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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

No. 2. }

SAINT JOHN, (NEW-BRUNSWICK), FEBRUARY, 1841.

{ VOL. I.

[From the Ladies' Book.]

The Condemned of Lucerne.

POVERTY—thou withering curse!
Thou tempter of the soul! Let no man
boast himself to be honest, till he has
been tried in the consuming furnace
thou canst enkindle!

A famine had spread itself through
the valleys of Switzerland. The rain
fell not to nourish the withering grain,
and the earth yielded not her increase;
while fierce wars that were waged by
surrounding nations, prevented assistance
from abroad. The cattle died in the
pastures of ravaging diseases, and
men's hearts began to quail in fear of
the days to come. When the chamois
hunt was over, and the sun was sinking
behind the ice-bound mountains—when
the cottagers came out before their doors
in holy custom, and blew their horns in
answer to each other, that the hearts of
all the people might be lifted in simultaneous
thanksgiving to Almighty God,
for all his mercies, a silent prayer went
up from many a trusting heart, day after
day, that He would bless his people,
and come, in mercy, to their aid.

Jose Staubach dwelt on the shore of
the beautiful lake of Lucerne, on a road
not greatly frequented, that, branching
off from the main road from Berne, to
the town of the same name as the lake,
passed through two or three little vil-
lages, and, after receiving one or two
other roads from the south, rejoined
again the one it had left. Jose had taken
to his home a sweet and loving wife
from the nearest village, not many
months before the famine of which I

have spoken began to steal over the
land. Her widowed mother had ac-
companied her to her new home, upon
her marriage, but had been removed
from earth not long after, by sudden
disease; and Emma was left to the com-
panionship of her husband alone. He
was several years older than herself,
and her love was subdued by a feeling
of respect, such as a considerable dis-
parity of years might be supposed to
engender, enhanced by Jose's natural
sedateness of manner; but it was in-
tense to the last degree. She cared not
that she was removed from her dear
companions—she cast back no longing
thought upon the sports of her native
village—for it was better than compan-
ions and sports, and all, to be with
Jose—although none were near save
he.

Jose had about his cottage a few acres
of tillage land, and as many more of
pasturage. He devoted some of his
time to the rearing of a few cattle, a part
to his little farm, and the rest to fishing
on the lake, from whose waters he de-
rived a portion of his sustenance. In
this last employment he was often ac-
companied and assisted by Emma, and,
at such times, they mingled their tuneful
voices in some of the soul-stirring me-
lodies of their native land. These were
joyful hours, and so long as fortune
blessed him, Jose was supremely happy
and contented. He was never daunted
by toil. His brawny arm was ever
ready for his daily duties, and the sink-
ing sun was the first to witness his relin-
quishment of exertion, as its earliest ray
had greeted its commencement. But he

was disposed to cower beneath the touch of misfortune; and his heart, that had not sunk from its lofty resolve in the hour of bloodiest carnage on the battlefield, was filled with gloom when his crops withered in the parched earth, and his cattle died in his pastures. Emma's quick and penetrating glance of love detected the incipient depression, and she strove by her endearments and by the endeavour to awake his soul to that enduring hope which looks beyond the earth and its uncertain enjoyments, to restore him to cheerfulness again. But it was in vain. He fretted more and more, grew sadder and sadder, and filled up their once pleasant hours with querulous forebodings of the future. It had been good for him had he paused here, and contented himself with venting his useless complaints.

He had been one of Switzerland's little army, when that brave and undaunted land refused to succumb to the French Directory; and when they sent their minion bands to execute their tyrannic will, called together her ready sons to do battle for their cottages, their wives, their children, and the freedom of their native hills. He was among the devoted Bernese, when attended by their wives, anxious to cheer the spirits of their husbands, and help to save their country, they resolved to stake all upon a decisive blow, and meet their outnumbering foe. He had fought with them on that memorable day, when the fight, alas! was useless—when whole ranks were mown down by the overwhelming cavalry, and the irresistible artillery of the French—when the women, in despair, threw themselves beneath the dreadful engines of war, hoping to arrest their progress, by clinging to their wheels as they advanced. And when all this proved vain—although four thousand dead of the invading army attested the valour of the Swiss, and the mangled bodies of a hundred and fifty women, crushed by the cannon, the heroism of their wives—and Berne was surrounded, he had fought with the few who still maintained stout hearts and ready hands, and yielded with them—

only when most were destroyed—at last. He had served a second time, when his countrymen were called out to oppose the base and tyrannic interference of Bonaparte, that mighty murderer—whose armies were too powerful to be resisted, and, in consequence, the patriots were dismissed to their homes—their brave general, Reding, weeping while he disbanded them.—The lax morality of a soldier's life, had checked the free pulsations of conscience, and the soul-destructive atheistical philosophy of the French school, effectually assisted its torpefying tendencies; while the scenes of blood which his eyes had witnessed, had steeled the more tender sensibilities of his nature. He was no worthy companion for the merciful, virtuous, heaven-loving and adoring Emma; yet she loved him devotedly. Her love had become, as it were, herself—a faculty of her nature—an intrinsic ingredient of her composition—only to be eradicated when she should loose herself in other, or pass away in annihilation.

"Something," mused Jose, "is to be done. I grow poorer day by day.—Even the lake refuses to yield me its stores as it has been wont to do." From these indefinite resolves to better his condition, he passed by an easy transition with the discontented and complaining spirit, to drop from his mind all limits to the means, and darkly to determine on the possession of the desired good—were it necessary to adopt the alternative—by fair means or by foul. Then came fearful and guilty projects before his mental vision, and instead of dismissing them with shuddering, and closing his eyes upon them for ever, as must be done when tempting suggestions assail the soul, he hugged them to him, until they lost their hideous features, and became to him as friends.

He was sitting on a bench before his door one morning, as a traveller, who had lodged over the night in his cottage—for sometimes the shades of evening overtook those journeying by, and they were fain to make use of his roof—was taking his departure. He pas-

sed the usual salutations of the morning with him, and wished him a pleasant journey; and as he did so, of a sudden the thought, the child of the unholy desires he had been nursing, darted through his mind, whether he might not make this traveller instrumental in effecting his ends; whether, in plain terms, it were not good to rob him!—He started indeed, from his seat, at the first suggestion, to act upon it at once—but his pride had not been schooled so far into submission, as that it could suffer him to execute the accursed and degrading thing, however sluggish he might have succeeded in rendering the protecting genius of conscience; and he slunk back, half blushing to his seat, stealing a thief-like glance about him, to see if his motion had been observed by Emma. But no—she was about her household duties within—singing like a bird in her heart's stainlessness, and dreamless of the wo to come!

Shape had now been given to Jose's schemes; and while he studiously withheld from his innocent wife the slightest whisper that should betray his purpose, for he well knew that her cheek would blanch and her hand tremble at it, and that the lightning of her reproving eye he could not meet, and still retain his design—he nurtured the resolve to force from the fears of the next unfortunate traveller, who should fall into his power, the means to be at rest again. At rest! So reasons often the sinful heart in view of its contemplated deeds! At rest—oh, madness of hope! to weave around one's self entangling meshes, all set with pointed and piercing barbs, and think to be at rest!

It was nightfall, and Jose and Emma were sitting on the bench before their cottage. She had taken his hand, and while she held it pressed between her own, she gazed into his face, smiling, now and then, in anticipation of a like return. But her sweet efforts of tenderness were in vain; his eye remained fixed upon the ground, or wandered away over the line of distant mountains. At once he sprung up, and bent himself in

an attitude of listening; and, as he did so, Emma heard as well as he, the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the rough road in the distance. "It is a traveller," said Emma, "perhaps he will remain with us until morning." But Jose said nothing. He looked steadily down the road, and when a jaded beast made its appearance, hanging its head with fatigue, and scarcely maintaining a slow and laborious trot—with a well appressed rider on his back, who also, by the drooping posture in which he rode, gave evidence that rest would be grateful—he breathed hard through his nostrils, his eye lighted up with an unaccustomed and strange brilliancy, and as he turned to salute the stranger, Emma noticed these sudden peculiarities with an undefinable dread. He hastily replied in the affirmative to the traveller's request for accommodation, and when he had disposed of the horse in his little stable, and seated himself beside his guest, while supper was preparing, sunk every few moments into deep abstractions, starting from them suddenly when addressed, in confusion and wandering of mind. When the traveller drew up to the table, to partake of the homely meal which Emma had prepared and served in ready cheerfulness, he scanned him again and again from head to foot, now and then stealing a look at Emma, to make sure that his unusual conduct was unobserved. So soon as his meal was ended the traveller desired to be shown to his apartment for the night, and Emma preceded him to the chamber opposite her own.

Soon after, Jose and she retired.—Jose had become uniformly taciturn of late, and so jealous of any remark upon his conduct by his wife, that she dared not speak now of the inconsistencies in it, which had throughout all the evening alarmed her; so she sought her bed, after kneeling by the bedside, and, according to the ritual of her church, counting her beads, and invoking the protection of heaven. Jose had oft cast some sneering reflections upon her religious trust, but never interrupted her; now, however, as she was kneeling, he turn-

ed to her, and with a face full of anger, uttered a strong expression of contempt. She turned pale, but did not abridge her usual habits of devotion; and, when abed, in a hopeful temper, thinking all to be only the effect of illness that would cease to have existence with the departure of its occasion, fell asleep. Not so with Jose. He had resolved to rob the stranger, without having shaped out any definite mode of action after the deed should be done, or having fully or adequately estimated the difficulty of appropriating whatever he might acquire, and escaping detection. To be possessed of money once more was all he thought of; and lying perfectly still until Emma's deep and regular breathing betrayed that she slept soundly. He rose and partly dressed himself, groping about in the dark, through fear that the glow of a lamp might awaken her, and thwart his design. When prepared and armed with a case-knife, which he had secretly brought up the stairs, not with the remotest thought to use it, but in obedience to a natural feeling that there was danger in what he was about to do, he listened intently once more as he passed out of the chamber door. All was still, save Emma's regular drawn inspirations and the beating of his own heart. Assured by this, he closed the door and softly opened that of the traveller. He slept soundly; but his lamp was dimly burning on a chair by his bedside, casting an indistinct illumination over the objects in the apartment. Jose first ransacked his portmanteau and clothes, and finding no money or valuables, proceeded carefully to the bedside, and gradually thrust his hand beneath the pillow. Already it had touched a wallet when the traveller's eyes suddenly opened; and fully awaking as suddenly, he sprang from the bed, and grasped Jose by the throat. He was a strong, and, as was manifest, a daring and resolute man; and, unprepared for such a rencontre, Jose was for a moment thrown off his guard, and was forced, half choking, to the wall. But he, too, was strong and resolute; and, un-

grappled with the traveller, in a fierce and determined struggle. He had been compelled in his first efforts of self-defence, to let fall his knife upon the floor; and the sight and sound of the instrument imparting to the other that his life had been resolved upon, gave him a fearful energy, and a determination to execute upon Jose the death he had so apparently intended for him. It became a terrible contest of life and death, now one, now the other prevailed, the stranger endeavouring to grasp the knife to put an end to the conflict. At length, Jose was thrown violently upon the floor within reach of the fatal instrument.—He grasped it in an iron clutch, and the traveller, having vainly tried to wrench it away from him, pressed his fingers upon his throat to strangle him.—The horrors of his guilty deed were now come upon him!—He could not move his body—he could not relieve himself. Or he or his foeman must perish! Not a moment was to be spared in the revolting horror at the dreadful alternative, for the grasp became tighter and tighter upon his throat, and his consciousness wavered! In a spasm of fear to die, he acted! and plunged the knife into the breast of the other! The fight, the deed, were both consummated in a shorter period than I have been relating them—and when Emma, who had started from her bed at the first shock of alarm, and, despairingly comprehending the wo-fraught scene, had rushed to the chamber to interfere with her feeble aid—had come, with a shriek, within it, there stood Jose, in the streaming gore from the heart of his prostrate victim, pale as ashes, and shivering, and gazing with bloodshot eye-balls that seemed starting from their sockets, upon the ruin he had made, like a terrified and gaping idiot!

* * * * *

I pass by the horrors of that long, long night of anguish. When morning came the dead body had not been stirred. Jose had nearly completed a grave in his garden in which to thrust it, and Emma, half stupified with grief and emotion, had thrown herself upon

her bed, but not to sleep. It had not long been day light, when, in the providence of God, some officers bearing despatches of moment, requiring haste, came, on the full gallop, towards the cottage, on their way to Lucerne, as the murdered man had been. Startled by the clatter of their horses' hoofs, Emma sprung up, and obeying her first impulse to prevent their entering the house, and making discovery of the awful deed that had been committed, hurried down to the door, which she succeeded in bolting before they had dismounted from their horses. Hearing the sound of the bolt, and enraged at the refusal of admission, they thumped upon the door with hearty oaths, and threatened violence if they were not permitted to enter by fair means. Jose, in the mean time, had attracted their notice: and when he let fall his shovel, and was skulking away along the shore of the lake, suspicions of some evil were excited, and two of them started in full pursuit.—Jose sprang away with vigorous speed so soon as he found himself sought after, dodging and turning, but all in vain. He was already almost exhausted with the conflict within himself since the bloody deed, and fell at last into the grasp of the officers; and their companions having now obtained admission to the cottage, by bursting in a window, it was searched—and with exclamations of horror, the body of the traveller was descried. Jose was bound hand and foot; Emma, more dead than alive, was placed under the surveillance of one of their number, and, by the rest, a consultation was held as to what measure it was best to pursue. Finally, the horse, the property of Jose, and that of the stranger were brought out, Jose was bound fast upon one, Emma compelled to mount the other, and surrounded and closely watched by the captors, they were escorted to the town of Lucerne, and thrust into separate prisons. * *

No word of communication was permitted them before their trial. The case, from its apparently atrocious circumstances, had excited intense interest, and the conduct of Emma, in attempting

to prevent the entrance of the soldiers into the cottage, wearing a most suspicious aspect, the decision of a jury had been forestalled by public opinion, which demanded the condemnation of both. The struggle in Emma's bosom was intense—almost sapping the fountains of life. Conscious of her own innocence, she dared not attempt to exculpate herself, knowing that all guilt removed from her own shoulders, must rest with tenfold weight upon those of Jose. His own lips had told her, in the course of the night of the murder, that he had not, in the slightest degree, meditated the fearful deed, and not until his own life was in imminent peril, he had taken that of his adversary. She believed him; she knew that it must be so; and her heart yearned the more towards him, when she thought of the gnawings of conscience which his unwilling act must have occasioned. So, although her woman's nature, it was hoped, would melt away, and she would be brought to reveal every thing, and ghostly fathers were sent, one after another, to her dungeon prison, to wheedle her into confession—though all the terrors of her church were thundered against her—the condemnations of eternity were arrayed, and every means put in requisition to extort the desired information—the image of her husband was ever before her eyes, and she would smile in her sufferings upon her questioners, never answering a word. "I am his wife," thought she, "and if he is to die, covered with ignominy, he shall have a sharer in his agonies and his shame!" The priests, at last, astounded at the evidences she exhibited of tenderness of nature, and yet obstinacy of silence, abandoned her to herself.

How in sad contrast with the self-devotion of the innocent wife was the selfishness of the guilty husband! Although not a word was vouchsafed to him as to his wife, yet he must have known that she was accused. A word from him might have lifted from her the suspicion and condemnation under which she was labouring, but he had not the magnanimity to speak it. I

will tell you why. It is a curious requisition of the law in Lucerne, that no malefactor condemned to death shall be brought to the fatal guillotine, until he has made confession of his guilt. Had Jose, therefore, exculpated Emma, it had been to bring his own head at once to the block; while by silence, he thought to drag out existence. Emma was not culpable, therefore had nothing to confess; so he could have no fears for her; and, filled with that insanity to live which sometimes seizes the perilled soul—though life should be preserved amid infamy and degradation—the solitude of a dungeon, or even torture and suffering—he was willing that the innocent Emma should thus endure, rather than to speak the word that should free her!

The trial came, and the place of the court was thronged to overflowing.—The execrations of a mob followed the unhappy pair, as, in separate vehicles, they were conveyed to it. Emma's sweet and melancholy countenance excited pity and tears, though she did not weep, save when she first looked upon Jose, and saw how fearfully he had pined away, and what a ghastly look he wore—and many began to invent excuses for her in their hearts, although they could not resist in their judgements the conviction of her guilt. The result may be supposed. The officers were heard in evidence, and both were condemned to death, when confession of their guilt should have been made. Oh, why did not Jose speak then—then, when his words would have carried conviction—then when every ear was ready to catch at even a whisper that might free the sweet woman by his side? The craven could not! Once, indeed, when he had looked upon her, and the thought of the accursed act—worse, perhaps, than the bloodshed of which he had been guilty—he was committing in suffering that loving and innocent wife to be made thus a victim for him, came full upon him, he essayed to speak—but self struggled with his utterance—the words stuck in his throat—he desisted—he was silent!

They were conducted back to their several dungeons, and a week passed away. Emma could endure no longer. At times, her brain had whirled round and round, shapes flitted before her eyes, and she felt that she stood upon the verge of madness! Should it come upon her, she might, in its paroxysms betray a secret, and, rather than do that, she resolved, in a spirit that was no less madness, prompted though it might be by love, to confess herself to have been the guilty one, and so escape further woe on earth, and perhaps set Jose free. She did so—incoherently, as one of her nature might be supposed to do, when declaring a false tale of self-condemnation, and that for murder—but yet sufficient to satisfy the scruples of justice, and procure the appointment of a day for her own execution, though it did not avail to exculpate Jose. * * * *

It was the night previous to that fatal day, and the solemn realities of the mysterious future, when time to her should be no more and eternity unveil itself to her view, were pressing on her soul. As hour after hour went by, she began to search the depths of herself with the agonizing scrutiny which the spirit that halts upon the verge of the grave must ever employ. All was serene save this last falsehood, this confession, that had procured her death. Could she pass from earth with a lie upon her soul? Priests came to shrieve her, should she show symptoms of penitence and throw herself on the pardoning mercy of her God, and to them she opened all her heart. It was a melting tale of human affections, and human frailty, clear, plausible, and convincing to them, for they were men of tender hearts and ripe judgement—their business had been with the wicked and the dying, and they knew to distinguish between the heartlessness of callous impudence and falsehood, and the outgushing fervour of a stricken spirit. They hastened to present her case to the ears of the high officers of justice; but with an inconsistency with the spirit of their law, which required confession that the blood of the innocent might ne-

ver be shed, they adhered to the first confession and rejected the last; confirming the decree of death. The hour came. Emma's heart was calm—her eye bright with heavenly hope. She moved in the procession of death, drinking in with eager ears the consolations of the monks, who accompanied her, feeling that she had removed the last millstone from her soul, and left it free to soar, when it should be separated from its fleshy tenement. * * * * *

There is one other requisition of the criminal code of Lucerne, more peculiar and affecting, though not, perhaps, so momentous in its consequences as the confession I have spoken of. It is, that the last condemned and unconfessing prisoner, shall stand upon the scaffold by the one first executed after his condemnation, to catch the head as it falls from beneath the axe, and carry it in his hands to the place of burial!

Jose was brought from his dungeon; he well knew for what dreadful ordeal. With his hands bound behind his back, he was guided by an officer on either side to a place in a procession composed of soldiers, officials, and monks, that soon began to move along the crowded streets to the place of execution. From the moment that he was brought into the open air, he did not raise his head, nor cast one glance about him. It was only by the stoppage of his progress that he knew himself to be by the scaffold, upon which he was to act an appalling part. The officers conducted him to the steps, assisted him to ascend, and then unbound his hands. "Stand ready," said one, "when I give you warning, to catch the falling head!"

Still he did not lift his eyes, for he had resolved to spare himself much of the horror of the scene by excluding it from sight. What he was to do was terrible enough of itself, and, weakened by imprisonment and remorse, he feared for his power to accomplish it.

The last solemn service of the Catholic church was ended; and Jose felt that the victim was preparing for the fatal stroke. After an interval of appalling silence, the word was given to him to

turn and perform his office. Mechanically he obeyed, as the sufferer was kneeling for the last effort, and involuntarily he lifted his eyes. "Jose!" "Emma!" burst from one and the other in gasping tones. "Farewell, Jose," said Emma, calmly, "repent, repent, and we shall meet again in heaven!" The executioner adjusted her head immediately—the axe fell, and she was no more! Jose stood without motion, from the moment he had uttered her name, for he felt to his soul in life-sapping horror, that he was now a two-fold murderer! An officer pushed him forward as the executioner was lifting his hand to disengage the axe; but instead of touching the head, he fell down with a shriek upon the scaffold, as one dead. He was lifted up—but ere they had borne him from the fatal spot, his guilty breath was gone for ever!

—◆—

Stanzas to a Lady.

THE hand that prints these accents here,
Was never clasped in thine;
Nor has thy heart, with hope or fear,
E'er trembled back to mine.

And yet from childhood's early years,
Some being like to thee,
Unseen, amid my doubts and tears,
Hath sweetly smiled on me.

And oft in dreams I've twined the wreath
Above her eye of flame;
Then listened, if some bird might breathe
The music of her name.

And oft have vainly sought to trace,
Amid the fair and young,
The living type of this sweet face,
On Fancy's mirror stung.

But in its unresembled form,
The shadow dwelt with me,
Till unperceived, life-like and warm,
It softly fell on thee.

Then into substance passed the shade,
With charms still more divine,
As on thy face its features played,
And lost themselves in thine.

—◆—

PIETY is neither the dream of a mystic nor the fanaticism of a recluse. It is a solid, sober, rational devotedness, to the source at once of goodness and wisdom. It is not gloomy, it is not severe; it is cheerful as the light of heaven; the only sure principle of happiness and enjoyment.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.—What a means of imparting pleasure is an improved agriculture. How many charming examples present themselves among us of improvements, which every eye gaze upon with unmingled delight.— Let a man, according to his power, take his ten, his twenty, his fifty, his hundred acres. Let him comb the hair and wash the face of nature. Let him subdue, clear, cultivate, enrich, and embellish it. Let him smooth the rough places, and drain the wet, and fill up the sunken, and enrich the barren. Let him enclose it with a neat and substantial fence. Let him line its borders and road sides with ornamental trees, and let him stock every proper part with vines and fruits. Let his fields and meadows wave with their golden harvest, and let his hills be covered with the herds, rejoicing in the fulness with which his labours, under the blessing of God, have spread their table, and who, when he goes among them, hasten from all sides to meet, and gratefully recognize in him a friend and benefactor, and lick the hand which is accustomed to feed and fondle them. Here now let us see the neatly painted cottage, with green shades, its piazzas trellised with vines, its sides covered with the spreading elm of flowing accaci, with here and there the beautiful vine to shade the picture, and the mountain ash showing its rich clusters of crimson fruit among the deep green foliage, and the smooth and verdant lawn stretching its smooth and beautiful carpet in the front view; then look again and see the parents at the close of day, resting from their labours and enjoying the calm evening, with the pledges of mutual and devoted affections rioting before them in all the buoyancy of youthful innocence and delight, and if, at such an hour as this, you can hear the hymn of grateful praise rising from this humble abode of peace and love, and its charming notes mingling with the music of the gurgling brook that flows near by, or broken by the occasional shrill and hollow notes of the gentle and fearless birds, which deem themselves members of this lov-

ing household, if then, whether traveller or sojourner, your heart is not touched with this charming and not unusual picture of rural felicity, cease to call yourself a man. If still you sigh for the bustle, and the noise, and the confinement of the city, with its impure water and offensive odours, with its despicable affectations, with its heartless formalities, with its violent excitements, with mid-night festivities, with its utter destitution of sympathy, with its squalid poverty, its multiplied forms of wretchedness and crime, its pride, its vanity, its ambition, its pomp, its servility; then go back to yon gilded prison house, and to pleasures, which an uncorrupted and refined taste, accustomed to drink in the free air of heaven, and to appreciate its freshness, its purity and its salubrity, will find no occasion to covet or envy. The man who by his cultivation and good husbandry, presents such a picture to the passer by, shall he not be called a benefactor to the community? Has he not done much to improve and bless society by his example? Has he not built a monument to his own honour more eloquent than the marble?



Assassination of Kotzebue.

AFTER the war of 1813, Kotzebue was accused of turning his literary talents to the subjection of Germany under the Russian yoke; he was accordingly sentenced to death by one of the numerous secret associations then prevalent in Germany, and which went under the name of "Tugensbund," or "coalition of virtue." Lots having been drawn, as to who was to commit the deed, fate chose Charles Frederick Sand, a young man of about 24 years of age. Called upon, then, to perpetrate this crime, Sand, whose character was of a hot temperament, and whose spirit was boiling with ardour to free his country of one so obnoxious, set out from Jena, on the 9th of March, 1819, and arrived at Manheim, where Kotzebue resided, on the 23d. He put up at an inn, where he stayed conversing with a country curate till 5 o'clock; at which hour, having resolved to fulfil

his mission, he parted from the divine, and presented himself at the house of Kotzebue. He was let in by a servant, who conducted him to an apartment, saying, that his master would shortly make his appearance. Kotzebue had, however, scarcely entered the room than Sand fell upon him, and stabbed him repeatedly. He then quietly left the house, and knelt in the street, where a considerable crowd had already collected, saying with calm energy:—"It is I who am the murderer; may all traitors thus perish!" Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "I thank thee, oh God, for thy assistance in this work!"

Having uttered these words, he bared his breast, and with the same weapon which he had used to assassinate Kotzebue, gave himself a ghastly wound. A paper containing these words, was found in his hand: "Sentence of death against Augustus Kotzebue, executed on the 23d March, 1819." On a ribbon concealed in his bosom, there appeared words to the purport, that Kotzebue had been condemned to death two years before. The victim fell, but the murderer survived. His trial lasted more than a twelvemonth, when at length sentence of death was passed upon him, and Sand was executed on the 19th of May, 1820, at six o'clock in the morning, and before his friends could arrive at Manheim. The execution was to have taken place at eight o'clock, so that as he was led down the streets a mournful silence prevailed. Sand was calm, his mind seemed composed and resigned to his fate, and he held a rose in his hand, which he frequently put to his nose, seemingly enjoying its fragrance. At the very moment that the executioner was holding up the severed head of the unfortunate young man, his friends arrived from Heidelberg. In a moment the scaffold was covered with them, they tore off his clothes, cut his hair, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, and showed every possible demonstration of veneration and sorrow for the death of the martyr. To this day these relics

are preserved, and the name of Sand is venerated throughout Germany.

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CLEOPATRA.—Opposed to the most able and powerful men that ever lived, she finally conquered the world's conquerors, by the brilliant qualities of her mind and the seductive influence of her charms. She successively subdued Julius, enslaved Antony, and outwitted Augustus. When proclaimed the partner of the Emperor of Rome, and when her statue was placed in the temple of its gods, she only used her power over the hearts of "the world's great masters" to save Egypt and to increase its dominions. From a fugitive princess, wronged, friendless, dethroned, and hunted to death by unnatural kindred, she made herself an independent sovereign queen, and raised the decaying capital of her kingdom to be the intellectual metropolis of the universe; a shrine to which the wise men of all nations brought their tributes. * * * * *

Never was Egypt so rich in wealth, power, and civilisation, as under the reign of this last of its queens, who made knowledge the basis of national supremacy; who reconstructed that precious library which man in his madness had destroyed; and who when the treasures of the Roman empire were made disposable at her will, (by the prodigality of the enamoured Antony,) replied to his offers, "The treasures I want are two hundred thousand volumes from Pergamus, for my library of Alexandria."—*Lady Morgan's Woman and her Master.*

—◆—

SIR John Salter, who died in 1607, and was a generous benefactor to the worshipful company of Salters, ordered in his last will and testament, the bealds and servants of the company to go to the church of St. Magnus, the first week of every October, and knock upon his gravestone, with sticks and staves, three times each person, and say 'how do you do, brother Salter? I hope you are well.'

Reflections on the New-Year.

(ORIGINAL.)

WELL, said I, at the close of a New Year's Day, after having sought in vain for some amusement proportionate to the occasion—after all, *man* is a strange being! While wholesome labour gives vigour to his limbs and elasticity to his mind, or mental cultivation is ennobling his soul, and moulding him to a closer resemblance of his Maker, in the enjoyment of all the comforts, ability, and resolution placed before him, greeting friends and smiling relatives; he looks forward to a day of rest, of relaxation of—of *pleasure*. His constant theme of complaint is, that *Time* in his never ceasing, never changing rotation, allows him no respite; and when the day so anxiously looked for, and upon which so many fond anticipations have been built, actually arrives, he hastens out in holiday trim, forgetful of the past, regardless of the future—the crowd receives him—he flits from place to place, novel spectacles, merry scenes, exhibitions and entertainments are eagerly sought for and deserted. These, so far from gratifying his desires, or supplying a fund of enjoyment, are considered only as the *precursors* to something more satisfactory. The feverish whirl of expectation forbids him thought, shuts out *reality*, and leaves him languid and worn out; *vainly* striving to cheat himself into the belief, that the day has been productive of satisfaction, or that his bodily exertions have been crowned with a tythe of the rewards his zealous imagination had so fondly pictured. Slowly and imperceptibly *reason* gains her empire, and then the *philosophy* of occasional and general relaxation exhibits itself. *Rational* amusement considered in relation to quality and quantity is all that man is capable of enjoying, but this he is unwilling to believe until its truth is too forcibly impressed upon him by *disappointment*, to be denied. *Universal* consent supplies an opportunity, the experiment is tried, acquiescence granted, and the *fruits* appear in the *eagerness*. The increased zest with which he commences, and the

assiduity with which he pursues the ordinary avocations of life, until *time* has, in a measure, obliterated the lesson of the *past*; and then instruction is required to publish it anew. B—

St. John, 1641.

THE DECLINE OF LIFE.—There is an eventide in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and much would it profit you, my elder readers, to mark the instruction which it brings. The spring and summer of their days are done, and with them not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperament of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and solitude, which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you must soon undergo.

It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation—it summons you in the hours when the leaves of the fall and the winter is gathering, to the evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which conducts to those green pastures, and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.—*Allison*.

HUMILITY is the most beautiful garment of the Christian. It is pleasing to the sight of God and man. When he puts off this garment, which is the distinguished mark of his profession, he offends all, and is liable to be wounded by an adversary, whose shafts could not penetrate its foldings. It is his armour as well as his mantle.

PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

NEVER did the morning break more beautiful than on the 12th of May, 1809. Huge masses of fog-like vapour had succeeded to the starry cloudless night, but, one by one, they moved onward towards the sea, disclosing, as they passed, long tracts of lovely country, bathed in a rich golden glow. The broad Douro, with its transparent current, shone out like a bright coloured ribbon, meandering through the deep garment of green; the darkly shadowed mountains, which closed the background, loomed even larger than they were; while their summits were tipped with the yellow glory of the morning. The air was calm and still, and the very smoke that arose from the peasant's cot, laboured as it ascended through the perfumed air, and, save the ripple of the stream, all was silent as the grave.

The squadrons of the 14th, with which I was, had diverged from the road beside the river, and to obtain a shorter path, had entered the skirts of a dark pine wood: our pace was a sharp one, an orderly had been already dispatched to hasten our arrival, and we pressed on at a brisk trot. In less than an hour we reached the verge of the wood, and, as we rode out upon the plain, what a spectacle met our eyes. Before us, in a narrow valley, separated from the river by a narrow ridge, were picketed three cavalry regiments; their noiseless gestures and perfect stillness bespeaking, at once, that they were intended for a surprise party. Farther down the stream, and upon the opposite side, rose the massive towers and tall spires of Oporto, displaying from their summits the broad ensign of France; while, far as the eye could reach, the broad dark masses of troops might be seen; the intervals between their columns glittering with the bright equipments of their cavalry, whose steel caps and lances were sparkling in the sunbeams. The bivouac fires were still smouldering, and marking where some part of the army had passed the night; for, car-

ly as it was, it was evident that their position had been changed; and, even now, the heavy masses of dark infantry might be seen moving from place to place, while the long line of the road to Valonga was marked with a vast cloud of dust. The French drum and the light infantry bugle told, from time to time, that orders were passing among the troops; while the glittering uniform of a staff officer, as he galloped from the town, bespoke the note of preparation.

"Dismount. Steady quietly my lads," said the Colonel, as he alighted upon the grass. "Let the men have their breakfast."

The little amphitheatre we occupied, hid us entirely from all observation on the part of the enemy, but equally so excluded us from perceiving their movements. It may readily be supposed, then, with what impatience we waited here, while the din and clangour of the French force, as they marched and countermarched so near us, were clearly audible! The orders were, however, strict that none should approach the bank of the river, and we lay anxiously awaiting the moment when this inactivity should cease. More than one orderly had arrived among us, bearing dispatches from head-quarters; but where our main body was, or what the nature of the orders, no one could guess. As for me, my excitement was at its height, and I could not speak for the very tension of my nerves. The officers stood in little groups of two and three, whispering anxiously together; but all I could collect was, that Soult had already begun his retreat upon Amarante, and that with the broad stream of the Douro between us, he defied our pursuit.

"Well, Charley," said Power, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "the French have given us the slip this time: they are already in march, and, even if we dared force a passage, in the face of such an enemy, it seems there is not a boat to be found. I have just seen Hammersley."

"Indeed! Where is he?" said I.

"He's gone back to Villa de Conde; he asked after you most particularly; don't blush man: I'd rather back your chance than his, notwithstanding the long letter that Lucy sends him. Poor fellow! he has been badly wounded, but it seems, declines going back to England."

"Captain Power," said an orderly touching his cap, "General Murray desires to see you."

Power hastened away, but returned in a few moments.

"I say, Charley, there's something in the wind here. I have just been ordered to try where the stream is fordable. I've mentioned your name to the General, and I think you'll be sent for soon. Good bye."

I buckled on my sword and looking to my girths, stood watching the groups around me: when suddenly a dragoon pulled his horse short up, and asked a man near me if Mr. O'Mally was there?

"Yes: I am he."

"Orders from General Murray, sir," said the man, and rode off at a canter.

I opened and saw that the dispatch was addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the mere words, 'with haste,' on the envelope.

Now which way to turn I knew not; so springing into the saddle, I galloped to where Colonel Merivale was standing talking to the colonel of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"May I ask, sir, by which road I am to proceed with this dispatch?"

"By the river, sir," said the Colonel; a large dark-browed man, with a most forbidding look. "You'll soon see the troops—you'd better stir yourself, sir, or Sir Arthur is not likely to be pleased with you."

Without venturing a reply to what I felt a somewhat unnecessary taunt, I dashed spurs to my horse, and turned towards the river. I had not gained the bank above a minute, when the loud ring of a rifle struck upon my ear: bang went another. I hurried on however, at the top of my speed, thinking only of my mission and its pressing

haste. As I turned an angle of the stream, the vast column of the British came in sight, and scarcely had my eye rested upon them when my horse staggered forwards, plunged twice with his head nearly to the earth, and then rearing madly up, fell backwards upon the ground. Crushed and bruised as I felt by my fall, I was soon aroused to the necessity of exertion; for, as I disengaged myself from the poor beast, I discovered he had been killed by a bullet in the counter; and scarcely had I recovered my legs when a shot struck my shako and grazed my temples. I quickly threw myself to the ground, and creeping on for some yards, reached at last some rising ground, from which I rolled gently downwards into a little declivity, sheltered by the bank from the French fire.

When I arrived at head-quarters, I was dreadfully fatigued and heated; but resolving not to rest till I had delivered my dispatches, I hastened towards the convent of La Sierra, where I was told the commander-in-chief was.

As I came into the court of the convent, filled with general officers and people of the staff, I was turning to ask how I should proceed, when Hixley caught my eye.

"Well, O'Mally, what brings you here?"

"Dispatches from General Murray."

"Indeed: oh follow me."

He hurried me rapidly through the buzzing crowd, and ascending a large gloomy stair introduced me into a room, where about a dozen persons in uniform were writing at a long deal table.

"Captain Gordon," said he, addressing one of them, "dispatches requiring an immediate perusal have just been brought by this officer."

Before the sentence was finished the door opened, and a short slight man, in a gray undress coat, with a white cravat and a cocked hat entered. The dead silence that ensued was not necessary to assure me that he was one in authority: the look of command, his bold, stern features presented; the sharp piercing eye; the compressed lip; the impres-

sive expression of the whole face, told plainly that he was one who held equally himself and others in mastery.

"Send General Sherbroke here," said he to an aide-de camp. "Let the light brigade march into position," and then turning suddenly to me, "whose dispatches are these?"

"General Murray's, sir."

I needed no more than that look to assure me that this was he of whom I had heard so much, and of whom the world was still to hear so much more.

He opened them quickly, and, glancing his eye across the contents, crushed the paper in his hand. Just as he did so, a spot of blood upon the envelope attracted his attention.

"How's this? you are wounded?"

"No, sir; my horse was killed——"

"Very well, sir; join your brigade. But stay, I shall have orders for you. Well Waters, what news?"

This question was addressed to an officer in a staff uniform, who entered at the moment, followed by the short and bulky figure of a monk, his shaven crown and large cassock strongly contrasting with the gorgeous glitter of the costumes around him.

"I say, who have we here?"

"The Prior of Amarante, sir," replied Waters, "who has just come over. We have already, by his aid, secured three large barges——"

"Let the artillery take up position in the convent at once," said Sir Arthur, interrupting. "The boats will be brought round to the small creek beneath the orchard. You, sir," turning to me, "will convey to General Murray—but you appear weak. You, Gordon, will desire Murray to effect a crossing at Avintas with the Germans and the 14th. Sherbroke's division will occupy the Villa Nuova. What number of men can that seminary take?"

"From three to four hundred, sir.—The padre mentions that all the vigilance of the enemy is limited to the river below the town."

"I perceive it," was the short reply of Sir Arthur, as placing his hands carelessly behind his back, he walked

towards the window, and looked out upon the river.

All was still as death in the council: not a lip murmured; the feeling of respect for him in whose presence we were standing, checked every thought of utterance, while the stupendous gravity of the events before us, engrossed every mind and occupied every heart. I was standing near the window; the effect of my fall had stunned me for a time, but I was gradually recovering, and watched with a thrilling heart the scene before me. Great and absorbing as was my interest in what was passing without, it was nothing compared with what I felt as I looked at him on whom our destiny was then hanging. I had ample time to scan his features and canvass their every lineament. Never before did I look upon such perfect impassibility: their cold, determined expression, was crossed by no show of passion or impatience. All was rigid and motionless, and, whatever might have been the workings of the spirit within, certainly no external sign betrayed them; and yet what a moment for him must that have been! Before him, separated by a deep and rapid river, lay the conquering lions of France, led on by one second alone to him, whose very name had been the *prestige* of victory. Unprovided with every regular means of transport, in the broad glare of day, in open defiance of their serried ranks and thundering artillery, he dared the deed. What must have been his confidence in the soldiers he commanded! what must have been his reliance upon his own genius! As such thoughts rushed through my mind, the door opened and an officer entered hastily, and whispering a few words to Colonel Waters, left the room.

"One boat is already brought up to the crossing-place, and entirely concealed by the wall of the orchard."

"Let the men cross," was the brief reply.

No other word was spoken, as turning from the window, he closed his telescope, and followed by all the others, descended to the court-yard.

This simple order was enough ; an officer, with a company of the Buffs, embarked, and thus began the Passage of the Douro.

So engrossed was I in my vigilant observation of our leader, that I would gladly have remained at the convent, when I received an order to join my brigade, to which a detachment of artillery was already proceeding.

As I reached Avintas all was in motion. The cavalry was in readiness beside the river: but as yet no boats had been discovered, and, such was the impatience of the men to cross, it was with difficulty they were prevented trying the passage by swimming, when suddenly Power appeared, followed by several fishermen. Three or four small skiffs had been found, half sunk in mud, among the rushes, and with such frail assistance we commenced to cross.

"There will be something to write home to Galway soon, Charley, or I'm terribly mistaken," said Fred, as he sprang into the boat beside me; "was I not a true prophet when I told you, 'We'd meet the French in the morning?'"

"They're at it already," said Hixley, as a wreath of blue smoke floated across the stream below us, and the loud boom of a large gun resounded through the air.

Then came a deafening shout, followed by a rattling volley of small arms, gradually swelling into a hot sustained fire, through which the cannon pealed at intervals. Several large meadows lay along the river side, where our brigade was drawn up as the detachments landed from the boats; and here, altho' nearly a league distant from the town, we now heard the din and crash of battle, which increased every moment, the cannonade from the sierra Convent, which at first was merely the fire of single guns, now thundered away in one long roll, amid which the sounds of falling walls and crashing roofs was mingled. It was evident to us, from the continued fire kept up, that the landing had been effected, while the swelling tide of musketry told that fresh troops were momentarily coming up.

In less than twenty minutes our brigade was formed, and we now only waited for two light fourteen-pounders to be landed, when an officer galloped up in haste, and called out:

"The French are in retreat," and pointing at the same moment to the Valonga road, we saw a long line of smoke and dust leading from the town, through which, as we gazed, the colours of the enemy might be seen, as they defiled, while the unbroken line of the waggons and heavy baggage proved that it was no partial movement, but the army itself retreating.

"Fourteenth, threes about, close up, trot," called out the loud and manly voice of our leader, and the heavy tramp of our squadrons shook the very ground, as we advanced towards the road to Valonga.

As we came on, the scene became one of overwhelming excitement; the masses of the enemy that poured unceasingly from the town could now be distinguished more clearly, and amidst all the crash of gun carriages and caissons, the voices of the staff officers rose high as they hurried along the retreating battalions. A troop of flying artillery galloped forth at top speed, and wheeling their guns into position with the speed of lightning, prepared by a flanking fire to cover the retiring column. The gunners sprang from their seats, the guns were already unlimbered, when Sir George Murray, riding up at our left, called out:—

"Forward; close up; charge!"

The word was scarcely spoken, when a loud cheer answered the welcome sound, and the same instant the long line of shining helmets passed with the speed of a whirlwind: the pace increased at every stride, the ranks grew closer, and like the dread force of some mighty engine we fell upon the foe. I have felt all the glorious enthusiasm of a fox hunt, when the loud cry of the hound, answered by the cheer of the joyous huntsman, stirred the very heart within, but never till now did I know how far higher the excitement reaches, when man to man, sabre to sabre, arm to arm,

we ride forward to the battlefield. On we went, the loud shout of "Forward" still ringing in our ears. One broken, irregular discharge from the French guns shook the head of our advancing column, but stayed us not as we galloped madly on.

I remember no more: the din, the smoke, the crash,—the cry for quarter, with the shout of victory,—the flying enemy,—the agonizing shrieks of the wounded,—are all co-mingled in my mind, but leave no trace of clearness or connection between them; and it was only when the column wheeled to reform, behind the advancing squadrons, that I awoke from my trance of maddening excitement, and perceived that we had carried the position, and cut off the guns of the enemy.

"Well done, 14th!" said an old grey-headed colonel, as he rode along our line; "gallantly done, lads!" The blood trickled from a sabre cut on his temple, along his cheek, as he spoke; but he either knew it not, or heeded it not.

"There go the Germans," said Power; pointing to the remainder of our brigade, as they charged furiously upon the French infantry, and rode them down in masses.

Our guns came up at this time, and a plunging fire was opened upon the thick and retreating ranks of the enemy; the carnage must have been terrific, for the long breaches in their lines showed where the squadrons of the cavalry had passed, or the most destructive of the artillery had swept through them. The speed of the flying columns grew momentarily more; the road became blocked up, too, by broken carriages and wounded: and, to add to their discomfiture, a damaging fire now opened from the town upon the retreating column, while the brigade of Guards and the 29th pressed hotly on their rear.

The scene was now beyond anything maddening in its interest. From the walls of Oporto the English infantry poured forth in pursuit; while the river was covered with boats, as they still continued to cross over. The artillery

thundered from the Sierra, to protect the landing, for it was even still contested in places; and the cavalry, charging in flank, swept the broken ranks, and bore down upon their squares.

It was now, when the full-tide of victory ran highest in our favour, that we were ordered to retire from the road.—Column after column passed before us, unmolested and unassailed; and not even a cannon-shot arrested their steps.

Some unaccountable timidity of our leader directed this movement: and while before our very eyes the gallant infantry were charging the retiring columns, we remained still and inactive.

How little did the sense of praise we had already won repay us for the shame and indignation we experienced at this moment, as with burning cheek and compressed lip we watched the retreating files. "What can he mean?" "Is there not some mistake?" "Are we never to charge?" were the muttered questions around, as a staff officer galloped up with the order to take ground still farther back, and nearer to the river.

The word was scarcely spoken, when a young officer, in the uniform of a general, dashed impetuously up; he held his plumed cap high above his head, as he called out, "14th, follow me! Left face—wheel—charge!"

So, with the word, we were upon them. The French rear-guard was at this moment at the narrowest part of the road, which opened by a bridge upon a large open space, so that, forming with a narrow front, and favoured by a declivity in the ground, we actually rode them down. Twice the French formed, and twice were they broken. Meanwhile, the carnage was dreadful on both sides; our fellows dashing madly forward where the ranks were thickest, the enemy resisting with the stubborn courage of men fighting men for their last spot of ground. So impetuous was the charge of our squadrons, that we stopped not, till piercing the dense columns of the retreating mass, we reached the open ground beyond. Here we wheeled, and prepared once more to meet them; when suddenly some squa-

drons of cuirassiers debouched from the road, and, supported by a field piece, showed front against us. This was the moment that the remainder of our brigade should have come to our aid, but not a man appeared. However, there was not an instant to be lost; already the plunging fire of the four-pounder had swept through our files, and every moment increased our danger.

"Once more, my lads, forward!" cried our gallant leader, Sir Charles Stewart, as, waving his sabre, he dashed into the thicket of the fray.

So sudden was our charge, that we were upon them before they were prepared. And here ensued a terrific struggle; for, as the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, we came upon the close ranks of the infantry at half-pistol distance, who poured a withering volley into us as we approached. But what could arrest the sweeping torrent of our brave fellows, though every moment falling in numbers?

Harvey, our major, lost his arm near the shoulder; scarcely an officer was not wounded. Power received a deep sabre cut in the cheek, from an aide-de-camp of General Foy, in return for a wound he gave the general; while I, in my endeavour to save General Laborde, when unhorsed, was cut down through the helmet, and so stunned, that I remembered no more around me; I kept my saddle, it is true, but I lost every sense of consciousness; my first glimmering of reason coming to my aid as I lay upon the river bank, and felt my faithful follower, Mike, bathing my temples with water, as he kept up a running fire of lamentations for my being murdered so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles!—Spake to me alanah; say that you're not kilt, darling,—do now. Oh, wirrah, what'll I ever say to the master? and you doing so beautiful! Would'nt he give the best baste in his stable to be looking at you to-day? There, take a sup; it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beaten' them; there only gone now. That's right,—now you're coming to."

"Where am I, Mike?"

"It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

"Well, Charley, my poor fellow, you've got sore bones too," cried Power, as with his face, swathed in bandages, he lay down on the grass beside me. "It was a gallant thing while it lasted, but has cost us dearly. Poor Hixley —"

"What of him," said I, anxiously.

"Poor fellow, he has seen his last battle-field. He fell across me, as we came out upon the road. I lifted him up in my arms, and bore him along above fifty yards; but he was stone dead—not a sigh, not a word escaped him;—shot through the forehead." As he spoke his lips trembled, and his voice sunk to a mere whisper at the last words.—"You remember what he said last night. 'Poor fellow, he was every inch a soldier.'"

Such was his epitaph.

I turned my head towards the scene of our late encounter; some dismounted guns and broken waggons alone marked the spot; while far in the distance the dust of the retreating columns showed the beaten enemy, as they hurried towards the frontiers of Spain.



LIKE the soul of the landscape is the gush of a fresh stream; it knows no sleep, no pause, it works for ever—the life, the cause of life to all around. The great frame of nature may repose, but the spirit of the water rests not for a moment. As the soul of the landscape, so is the soul of man, in our deepest slumbers its course glides on, and works unsilent, unslumbering through its destined channel.



THE first troubadour on record was a Prince, viz. William Count of Poitou. He lived at the end of the eleventh century, and at the commencement of the twelfth, dying in 1122. He took part in the first crusade, and with most of his companions in that expedition, suffered numerous hardships and difficulties.

For The Amaranth.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

Young dark ey'd girl, come list to me,
 I'll read thy future fate to thee,
 Thy chequer'd life's career;
 From youth's gay, free, and fleeting hour,
 'Mid sorrow, joy, and passion's pow'r,
 Come, lend th' attentive ear.

Thou'lt sport awhile in youth's gay beam,
 'Twill pass, as passes slumber's dream,
 Another scene glide on;
 For love will come with witching wing,
 And round thy heart enchantment fling,
 Soft as sweet music's tone.

A stranger youth, will in thy ear
 Breathe love's deep language, warm, sincere,
 And live but in thy smile:
 Will watch with thee the moon's pale beam,
 Or in the lighted hall's bright gleam,
 With dance, the hours beguile.

And thou wilt smile when he is near,
 And count the hours when he is far,
 And heave the secret sigh;
 Thy heart's pure love to him thou'lt give,
 Nor ever change, while thou dost live,
 Affection ne'er will die.

Tho' doubts and fears may intervene,
 And sometimes cloud this fairy scene,
 They will not ever stay;
 For joined by love, thro' future years,
 All doubts will cease, all dark'ning fears
 Sweet love shall chase away.

If virtue ever in thy heart
 Her empire hold, affection's dart
 Shall never wound thy breast.
 Thy years shall pass, by pleasure crown'd,
 Sweet Peace shall shed her influence round,
 By Peace for ever blest.

St. John, 1841.

H. C.

LOVE AND DEATH.—*A Fragment from a French Writer.*—Love and Death resemble each other in many points. Both of them are blind, both are armed with darts, and both are equally cruel. Death strikes the prince and the peasant, levels the sceptre with the spade; and Love exercises the same empire. Both despise honours and riches; they acknowledge no distinction among mortals. True Love like Death, never dies. These two tyrants of human life leave us no consolation but sighs and tears; they are equally insensible to intreaties and to bribes. The principal difference between them is, that Death at last triumphs over everything, but Love cannot overcome virtue.

The Pawnbroker's Window.

THERE is more philosophy of life to be learned at a pawnbroker's window than in all the libraries in the world. The maxims and dogmas which wise men have chronicled, disturb the mind for a moment, as the breeze ruffles the surface of the deep, still stream, and pass away; but there is something in the melancholy grouping of a pawnbroker's window, which, like a record of ruin, sinks into the heart. The household gods—the cherished relics—the sacred possessions affection bestowed, or eyes now closed in death had once looked upon as their own—are here, as it were, profaned:—the associations of dear old times are here violated—the family hearth is here outraged—the ties of love, kindred, rank, all that the heart clings to are broken here: it is a sad picture, for, in spite of the glittering show, its associations are sombre. There hangs the watch, the old chased repeater, that hung above the head of a dying parent when bestowing his trembling blessing on the poor outcast who parted with it for bread: the widow's wedding-ring is there, the last and dearest of all her possessions; the trinket, the pledge of love of one now dead, the only relic of the heart's fondest memories; silver that graced the holyday feast; the gilt-framed miniature that used to hang over the quiet mantelshelf; the flute, the favourite of a dead son, surrendered by a starving mother to procure food for her remaining offspring; the locket that held a father's hair; or, gloomier still, the dress—the very covering—of the poor is there, waving like the flag of wretchedness and misery. It is a strange, sad sight! To those who feel aright there are more touching memorials to be seen at a pawnbroker's window than in all the monuments in Westminster Abbey. At no great distance from Limehouse, about eight years ago, there was a pawnbroker's shop, which had many customers, and, to judge by the mingled collection which filled its window, they were of every rank and condition of life.

The shop had a high narrow door, a dim abrupt entrance, and looked like a dusty spider's web to entangle the flies of a poor neighbourhood. It had a designing look. A baker's was next door; a grocer's on the other side; and when the sun shone upon them the two latter had an honest, hearty appearance; but the former, with all its glitter, seemed to wear a sardonic smile. Yet let not the business of a pawnbroker be judged too harshly, since, if he follow his calling honestly, he is one of the most useful members of society, as but for him the last crumbs of life would often be withheld from the lips of misery. One cold, wet night, about the time already mentioned, there were three persons lingering near the pawnbroker's. It was quite dark, and the rain falling fast, and pattering loudly in the deserted streets. Each of the three appeared anxious to enter the shop, but was restrained by the presence of another already there. They were all waiting until the shop was empty, and, although they did not speak to each other, each seemed to understand the other's errand, and, with the morbid pride of poverty, to wish to execute their own unnoticed and alone. One of these was an old man, whose drooping attitude, feeble step, and the abject look which his features expressed, when he turned them towards the light, proclaimed him most dejected of the three. He was shabbily dressed, his long grey hair hung over his hollow cheeks, and his almost shoeless feet were soaked with the rain. He was the first to enter the shop. With a trembling hand he drew a metal watch from his pocket. The pawnbroker rapidly uncased it, and after a word or two laid a few shillings on the counter. The old man gathered them up, and hurried out of the place as if anxious to remove himself from such a scene. He was succeeded in the shop by another of those who had been lingering near it, waiting until it was empty; a poor-looking woman, wrapped in a grey cloak. She entered with a timid, flurried look, drew a worn silver spoon from her pocket, received a small sum in ex-

change, and glided from the shop as stealthily as she had entered. The last of the three was now left alone. It was a young woman poorly dressed, she appeared more agitated than any of the others had been, and once or twice wrung her hands as if in agony of the thought. As she drew near the shop the light that fell upon her features shewed that although pale and sorrow-worn, they were of touching beauty,—while her youth (she could not be more than twenty) increased the interest which her evident distress of mind was calculated to inspire. She reached the door—her hand was raised to open it, but she shrank back again, and drawing a little miniature from her bosom, looked at it wistfully by the light of the window; the tears started to her large blue eyes, she kissed the portrait, and thrusting it again into her bosom, passed on. She walked a few yards—then paused—then proceeded—then came back again.—There was now another customer in the shop, she had once more to pass on. It was still raining heavily, the November wind was sweeping the dark street, and the cold blasts were piercing; yet the young woman heeded them not; the struggle which was evidently going on in her own mind rendered her insensible to the miseries of the scene around her. Again she came to the pawnbroker's door. The shop was now empty, but again she appeared to hesitate. At that instant the clock of a neighbouring church struck eight. She started at the sound, and without another symptom of irresolution entered the door-way. She drew out the miniature and laid it on the counter.

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NOTHING can destroy the religion of the Bible. In vain have the infidel and the sceptic laboured to blast the Christian's hopes. But they centre on a basis that can never be moved.

THE hand of death touches not a moral axiom, nor alters a truth regarding the conduct of the living or the dead; nevertheless it is wise to withhold our discrimination between the honourable and the profligate.

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE.—The Otoo Indians having procured some kegs of whiskey, resolved to have a grand carousal, and, aware of the fury to which their passions would be stimulated by intoxication, removed all weapons beyond their reach. When the whiskey began to work, a fearful brawl commenced, and in the frenzy of strife the brother bit off a part of the chieftain's nose. The Iotan was sobered in a moment, he paused, looking intently in the fire, without uttering a word; then drawing his blanket over his head, walked out of the building, and hid himself in his own lodge. On the following morning he sought his brother, and told him that he had disfigured him for life; "to-night," said he, "I will go to my lodge and sleep; if I can forgive you when the sun rises you are safe, if not you die." He kept his word; he slept upon his purpose, but sleep brought no mercy. He sent word to his brother that he had resolved upon his death, that there was no further hope; at the same time he besought him to make no resistance, but to meet his fate as a warrior should. His brother received the message, and fled from the village. An Indian is untiring in his pursuit of revenge, and though years may elapse, yet he will obtain it in the end. From the time that it became the fixed purpose of the Iotan to slay his brother, his assiduity never slept; he hunted him for months. He pursued his trail over the prairies; he followed his track from one thicket to another; he traced him through the friendly villages, but without success; for although he was untiring, his brother was watchful and kept out of the way. The old warrior then changed his plan of action. He laid in wait for him in the forest, crouching like a tiger, in the paths which he thought he might frequent in hunting, but he was for a long time unsuccessful. At length, one day when he was seated on a dead tree, he heard the crackling noise of a twig breaking beneath a cautious foot-step. He instantly crouched behind the log, and watched the opposite thicket. Presently an Indian emerged from it.

and gazed earnestly around. The Iotan recognised his brother instantly. His care-worn face, and emaciated form evinced the anxiety and privations that he had suffered. But this was nothing to the Iotan; as yet his revenge was unsatiated, and the miserable appearance of his brother touched no chord of his heart. He waited until he was within a few feet of him, then sprang from his lurking place and met him face to face. His brother was unarmed, but met his fiery look with calmness, and without flinching. "Ha, ha! brother," cried the Iotan, cocking his rifle, "I have followed you long in vain—now I have you—you must die." The other made no reply, but, throwing off his blanket, stepped before him, and presented his breast. The Iotan raised his rifle, and shot him through the heart.



TRUTH.—No trait of character is more lovely in young men than a strict adherence to truth. If at all times and on all occasions, they speak with reference to their accountability to God, they are sure of gaining the attention and the esteem of their companions. They will always be believed. But when a person is careless how he speaks, and thinks it but of little consequence what construction is put upon his words, he is in a condition as unenviable as that of the wretched pagan. And he will become so habituated to the practice of uttering falsehoods, that he will not be believed even when he does speak the truth.



Name not Danger, Love to Me.

Name not danger, love, to me,
 One who loves renown,
 There's more peril in love's smile
 Than in danger's frown;
 Danger we may meet and die,
 But the flash of Beauty's eye
 Kings cannot resist nor fly,
 No, not for their crown.

Danger best becomes the knight;
 'Tis what soldiers prize:
 For it is the surest plight
 For love in woman's eyes.
 Welcome, danger, then to me,
 So it makes me dear to thee:
 Who would not in peril be
 For lovely woman's sighs?

LAST DAY OF EVE.

It approached the evening twilight. The mother of mankind was placed by her descendants in front of her tent, reclining on a rude couch. The western wind fanned her pale cheek and played amidst her grey locks. Near her sat her husband. Eve turned her eye upon him with a look of sadness, yet of deep affection, and as she saw his wrinkled brow, bent form, and head of snowy whiteness, seemed to call to mind other days.

Inwardly she reproached herself.—“Ah, not thus was it I saw him, when first given to him by our God. Where has vanished that manly form—where is the elastic step—where the eye that beamed with brightness—where now the rich and mellow voice? Alas, how changed! And it was I, who tempted, who destroyed him—I the wife—the cherished companion; I bade him eat, and now what is *he*, who but for *me* had known neither pain, nor sorrow, nor age.

“And what remains of her on whose beauty he then gazed with unsated delight? A trembling, wrinkled form, just sinking into the grave.

“Where is now that paradise with its fruits—that balmy air which brought on every breath a tribute to each happy sense—those rays which warmed but never scorched? And sadder, sadder still, where now is that blissful intercourse with *HIM*, who made us rich in the happiness of living? His voice is no longer in our ears—driven from bliss—from scenes so lovely—the earth cursed—sin, sorrow, and death, the inheritance of our children.”

Our mother was overcome by the rush of recollections. Her eyes, long dry, found new fountains, and her aged form shook with deep emotion.

It may be that Adam had been indulging in musings not unlike to those, for he was startled as if from a reverie by the emotions of his wife. The old man placed himself beside her. She laid her head on the bosom which had so often soothed its throbbings.

“What moves thee, *Eve*?”

“Oh, my husband, how canst thou show kindness to her who has done all this? Thou wast young and knew only happiness, and all around was formed to delight our very sense; and I, who should have strengthened thy virtue, fell, and dragged thee with me, the partner of my sin, to this depth of ruin. And after a few years of toil and anxiety, we are about to lay these worn out frames in the dust.

“But for sin we had lived in perpetual youth, and feared no change.—The threatened death has worked slowly but surely, and now with us his work is nearly done.

“The first to sin, it was meet that I should first return to dust. Had the guilt and the curse been only mine, I might endure it. But I see thee now, and I compare thee with what thou wast, as it seems to me but yesterday.

“A few days will lay thee low. Let our children place us side by side in the cold earth. I know not why it is, yet it seems to me there will be comfort in our bodies dissolving together, as if there were something of consciousness in the lifeless dust.

“Little of comfort as is now left in life, yet I cannot endure the thought I shall utterly cease to be!

“Adam, thou hast often given me words of consolation. Is there aught that can cheer me, now I am to bid thee farewell?”

“Thou seest yonder sun—*thou* wilt again see him rise and set, he is bidding *me* a last adieu. Sense shall soon cease for ever, and no light shall again enter these eyes.”

The old man wiped the tears which fell on the wrinkled brow of his partner. A sudden light was on his countenance as if a new lamp had been lit up in his soul. Eve saw it, and it brought to her a gleam of hope; she gazed on his face as if death had lent new powers to her faded vision.

“First of women,” said Adam, “claim no pre-eminence in guilt—together we sinned—together we have borne the punishment.

"But there is redemption—there is hope.

"Whilst thinking of the fearful change which betokened my heart, that its partner was about to be taken away, a heavenly light beamed on my thoughts and taught me to understand the visions which have so often visited me on my couch.

"We shall not die—there is a costly ransom provided—we must sleep under the cold earth, but we shall rise again in the freshness of that youth which we first enjoyed; and purified from all sin, we shall walk in our Eden seven times more beautiful than when we first roved amidst its fruits and flowers. And there will be thousands, who inheriting our evil natures, will have found a powerful Physician. And there will be that mighty Physician, whose presence shall awaken ten thousand harps to melody.

"This earth too, so long, so grievously cursed for our sin, will come forth more than the beauty of its pristine youth.

"Thou wilt go a little before me to the grave; but we shall rise together with the glad shout of gratified jubilation; and with us millions of our posterity, ransomed from the curse."

Adam paused, his eye fell on the face of his wife—a smile seemed to play in the brightness of hope on her pale lip, but the heart had ceased to beat, and that sleep had fallen on her which the trump of the archangel only shall disturb.



A FALLEN AMBITION.—On the broad way of human life I met with a young man apparently lost in the deepest contemplation. Seemingly he had not yet obtained his thirtieth year. My approach seemed to rouse him from the reverie of his senses. Aware that I had observed him, he unfolded the thoughts that had been passing within him, he had been immersed in the reflections of his own brief existence, chequered, and blunted with vicissitudes. He bethought him of its worth, moralized upon its cares, was distressed at a fallen ambi-

tion, and even hinted at the horrors and consequences of a suicide. He had lost all his chattels, the mere baubles of the hour, and what was more cheerless, he found his *friends* who once pretended to advance, now indifferent to his welfare. *Friends*—that is too warm a word, the frigid, the heartless, they whose avarice and selfishness ride above the considerations of another, are not what might be called friends. The friends, the true friends of better, and warmer, and brighter days, had departed from and forsaken this dismal earth. His wife had gone, his children had gone, and shivering, houseless, cold, and homeless, he lingered yet in the busy theatre of life,

"Weary! and way sore."

The father, the fond kind father who had indulged him early and late, the mother who had blessed the pillow of childhood, the sister who shared in his joy, or was depressed in his wo, the brother whom he loved and by whom he was beloved in turn, had all passed from the arena of this "busy hum of men." They had departed from life, they had found a resting place, and the tomb was sacred to their memories.

Touched with his griefs, I enquired if nature otherwise had treated him kindly, if his health had been preserved to him? if he was an hungered or athirst?

Alas! he said, my friend, my last crumb is exhausted, my purse is empty, and these rags are but the remains of an abundant wardrobe—and the secret monitor within bids me prepare, although kind nature has heretofore granted me health, even that is denied, and every sun that rolls down beyond those hills, reminds me of the melancholy truth, of the evening of my existence, for me it goes down with smiles, not in wrath—and leaves me the solitary assurance, that while I may enjoy a resting place beyond this earth, I shall soon be an outcast to the warm and the frigid, the young and the old, the high and the low, the bond and the free, and that the grave at least will fold me in her lonely and sacred bosom: I felt for him and

offered him my humble bounty, and it was grateful to me if I had smoothed the rough road of dissolution and drove a tear from a sorrowing eye. Death however was more kind to him.

—❧—
STANZAS

ON THE FRENCH BRINGING THE BONES OF
NAPOLEON TO EUROPE.

An empire's shout is heard !
The cry of madmen rends
The welkin—as it once was stirred
To earth's remotest ends—
False glory flaps her wings,
And countless hosts advance,
To hail a ghastly thing, which brings
Vain honour to proud France.

The imperial city gleams !
Millions on millions leap
To worship old and fatal dreams,
Which erst made nations weep !
What charms their eager view ?
A few old sapless bones
The ashes of a despot—who
Fill'd earth with graves and groans !

Dust of a Renegade !
Who flatter'd, fawned, until
By shackling liberty—he made
Kings vassals of his will !
Who drench'd each clime with blood !
To truth and justice blind ;
Who, 'mid earth's desolation, stood
The Moloch of Mankind !

Proud and besotted France,
Let thy lip Patriots come,
Yes ! bid thy million fools advance,
With clarion and with drum !
Ay, let thy anthers roll
Around those bones, which once
Daggered thee to the inmost soul—
Maniac of crime and chance !

Yet, 'midst thy jubilee,
Invite that mighty throng :
The victims of his butchery,
To join thy fiendish song !
The million widows—and
The orphans of the slain !
Whose bones are strew'd o'er every land,
Types of his glorious reign :

The dead thou may'st invite
To join the frantic crew—
The shreds of many a fearful fight ;
From gory Waterloo !
Yes ! bid them all come forth !—
Those who have pressed the snow
Of the unsun'd and farthest North,
'To where the Tropics glow :

The men whose dust is spread
O'er Afric's burning line,
To the swart grenadier, whose head
Lies pillow'd by the Rhine ;
And they who on the banks
Of Douro sleep in blood,
To the fierce cavalry whose ranks
Died Berisiena's flood :

The band whose bayonets shone
In Austria's capital,
And those whose ashes fester on
By Acre's batter'd wall ;
The squares of old renown,
Shadows in darkness hid,
Whose volleys brought the Arabs down
Before the Pyramid !

Methinks I see advance
Ten million with blanch'd brow ;
Bloody and hack'd they laugh at France,
And her frail monarch now—
Beneath each casque of brass,
Dim, motionless, and dull,
Gleams no bright eyeball !—but, alas !
The brown, bare, ghastly skull !

France, think upon thy slain !
And to the darksome bier—
Commit a Despot's bones again
In silence, with a tear !—
Hush'd be the shout of joy,
As those frail wrecks ye view :
Oh ! pause awhile—before you try
Another Waterloo !

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CALCUTTA.—The city of Calcutta is the metropolis of British India, the seat of the supreme Government, the emporium of oriental commerce frequented by ships of all nations ; and, on these and other accounts, the most important city of the East. It is situated on a flat and originally marshy country, on the right bank of the river Hoogly, about 100 miles from the sea. The river is here, at high water, about a mile across ; and, on approaching the capital from the sea, the stranger is impressed with the number of elegant villas on its banks, the extensive fortification of Fort William, the domes, minarets, and spires of the temple, mosques, and churches of Calcutta. But whatever feelings of astonishment these and other particulars of the brilliancy and splendor of an oriental city may produce,—whatever excitement of the spirits the swarming population, varied costume, strange features, unknown language, and usages may occasion, the heart of the Christian sinks within him, when he beholds the city, with a very slight exception “wholly given to idolatry,” whose polluted and disgusting emblems are exhibited on all sides, and the marks of which are inscribed on the forehead of almost every native whom he meets.

Calcutta extends along the borders of the river about six miles, and, at the

widest part, is a mile and a half in breadth. The native part of the city is to the north, and it exhibits a striking contrast with the part inhabited by Europeans. It is extensive and populous. The streets are narrow, dirty, and unpaved. Some of the houses are built of brick, with two stories, and flat-terraced roofs; but the greater number are mere mud cottages, the sides of which are formed of mats, bamboos, and other frail and combustible materials; hence, we sometimes hear of fires by which thousands of these slight habitations are consumed in a few hours.

By a census recently taken, it was ascertained that in Calcutta and its suburbs there are 500,000 inhabitants; and it is supposed that within a circle of five miles radius, there are 500,000 more. Of this million of human beings, 650,000 are Hindoos, 300,000 Mussulmans, and the remainder consists of people of various nations. Armenians, Jews, Arabs, Parsees, Mugs, Chinese, Malays, with Europeans and their descendants. Including the Indo-Britons, and a few Greeks and Armenians, there are about 10,000, or one in a hundred of the whole population, nominal christians, of whom about two-thirds are Protestants, and one third Roman Catholics. The number of persons entering into the city every day, from the surrounding country, has been ascertained to be 100,000; and the writer of these lines was assured, many years ago, by a friend who had long resided there, that the greatest thoroughfares of London were far less crowded than the streets and bazaars of Calcutta. It is however, at the great annual festivals, reference to which has so often been made in our pages, that the vastness of the population is most strikingly apparent. Missionaries, who have been present on these occasions, describe the impressions produced on their minds by the immense concourse of human beings then congregated, as quite overwhelming.

At the feast of Doorga Poojah all the Hindoos assemble, and at the feast of the Mohurram all the Mohammedans;—and if these two festivals should happen

to occur at the same period of the year, as they sometimes do, it is impossible to convey any adequate conception of the scene. Thousand on thousands, myriad on myriads, pass in procession through the long streets of the magnificent city, all mad upon their idols, or worked up to phrenzy in favour of their prophet, presenting at once the most melancholy and the most heart-stirring spectacle upon which the eye can rest.

CITY OF PEKING.

PEKING, the capital of the empire of China. Its name signifies the Northern Court, to distinguish it from Nanking, the Southern Court, where the emperor formerly resided. This capital forms an oblong square, standing in a fertile plain, and is divided into two cities, one inhabited by Chinese, the other by Tartars. These two cities are nearly 14 miles in circuit, the walls are 28 feet high, 24 thick at the base, and 12 at the top; and there are spacious towers at 70 feet distance from each other. The gates are high, and well arched, supporting buildings of nine stories high; they are nine in number, three in the south wall, and two in each of the other sides. The middle gate, on the south side, opens into the Tartar, or imperial city, which is surrounded by a wall of large red polished bricks, 20 feet high, and contains the imperial palace and gardens, the public offices, lodgings for the ministers, the eunuchs, artificers and tradesmen belonging to the court. The streets are amazingly thronged, and to an European it is a curious sight for not one Chinese female is to be seen among them. All the great streets are guarded by soldiers, who patrol night and day with swords by their sides, and whips in their hands, to chastise those who make any disturbance, or take them into custody. The temples and towers of Peking are so numerous, that it is difficult to count them. Provisions of all kinds are plentiful, they being, as well as the merchandise, brought from all parts by canals from the rivers. Population 2,000,000.

Mohammed Ali and his Family.

BY DR. MADDEN.

MOHAMMED ALI is now in his 72d year. He is hale and strong in his appearance, somewhat bent by age; but the energy of his mind, the vivacity of his features, and the piercing lightning of his glance have undergone no change since I first saw him in the year 1825, nearly fifteen years ago. He is about five feet six inches in height, of a ruddy, fair complexion, with light, hazel eyes, deeply set in their sockets, and overshadowed by prominent eyebrows.—His lips are thin, his features regular, extremely changeable, yet altogether agreeable in their expression when he is in good-humour. At such times his countenance is that of a frank, amiable, and highly intelligent person. The motion of his hands and gesture in conversation are those of a well-bred person; and his manners are easy and even dignified. He perambulates his rooms a great deal when he is at all disturbed, with his hands behind his back, and thinks aloud on these occasions. He sleeps but little, and seldom soundly: he is said by his physicians to be subject to a determination of blood to the head, attended with epileptic symptoms, which recur with violence when he is under any unusual excitement. In the late difficulties, previous to his answering the proposal of the Foreign Powers, these symptoms made it necessary for his physicians to bleed him in the arm, and take away a pound of blood. One of these physicians had to sit up with him for some nights, and, as it is customary for the Paeha to do with his attendants, he called up the doctor several times in the night, to “tell him something,” and the poor drowsy physician was frequently woke up with the habitual query, “Well, doctor, have you nothing to tell me?”

His palace at Alexandria is elegantly furnished in the European style, with chairs and tables, looking-glasses, several pictures, and a large bust of the Viceroy himself. I noticed a magnificent four-post bed in his sleeping chamber: both of the attendants who conducted me

over the palace informed me, it never had been used: he continues the old Turkish habit of sleeping on a mattress on the floor. He rises early, generally between four and five, receives every one who comes to him, dictates to his secretaries, and has the English and French newspapers translated and read to him, one of the latter of which is known to be the paid organ of his political views.

His only language is the Turkish, and he speaks it with the greatest fluency and in the most impressive manner. In his conversation he is sprightly, courteous, and intelligent. On every subject he gives those about him the impression of a shrewd, penetrating, right-thinking man. He speaks very distinctly (thanks to the effects of English dentistry) and with remarkable precision. He is simple in his mode of living, eats after the European manner at table, and takes his bottle of claret almost daily. His manners are extremely pleasing, and his general appearance prepossessing: his expression, as I have before said, is that of a good-humoured, amiable man; but, when he is disturbed in his mind, he seems not to have the slightest control over his feelings or over his features; and, when he is displeased, his scowl is what no man would willingly encounter twice. A medical friend of mine, who had the *charge* of the palace, and had occasion to visit him at a very early hour the morning after the arrival of the Turkish fleet, which had just fallen into his power, found him at the dawn, alone, in his apartment, stationed at the window, gazing on those vessels which were destined for the destruction of his Syrian fleet, and which were now quietly “reposing on their shadows” in his own harbour at Alexandria: and, as he gazed on them, very earnestly talking to himself, as if deeply engaged in conversation.

This gentleman could not help stopping for some moments, watching the working of the waking dream of Mahomedan ambition, and he expressed to me his great regret that he did not

understand the Turkish language, thinking, with reason, that the words of Mohammed Ali, on such an occasion, would have been well worthy of attention. Probably the Pacha was, at that moment, busily engaged in conversation with the Grand Vizier, his old and implacable enemy, telling him that he had outwitted both his master and himself; that they had been long playing their old game of secret enmity, devoting all their energies to each other's ruin; and that, while the Grand Vizier had been whetting his rage against him on the Kebla Stone of Mecca, and sharpening the sword of the old fanaticism for his destruction, he (Mohammed Ali) was studying the principles of modern Oriental diplomacy in another school; and the proofs of his proficiency in the new strategy of war were to be found in the successful manœuvre which had lost the Turkish fleet to the Sultan, and had driven his Prime Minister from his post. This was a grand coup of Egyptian policy. The Turkish fleet is at Alexandria, and the Grand Vizier is in banishment.

The palaces of the Pacha, both at Alexandria and Cairo, are elegantly, though not magnificently, furnished.—In the latter I observed an excellent portrait of his son, Seid Bey, and several other pictures, which showed pretty clearly how the injunctions of the Koran are regarded by Mohammed Ali.

He has now three sons living.

Ibrahim Pacha was born at Cavallo, in 1789, and is now in his fifty-first year, middle-sized, extremely stout, and by no means prepossessing, either in his manners or appearance. His features are large, heavy, and marked with the small-pox. He is light-complexioned, grave-looking, and haughty and austere in his regards. He understands both the Turkish and Arabic languages, and speaks the latter fluently. His habits are not temperate; but latterly he has been more abstemious than usual. His health is greatly impaired by his excesses, and he is now labouring under symptoms of dropsy; in fact, it is difficult to say whether his life or his

father's is likely to last longest. He commenced his military career in 1816 against the Wahabees. In 1824 he commanded the expedition against the Morea; and, since the year 1831, he has been employed in Syria. Altogether, for nearly a quarter of a century, he has lived in camps, and is a fortunate soldier, a brave one, no doubt, and very little more. Of late years, the ferocity of his nature has been a good deal softened down, and the sanguinary acts which he indulged in the perpetration of in Arabia, and even in his own country, have not been followed by similar enormities for some years past. It is said, that he is very inimical to his father's views with respect to manufactures, and that all his tastes are for agricultural improvements, and in the indulgence of these he has introduced a vast number of foreign trees and plants into Egypt; indeed, his gardens and extensive plantations at Cairo are better deserving of these names than any others in Egypt. But it is to be feared, that all these improvements have no elements of stability in them, and will die with him.

Toussoun Pacha, the second son of Mohammed Ali, died in 1813, leaving one son, Abbas Pacha, lately Governor of Cairo, and now commanding a part of the forces in Syria. He is a cruel, crafty, and sanguinary character, and is detested by every one about him.

Ismail Pacha, the third son of Mohammed Ali, perished in the war of Sennaar. He left no children.

Seid Bey, the fourth son of Mohammed Ali, was born in 1822: is intelligent, extremely well educated, speaks, and reads, and writes, the Turkish, Arabic, French, and English languages. He is very corpulent, ungainly in his appearance, and inactive in his habits. He has been brought up for the navy, and is destined to command the fleet of his father. When the British admiral was in Alexandria, in September, Seid Bey entertained him on board his corvette, and the admiral expressed himself highly gratified with the manner in which he commanded his

vessel, and put his men through their exercises on board. He has been instructed by European teachers, and he certainly is indebted to Mr. Zeeling, his late aide-de-camp, for a good deal of his proficiency in learning, &c.

Mohammed Ali, a remarkably fine little boy, of about nine years of age, is the fifth and youngest and favourite son of the old Pacha. It is singular to see this little fellow with his father: he is permitted to take all sorts of liberties with him, and the contrast of this freedom is very striking, compared with the solemn, formal nature of the interviews of Seid Bey, and even Ibrahim Pacha, with his father. The Pacha, amidst all the reforms he has introduced, has thought proper to leave untouched the old habit of exacting the most profound submission from his grown-up children. When Seid Bey, who, as yet, resides in the palace of the women, or the harem of the Pacha, pays his weekly visit every Friday to his father, he enters the reception-hall with eyes downcast, his arms folded, and dares not walk up straight to his father's presence, but makes the circuit of the divan slowly and abashed, and at length stops at a respectful distance from the Pacha, approaches and kisses the hem of his garment, retires modestly, and stands again with folded arms and downcast looks: after an interval of two or three minutes the Pacha salutes him, beckons him to his side, and then he is permitted to talk to his august father. Strange to say, Ibrahim Pacha, old as he is, and with all his honours, goes through the same formal scene, at every public interview, on each return from the army to Cairo or Alexandria.


Description of a Ball at Paris.

FANCY a scene of perfect enchantment. A suite of fifteen rooms laid out for the amusement of the guests. We were first introduced into the *Salon de reception*, furnished in the first style of splendour; from thence we joined the dancers in the ball-room; which was resplendant with lustres, mirrors, &c.

When fatigued with "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," or incommoded with the heat, we took refuge in a gallery filled with the most choice and fragrant plants: all along this gallery were rooms, which, if you will follow me, we will visit in their turn.

The first, by the means of scenery and other embellishments, was fitted up in the style of a Swiss Dairy. Here a lovely young dairy maid, wearing her national costume, presented us with the most delicious cream you ever tasted, in beautiful little china bowls. I assure you it was a thousand times more refreshing than ices, sorbets, &c.: quitting the *Laiterie Suisse*, we entered the library, over the door was written *Salon de Lecture*, here we found a long table covered with green cloth, and on it books of prints, annuals, albums, drawings, caricatures, &c., and every thing that should be in such a place. Our next visit was to the cell of a forbidding looking astrologer, with a long white beard, who, examining your palm, would predict the most extraordinary destinies. We next turned into a tent where a cantiniere offered us liqueurs from a number of pretty little barrels, and gave us slices of rye bread with the most excellent butter. Next door was a Charlatan who distributed, in place of nostrums, beautiful little cut glass bottles filled with scent. And next to this was a lottery office, with the prizes (for there were no blanks) arranged on tables, etageres, &c., here you choose a ticket and went on to a theatre, where a thunder storm in a forest was represented, when this was over, the scene changed to a ballet of the reign of Henri III. This concluded, the scene changed to the gardens of Versailles, where the brilliant Louis IV., was seen walking, surrounded by his court in full costume. As the monarch and his suite vanished from our sight, the public crier announced the drawing of the lottery, when we hastened to see dame fortune distribute her gifts with that want of perception which proved the propriety of representing her as blind, for to the gentlemen she gave work-boxes, Chinese

figures, and the thousand little trifles we run after, and to the ladies snuff-boxes, pipes, tobacco, pouches, &c.!!! At five in the morning we seated ourselves at the supper table, after which we retired.

——
PETE YERKS.

A LEGEND OF MISQUITO COVE.

“As lazy as Pete Yerks,” was the expression invariably called up when any of the denizens of Musquito Cove and the vicinity wished to convey the idea of a person superlatively and unapproachably lazy. Now this, by most men would have been considered at best a very doubtful reputation, but with Pete it was not so. His character had gained by it, for had any person seen Pete working at any thing or at any time, the fame of the exploit would have gone abroad and ruined him in his vocation forever. There was, indeed, one man at the cove, who declared, and stuck to it, that once, about ten years ago, on a bright moonlight night, he saw Pete carry some wood into Squire Jones’ kitchen; but this was utterly improbable, and although the narrator was a man of undoubted veracity, it was generally thought that he had mistaken the person, and Pete escaped this calumny unscathed; but when this slanderous report was first circulated he was affected even to tears. He denied it in the most unqualified terms and challenged any person to prove that since he was fourteen years of age, he had ever done ‘a hand’s turn.’ He could not conceive what motive any man could have to slander him in that manner.

Every country village has its loafer, but the reputation of Pete was not confined to the village, honoured by being his birth place. No—he was *the* loafer—the lazy one, and for miles around, the reputation of Pete Yerks was as well known as the text of the parson’s last sermon.

I have called Pete a loafer, but I much fear that he will never cotton to that. It is not sufficiently expressive. A loafer *has* been known to work—

such never was, to the recollection of any person in that place, the case with Pete. How he lived no one could tell, and this very mystery added to his reputation. He followed the customary fashion of wearing clothes, and it was not doubted that he was equally addicted to eating, but how, or when, or where he managed to gratify those unusual desires was known to none but himself. He had a passion, too, for smoking, and always had tobacco, but where or how he obtained it, was equally a mystery.

He inhabited a little old cottage on the side of a hill, about half a mile from the town, which nobody cared to claim, but daily he came to the village, and seating himself at the foot of a large elm tree, he would smoke his old one inch pipe, and sleep—and waking, he would fall to smoking again. Thus passed his life, every fair day, under the elm tree, and in foul weather or in winter, he stayed at his cottage.

One sultry day, about the middle of August, last year, Pete was at his old post under the elm tree, with his old pipe. He leaned up against the tree, the pipe laying listlessly between his teeth, and every few moments a small curling cloud of smoke would issue from his lips, giving the only sign that he was alive and awake, and he was evidently meditating, that being the hardest work he had ever done. It was *after* the 10th of August, the date fixed by all venerable ladies for the annual visit of the mosquitoes, and the spot Pete had chosen as his resting place, one would think had been selected as a place of general rendezvous for those gentry. The air was black with them, but they rarely troubled Pete—they knew him well, for in that spot he had sat, and smoked, and slept for fifteen years.

The smoke from Pete’s pipe came more lazily and at longer intervals—His head was sinking upon his chin, his eyes were more firmly closed, and he gave evident tokens that he was fast approaching that state denominated “Loafer’s Heaven.” A huge gallinipper who had never before seen Pete, (it being

his first visit to this ground,) noticing the evident symptoms of approaching sleep, and being an hungered withal, cautiously approached him, making large circles around the spot where he was reclining, and humming his favourite air the while, to lull his unconscious victim into security.

With a deep grunt Pete's head sank full upon his breast—the pipe fell from his lips into his bosom—his hat fell over his eyes, and Pete was asleep. The gallinipper, seeing these never-failing signs, made his approaches more boldly, and alighting on Pete's unbooted leg, made preparations for a feast. Having sharpened well his bill, he looked once more at Pete, (whose sleep was now so sound that an occasional half snore, half grunt was heard), and seeing all secure, he darted it at once into the soft fat just under the ankle bone. Alas, for the fallacy of sublunary hopes! The bill had entered too deep and too quickly, and Pete arousing with a tremendous effort, struck at the unfortunate cause of all this mischief. In reaching too far forward to get at his tormentor, Pete fell over. Now, most persons placed in such a predicament, and falling, must evidently have come to the ground. Not so Pete—he fell forward, and as he fell the ground opened before him, and down he went—down—down—down, with a velocity to which he, of all men, had never been accustomed, and which to any person must have been peculiarly uncomfortable.

After continuing at this spot for a long very long time, Pete came to a halt: by finding himself on the ground; but so gently had he fallen that notwithstanding the great distance from his starting place he was not the least injured.

Pete lay on the ground with his eyes closed and nothing doubting that the "Ancient Henry" was about to claim him as his own, he tried to get out a prayer but it was of no use. He had never been to church but once since he was a boy and all that he could remember of what he had heard was,— "There mercy on all sinners and their children."

He repeated this aloud as fast as he could speak, and was pausing to take breath for a fresh outbreak, when he was saluted, *a posteriori*, by a bite so deep, so keen, so perfectly savage, that he actually sprung up at one bound, and clapping his hand on the affected part, exclaimed, "by jings!"

A loud *havo havo* from behind, caused him to remove his hand and turn round, and without looking to see whence this sound proceeded, he was saluted on the other side with another bite, more deep, more keen, and if possible, more savage than before. Flesh and blood could not stand this, and surely, when Pete clapped his hand on the new spot, and roared out "h—ll!" he may be deemed excusable. Pete looked around in bewilderment, and well he might. He was in the middle of a large plain, and he was alone—not a living thing could he see or hear. The sun was pouring down upon him like "all possessed," and a few yards a-head was a grove of trees, presenting a most inviting aspect of coolness and shade, and Pete was about to push for that, when he was suddenly brought up by hearing a voice exclaim "stand still!"

Pete looked up, and he looked down, and he looked around on all sides, but no one could he perceive, and although he felt dreadful savage at being ordered so premporarily, he wisely concluded to obey, not wishing to incur the displeasure of a person who could make himself felt and heard without being seen.

"Pete Yerks," said the same voice, "you are the laziest man that ever lived!" Pete's face brightened up at this plain spoken encomium, and it must be owned that he did feel a little, a very little pride, when he thought that his reputation had actually preceded him to the other world, for he doubted not that he was now there. He was about to make some gracious reply, when he was ordered to hold his tongue, by the same voices, in savage tones.

"Pete Yerks, can you dance?"

"Me dance!" exclaimed Pete, fairly horror struck, "me, Pete Yerks, dance! Oh Lord—oh Lord!"

"Well, Pete, I don't believe but you can, and I know that you will, if I ask you," added the voice most insinuatingly.

"Upon my word of honour, I never did dance while I was on earth, and I'm d—d if I do now I'm in h—."

"At him! at him!" exclaimed ten thousand voices, from major A to B flat, and in a moment Pete heard such a humming about his ears as if all the mosquitoes and gallinippers in the world had come to salute and greet his arrival in the infernal regions.

Not one, as yet, attempted to touch him—they were evidently waiting for further orders and anticipated great sport from him. Pete began to feel rather uncomfortable. He had not any very distinct idea of his own situation at that moment, but that mischief was intended, he could not doubt, and he resolved to defend himself to the last extreme.

"Come Pete, break down," said his old friend, the invisible, "stir yourself or I'll have to make you. Strike up, music!" and in a moment, Pete heard a couple of fifes playing in the very best style the favourite Long Island break down. He had not time to think of any thing now, for at the same moment his feet began to move with such rapidity as he had never before known. He tried to stop, but no—it was impossible, his feet were flying about in the strangest and most extraordinary manner and the voices of his invisible friends exclaimed "go it Pete—well done—that's the step!"

Pete groaned in spirit as the thought crossed him "what would they think *up stairs*, to see me at this work?" but still he went on. The music now grew louder and fiercer, and Pete, or rather his feet, flew faster and faster. The perspiration rolled down his face in large drops, but there was no stopping. "Go it Pete—go it my boy!" were the exclamations heard on all sides, as Pete cut some new and involuntary pigeon-wing or shuffle. "Bravo! bravo!" shouted the assemblage, as Pete threw down his old hat and went at it again

fiercer and faster. His hair, which was now entirely saturated, flew about in all directions, like bunches of tallow candles tied by the wicks and shaken by some mischievous boy—his eyes were closed tight, to keep the perspiration from drowning them out—his mouth was wide open, and his breath came thick and hard, but there was no stopping for Pete. It seemed as if the musicians blew harder as they blew longer, and the harder they blew, the faster Pete had to dance. He now threw off his old ragged jacket, cheered on by the "bravos" of his admiring audience, and faster and fiercer flew his feet.

"Why, Pete," said his old tormentor, "you said you could not dance. What a liar you are, to be sure I never saw a better break down. Stir him up, boys, stir him up—I guess he'll work after this."

Before Pete had time to explain the cause of his sudden and unexplained passion for dancing, he received a nip on one heel that made him spring an extra foot, and by the time he reached the ground, the other foot received the same compliment. The fun was now getting too good for Pete. There he was, dancing as if heaven and earth depended on the velocity with which his feet moved, and every quarter second he would get a nip from some one of his tormentors. Now on his nose—now on the leg—now on the back—now on the neck, and his hands seemed to fly as fast as his feet, in his vain endeavours to catch some one of his tormentors. If he drew his hand across his face to wipe off the perspiration, an extra nip on some tender spot would make him draw it away and clap it on the wounded place—and thus was poor Pete kept hard at it for two mortal hours. The noonday sun boiling his very brains—the perspiration running down him as though he was under a shower bath, and the mosquitoes and gallinippers tormenting him on every approaching spot. All the consolation he had during this time, was the constant cheers and bravoes of his audience, and now and then an exclamation as he broke

out into some new, and as yet unheard of step or shuffle. He had no time to curse or swear, for if the music grew fainter for an instant, the mischievous gallinippers kept him sufficiently busy, and then the fifers would break out again, as though they had received in the interval, a new supply of wind.

Pete has often declared to me, that during that dance, he sweated off twelve pounds of good substantial flesh, and I have no reason to doubt his word.

All things must end some time or other. So it was with Pete's dancing. The cheers, bravoes and encores grew fainter and fewer, for in truth Pete had danced every step that had ever been heard of, and many that had never even been dreamed of. His audience thinned off, and suddenly the music ceased, and at the instant that Pete fell to the ground perfectly exhausted, a tremendous report was heard and he—awoke!

Yes, reader, he awoke, and behind him stood three young scamps who had been out gunning, and having caught Pete napping, one of them discharged his gun close to his ears, thus saving his life beyond a doubt. Pete looked at them one instant, and slowly rising, he started for his cottage.

The next day 'Squire Jones had a load of coal sent from New-York, and before it was dumped at the door, Pete was there and asked for the job of carrying it in. The 'Squire could not believe his senses. He put on his spectacles and deliberately surveying Pete, said, "You carry it in? Why, Pete, what is going to happen? You work! Well, I *do* declare—Oh yes—carry it in." and the 'Squire fairly ran into the house to tell his family of the extraordinary occurrence. In a moment every member of it, from the 'Squire's grandmother down to his little granddaughter, was at the windows, and as Pete shouldered his first basket and walked in with it, an involuntary exclamation broke from all.

Such news as this could not long be kept dark, and before Pete had carried half of the coal in, a crowd had gather-

ed round him, who seemed to view the proceedings with awe.

They looked at Pete, and then looked at each other. There could be no deception there, for Pete joked and laughed all the time, but in answer to all inquiries as to what could have caused so extraordinary a change, he only answered, "Oh, if you knew all I know, may be you'd know something," and that was all the satisfaction they ever obtained from him. I would not have ventured to explain the mystery even now, were I not credibly informed that an old lady has brought on a nervous fever by trying to think what could have induced Pete to change his nature. Had she died and the secret remained unrevealed, I should have felt almost guilty of murder, and as it is, I have chosen to break my promise to Pete (for he made me promise not to tell the story during his lifetime) rather than have the old lady die unsatisfied.

I will only add that Pete is now a steady, hard working man; has married, and is now living in a snug little house near his old cottage; but he never passes the old elm tree without feeling an involuntary shaking about his feet, and his hands mechanically, as it were, seek his rear, as the first nip of the gallinipper is brought to his mind.

As the above legend was taken down *verbatim* from Pete's mouth, it may be relied upon as authentic, and I feel well assured that no person in his senses will doubt its veracity.



THE CHARGE.

No movement in the field is made with greater confidence of success than that of the charge; it affords little time for thinking, while it creates a fearless excitement, and tends to give a fresh impulse to the blood of the advancing soldier, rouses his courage, strengthens every nerve, and drowns every fear of danger or of death; thus emboldened amidst the deafening shouts that anticipate victory, he rushes on and mingles with the flying foe.

For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

Oh let the merry dance proceed,
While all is joy and gladness,
Thought cannot now recall a deed
To tinge our minds with sadness.

For pleasure swells with thrilling glow
To music's melting strain,
For purest thoughts in langour flow,
Nay, rapture whirls the brain!

And hearts expand, as do the beams
Sol from his centre sends—
To clasp round earth their liquid streams,
While morn with darkness blends.

Then let the merry dancers spring,
As bound their hearts in gladness—
Thought cannot wave his sable wing
To cloud their minds with sadness.

St. John, 1841.

FREDERICK.

THE AMARANTH.

"AN ACCOUNT OF THE RIVER SAINT JOHN, WITH ITS TRIBUTARY RIVERS AND LAKES, by Edmund Ward, Assistant Emigrant Agent."—We have been politely favored with a copy of this work, which has just been issued from the *Sentinel* Press. The Author shows, from his clear and correct descriptions of almost every part of the Province, that he is fully competent to the task he has so ably and faithfully performed, viz. "to render the natural advantages of this fine Province more generally known and better appreciated." We doubt not but this work will meet with an extensive sale; as it will form a great addition to the already printed works on the resources of the Province, and their general adaptation for the support of a vast population. As a hand-guide to persons visiting this Province, it will prove highly useful, and to emigrants and others intending to settle in the country, it cannot fail to afford all the information they can reasonably expect to obtain without making a personal visit. Attached to the work is a correct Map of the "River St. John and the contiguous Country." The book comprises 96 pages—is printed on fine paper, and the typographical execution of the work as well as the binding, are workmanlike and creditable to the printer and binder. We intend in a future No. to furnish our readers with several extracts from this work.

Saint John Sacred Music Society.

On Thursday evening the 25th January, this Society held its third public Concert, which was attended by a brilliant audience, numbering about seven hundred persons. The Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, in which the performance took place, and which by its convenient arrangements is admirably adapted for such exhibitions of art, was completely crowded, every seat being occupied, and many persons were compelled to stand in the avenues.

Such an audience gives good reason to believe that a taste for music prevails in our community, and that opportunities of hearing good musical performances will not, for the future, be suffered to pass unnoticed. This Society, it may be said, is only in its infancy, and altho' we did not expect to hear the finished performances of the festivals of London or Edinburgh equalled—yet, speaking generally, we were highly gratified, and from the performance we heard on Thursday evening, we feel assured, that in a short time this Society will arrive at such a proficiency in musical attainments as will be highly creditable to the members individually, as well as to the City.

No. 1.—"Strike the Cymbal," by PUCITTA, was creditably performed; the Solo voice is a good one, and may be cultivated with advantage to its possessor; in the Chorus the voices were a trifle flat, or below the pitch, which possibly arose from timidity on the part of some, being their first appearance before an audience. One of the Flutes was too sharp, and continued so all the evening, the gentleman should keep his ears open, as a slight sliding of the tube would have obviated the difficulty.—The gentleman who plays the *pizzicato* on the Violoncello in the Symphony, hurries the time a little—this ought to be avoided.

No. 2.—"Grateful Notes," ANTHEM. At the commencement the voices had not quite gained confidence, and were a little flat, which, however, did not continue, and this fault did not occur again during the evening.

No. 3.—"Like as the Hart." The Lady who attempted this has a good voice, but should not again sing in public until she has had the advantage of study under a competent instructor.

No. 4.—DUETT from "Haydn's Creation," was performed with good effect; the gentleman has a fine voice and in this Duet acquitted himself with great credit. As the part which was sustained by him is one of great difficulty, and as he has few opportunities of hearing or practising classic music, he is entitled to much credit. The performance of Mrs. JONES was remarkable for its quiet beauty of expression.—The words occur in the Solo "And wave your tops ye pines," and the passage was given with all the pathos and expression necessary to carry out the Immortal Composer's idea of the supposed graceful motion of those beautiful mountain trees, in gratitude to the Great God of Nature: the breathing of the flowers, their "balmy scent," was also in keeping with the foregoing passage.

No. 5. and 6.—The first, as a composition, is nothing remarkable; the second, although bearing the name of Beethoven, we are inclined to think is not by the great Beethoven who composed the Oratorio of the "Mount of Olives," and many other great works.

No. 7.—ANTHEM, was well performed, and closed the first Part.

PART 2d.—No. 1.—Performance creditable, composition nothing wonderful.

No. 2.—Another Solo ascribed to Beethoven,—a better composition than the other, and may be by him. This was performed better than the other, and as a whole was quite pleasing; the accompaniment on the Piano was very good.

No. 3.—**ANTHEM.** This composition will never make its composer immortal.

No. 4.—From the Oratorio of "*Judas Macabæus*," by HANDEL—a most difficult song, and we have heard it sung by the first English singers, particularly by the celebrated Mrs. SALMON. The correct execution of this song, is generally considered a masterpiece in the art of Vocalization, and so far as execution is to be considered, Mrs. Jones acquitted herself in a most creditable manner; her execution of the triplets on the word "smile," was particularly neat and precise, likewise the divisions on the word "rejoiceth," were remarkable for their correctness, distinction, and precision. The voice of Mrs. Jones is of more power than she was capable of shewing on Thursday evening, in consequence of a slight previous indisposition, and we doubt not that she is capable of giving more effect to the composition, and carrying out the idea to a greater extent than on that night. The effect requires a voice of immense volume and power, and with this single exception the performance of the lady could not be surpassed.

No. 5.—Nothing remarkable.

No. 6.—A beautiful DUETT by "*Marcello*." The compositions of Marcello are remarkable for their combining the great requisites, science with melody, without one being destroyed by or sacrificed for, the other. In his compositions the most thrilling effects are produced by the most apparently simple means; his melodies admit of the most scientific harmonies, following each other at small intervals, and thus the whole seem to flow together, as though it would deny the necessity of many of the tremendous leaps and skips which appear in the works of many justly celebrated composers. It was well performed and we should have been pleased with a repetition.

No. 7.—An old story.

At the close of the performance *God save the Queen* was loudly called for by a large portion of the audience, but was not performed by the Society, as the Leader intimated it was not *Sacred Music!* This we think a mistake—we cannot conceive that an address to the Supreme Being for the protection of the Sovereign of a Nation can be any thing else but Sacred. If it is not, then the whole of Europe have been in error for some few years past—and indeed we read that when Zadock the Priest and Nathan the Prophet anointed Solomon King, that all the people rejoiced, and said "God save the King," and we cannot believe that it is less sacred to say, or even sing "God save the Queen." We would recommend a reconsideration of that assertion, and we hope, should the National Anthem be called for at the close of future performances, it will not be dispensed with or the same plea.—Our remarks are all offered in good feeling, and we hope will be received in the same spirit—as we repeat, that as a whole, the performance was creditable to the Society. There are many good voices among the members, and as "practice makes perfect," we have no doubt they will be diligent with regard to the first, and we sincerely hope, and expect, that the perfection acquired by such a course, will be duly appreciated and rewarded by the applause of future audiences, as numerous and respectable as that of Thursday.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Since our last Number, the following Lectures have been delivered:

Friday, January 8.—P. Stubs, Esq. "*On the origin and use of Newspapers.*"

Monday, 11th.—Mr. George Blatch, "*On China*,"—continued on Friday, 15th, and Monday, 18th;—concluded Friday, 22d.

Monday, 25th.—Rev. Mr. M'Gregor. "*On the Science of Geography.*" Friday, 29th, by the same, "*On the Geography of History.*"

Monday, February 1st.—Robertson Bayard, Esq. "*On the Antiquities of America.*"

Wednesday, 3d.—Volunteer Lecture, by Mr. S. M. Chamberlain, "*On the Zoology of New Brunswick.*"

The steady interest manifested by the community at large in the welfare of the Institute; and the brilliant and crowded audiences attending each Lecture, afford abundant proofs of its present usefulness, and the great moral good which will eventually result from its permanent establishment among us.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE poetical effusion of "G. M. R." shall have a place in our next number. We solicit a continuance of his favours. The communication of "E. F." is on a subject entirely foreign to the objects of *The Amaranth*: the M.S. can be had by calling at our office—or it will be sent to the Post Office.

The Amaranth,

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— All communications must be addressed to "ROBERT SHIVES, Office of the Amaranth, Market Square, Saint John, N. B."

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