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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER, 1842.

{ No. 12.

FOR THE AMARANTH.

THE BANKER AND THE COUNT.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Adapted from the French.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VI.

No sooner did the irritated Count leave the residence of the banker, than, blinded with indignation, he repaired to the house of the Marquis de Favieri, whom he found in company with the Marquis de Berizy. To both of these he complained vehemently of the insufferable insolence of his antagonist, calling upon them, and his friends, to assist him in seeking reparation for an offence, of the particulars of which they were entirely ignorant.

Knowing that to reason with the Count, in his present excited state, would be worse than useless, they at once accepted his proposal, as the only means that could possibly put it in their power to mediate with effect; and, in consequence, the morrow brought them both to the residence of the banker, whom they found equally as indisposed to explain the cause of the quarrel, or to listen to terms of accommodation, as his opponent.

Having then, by virtue of their authority as seconds, protracted the affair as long as possible, without obtaining the slightest prospect of overcoming the obstinacy of either, these excellent men at length declared that they could by no means be accessory to a duel, the cause of which they did not know; and that unless they were allowed to judge of the grounds of the quarrel, they should wash their hands of the whole matter.

M. Durand, to whom this objection was first made, declared that he could not reveal the affair, the secret of which belonged to M. de Lozeraie; but the latter, to whom they related both their objection and the banker's

reply, decided on explaining to M. M. de Berizy and de Favieri, both the motive of his visit to M. Durand and the turn it had taken. At the same time he was obliged to allow, that M. Durand had acted as a man of honour by so faithfully keeping his secret; and, on his side, the banker could not but approve of the conduct of M. de Lozeraie, in thus sacrificing his vanity to his desire to smooth down all the difficulties that opposed their meeting. An opening, then, having thus been made, and the facts of the case being known, the two Marquises had no great difficulty in shewing to both of the belligerent parties, that there were no real grounds for fighting, and in inducing them to declare themselves mutually satisfied.

Perhaps the attainment of this object was somewhat facilitated, on one side at least, by M. de Berizy's proposal to M. de Lozeraie for the resumption of his contract, which was made upon the plea that another purchaser had offered himself for the forest, in the person of old M. Felix; and delighted as the Count was at this unexpected opportunity of extricating himself from his difficulties, he could not restrain an expression of astonishment, on hearing of the source from whence the relief had come, especially when he was given to understand, from the great anxiety M. Felix had evinced during the progress of the quarrel, that this enormous outlay had evidently been made by him for the purpose of preventing a fatal termination of the affair.

Monsieur de Lozeraie then having accepted the proposition of M. de Berizy, found himself master of twelve hundred thousand francs, in the hands of M. Durand, who hastened to offer him the immediate reimbursement of the funds, as soon as he was aware of the new arrangements made; but M. de Lozeraie, who thought that it comported more with his dignity, not to withdraw them as yet, and who felt satisfied from the brilliant position in which the banker

stood as to stability of fortune, that his funds were in no danger, requested M. Durand to retain them for the present. On the other hand, M. Daneau consented to the sale which M. Durand had proposed to him, and the latter assumed all the liabilities of the builder to his various creditors, on account of the buildings; which made him debtor to them to the amount of twelve hundred thousand francs, and to M. Daneau of six hundred thousand francs, and these, with the four hundred thousand francs he had himself advanced, made up the whole price of the purchase.

Immediately upon these events followed the revolution of July, the effect of which upon M. Durand's fortune may easily be conceived, if you refer back to the instructions given by him to his cashier, when questioned as to the disposal of M. de Berizy's deposit, and the conversation that ensued thereon. Enormous were the losses he was compelled to undergo, when, being called on rapidly to pay out all the money that had been deposited with him, he was forced to sell at eighty seven, stock in the five per cents, that he had bought at one hundred, and of the three per cents at sixty two, what he had bought at eighty two.

Nothing short of the immense panic in commercial affairs, brought about by this revolution, could have effected so great a depreciation of the public funds, and so shaken the fortunes of those who had confided most of their capital in them. But this depreciation did not confine itself to funded property; it extended itself to all other kinds, especially to such as was situated in and near Paris, which was rapidly deserted at this time. Thus it happened that the very bargain M. Durand had forced Daneau to make with him, and which would, under any other circumstances, have been so profitable to him, now resulted in heavy loss; since he was at length compelled, by the incessant calls of those capitalists who re-demanded their deposits from him, to dispose of these buildings at an actual loss of four hundred thousand francs, and at not less than twelve hundred thousand francs under their estimated value at the time he purchased them.

I have thus minutely described the amount of loss sustained by M. Durand in his transactions with M. M. de Berizy and Daneau, not because they were themselves of much importance, but because, in explaining the unfortunate results of these, I have wished to shew a sample of the rest, and to lead the reader's imagination to the enormous amount of the aggregate of the losses sustained by him, in

the failure of innumerable speculations based upon the same expectations, and overthrown by the same events.

At any rate, within two months after the revolution of July, the banker Durand, after having strained every nerve, and made innumerable sacrifices to satisfy on the spot all the demands made on him by his creditors, found himself on the brink of ruin, with scarcely enough means to meet what remained of his debts, and even this locked up in bills and promissory notes not yet available.

It is true that the number of his remaining creditors was reduced to but three of any importance; but situated as he then was, the sudden call of either of these three was much to be dreaded, as it would, by driving him to confess his inability to respond to it, render quite nugatory all the sacrifices he had already made to sustain the credit of his establishment.

This formidable trio, then, on whose forbearance M. Durand's only hopes of escaping total ruin rested, were our three acquaintances M. de Berizy, M. de Lozraie, and M. Daneau of whom M. de Lozraie had been in England for some time, having gone over, a few days before the revolution of July, to be present at the nuptials of his son. Alas! however, for the uncertainty of human expectations, the marriage never took place; since the city merchant seemed to consider that the son of a favorite of Charles X. was by no means eligible a match for his daughter while Charles was an exile in England, as when the same monarch was on the throne of France. Monsieur de Lozraie, therefore, returned with his son in about two months, without having been able to realize his brilliant expectations of fortune.

CHAPTER VII.

AFFAIRS being in this situation, an early day in September, 1830, found M. Durand once more seated in the same cabinet in which he had twice before presented him to my readers, but with a countenance far different from that which distinguished him on either previous occasion. He now wore neither the serene aspect of his first appearance, nor the excited demeanour of his second; his attitude was mournful, though proud, and his air dejected, yet firm. In short, his bearing was that of a man, who, though fully sensible of the greatness of his misfortune, scorned to bend under it.

On the day in question, the same two persons who occupied so much of the banker's

come on a former occasion, were there again. I mean the Marquis de Berizy and M. Daneau, the real nobleman and the real man of the people.

As before, the banker was again attentively reading a paper which seemed to affect him much, and in which he was so completely absorbed as not to notice the presence of his visitors, until the Marquis at length said—

“What is the matter? What bad news causes you so much concern?”

M. Durand instantly recovered himself, and vainly endeavouring to control his emotion, said—“Oh! nothing but a satire.”

“And does that affect you so much?” said M. Daneau.

“It is the hand that wrote it that wounds me, more than the blows he inflicts. This paper is the production of a young man whom I have myself brought up; of an orphan, who has made use of the education I gave him, and of the secrets to which my unreserved intimacy admitted him, to calumniate and ridicule me.”

“What!” cried Daneau, “can it be young Leopold Baron, to whom you allude? that lad who owes every thing to your bounty, and who has never spoke of you but in terms of adulation?”

“The same,” said the banker.

“Well, then,” replied M. Daneau, “I must now tell you, that from the first I suspected the fawning demeanour of that youth, nor am I surprised at this base ingratitude; for every flatterer is a detractor.”

“It is too true,” said the Marquis.”

“Let us quit this subject, I beg,” said Durand, whose feelings were too painful to bear further probing; “I guess the object of your visit, gentlemen; it is to claim your funds.”

They both began to speak at once, when each stopping to give way to the other, the banker took the opportunity of resuming—“But I think that the explanations I have to give will satisfy you both—”

“As you please,” interrupted the Marquis; “but my reason for wishing to be heard is, that you mistake the object of my visit, and I have strong suspicion that M. Daneau’s is misunderstood also.”

The builder nodded assent, and the Marquis continued—“You are an honest man, M. Durand, and you owe me two millions of francs. I am come to request that you will keep them all.”

“What!” cried the banker in astonishment.

“I am come to beg that you will still retain

the charge of my funds,” repeated the Marquis; “and rest assured that I shall not re-demand them, until I have good reason to know that you have no further need of them. It is evident that your enemies have taken advantage of the confusion of the times to effect your ruin, by calling in their funds at a moment’s notice; but I cannot make myself an accomplice to such ungenerous proceedings, nor, by yielding to the general panic, expedite the evil from which all are attempting to fly. We are political opponents, M. Durand, but this is a matter of honour and honesty, in which my political opinions have no voice.”

Whether pride and satisfaction at finding his integrity so fully relied on, or humiliation at feeling himself under such weighty obligations to one of a class whom he had used his utmost efforts to crush, were the predominant feeling of the banker at this proof of the Marquis’s consideration, seemed at first to be a matter of doubt even to himself. The better feeling, however, triumphed, and after a moment of hesitation, he held out his hand, saying—

“I thank you, Monsieur le Marquis, and I accept your offer.”

At this instant, M. Daneau advanced with an embarrassed air, and said, with some confusion—“You owe me, it is true, only six hundred thousand francs, but if the retention of that sum would be any accommodation to you, I shall rejoice in being able in any degree to contribute my mite in return for the aid you afforded me in my time of need.”

A tear glistened in the eye of the banker at this benevolent offer, which, under the circumstances, he could not consider himself fairly entitled to, and he exclaimed—

“Ah! this consoles me for all. I thank you, M. Daneau, from the bottom of my heart, but I cannot accept your offer. It is your all, and I should deprive you of the means of carrying on your business.”

“The interest will be sufficient for me,” said the builder, “and I am rich enough. Do not mortify me by refusing.”

“You are acting like a man and a christian, sir,” said the Marquis, turning to M. Daneau and cordially grasping his hand.

“And you too, my lord,” returned Daneau, whose enthusiasm led him to address him by a title, the abolition of which appeared to be one of the most precious achievements of the revolution. “And you too, my lord, much more so, for I, who have never been rich, shall not feel the want of my money as much as you, who have been brought up in luxury.”

"My dear Daneau," said the banker, much affected, "you shall neither of you, I trust, feel the want of it long. I have reason to hope that, having thus far stood this shock without loss of credit, I shall be able to use your deposits with advantage to us all; and believe me, gentlemen, you have, both of you, purchased a claim upon my gratitude that must make my future prosperity synonymous with your own."

The Marquis and the builder withdrew together, and at the door of the house might have been seen this worthy mechanic and this noble lord, far distant in station, but near neighbours in virtuous sentiments, the one bearing the badge of the late revolution, and the other an ex-peer of Charles X., grasping each other's hands, as equals in integrity and honour.

In the meantime, the banker, restored to cheerfulness by this double act of generosity, now saw a fair prospect not only of saving the credit of his house, but even of turning all his losses to good account; since nothing could more firmly establish the popular opinion of his stability, than the fact of his having stood without flinching the test of such a catastrophe, which had ruined so many other great capitalists. So nearly, however, had he been prostrated, and to such a state of helplessness had he been reduced, that he lay even now at the mercy of his only remaining creditor, M. de Lozeraie, whose recent return from England filled him with dire apprehensions.—Could the Count be induced to defer his claim for but a few months, the banker saw that he would be able, by gradually calling in his not yet available funds, to meet him without hesitation, and being thus once relieved from his last incumbrance, he could wait patiently for the ultimate recovery of immense sums, from debtors who had failed during the panic, but who would undoubtedly pay a good percentage upon their various liabilities. That any hopes of the banker, based upon the forbearance of the Count de Lozeraie, were not to be depended upon, will be readily surmised by all who have followed me through the preceding chapters; and a letter that was now put into the hands of M. Durand, desiring him to hold himself in readiness for the immediate reimbursement of M. de Lozeraie's funds, confirmed his worst fears, and again clouded his brow with care. This demand was of sufficient importance, under present circumstances, to throw the whole of the banker's affairs again into confusion, and completely to nullify the efforts of M. M. de Berizy and Daneau's kindness.

To satisfy it, it would be necessary to dispose of a part of these notes at an enormous discount, (for this was an epoch at which no loan could be effected, but upon the most extravagant terms,) added to which, the circumstance of his being obliged to raise supplies by such means, would have all the effect upon his credit of an actual failure.

It was a cruel stroke, when he had thus far striven successfully to meet every demand without shewing to the world the extremity to which he was reduced, to be compelled at last by one transaction, to throw up all the advantages he had so perseveringly struggled for; yet such was the case.

M. Durand reflected long upon this new position—he regarded it in its most alarming shape—he considered that he was about to stake, on a single throw, the whole of his financial and political existence; he thought of his daughter's lot—he pictured to himself the exultation of his old enemies, and it is not to be wondered at, if he felt something like regret that he had behaved so tyrannically to M. de Lozeraie, when fortune put him in his power. He concluded, however, that nothing could save him but prompt action, and he betook himself immediately to the Count's residence.

As may be supposed, that nobleman, on hearing the banker announced, felt at first a great desire to retaliate upon him the long delay that had been practised at his reception by the latter; but as, after what he had heard, he really felt great anxiety about the safety of his funds in M. Durand's hands, the interests of his fortune prevailed over those of his vanity, and he gave orders for his instant admission.

M. Durand's character had this advantage over that of M. de Lozeraie, that it always bore that aspect of firm decision and proud superiority which, even under circumstances of deep humiliation like the present, rendered it impossible to trample upon him, or to exult in any outward expression of the pain that lay within; while the vanity of the Count displayed all the indecision of a mind that seeks, by a thousand subterfuges, to escape from the act of submission circumstances compel it to make. Thus, when M. Durand found himself in the presence of the Count, he evinced no awkwardness or embarrassment, but advancing towards him with that cool and firm assurance that shewed he had decided on the part he should act, he said—

"I am come, sir, to deliver myself up to you."

"What am I to understand by that, sir?"

said the Count, more alarmed by this expression, than proud of being declared master of the destiny of the man he detested.

"I will explain what I mean," replied the banker, and without further preamble he related to the Count the state of his affairs as I have done already, concluding with these words—"Thus you see, that the funds you have in my hands are perfectly secure, and if you doubt the word of a man of honour, my books can convince you."

M. de Lozeraic being once fully assured of the safety of his property and the solvency of his debtor, thought only of taking a cruel revenge for the affront he had once received at his hands, and therefore, interrupting the speaker at these words, he said—

"The books of bankers generally say whatever their owners please—they speak a kind of hieroglyphic, or rather elastic language, that proves either wealth or the opposite, at will.—I confess, sir, that I put no confidence in such evidence."

M. Durand bit his lips; but having resolved, at whatever cost, to save his fortune and his reputation, and to sacrifice his present pride to his future prosperity, he calmly replied—

"I am not surprised that you partake of the popular prejudices, concerning the accuracy of the system of accounts adopted in banking houses. All the numerous entries which we have introduced, to prevent, by an exact control of one part over another, the least appearance of fraud, seem, in the eyes of those unacquainted with the process, only an inextricable labyrinth, adopted to baulk the researches of those who are interested in their investigation. I cannot therefore object to what you say on that head; but there is between us something more clear and more intelligible, that is, the word of a man of honour, which I presume ought to be sufficient."

"And what if it is not sufficient for me?" said the Count.

"Would you doubt it?" cried the banker, with indignation.

"Even supposing I should not doubt your good faith, sir," replied M. de Lozeraic, "have I not good reason to doubt your judgment?—A fortune such as that of M. Durand, overthrown in the space of a few months, does not speak much in favour of the owner's prudence and skill."

"You seem to forget that it required a revolution to effect its overthrow."

"I do not, however, forget that you are one

of those who were mainly instrumental in producing that revolution."

The justness of this taunt so galled the banker, who had from the beginning, had great difficulty in curbing his rebellious disposition, that he lost his equanimity, and replied, tartly—

"I am not aware, M. de Lozeraic, that I am bound to account to you for my political opinions."

"But you are bound to render me an account of my fortune, I imagine."

"I have done so."

"I am not to be paid by words, sir; and when I say that I must have my fortune, and that to-morrow, I wish you to understand that I am speaking of ready money."

"I have already explained to you," said the banker, (grinding his teeth to restrain the rage that agitated him,) "that that is impossible."

"The tribunal will soon convince you that nothing is more possible," replied the Count.

"Do you threaten me with the tribunal?" exclaimed the banker, with ill suppressed alarm.

"That is where persons of bad faith who do not pay their debts, have to go," said the Count.

"There is another place, sir, where honest men go, who have paid theirs."

"When you have proved yourself to be qualified to visit that place," said the Count, with a sneer, "it will be time enough for me to consider whether I shall condescend to meet you there or not."

"It is a decision you will be forced to make, sooner than you imagine," replied the banker.

"Not so soon as I desire, sir, seeing that I am anxious to have evidence of your qualification."

"You shall not wait long, M. de Lozeraic. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

"The receipt shall be ready," said the Count.

"You had better have your arms ready also," replied the banker.

"Don't make me lose my ink and paper, I beg."

"You shall lose nothing so valuable, I assure you," said M. Durand, and he withdrew.

CHAPTER VIII.

INCENSED as the banker was at this ungenerous, though not unprovoked treatment, a sense of honour compelled him instantly to communicate to M. M. de Berizy and Daneau, the untoward turn affairs had taken, and the impossibility that now existed of his ever being able to repay their kindness, which was thus

rendered nugatory. He then called on M. de Favieri—explained to him frankly his position, and asked of him the credit necessary to satisfy the demands of M. de Lozeraie.

The Genoese banker heard him through, without betraying by his looks, whether he was disposed or not to comply with his request, and when M. Durand had ceased speaking, and looked with visible anxiety for his reply, he coldly said—

“Do me the favour to shew me the list and amount of the notes, on the deposit of which you wish to obtain this loan, and in two hours you shall have my answer, with the terms on which I propose to make this advance, provided I decide on doing so at all.”

At the end of the time named, M. Durand received a note from M. de Favieri, stating that he was not yet prepared to give him a decided answer on the subject; but that as soon as he had fully considered the matter, he would send him word. Durand, then, spent another hour in feverish suspense, which was converted into extreme joy when his two friends, M. de Bezizy and M. Daneau, entered the room, and announced that the mysterious M. Felix had again stepped in between him and his enemy, by offering to satisfy the Count's demand, and that thus the loan from M. de Favieri was rendered unnecessary.

“M. Felix!” exclaimed the banker, (astonished at finding his name again mixed up with an affair of so much importance, and remembering how little his reception of this old man's application at his first introduction, had deserved such a return.) “can it be possible!—But who is this man?”

“Upon my word, I am as ignorant as yourself.”

“Well, well, I will know before long; but at present other matters must be seen to. I suppose, gentlemen, you are aware that between M. de Lozeraie and myself, there is more to be settled than the mere arrangement of our pecuniary affairs.”

“We are aware of it,” replied M. de Bezizy, “and nine o'clock to-morrow is appointed for a general rendezvous at the house of M. de Favieri, previous to our proceeding to the scene of action.”

“Nine o'clock is very late,” said the banker.

“That hour has been fixed upon by us as your seconds, because it appeared convenient to all parties. Farewell 'till to-morrow, M. Durand.”

The banker being left alone, experienced a sort of malignant pleasure in contemplating

the hour of retribution and vengeance that he thought was at hand, and in the first transports of his rage, these sentiments excluded every other consideration. The possibility, however, of a fatal termination to the duel, at length forced upon him a sad reflection, as to the state of his affairs at present, which nothing but his own exertions could possibly retrieve from ruin, and the destitute condition in which his only child would be left, if he should be cut off at the present critical juncture. Bitterly did he reproach himself for the system of foolish indulgence he had followed in her education, by which her disposition, naturally simple and good, had been rendered capricious and indolent, and totally unfitted to contend even with the evils of ordinary life, much less with those of absolute poverty. Deeply did he deplore the injury he had thus done to the only being in the world he really loved; yet, strange to say, so predominant was his pride over even this sentiment, that the prospect of his child's ruin could not for a moment induce him to alter the course he was pursuing, or to forego in the slightest degree, the gratification of his revenge. On the contrary, he made a violent effort to dismiss the subject from his thoughts, that his resolution might not be weakened thereby.

On the morrow, M. M. Durand and de Lozeraie, with their respective seconds, assembled at M. de Favieri's, punctually at nine o'clock. The carriages were in waiting, the terms of the combat arranged, and they were just leaving the room, when all at once, M. Felix made his appearance among them. The two adversaries stopped and made a respectful obeisance to one, whom late circumstances had rendered so important in their eyes; to which he replied, by requesting a few minutes' conversation with them before their hostile meeting should take place.

“Sir,” replied M. Durand, bowing, “both M. de Lozeraie and myself are fully aware of all that can be said of a conciliating nature in such a case, and are not unconscious of the kind interest you have so unaccountably shewn in the welfare of both; but matters have come to such a point between us, that we can neither of us now listen to proposals of accommodation without dishonouring both.”

“M. Durand is right,” said M. de Lozeraie, “and for once, I fully agree with him in opinion.”

“M. de Lozeraie,” replied M. Felix, mildly, “I believe I once rendered you some little service, the particulars of which you doubtless re-

member. M. Durand, you must allow the same thing of yourself. In the name, then, of what I have done for you, I beg you to grant me a private audience."

The two adversaries turned to their seconds for advice as to how they should act, and as they unanimously agreed that the old man's request ought to be complied with, they consented and were left alone with M. Felix.

There was a strange contrast between the calm and dignified aspect of the venerable old man, and the restless and excited demeanour of his auditors, whose angry glances at each other as they stood, seemed to evince that there was but little disposition on either side to listen to any propositions of a pacific nature.—M. Felix, however, motioned to them to be seated, and looking sternly at them both until he had fixed their attention on himself, he began thus—

"It is now six months since I presented myself to each of you, gentlemen, in turn. To you first, M. Durand, when I told you how I had been brought into difficulties, and solicited your aid to re-establish my credit and the honour of my name. You refused me."

The banker bent slightly, but made no reply;—and M. Felix continued—

"I then presented myself to you, M. le Comte, and spoke to you of claims that I had upon your wife's fortune. You drove me away with threats."

The Count said nothing; and M. Felix, turning to the banker, resumed—

"If I remember right, you, M. Durand, opposed to my request, the plea that it was unjust for the son of a labourer, who owed his fortune solely to his own toil and perseverance, to apply that fortune to remedy the imprudence of one, who had foolishly squandered the immense inheritance of a wealthy father. You, M. de Lozeraie, the representative of a great and ancient family, trusted in the power of a noble name to screen you from the complaints of one whom you called an impostor.—Thus I, an old man of eighty, found neither charity nor justice between you." Both his auditors still continuing silent, for they had nothing to say in contradiction to these assertions, Monsieur Felix proceeded—

"You call yourself a man of the people, M. Durand. Is it not so?"

"I am proud in acknowledging that to be the case," replied the party addressed.

"And you, I understand, M. de Lozeraie, are a high-born noble."

"I am not disposed to boast of that dis-

tingtion," said the Count, with an air of vanity.

"Well," said the veteran, raising his voice, "you are both impostors. I have no hesitation in saying that you have both lied most impudently."

"Sir!" cried both the auditors, rising simultaneously, "do you presume to——"

"Sit still, gentlemen, sit still, I beg you—nay, if it be necessary, I command you; and if my age is not sufficient to ensure me a silent and respectful attention, I will assume a title that shall compel you both to listen to me, even on your knees."

Both the banker and Count seemed astounded at the solemn and commanding accent in which this extraordinary assertion was made; and, in fact, a sudden idea seemed at the same moment to have crossed the minds of both concerning the old man, for the bearing of both towards him became instantly changed, and they settled themselves into an attitude of respectful attention.

The old man paused, and checking with an effort the evident emotion which their partial recognition of him excited, said—

"I know the history of you both, sirs, but do not be uneasy; it is my own history I am now going to relate. It may serve as a pre-amble to yours, of which you will, perhaps, afterwards favour me with a recital, in your usual style."

"In 1789, I was a merchant in Marseilles.—Up to that period my affairs had been very flourishing. I had married a wife about fifteen years previously, and become successively the father of two sons, whose ages were, at the time I speak of, fourteen and thirteen, respectively. Do not interrupt me, gentlemen," said M. Felix to his auditors, who here shewed symptoms of manifest uneasiness; "it is a story now become so old, that unless I am permitted to tell it my own way, I may lose it altogether."

"The elder of these spent four years in England to finish his education, for I destined him for commerce, and wished that he should become early acquainted with a country that was our model in that respect."

"The second commenced studying in one of our Parisian colleges, which at that time seemed much more imbued with revolutionary principles than with sound learning; whilst I, like many others, disregarded the symptoms of disaffection and revolt, which at this period began almost universally to manifest themselves. Events, however, pressing fast upon each other, soon convinced me that my own

fortune was likely to suffer in the general commotion, and I deemed it prudent, quietly to remit to England eight hundred thousand francs, which I there deposited in the name of my eldest son. Affairs becoming every day more and more unsettled in Paris, I sent for my youngest boy, home, and had hardly done so, when the full tide of anarchy burst forth in all its horrors, and I learnt that, on account of my wealth, I was denounced as an aristocrat, and marked for destruction.

"Perhaps, had I been alone exposed to the terrors of such a denunciation, I would have awaited them; but I trembled at the idea of seeing my home forced by a lawless mob, and my wife and child murdered before my eyes. I therefore made over all my funds that were available on the instant, to M. de Favieri, the father of the present, who then resided at Genoa, and with whom I had long been on terms of commercial intimacy. Having thus taken every precaution that circumstances would allow, for the preservation of my fortune, I turned my attention to the personal safety of myself and family, and embarking privately with my wife and child in the early part of the year 1793, I had the good fortune to land them safely in Genoa.

"Short, however, as was the time requisite for making this voyage, and privately as I had managed matters, yet it could not escape the observation of my enemies. My absence was reported, my name inserted in the list of emigrants, my remaining property confiscated, and myself condemned to death.

"Under these calamitous circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that my house of business failed, my bankruptcy assuming the character of a fraudulent one, and myself being branded as an absconding debtor; which accumulation of dishonour I found so utterly intolerable, that I resolved on returning to France at the risk of my life, to wipe it off. From this rash resolution I was with difficulty diverted, by the tears of my wife and the exhortations of M. de Favieri, whose prudent counsels at length dissipated the mists of an excited imagination; and I adopted the more judicious plan of proceeding to New Orleans, where I was personally known, and there collecting and appropriating the considerable sums due to me from the principal merchants of that town, before the news of my condemnation should reach them. This I happily accomplished.

"It was during my short stay in Genoa that I became acquainted with M. de Lore, and lent

him divers sums of money. He was a gentleman of Aix, who, like myself, had fled from a capital condemnation, but without having so well taken his measures for protecting his property; and this similarity of our misfortunes seemed to give him a claim upon my fortune also.

"M. de Lore was attended in his exile by a daughter, about fifteen years of age, and a young orphan of noble birth, to whom M. de Lore was guardian. This young man was the last remnant of the family of DE LOZERAIE."

At these words the Count, who, as well as the banker, had during the whole of this narration been with difficulty restrained from interrupting the speaker, became much agitated and rose from his seat with a deprecating gesture; but the old man merely motioned him to be seated again, and continued—

"On my departure, then, for America, I left my wife and son under the protection of my old friend, M. de Favieri, and my fellow sufferer, M. de Lore, and in the meantime sent instructions to my elder son to take no steps until he should hear further from me."

The two listeners sat pale, trembling and abashed, but made no further attempt at interruption, so that Monsieur Felix proceeded—

"The difficulty of communication between different countries during a period of general warfare, hindered me from terminating my business as soon as I could have wished; and during four tedious years that my stay was protracted, I had not a single opportunity of either sending news to, or receiving it from my family. At length, however, when I was just on the point of setting out on my return, I received a letter from the present M. de Favieri, then a very young man, informing me that an endemic had lately desolated Genoa, sweeping off, among its victims, my wife, M. de Lore, and the young Count de Lozeraie; and that my son had eloped with Mademoiselle Lore, after having withdrawn in his own name all the funds I had left with M. de Favieri the elder. He told me also, that all these events had occurred before he himself had returned to his father, who had also fallen a sacrifice to the same dreadful pest.

"Struck to the heart by this deplorable news, I set out for England, hoping at least to be able to join some part of my family; but there also disappointment awaited me. I found that my eldest son had withdrawn all the funds I had deposited in his name, and departed under the pretence of joining me in America. Thither I returned, and thence made diligent search

throughout all the parts of the world that were within my reach, for information concerning my two sons, Leonard and Lucien Matthieu, (for Matthieu is my real name) but without success. No persons bearing such names have since been heard of by me, and I must still consider myself childless, unless, perchance you, gentlemen, can give me some information concerning my ungrateful sons."

"My father! my father!" exclaimed both his auditors, falling simultaneously on their knees before him, under the impulse of feelings which quite mastered their pride.

"What!" cried the old man in a stern voice, though trembling with an emotion he did not choose should yet appear. "What! on your knees, my sons! Is it possible that any thing can touch the hearts and lower the pride of such as you? You, Leonard, who, devoured by a thirst for riches, and envious of those whom you have seen grow great around you by industry and economy, have aimed at surpassing them all in the merit of your rise, by putting your origin at as low a point as possible; and who, ambitious of bearing a name, the splendour of which should be ascribed to yourself alone, have disowned that of your father, and left it covered with a stain of infamy that you both would and ought to have effaced! And you, Lucien, who, intoxicated by the vanity of a great name, and not being able to achieve one for yourself, have stolen and impudently appropriated that of another;—you also have disowned the name of your father—of that father who compromised it or, to save your life! Now rise, my sons, from this humiliating posture, and whilst your better feelings have the ascendancy, choose whether my remaining years are to be cheered by the returning affection of my children, or whether you will, by the prosecution of your hostile intentions towards each other, bring down upon yourselves the curse of an ill-used parent, and send his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

The two brothers rose at this command, and stung with compunction at the retrospective glance they had been compelled to take of their unfilial conduct, as well as horror-struck at the narrow escape each had had of shedding a brother's blood, they first embraced their venerable father, and having mutually expressed to each other the regret each felt at his unbrotherly and causeless enmity, they again knelt to receive the blessing and forgiveness of their excellent parent.

Great was the surprise expressed by the parties waiting for the result of this interview,

when they witnessed the respectful and subdued demeanour of these once haughty men, towards this mysterious Monsieur Felix; and still more were they surprised and delighted at perceiving that every spark of animosity between the two adversaries appeared to have vanished. They were, however, enabled to judge of the particulars of M. Felix's communication only by its pacific results; for the relationship that existed between the parties could not be publicly divulged, without exposing to the world the banker and the Count as rank impostors, which it was not the wish of their father to do. The mystery remains still, therefore, a mystery to all the world, excepting M. Felix, his two sons and my readers; the Count de Lozeraie still retaining his assumed fortune and title, but abating much of his pride, and the banker soon re-establishing his affairs on a firmer footing than ever.

My tale should now be considered as at an end; but that some of my readers may feel interested in carrying it on a few months farther, for the purpose of being present at the union of our capricious friend, Mademoiselle Durand, with her newly found cousin, to whom, being debarred from acknowledging her natural relationship, she gave a nearer title. The marriage thus effected, served not only to unite the families in closer intimacy, but also to account to the world for that intimacy, which might otherwise have given rise to strange conjectures.—M. Felix, who retained his assumed name, out of regard for his sons, took up his residence in Paris, and from that time enjoyed, in the revived affection of his sons and the devoted love of his grandchildren, a happiness which compensated for the many years of anxiety and bereavement he had before suffered.

Frederickton, 1842.

G. R.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

Oh, Love! a tyrant ever,
Thy chains I fain would break,
And thus the links I sever
That bound me to thy stake—
Cupid fly—I banish thee!
Tyrant ne'er return to me.
Calm now my heart is beating,
Nor pain nor sorrow knows;
My life—like sunlight fleeting
Across the dewy rose.

It is with our judgments as our watches; none go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Written for the Amaranth.

A VISION.

THE stars were 'round all bright and calm,
 The summer eve was breathing balm,
 The rose was tinged with a richer hue
 And the sapphire sky had a deeper blue;
 When a sound of sorrow came on the air
 And a form came flitting by me there—
 Oh! his eye-beams told of heavenly birth,
 And his raven hair was not of earth;
 His beauty was bright, yet it made me weep,
 And o'er my heart came a sadness deep.
 'Twas the spirit of Death in his speed and might
 On his mission came, in the silent night—
 And a spell of power was o'er me cast,
 And I soared with him on the sweeping blast.
 Away by the shores of the deep old Nile
 Where the lotus lilies calmly smile;
 And away where the Hindoo makes his grave,
 In the hallowed light of Ganges' wave—
 O'er northern hills where the dark pine grows,
 O'er southern plains where the myrtle blows;
 O'er the glittering stream and the deep blue seas
 We came in the storm and the summer breeze.
 Through the frozen zone and the torrid clime
 The Death Spirit passed o'er things of time:
 He looked on the coronet's circling gold,
 And the monarch's brow beneath was cold—
 He came in the winter's icy wreath,
 And the weary wanderer ceased to breathe.
 The sirocco howled its song for him—
 The zephyr sighed and their eyes grew dim;
 He entered the fond heart's highest home
 Where love had raised his holiest dome;
 But he paled the light of his rosy plume,
 And love lay faded upon the tomb.
 I saw where a dying mother lay,
 Her life was passing with the day;
 Around were gathered a childish band
 And she blest them with her gentle hand;
 And the grief was deep o'er each fair cheek
 As they heard her voice so soft and weak;
 The Spirit smiled when he saw my tears,
 And raised the veil of coming years.
 I saw again that weeping throng,
 But their grief had been forgotten long;
 And the thousand hues of life had traced
 O'er the shrine death had laid waste.
 Hope had sung her fairy flowers
 Over memory's vanished hours,
 Joy had brought them gems so bright,
 And that early sorrow lost in light—
 If the blessed thought of that mother dead
 Was e'er around their spirit shed;
 'Twas but when gath'ring clouds of woe
 Called it back with its sunny glow;

Holy and pure as a heavenly beam—
 Yet faint and dim as a morning dream.
 We came where the bridal song rose high—
 Where banners were floating to the sky,
 A maiden had given her heart and hand
 To him she loved, in the marriage band;
 And the lover looked with joy and pride
 On his heart's best treasure, the fair young bride.
 The bridal was gay, as it well might be,
 But I sadly sighed their joy to see—
 For the Spirit bowed and kissed the pearl,
 On the shining hair of the gentle girl;
 The shadows' dark fell o'er her face,
 And mourning rung in the mirthful place.
 In woe and agony, dark and deep
 Was the lover's heart, ere his eyes could weep;
 Deserted and lone I saw him then,
 But the future was bared to me again,
 And tho' on earth he might love no more—
 She was forgotten he loved before;
 The world's stern chill had o'er him swept,
 And her name was buried where she slept—
 Thus the children's love and wedded faith
 Vanish beneath the power of death.
 But again the Spirit called me back,
 And again I followed in his track—
 I heard a cry of sorrow wild,
 A mother mourned her dying child;
 The bright young soul exhaled away
 In the early light of its spring-time day;
 And I heard the deep mysterious tone
 That thrills the mother's heart alone;
 None might know the love she bore,
 But the shining veil was raised once more.
 I saw her again when years had flown,
 She wept no more by her hearth alone—
 For a fair and happy throng were there
 Of gracious youths and maidens fair;
 The mother smiled, for she loved them well—
 Yet who the mother's heart can tell;
 Ever around her happy hearth
 She saw a face no more of earth,
 The bright blue eyes and the waving hair
 Of him she lost, were ever there.
 She heard his voice upon the breeze,
 And his form went glancing through the trees:
 Each token of his early youth
 She hallowed with unfading truth.
 And where her life's last rays were shed—
 Ere she joined her cherished dead,
 She beheld a vision of light and bliss,
 In a glorious world more fair than this;
 A cherub wreathed her a crown of joy,
 And he bore the face of her darling boy.
 Thus one feeling alone the deep heart hath—
 Liveth unchanged by time or death;
 'Till the heart it filleth is called above,

Liveth the mother's undying love.
 Cherish it then, that holy spell,
 Guard and love it and keep it well;
 A sister's heart may to thee be cold,
 A brother afar in search of gold,
 A father may look with brow of wrath
 On the darkness of thine errors' path;
 But the mother's love forgives thy ill,
 And like the fount of mercy still—
 Comes with its soft and silvery stream,
 To sooth the heart with its gentle beam;
 So sung the Spirit and passed away
 On the glittering star which brought the day.

EMILY.

Mount Auburn, (English Settlement), 1842.

For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

Our life is like the lightning
 When flash illumines the high;
 'Tis seen—'tis gone—'tis vanished,
 'Tis but a fitful light.

'Tis like the sun's bright setting—
 His last ray in the sky,
 When evening's shadows come
 And bid it fade and die.

'Tis like the rushing river,
 Which flowing fast and free,
 Mingles with ocean's waters
 A dark eternity!

'Tis like the vapour—wreathing
 The morning's earliest sky;—
 'Tis off on mystic wings away,
 How swiftly doth it fly!

Our life is like our slumber,
 Disturbed with fearful dreams;
 Deceptive more the joy it gives,
 The more like truth it seems.

'Tis like the gushing fountain,
 When silver waters flow;
 But while the showers descend to fill
 Its hidden fount below.

'Tis like the latest flickering
 Of a candle's dying light—
 Its fitful glances a moment's space
 And dwindles into night.

Fail soon our severed being
 On earth will cease to be,
 And we shall pierce the clouded bounds
 Of vast eternity!

Liverpool, N. S., 1842.

WILHELMINA.

THE WEST AND THE EAST.

"Hast thou seek happiness? Hope not
 In hollow promises of far off good
 To find the prize. Delusive hope
 May feed the glowing fancy for a while,
 Then lure thee to thy ruin. Would'st thou be
 blest,
 Learn to enjoy the present."

WE are not going to write a treatise on the respective claims of the west and the east, to the possession in the greatest abundance of those resources that go to make up the comfort, convenience, and glory of man, in this probationary state, whether considered individually or nationally. We shall not be so rash as to attempt to gainsay the prevalent opinion, that the former abounds in native features of beauty and usefulness, vastness and sublimity, far exceeding the latter portion of the continent. Nor shall we deny (indeed we could not were we ever so much disposed to do so, in view of the vast quantities of estates that come down to us from thence,) that man can live *easier*—if that be a desideratum—and may accumulate riches with more dispatch, and to a greater extent, amidst the abundance of the west, than on the more sterile soil of the east. Neither shall we bring up, to counterbalance these striking features, the superior moral, religious, and social advantages of the east, and dilate upon the bearing of these upon the real happiness of man, in either division of this great land; our object is not to philosophize on these points, but to relate a plain unvarnished tale, showing forth the sad consequences of giving way to feelings of discontent and desire for change—no matter how occasioned—so far as to abandon, voluntarily, present comforts, though they may be at times somewhat restricted, for the untried prospects of distant, but lauded good.

Mr. Excitable was a county magistrate, possessed of some property, which he employed actively in a lucrative business. Enjoying the confidence and esteem of his fellow men, over whom he exercised considerable influence, by his talents and useful qualities, he was also blessed with a charming wife, and an intelligent family of children. No man was more generally beloved, or appeared to take more substantial enjoyment, surrounded as he was by every thing that could render life agreeable.

Such, in short, was Mr. Excitable, when the fruitful and prosperous years of 1830 to 1830, or thereabouts, gave place to the following years of scarcity of crops, and consequent dis-

tress of various descriptions, that were dealt out to Canada, with no stingy hand.

Mr. Excitable was a man easily affected by the changes of the times and seasons; not because he suffered in his business and prospects more than his neighbours, but because he was unfortunately of a disposition to give way to despondency, on meeting with difficulties of an extraordinary nature, and, when in these moods, to fancy that a change of circumstance might produce a cure of the evils by which he was surrounded. He soon grew moody and discontented, as the cold summers advanced, and, unluckily, these evils were heightened by the rumours that began about this time to circulate, (originating no doubt in the hardness of the times) of the glories of the great west—its immense extent—the fertility and beauty of its soil—the vast abundance and variety of its productions, exceeding, almost beyond calculation, the productions of the east in its most fertile years—and its great natural resources, indicating it as destined to be one day the seat of opulence, refinement, and power. Connected with these glowing descriptions, were the most extravagant statements regarding the ease and rapidity with which fortune was made, only by dint of common perseverance and industry, and the delightfulness of inhabiting the almost boundless prairies, decked out in their tall, waving grasses, and wild flowers, and intersected here and there by a limpid stream, or a magnificent river; and dotted over with enchanting groves, through which roamed unmolested, the buffalo, and other beasts of the forest. If, indeed, occasional hints escaped the lips of some candid traveller, of the unhealthiness of the climate—of stagnant waters—of mists and dense fogs, that rose from the murky soil, bearing in their embraces the deadly miasma, the mother of fever, and agues—they were disregarded in the general desire to believe that there was a country to which man might flee, to rid himself of the miseries of his present condition.

At first these delusive tales served only to divert the mind of Mr. Excitable from the distress around him, by forming agreeable topics of conversation for him and some intimate friends, whilst seated around a comfortable fire, during the prevalence of some raw, rainy days of a cold summer, or some bitter storms of a long, inclement winter. They had the very pleasing effect of drowning their minds in forgetfulness of the peering storms, and of the hardness of the times; whilst they were delightfully entertained by listening to relations

of anecdotes of individual successes in the far west, and in anticipations of realizing as much one day themselves.

Many a time has Mr. Excitable lost himself in these dreamy socialities, willing away hours that would otherwise have hung heavy on his hands, but always awakening at last, to the sternness of reality. As the times grew harder, the western fever—as the desire for western emigration was very aptly styled—increased, in equal, and more than equal proportion, until people not only talked of removing, but actually did remove, in numbers, to the land flowing with milk and honey. Mr. Excitable saw one after another of his friends and acquaintances pull up stakes and set off bag and baggage for the west, cursing the country of their birth, and filled with high hopes for the future. This made him look about himself in earnest. He saw that the anathemas of the emigrants were not unprovoked; and, through the eye of discontent, he viewed his country in a truly deplorable condition. A succession of unproductive seasons had nearly ruined the farming interests, and brought real distress upon the country. From raising a superabundance, the inhabitants could not raise half enough to supply themselves with bread, and were forced to import the produce of the west, to keep them from starvation. Thus, traders, mechanics, everybody suffered, and business of all sorts was almost at a stand still. But what was worst of all, he saw his old friends and associates leaving him one by one for a better land; friendships of long standing were broken up, and his social circle gradually disappeared, under the operation of the western mania.

"What," said he in despair, one day, near the middle of June, as he looked out of his office window, and beheld the sheet of snow and rain driven through the air by a stiff north-easter, whilst the temperature of his room required a fire to render it comfortable; "What is there here worth longer living for? Only see this pitiless storm, giving sad evidence that old winter has not yet let go its grasp, although it is of a season of the year that corn ought to be out of the ground, and up large enough to be hoed. But it is not, if, indeed, it ever will be, as it must be by this time quite rotted in the hill; and, in fact, it may as well be so, for should it grow, and live to see the middle of August, it will most likely be rudely cut down by Jack Frost, ere it be ripe enough to gather, so it has been for the last three years; and this is the fourth year that the crops have failed, and there is every prospect of there being as

many more before a change will come for the better. I see nothing but distress around me; my neighbours' faces exhibit only discontent and alarm—business is bad—the times are out of joint, and I am dying with *ennui*. In fact it is time, high time, that I were closing up my concerns too, and making arrangements to follow to a better land." And Mr. Excitable mused and paced the floor rapidly, as he cogitated long and intensely with himself upon the propriety of taking this important step.—The day continued gloomy enough, favouring very much his train of thought, and by the time he was ready to go to tea he had about made up his mind to close business and be off.

This determination, however, as yet vague and indefinite, was almost instantly driven from his mind by the domestic scene that, as usual, awaited him at his home. We have before stated that Mr. Excitable possessed a lovely family. We repeat the statement; and when Mr. Excitable entered his house, and beheld his smiling partner waiting, as usual, to receive him, and conduct him to the family board, that was set out in his snug little parour, laden with its accustomed delicacies, and around which already were gathered two blooming daughters and a laughing, chubby little boy, who saluted him on his entrance, in a noisy, but welcome voice, by an endearing epithet, it requires no stretch of the fancy to conceive how quickly the parent's and husband's mind was changed from its gloomy, discontented mood, to a state of pleasure, and delightful satisfaction, on meeting his family circle. His heart condemned him for indulging a fanciful unhappiness, when there was so much real happiness in store for him, and of which he tasted every day. Instantly forgetting his troubles in his chat with the members of his family, he no longer deemed himself a lonely man. Fortunately, the following day was warm and pleasant, the storm having given place to a mild air, and softening sun, sweet presages that summer had, at length actually set in. This change in the weather seemed to confirm the change in Mr. Excitable's mind, for he settled himself quietly to business, and thought no more of going to the west during the whole summer, his neighbours being too busy with their agricultural operations to spend time to talk with him on subjects that did not immediately affect their particular callings, and he being himself too much engrossed with his garden, his business, and the amusements of the season, to allow of his mind wan-

dering to distant scenes and prospects for comfort or consolation.

But this delightful season, (as Canadian summers generally are,) could not always last.—Late fall came, alas! too soon, with its long rains and deep mud, to cut short the pleasures of summer; and dark, dismal November, with its sleets, frosts, and high winds, ushering in old winter, ere the poor husbandman had fully secured his hard and precarious earnings.—Happy would it have been for Mr. Excitable, had he been able to muster sufficient resolution to shake off the symptoms of his returning malady during this trying season. But this he could not do. As the dreary months, when to leave the house was a thing almost impossible—when business was at nearly a dead stand, and men sought the comfort of their heated stoves, or fire-places, passing their time as best they might, when the blasts of winter swept triumphantly over the plain—as these dreary months advanced, and they were not short, Mr. Excitable felt a renewal of his despondency, *ennui*, and discontent, with redoubled force. He strove—vainly strove—to combat his disease, and overcome it by turning his attention to the arrangement of his books, and looking up old accounts; and when this resource was exhausted, by reading political papers, and, finally, novels and romances; but all would not do. He had once given way to the demon discontent; he had once suffered the syren fancy to poison his mind's peace; he had once allowed the imagination to transport him from the things of reality to the regions of air and nothingness, to seek happiness and consolation; and all his powers were not now sufficient to shake off the illusive approaches. Every return of bad weather—every word of complaint uttered by a disappointed neighbour, and every wayward thought that carried his imagination to the land of happiness, where his friends, *by report*, were enjoying the fruits of their enterprise, brought him to a painful sense of his misery, and aroused the flame of his discontent; and several times before the opening of spring, had he made up his mind to emigrate, and as often had he been turned from his purpose by the same powerful cause before related; but at every succeeding time, however, with less decision and certainty, until he had at last arrived at the condition of the traveller, who, coming to two roads leading in different directions, is indifferent which to take, and decides the point by raising his cane to let it fall to the ground, and the road it favours in its fall to pursue.

In this situation Mr. Excitable received a long letter from a particular and much valued friend, who had emigrated to the west a year or so before, reciting, in glowing language, the natural advantages and unexampled beauty of the country, and acquainting him with his perfect success in business, and the delights of his new home, concluding with a strong invitation to come and see for himself. This communication instantly decided his wavering mind; and, animated by the glorious prospects it conjured up in his heart, he resolved to set himself in earnest about closing up his concerns, in preparation for as early a removal as circumstances would admit of. He flew to his wife, and reading to her the gladsome epistle, he acquainted her with his determination. Being a sensible woman, she some time combated his resolution, urging, with much force, all the objections she could think of. But her husband was for this once unchangeable. He maintained his position, by many powerful arguments and convincing truths, 'till Mrs. Excitable was forced to yield a reluctant consent to the arrangements for the contemplated undertaking.

Mr. Excitable went to work instantly. He wrote to his friend in the west, when he might look for him; and actually directed him to look out a piece of land for him against he should arrive. He began to contract his business, make settlements, enforce payments of his due, and make sales of his loose property, at whatever sacrifice, and to do everything with an eye single to this great object. In the excitement of those movements, he found relief from his ennui, and, in the bright anticipations for the future, consolation for present sacrifices.

In the mean time spring opened. Its bright sun, and budding vegetation, welcome indices of nature's renewed life, made him half repent of his determination to desert forever these pleasing returns, interwoven, as he now found them to be, into his very nature. But, as summer advanced, and showed prospects of another cold season, he renewed his strength, and hastened his preparations with more zeal than ever.

The month, the day, at length came when Mr. Excitable was to start; when, lo! he found he had just come to the reality of his great undertaking. No longer borne up by bright anticipations, he discovered it was no easy nor delightful task to leave his homestead, round which circled so many fond associations, in the hands of strangers,—to dispose of real estate in the present hard times,—to take leave

forever of his friends and associates, and set out for a strange land, to be reached only by a long, tedious journey, where he would be obliged to commence life anew, forming acquaintances and connexions that it was beyond his knowledge whether they would prove advantageous or destructive to his future peace and prosperity. He thought of his family, now happy in the enjoyment of every thing desirable to render life comfortable in this world of woe, and shuddered to think they might fall victims to the western fevers, or meet with a watery grave on the boisterous lakes, or come to some other violent end on the road. He thought how his tender wife might reproach him for being the cause of all this; whilst she herself might be languishing on a bed of sickness, brought on by over-exertion and fatigue on the road; and he drew back in alarm, as if from the brink of a horrid precipice.

Then he looked upon the parish church, and instantly a long train of events and remembrances—some sad, some joyful—rose up before his repentant mind. Within its sacred walls had he been united to the wife of his bosom, in early life, when the passions were strong and deep, by the same grey-headed old pastor, who had, in after years, prayed beside his tender babes, as their last breath was escaping to the Father who gave it, and whose little bodies were sepulchred in the adjoining burying ground. The many happy, as well as sad, but chastened hours, he had passed there, listening to the holy truths of the gospel as they fell from the preacher's lips, and witnessing religious ordinances, as well as a thousand other incidents and associations that clustered around the hallowed place, recurred forcibly to his imagination, and he wept like a child, for the first time since his boyhood.

Mr. Excitable was not a man to withstand these feelings of humanity; they were vastly more powerful than the inclination to go to the west, and as suddenly as he had formed his resolution to emigrate, did he now abandon the idea, exclaiming: "I cannot tear myself from these associations of my childhood, youth, and manhood. This country, although it is now suffering from hard seasons, is still my country—the land that gave me birth, that has reared me to manhood, that contains the ashes of my honored parents, and of my sweet babes. It is my home, my only home, and I never will leave it. Away with the splendid dreams of wealth and happiness in another land. I will die here, where I was born, though I may be a poorer, yet no doubt, a happier, a better man!"

Mrs. Excitable was highly pleased when her husband informed her of the change in his purposes, declaring she would rather live and die here in poverty, than run the chance of meeting any thing better in a foreign land.

Mr. Excitable now proceeded to counteract his former arrangements, but found he had lost by his western fever far more than he had ever dreamed of. The sacrifices he had made on his property were nothing compared to the disorganization of his regular business. He soon found to his sorrow that the relations he had, by his folly, severed, were not soon, if ever, to be renewed. His old customers had betaken themselves to new houses, and were shy about returning. His friends, having made up their minds to lose him, and made calculations accordingly, looked upon his stay in rather a disappointed mood, and the public had somehow lost confidence in him. He therefore found his influence materially lessened, in all quarters, to what it was before his fracas, when he was regarded by every body as a staid, substantial man.

In this dilemma he laboured on patiently from day to day, hoping in time to recover from the shock. But, unluckily, the times proved hard; business was dull, money scarce, and, added to the whole, political troubles came to add their share to his embarrassments. The consequence was another attack of his western fever.

He now viewed emigration as a matter of necessity; as he despaired of ever regaining his former position. Again did he determine, in a fit of despair, to break up business and be off; and again was his mind assailed by the powerful considerations before related, and forced to yield submission to their influence: and these resolves, and re-resolves, as times and circumstances changed, or as his feelings dictated, at last grew upon him to such a degree that they created a kind of disease, or morbid affection of the mind, from which he was hardly ever free, except when engaged in the duties of some of the most busy seasons of the year—producing a fickleness of mind and purpose, highly detrimental to the prosperity of his business, and rendering him a miserable man.

After several years spent in this mood, Mr. Excitable withdrew altogether from business, and retired to a farm; flattering himself still with the intention of going to the west, when he should get in his dues, or if he should fail in this long cherished project, to embark all his means in some profitable speculation at home, hoping thereby to retrieve, with one stroke, his lost character and standing. But he has never

done either. He has ever continued a prey to his western mania, and still lives in hopes of accomplishing his desires, although now considerably past the active years of his life; whilst his family, in consequence of his uncertainty of purpose, are growing to years of discretion, without any particular object in view, awaiting as it were, their parent's destination, in order to form their future course of life; and ten to one if the springs of their youthful minds are not chilled, and their fondest hopes fatally destroyed, by the cruel procrastination of their kind and indulgent, but unhappy father. And these are the consequences of giving way to discontent and following the illusions of fancy.

Reader! is this a single case? Has it no parallel within the range of your acquaintance?—*Montreal Garland.*



For The Amaranth.

STANZAS

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

FLED from the hall of thy fathers forever,
Thou hast gone to a far brighter realm,
Where all that on earth can dis sever,
Shall never again overwhelm.

Tho' planted in earth's fairest portion,
And rear'd in its sunniest clime,
Too soon its wild, ceaseless commotion
Convey'd thee to heaven to shine.

Tho' thy lot here below told of anguish—
An unfading crown now is thine;
And praise on thy lips ne'er can languish,
Thy day-star of love ne'er decline.

And tho' sorrow thy pilgrimage clouded,
And brought to thy young heart distress—
In infinite love thou art shrouded,
And sorrow and pain are at rest.

From the world and its follies departed,
Thou reignest in mansions on high,
'Mong the ransom'd of God, the pure-hearted
In stations of bliss in the sky.

Tho' over thy grave there is weeping,
And mourning in many a breast,
With thy fathers thou calmly art sleeping—
With them thou art gather'd to rest.

And peaceful and calm be thy slumber,
'Till the trumpet shall finally sound,
And awake from the tomb with its thunder
The myriads that sleep in the ground!

Liverpool, N. S., 1842.

WILHELMINA.

ESTHER WILSON.

It was in the early part of last summer, that, after an absence of several years, I paid a visit to the romantic village of N—, in the state of Massachusetts. The season was unusually beautiful, the first flush of summer having passed over the landscape. The boundless ocean, on whose verge stands the village, lay like a mighty sheet of silver glowing beneath the glorious sun—the air was alive with the music of birds, the shout of the husbandman was heard in the fields, the laugh of the happy urchins as they gambolled over the verdant plain, rang merrily on the ear. All nature appeared to have awakened from a long and heavy slumber, forgetting its wintry dreams, and to smile in renewed strength and beauty in the presence of a Benificent creator.

Close to the beach, and at a short distance from the village, are the ruins of one of the earliest places of worship, erected by some of the pilgrim fathers, and where the moss-grown and dilapidated grave-stones yet bear the names of some of these singular beings. It is now seldom used as a burial-place, save by a few of the inhabitants, descendants of the fathers, or as the last home of the wrecked mariner, or the stranger without a friend.

This little grave-yard was always a favorite resort of mine, and every day would I find myself wandering among the bones of its departed, or, for hours would I sit and watch the sun sinking in his glory, 'till the crescent moon and her train of stars, ascended the blue vault of heaven.

It was during one of these solitary rambles, that an incident befel me, which, although bearing on it the semblance of fiction, yet is none. I had seated myself upon a little hillock, and was listening to the solemn voice of the ocean as it broke in wreaths of foam upon the golden beach, when the sound of a footstep fell upon my ear, and looking round, I beheld the figure of a man approach, and kneel upon a new-made grave. For some time he continued in that position, and when he arose, the moon, which was shining brightly, revealed to me a face which, although greatly changed by the hand of grief, was yet by me remembered. The time, the place, and so singular a meeting after so long a separation, for a moment kept us silent, but on my speaking his name, the feelings of our boyhood came full upon us, and we welcomed each other with delight.

After mutual congratulations had been exchanged, I ventured to refer to the scene which

I had just witnessed. "Ah!" said he with a languid smile, "it is indeed a melancholy sight to behold me thus, but that grave conceals all that ever truly gave hope or happiness to my existence."

"And who is its inmate?" I inquired.

"Esther Wilson!" he added, in a voice trembling with emotion.

The name was familiar to me. Esther Wilson I had once known as the most beautiful girl of the village, and I remembered that when I left it to mingle in the throng of cities, my friend, Henry Walworth, was considered as her betrothed. For years I had been absent, while new scenes and strange faces had almost obliterated from the "tablet of my memory" the village beauty. Remembering their betrothment, and beholding the present grief of Walworth, I concluded that he was now mourning for her recent loss. His narration, however, soon gave a different aspect to my supposition, and which I shall endeavour to relate as nearly in substance as he imparted it to me.

"Esther Wilson, it appeared, immediately after her betrothal to Walworth, was summoned to New-York to take possession of a handsome property bequeathed to her by a rich relation. Young, artless, and beautiful, she soon became the magnet of attraction. To a village girl, unacquainted with fashionable society, the pleasing addresses of the gay, and the many amusements which abound in a metropolis, burst upon her like the enchanted gardens of Aladdin, and her native cottage, with its snowy walls, embowered among roses and honeysuckles, were remembered by her with a feeling akin to that of disgust, when contrasted with the costly apartments of which she was now mistress. Her old friends and playmates were recollected but as the shadows of a dream, and even Walworth she determined to forget for a man of fashion. Poor Henry, whose whole existence was wrapped up in her, began to surmise the worst; letter after letter he had addressed to her, but to none of them had she deigned to return an answer. At length, unable longer to endure the agony of suspense, he resolved to behold Esther, and win from her own lips her true determination.

It was a summer's day when he entered New-York; every face and object appeared to wear a strange and repulsive cast. Having secured apartments at a hotel, he retired to rest from the fatigue of his journey, and devised the most prudent means of beholding Ellen.—He seated himself at the window, which com-

manded a full view of Broadway. The street was alive with every class of humanity, from the ragged and wretched beggar, up to the man of wealth and fashion. Walworth could not help contrasting the busy and exciting scene with his own quiet and happy village, and wondering how Esther could exchange it for the American Babylon. Every passer by seemed languid and sickly. The heat was intense, and not a semblance of shade presented itself.—Here and there a stunted tree reared its trunk in the street, whose leaves hung scorched and dusty in the bright blaze of a July sun, lacking the rich and verdant beauty which marks the native denizens of the woods and plains. Although the scene was novel to Walworth, he could not but regard it with disgust, and his heart leaped back to the sweet sounds of the purling brooks—the green and flower-enamelled sward—the cool, dark, and silent recesses of the forest—where nature reigned in all its purity—where he had sported in the joyousness of boyhood, and every object was familiar to him as a household god. He thought, too, of Esther—his own blue-eyed and blushing maiden, and he trembled as he thought that perhaps she had forgotten the home of her childhood—the playmates of her youth—perhaps forgotten him.

As he sat thus ruminating, a splendid broughie was seen advancing; in it, were a lady and gentleman. By some secret sympathy, Walworth's eyes became rivetted upon the same; nearer and nearer it approached; his heart beat quick and heavily—his respiration almost ceased, a flitting film passed over his eyes—and he grasped the sill of the window with a desperate and despairing strength—he could not be mistaken—it was *her*—Esther Wilson—his own betrothed, in close and playful dalliance with a fashionable stranger—she passed beneath his eye—he essayed to rise, with the resolution of following them, but strength failed him, and he fell helpless and almost fainting back into his chair.

When he recovered from his bewilderment, wild and unnatural energy took possession of his heart; he felt that all he loved was lost to him for ever, yet he determined once again to behold her—to confront her face to face, and remind her of her promise, and accordingly, that evening, he repaired to her dwelling. It was situated in one of the most fashionable streets of the city, and as he stood before it, the remembrance of former scenes came fresh upon him. Could it be that fortune could so soon have changed her—that the once simple

and beautiful Esther, the pride of the village was now one of the leading belles of the fashionable world—that her heart was now probably another's? and he stood hesitating whether or not to enter the magnificent mansion, or to retrace his steps at once, back to his native home, and seek in its placid bosom a balm to his stricken spirit. While he stood thus irresolute, the sound of music, and the tones of a voice but too familiar, fell clearly on his ear. His resolution was taken, and ascending the steps, with a trembling hand he rung the bell. A servant, neat as a popinjay, appeared, and demanded his business. "It is with your mistress, sir," said Henry; "say that a gentleman desires to speak with her."

The servant was confounded at his peremptory tone.

"You understand me, sir!" said Henry.

"Certainly!" replied the man of waiting.—"If you have a card, I shall be happy to convey it to Miss Wilson."

"Say, sir, that Mr. Walworth waits the convenience of Miss Wilson for an interview."

The lacquey bowed, and ushering Walworth into an apartment, departed on his mission.

Miss Wilson was seated at the piano as the servant entered—a perfumed and tastefully dressed exquisite was hanging over her, who, to prevent the songstress from being interrupted, placed his finger on his lip, betokening silence; the docile creature at once comprehended his meaning, and stood mute and motionless. When Miss Wilson had finished, "Now, James, your business," said the man of fashion, who appeared to assume an authority in the mansion.

"Mr. Walworth desires to see you, Madam."

Ellen sprang to her feet, the blood forsook her cheek, and with difficulty she articulated *who?*

"Mr. Walworth," repeated the servant.

But for the assistance of the man of fashion, she would have fallen to the floor. In an instant, however, she recovered her fortitude, and courtesying to Mr. Brilliant, "You must think me a silly creature," said she, "but this is an old and once esteemed acquaintance, and the suddenness of his visit has so confounded me, that my nerves—the weather—the—"

Mr. Brilliant gently led her to the sofa, and tendering her an exquisitely chased smelling-bottle, the delicate sensibilities of our new-made lady were soon restored to their wonted calmness, although a strange feeling yet lingered about her heart at the recollection of her old lover being so near, and the neglect with which she had of late treated him.

"Will you admit him to your presence, my dear Miss Wilson?" said Mr. Brilliant, "or shall he call again?"

"Yes—no—that is—" and with a strong effort she desired the attendant to tell Mr. Walworth to walk up.

When Walworth entered the magnificent apartment, its brilliancy, for a moment, bewildered him, and he paused at its threshold, unconscious how to deport himself. It was a high and spacious room, almost lined throughout with mirrors, in which every object was ten times multiplied. The hangings were of the most delicate fawn colour, and inlaid with the most ingenious devices. The furniture was of the most costly workmanship. A table of the purest marble stood in the centre, on which lay innumerable gems of art, while in various corners, vases filled with the freshest flowers, wasted their fragrance upon the evening breeze, as it blandly swept through the apartment: the whole presenting a strange contrast to the simple and quiet home of Esther's girlhood. In a deep recess the lady of the mansion was seated, attended by the exquisite Brilliant, and it was only as she affectingly exclaimed, "Ah! Mr. Walworth, how are you," that Henry recognized her presence.

"Esther!" he faintly said, and extending his hand, crossed towards her, but instead of receiving him with all the warmth and joy of their former acquaintance, she only lazily presented him with the little finger of her left hand.

Henry was struck speechless; he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses, so great was the change in her appearance and manner, and he stood gazing upon her with a look of vacancy.

"Will you be seated, sir?" said Brilliant, pointing to a chair with the greatest *nonchalance* of voice and action.

"No, sir!" responded Henry, his faculties returning to him, and his heart bursting with indignation at the callous behaviour of Esther. "I wish, sir, to speak with this lady *a'one!* if your presence can be conveniently dispensed with—"

"My presence—speak with this lady—alone—Miss Wilson—singular conduct—rather rude. Harken, sir—"

"And harken you, sir. I do not know you, nor from your appearance do I desire the pleasure, but my claims to the lady's presence are a thousand times more strong than yours, and I request, nay, *demand*, that for a brief space, you quit this apartment."

"Sir—Miss Wilson—by all that is good—I shall not suffer—you must explain."

"Cease your jargon, sir; when I have finished my interview with Miss Wilson, I shall be then happy to afford you all the explanation you may desire."

"Mr. Brilliant, for my sake, quit the room," interrupted Esther. "This young man presumes upon a silly acquaintance contracted in the days of our youth. I shall soon convince him of his error."

"As you desire it, my dear Miss Wilson—certainly—your wishes are a law, but this rustic cavalier and I must have a few words together," and the creature of fashion leisurely waddled out of the room.

A dead pause ensued his departure for some moments. At length Walworth broke the silence—

"You have not forgotten me, *madam*, I perceive, although you have forgotten the terms on which we were accustomed to meet."—Esther spoke not, but would have given worlds had she possessed them, to have escaped his presence. He continued—"When last we met, Esther—Miss Wilson, I should have said, we bound ourselves by a solemn oath, in the presence of our God, that we should become man and wife—that vow you seem to have forgotten—to have yielded your heart up to the allurements and follies of the gay world. Yet I will not reproach you; if you are willing to renounce the home of your youth, and the mark of your betrothment, be it so. For my own part, I release you from your vow, though God I am certain, never will—that oath you never can forget, sworn, as it was, under the blue canopy of heaven, with the bright stars looking down as angel witnesses, and the summer wind wafting our words to the throne of God. Esther Wilson, I forgive you, but as sure as there is a hereafter, the anger of that God will overtake you." He rushed from the apartment, and Esther, confounded and terror-stricken, remained for some moments in a cold and death-like stupor.

We shall here introduce a vacuum in our narrative—briefly recording that Esther became the wife of Mr. Brilliant, who, having dissipated her fortune, after two years, sunk into the grave a miserable *debauchee*. In the meantime, the parents of Esther also died, and she was thus left a young and giddy widow without the means to gratify her extravagant propensities. By degrees she slowly dwindled into the most ordinary circumstances. Those who had been the fond companions of her

wealthy days, now shrank from her presence—her applications for assistance were disregarded by them all, and the sneer of the proud and the heartless met her at every turn. Ah! how gladly would she have returned to her native village—but there was none to extend to her the hand of welcome. How did she lament her folly in casting away the generous heart of Walworth. Too truly had his parting words been verified, “The anger of God had overtaken her.” Walworth, from the moment of separation from Esther, became an altered man. Misanthropy was stamped upon his visage—society he shunned—with his book alone, did he hold converse, or quitting his couch at midnight, would ramble along the beach—solitary and sad.

Two years after this, in the fall of 1840, he was sojourning in the western part of the state of New York, with a kind family, to whom he was distantly related. They had heard of his melancholy, and kindly persuaded him to visit them, in the hope that a change of scene and associations would restore him to his former state of mind and body. No amusement or comfort was neglected by them that could contribute to his happiness. Among the families to whom he was introduced, was one by the name of Worthington, a name which he had often heard Esther mention, in their days of blessedness, but which now made no particular impression upon his mind, more than serving to call up anew her memory. One evening, he had been invited to a party at their hospitable mansion, and in the course of conversation, he chanced to mention the name of his native village. Mrs. Worthington, one of the most eloquent of the party, all at once became silent, while his kind friend took the first opportunity to change the tenor of the discourse, and withdraw him from the apartment. “My dear Walworth,” said he, “perhaps you are not aware that the same cause which has so ruined your peace, has to a great degree, wounded that of this worthy family.”

“How mean you?” he asked, astonished at the intelligence. “Esther Wilson is distantly related to them,” answered his friend, “and is at this moment, subsisting on their bounty, and I know that any one, possessing a knowledge of her present situation, would be to them the cause of much unhappiness.”

“Good heavens! can it be?” exclaimed Henry, “the young and beautiful Esther Wilson reduced to poverty? How—when—where did this occur?”

“But recently.”

“And where is she?—injured, as I have been by her, I can yet forgive—pity—and relieve her?”

“Not so, my dear Walworth, her poverty is no crime in the eyes of the Worthingtons—but—come, let us return to the parlor.”

Walworth saw by his look, that some great moral error had been committed by Esther, and for a moment felt paralyzed—when, suddenly recovering his presence of mind, “But what,” he exclaimed, grasping his arm with the energy of desperation, “for heaven’s sake tell me the truth—keep me not in suspense—better death than to live in the agony of doubt.”

“Nay, my good Walworth, force me not to an avowal—suspect the worst, you will not be mistaken.”

In one moment, he appeared to live his life over again—“his boyhood’s home,” father, mother, and above all, Esther Wilson stood before him. The scenes of his childhood, the pretty rose-lipped, blue-eyed girl, wandering with him, and in hand, among the woods and valleys—that young girl bursting into maidenhood—and the virgin coyness first betraying itself—then that deep and holy attachment, akin to the beauty of heaven—that night, too, when he received her virtuous betrothal—then her withering behaviour to him in the pride of her plentitude and fortune—all, all, came before him with the vividness of lightning—and now he saw her a blighted, withered flower—a creature dependent upon the charitable pittance of another—an outcast from society, a thing to be pointed at by the finger of scorn—a wanton! Oh! God, how heavy had been her punishment. But to the sequel of his story—that night, on his return home, he found that to sleep was impossible. Conjecture was busy with him—a thousand resolutions were formed, and as quickly broken. First, he thought to seek her out—forgive her, and offer her his hand; but, then did the scorn of the world rise before him—its serpent hiss sounded in his ear, and his heart failed him. Then did he resolve to carry her back to her native village, and to afford her a shelter; but he knew that the busy voice of slander would follow her there. What, then, was to be done? but this—To protect her as far as the rules of propriety would permit,—and with his little means to aid her future days, and assuage her sorrows.

With the dawn, he stood beside the couch of his relative. He imparted to him his resolution and implored him to afford him a clue to her residence. This he would not do. The

only information he received respecting her, was, that she resided in the neighbourhood, under the close inspection of the Worthington family.

For days did he devise all means and methods to discover her, but in vain. Yet he felt a consolation to know that he was near her—that, perhaps in his wanderings he passed the very home that contained his once loved treasure: and thus from day to day did he while away the weary hours, 'till the golden autumn had given place to winter, and a check was put upon his wanderings.

The winter had far advanced, and, as is usual in most towns and cities, a round of parties was kept up among the inhabitants who were friendly to one another. One evening, along with his kind relation, (although repugnant to his feelings,) he consented to be present at one of these. The apartments were decorated in the most costly style—the music was of the most voluptuous quality, beauty and fashion were mingled together, while, “soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell.” The hours sped gaily on, and the dance was at its height. The bell of a neighbouring church told that the hour of midnight had arrived. But, what to them was the flight of time? light hearts and loving ones, were bound in the rosy garlands of pleasure,—so old “scythe and hour-glass” might keep journeying on, he could not mar their festivity.

The music ceased, and the dancers were retiring to their places, when a young female, fancifully attired, stood in the midst of them; her attenuated figure was trembling with the biting blast, through which, by the dampness of her clothing, it was evident she must have passed. Her pale and emaciated features wore the hue of death; her eyes, which were sunken in her head, yet flickered with a bright and unnatural lustre. Death-like silence pervaded the assembly—all eyes were fastened upon her; but to none was she apparently known. She looked around her with a wild and vacant stare, and in a low, sweet and melancholy voice, sighed—“Where is he?—I know he is here.” Walworth gasped for breath. It was Esther Wilson! That pale and trembling figure was the once beautiful creature, the idol of his affection. “Esther, dear Esther!” he exclaimed. A shrill shriek burst from the delirious creature, and the next moment she lay senseless upon the floor.

The company gathered around her, while Henry rushed towards her and raising her

from the ground, clasped her closely to his bosom. He could recollect no more 'till the next morning, when he awoke to sensibility in his own apartment, with his kind friends gathered around him. “Where is Esther?” was his first exclamation. They looked at each other in inexplicable silence. He repeated the question. Still were they silent. He asked again. His friend spoke not, but pointed to heaven. Walworth divined, alas! but too truly, that Esther was no more.

A kind of supernatural strength, now took possession of him. He seemed at once to have recovered all his energies, and in a cool and deliberate manner, gave directions that the corpse should be conveyed to N—, the place of her birth. Alone, he followed, and with a few friends, saw the last rites bestowed upon it. In that grave, where I beheld him kneeling, she sweetly slumbered, where nightly he came to breathe his orisons to God, that, although she had wronged him in life—in death they might be united.

The autumn following, I visited N—. The first inhabitant I inquired for, was Walworth. “He is dead, sir,” was the answer I received.

“And buried, I trust, with—”

“Esther Wilson, sir,” said my informant, anticipating my words. “It was his last request, and faithfully was it obeyed.” That very night I visited the grave-yard. The moon was casting its holy radiance on all around.—A new grave-stone caught my gaze. I approached it and found it to contain this inscription:

Here lie the Bodies of
Esther Wilson,
and
Henry Walworth.



THERE is no man, but God hath put many excellent things into his possession to be used, improved, and managed by him for the common good and interest; for men are made for society and mutual fellowship. We are not born for ourselves alone, *but every other man hath some right and interest in us*, and as no man can live happily in this world without the help and assistance of others, so neither is any man exempt or privileged from being in his place some way beneficial to others.—*Dr. Calamy's Sermons.*



Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?—*Milton.*

For The Amaranth.

THE MINER'S TALE.

I REMIND me, 'twas like the mighty rush
Of roaring winds, as through the distant *drift*
That sound came rumbling on; and each man
lean'd
Upon his spade—awe-struck and still—each
cheek
Blanched in the sickly lamplight; 'twas but
A moment, then cries and yells of warning
Through the vaults, and a man came flying past
With wild shout of agony—"the waters!"—
Aye, all died! The youth in his golden prime,
And the old time-worn miner in his age;
The warm heart and the sunny brow, the eye
Of passion and the breast of guile, grew chill
And rigid 'neath that life-devouring flood;—
They perished all!

Six of us there were,
And we gained a ledge of rock above
The whelming wave, and scann'd each face to
see

What friends were there. The horror of our
doom

Then withered up our souls, searing as
A lightning flash, its depths: to be entomb'd
In rocks of adamant—foodless—hopeless,
O God! 'twas a wild thought; so wild, that
some

Grew mad, and cursed and laughed with mirth
Which was a mockery; and some lay down
And covered up their heads in speechless woe,
So silent, that they seem'd bereft of thought
And life in their deep misery. But one
There was, a boy—a young and gentle boy;—
The sad, bright tears were flowing down his
cheek,

As with clasp'd hands, and knee upon the rock,
He breath'd a prayer to heaven, mingled
With his mother's name; I could not look upon
His holy grief: the strong man crush'd and
bow'd,

The maniac in his rage, were nothing
To the prayer and tears of that pure child!
Then hunger came and gnaw'd within us, like
An undying worm, and the shrunk skin upon
Each spectral face, looked hideously
In the expiring lamp. It could not last.

Some sprang into the flood with blasphemy,
But others were too weak, and could not move
Their fleshless limbs, save when a spasm shook
them;

These died hard, and when their cries were
hushed

There were none left but the poor starving boy,

Whose moans grew fainter as his blue eye
clos'd.

I know not how it was—I could not die;
Like sapless autumn leaves they fell around,
Yet still I lingered on, with burning throat,
And swell'd and speechless tongue, craving
strength

To tear the half-cut shoe with hungry jaws,
And teeth that chatter'd with a hollow sound
In racking pain; yet still I did not die,
But grew delirious, and then, methought,
A gabbering demon sat before me,
Feasting on a bone—a human bone,
And as he tore the flesh with wolfish fangs
He laugh'd with hellish glee, and I laugh'd too,
He seem'd so merry; but the sound I made
Scar'd me into sense, and then I wonder'd
Where I was, it seem'd so dark and still,
And stretching forth my hand I touch'd a face—
A shrivell'd, bony face—and shuddering,
Remember'd all; then numbness crept upon
My nerveless limbs, and thought and feeling
merg'd
In listless lethargy.

Yet still I breath'd,
A bootless thing within that dreadful grave,
Enclosed in solid stone;—a living man
Imprison'd in the bowels of the earth
With the rank dead for his companions.
What time elapsed I knew not, but a voice,
Making strange music in that lonely place,
Re-echoed through the cavern; a light
Gleamed before my eye-balls and I look'd,
And lo! a miner bent him over me,
But started when he saw my famish'd face;
The waters had subsided—I alone,
Of those ill-fated mortals yet surviv'd
To tell this tale!

St. John, December, 1842.

EUGENE.



Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the hu-
man mind, that there is scarcely any thing too
strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The
story of the miser, who, from long accustom-
ing to cheat others, came at last to cheat him-
self, and with great delight and triumph pick-
ed his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his
hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In
like manner it fares with the practisers of de-
ceit, who, from having long deceived their ac-
quaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving
themselves, and acquire that very opinion;
however false, of their own abilities, excellen-
cies, and virtues, into which they have for
years, perhaps, endeavoured to betray their
neighbours.

A CHAPTER ON GRAVES.

As men journeying along through the toilsome paths of life, perhaps there is nothing which has so much power in binding them together by those links to which we owe so much of our earthly happiness, as the knowledge of the fate that will, one day or other, fall upon us all. If there were in our life all the chances and changes which it at present possesses, except the certainty of its speedy termination, men would care little to connect themselves by any strong ties with those from whom, ere long, they would be almost sure to be separated. But now, knowing their stay in this world will be but for a short time, and knowing also that their stay will be terminated by the same dark and gloomy grave, they cling to each other, and form those ties of public society and private affection, by which they may best administer support, comfort, and consolation to each other, during their brief pilgrimage.

It is to these institutions of society, springing from a sense of companionship in sorrow, that we owe most of our bodily comforts.—But in these cold forms and ceremonies we should find but little comfort for our hearts.—Man, possessing a soul, spiritual and unearthly in its nature, can find happiness only in a fellowship with beings also spiritual. And many are the spirits from the unseen world that haunt our minds, as we journey on our earthly course holding a strange and mysterious communion with our hearts, and causing us to live an inward and unseen life, without which our outward life would be poor indeed. Many and various are the forms in which they array themselves. Some come before us in vestures of glory, filling our hearts with high and holy thoughts, as they whisper to us strange tidings of the world whence they have come. Some come, the spirits of departed ages, calling up past scenes, and bringing examples of those who have lived and died before. Others come, the spirits of futurity, bringing to our minds' eye pictures of lovely sunny scenes, in which we fondly hope we may sometimes play our part; or bearing a darker or a more gloomy form, as they cast a shadow over our spirits, the dim forebodings of coming sorrow. Others are there,

*That haunt the steps of the lone and forsaken,
And the echoes of hours that are gone they awaken;

When the loved one is gone and all would be drear

To the heart in its loneliness, then come they near;

They gather the flowers, the bluebell or rose,
Or they scorn not the meanest flower that grows.

And they weave them into a magic chain,—
Though the flowers may wither, the spell doth remain,

And when they bind up the heart that's in pain
And awaken the spirit to gladness again,
Then all around it they breathe through the trees,

And whisper a voice on the magic breeze;
A voice still and gentle, which yet can reveal
That name to the heart that its sadness can heal."

Of all these spirits, so many and so various in their nature, there is not one so constantly with us as the spirit of the grave. In our gayest scenes, when all is brightness and mirth and health around, that gaunt spirit raises his shrouded form among us. When we are in the throng of life, he is with us. When we look upon the face of nature, in every chance and every change around, we see the impress of that spirit's form. The wild wind, as it scatters the leaves on their autumnal tomb, seems to whisper his name. If we gaze on the loveliest prospect that this world can afford, we see in the midst thereof a grave.

But this spirit, as he wanders with us in his daily walks, hath cast a veil over the fearfulness of his aspect, so that we look upon him with an unfeared eye: we dread not his presence.

"Is it not wonderful, the darkest day
Of all the days of life,—the hardest wrench
That tries the coward sense,—should mix itself

In all our gentlest and most joyous moods
A not unwelcome visitant? that thought,
In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot.

Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form
Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself
To his mysterious converse?"

It is well to go to the "old kirk-yard," and wander among the graves, to commune with death in his own domains; to see the noble and the serf lie side by side; the master and the slave. Nowhere do we see a fairer view of men than in their graves, for their faults lie buried with them. "Man wars not with the dead. It is a *trait* of human nature for which I love it." And is it not well to pass by the graves on our way to worship in the temple of

that God whose eternal temple we must enter *through* the grave.

But there are graves of another kind. Is not each man's heart a grave, wherein lies buried many a sad and mournful memory? Many bright and glorious forms fill our youthful hearts, making all around us seem glad and merry with their presence. As in the healthful child of half-a-dozen years we see no symptoms of decay and death, so we deem that these visions and hopes of our youth will last forever. But time, as its years roll on, spares them not. One by one they fade, they die; and in our hearts they make their tomb, chilling them with the chill of death. And often what pangs of fearful agony are there, ere they thus sink to rest in that cold sleep! When some fond affection, that the heart hath cherished as its dearest, holiest treasure, is blighted, scorned, betrayed—all the bright dreams and visions of a whole life changed to a dread desolation,—long and bitter are the sufferings of that heart, ere the spirit that had so beautiful, so glorious, so loved a form, can die.—And, oh! when their grave is in the heart, what a dreary blank and void all around it seem!

Over our churchyard graves the green grass grows, and many a flower of beauty to deck the pillows of the dead, and breathe a perfume around their resting place. And are there no flowers of the heart that bloom over the graves of buried hopes and loves? Sweet and holy flowers are there of gentle and beautiful thoughts,—thoughts that spring from the chastened heart, as water from the stricken rock,—thoughts that shed their own sad sweetness over many a poet's page, thoughts that have borne with them many a heart from this poor earth, to the heaven that ever shed a brightness over the darkened spirit. And as the flowers in our churchyard seem to whisper of life even at the grave, so do these funeral flowers also tell that those affections and earnest longings of the soul, though lost to us for a little time, will one day live again; that though they are now in a sleep from which there is no earthly awaking, they will rise again, and in a form more pure, more holy, and more heavenly.

I will never believe that those earthly children of a heavenly love were formed but to perish. Flowers were they from heaven, and though in the sinful soil of our hearts they withered and died, when we are borne into their own warm climate, beneath their own sunny sky, and the dry ground of our souls is

watered by the blood of redeeming mercy, then will those flowers again revive, and blossom, and spread abroad their green branches, and bear glorious fruit,—the fruit of love, and peace, and consolation.

And there are too in our hearts—less gloomy and mournful in their nature—graves of thought. Is there not buried there many a lovely and gentle thought, that has come, surely, from a better world, to shed a momentary ray of joy and brightness on our spirits? They have passed through our minds so quickly that we have scarce known them; for in the rude sinfulness of our nature, they found no home or resting-place for their own pure essences; and so they died almost ere they were born. But in our hearts have they made their graves, and over their sepulchres also have sprung flowers—flowers that have given promise of their rising. For in that day when the graves shall be opened, and the fetters of death broken,—when our bodies shall arise from the loathsome bed of corruption, clothed in a glorious immortality,—then also shall there be an awakening of the heart, and from the depths in which they lie buried, shall be called forth each dream and vision that hath haunted the spirit, and every thought shall be arraigned—a fearful array—before the tribunal of the Judge. And then shall those on whom the blood hath been sprinkled be changed, even as our bodies shall be changed; and those dearly loved guests of our hearts, which died in this cold stranger world, shall arise, clothed in the beauty of a heavenly immortality, to enter the home whence they came. And then, in our own land, they shall form for us the paradise of which they could only teach us to dream here; while each thought of beauty, whose brightness was dimmed and hidden in the dark murky atmosphere of our souls, shall there shine forth as a glorious jewel to deck our brows.

Upon the grave of the murderer there rests a curse; no flowers will bloom over it. So there is no curse that can fall upon our hearts so dire, as the curse of secret sinful thoughts.—They lie there mouldering and rotting, converting all around them into loathsomeness and corruption; casting a withering blight over our whole souls, so that no green thing or flower of beauty may bloom there; all is a gloomy, dreary waste. Men see not upon earth the corruption that lies rankling beneath the surface; they know not what it is that sends a man forth among his fellow men unloving and unloved, a curse wherever he goes. But for

such an one there shall also be an awakening; and when he shall stand before his Judge, from his heart shall be called up all these black thoughts, that shall stand fearfully forth, as the mark, the brand upon his vesture, of a cursed immortality.

Oh, then, as we kneel upon the grave, and pray that our death may be "the death of the righteous, and our last end like his," let us strive and pray against *thought sins*, lest they make their graves in our hearts, and blight our spirits with their curse. Let us pray that, during our earthly life, our inner and unseen world may be peopled by spirits from the heaven, that may first brighten our existence here, and afterwards bear up our souls on their angel wings to their own blessed home!



THE UNFINISHED DUEL.

I ONCE happened to be travelling in Prussia, in a public conveyance, and by good fortune with gentleman'y and agreeable companions; among whom, was a middle-aged cavalry officer, of the Prussian army. The major, (for he held that rank,) had been of no little service to his temporary travelling companions, for it is very certain that in a military and despotic country, no one can so effectually repel the insolence and exactions of inn-keepers, post-drivers, conductors, postillions, and such other geniuses, as a military man of rank.—He was a most rigorous curtailer of tavern bills, and a single glance from his keen dark eye, and at his very sufficient cane, was quite enough to quell the incipient impertinence and brutality even of a German landlord. In fact, the worthy militaire would have called into active requisition the services of his walking stick with as much vigor and unconcern, as he did those of his Meerschaum; and oh, ye gods, how he did smoke! As to the rest, our travelling companion was agreeable, frank, communicative, a little precise, (from his profession, perhaps,) and with a figure nobly proportioned, and regimentals of most unexceptionable cut and finish.

During our journey, the major entertained us with the narration of various "moving accidents by flood and field," with love adventures during the piping times of peace, and all those various incidents which go to make up the eventful life of a soldier. Among these one struck me at the time, as remarkable, and I will attempt to relate it as nearly as I can in the gallant major's own words.

"I entered the army at an early age, pursu-

ant to the custom of my country, which makes all the younger sons of poor nobles legitimate food for powder. Thanks to Napoleon, we had plenty of fighting, and my hopes of promotion were becoming flattering, when the bloody field of Waterloo sent poor Napoleon to St. Helena, and me to vegetate in quarters in a small garrison town. Gentlemen, you have never been in garrison, at least I presume not; unless you had, it would be quite impossible for me to make you fully comprehend the tediousness and *ennui* of such a position. To play billiards day after day at the same miserable table, with the same persons, to make love to the same little *grisettes*, to dance with the same eternal partner, and listen to the same dull jests from their worthy papas,—it is not to live, it is merely existence in its most vegetative form. The dulness of this rascally place seemed at length to become infectious, and attacked even the junior officers of the regiment, who might be seen sauntering about in listless groups, exchanging, ever and anon, sympathizing yawns and conjugating the verb *ennui*, in all its moods and tenses. However, I at least had one source of amusement, which served in some degree to while away the time. I was fond of shooting, and I found my dogs and gun real treasures. During my sporting rambles, I had frequently seen an uninhabited country house of some pretensions to elegance of architecture, and whose grounds and shrubbery, although waste and neglected, were well laid out and pretty. In time, from frequently passing this house, and sometimes resting under its solitary and deserted porch, I began to take quite a fancy to the place, so that at length scarcely a week passed by, that I did not visit the old mansion. There, stretched on the ground, at my ease, under some over-shadowing tree, listening with half closed eyes to the hum of busy life wafted by the breeze from the neighbouring town, I gave myself up to delicious day-dreams, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

"Thus passed my uneventful life, when a trifling indisposition confined me to my quarters for a week. When sufficiently recruited, I proceeded to visit my old haunts. On approaching my old house, (for I had begun to feel towards it a species of ownership,) what was my surprise and annoyance to find manifest tokens of its being occupied. Smoke was actually curling above the old trees so long unconscious of such a visitation. It seemed almost a personal affront. These feelings of irritation, however, soon vanished, and gave

place to other thoughts. Visions of hospitable old gentlemen, fat, comfortable looking mammas, and (I must confess it,) pretty, rose-lipped daughters, began to arrange themselves in my busy brain. At all events, I determined to reconnoitre the enemy's camp. On reaching the gate, I perceived a tall, well-formed man walking on the lawn, accompanied by a large, noble looking dog, who immediately rushed towards me with a most suspicious growl. His master followed, and having called off the dog with a chiding voice, apologized for the rude behaviour of his four-footed companion. A desultory conversation followed, during which, I informed my new acquaintance of my name and profession, and hinted at my frequent visits to his present domicile. Although reserved and almost stern in his manners, there was something about this man that attracted my curiosity, and in spite of myself, excited my interest, and I accepted with pleasure his somewhat cold invitation to repeat my visits. I shall not detain you with the details of our increasing intimacy. I found him always the same. His features, although cast in the finest mould of manly beauty, were pallid and usually overcast with the deepest gloom. He was perfectly well-informed, and his conversation was eminently pleasing, but at times bitter and breathing a profound scorn of the world and its denizens. Sometimes he would sit for hours plunged in deep and apparently painful thought. I never, however, ventured to question him on his past life, nor did he betray the slightest wish to confide his sorrows to any one. But, of all his singularities, there was one which excited, more than the rest, my surprise and curiosity. Every day, and precisely at the same hour, his servant produced a pistol case, and Sturmwald (for such was the name, whether real or assumed, of my new friend,) fired three shots, neither more or less. I have always been an amateur in pistol shooting, indeed in the army it becomes almost a necessary accomplishment, but never have I known so unerring, so perfect a marksman as Sturmwald. His bullets reached their mark with an obedience to his will that almost seemed the result of magic. 'You would prove a formidable antagonist in an affair of honour,' said I one day, after witnessing a display of his almost miraculous skill. Never can I forget the sudden and singular effect produced on his countenance by these words. His brow became black as midnight, his lips ashy pale, and quivering with passion, and returning his pistol to the case with a muttered and unin-

telligible reply, he rushed into the house.—When we met at dinner, an hour afterwards, all traces of emotion had vanished, nor did he in any way during the evening allude to the circumstance, although he drank much more wine than usual, and was (for him,) extremely sociable. Thus time passed on, and my intimacy with Sturmwald almost ripened into friendship. I had frequently, but always in vain, requested him to visit me at our quarters, and accept the hospitalities of our mess. On these occasions, he never failed to vent his spleen against mankind. 'I detest your false, cold world,' he would say, 'what is it but a ridiculous *mélange* of knaves and fools? The betrayers and the betrayed. If I am sad, some insane coxcomb approaches me with an empty jest, if inclined to cheerfulness, I probably meet the doleful countenance of some victim of fraud or treachery. No! to that I prefer the society of my dog. When I am merry, he is but too happy to romp with me, and when serious and thoughtful he sits and watches me with a patient affection, that dogs only are capable of.' One day, however, he yielded to my repeated importunities, and half earnest assurance that I could no longer gratify my inclination to visit him, without some approach on his part to a reciprocity of social intercourse, and promised to dine with me on the following day. At the appointed hour, Sturmwald made his appearance, and was so agreeable, that every one was much pleased and interested in their new acquaintance. But it was decreed that matters were not to terminate thus smoothly. A young cornet, named L., who had lately joined, a somewhat ignorant and headstrong youth, and who, during the evening, had drank much more wine than he could discreetly carry, took it upon himself to contradict some remark of Sturmwald, and set on foot a furious argument. The cold and somewhat contemptuous bearing of Sturmwald irritated the young cornet so highly, that he made use of language that, (in our service, at least,) usually renders a hostile meeting inevitable. An uneasy silence ensued, when summoning up his former calmness, by a strong effort, our guest took his leave. Innumerable were the reproaches heaped on the luckless origin of this most disagreeable interruption of the harmony of the evening, and numerous were the predictions that on the morrow he would have the extreme felicity of being *winged*, at least, even should he be fortunate enough to escape thus easily. Our young gentleman, however, was stillⁿ

and obstinate, nor did there appear much chance of his apologizing for his rude conduct. Next morning, Lubben, although somewhat ashamed of his last night's *escapade*, expressed his determination to meet Sturmwald at all hazards, the more especially as he was now aware of his wonderful skill in pistol shooting, and consequently feared that any backwardness on his part might be attributed to unworthy motives. However, hour after hour elapsed without any communication from our late guest. My surprize was extreme; for I should almost as soon have doubted my own existence as the courage of Sturmwald.

"No! this man *could* not be a coward; every thing that I had witnessed of his character and bearing, forbade such a supposition. What, then, could be the motives which produced his present singular forbearance?—Whilst agitated by these painful doubts, a note was placed in my hands from Sturmwald, requesting my immediate presence at his house.

"On my arrival, I found my friend walking hurriedly to and fro on the lawn. He immediately joined me, and we proceeded to the house, the passages of which were filled with trunks and baggage, all betokening the approaching departure of its present occupant.— On reaching the dining-room, he motioned me to take a chair. After eyeing me for a moment, he said, 'You are no dissembler, at least; I perceive that you are both surprised and displeas'd with my present course. Yes! I leave this place in an hour; but I think it due to both of us, that you should become inform'd of the motives which govern my actions.— When we have dined, therefore, I will relate to you the occurrences of my past life, that you may be enabled to form a correct opinion of my present determination. I have undertaken an unpleasant task, but I shall not shrink from it.' Our dinner pass'd off heavily enough.— When the cloth was removed, and we were alone, Sturmwald fill'd a large tumbler of wine, drain'd it, pass'd the rhenish to me, and thus began. 'I am the only remaining descendant of one of the proud-est, and I may add, poorest families in Poland. An only son, brought up in an old, secluded, dilapidated castle, surrounded by serfs alone, to whom my will was law, it is not surprizing that I should have acquired an imperious and haughty disposition, especially as it was rather encouraged than checked by my father, an officer of high rank in the Prussian service. I, also, was destined to a career of arms. At the age of twelve, I was sent to a Prussian seminary, where my fierce

temper, and my hardy frame, soon rendered me the leading boy of the school. I fear I was a tyrant. All boys, and most men, are so, when afforded an opportunity. My reign, however, was not of very long duration.— About six months after my arrival, a boy whom I shall call Charles, was sent to the same institution. He was handsome, lively, and good-temper'd, but, as I soon discovered, brave and high spirited. One day shortly after his arrival, I gave him some imperious order, which he laughingly but firmly refused to obey. A single combat was the immediate result.— After a desperate conflict, to my unutterable mortification, I found myself completely vanquish'd. My young conqueror bore his victory with moderation, and even made some advances to intimacy, which I repell'd with sullen disdain. My downfall gave undissembled joy to the whole school. A dethroned despot meets with no sympathy, and is only too happy if he can avoid contempt. It was here that were planted the seeds of the bitter hatred I afterwards bore for this youth, which has exerted such an overwhelming influence on my destiny. After my defeat, my school life became odious to me, and after much importunity, I prevail'd on my father to remove me to another institution. At the proper age, I enter'd a celebrated university, where I bore my full share in the wild excesses which unfortunately characterize the German students. The midnight debauch, and the morning duel, fill'd up but too large a space in my college life. At length it was time to enter the army, which I did as a cornet of Hussars. I think me not a boaster when I say that I soon acquir'd the reputation of an active and promising young officer. I lov'd my profession, and studi'd its details with ardor. Shortly after my debut in arms, Charles, who was also destined to a military life, join'd the regiment to which I was attach'd. This event caus'd me much uneasiness and disquietude. I had neither forgott'n nor forgiv'n his youthful triumph at school, and I regard'd him with vague feelings of dislike and antipathy, which render'd a daily intercourse with him annoying, and almost insupportable to my proud and haughty spirit. He, however, soon became a general favourite with all classes of his comrades. His daring and impetuous courage, his open and frank disposition, his graceful and handsome form, and, above all, his unvarying and unconquerable good temper, procur'd him the love and esteem of the whole regiment.— At first, his manner to me was warm and

friendly in the highest degree; but finding his advances repelled with haughty coldness, he soon desisted from any attempt at intimacy, and contented himself with treating me with a lively and good-humoured carelessness. My manner to him, I doubt not, was frequently rude and almost insulting, but my ill-natured and sarcastic sallies, were always so gracefully and neatly parried and retorted, that in the keen encounter of our wits, he universally came off the conqueror. I began to regard him as my evil genius. I had always piqued myself on my skill at billiards. On one occasion, when we chanced to be together at the billiard room, a match was proposed between us by the bystanders, which I could not well decline. We played, and I was beaten. In the riding-school, and fencing-room, I had hitherto stood preeminent, I was now equalled, if not excelled. If we gamed, he always won, and I as surely was a loser. He was a favorite among the women, and frequently triumphed where I had failed. You may think these trifles; to me, they were rankling and bitter injuries. But an event soon occurred which added an additional pang to my previous annoyance and mortification. One day our regiment charged a corps of French lancers, and, in the melee, my horse fell, throwing me to the ground with considerable violence. Although somewhat bruised and stunned, I could perfectly well observe what was passing around me. In a few moments Charles' troop came up at full speed, and I saw him rush into the thickest of the fray, fighting with as much coolness and gayety as if he had been in a ball-room. As I attempted to rise, one of the enemy rode at me with levelled lance; bruised and shaken by my fall as I was, I have little doubt that the French trooper would have put a speedy end to my existence, but at the very instant when all hope had deserted me, Charles spurred his horse towards my antagonist, and with one blow of his sabre, sent him headlong from the saddle. The tide of conflict rolled away, and I managed to retire to the rear, suffering much from my bodily injuries, but more in mind, when the bitter reflection forced itself upon me, that I was indebted for my life to the last man upon earth to whom I would willingly have owed an obligation. When we met the next day, common decency required that I should make some acknowledgments of the important services which had been rendered me, and I accordingly returned him my thanks, but in confused and rather ungracious manner. Charles re-

ceived them with his usual careless gayety, assuring me that I absolutely owed him nothing, and that he had not perceived my misadventure, but had merely attacked my opponent in the hurry of the battle, casually, and without any peculiar aim or object. Time rolled on, and we at length retired into winter quarters, in a fortified frontier town; but my feelings of hatred remained unchanged and unchangeable. I have now to approach a period of my life, the remembrance of which is bitter to me, and almost makes me regret the task I have undertaken.' Here Sturmwald paused, but filling a tumbler with wine, he drained it, and continued. 'In the town of——, in which were our quarters, lived a beautiful married woman, Amalie von——. It was my fate to see and love her to distraction.—Nay, never blush for the matter; these things will happen in the best regulated communities, to say nothing of garrison towns. Besides, her husband was a brute, a frequenter of wine-houses, a mere sot. I am, (for my curse,) of a fervid temperament, and give always a loose rein to the feeling that may happen, at the time to sway me. Amalie was young, beautiful, intellectual, and in her presence, I enjoyed moments of fierce and unmixed exstasy. I had thought for some time, however, that I had observed, on her part, a cooling of passion.—One night that I had accompanied her to the theatre, I could not but notice that her looks frequently wandered, and that her expression was anxious; and when I attempted to engage her in conversation, she was cold, constrained, absent. With an awakening feeling of jealousy, I keenly watched each truant glance, and at length became aware that the object of her future attention was my detested foe.—From the theatre to Amalie's home, I was a silent prey to conflicting emotions of jealousy, love and despair; arrived there, my pent up passions burst forth with uncontrollable violence. She was, of course, by her own account, an injured innocent—all the sex are so in similar circumstances, and we at length parted with a mutual agreement to meet no more. A week passed by, and on calm reflection, I began to think I might have been too hasty in condemning her on such slight grounds; besides, I felt, or I fancied that I could not live without her. Alas! in this world we are forced to forego many things which we had thought necessary to our very existence. In this relenting mood I had determined to revisit her, and attempt the renewal of an intercourse which had become but too

dear to me. On the day in which I had formed this resolution, while we were sitting at our wine after dinner, a note was handed to Charles by a soldier. I can give no reason for the suspicion, but I felt an irresistible and overwhelming conviction that I was, in some way, interested in that note. In the evening, as soon as it was dark, Charles left the barracks, and carefully muffling up myself in a cloak, I proceeded to follow and watch his movements. My suspicions had been but too well founded; he walked directly to the dwelling of my false mistress, and I saw him enter a garden gate in the rear of the building. For one moment I stood motionless, and then rushed home as if pursued by the avenging furies. Every fierce and direful passion raged in my breast, and I rapidly swallowed large draughts of wine, while I attempted in vain to arrange the tumultuous and incoherent thoughts, which crowded in busy throngs through my distracted mind. Hour after hour rolled by, 'till, at length, with maddened brain, I buckled on my sabre, and sallied forth, determined to find and confront my hated rival. There was a cafe and billiard-room much frequented by the military, and to that I bent my steps. He was there, surrounded by a gay and laughing group of officers. There must, I doubt not, have been something dark and menacing in my looks, for the circle gave way, and we stood face to face. He betrayed some surprise at my sudden approach, but made a careless remark, to which I replied with a torrent of insulting reproaches. Irritated, at length he struck me across the face with his glove. In a moment both our sabres were drawn, and a bloody conflict would have ensued, had not some of the older officers rushed between us, and separated us by main force. An affray in a public billiard-room, would excite too much scandal. A meeting was, however, arranged to take place early the next morning, at a short distance from the town. I arose after a sleepless night, pale, haggard, and with aching brow. Dressing myself in haste, I joined my second, who, with a number of my brother officers was waiting to accompany me to the ground. My antagonist, with a party of his friends, was only a few yards in advance. He was dressed with unusual care, and in brilliant spirits. We met a group of peasant-girls on their route to market, with fruit. Charles stopped the prettiest of them, bought a quantity of cherries, which he received in his forage-cap, snatched a kiss, and throwing a dollar to the girl, passed on in high glee. I could have struck him

to the ground, and trampled on him. We entered a small cabaret about a mile from the town, when our seconds informed us that we were to fight with pistols, firing alternately, and that the chance of the dice was to decide who should have the first shot. As usual, his cursed luck attended him, for he threw a higher number than I did. Adjoining to a small meadow in the rear of the house, we took our position ten paces apart. The pistols were placed in our hands, and Charles received the word to fire. He did so, rapidly, and I felt a sharp shock in my right arm. He had continued eating his cherries from his cap, which he held under one arm; but after firing, he throw it to the ground, and calmly stood to receive my shot. The word was given, and I attempted to raise my arm, but it was powerless, and refused to obey my will. The blood, too, began to flow down my arm, and trickled in a small stream from the muzzle of my pistol. I dropped the bloody weapon on the ground with a muttered execration. 'You are wounded,' cried my second; 'yes, I exclaimed bitterly, or that handsome gentleman would not perhaps stand there so much at his ease.'

"On the contrary *mon cher*, you are quite welcome to take your shot whenever you please."

"I accept your offer," I eagerly exclaimed.

"No, no!" said both the seconds, 'impossible!'

"I repeat it," said Charles, in a loud but calm tone of voice, 'and pledge my honor as a gentleman and soldier, to receive that gentleman's fire, whenever and wherever called upon to do so. And I repeat that I accept your pledge, and will hold you, perhaps to its performance.' He then left the ground, and I received the necessary surgical assistance.—My wound was soon healed, but I could not bear to breathe the same air with my detested enemy, and lost no time in forwarding my resignation to the proper quarter, thus putting an end for ever to all my brilliant visions of military glory. Since then, I have lost my father, my only surviving relative; he breathed his last sigh in my arms. I led a restless, wandering life, a prey to one mighty and cherished passion, revenge. To that I dedicated every thought, every faculty. To that I hold my existence sacred. That was the motive of my forbearance toward that hot headed fool last night. An unlucky shot might put an end to all my long cherished plans of vengeance. I loathe and detest the world, and mix as little as possible with my fellow vipers. But you,

—looking at the dog—and here he took my hand with an enchanting smile—‘are a good and amiable snake, and I like you. After all, one *must* love something, were it only a dog. Is it not so, old Otto? Though all the world should prove cold and false, thou, at least, will never forsake me, wilt thou, old warrior?’

‘The dog whined, and springing up, and placing his huge paws around his master’s neck, laid his head on his shoulder. At the moment from my peculiar mood, there was something affecting in this little scene. I could not but view with commiseration this wretched slave of passion; he was so unhappy, so solitary, so desolate; cut off from all human ties and human sympathies. Apparently, Sturmwald observed my evident sympathy, for, disengaging himself from the animal, he rose hastily. ‘This is childish folly. I leave the place almost immediately. I have ordered post-horses, and as for my goods and chattels, a worthy burgher of the town has taken them off my hands. Come, fill and pledge me for perhaps, the last time.’ Shortly after, his carriage was announced, and we walked together out of doors. With a warm pressure of the hand, and a kind farewell, he stepped into his caleche, his old servant mounted the seat behind, the peestillion cracked his whip, Otto trotted soberly beside the horses, and in a few minutes the whole party vanished from my sight. Six months rolled slowly and tediously away, when I was agreeably surprised to receive, one day, a letter from my cousin, the Baron Rosenthal, requesting my immediate presence to witness his approaching nuptials. I found little or no difficulty in procuring a short leave of absence, but from unavoidable detention, it was only by hard travelling that I was enabled to reach the castle on the wedding day. After a hasty toilette, (too hasty, as I thought, for a young lieutenant of Hussars,) Frederic led me to the assembly of mothers, aunts, pretty cousins and pretty girls, who surrounded the lovely and blushing woman with whom his future fate for weal or wo was about to be linked. The solemn and irrevocable words had been uttered, the feast had sped merrily, the brilliant ball which was to conclude this day of joy had commenced, and Frederic, (such is the custom with us,) was about to lead off a Polish dance with his charming wife, when a servant approaching him communicated some tidings in a whisper.— They were evidently of evil import, for Frederic became pale and deeply agitated. In a few moments a door of the ball room was

thrown wide open, and in a loud voice the chamberlain announced the ‘Prince Dorlinski.’ A tall, imposing figure occupied the door-way.— Advancing a few steps, he removed his velvet travelling cap and a blaze of light revealed the lofty brow and pale features of *Sturmwald*.

‘‘I fear,’’ he said with an air of cold but measured ceremony, ‘that I intrude on the Baron Rosenthal at an inauspicious moment; however, if to-morrow—’

‘‘No, sir!’’ exclaimed Frederic, ‘*this moment!* There’s nothing between us that may not be arranged. Follow me, sir, immediately.’

‘His wife and sisters, alarmed by his looks, almost involuntarily clung around him. By a strong effort, he succeeded in stifling his emotion, and disengaged himself from the anxious circle which surrounded him, with a hasty promise to return immediately. As for myself, the whole horrid truth flashed like lightning through my brain, as I obeyed a motion of my cousin to follow him, and seizing an old friend of the family, named Blomberg, by the arm, we silently followed Frederic and his mysterious visitor. Not a word was uttered, as we passed the echoing vaulted passages of the old castle, and entered a spacious, lofty apartment, deserted but brilliantly illuminated; for, on this festive night every window sent forth a blaze of light. And never did the light shine on a group of human beings more agitated by deep emotion, than the one which now stood in that ancient hall. The dreadful silence was at length broken by the deep but unflinching voice of the unwelcome guest.

‘‘I come to demand the fulfilment of a pledge given to me at our last meeting; is the Baron Rosenthal prepared to redeem it?’’

‘Before Frederic could reply, I seized Sturmwald’s hand. ‘For God’s sake carry this dreadful business no farther! It is too horrible! Would you murder him in cold blood? Think not that we will stand by and calmly witness this awful tragedy.’

‘‘Hold!’’ he haughtily replied, ‘you address the Prince Dorlinski. I am alone within your walls. You may take my life, you may deluge this pavement with my blood, but my last moment of consciousness will be blessed by the thought that *he* will be dishonoured for ever, and that a foul blot will rest on *his* escutcheon.’

‘Turning to Frederic with a sneering smile, ‘If, however, the Baron Rosenthal will deign to request me to restore him his pledge, I will at once relieve you from my presence.’

‘‘No!’’ said Frederic, with a violent effort

to regain his calmness, 'never! Dear as I confess I hold my life at this moment, I will never humble myself to thee, proud and cruel man. I am prepared. Take your position, sir, and let this business have an end.'

"Rapidly pacing ten steps which he counted aloud, Sturmwald, (as I still will call him,) confronted his victim, produced a pistol from under his cloak, cocked it, and slowly raising his arm took a full and deliberate aim. I shuddered, and involuntary closed my eyes, but no report followed, and looking, I observed he had lowered his weapon.

"'Sir,' said Frederic, 'this conduct is barbarous and unworthy a man of honour, fire, and that immediately.'

"My poor cousin had made violent struggles to master his bitter and dreadful emotions, but the effort was too mighty, and bowing his face and clasping his hands over his eyes, he burst into an uncontrollable agony of tears. Sturmwald eyed him intently, and, as I fancied, with rather a saddened look.

"'Enough,' at length he exclaimed in a hollow tone, 'I am sufficiently avenged. I have witnessed thy deep, thy unconcealable agony of spirit, I have seen thy pale and haggard cheek, the despairing anguish of that proud eye, the sobs that shook thy whole frame, thy womanish tears, and, by Heaven, I enjoy a triumph beyond my wildest hopes! You are safe!'

"A little to the right of the Baron, hung his miniature, taken when he entered the army, and representing him in full regimentals.—Sturmwald fixed his eyes on it for an instant, raised his pistol with almost the rapidity of light and fired. With a loud report, and a crash of shattered glass, the ball passed directly through the brow of the painting, and buried itself deep in the wall. Slightly bowing, he passed immediately from the apartment, and I had seen him for the last time.—Presently we heard his carriage rattle over the pavement of the court-yard at full speed.—When the sound had died away into silence, as if some dreadful weight had been removed from my bosom, I drew a long free inspiration and embraced my cousin, who still looked like a man under the influence of a horrid dream. I pass over the details of the consternation which reigned through the castle, and the transports of joy which succeeded, when Rosenthal was found to be safe, and bring my story to an end. Twenty years have elapsed, but the shattered painting still holds its place on the wall. Its history is very seldom al-

luded to, but sometimes when Frederic related it to a circle of true, and sympathizing friends, his wife throws herself weeping on his bosom and murmurs out 'it might have been *thec!*'

—•••••
CULLODEN.

Why linger on this battle heath,
So sterile, wild, and lonely now?
Stranger! it tells a tale of death
That well befits its barren brow.

Nay! rest not on that swelling sod,
But let us hence: it marks a grave!
Whose verdure is the price of blood—
The heart-stream of the vainly brave.

Long years ago, from o'er the sea
A banish'd prince of Stuart's line,
Came hither, claiming fealty
And succour in his sire's decline.

A triple diadem—a throne—
Ambitious toys—his birthright were
Of vallies, lakes, and mountains lone
Of all our country, was he heir.

And there we saw the chequer'd plaid
Across his bosom proudly cast,
The mountain bonnet on his head,
Its black plumes streaming in the blast.

And then we heard the gathering cry,
Come blended with the pibroch's strain,
And saw the fire-cross flashing by
Our warriors ranking on the plain.

In sooth it was a stirring sight
To these old eyes, grown dim with tears,
Still, piercing through the after night,
The past in all its pomp appears.

These sheltered glens and dusky hills—
Yon isles that gem the western wave,
Send forth their strength like mountain rills
To bleed, to die—but not to save.

Away we rushed; our chiefs were there
And where should we, the clansmen, be
But by their sides;—the worst to dare,
Die changeless in fidelity.

And yon young royal warrior too,
So gaily in our tartans dress'd
Was in our van; there proudly flew
The heather o'er his dancing crest.

Then came the Southron—hand to hand,
And wide and wasting was the fray;
But victory smiled on Scotia's brand,
And swept their trembling ranks away.

We chased them o'er the border streams,
Then England heard our slogan shout,
And saw with dread the boreal gleams
Of Highland Claymores flashing out.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

How quietly the still hour of twilight steals on. The sun's last golden ray, which lingered so long upon the eastern mountain, as "if parting were sweet sorrow," has disappeared.—The last rosy tint is fading from the evening cloud. A deeper shadow settles over the valley. One by one "night's unwearied watchers" shine out in their "far off depths." The bird folds its weary wing within its little nest. The murmur of the bee is still. "The busy hum of man" is hushed. For a brief space the restless world reposes. It is the hour of prayer and meditation—the Sabbath of the day.

"All is so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure, that naught of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene on such a night."

It breathes its own blessed quiet over the Christian's spirit, and disposes him to deep and earnest communings with himself, and with his Father. The world loses its hold upon his heart; wealth, pleasures, honours, earth's vain array, seem now but what they are—illusions, fleeting shadows. Cares and vexations, which, perhaps, too much occupied his mind, and ruffled his temper during the day, now sink into their real insignificance.—He lifts his eyes to the magnificent firmament above him, and feels he is but a speck, an atom, in the vast creation; he thinks of his immortal spirit, and the priceless ransom paid for it, and knows it outweighs the worth of worlds.

Then serious, but pleasant thoughts possess his mind; the rapid flight of time—how soon its last hour shall have struck for him; and his ransomed spirit, breathing its last prayer, and dropping its frail tabernacle, shall rise to its blissful home in heaven. Oh, what light breaks upon the tomb! what an effulgence of glory beams beyond it! His is indeed the common lot, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the clods of the valley are piled upon his once living, breathing form. But what then! It is only the senseless clay which moulders there, death cannot touch the immortal spirit; that is not shrouded in the grave.

But the twilight fades, darkness gathers, a deeper silence pervades all nature. It is to him the "still small voice" of his Father, and he "wraps his face in his mantle," and bows down in prayer.

There is a power in the voiceless eloquence of the hour even for the worldling. Its gentle influence, like a messenger from Heaven,

breathes on his unquiet spirit, and the warring elements within are hushed. Unwonted thoughts press upon his mind. The bubbles he has just been so eagerly pursuing, seem now *but bubbles*. He throws back a hasty glance to wasted weeks, months, years, that are gone like a vision of the night never to be recalled. Life, life, oh what a very vapour 'tis; a quickly passing dream; toil and care, jealousy and strife, hopes and fears, a weary struggle for some unsubstantial good, have made up almost its sum. Ah, how seldom are its early promises fulfilled; and even if they were, even if the world spread all its gifts before men, yet they are transient as the summer cloud, and melt away like the morning dew. Yes, the Christian has chosen "the better part;" his hope shall not fade away. Well, well, when I have reached that envied elevation, when I have gathered a little more wealth, when I have brought a few more worldly schemes to a successful termination, then my affections shall loose their hold upon the world; I will think of serious things; I will be a Christian.

Ah, how many have such promises, and such reasonings, beguiled of heaven!

THE AMARANTH.

TO OUR READERS.

THE present number terminates the SECOND year of the existence of THE AMARANTH. The precarious period of its infancy is now passed, and the vigour of its endurance and stability of its constitution, have been fairly proved.—Thanks to our generous contributors for their kindly aid in thus cherishing and imparting energy and life to our youthful periodical.

The pages of the Amaranth have furnished honourable testimony of the Literary acquisitions of our numerous correspondents; their efforts have met with the most gratifying commendation from a variety of sources, where the taste of the critic has been highly cultivated, and at the same time his judgment has been left entirely unbiased by any partial estimation which he might entertain for the various original articles which have ornamented our pages, from a personal acquaintance with the writers—as from Eastern and Western Canada, and from Nova-Scotia, have emanated the most gratifying approvals; and in either of these Provinces, most of our valued contributors are personally unknown. We need not inform our esteemed correspondents of how much pleasure we have derived in perusing these

gratifying testimonials of their literary attainments, confirming as they do, our own previous judgment, when we cheerfully consented to publish the articles deserving of such approval, of the taste and skill which they so happily combined.

We have every assurance that the Amaranth will improve in value and in interest—the promises of our literary friends will doubtlessly be performed, whilst our own exertions will be earnestly bestowed in rendering the periodical more and more deserving of public support.—And surely when we deserve encouragement it is but reasonable to expect that we may continue to obtain it. We will now toil on, cheered with the conviction that we have contributed, and are still furnishing, a goodly share of literary food for the enjoyment of our numerous readers; and whilst influenced by this determination, and firmly resolved to perform our part of the engagement faithfully, we may be pardoned for intimating to our subscribers the importance of being prompt in the payment of their subscriptions, as upon their punctuality the fate of the Amaranth must entirely depend. Surely, so small a sum as we charge for the numbers for a year, and the great variety of matter which we present to our readers every month, justifies us in the hope that each subscription will as regularly be paid at the period it falls due. But alas! in this reasonable expectation, how sadly are we doomed to continual disappointment! The expenses of our establishment require to be punctually discharged, and in the absence of the several amounts due from our subscribers—which individually are insignificant, but in the aggregate are large—we are frequently subjected to serious pecuniary inconvenience, which a slight endeavour on the part of each of our patrons, would at once relieve.

To such of our subscribers who have been punctual in the payment of their dues, we tender our best acknowledgments, and whilst they have been gratified in the perusal of our Magazine, they have the higher satisfaction in being apprised that their patronage is gratefully appreciated, and that through their instrumentality we are enabled still to continue its publication in a time of great commercial languor and of general depression.

Before the appearance of our next number, a season of mirth and of joy will again commence; and whilst the spirit of religion will influence many a scene of innocent festivity during the approaching anniversary of a stupendous era in the christian dispensation, and

whilst brotherly love and neighbourly kindness should extensively prevail, we heartily wish to all of our readers a reasonable share of the good things which Providence kindly permits us to enjoy, and that ere another CHRISTMAS again presents itself to gladden the heart, by the purity of its reminiscences, the aspect of commercial affairs will again brighten, and that peace, prosperity and plenty, will mark the progress of the ensuing year.

THE ST. JOHN AURORA.—This is the title of a new paper recently issued in this City, the first number of which is before us. It is Edited by Mr. Thomas Hill, and is devoted to the diffusion of Literature. The contents are choice, interesting, and instructive; and as there is no other paper published in New-Brunswick or Nova-Scotia, devoted to the same object, we are inclined to think the Aurora will be liberally supported. Its appearance is good, and being printed in a Quarto form, is well adapted for binding and preservation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Legend of Ravensdale Ruin," and several other articles are under consideration. "Confessions of a Wanderer," we find, upon a more attentive perusal, to be better suited for the columns of a newspaper—we therefore decline publishing them.

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