which the hopes of his love and hate seemed to be depended, he was fain to carry a stave from the shed, and fastening it by the middle to the iron click of the important rope, to rest his weary limbs by sitting on it astride, whilst he embraced the hempen comforter with his arms. It was in this singular and most unaccommodating posture that he was pointed out by Dumfries to his trembling mistress.

We do not presume to follow the thoughts of the worthy gentleman while he sat taking his rest in so unusual a fashion; but it is probable that they may have been disturbed by certain associations connected with the article he hugged so closely in its union with the projecting beam above, otherwise the swinging motion he was obliged to undergo, from the rope having already reached its utmost length

and his short legs being, in consequence, almost entirely raised from the ground, would assuredly have set him fast asleep. As it was, he could not properly be said to be either asleep or awake, his thinking faculties remaining in that cloudy state which is the twilight of the mind sometimes experienced in the heavy doze we endure rather than enjoy after too much sleep, or when disease or care prevents the approach of sound sleep at all.

Great was the consternation of the intended fugitives at seeing so unexpected a difficulty in the way. Dumfries' first thought was to drop a bag of his own cotton on the officious West Indian; but fearing that this might do rather more than stun him, he abandoned the idea, and his next scheme was to slide rapidly down on his shoulders and gag him; but a slight cry, he remembered, would bring up the custom-house patrol from the quay. The hour, in the meantime, was stealing away, and Jennie stood weeping and wringing her hands beside him. At length his determination was taken. Holding strongly by the rope where it was fastened to the windlass, that no diminution of security might be felt below, he caused Jennie to undo the fastening, and remove the end altogether from the roller, thus making the block or large pulley at the end of the projecting beam, the only supporter. Then fastening a thick piece of wook to the liberated end of the rope, on the plan adopted by his enemy below, he fixed himself resolutely astride on this apparently precarious seat, which would have been really dangerous to one less accustomed to such seats, and by dint of persuasion, assisted in no small degree by main strength, seated Jennie on his knees, and commenced their descent.

As one end of the rope descended, the other of consequence rose, but the whole was managed so quietly, and Dumfries continued to hold so firmly by the end to which Snelldrake was appended, allowing it softly and gradually to slide through his hands, that the West Indian was far up in the air, before, in the confused state of his intellect, he became conscious that he had taken his departure from the earth.

When he at length, however, perceived his actual situation, rising into the air, heaven only knew how or wherefore, the horror of the miserable man was indescribable, and the hollow groan which at first issued as if from the pit of his stomach, and then rising gradually, keeping pace with his ascent, into a desperate shout, expressive at the same instant of astonishment, dismay, expostulation, and furious resentment, was so loud and woeful, that all idea of the ludicrous, which such an exhibition was otherwise well calculated to inspire, must have been forgotten during its continuance.

Even Dumfries himself was in some manner astounded by the dismal noise; and a "Lord preserve us!" was devoutly mingled with the execration in the name of an opposite power, which his fear of its raising the house prematurely against him elicited. There was no time to lose, however; and he made the rope spin through his fingers so rapidly, that in an instant the two parties met mid-way, and the eyes of the upward bound, who still held on like grim death, glared on those of his enemy with a look of rage, so closely mingled with deprecation, that Dumfries, alarmed as he was, could hardly forbear from laughing outright.

After losing hold of the ascending rope, their descent, from the great superiority of weight on their side, was incessantly rapid; but Dumfries broke the shock with his feet, and in a moment they stood in safety on the ground.—The first step of the adventurous cavalier was to fasten the end of the rope to the iron railing, so that Snelldrake might remain suspended in the air 'till relieved by his friends, whom his terrible cries would no doubt speedily bring to his assistance; and which would serve also the purpose of engaging their attention 'till the lovers should get clear off; for it was not reasonable to suppose that Snelldrake would enter into the cause of his elevation before he had safely descended. They then left him to his fate, and well it was for them that no further delay occurred, for they were no sooner out of sight, than not only the baillie and his family, but every soul in the street, who was not deaf or bedridden, crowded to the spot.

The first emotions excited in the spectators, were horror and commiseration; for it seemed to them that some unfortunate man was really suspended in the usual fashion, videlicet, by the neck, on a gallows as high as that of Haman; but speedily the truth appeared. When in a few minutes a lighted candle was held from the warehouse, exhibiting, with its yellow light, struggling amidst the faint moonbeams, the rueful countenance of the West Indian peeping through the handkerchief which covered his hat, and was tied under his chin in the style of an old washerwoman, a shout rose from the crowd that might have awakened the inhabitants at the most distant part of the town. As for the baillie, he felt by far too

much ashamed of the figure cut by his son-in-law elect, to enjoy the laugh at his expense; and in fact it seemed to him, as he stood there in so near a relation to the aerial voyager, that a part of the ridicule must attach to himself and family;—an idea which made the worthy magistrate, who dreaded the public gaze even on honourable occasions, sweat with very vexation.

Snelldrake, by the assistance of the standers-by, was now on his descent, but this, perhaps on purpose, was managed so clumsily, that the swinging of the rope transferred the sickness of his heart to his stomach. The baillie could stand no more; he returned into his house, packed every soul to their beds, and locking the door, betook himself in disgust and mortification to his own dormitory.

In two hours after this adventure, Mr. Snelldrake took French leave of Burnt-Island and its inhabitants. The next day the fugitives returned man and wife, and were received by the baillie as kindly as if everything had taken place with his own concurrence.

## OH, WHEN WILT THOU BE MINE?

Thou art mirrored in the star-light,
Thou art mirrored in the sea,
Thou art mirrored in each tiny bud,
Thy form's the earth to me.
I know no music save the sound,
Of thy soft angel voice—
No bliss but when its molody
Doth bid my heart rejoice.

I see thee in my dreaming,
In radiant beauty bright,
And thy lovely smile seems beaming
Thro' the cold and silent night;
My lips can form no utterance
For any heart but thine—
Thou life of life, and world of worlds,
Oh, when wilt thou be mine?

### RIGHT USE OF WEALTH.

Men are apt to measure national prosperity by riches; it would be right to measure it by the *use* that is made of them. When they promote an honest commerce among men, and are motives to industry and virtue, they are without doubt of great advantoge; but when they are made (as too often happens,) an instrument to luxury, they enervate and dispirit the bravest people.

For The Amaranth.

## A WHALING SCENE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

"There she b-l-o-w-s! There she b-l-o-w-s."

"Where away?"

"Three points off the lee-bow, Sir."

"How far off?"

"Three miles, Sir."

"There she b-l-o-w-s—she b-l-o-w-s; sperm whale, Sir."

"Back the main-topsail—stand by the boats, lower away," were the hurried orders that were now given.

"Mr. T——," sings out our captain, as we commenced pulling, "do you pull directly ahead of the ship at the distance of two miles, then heave up; and you, Mr. E——, do you pull the same distance, two points off the lee-bow, and likewise heave to, and when the whale comes up—they had sounded—I will set the signal from the ship."

"Aye! aye! Sir," was the response, and away we went, with strong arms, and light hearts; and oh! it was a gallant sight to see our boats cutting through the water, whilst the crews vied with each other in the rapidity with which we were propelled.

"Give way my hearties—give way—lay back there," were the words which ever and anon burst forth from our second mate—whose boat I was in—and we did give way—the oars dipped noiseless in the water, and bent like coach-whips, in the hands of the nervous and hardy rowers.

"There she b-l-o-w-s—she blows only one hundred yards off, a noble-looking whale of immense bulk—pull—men do pull, there she spouts! There we gain on him, only fifty yards off. Pull my hearties!"

"First mate's fast, Sir."

"Never mind the first mate; we'll be fast ourselves directly, pull men, pull; only a boat's length off; easy, men—lie on your oars, he sees us—there goes flukes," and down went the whale, leaving us a resting spell for a few minutes.

"Pull ahead my hearties. There she blows, now we'll have him—bend to it, men. We'll have him this time, we'll show him some sport he is not accustomed to; quietly, men, quietly; stand up, B——. Give it to him," and plump went the irons into the huge and almost lifeless carcass before us! Away flew the spray over our heads, nearly filling the boat with water.

"Stern all! stern all! stern men! for your

lives!" but we needed no such orders, whilst the flukes of the whale were cutting their capers round our heads; we therefore backed water in good earnest, and it was with the utmost hazard of life, that we escaped so dangerous a proximity.

"There she starts ahead! Take another turn around the loggerhead."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

"Hurrah! for a Nantucket sleigh ride!" cried our men, as with the rapidity of lightning our frail bark sped through the water, now plunging so as to be almost buried in the boiling surge, now lifting herself clear on the topmast wave, sending the spray around and behind her. The whale was going to windward; it was useless to look in that direction, for the rapidity and force with which we went, literally sent the breath once exhaled back again into our bodies—we were compelled to turn our backs on the huge specimen of aquatic royalty to which we were attached, and face to leeward.

"There he slackens; there he heaves up."

"Haul in on him my lads. We'll give him a taste of cold steel."

"The whale is making for the boats, Sir," exclaimed one of the men.

"Slack line—stern men; stern for your lives." My G—d he'll stave us!" Scarcely were these words uttered, when there came a crash, and away flew the boat, shattered to pieces from the violence of the concussion; and so sudden was the stroke of this huge monster, that scarcely a man in the boat knew what had happened 'till he found himself in the water amongst broken pieces of timber, line tub, oars, etc. There we lay, with nothing between us and death but an oar apiece, a poor substitute; but a drowning man will catch at a straw, and we hugged the oars closer to us with the faint hope that they would buoy us up 'till assistance reached us; the first mate was about two miles to leeward, unconscious of our situation; and as it was blowing very strong, there was quite a high sea, so that he could not distinctly see us at that distance, and the ship was still farther off, about three miles and a half—moving slowly along, closed hauled on a wind, as if in mockery of our situation.—She had her penant displayed at the mizen-peak.

The whale, as soon as he had stove us, disappeared, carrying away the line with him; and we considered it a mercy that we had escaped so imminent a peril.

But though we had been miraculously preserved, we were still in a very critical and dangerous position. Hope almost began to desert us, when one of the men exclaimed with a cry of joy, "They see us! Look, they are hauling aback!" Who can tell the pleasure which thrilled through our veins? But alas! it soon subsided, when we considered the great distance of the boat, and our feebleness and exhaustion, it made doubtful whether we could keep our present situation 'till assistance would arrive. But we know not what we can do, 'till danger, with all its fearful realities, stares us in the face.

The first mate had killed his whale, and perceiving the movements of the ship, and also that her colours were hoisted half-mast, was fearful something had gone wrong, and on looking to windward and seeing nothing of the boat, his fears, as he afterwards affirmed, were dreadfully awakened, and he immediately put his boat about and pulled in the direction he had last seen her.

Oh! what a joyful sight it was when we first caught a glimpse of the boat; rapidly she neared us; the brave fellows in her, with their hair streaming in the wind, and their shirt collars thrown back from their breasts and necks, were bending and straining every nerve; the mate was encouraging them, but they needed it not—the boat nearly rose clear of the water, such was the force with which they propelled her.

The boat was rapidly nearing us; when one of the men, from sheer exhaustion, was unable to hold on any longer, he therefore relaxed his grasp and at once disappeared. The brave fellow who was stationed in the bows of the boat to prevent her going over us, immediately sprung overboard to the rescue of his helpless comrade, and rose to the surface, holding by the hair of his head, the now senseless man. Assistance soon reached us, and we were all picked up, and stowed safely in the bottom of the boat, the head of which was now turned towards the ship. It was then that there arose three deafening cheers from our noble preservers! and scarcely had we proceeded twenty yards from the scene of our danger, when the fins of the sharks made their appearance above the surface of the water, no doubt attracted by the blood from the whale, with which the water was tinged.

We pulled towards the dead whale, to which having attached a warp, we took in tow, just as the other boat came up, and the lively *tally ho* came from the lungs of a dozen as merry

hearted sailors, as ever walked a deck or climbed aloft.

We left the ship at four bells, morning watch, and lay once more at her side as the sun dipped the horizon in the west. We secured our prize alongside, took in sail, and then went below to seek refreshment and rest from the arduous exertions of the day. G. W.

*St. John, June,* 1843.

## THE FIRST SWALLOW.

Out on the wisdom frozen
By ice-cold doubts and fears;
Why should life's path be chosen
Through sorrow's vale of tears?
A child, how I detested
The "ifs" and "buts" to hear,
When, with Hope's charms invested,
Some promised joy was near—
Still in my heart is shining
That light divine which lends
Each cloud a silver lining,
O'er storms a rainbow bends.

Then welcome little swallow,
Thou'lt bring the summer fair—
With pleasant thoughts I follow
Thy waltzing through the air;
What though bright flowers have faded,
That once my pathway bless'd,
What though green bowers are shaded,
Where sunshine used to rest,—
Yet still my soul rejoices,
And every shadow flies,
When Nature's thousand voices,
In summer gladness rise.

There's not a plant that springeth,
But bears some good to earth,—
There's not a life but bringeth
Its store of harmless mirth—
The dusty way-side clover
Hath honey in its cells,
The wild bee, humming over,
Its tale of pleasure tells;
The osiers, o'er the fountain,
Keep cool the water's breast,
And on the roughest mountain
The softest moss is press'd.

Thus holy Wisdom teaches
The worth of blessings small,
That Love pervades, and reaches,
And forms the bliss of all;
The trusting eye, joy-seeking
Some Eden finds or makes,
The glad voice, kindly speaking,
Some kindred tone awakes—
Nor need we power or splendor,
Wide halls or lordly dome,
The good, the true, the tender,
These form the wealth of home.

The pilgrim swallow cometh
To her forsaken nest—
So must the heart that roameth
Return, to find its rest,
Where Love sheds summer's lustre,—
And wheresoe'er 'tis found,
There sweetest flowers will cluster,
And dearest joys abound;
Thus Heaven to all doth render
The prize of happiness,
The good, the true, the tender,
Earth's lowliest lot may bless.

## PLANTING TREES.

The culture of flowers, has, from the earliest times, been considered a feminine employment. When the first man was placed in the "garden to dress and keep it," his more fragile companion wrought with him among the plants and blossoms, bright with dews of Eden. According to the text of Milton, she busied herself, also, in the training of trees, aiding her lord,

"Whenever any row
Of fruit-trees, over woody, reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check."

The planting of trees, both for fruit and shade, has, in various parts of our country been successfully pursued by females. On large estates, or in new settlements, where stronger hands have been monopolized by rougher toils, she has taken under her own superintendance a branch which was to bear directly on domestic comfort, as well as to heighten the beauty of the domain. In the vernal season, which is usually considered most congenial to this purpose, it is pleasant to see the lady of the establishment coming forth amid the new, springing grass, or turning awhile from the freshly broken mould of her flower-bed, to attend to the nobler, and more enduring productions of Nature. With the aid of a boy, and a few simple implements of husbandry, she will be fully equal to the science of transplanting. Some practical directions are subjoined for those who may be willing to operate in this useful department.

Each tree should be taken up with great care, that its roots may be broken as little as possible. Mark accurately the spot where you desire the tree to stand, and have the cavity

ing of sufficient depth and breadth, to allow the delicate fibres to be gently expanded, without touching the sides of the hard earth, and to have the uppermost, about four inches below the common surface. Have the soil which is taken from the pit, laid by the side of it, and every clod broken, and crumbled as finely as possible. Then place the tree in its new home, and hold it firmly erect, while the earth is, at first, filled in lightly, and each root laid in a natural position. When the cavity is evenly filled, begin and tread first on the outer circle, and thus round and round, until the stem or trunk is reached—not violently, but so as to make the soil gently and firmly embrace the stranger in its hospitality. Pour water on the roots, and finish with a slight mound, which shall leave a little cavity around the tree, to retain moisture, unless the locality is of itself too humid.

When the soil is unfriendly, and must be removed, for instance, where it is a stiff, clay basin, more care is requisite. If it is a shade-tree, and destined to obtain a considerable size, remove the soil to the depth of three feet, and the width of four, each way. Procure a sufficient quantity of dark coloured loam, or earth, drawn from the bottom of a river or pond, cast out all the stones, and break small the adhesive masses, fill in at the bottom sufficiently to raise the tree to its proper level, then while it is held in a right position, do not hesitate to step into the pit, and lay, with your fingers each root and fibre at ease in their new bed, while the fine earth is sifted in among them. When they are covered, pour on half a bucket of water, and if you have rich, decomposed, vegetable or chip manure, add a layer of it, and fill up to the surface, and tread down as in the former directions; then pour on the remainder of the bucket of water, and finish in a mound with a cavity. Water at sun-set for some time, should the season prove dry, and add a little ashes to the water. Soapsuds is nutritious to most trees; and it is well at commencing the transplantation, to rub their bodies and principal boughs with a coarse cloth dipped in soft soap.

Trees that are transplanted in autumn, need to be trimmed rather closely, and if they will be subjected to the action of high winds, should have stones laid around them to keep their roots more firmly, and layers of straw to repel injuries from frost.

Surely, none will consider this labour too great, to secure the growth of a healthful and beautiful tree, which may cast its grateful shade over a future generation. Every revolving year its improvement will be watched with interest and delight. Sir Walter Scott has spoken often and fervently of the "pleasures of planting." These pleasures may be correctly and conveniently shared by the sex, which has so long busied itself with training the frail plant, and nursing the tender blossom. The greater part of the fine trees at Barley-Wood, were planted by the hand of the venerable Mrs. Hannah Moore, and a cabinet table which attracted the attention of many visitants, was inlaid with small diamond shaped pieces of wood, from the different trees of her own planting and nurturing. Would it not be pleasant, to be remembered by a lofty grove, which should be a covert from the noon-tide beams, to the friend and the stranger, give shelter to the sweet choristers of the air, and lifting heavenward an arch of living verdure, grow more and more beautiful, while we lay mouldering in the tomb?

## Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer.

### I. *Our Father.*

Our Father! Holiest name, first, fondest, best!
Sweet is the murmured music of the vow
When young love's kiss first prints the brow:
But sweeter to a father's yearning breast,
His blue-eyed boy's soft prattle. This is love!
Pure as the streamlets that distil through mountains,
And drop, in diamonds, in their cavern'd fountains;
Warm as our heart-drops; true as truth above.
And is such Thine? For whom? For all—ev'n me!
Thou to whom all that is which sight can reach
Is but a sand-grain on the ocean beach
Of being! Down my soul: it cannot be!
But He hath said! Up, soul, unto His throne!
Father, "our Father," bless and save Thine own!

### II. *Who art in Heaven.*

Who art in Heaven! Thou know'st nor mete nor bound.
Thy presence is existence. Neath thine eye,
Systems spring forth, revolve, and shine—and die;
Ev'n as, to us, within their little round,
The bright sands in the eddying hill-side spring
Sparkle and pass forever down the stream.

Slow-wheeling Saturn, of the misty beam,
Circles but atoms with his mighty wing;
And bright-eyed Sirius, but a sentry, glows
Upon the confines of infinity.
Where Thou art not, ev'n Nothing cannot be!
Where Thy smile is, is Heaven; where not—all woes,
Sin's chaos and its gloom. Grant Thy smile be
My light of life, to guide me up to Thee!

III. *Hallowed be Thy name.*

Hallowed be Thy name! In every clime,
'Neath every sky! Or in this smiling land,
Where Vice, bold-brow'd, and Craft walk hand in hand,
And varnish'd Seeming gives a grace to Crime;
Or in the howling wild, or on the plain,
Where Pagans tremble at their rough-hewn God;
Wherever voice hath spoke, or foot hath trod;
Sacred Thy name! The skeptic wild and vain;
Rous'd from his rosy joys, the Osmanlite;
The laughing Ethiop; and the dusk Hindoo;
Thy sons of every creed, of every hue;
Praise Thee! Nor Earth alone. Each star of night,
Join in the choir! 'till Heaven and Earth acclaim—
Still, and forever, Hallowed be Thy name!

IV. *Thy kingdom come.*

Thy kingdom come! Speed, angel wings, that time!
Then, known no more the guile of gain, the leer
Of lewdness, frowning power, or pallid fear,
The shriek of suffering or the howl of crime!
All will be Thine—all blest! Thy kingdom come!
Then in Thy arms the sinless earth will rest,
As smiles the infant on its mother's breast.
The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum
Unknown—for not a foe: the thong unknown,
For not a slave: the cells, o'er which Despair
Flaps its black wing and fans the sigh-swollen air,
Deserted! Night will pass, and hear no groan!
Glad Day look down nor see nor guilt nor guile;
And all that Thou hast made reflect Thy smile!

V *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven!
That will which chords the music-moving spheres,
With harmonies unheard by mortal ears;
And, losing which, our orb is jarred and riven
Ours a crush'd harp! Its strings by tempests shaken;
Swept by the hand of sin, its guilty tones
Startle the spheres with discord and with groans;
By virtue, peace, hope—all but Thee—forsaken
Oh, be its chords re-strung. Thy will be done!
Mysterious law! Our griefs approve thy will:
For as shades haunt the night, grief follows ill;
And bliss tends virtue, as the day the sun.
Homage on earth, as 'tis on high, be given:
For when Thy will is done, then earth is heaven!

VI. *Give us this day our daily bread.*

Give us this day our daily bread! Thou art
Lord of the harvest. Thou hast taught the song
Sung by the rill the grassy vale along;
And 'tis Thy smile, when Summer's zephyr start,
That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold!
Give me to share thy boon! No miser hoar
I crave; no splendor; no Apician board;
Freedom, and faith, and food—and all is told!
I ask no more. But spare my brethren; they
Now beg, in vain, to toil; and cannot save
Their wan-eyed lov'd ones, sinking to the grave.
Give them their daily bread! How many pray
Alas, in vain, for food! Be Famine fed;
And give us, Lord, this day, our daily bread!

VII. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

Forgive our trespasses, as we forgive
Those who against us trespass! Though we take
Life, blessings, promis'd heaven, from Thee we make
Life a long war 'gainst Him in whom we live
Pure once; now like the Cities of the Plain,
A bitter sea of death and darkness rolls
Its heavy waves above our buried souls.
Yet wilt Thou raise us to the light again,
Worms as we are, if we forgive the worm
That grovels in our way. How light the cost,
And yet how hard the task! For we are lost
In sin. Do thou my soul uphold and form!
Bankrupt and lost to all but hope and Thee;
Teach me to pardon; and oh, pardon me!

VIII. *And lead us not into temptation.*

Lead us not in temptation! The earth's best
Find, but in flight, their safety; and the wise
Shun, with considerate steps, its Basilisk eyes.
Save us from Pleasure, with the heaving breast
And unbound zone; from Flattery's honeyed tongue;
Avarice, with golden palm and icy heart;
Ambition's marble smile and earthly art;
The rosy cup where aspic death is hung!
Better the meal of pulse and bed of stone,
And the calm safety of the Anchorite,
Than aught that life can give of wild and bright.
Be thou my joy, my hope, my strength alone!
Save from the tempter! Should he woo to ill,
Be thou my rock, my shield, my safety still!

IX. *But deliver us from evil.*

Deliver us from evil! Hapless race!
Our life a shadow and our walk a dream;
Our gloom a fate, our joy a fitful gleam;
Where is our hope but Thee! Oh give us grace
To win thy favor! Save from loud-voiced Wrong,
And creeping Craft! Save from the hate of foes;
The treachery of friends; the many woes,
Which, to the clash of man with man, belong;
Save those I love from want, from sickness, pain!
And—spared that pang of pangs—oh let me die
Before, for them, a tear-drop fills my eye;
And dying, let me hope to meet again!
Oh, save me from myself! Make me and mine,
In life and spirit, ever, only, Thine!

X. *For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen.*

Thine is the kingdom, power and glory! Thine
A kingdom, based on past eternity,
So vast, the pond'rous thought—could such thought be—
Would crush the mind: a power that wills should shine
A million worlds; they shine—should die—they die:
A glory to which the sun is dim;
And from whose radiance e'en the seraphim,
Heaven-born, must veil the brow and shade the eye!
And these are Thine, forever! Fearful word,
To us, the beings of a world of graves
And minutes! Yet Thy cov'nant promise saves;
Our trust is in Thee, Father, Saviour, Lord!
Holy, thrice holy, Thou! Forever, then,
Be kingdom, power and glory Thine! Amen.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF LA ROCHE.

Who that has attended the death-bed of the loved and cherished, can ever forget its touching and painful scenes? The sands of life passing rapidly away—the pulse becoming feebler and fainter—the voice lower and weaker—the light fading from the glassy and spiritual eyes—the mingled expression of love, hope and agony resting upon the thin, pale features.—And, when at last the lamp goes out, the hands fall cold upon the motionless bosom—the limbs become rigid, and the spirit wings its flight to another world, who can forget the heart-screams of the doating mourners—the grief long suppressed, but now bursting forth as a torrent—the tears, the cries and the exclamations, half in love and half in madness!

I once was present at the death-bed of a mother—a true and martyr-like woman—who had hurried herself to a premature grave, in an effort to provide for the comforts of two young and lovely daughters; and were I to live a thousand years, the memory of that hour would still linger vividly in my mind. She died, too, in the full faith of a blessed hereafter—conscious of the purity of her life, and cherishing, as the jewels of the soul, the sublime truths of the Christian religion. But her daughters—her young and unprotected daughters! She left them to the tender mercies of a hollow world, and thus, with the undying fondness of a mother's heart, fixed her straining eyes upon their sad but beauteous features, even as the soul parted from the body, and the faith of a blessed religion brightened the pathway to a clime of bliss.

Sobs and tears and loud lamentations came from these lovely orphans. They were now indeed alone in the world; and though they had been taught in some measure to prepare themselves for so frightful a bereavement, they could not realize all its gloom and desolation. They had never known a father's care, for he had been taken from them in their early childhood, before they were capable of appreciating his value. Their mother had been the whole world to them—she had watched them in their hours of illness—had prayed *for* them, and *with* them—had pointed out the paths of danger in the ways of life—had indulged them be-

yond her means—had deprived herself of many a luxury, ay, many a necessary in order to administer to their comfort and improvement, and now, as they looked upon her cherished form, cold and still in the icy embrace of death, oh! God, how wretched and lonely seemed their condition. In vain their few friends endeavoured to soothe their sorrow—to soften the anguish of their grief. Tears, and tears alone seemed to afford them relief; and they wept in very bitterness for hours!

Mrs. La Roche was a French lady by birth, and. with her husband and her young daughters, came to this country during the troubles of the last French revolution.

Compelled to abandon his native land at but a few hours' notice, the father was able to collect but a small sum of money to assist his family in the country of their exile. He survived his arrival in the United States only two years—merely long enough to acquire a knowledge of the English language, and, with his lady, to attempt the establishment of a school of instruction in the French. The daughters were, at this time, too young to assist, but the mother, though utterly unused to a life of toil, *saw and appreciated her position*, and roused all her energies to the undertaking. She continued the school, and with partial success, after the decease of her husband. Compelled to economize in every possible way, she looked forward to the period when her children would be able to assist her, and thus her task would be greatly lightened. Increasing, as they hourly did, in beauty and intelligence, and manifesting, in every possible way, their appreciation of her love, and her untiring exertions spent in their behalf, her heart warmed toward them with every breath which they drew, and she would freely have laid down her life to ensure their welfare. But what will not a mother do for the beings of her affection!—What will she not sacrifice—what trials and sufferings will she not submit to? Well and touchingly was it remarked by a Venetian lady, with regard to Abraham and Isaac, that "God would never have commanded such a sacrifice of a mother."

Mrs. La Roche had thus with difficulty, but still in a spirit of great cheerfulness, conducted her little school for four years after the decease of her husband. But, her health now began to fail. She had overtasked her powers; her constitution, which was naturally feeble, gave way. Still, she struggled on in the most heroic manner "A few years longer," she flattered herself, "and I may abate my labors Then my children will be able greatly to assist me, if not wholly to take my place." She saw them ripening in beauty—and the natural dream of a mother's heart raised up suitors in abundance. So lovely—so correct—so imbued with the pure principles of religion—so accomplished. The heart of the widow rejoiced at the anticipated triumph of her offspring. Alas! even then the seeds of death were doing their work, stealthily and in silence. A little longer and the body refused to administer to the wishes of the mind. Mrs. La Roche was prostrated on her death-bed, and her children as already described, were orphans in the fullest and most painful sense of the term.

Amy La Roche, the younger sister, at the period of which we write, was thirteen; Clotilde, the elder, was sixteen years of age. A lovelier pair never mingled their tears together by the cold corpse of a parent. Taught to regard her as the soul and centre of their social world—as the being to whom they must look for counsel and advice next to the Almighty—they clung to each other in their desolation each striving to soothe the other, and each unconsciously adding to the poignancy of the other's grief. *Clotilde* wept wildly, but the sorrow of the younger seemed more heart-felt. The one was all feeling and impulse, and her agony of grief was relieved, in some measure, by the violence of the paroxysms—the fury of her despair. The younger was naturally of a thoughtful and melancholy nature, and her mild, blue eyes seemed to mirror, in their gentle lustre, the very depths of her soul. She was too young, moreover, to have a thought of fondness for another being on the earth beyond her mother. No other passion of her nature had been called even into fancied existence, and thus the poor girl pined day by day until she became thin and pale, and the elder found it necessary to conceal her own sorrow, in order to bring back the spirit of girlhood and joy to the fair features of her dearest Amy.

Throughout the crisis of their bereavement they were visited assiduously and constantly by but one individual. Pierre Martien, or neighbour Pierre, as they called him, was intimate with their father in the more prosperous portion of his life, and had, like him, sought this country as a place of refuge during the perils of the revolution—perils which destroyed his family and left him lone and wretched He had, nevertheless, accumulated a considerable fortune in the United States, and, at the period of the widow's decease, was on the

ere of returning to France. Touched, however, by the sad condition of the sisters, he delayed his departure, and called day after day in the noble duty of watching over two fair beings, so entirely helpless and unprotected, and of administering every comfort and assistance in his power. This faithful friend was now in his sixtieth year—still, manly and gentlemanly in his appearance, and exhibiting but little of the weakness or infirmity of age. Week after week he postponed the day of his leave-taking, and yet he steadily persisted in his determination to return, at the same time condoling with the orphans, assisting them as delicately as possible, and hinting a fear that his departure would expose them to annoyance and misfortune. Clotilde saw and admitted all this, but what could she do? She still continued to keep the little school, which her mother had bequeathed to her as an inheritance, but her inexperience and youth unfitted her, in a great measure, to exercise sufficient authority over the pupils, and thus, while she found them constantly diminishing in number, she discovered, with horror, that the health of her young sister was rapidly sinking. The colour was fading from her cheeks—the bright light from her eyes. Her existence seemed to have lost its spring and fountain on the decease of Mrs. La Roche, and, although the sweet girl struggled earnestly to assume a degree of cheerfulness and an air of satisfaction, she could not conceal from the penetrating eyes of Clotilde that there was a canker within.

Neighbour Pierre, also, noticed the change, and his heart melted within him at this new source of anxiety and distress. He sent for and consulted one of the ablest physicians of the city—for his nature warmed strangely and unconsciously toward the orphans, since he had visited them so frequently—and he was told that a change of air would alone save the life of the fading beauty. He pondered long upon this painful intelligence; at first unwilling to communicate it to the elder sister, for he knew that it would strike like an arrow through her soul. What could be done?—what was his duty under the circumstances? He pressed his hand upon his forehead and mused painfully for hours. A thought darted to his brain. But no—he repelled it as unworthy—as unmanly—as treacherous to the friendship he had felt and professed for the dead father of the sisters. And yet it returned again, and grew stronger and stronger, until he had no power to resist its influence.

Accuse him not harshly, gentle reader—pronounce not against him rashly. *He* was alone in the world, and *they* were without friends and protectors. *He* was compelled by circumstances to revisit France, and yet he felt a voice within him assert that he had a duty to perform to the children of his deceased countryman. How could he best perform that duty? To subject two young, inexperienced and beautiful girls to the snares of the vicious and the reckless—to desert them in the hour of greatest need—to abandon them to the charities of a cold world—or worse, to the accursed arts of the profligate and libertine—the thought was full of anguish. Again he paused. He ascended to his chamber, and there, kneeling in prayer, he sought advice and counsel from the Searcher of all hearts. He rose from his kness refreshed in spirit, and comparatively calm and resolved. The next hour found him at the dwelling of the sisters. The younger was evidently weaker than on the day before, while the countenance of Clotilda wore a still more melancholy aspect. For a long time the visiter hesitated. He looked steadily into the beautiful features of Clotilde, where all was yet life and hope and youthful splendor, only mellowed and spiritualized by the tender anxiety of a sacred love, and his heart again misgave him. But he rallied his courage and drew her aside. He announced to her, in as kindly terms as possible, the opinion of the physician; and, as he saw the big tear start to her eyes at the consciousness of her inability to accompany Amy to a milder climate—softer and sunnier skies—he took her hand, and offered to become her husband, "Thus," he added, "dear Clotilde, I will obtain a *right* to protect you. Thus may we immediately sail for France, and, with the blessing of Heaven, a hope may be indulged of the restoration of our lovely Amy." He alluded to his disparity of years, and his reluctance to venture such a proposition, but he implored her, no matter what her determination, to judge his motives generously. As he lived and had faith in the Divinity, he believed that he was influenced purely, justly and virtuously.

Clotilde covered her face with her hands.—She had unbounded confidence in the principles of her father's friend—for he had ever conducted himself with the most scrupulous delicacy. She saw, too, the position of her sister, and she felt that the life of that sweet and affectionate girl was as dear to her as her own; and yet she knew not what to do or say. One only thought—one only dream interfered with the course she believed to be dictated by

duty. The path of her young life, chequered and darkened as it had been, had not been all shadow. A momentary rainbow had flashed its glories above. A youthful form sometimes mingled with her dreams. A voice deeper and sweeter than those of the every-day world sometimes rose to her memory, and whispered to the listening spirit of her soul. She was now nineteen years of age—a full and perfect woman—and how seldom is it in our land that the fair and the beautiful, the enthusiastic and the warm-hearted pass through so many summers without discovering some being in the crowd purer and holier than the rest—some kindred spirit—some sympathetic soul! A look—a word—a pressure of the hand will sometimes give tone to the story of a life.

Clotilde La Roche and Arthur Morville had met when

"Life seemed bathed in Hope's romantic hues."

She was but seventeen, and he twenty-two.—But a few months passed, and the ocean divided them. He was the son of a bankrupt merchant, utterly penniless and prospectless, and thus when an opportunity presented of a voyage to China, as the agent of an extensive commercial house, he was compelled by the force of circumstances to embrace it, even at the risk of an absence of five years. Thus they parted. "He never told his love" in words, but the heart must be cold and insensible that requires such formal interpretation. The spirit of Clotilde wandered with and lingered around him. Her name was mingled with his prayers, and her image haunted his sleep—the brightest, sunniest angel of his dreams. And *he* was not forgotten. She did not strive to forget, and if the effort had been made it would have been a vain one.

Two years had now gone by, and Arthur was yet abroad. Foolish and timid as they were, no correspondence had been agreed upon, and he, unconscious of the interest he had excited, was afraid to write. He was poor—little better than a beggar—when he left his kindred and his home. He had no claim upon one so beautiful and lovely, and the pen was dashed to the earth in despair whenever he ventured a letter.

But the offer of Pierre Martien! It revived the early dream in the bosom of Clotilde fully and vividly. Yet her sister was dying! She saw her fading every hour. The delay of a single week might prove fatal. God of the orphan, advise and counsel her in this her hour of trial!

She sent for the friend of her father and told him all. If he would take her for his wife under these circumstances, she would freely accord her consent. Nay, she believed his motives to be generous and noble, and she honoured him therefore.

More touched than ever—seeing the evident sacrifice she was about to make as a tribute to duty and her love for her sister—the old man hesitated. Again he meditated upon the subject, questioned his own heart closely, and endeavoured to penetrate his motives.

It was finally agreed that they should immediately sail for France—that the engagement should be announced before their departure—and the marriage should take place immediately after their arrival.

But why prolong the story? The God of the orphan watched over and protected the sweet sisters. The voyage was pleasant beyond their most sanguine expectations. Amy gained health and strength with every favouring breeze, and when they landed at Havre her eyes again sparkled with the fire of youth and joy, and her cheeks glowed with the hue of beauty. Clotilde, too, seemed more lovely than ever, the sea-air had greatly improved her. Her spirits mounted—her soul again rejoiced—and even the apprehension which occasionally crept into her breast, in connection with the coming marriage, gave her less anxiety than she could have believed a few weeks before.

They landed on a bright Spring morning.—The arrival of a foreign ship had collected a group around the place of debarkation.—Among them were several Americans—they could have been singled out in a world of foreigners. And see! whose form is that pressing forward so eagerly? It is—*it is*—much changed—but not enough to escape the quick eyes of youth and the mind of love-fraught memory. Yes, Arthur Morville rushes forward—the wanderer from the far East! What a meeting! How joyous—how unexpected! Even the presence of strangers is forgotten.—Eyes sparkle—cheeks glow—breasts heave—and hearts respond. The old man looks on first in surprise, and then with a quiet and benevolent smile mellowing his features, advances to Clotilde he whispers, "Be not abashed—your joy is my joy—and all will yet be well."

* * * * * * * *

A few weeks thereafter and Clotilde La Roche became the wife of Arthur Morville.—Pierre Martien gave the bride away, at the same time publicly recognizing the young

couple and their beautiful Amy as his adopted children!

*Heaven, say we, soften the pillow and hallow the dreams of the friend of the fatherless!*

## RANDOM THOUGHTS.

### No. II.

*(From the Montreal Literary Garland.)*

I WANT to express to you some vague notions that lie crudely in my mind, on the subject of music. You need fear no technicalities; for of music, as a science, I know nothing. I merely intend to consider it in relation to our general humanity, and in relation to those impressions which it is its object to make on universal sensibility. Writing freely, as I do, I am not ambitious of unity or of order; and, therefore, whatever feelings or incidents, suggested by the present topic, come to my mind, shall also come to my pen.

Memory is the faculty with which music has the most endeared and the most inspiring connexion; for memory it is that revives experience, and experience it is feeds emotion. We soon begin to live in memory, either by discovery or delusion. What we have been is soon more pleasant to us than what we are likely to be; and ever and anon our truant thoughts retrace their ways, and feel the hours too short, that once had seemed too long.—The slightest and most unexpected analogies call before us the scenes of other days: the finest thread of association has a strength to pull us back to the Eden or the wilderness of departed hours. The odor of a flower will make the field bloom with ethereal softness to our fancy, and in fancy we have in them again our childhood's gambols; the whistle of a bird will give us to the sunny groves where we read and mused, where we slept and dreamed: a river, like one that flowed near the dwelling of our youth, in which we angled and in which we bathed, will annihilate half a century: it is the same bright sun that gilds its surface; it is the same clear sky that beams from its cloudless waters; and we are not awakened to reality until we catch the shadow of a wrinkled face mocking at our fantasy. A countenance, passed rapidly in the street, by the force of affectionate remembrance, will cause us to forget that one we loved has long been formless in the dust. And so, the vapours of a summer's morning, hanging sleepily on meadow or on mountain, or the chase of brilliant clouds in the gorgeous heaven of an autumn evening, will reanimate the past within us, in musings that we cannot shape, and in recollections that we cannot define. I was about to compare their influence to that of music, but I am going to speak of music itself.

The music which touches our primitive emotions we feel at once: complicated and high-wrought harmony, we must hear often before we can appreciate. But harmony is not on this account the less exalted or the less excellent. A song which sweetly expressed a single sentiment would delight a thousand, and ten of the thousand would but faintly appreciate the choral verse of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." A pathetic ballad can move a multitude, but few in this multitude would read the "Paradise Lost," and fewer still would enjoy it. And so in music; compared with those whom a pleasing melody can charm, the number is small whom the might of Handel, or the magic of Boethoven, can profoundly ingratiate; while those who have no sympathy with loftier music depreciate what they do not comprehend, as many also affect an admiration which they do not feel. From indiscreet enthusiasts, or from ignorant pretenders, a cant has begun to prevail in musical criticism, which, if not the most tormenting of all cants of criticism, is the most unintelligible. Men who thus rave, will talk to you, as if musical sounds had the definite significance which arbitrary usage gives to words. But it is not so; and, in the nature of things, cannot be. The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but emotions; suggestive, certainly it is, but suggestive to each mind, with an indefinite variety of association. Test this position. Take, for example, any given combination of sounds, and let the effect be startling and sublime; ask, then, two men, whose imaginations have been trained in different modes of life, each to offer an interpretation; each will explain it in his own way, and each, though contrary to the other, may not be inconsistent with the original.—Suppose these two men to be a sailor and a soldier. The sailor will call it a thunder-storm, and the soldier will maintain it is a battle. By what peculiarity of sound can the specific difference be determined? By what rapid shrillness may a flash of lightning be implied, which will not, with as correct analogy, imply a flash of powder? and what heavy movement of deep bass will call to mind the rolling of thunder, that may not as naturally represent the rolling of cannon? If any zealot for the precision of musical expression, should tell me, that military airs could easily be so

interspersed as to distinguish a battle from a tempest: I say it is little to the purpose, if the sounds which should directly suggest the conflict do not, without mistake, suggest it. To criticise music, as if it had the qualities which belong to articulate speech, is to put it in positions as ludicrous as some characters were wont to hold in the ancient drama, in which one man represented a wall, and another a grove—and in which each was obliged to indicate his part by saying—"*I am the wall*"—"I am the grove." Every art has its own limit; and to endeavour to convey it beyond that, tends to degrade it from genius to quackery.

From the very fact that music is not bound to a rigid and arbitrary articulation, it is the most spiritual, the most impressive, and the most universal of all arts; it is thence, the voice of humanity, for it is the voice of the heart. Poetry and music act on the same elements of our nature, but in a diverse method. Poetry awakens emotion, by means of thought, but music awakens thought, by means of emotion. The effect of music is more immediate and intense than that of poetry, but the impression of poetry is more indwelling and more lasting. Poetry, also, has the great advantage, that its power can be carried to the heart at once, and does not need, as music, an agency, which, even in moderate skill, cannot always be commanded, and that in perfect skill can rarely be found. Music, however, in the works of its greatest masters, is to me more marvellous and more mysterious than poetry—of all that proceeds from creative genius, I regard it as the most wonderful emanation. The spirit of a sublime poet, however remote from me, is not beyond my conception; but that of a sublime musician, is enshrouded from my ken within a sanctuary which my imagination has never been able to pierce. Listen, for instance, to a complete orchestra, in the performance of any noble musical composition—be it opera or oratoria, mass or symphony—and you will apprehend what I am unable to explain. Now a strain, almost rudely simple, comes upon your ear—then there rolls a swell of harmony hugely onward, as the waves of the ocean now there are tones of sorrow—then a burst of choral gladness: now, groanings from the depths of a wounded spirit—then, gushings of praise, such as angels might have shouted when earth was born into sunshine: now, the wrangling discords of anger—then, the wild incoherencies of madness—then, the breathings of holy thoughts, the purity of saintly feeling, so chastened that they seem not for the coarse air of our hard world, so celestial that they seem fit only for the harps of seraphs. What imaginations must they have been, in which all these were conceived a forethought! what a combination of reckless enthusiasm with consummate art! what a union of the spontaneous and the reflective, of the instinctive and the æsthetical!

Marvellous as the variety is in all the most glorious music, the unity of it is yet more marvellous—*unity of spirit, unity of purpose*, and unity of effect. Consider the mechanism by which this unity is to be produced, the arrangements and adjustments of so many sounds, with so many modes of producing and *combining them, in song, hymn, anthem, symphony*—in all harmonies of dramatic fancy sacred and secular—these things, then, considered, tell me whether an inventive and creative musical genius is not, in the known works of God, among the rarest and the most surprising.

The desire for popular effect has injured music, as in these days it has injured every other art. And the mischief, as in the case of all permanent mischief, has come from the abuse of genius. Paganini, who had the capacity of a wizard, to rule human passion as he listed, either from the vulgar inclination for notoriety or gain, chose to wed empyricism to power. Not content with the high sovereignty of a mighty artist, to hold a perfect sway over emotion, by cutting antics on a single string, he entered into competition with the dancer on the tight-rope. Men of genius, on other instruments than the violin, have unfortunately been tempted to make that the rule which Paganini made the exception and to take that for their system, which, with him, was only sport. These men of a true inspiration, capable, if just to that inspiration, of moving souls in their profoundest consciousness, have preferred the wages of ingenuity to the *immortality of fame*. The noblest art is thus turned into elegant jugglery; and the musician that so degrades it, is, to a cultivated audience, precisely what a conjuror, who can eat fire or balance a poker on his nose, is to country clowns. True art, to be sure, delights in overcoming difficulties; but it overcomes them for a purpose; and the conquest it uses as a means, but never stops in it as an end. Within the last two winters I have heard, in common with enraptured crowds, two musicians, who, in the spirit of right enthusiasm, have subdued the obstinacy of a most obsunt instrument. The men I allude to are Knox

and Bohrer—and the instrument is the violin-cello. Most glorious sounds have they flung upon the winds of Yankee-land, and most devotedly have such of our free and enlightened citizens, as the grace of God has blessed with taste, gone to hear. Both these men are masters, and both are different. Knoop is a zealot, and you cannot but observe his zeal. He is a dogged adorer of his instrument, and he clings to it with ungainly gesture, but with fervid love; onward he careers, in zephyr and in tempest, and, rising into exstacy himself, seems unconscious of the exstacy he has created. Bohrer is earnest as well as Knoop; but he is earnest with more external grace.—He is perfectly at his ease—looks blandly towards the audience, from time to time—evinces his consciousness of their sympathy—throws out his floods of rapture with a facility that almost appears indolent: in sprightly sallies, seems to cheer his instrument with smiles—and in pensive passages, hangs over it with a languid and indulgent fondness. I constantly see things in the way of analogy; and, after this fashion, regarding the instruments of these men as their wives, I will show in what aspect each artist was presented to my vagrant imagination. Knoop was an inspired rustic, that clasped his bride and kissed her, and cared not who was present. Bohrer was a polished and well-bred gentleman, whose affection was evident, but *comme il faut*—in fact, Bohrer, with his loved one, "behaved himsel afore folk."—Yet, with all this apparent ease and self-possession, his soul was concentred in his work—every touch, every movement, contributed to increase the excitement, or to deepen the impression, until the brain was giddy to sickness—until the heart was full to suffocation.

Glorious, however, as such music is, its effect is by no means universal. It is too highly artistical for instinctive appreciation. The tones to which the common heart responds are never elaborate or involved. The tones to which our most touching associations are linked, it does not require training to feel. Thence it is, that the music which longest holds its power on us—which earliest begins its influence, and loses its influence the latest—the music which delights our childhood and cheers our age—which the popular memory preserves, and which the popular affections cherish—this music is always simple. Thus it is with the music of love. Love, being the simplest of sentiments, rejects all but the simplest expression, be this expression in word or tone. The love-lyrics of Burns are among the finest that were ever written, and they are all adapted to old popular tunes, not only familiar, but even homely. Burns, with the instinct of a true poet, saw that whatever a nation preserves for successive generations is not conventional, but human. Guided by such an instinct, he took up the old airs of his country, and wed them to immortal verse. Carolan, the last of the Irish bards, a man of rare genius and of noble heart, was in melody what Burns was in verse—a production of nature's finest moulding.—Moore has given words to many of these airs; but there is small congruity between the words and the airs; the words seem written with the oil of roses, but the airs are as the echoes in lonely caves, or as the breezes over mountain heather. The music of patriotism is simple.—All national airs are simple. The power of such airs you do not need to be told. In father-land, these airs, as you know, can endow the heart with the bravery of a lion—in exile they subdue it to an infant's weakness. The Swiss, in foreign armies, you are aware, cannot bear the "Ranz de Vaches." The Swiss are not in this peculiar. What Briton does not feel his heart beat more quickly as the swell of his national anthem comes upon his ear? I have seen Irishmen aroused almost to madness by a local melody. I knew a blind harper, who, after years, recognized an early friend by the manner in which he danced to a certain tune. I have heard of a poor Irish girl, running into a parlour, convulsed in tears, when a lady was playing one of her native ballads: "O ma'am!" she exclaimed, "dear, dear ma'am! play that again, play that again! O, dear lady, play that! I love to hear it!"—These sounds transported, over distance and years, the spirit of the poor home-sick girl.—She was again in the scenes of her infancy, of her youth—the hut where she was born, was before her—the parents that reared and blessed her, started to her view—her kindred—her playmates—her passages of girl's love and romance—the tragedy and comedy of her unsophisticated woman's life—were all summoned in those pregnant tones. The music of piety, too, is simple. Simple were those strains which the early Christians murmured in dens and caves of the earth: simple are those Gregorian chaunts, which the church has since poured out in her triumph and glory: simple is that *Miserere*, which, if all Christendom could hear, all Christendom would weep; simple is that *Stabat Mater*, which describes the divinest of women, in the holiest of sorrows: simple were those psalms, and hymns,

and godly songs, by which the Scotch raised, among their glens and mountains, in the hard days of persecution, the voice of an honest testimony. This allusion to Scotland, calls to mind a very remarkable effect of simple devotional music, to which I once was witness. The church in which I heard it was not in connexion with the Kirk, for it had the advantage of an organ. A young student of the university, on this occasion, played this organ. The first verses of the hymn were hopeful and aspiring, and the youthful artist adapted his modulation to the sentiment, with admirable skill. The last stanza was deeply plaintive: without changing the tune, by a rapid turn he altered the manner. The minister and his audience suddenly burst into tears. How many histories of the invisible Spirit—how many secret annals of the heart—how many thoughts of affection, of grief, of penitence—sad recallings of the past—melancholy bodings of the future, did these few touches awaken! Alas! the minstrel who called them up is now himself but a memory. He has passed from earth: like the sounds which his genius awakened, *his life was a transient sweetness that soon* melted into silence. The hand which once had such enchantment in its touch, is now rigid in the palsied grave: the heart so accordantly strung has had its living chords dissolved—a lute broken to fragments in the dust—it will no more, to the ear of mankind, discourse most eloquent music. * * * * *

When my acquaintance commenced with this young friend, he was a student in the University of Glasgow. About eighteen years of age, handsome, and of goodly presence, he was withal a youth of most excellent spirit.—To the refinement of mind, which springs from liberal studies and good society, he joined the courtesy of an affectionate nature, and the frankness of an honest heart. More a musical enthusiast than a scholastic reader, he loved the divine art with his entire soul; and whatever hours he could abstract from his academic exercises, and whatever money he could spare from his necessary expenses, he devoted to its cultivation.

My residence for a time was in Greenock; and Greenock, which now by railroad is within an hour's travel of Glasgow, was then about two hours' sail by steamboat. By means of this facility, my young friend had frequent opportunities of pleasant relaxation, and I the privilege of agreeable society. My dwelling was outside the town; and the waves of the beautiful Clyde washed almost the steps of my door. Beyond its ample waters we could see from my windows the towers of Rosneath, crowning the noble woods which the high-born Campbells had long called theirs; farther in the view arose the Ayrshire mountains, and sublimely over all was spread the many-coloured, and the many-clouded sky of Scotland.—Often were the occasions, and pleasant, when we watched this landscape together—a landscape that had endless changes, and in every change was glorious. Morning, evening, noon, there was novelty, and when grief was absent, novelty was rapture. Sometimes the sun arose in clearness, and forest, and glen, and mountain, and lake, met the eye in splendour, and filled the heart with joy. But this sun, which came out so fair, often went down in blood-red flame, leaving the tempest and the seas to rage in darkness. We gazed, and we admired; but also we felt, that while we gazed and admired, others trembled and wept. The shore had mourning, and the deep destruction; through the starless arch of heaven were borne the wailings of despair, while death, walking in terror, gave his victims to a fathomless *sepulchre, with the shrieking winds above them* for a dirge, and the eternal waters around them for a shroud. Sometimes the morning dawned in gloom, with the river merely visible through the sleepy vapours, and the highlands hidden within depths of cloud. But as the day advanced, this curtain of mist would be folded up; gradually the panorama expanded—first, the plain came out freshly to the light; the hill-side next appeared, with every hue playing along its heather; finally, the bare and rocky peaks boldly raised their lofty foreheads in the open azure.

Numerous, also, were the wanderings which we have had in company; and he who has roamed in Scotland with a congenial friend has few greater luxuries to regret, and none greater to envy. With most moderate funds and no ceremony, we had enjoyments which prompted us to pity kings. The hills and the valleys at our threshold were in themselves exhaustless; and taking a wide circuit, staff in hand and wallet on shoulder, satisfied with coarse fare, and rest where we could find it—after a short sojourn, we returned to the point whence we set out, not much poorer in purse, and vastly richer in happiness.

Let me sketch a few of these vagrancies for you, as illustrations of humble tourists in search of the picturesque—no, not in *search* but in *enjoyment* of it.

Once we set out from Greenock, on a sum-

mer evening, to walk to Largs. Largs is a village on the border of the Clyde, nearer to its mouth than Greenock, by, I believe, about sixteen miles. Our way lay along the river, widening at every step, until it mingles with the ocean. The atmosphere was so balmy, that it was luxury to live; the horizon was serenely clear, and, except the evening star, there was no speck in the canopy of blue. On our left were the thick-leaved woods—on our right the drowsy river—and, between them both, we jogged on merrily, as to a bridal. In the twinkling of an eye, the weather changed, the air darkened—the winds grew loud—the rain fell in torrents—the waters roared to madness—night came—no shelter was at hand—and we were yet some miles from our resting-place. We reached the town at last, drenched to the bone, and found a warm shelter in a hospitable inn. We were soon laughing lustily in cosy blankets, extracting pleasure from our pains, with a table between our beds, smoking with hot cakes, hot coffee, and hot cutlets.—Willingly, I would take at any time again the same endurance with the same enjoyment.

Sailings on the lakes, we have had also.—We have seen the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and mused through the groves of Inverary. We knew nothing of common-place and *systematic travelling, and all to us was the freshness* of nature, and the romance of tradition. Inverary,—seat of the great Campbells,—shrouded in the magic of story, and girded by flood and mountain, was exciting to us, as if a steamboat had never darkened its waters.—Just as we were entering the gate, a gentleman went in at the same time, of the ducal family, who was then on an electioneering expedition in the neighbourhood. I had long desired to see a Highland gentleman in native costume, and as I went into the hall of Inverary Castle I was fully gratified. Campbell of Islay was standing there in full array, with kilt and dirk, bonnet and plume, and the tartan of his clan. He was all that a chieftain should be—of manly appearance, of chivalric courtesy, and of hospitable speech. Changed as society has been by modern revolution—and in much changed for the better—the costume which this gentleman assumed, when his desire was to ingratiate sympathy, evinced how long old-world notions dwell in the popular affection, even when they have vanished from the popular theory. Fact it is, that nations, as they grow in age, exist like individuals in the past; and though the advance of years be often in oth an advance towards idiocy and decay, the mere instinct of life renders the past proportionately more precious. Fact it also is, that whatever be our *logic*, our *feelings* are conservative, and our logic has no power, until a goading pressure has entirely reversed our feelings.

Bodily, you were never, I apprehend, in Scotland; much, doubtless, you have been there in spirit; for you have read—as who have not?—Scott and Burns. I will show you, however, what in reality may be done in the way of touring in no great number of hours. After an early breakfast one day, my young friend and myself departed from Greenock: we sailed up Loch Gair to Arorchar; from Arorchar we crossed a few miles to Tarbolton; passed from that point to the head of Loch Lomond; sailed down on the other side to Roadinnan, where we stopped for the night at the foot of Ben Lomond. Rising at dawn, we climbed the mountain, and met the sun upon his summit. Descending from the celestial to the earthly, we did ample justice to a Scottish breakfast—and, even at this distance of time and space, I can honestly testify that Dr. Johnson has not overpraised it.

The scenery, as we again embarked on the lake, appeared lovelier than before; for it is indeed wonderful, how a hearty meal brightens *the face of creation. Never*, if you can possibly avoid it, let hunger beset you in an excursion amidst the beautiful. It is worse than fog, cloud, rain—either separately or all together. It is a foul fiend, which sun, stars, hills or glades can soothe into no complacency. It banishes the smile of pleasure, and it silences the laugh of mirth. I have noticed a company grow dull and sullen amidst scenery fair as Eden. This insidious demon was amongst them; and it was not until the wretch was banished, by the powerful charm of a massive loaf, that the scales fell from the eyes of his victims.

To return, however, to our tour. Quitting the foot of Ben Lomond, the steamer carried us to Balloch, the extremity of the lake on the lowland side. Our travel then lay by Leven Water, until we reached Dumbarton, from which another steamer took us on to Greenock. Within a circle, which may thus be traversed in a day, we passed through a succession of scenes, glorious to the sight, but more glorious to the fancy—inspiring from variety of objects, but more inspiring from wealth of association. When from the pinnacle of Ben Lomond I looked down on the islet-speckled lake that lay at his base in sunny sleep, or around on

the wild wilderness of hills and waters, my imagination began to work, and it was solitude no longer, for it became peopled by the witcheries of Scott. The poetry of Smollet came with the evening breeze that played on Leven Water; and the memory of his genius, by his native streams, made that stream sacred in pensive thought, as we gazed on the shadow of his monument in its placid brightness.—And, while leaning over the precipice of Dumbarton, the moral sublimity of the patriot and martyr-hero, Wallace, to whom its castle gave a dungeon, was more exciting to us than the material sublimity of the sombre rock on which the castle stands.

Will you allow me to intrude on you the recollection of one ramble? I had decided on a visit to Edinburgh, and take in my way a loiter *through the vale of Clyde. My friend wished* to bear me company as far as Lanark. I reached Glasgow in the afternoon, and found him ready to join me; but, unfortunately, the stage-coach, which was the last for the day, had only one vacant place, and as I had an engagement next morning on the way, that I was obliged to secure. I went on, therefore, without him. It was a fine autumn evening; the sun glanced gaily along the river, which here is within narrow banks, and dashes on sportively in rustic buoyancy. The hard smooth road, upon which previous rains had laid the dust, was gemmed on each border with cheerful cottages; luxuriant orchards, burdened with fruit, hung over its sides; the horses pranced away proudly and speedily; the driver gossipped by turns with his passengers and with his steeds; nameless jest and hearty laughter hastened the time and shortened the journey, until I found myself at the place where I was to quit the coach. From this I was to take a by-path to a village on the hills. Lovely are these by-ways of Britain; lovely their hawthorn hedges, trellised with ivy and honeysuckle; lovely their shade and solitude—their wild-flowers and their birds—their perfumed banks for the traveller's repose, and their warbling concerts for his solace. The twilight was on the verge of darkness, when I entered the hamlet at which I was to rest. I had fixed myself in the parlour of its quiet inn, and was musing over a stiff cup of tea, when, to my surprise and pleasure, my friend bolted into the room. He had crossed the country on foot, and enthusiasm bore him on without fatigue, charmed by the new phases of beauty which opened to his view at every step. An hour's chat, and then to sleep, with the stillness of nature around us, deep enough to keep a Cockney awake. When an early hour the next morning found us again upon the road, we proposed to breakfast with a farmer, to whom I had an introduction, and whose residence was a few miles distant on our way.—The head-man of the place, whose acquaintance I had the privilege to make, came to escort us beyond the borders, and to do the honours of his village. This head-man was the shopkeeper of the place, a dispenser of most comprehcated merchandise, from pins to reaping-hooks, from thimbles to plough-shares with a goodly assortment of hams and hardrows, of gimcracks and gingerbread, of hogs lard and primers, of soap and psalm books.—He was the grandee of the neighbourhood, the speculator, the capitalist, the man of wealth *and wisdom, a combined epitome of Rothschild* and Solomon. He put on his hat with dignity—buttoned his coat with satisfaction—walked with measured pace—shook his head with profound sagacity—and intimated the possession of a marvellous knowledge by his pauses. When we had attained the summit of some rising ground that overlooked the village, he turned round, folded his arms, and remained some moments in eloquent silence. A fine contemplative serenity marked the expression of his features, as he surveyed the sphere of his mercantile activity and his social consequence. There it was, flooded with the lustre of the morning sun, about half a mile beneath us, and no corner of it concealed; a score of low thatched cabins on one side, "all in a row," and a score to match them, "all in a row," on the other. This architectural uniformity was elegantly relieved by two houses, which had each a second story—one the tavern, and the other belonging to our venerable friend. After a while, he addressed himself to me, with most imposing gravity: "Wonderful times these, sir."

"Yes, verily," answered I.

"Wonderful times, sir. All things going by steam, sir. Even babies grow faster now than when I was a bairn. Great times for knowledge and improvement. We've come on a bit here, I can tell you, sir. Would you believe it, sir, but thirty years ago there was not a dozen houses in that town, and see, sir, what it is now!" He seemed quite elated in pointing to this remarkable illustration of rapid progress. "But we know how to do things here, sir; we're an enterprising people, sir, that we are. We don't get on I ken, so quick as the Glasgow folks; but in our own way, sir, we

manage matters to please ourselves: we're steady and sure, that we are."

"Though," said I, "you have no foreign commerce, I suppose you've an extensive domestic business?"

"We've our share, sir," and he shook his noddle.

"You don't happen to sell," I enquired, "any Kilmarnock night-caps?"

"No, sir, no, sir; they're a drug here: we can knit night-caps ourselves, sir—it's a branch of native trade. We're concerned a bit in the egg business, and we're about to form a joint live chicken company; it'll be a handsome speck, sir. We've a building company, and we hope by and by to have an insurance office: I've a small investment in the building, and I'll give them a decent penny towards the insurance affair. Sound to the bone here, sir.—Capital well invested, sir—good return, sir.—Nothing like spirit, sir. What's a man, what's a community without spirit? Nothing, sir, nothing; you could'nt do better, sir, than settle among us—a growing place, on the high road to prosperity. We intend soon to light our town with gas—finest coal for gas here in the world, and we're talking of having a gas company."

This was too much—it was not in humanity to keep down cachinnation; so, pleading haste, I bade him a rapid good morning, and saved my reputation.

Having reposed a few hours with our farmer host, and partaken of his hospitable fare, a leisurely stroll brought us in the afternoon to Lanark. The farmer came with us, and did not leave us until he consigned us to a brother of his for the night. Though in the humble occupation of a carrier, this brother had a house that was the perfection of neatness, and his wife and himself were the perfection of good nature. Our supper was from a board covered with homely plenty. We slept in compact little chambers, with beds and windows curtained in the purest white; and we arose to a breakfast, at which we had trout, which were that morning caught in a contiguous stream. The scenery around Lanark is inexpressibly lovely, and the falls of Clyde, with more beauty than sublimity, to any one who has seen Niagara, yet, like all cataracts, defy description. But, though I cannot describe to you the torrent, or the woodland paradise in which it is embosomed, I can tell you something of a young blacksmith, who was my voluntary and unpaid guide. At the upper fall, we sat in a rustic bower; we listened to the roar of waters, and watched the tumbling flood, which seemed, as its broken gushings mingled with the sunbeams, a shower of gems and rain-bows. Romance is in all conditions; and in every condition the poetry of the heart has purity and exaltation. While I was admiring this summer aspect of the fall, the blacksmith dwelt on some of its winter appearances. He used to see it, when the frost congealed its brilliant driblets on the rocks, and when the moon poured her splendour upon the forest and the fall. And one used to see it with him; and here was the charm. In this bower he came to meet his ladye-love; and here they mingled the outpourings of affection with the voice of song; and she, who was then a gladsome lassie, was now a youthful matron. Very oddly, had they heard Rossini's music, or read Bulwer's novels, they could not have courted with more romance, or been fonder of sylvan shades for their whisperings. But nature, after all, is the greatest teacher. Young man and maiden, royal or rustic, may differ in expression, but in little else; for nature, which is no monopolist, is not in the texture of the garment, but in the living pulse that throbs beneath it. This young pair, as well as the most refined of aristocrats, would woo in silence and alone—they sought the moonlight and the grove, and here they had a trysting place, which Queen Mab herself might choose, if she had an elfin lover; but no doubt the anthem of the eternal cataract, that rushed beside and beneath them, was a faint sound, while they breathed their mutual vows; and the vista between hills to the far-off sky, and the gleaming of stars upon the dancing waters, were little heeded in the reflection of love in meeting eyes. Wherever nature can act in freedom, life in its essential has much of equality—the worst anomalies of life arise from the paralysis of nature by sordid destitution, or the perversion of nature by artificial desires.

The truth of these remarks had practical illustration in another, but very opposite kind of person, whom I came across in this neighbourhood, and on this evening. A few nights previously, I had been in the theatre in Glasgow, and was profoundly affected by the pathos which a young performer threw into his acting. He was, as I found upon enquiry, a person of some genius, but of no discretion. He once had highest prospects on the London boards—was admired by the elder Kean, and at his recommendation procured an excellent engagement. But drinking and dissipation ruined all. In the foam of the goblet all high

aspiration was drowned, ambition quenched, and hope forever darkened. He not only neglected his studies, but forgot his appointments, and when he ought to have been in the green-room, was insensible in the tavern. The result is clear; confidence was taken from him, and he was cast upon the world with pitiless contempt. Now and then a provincial manager would have him in a favourite part, and on such occasions needed all precautions to keep him sober. On the evening that I was in Lanark, I saw, by bills through the town, that he was to give recitations, and I went to hear them. The place, I think, was an old market-house. The elocutionist came from behind a sort of screen. His face was pale and pimpled, his eyes heavy, his graceful person clad in vesture that was as worn as himself.—His boots were patched, his trousers brushed to thin elemental threads, and his coat buttoned closely to the chin. He was accompanied by a female, already *passee* in age and beauty; her dress was tawdry, rouge was stuck upon her pallid and withered features. She took part in some dialogue pieces, and was affectation, vanity, and poverty, personified. The gentleman, although he seemed to have taken some strong drink, recited with exceeding truthfulness and force, and with a simplicity that combined fine perception with high culture. But to whom did he recite? Besides my young friend and self, there were two factory girls—three men, in soiled fustian jackets —half a dozen young scamps, that yelled like wolves or jackalls—a dandy, that kept his hat on, and sucked the head of his cane, and an old crimson-nosed toper, that snored after the first five minutes, to the close of the performance. The weary and wretched speaker retired from this beggarly bundle of auditors without enough to pay for the dirty tallow candles, which dropped their grease upon the floor, and made the darkness both dismal and visible. And thus, while this man of genius was a ruined outcast, without friendship or funds, by means of inordinate passions and disordered will, a humble mechanic, by moderate wants and unsophisticated affection, had secured all the pleasures which wisdom can seek, or which earth can bestow—the blessings of health, competence, love, and home.

At Lanark, my young friend and I separated; he returned to Glasgow and I went on to Edinburgh. Once again I saw him. He was going home to England, to spend the vacation. He was in the heyday of life and hope; already the gladness that awaited his return was before him in anticipation; the clasp of his father's hand and the pressure of his mother's bosom; the merry welcome of his brothers and sisters, and the hearty greetings of his school-day companions. He arrived to enjoy all that he had anticipated, but he did not enjoy it long. From an evening circle of mirth and gaiety, he came away loaded with fever, and died, after an illness of two days. As his image often comes to me in the recollections that people the summer twilight or the winter interval, between the closing of the shutters and the lighting of the candles, I could not omit a reminiscence of him, from the individual musings which these scribblings are intended to record.

Edinburgh, the beautiful and the far-famed, I mention only for the sake of a little incident. Lions, I like well to see, and I saw them; but they have been described to the extremity of a hair and the point of a claw. I have nothing to add to these zoological researches; and truth to say, if I had the ability, I want the inclination. The most agreeable hour I spent was with Mr. Steele, then a young sculptor of eminent promise; promise which he has since fulfilled. The stamp of an artist was on his pale and thoughtful countenance; his mien, gestures and expression had a grace which evinced an innate perception of the fair and the fit. Like every man of a true inspiration, he was modest and courteous. He led me through his studio; shewed me works in different stages, from embryo thoughts, rudely fashioned into clay, to those which stood completely embodied in the full maturity of chiselled marble. Sculpture, I ventured to observe, was the most perfect manifestation of *ideal* beauty through *material* form. He seemed pleased with the remark; merely, I suppose, because it implied a desire to judge of his art with a rational appreciation. I went from his door confident of his progress. I had no critical skill: I could give no reason for the faith that was in me; but the faith was there, and it has been since justified. A few minutes after quitting his door, I was seated in a canal packet boat, making all speed back to Glasgow. One other passenger was in it, and that was a young lady. The circumstance justified conversation without an introduction, and ere long we were deep in gossip about things in general and Edinburgh in particular. I mentioned my visit to Mr. Steele, and gave hearty utterance to the feelings which it inspired. "*I*, sir," said she, "*am Mr. Steele's sister.*" Pleasant it was to me, that my words were not words

of censure; pleasant to me afterwards was the memory of this praise; and, flowing honestly and warmly as it did from a stranger's lips to a sister's ear, I would fain hope that to the lady herself it was also pleasant. I would not for the critical powers of Longinus, and the opulent wit of Rabelais, have wounded that young girl's feelings; and yet, unconsciously, I might have stung them to the quick. Mr. Steele has recently been selected by Sir Robert Peel to execute one of three great national works.

Thus the stream of years flows on, sweeping some to oblivion, and carrying others to the open day of fame. But, after all, this course is only comparative. The most noted will sink at last with the most obscure. My young friend awakened a few tones of emotion within the circle of a span, and then came silence.—The Scottish sculptor has made for his conceptions lasting habitations in solid forms.—Yet had my young friend an imagination as mighty in harmony as Handel's, he would, notwithstanding, be forgotten; and had the Scottish sculptor the plastic chisel of Phidias, a like destiny would also be his. The statues of Greece are in ashes, and the music of Zion has not left an echo. Time not only wears out arts, but ultimately it will alter nature.—Not only the sound of the lute and the lyre die, but so will the sound of the wind and the wave: the colours of the pencil fade, so will the glory of the sun: the sculptured marble moulders, *so will the mountain from which it* was hewn. The only immortality is THOUGHT, and that which thought inhabits—SPIRIT.

For The Amaranth.

## THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

I've a beautiful flower, 'tis the summer's rose,
It blooms 'neath a bower where the jessamine grows;
I've watched the deep tint of each delicate leaf,
Like my childhood it ope'd—free from sorrow or grief.

Sweet rose, I have loved thee, and cherished thee well,
For around thee there lingers a soft mystic spell;
And though beauteous and bright, thy young life now appears,
Yet with sighs I bend o'er thee, and kiss thee with tears.

For I know that ere long thou wilt wither away—
Thy green stem will soon droop, and thy soft leaves decay—
While the zephyrs which now lightly catch thy sweet breath,
Will still gambol when thou shalt lie faded in death.

And I know that though now thou art blooming and gay,
Though thou'rt smiling and blushing thy sweet life away,
Yet 'neath the smooth leaves that thy green stem adorn—
There is hidden, oh! me, there is hidden a thorn.

Should thy radiant beauty—thy breath soft and pure—
To thy side some poor wanderer unhap'ly allure;
If rudely he'd snatch thee, oh, let him beware,
For "under the rose" there is hidden a snare.

Oh, thus, 'tis with life, when each pleasure is bright—
When around us there flits no dark shadow of night;
When fondly we dream, we're secure from the storm,
It will burst o'er our heads, for concealed is the thorn.

And though joy's fairy barque o'er a smooth sea shall glide,
Though hope furl her sails, and wild mirth stem the tide—
Yet 'neath sorrow's chill blasts joy and mirth will soon die,
While hope plumes her wings for a home in the sky.

Love, too, truant love, a bright spell he can weave,
He is constant and true, (so he bids us believe;)
But when once we have yielded and clasped his slight form,
Like our rose, we shall find that he too, has a thorn.

Then trust not to earth—fickle fortune may bless—
Gentle voices allure us, and fond ones caress;
The pure flowers of love deck our youth's rosy morn,
Yet all these may fade, and leave naught but the thorn. HARRIET.

*Fredericton, N. B., July*, 1843.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

It has been remarked by somebody, that the happiest part of our existence is passed at school. I will not pronounce a verdict in favour or against this observation, but content myself with the remark, that of the many agreeable companions with whom my wanderings have made me familiar, I cannot call to mind happier reminiscences than those connected with Ralph Munday. We studied navigation on the same form, and, notwithstanding he was my senior by two years, there existed between us a strong feeling of friendship. The attachment of boyhood, however ardent the feelings, rarely stands the rude buffets of this every-day working world, and disappointment is almost the common lot.

With Ralph Munday, however, are connected some of the happiest and brightest of my scholastic recollections: we studied the same noble science together, and both aspired to become conspicuous in the soul-stirring profession which our youthful imaginations looked forward to with curiosity and wonder.

Often did we speculate upon the chance of our meeting at some distant day in a foreign land, in the event of which how fresh and vivid would be the recollections of our mimic navigation in the village brook which bounded the old school-house. These, and many similar scenes, are seared into the brain of one, who remembers them only as delusions of the past—as delusions that existed only for the hour in which they occurred, and not as the fruit of that blossom which futurity was to expand and ripen into perfection. Even at the distant day I narrate this incident, I remember the sorrow I experienced at parting with my early friend to join his ship; and although the brevity of a schoolboy's sorrow has passed into a proverb, mine was an exception to the rule.

The time soon arrived when I was doomed to follow his example; and being appointed to H. M. frigate L——, bound to the East Indian Archipelago, Borneo, Celebes, and the thousand other islands which stud the ocean in that interesting portion of the globe, I left home with the sobs and blessings of a fond mother ringing in my ears for many a mile, and I joined the ship upon her distant voyage. I shall not attempt the description of a voyage to India, or of any of the different islands on which I landed; but proceed at once with the narration of the incident which, at the time of its occurrence, produced in me an overpowering sensation.

The supply of wood and water having been much reduced during the voyage, it became necessary to put into Raja Bassa roadstead, in the Island of Sumatra, for a supply of these indispensable articles.

Nothing can surpass the extreme beauty of this island, clothed with trees of every tint down to the margin of the sea. The graceful palm, nodding its tall, feather-like foliage to the passing breeze—the gigantic camphor, a forest in itself—the waving acacia and the fragrant oleander contributing with the brilliant hues of the tropical birds to complete the enchantment of the place. On a beautiful evening the cruiser anchored in the roadstead.—The Malays, who inhabit this paradise, are as remarkable for their treachery as the place is noted for its beauty, and many are the deeds of blood and ferocity with which they have stained its shores. On the present occasion we were determined to be upon our guard, and, on no pretence of friendship, to allow ourselves to be lulled into a confidence which these cruel savages might turn to their own advantage.

As soon as the ship was at anchor they pushed off in their canoes, bringing such produce as they imagined would induce us to trade with them. A lively barter soon commenced between the seamen and the natives, in the midst of which I received orders to join the watering party going ashore. A Malay who had been a voyage to Bengal in a country ship, who spoke a little English, undertook to pilot the boats into a bay where the water-butts might be safely got on shore. The distance from the ship to the land was about two miles, between which a strong tide was running.—The beach was low and sandy, and a heavy ground-swell and surf tumbled into the little bay in which it was our intention to land. It was arranged that we should proceed to the centre of the bay, and haul the boats and water-casks upon the beach, and go in search of the spring with the main body of the men, leaving myself and two others to light a fire upon the beach in sight of the ship. As soon as the fire was visible to those on board they were to answer the signal by hoisting a lantern at the mizen-peak; and, in the event of an attack by the Malay's, the fire was to be extinguished, and assistance should be sent to the watering-party immediately. By the time we reached the shore it was quite dark.

No event of any consequence occurred until we arrived at the edge of the surf, when the

native pilot requested the men to rest upon their oars, while he hailed his countrymen who were assembled upon the beach in great numbers. The party in the boat, expecting some treachery was meant, demanded of him the nature of his intention, but before he could make himself intelligible, the effect of his conduct became sufficiently apparent. I have before mentioned the dense nature of the foliage, which in places overhangs the sea. The spot selected for the landing of the boats was of this description, which enabled the Malay to introduce us to his island in a novel and picturesque manner. The hum of voices on shore ceased; in places we observed torches carried to and fro, which soon increased to hundreds; presently they were carried into the trees overhanging the sea, and caused sufficient light to be thrown upon the foaming water, to enable us to avoid the difficulties of the navigation in which we were engaged. My powers of description are inadequate to give even a faint idea of the wild and picturesque appearance of the shore, covered by groups of half-naked Malays, with blazing fires in their hands, yelling, hooting, and capering about in a frantic manner, their glowing eyeballs shining in the lurid glare of the torches, giving them more the appearance of demons about to perform some horrid rites or unearthly sacrifice, than human beings with whom we were about to exchange offices of civility.

On landing, the party immediately separated, the main body traversed the margin of the sea to the right of the bay, in search of the spring, the Malays following them with their torches; the seamen who were left with me keeping their retiring figures in view until the torches of the natives, from the effects of distance, assumed the appearance of fire-flies, when an angle of rock, round which they defiled, shut them out from our view.

Having lighted a fire and collected a tolerable supply of fuel I extended myself upon the beach, and reflected upon the singularity of my situation: one feeling, however, was predominant, and that was mistrust of the Malays. Hour after hour rolled on, and no sounds, except the beating of the surf upon the shore and the howl of the wild beasts in the forest, fell upon the ear.

I soon found the task of maintaining a good fire a difficult one, and, to render it more so, the rain fell about midnight in torrents, and knowing if the fire was extinguished, no matter under what circumstances, a boat would be sent to us with an armed crew, I made every exertion to prevent such an unnecessary display and trouble. Our united exertions, though increased to the utmost, were insufficient, and the flames no longer ascended to that height which was thought sufficient for the look-out on board to distinguish. Taking one of the seamen with me, together with a lanthorn and an axe, we proceeded to make a wider range in search of fuel than had hitherto been done.

While proceeding along the beach in search of driftwood, the man a little in advance of me stumbled against an upright pillar of wood firmly fixed in the earth, about a foot square and five feet high, and which had evidently been shaped into its form by other hands than those of the inhabitants of the island on which it stood. I tried to move it, but our united efforts were of no avail. It was, however, too valuable a prize to relinquish, and we accordingly commenced operations by striking the axe into the head of the pillar, in order to insert a wedge to split it open. Whilst the seaman was endeavouring to extricate his axe after inflicting a heavy blow upon the top of the massive post, I took the lanthorn in my hand to examine it closely, when my curiosity was excited by finding that letters had been rudely carved upon it. Desiring the man instantly to desist, I commenced a minute examination of it, and in amazement read the following inscription:—

"Near this pillar are interred the remains of Mr. Ralph Munday, who, together with fourteen men, was basely murdered by the Malays, when engaged on a watering party, — day of — 182—."

It was the humble tomb of my schoolfellow, Ralph Munday; and such was our meeting in a foreign land!

## FARE THEE WELL.

FAREWELL! whate'er my lot may be
While tossed on life's tempestuous sea;
'Till every nerve in death shall thrill,
I'll love thee, love thee, love thee still!

Should storms of sorrow o'er my path
Unfold their raven-wings of wrath,
Or pleasure strew my path with flowers;
I'll change not with life's changing hours.

Farewell! may peace thy steps attend,
'Till life's brief pilgrimage shall end;
Then may we meet on that bright shore,
Where farewell tears are shed no more!

## THE VISIT OF FORTUNE.

Weary with play, a gentle boy
Lay down awhile to rest,
When Fortune came, with gifts of joy,
And bade him choose the best.
"But heed thee! child, choose once and well,
I move by wizard time,
A moment—and I weave my spell
Far in another clime."

Light in that urchin's glances burn'd
And gladness overmuch,
As one by one each toy he turn'd
Beneath his curious touch;
Now *this* contents his changing will,
Now *that* his eyes pursue;
Pleas'd, he retaineth one—until
Another charms his view.

But as the youth, the glittering store,
Surveyed in doubt profound,
The mystic wand which fortune bore
Dial'd the moment 'round;
True to the time, the maid of Fate,
Fled with her gifts of cost,
And left the boy to mourn, too late,
The prize for ever lost.

Oh! ye of manhood's pond'ring dreams,
Whose pulses bound with health,
Waste not your hours o'er changing schemes
Of speculating wealth;
Hold fast, on what—considered well—
Your heart and judgment fix,
And you will never have to tell
Of Fortune's fickle tricks.

## THE POETIC IMPULSE.

Away vain yearnings for a wild ideal!
Why tempt ye me, like visions from above?
Why throng round one who dwells amid things real,
Who quaffs the cup of earthly hope and love?

Away! away! and leave me still to follow
The varied path God gives me to pursue;
The joys of fancy are but false and hollow;
They shall not win me to forget the true.

Away, nor tempt me with your bright revealings
Of poesy's sweet fairy land of dreams;
Better for me to nurse the gentle feelings
Which light my home with calm contentment's beams.

Away! away! ye make my footsteps falter,
When o'er my quiet way your fair forms come,
To her who serves at the Penates' altar,
The Delphic oracles must still be dumb.

## A QUEEN FOR A DAY.

On a cold and rainy day in the month of April, 1791, a post chaise with four horses, was seen to travel the road between Lons-le-Saulnier and Besancon. Two persons occupied the carriage—one of them, a tall, handsome, elegant-looking figure, reclined alone in the back, while in the front was seated a young woman whose dress and manner at once bespoke the waiting-maid.

"What o'clock is it?" asked the mistress of the maid.

"Four o'clock, madame."

"We shall never arrive—the postillions are frightfully slow."

"The road is very bad, madame."

"What a horrible delay—I was sure my nerves would play me some disagreeable trick; detained three days at Lons-le-Saulnier, ill and unfit to continue my route, with such serious reasons to wish it ended; and to add to my misery, to go so slowly; I believe at each change of horses they have given me the most miserable beasts possible to procure."

"But, madame, unfortunately we are galloping the whole way, for the jolts are enough to dislocate our joints; it is your uneasiness and impatience prevents your feeling it. This country is pretty, but the day is so wet—I am sure that young man who follows us finds we go too fast."

"How! is he there still?"

"Yes, madame, but a few paces from the carriage; he has not lost an inch of ground.—He is a very good horseman."

"He must be a most determined idler to make a journey of seven or eight leagues, in weather like this."

"Say rather, madame, that he must be very much in love."

"He must be mad to follow a person whom he scarcely has seen, and never spoken to."

"It only proves that they have still a remnant of chivalry in the provinces. I should like to see our fashionables of Versailles or Paris gallop in that way in weather like this and a road bad enough to break one's neck; trust me they do not give themselves much trouble, they are expert at talking nonsense or in following up an easy intrigue, but most assuredly they would not do as this honest provincial."

"And they are perfectly right, for what can this young man gain but a broken back or a pleurisy."

"Poor fellow!

"You pity him, Suzanne; has he bought you over?"

"You know me too well, madame, to suspect such a thing, the chevalier——"

"Ah! it is a chevalier?"

"Did I not tell you so, and moreover, before you tore his letters, you read them and they were signed; his name is De Maillettes, and of a good family."

"Why, this a conquest really flattering."

"He saw you enter the inn at Lons-le-Saulnier, he saw you again when you went to the window, and he fell in love with you. You must know, madame, there are hearts in the world capable of love at first sight, and you should neither be offended nor surprised at having inspired a sudden passion."

"But I hope you have been discreet. You have not told him who I am? You know I have good reasons for preserving the incognito, in this journey; it is for that reason I did not permit the Duc de L—, the Marquis de C—, nor any of my faithful 'vasals' to attend me."

"Be assured he knows no more than any else; and it is not his fault, for he did not spare questions. I answered him as I did every one else, that you were called Madame de Pryne, and that you travelled for pleasure. But this did not satisfy him, his curiosity was strong enough to make him shake a purse of gold, hoping the sound of it would make me more communicative. When he saw that his offers wounded m " delicacy, that my discretion was incorruptible, he tried conjectures: no doubt, said he, it is a person of consequence whom the troubles and misfortunes of France have obliged to seek safety in flight, but I shall follow her to the end of the world."

"You see that this foolish fellow will end by compromising me."

They stopped to change horses, and after a moment's silence Suzanne recommenced the conversation—

"See," said she, "this poor chevalier, who still pursues us, and bears his wetting with a patience quite praiseworthy."

"Does it still continue to rain?" replied Madame Pryne. Then drawing the glove off her white and beautifully-formed hand, covered with diamonds, she ran her fingers through the curls of her fair hair, arranged the lace of her cap, and, notwithstanding the rain, leaned her head a little out of the window of the carriage, so true is it that zeal, devotion, and obstinacy, are always rewarded in the end.

"Where are we?" asked the handsome traveller of the postillion.

"At Naux."

"And the next stage?"

"Jougne."

"Is it a good place to stop?"

"Certainly, a town of seven thousand souls, and at the hotel of the Lion d'Argent you are as well treated as in a palace."

"That will do very well."

In this little dialogue the words were for the postillion, and the look for the chevalier, for Madame de Pryne was not a woman without pity, and after this act of charity she closed the carriage window.

"Does madame intend to pass the night at Jougne?" asked Suzanne.

"No, no, we shall continue our journey to-night; you know that I ought to be at Besancon to-morrow morning; we shall only stop for supper at the Lion d'Argent, where you are as well treated as in a palace, and then we shall continue our route."

Scarcely were the two travellers seated at a table in the famous inn of the Lion d'Argent, when a functionary wearing a tri-coloured scarf entered the dining-room, and fixing upon Madame de Pryne a scrutinizing look, seemed to compare her features with something written on a paper which he held in his hand. After this examination, by which he seemed profoundly occupied, the functionary, who was no less than the mayor of Jougne, desired the travellers to shew him their passports.

Madame de Pryne seemed embarrassed—

"Could you not spare us, sir," said she "this formality; all our papers are shut up in one of our portmanteaus."

"I am very sorry," drily replied the officer, "but no one can avoid submitting to procedure so important at present in this country. Your trunks must be opened." And notwithstanding the ill humour shown by the ladies, the trunks were taken from the carriage, and brought into the great room of the Lion d'Argent. The largest was first opened, and what was the astonishment of the mayor on finding a tolerably large bag full of gold.

"What is this?" cried the officer, astounded.

"You see very well, sir," replied Madame de Pryne, smiling; "they are louis and double louis. Is it not allowable to carry such travelling?"

"That's as it may be, madame—there appears to me to be a large amount."

"Oh! but thirty thousand francs at most."

"Thirty thousand francs looks very like emigration."

"Indeed, do you think so?"

"Oh! you are quite right to affect indifference: but I am not so easily deceived."

"I see that there is no necessity for my interference, for you seem to manage very well, for yourself."

"A truce to railliery, if you please, madame: my character and the insignia of my office must be respected."

"Believe me, sir, they have my profound respect."

"Very well, madame: but with your permission I must continue my examination."

"Just as you please, sir."

The mayor of Jougne was going to reply, when, in lifting a linen cloth, he saw a quantity of rich embroidery, and drew from the portmanteau two dresses covered with gold, and a velvet cloak, trimmed with ermine, and fastened with a clasp of diamonds.

"Ha!" said he, "these coincide exactly with my suspicions."

"Will you be good enough to tell me what these same suspicions may be?"

"Confess first that the name of Pryne, which you have written in the book of the inn, is a feigned one."

"I acknowledge it."

"That is enough—you need not tell me any more."

"Where is the harm in travelling under a feigned name, when the incognito conceals nothing wrong?"

"We shall see that, madame."

"Let us end this scene, sir; I will show you my passport."

"'Tis not worth while; your passport signifies nothing to me now, and I will dispense with your showing it. Doubtless, it is easy enough to procure false papers—but stay, here we have enough to confound all dissimulation and destroy the mystery with which you try to surround yourself."

And as he spoke he lifted his arms triumphantly in the air, holding in one hand a crown, and in the other a sceptre of gold.

"There is no doubt now; I know who you are."

"You will perhaps tell me, then?"

"Marie Antoinette, of Austria!"

"The Queen?"

"Yes, madame; and you wish to emigrate to Switzerland. I was prepared for you."

"Really, you knew that the Queen, Marie Antoinette, intended to make her escape, and pass through here?"

"Certainly; they suspected your intentions at once and sent me word, and you see that my vigilance does not sleep. And now in the name of the law I seize you."

"Without further proofs?"

"I need no other."

"And if I again beg of you to examine my passport?"

"'Tis useless; what signifies a passport?"

"Then, nothing will shake your conviction?"

"Nothing, madame."

"In that case, sir, I must submit."

Suzanne had several times attempted to interrupt the conversation, but with an imperious gesture her mistress commanded her silence.

The Queen and her maid were now lodged in the best apartment of the Lion d'Argent with two sentinels placed at their door; the tattoo was beat; all the influential persons of the place were summoned; the national guard were under arms, and the local authorities established themselves in the large room of the inn. When all the notabilities of Jougne were united, they deliberated upon what they should do in a case of such political consequence. A furious demagogue, the chief of their party, commenced speaking in these terms:—

"Citizens—We have just made a great capture; but as a famous general once said, 'it is not enough to conquer, you must profit by the victory.' In a few days the eyes of all France will be upon us; for proud Jougne is one of the number of illustrious cities which belong to history. Let us raise ourselves to the grandeur of our new position, and let us merit the approbation of the nation which shall soon behold us; may the wisdom of Cato and the patriotism of Brutus inspire us; may our decision be thought worthy to be placed side by side with the sublime sentences of the Grecian Areopagus and the Romon senate. 'Tis this I propose:—the patriots of Jougne shall form themselves into a battalion, place Marie Antoinette of Austria in the middle of the rank, and conduct her to the bar of the national assembly; each of us to carry one of the insignia of the royalty that we have arrested in flight—this sceptre, this crown, this royal mantle, and all this golden frippery which wound our republican eyes; we shall place our spoils upon the altar of our country, and we shall return gloriously to our firesides, after having received the felicitations of our brothers and the thanks of liberty. And that it should cost nothing to the nation, I demand that the

thirty thousand francs seized upon the fugitives should be employed in paying the expenses of our journey."

This speech caused a great sensation; but the more moderate, who always spoiled the finest flights, proposed and carried, by a majority of voices, that they should await the orders of the national assembly.

At this moment the Chevalier de Maillettes, who had been delayed by a fall, arrived in the hotel of the Lion d'Argent, wet, splashed, and wearied. The first thing he asked on entering was, had they seen two ladies pass in a yellow carriage? At this question the landlord seized him by the collar, and dragged him before the committee.

"Who are you?" said the president. "What is your name?"

"Isidore de Maillettes."

"What appointment do you hold under those persons, for whom you asked on your arrival here?"

"I don't know them."

"You don't know them, and you pursue them in this fashion? You don't know them, and yet you seek them! An unhappy attempt to conceal the truth!"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Undoubtedly," said the chief of the Jacobins of Jougne, "this man conceals his real name and rank; he is some noble of Versailles, the Prince of Lamballe or Polignac, perhaps the Count d'Artois himself, secretly returned to France—search him."

They found upon the chevalier four louis, a watch, and a love-letter folded, sealed, but without address; this letter was the object of profound examination.

They sought to find a mysterious and political meaning in the phrases of gallantry which it contained, but it was time lost; for the government of Jougne did not understand the science of interpretation.

"We shall send this letter to the national assembly," said the president, "who will, perhaps, be more fortunate than we are, and find a key to those tender hieroglyphics."

"Can you deny, sir, that this letter was for the Queen?"

"What Queen?"

"Deceit is useless; we came here to arrest Marie Antoinette of Austria."

"Arrest! here! The Queen, Marie Antoinette?"

"Yes, you see concealment is out of the question, and 'twould be better for your own sake to hide nothing from us. What can you tell us of our prisoner?"

"Me? I have never seen her."

"You still persist in your absurd system, and declare that *you do not know the persons*, whom you asked after, on coming into the inn?"

"What! the lady in the yellow carriage whom I have followed all the way from Lonsle-Saulnier, the Queen of France?"

"Citizen," replied the president, in a stern voice, "I suspect you wish to mock us; but if so, know that we shall make you repent of it."

As the chevalier did not reply, they thought it useless to question him further, and determined on keeping him a prisoner.

When they had decided the fate of the chevalier, they sought the Queen, to inform her of their determination with regard to her.

"Our secretary," said the orator, "indites, at this moment, a letter to the national assembly. You must remain prisoner here until the return of the messenger, who will depart in an hour."

"I also have written to the national assembly," replied the Queen; "will you have the goodness to forward my letter with yours?"

"Willingly; and until we receive a reply from Paris, thirty-six francs a day shall be allowed for your expenses, taken from the money found in your possession, and twenty-four for the lady who accompanied you, and for the young man who has just arrived."

"A young man, did you say? It must be the unhappy Chevalier de Maillettes."

"'Tis such he calls himself; but we have no doubt it is only assumed to conceal a name of more importance. There is nothing to prevent your seeing this person; if you wish he shall come to your room."

"I wish it much," replied the Queen; and then added, in a dignified manner, "you may retire, gentlemen."

The moment after De Maillettes entered the room pale and trembling. The Queen received him with a gracious dignity; while he knelt to her, and taking her hand which she held out to him, touched it respectfully with his lips.

"Will your majesty deign to pardon the temerity of my pursuit?" said he, humbly.—"My ignorance must be my excuse."

"I pardon you, sir; and see nothing in your conduct but an exalted devotion to our royal person."

"Put it to the proof, madame, and I shall

brave the greatest dancer to show myself worthy your clemency."

"Well, chevalier, you have not long to wait an opportunity to show your zeal; the town is in an uproar, the people surround the inn; get rid of them, for they worry me with their noise."

The chevalier went out and returned in a quarter of an hour, saying—

"Your majesty's orders are obeyed. The crowd is dispersed."

"I shall not forget this service," said the Queen; "and I hope one day to be able to repay it, and give you a place at my court when I regain my proper rank; in the meantime I make you my chamberlain; and now I beg of you to order my supper, for I am—shall I confess it—uncommonly hungry."

"What! at such a moment, and after such cruel emotions! your majesty can feel hungry? What grandeur of soul!"

"The soul has very little to do in this affair. Order three covers, one for me, one for my faithful Suzanne, and one for yourself. We shall all sup together; all difference of ranks shall be forgotten in our misfortunes. We will not hold to the etiquette of Versailles at the hotel of the Lion d'Argent. Above all things take care and let the champaigne be well iced."

The repast was delightful—the Queen put her companions at their ease by telling them that she wished to banish all ceremony, and pass the time as pleasantly as possible. Suzanne begged the chevalier to relate his history, which the young man did with much simplicity.

"I belong to this country," said the chevalier, "and was twenty years old last Easter Monday. My father died in the king's service, and my mother intended me for the church, for I had an elder brother—Achilles—who was destined to maintain the family honours:—unfortunately the poor fellow was rather quarrelsome, and was killed in a duel. I was then taken from my studies, launched into the world, where I quickly forgot all I had learned, and entered eagerly into the folly and dissipation usual with young men. I got into debt and difficulty, was obliged to leave my property and live at Lons-le-Saulnier, of which I was well weary. I had just resolved to go to Paris. When you appeared, then my former projects vanished; I thought of but one person, of whose rank I was ignorant—I need not add how I followed you on horseback, and became prisoner with yourselves."

The next morning, when the Queen awoke, Suzanne told her that the ante-room was full of visitors who had been there from day-light, and wished to pay their homage.

"Really, Suzanne! but are they of sufficient rank for that?"

"Here is a list of their names."

The names were those of the highest nobility, who courageously came to render homage to persecuted royalty.

The Queen received them with a touching kindness of manner, and reproached them mildly for the imprudent step they had taken. "I thank you," she said, "and feel deeply the generous expression of your loyalty; but I must insist upon your not exposing yourselves further by remaining with me."

The Queen's remonstrances were useless.—Such was the zeal and enthusiasm of those who surrounded her, that they insisted on forming a court in the Lion d'Argent, and it was only by choosing four of the number that she could prevail on the rest to leave her.

Those four persons, Suzanne and the Chevalier de Maillettes, formed the society of the Queen, who excited their admiration by her grace, her constant serenity and gaiety, so remarkable under the circumstances in which she was placed.

Meanwhile the mayor and committee of public safety of Jougne sent each day to the national assembly of Jougne a bulletin with a detailed account of the manner in which the prisoner occupied her time.

"To-day," said the bulletin, "the Queen rose at ten o'clock; at twelve she dined, with a very good appetite, with the persons who composed her suite, after dinner her majesty wished to be alone; she paced her chamber in a state of agitation, pronouncing words which we could not catch the exact meaning of.—Bourthold, who is a man of information, pronounces them blank verses. At three o'clock the Queen demanded her attendants, and played a game of 'reversis' with the abbe de Blanzy, the president Du Ribois, and Mademoiselle Casterville ——; at five o'clock her majesty stopped playing, and conversed in an undertone with the soi-disant Chevalier de Maillettes, when the conversation became general, and they talked gaily on frivolous subjects—at eight o'clock the citizen de Moiret read a lecture in a loud voice—at nine o'clock supper was served, which lasted 'till midnight—at twelve the Queen retired to her apartment."

This state of things lasted five days, when the Baron de Moiret who passed a portion of his time out of the hotel, took the Queen aside,

and said to her, "All is ready for your escape. Our friends have re-united secretly, and a hundred thousand crowns are at my disposal. I have bribed the sentinels, and at midnight a post-chaise will wait for you at the end of the street. My measures are taken, so that we can pass out of the city and cross the frontier without danger—to-morrow your majesty can dine at Fribourg."

"No," replied the Queen. "To-morrow I shall set out for Besancon or for Paris; for 'tis to-morrow the reply of the national assembly will arrive, and my fate will then be decided. I have full confidence in the result, and I do not wish to fly: it would but serve to expose my friends to new dangers, and you have already done enough for me."

The messenger having arrived from Paris with despatches for the authorities of Jougne, the committee assembled and requested her majesty might be present at the opening of the letter. This letter, addressed to the mayor of Jougne, ran thus:—

"Citizen—We would have you to know that Marie Antoinette of Austria has not quitted Paris; and we would recommend your setting your prisoner at liberty, Mademoiselle Sainval, actress of the Theatre Francais, who is expected at Besancon, where she is to give several representations."

"Mademoiselle Sainval," cried the worthies of Jougne. "So, Madame, you have been mystifying us all this time!"

"Gentlemen," replied Mademoiselle Sainval, "I am Queen, Queen of Pont, of Palmyra, of Babylon, of Carthage, of Tyre, and of twenty other kingdoms of tragedy. Is it my fault if the mayor of Jougne has taken the diadem of Melpomene for the crown of France? You mystified yourselves; nothing could dispel your absurd error, and I submitted. You wished to make yourselves ridiculous; I recommend you to be more circumspect in future, and, with the permission of the national assembly, I will now order post horses, resigning a part which I have played in spite of myself; to-morrow I shall resume my own, only be assured the play-bill of Besancon shall explain the cause of my delay. Good morning, gentlemen."

After having given vent to this lively sally, Mademoiselle Sainval turned towards her courtiers—

"I owe you," said she, "some justification of my conduct in assuming a title which I hoped to render service to the august person who alone has a right to it. If the Queen were to escape, and pass through here, as it is supposed, I think they will be in no hurry to seek, or detain her. Finally, ladies, you have not lowered yourselves by being in my company; though I belong to the theatre, I have noble blood in my veins; my name is Alziari de Ropuefort, and my family one of the most influential in the province." Then addressing Monsieur de Maillettes, she added—"As to you, chevalier, this affair may perhaps teach you, not to run foolishly after adventures on the high-way. I promised you a place at my court when I regained my throne; I shall keep my word, my court is the comedie Francaise; and when you come to Paris, the best box in it shall be at your service!"

## THE TRUE AND FALSE.

A rose that lay sleeping
By the river weeping
From its crimson folds, in rest,
The soft dew on its breast,
Was visited with a withering blight,
By the hoar frost, in a single night!
Strewn by the winds around,
*The leaves lay on the ground;*—
And all that was so fair,
In very richness rare,—
Its odours, and its crimson dye,
*Were lost, no more to charm the eye.*

A maiden who had wept,
*The while her reason slept,*
Ere yet the day had broke,
From her troubled sleep awoke,
And to her favourite rose-bush went,
To pluck the rose of sweetest scent;
All by the dim starlight,
That flickered on the night:—
She saw not that the bush was bare,—
She knew not but the rose was there,—
She reach'd her hand—but oh, the thorn,
It stung her, and the rose was gone.

'Tis thus our pleasures lie,
'Tis thus they quickly die,
At most, illusive grown,
We grasp them, and they're gone!
'Tis thus we cherish, and we love,
*Things that will falsely prove!*
Whate'er is of the sky
Is true, and will not die;
But what is of the earth,
And from it has its birth,
Is like some fitful meteor-ray,
That nightly shoots itself away.

For The Amaranth.

## SONG OF THE WINDS.

We come from the uttermost parts of earth,
And we bear in our fond embrace,
The yielding cloud from its station forth,
To another dwelling place.

We play with the waves of the fathomless deep,
And urge them in madness away,
Or, calmly repose in our dreamless sleep—
As we lie on their silvery spray.

We sport with the gallant ship of war,
And the mariners proud, command;
Our spoils we gather from sea and star,
Our arm is o'er every land.

We visit the Icelander's icy home,
We dash o'er the rock-girt shore,
In freedom's perfection we ceaseless roam
The traverseless desert o'er.

We come in the zephyr'a breath to greet
The mountain's spring-clad brows;—
Or, the forests arouse from their silent sleep,
And scatter their pendant boughs.

We come in the passionless form of a child,
And our breathing is soft and light;
And we rage in the storm and tempest wild—
In the hurricane's deadly might.

We own not the earth as our dwelling-place,
We laugh at the *tyrant's* chain—
Our home is the boundless realm of space—
Our song is bold freedom's strain.

No master we own—no monarch obey—
We heed not the voice of power,
Tho' we kiss as we dally in frolicksome play
Full many a blushing flower.

We come from the uttermost parts of earth,
And bear in our fond embrace,
The yielding clouds from their stations forth
To another dwelling place.

*Bridgetown, N. S.*, 1843. ARTHUR.

### DOGMATISM.

NOTHING can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and even if excessive scepticism could be maintained, it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and enquiry. When men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have there given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.

### DESIRE OF CHANGE.

THE desire of change betrays itself on our very entrance into life, and continually operates in us 'till we die. We desire change of posture, of action, of food, change of all objects affecting the senses, for the eye cannot long remain fixed upon one object, and the mind still less upon one idea. Nature seems to have implanted this desire in us, amongst many other wise purposes, in order timely to arrest us in the midst both of our labours and pleasures, lest we continue either them to our prejudice: and happy is he, who early acquires the habit of most commonly obeying her gentle admonitions, without waiting 'till she upbraid him more or less loudly, for unreasonable and repeated procrastinations. By doing so, he escapes numerous evils, not only temporary, but permanent, for seasonable changes are indispensable to the steady well being both of the mind and the body.

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To CORRESPONDENTS.—A beautifully written Poem, from the pen of a favourite authoress with the readers of the Amaranth, will appear in the August number.—Several articles from different correspondents have been received, and will be attended to.

ERRATA.—In the lines entitled "A SOOTHING ADDRESS," by James Redfern, in our last; for "object," 4th verse, 2nd line, read *abject*; 7th verse, 2nd line, for "ravages rude," read *ravager rude.*


### THE AMARANTH

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