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THE AMARANTH.

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{ Vol. I.

RAYMOND.—(Concluded.)

HAVING once fairly entered on his duties as an usher, Henry followed them up with as much zeal as he could muster. But the monotonous drudgery of his vocation—perhaps the most repulsive of any to which a poor man can be subjected—soon began to wear away what little remained of freshness and ardor in his character. Mr. Dobbs, too, though a cordial and well-natured fellow in his way, when nothing occurred to disturb his self-complacency, was one of those fellows with whom he found it impossible to sympathise. His very excellencies were annoying, for his good temper was apt to assume a patronising form, and his ignorance and vanity met Raymond at every turn. Occasionally, too, he would be seized with fits of sulkiness, and then nothing that his usher did could please him. Henry's temper was sorely tried by these ebullitions; nevertheless, he allowed no angry word to escape him, but strove to maintain an appearance of stoical equanimity.

So six months passed away, at the expiration of which period all that remained of Raymond's capital was twenty pounds! He made many efforts to improve his income, and frequently called on the publisher of his 'Æschylus,' in the hope of hearing some welcome intelligence respecting its sale, but the answer he got was invariably the same; and though on one occasion a letter was put into his hands, written by an eminent Oxford scholar, expressing high admiration of the style in which the translation was executed, yet this barren praise

was all he obtained, with the exception of the revision of a small MS. essay on the Greek drama, for which he was paid a mere trifle.

Such repeated disappointments, combined with the daily vexations he experienced as an usher, soon produced a visible alteration both in his appearance and manner. And Julia! did no change take place in her? Yes, her voice had lost much of its former rich and joyous music; the fire of her eloquent eye was dim; wan dejection had imparted its affecting expression to her still lovely countenance; but her nature was as exemplary as ever. Deep as were her griefs, she bore them meekly and in silence, maintaining in her husband's presence an appearance of serenity, almost of cheerfulness, and striving to infuse into him the hope which she herself had well nigh ceased to feel.

One afternoon Raymond returned home, after his school labours were concluded, more languid and depressed than usual. He complained of headache and flying pains in his limbs, for which, attributing them to a mere cold caught in consequence of having got wet through the previous day, he took no further remedy than just going early to rest. He had not, however, been asleep more than an hour, when he was awoken by violent shivering fits, which so alarmed his wife, who was sitting at work in the room, that she instantly made a fire, and gave him some hot tea, thinking it might warm and refresh him. But the fever, for such it was increased momentarily on him, and by daybreak he was so seriously ill, that

Julia, despite his entreaties to the contrary, called in an apothecary, who, on his arrival pronounced Henry to be laboring under a severe attack of the typhus. For upwards of a fortnight he remained in a very doubtful state; and during this period Julia was his sole nurse, though her own health was delicate, and required repose, for she was again about to become a mother.—While her landlady's daughter attended Charley—but never out of his parent's sight—she kept constant vigil by her husband's bedside, administering his medicines, moving about him with the noiseless step of a fairy, anticipating his slightest wishes, and owing to no fatigue nor debility; but whenever she saw his languid eye resting on her pale face, assuring him with a smile, and in those sweet, soft tones so delicious to a sick man's ear, that she was never better in her life. In a woman who truly loves, there is a disinterestedness that shuts out all thought of self—a power of endurance whose strength and vitality seem to increase in proportion to the demands made on them. Man may volunteer heroic sacrifices, such as are noised abroad in the world, and repay him with interest by the renown they bring; but he is incapable of those more homely and unostentatious ones which a wife and a mother is so ready to make with no thought of praise, and no consciousness, save that she is doing her duty.

In about a month—thanks to Julia's nursing—Raymond was again enabled to go abroad; but the fever had added greatly to his irritability, and he shrunk with absolute loathing from the idea of resuming his school duties. Nevertheless, the attempt must be made; so he set out for Paradise House, where he received exactly the sort of welcome that he had calculated on. In his usual unceremonious manner, Mr. Dobbs informed him that he had been under the necessity of filling up his post, 'for time and tide waited for no man;' and when he called at his lodgings, he had been told by the landlady that he was in such a ticklish state that it was a

'moral impossible' to say when he would be well. He was sorry—very sorry—for his disappointment; but it could not be helped, business was business; however, if the new usher did not suit, why, then, he should have no objection to take him back again. He concluded by presenting Henry with his 'wages,' which amounted to nearly thirty pounds. The young man scorned to expostulate, but quitted the house with an air of utter indifference, though his heart swelled almost to bursting at the cavalier treatment he had received. In this excited state of mind he reached his own door. Julia had gone out for a short walk with her child; and when she returned, Raymond, with a splenic burst which he fruitlessly attempted to suppress, expressed his surprise at her leaving him so long alone.

"So long, Henry? I've only been absent a few minutes, just to give Charles a little fresh air, for he stands greatly in need of it, poor child! Besides, I did not expect you back so soon."

"Well, well—no matter—there needs no excuse."

"Don't speak so hastily, love; indeed, if I had thought you would have been vexed, I would not have gone out at all; God knows, it was not for my own pleasure;" and fearful of saying more, lest she should thereby increase his irritation, Julia quitted her husband's presence.

From this time forward such a change took place in Raymond's nature, that those who had known him in earlier years, would have had some difficulty in recognising him again. Care, anticipating the work of years, had delved deep wrinkles in his brow, and a moody reserve succeeded to his former frank cordiality. That maudlin, ever-vigilant sensitiveness which detects reproach in the tones of a voice; sees a sneer lurking in a smile; and with perverse ingenuity finds a personal application in every stray remark—that envenomed spirit, which resents a show of cheerfulness as indifference, and of sympathy as contemptuous pity; which, doubting itself, doubts every body else; and draws

even from disinterested love the materials of distrust; such was now the destitute Raymond's portion; and though Julia—how could it be otherwise?—was still as dear to him as ever, and he would gladly have laid down his life to promote her welfare, yet there were moments when his diseased fancy almost led him to believe that she lamented the destiny that had bound up their fortunes together. Often when he walked the streets alone after nightfall—for he seldom stirred out by day—and saw wealth rolling along in its carriage, and heard the sounds of music and merriment issuing from some gaily-lit drawing-rooms, he would ask himself why he should be thus abandoned to hopeless grief—he, who had every disposition to labour, who had committed no crime, and whose sole fault was, that he was a gentleman bred to no profession! It seemed to him that he had little or nothing in common with his fellow-creatures; but was specially singled out for suffering—a useless, blighted slip, torn off from the great plantation of humanity. And indeed his lot, common though it is in this hard-working world, might well justify the bitterest feelings; for though occasionally the publisher of his translation of Æschylus, pitying his forlorn condition, would give him a MS. to revise for the press, yet this was a chance god-send, and was soon cut off altogether by the latter's bankruptcy.

Thus reduced to the last extremity, and seeing nothing but a workhouse before them, Raymond and his wife were compelled—alas, reader, this is no idle fiction!—to make one meal serve the place of two; and often poor Julia would go without herself, in order that her husband and her child might have enough. Of course they could not be long in this state without its becoming known to their landlady; but though rough in her manner she had a feeling heart; and notwithstanding she was their creditor for no inconsiderable amount, yet she never ventured beyond grumbling a little at times about the non payment of her arrears, for Julia's gentleness of disposition had completely

won her esteem, and she felt persuaded that she would discharge her debt the very first opportunity. So strong indeed was her regard for the young couple, that on Sunday, when Raymond was striving to divert his thoughts by reading, and his wife was nursing her child, who was rather sickly from teething, she sent up her daughter with a slice of hot baked mutton and some potatoes, carefully covered up between two plates—a portion of her own Sabbath dinner—thinking, as a matter of course, that her lodgers would jump at such an unexpected dainty.

"Who's there? come in," said Henry, as the girl knocked gently at the door.

"Please sir, it's me. Ma has sent you this nice plate of"—

"D—n! does your mother mean to insult me?" exclaimed Raymond; and snatching the plates from the girl's hands in a fit of uncontrollable rage, he flung up the window, and threw meat, potatoes, and all into the street.

"What! throw the vittles out of the window!" said the astounded landlady, when her daughter acquainted her with the circumstance, "that nice hot slice which I cut off the prime part of the joint, and put some warm gravy over it, and picked out the brownest taters, and all because I knew as shouldered of mutton were rather scarce on the second floor. Here's a pretty go! and the plates is all smashed, in course, and now I ai'n't got two of the same pattern left! What can have come to him?" Then, after a pause, during which she seemed considering in what way she should take notice of the affair, a strong feeling of pity came over her, and she added, "but I see how it is; misfortin' has druv him mad, for none but a madman would go to waste good wholesome meat in that manner. Poor gentleman! I'm heartily sorry for him; for when he first come here, his shirts were of the finest lincn, vich is a proof he must have been respectable, whatever he may be now; and then there's his wife, vich hasn't had a bellyful of vittles, to my knowledge, for these three days past. Well, I won't press too hardly upon

'em; for when they had it to pay, they paid, and now they haven't got it, they can't pay, tho' they'll make all square one of these days; no fear of that; at the same time, I wish he had'nt flung my best plates out of window.

Raymond's situation was now quite desperate. His watch, the small remainder of his books, and even his wife's piano, were disposed of, and nothing could he call his own save the clothes on his back. Still he struggled with his lot, while, unknown to him, Julia tried to earn a trifle by her needle, and would frequently, when her husband and her child were asleep, sit toiling till long past midnight, the tears dropping fast upon her work. These labours, so unsuited to one of her delicate frame, made fearful inroads on her constitution; nevertheless, she persevered in them, while her landlady, who had originally suggested the idea, contrived to procure her a few shillings weekly, by disposing of her work to a fancy-milliner in the neighbourhood. On his part, Raymond determined to make one last effort to retrieve himself, and with his only remaining guinea renewed his applications in the news-papers for private pupils. For a brief while, a faint gleam of sunshine illuminated his prospects. He obtained a situation as tutor to two boys, sons of a rich stockbroker at Highbury, whither he was forced to trudge on foot four times a week; but after he had given about a dozen lessons, he was dismissed by the broker's upstart wife, who treated him as a sort of upper butler, and took a rooted dislike to him, because he refused to be overwhelmed by a sense of her paramount dignity, and was too obtuse to discover in her sons the beauty of an Antinous, combined with the precocious genius of a Crichton.

When Julia was made acquainted with the facts of this summary dismissal, she resolved on seeking an interview with Henry's father—a project which she had long secretly nourished, but had put off from time to time from a natural reluctance to be considered in the light of an interested intruder; but

now she felt that further hesitation would involve a breach of duty on her part, so, taking her child in her arms, she set forth on her doubtful expedition. When she reached the elder Raymond's house, which was situated in one of the fashionable quarters of the town, she enquired of an overgrown butler, who was standing at the open hall-door, nearly filling it up with his bulk, whether she could see his master; but was informed, in reply, that he had been travelling for the last year and a-half on the continent, and was expected home in about a fortnight. This, all things considered, was cheering intelligence, for it impressed her with the belief that he had not received his son's last letter; and she persuaded herself, therefore, that he might be induced, when informed of Henry's circumstances, to 'kill the fatted calf,' and extricate him from his present deplorable condition.

And truly Julia needed to have some sanguine hope of this sort to buoy her up; for, a few hours after her return home, a calamity befell her, far worse than any she had yet encountered. Her boy—her darling boy, the pride and joy of her heart in her darkest hours of gloom, and in whom her whole being seemed bound up—this passionately loved child was seized, early in the evening, while lying in his mother's lap, with severe convulsive fits, arising from teething. The distracted parent immediately summoned the landlady to her assistance, who advised her to put the boy into a warm bath without delay; and they were busy making the necessary preparations, when Raymond came in, having been absent all the morning; and, horror struck by this new visitation, darted off to the nearest chemist's, in order to procure some soothing medicine, which his landlady expressly recommended as an infallible specific in attacks of this nature.

Quick as lightning he reached the chemist's shop; but what was his dismay, on tendering half a-crown in payment for the physic, to learn that it was a bad one! Wretched man! It was his last half crown!

"God help my dying child!" he feebly muttered; and, pressing his hand to his forehead, staggered to the door, as if to lean for support against it.

The chemist regarded him with astonishment. "Eh, what's that you say?" he exclaimed, "dying child?—No, no, young gentleman, not quite so bad as that, I hope—poor fellow, he does not hear me! Come, come, sir, where do you live? We'll go together. Jenny," calling to his wife, who was in a parlour adjoining the shop, "bring me my hat—quick—and look to the shop till the boy returns; I'll be back shortly. Now, sir, let's be off;" and, seizing the bewildered Raymond by his arm, he hurried him into the street.

In less than ten minutes Henry was again at home; but, alas! the very first glance he cast at Julia convinced him that his worst forebodings were verified. The poor child had just breathed its last in its mother's arms; and the landlady, with the tail of her apron held up to her eyes, was administering to her such consolation as her feelings suggested on the spur of the moment.—"Don't take on so, dear lady," said the compassionate dame, "pray don't. It goes to my heart to see you sitting there so sad and patient, with your poor eyes fixed on the baby, and never a tear in 'em. It was the Lord's will, and you must submit. Ah! I know well what it is to lose a child. I had a boy once, beautiful as your own, and just as he began to know me, and say 'mother,' God called him away; and now he's happy, and so is little Charley, and that ought to be a comfort to both of us. Have a good cry, Mrs. Raymond, do, and you'll be all the better for it, and don't think of the little bill as is owing, I'll never press you for it;" and so saying, the kind-hearted creature gently withdrew the child from Julia's arms, and laid it on the bed in the adjoining room.

Mean time, the chemist, who had been a silent spectator of this sad scene, respecting, with true delicacy, the sacredness of parental sorrow, made a sign to the landlady, who accompanied him down stairs, when he put several

questions to her regarding her lodgers; for their bearing, so superior to their situation, their poverty, which was equally manifest, and the deep, still, gnawing anguish which seemed to have been long wearing them away, had strongly excited his feelings in their behalf.—"When they first come here," said the landlady, pleased with the interest that the chemist took in them, "they was as nice a couple as you'd see any where; but sickness and poverty fell on 'em, and then they got into arrears with me, vich, however, I'm nowise particular about, because their principle's good, and Mrs. Raymond tells me that her husband's father is a gentleman with lots of monee, who is expected back in a few days from foreign parts, when I have no doubt he'll settle matters quite pleasant and comfortable. Ah, sir! she's a sweet young lady is Mrs. Raymond—so gentle and civil, never spoke a cross word since she's been in this house!"

"Do you know what trade or profession her husband is in?"

"Can't say I do; but he's a very pleasant spoken gentleman when he's in his right senses."

"What! have you reason to believe that his mind's at all affected?"

"I don't know about that; but he's werry queer at times, and is always walking up and down his room, like the tiger at Exeter 'Change. I believe he's what they call a genius, and writes books, and goes out teaching, vich accounts for his being so queer; for I've heard say as all geniuses is a little cracked—it's a part of their profession. T'other day he flung two of my best plates out of a window, because I sent him up summat nice and hot for dinner, thinking, in course, as he was hungry, he'd like to eat; instead of vich, he goes off in one of his wagarries, flings up the window, and shies both plates smack into the gutter! But he's a werry excellent lodger for all that—never asks for the key of the street door at night—never goes to sleep in his boots, as my last lodger did, arter he'd come home druek at four o'clock in the morning—and takes as much care of

the furnitur (leastways his wife does, vich is all the same) as if it was his own. I'm sure I'm heartily sorry for 'em both, poor things, and will do all as lays in my power to serve 'em."

When the good lady had concluded her prolix statement, the chemist desired her not to let her lodgers want what was necessary in their present situation, for that he would be answerable for the payment, though he had not the slightest doubt that, when the elder Raymond was acquainted with his son's distress, he would come forward to his relief; but if not, he would himself see what could be done with the old gentleman. He then took his departure, and till the day of the funeral kept away from the afflicted parents, deeming it likely that his presence might be felt as a sort of intrusion; but when this last mournful rite was over, he frequently called on them, and by his friendly and considerate conduct impressed them with the most grateful feelings towards him, which were increased almost to reverence when they learned, through the medium of their gossiping landlady, that it was to his unobtrusive munificence they were indebted for the payment of their child's funeral expenses.

John Bull, John Bull—despite thy faults, and their name is Legion—thou art a fine fellow; a rough, knotty sample of humanity; sound at heart as one of thine own forest oaks! Reserved thou art, and crabbed; a sad grumbler, too—for grumbling is the first great law of thy nature—but even in thy sullenest mood the cry of distress never reaches thine ear in vain. At her husband's instigation, whose kindness to the bereaved couple was unremitting, the chemist's wife sought their acquaintance; and whenever she could spare an hour from her own household duties, she would spend it with Julia, whom she assisted in making preparations for her own fast-approaching confinement, and endeavored, by cheerful conversation, to rouse into something like activity.—But vain were all her efforts to assuage the childless mother's griefs. Her heart

lay buried with her boy, and from the hour of his death to that of her own, she was never once seen to smile. Till now she had borne up bravely against the daily pressure of her poverty and the sorrows which it brings in its train; but this last deadly blow had struck to her inmost soul. Even the fond endearments of her husband failed to lift up the crushed spirit within her. She lived like one in a trance, except when she sometimes heard the laughing voices of her landlady's children on the stairs, when she would cast a glance towards the cradle where her own boy used to sleep, as if half-expecting to see him wake up and stretch out his little rosy arms towards her. Then would the sense of her bereavement come upon her in all its first bitterness; but, this paroxysm over, she would relapse into her former state of moody lethargy.

About three weeks after the child's death, Raymond returned one afternoon from a visit to Mr. Dobbs, who had offered to take him back into the school, his last usher having just left him, when he was surprised by a request from Julia that he would accompany her in a short walk, to which he readily assented, at the same time expressing his satisfaction at her venturing abroad again, for of late she had persisted, notwithstanding all his entreaties, in remaining within doors all day. They took their way across some open fields in the neighbourhood of Islington; and when they reached the head of a quiet, leafy lane, whither they had often been in the habit of repairing on summer evenings on their first quitting West-end, Julia, complaining of fatigue, seated herself on the trunk of an old elm that lay across the foot-path, and placing her head on her husband's arms, and looking him affectionately in the face, thus addressed him, with an earnestness and solemnity that formed a striking contrast to her late reserved and lethargic bearing:—"I have asked you, love, to come out with me this evening, because I feel a conviction that it is the last walk we shall ever take together. Henry, I am dying! Start not dearest;

this is no fanciful impression induced by low spirits, but a sad truth, for which I feel it is my duty to prepare you."

"Julia," replied Raymond, deeply agitated by this unexpected communication, "do not, I entreat—I implore you—give way to such thoughts as these; a little while, and you will rally, I feel assured you will."

"I have tried to think so, Henry, but it is useless, for there is a silent monitor within, that warns me that my days are numbered. Listen, then, and do not let this my last request pass unheeded.—When I am gone, seek your father, submit yourself to his wishes, and be guided implicitly by his advice; perhaps my death may pave the way to a lasting reconciliation, and if so, I shall not have died in vain. You will not have so difficult a task as you imagine; for I have already called at his house, where I heard with pleasure that he had been absent upwards of a year, and most likely therefore had not received the letter which you sent him some months ago. However, be this as it may, make the effort, as you value your own peace of mind, and respect my memory."

"I will—I will!" exclaimed Henry, the tears streaming fast down his cheeks, "and you shall yet live to rejoice in our reconciliation."

Julia shook her head—"For your sake, love, I could wish that it could be so, for the absence of a familiar face to which we have been long accustomed, is a sore trial—and too well I know what you will feel when you first miss me from your side; still I cannot disguise from myself, that we shall soon be lost to each other. I will not ask you to keep me in your recollection; for affectionate and confiding as you have always shown yourself, Julia, I know, will long be uppermost in your thoughts; but, dearest, let me beg of you, whatever be your destiny hereafter—and God grant it may be a happy one!—to check those violent emotions which I have lately seen preying on your mind, and unfitting you for the duties of life. Reflect solemnly on what

I now say, and whenever henceforth you feel any disturbing passion rising within you, think that Julia addresses you from the grave, and for her sake endeavour to practice self-control."

Raymond made no reply, for his grief impeded the power of utterance, but pressed his wife's hand close against his heart.

"Henry," continued Julia, casting on him a look of inexpressible tenderness, while her voice sank almost to a whisper, "believe me, I have not spoken thus to give you pain, but to prepare you for an event which must happen in a few weeks, perhaps a few days.—When that event takes place, lay me in the same grave with Charley; and when your last hour too arrives—and far distant be the day—I should wish that you also should be laid beside us. Henry, I have prayed long and fervently that my approaching end may be tranquil, that my senses may be preserved to me to the last moment, that my dying eyes may be fixed on yours, my hand clasped in yours, and my lips give and receive the last kiss of love and peace. And I feel assured that my prayers will be answered, and that the voice whose soothing tones I most love to hear, will whisper comfort to my parting spirit. Henceforth be as much with me as possible; for the sand in my hour-glass is fast running out, and I shall consider every minute wasted that is not spent in your society. And now, dearest, let us return home, it is growing late, and the wind comes chilly to be across these open fields.

So saying, Julia rose from her seat, and leaning on her husband's arm for support, walked slowly and silently back to Islington.

The effort Julia had made had so exhausted her strength, that on reaching home she went instantly to bed, and after a restless and feverish night, was seized at daybreak with the pangs of premature labor, and soon afterward was delivered of a child, which survived its birth but a few hours. For the two following days the young mother went on—to use her medical attendant's

phrase—'as well as could be expected,' considering how dreadfully her constitution had been shattered by the long sufferings and privations she had undergone: but on the afternoon of the third day, unfavorable symptoms appeared; her strength began to decline rapidly: and when the apothecary came in to pay his usual visit, he was so struck by the sudden change, that he warned Henry to prepare himself for the worst. When he returned again at night-fall, he found all his apprehensions confirmed. Julia was sinking momentarily. She had been unable, from sheer debility, to take the remedies prescribed, and was lying with her eyes half closed, and her husband's hand pressed between her own, in the last stage of exhaustion. As the apothecary, aware that all further medical aid was unavailing, the rallying power being wholly gone, withdrew from the chamber, Raymond gently released his hand from his wife's grasp, and rose to follow him, with a view (so eagerly in moments of affliction do we catch at straws) to wring from him an acknowledgement that there was still some hope; but just as he reached the door he turned round, fancying that he heard Julia's voice, and seeing her dim eyes sadly resting upon him, he could not resist that mute, touching appeal, so resumed his station by her side, which evidently gave her pleasure, as he felt by the faint pressure of her hand. But this was almost the last symptom of consciousness she evinced. Shortly after a film came across her eyes, she sighed feebly, there was a tremulous movement of the lips, as if she would have spoken, but could not; and then all was still!—The pure spirit had returned to its native heaven!

O God! the agony of that moment of bereavement! There he sat—the widowed and childless husband—rigid and motionless, shedding no tear, breaking out into no stormy passion of grief, but looking like one suddenly frozen to marble. The clock struck midnight, and still there he sat, past, apparently, the power of thought and feeling. The

nurse, who had been in attendance on his wife, and then his landlady, did all they could to rouse him from his leaden stupor; but they soon gave up the task as hopeless, and left him alone with the dead. Alone with the dead! Alone with one who has been our best friend, and counsellor through life, the daily gladdener of our home, the sharer alike in our joys and sorrows!—alone with this loved one, yet miss her accustomed smile, see no ray of fond intelligence lighting up her features, and receive no answer when we wildly call upon her name! alone, in short, with that which *was*, but *is* no longer!—what a world of dreadful meaning is in these words!

Toward daybreak, the stunned widow began slowly to wake to a consciousness of his situation. Reflection stirred again within him; but alas! not to soothe, but to aggravate the bitterness of his grief; for every hasty word he had spoken—every impetuous feeling he had given way to in Julia's presence—came rushing, like a hot blasting lava-torrent upon his memory. "Wake, dearest!" he distractedly exclaimed, "wake, if only for one brief moment, to say that you forgive me. No, she will wake no more!" he added, gazing at the serene still-smiling features, on which the grey light of morning rested; "no more, she will wake no more!" At that instant, a cock crew from a neighbouring garden wall. Raymond started at the sound, recollecting with what painful feelings he had heard it but the morning before, fearing it might disturb his wife's repose. "My God, can all this be real?" he resumed, wringing his hands in agony, "or do I but dream that I am left alone and desolate? Julia—alas, she hears me not!—oh my brain, my brain!" and, overpowered by the intensity of his emotions, he dropped senseless on the floor.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself reclining on a sofa-bed in the adjoining room, with the nurse standing beside him, bathing his hands and temples with vinegar, and the landlady placing the breakfast things on the table.

"Let me make you some strong tea, Mr. Raymond," said the latter, struck by his haggard and bewildered looks; "there's nothing like tea for fits. I always takes it for the 'stertcs, and such-like, and it brings me round in a twinkling, as the saying is."

"She's late—very late at breakfast, this morning," muttered Henry, in tones scarcely audible, while he kept his eyes fixed on the bed-room door, as if expecting every moment that Julia would make her appearance.

"You'd better lie down, sir," said the nurse, shaking up the sofa pillows, "and try and get a few winks of sleep. It will do you more good than any thing else."

"Hark, whose voice is that in the next room?" inquired Raymond, leaning forward to hear the sound more distinctly.

"I hear no voice," said the landlady; and then, in a whisper to the nurse, added, "I see how it is; his head's touched a little by grief; but he'll be better presently, when he's had a good cry, poor gentleman!"

"Again! hush, don't speak—she is singing to the child while dressing it; it is her usual custom to sing in the morning. I have known her to sing, even with the tears standing in her eyes; for Charley loves the sound of his mother's voice; and if her heart was breaking she would sing to him." Then, after a minute's pause, during which he pressed his hand against his forehead, as if struggling to recollect himself, "Oh God—Oh God, she's dead!" he passionately exclaimed, and starting from his seat, rushed back into the bed-room, and imprinted a thousand frenzied kisses on the cold white lips of his unawakening wife.

While the widower was thus giving vent to his griefs, a gentle knock came to the door, and the chemist made his appearance. The worthy man was much shocked at the alteration which twenty-four hours had wrought in Raymond's person; and still more at the fierce distraction of his language. Rising up from the bed on which he had

flung himself, and drawing his visiter into the next room, which the women had just quitted, he said, "So, you've heard she is dead. Yes, yes, it can be no shock to you; you must have foreseen it for weeks; but I—wretch, ruffian that I am!—could not—would not see it—even though it was my own hand that struck the blow. Mr. Markland, I am my wife's murderer! You start, sir; but as there is a God above us, in whose presence I speak, it is the truth!"

"My dear young friend," replied the chemist, "do not talk in this wild way, but try and compose yourself."

"Compose myself! What, with a heart dead to every feeling but remorse, and a brain all scorching ashes! Oh, Mr. Markland! you know not the tortures I daily—hourly—inflicted on her, who is now for the first time happy since our union. I made her feel what it was to embrace poverty and destitution! She was gentle—f forbearing—affectionate—but cared not for these things, but even resented them as proofs of indifference. When, for my sake, she put on an air of contentment, almost of cheerfulness, I told her she had no heart—as I live, these were the words—and yet at that very moment, though she uttered no word of complaint or reproach, her heart was bleeding at every pore! Ah! you may well shed tears, sir, but I cannot—no, not even for the dead."

After some time spent in endeavoring to reason Raymond out of his painful impression, and to soften the bitterness of his self-reproaches, by assuring him that his wife had never once spoken of him but in the fondest and most grateful manner, Mr. Markland took his departure; and meeting the landlady on the staircase, recommended her, just for a few days, till he should have become more reconciled to his loss, to keep an attentive eye on her lodger—an injunction which the good dame obeyed so strictly, that Henry at once divined the motive for such well-meant but officious surveillance, and from that moment exhibited more collectedness and tran-

quillity of demeanor than he had shown since Julia's death.

When the chemist next saw him, he was surprised and delighted by this unexpected change. There were no more startling outbursts of remorse. Raymond was now quite cool, and apparently resigned; and not only freely entered into conversation with his friend, but even explained to him the position in which he stood toward his father, and requested him to call on the old gentleman, and say how anxiously his son desired to see him once more, and hear from his own lips that he no longer entertained an angry feeling toward him. The kind-hearted Markland readily undertook this commission; but on calling at the elder Raymond's house, he learned that he had not yet come back, but was expected every hour; whereupon he left a letter which he had brought with him, in anticipation of such an answer, in which he stated all that Henry had told him, and added, that he would take an early opportunity of seeing Mr. Raymond, in order to learn his decision respecting his son.

The day appointed for the funeral had now arrived. Markland looked forward to it with some anxiety; but he was gratified to perceive that he had no cause for uneasiness, for there was an excitement in Henry's manner and a lustre in his eye, that led the chemist—whose penetration was by no means remarkable—to believe that he was gradually and surely regaining a healthy and active frame of mind. Throughout the solemn ceremony he maintained an appearance of composure; but when the first clod of earth rung upon the coffin lid, a violent shudder came over him, which, however, he contrived to repress, for he saw Markland's mild eye fixed on him with a steady gaze.—When the last rites had been paid to the departed, and the grave covered in, the widower and his friend returned to the former's lodgings; and as Henry quietly insisted on being left alone, the chemist thought it would be a good opportunity to pay his promised visit to his father.

He found the elder Raymond, who had come home late the preceding night, in a state of great mental perturbation, with his son's letter, written many months before, lying open before him. A few brief words sufficed to explain every thing, when the old man, on whom age had produced—as it often does on stern natures—a mellowing effect, insisted on setting out, without a moment's delay, to his son's lodgings: and, as his own carriage was not in the way, he engaged a hackney coach to convey him to Islington. On their road, the chemist mentioned to the anxious father the circumstances under which he had left his son, which greatly added to his disquietude; for he was well aware of Henry's sensitive temperament, how little self-control he possessed, and how apt to be the slave of impulse. As they turned into Grey's Inn Lane, they were stopped for a few minutes by two heavy coal-waggons, which so annoyed the old gentleman that he would have jumped out, and hurried the rest of the way on foot, had he not been checked by his more composed companion. "God grant I find the boy well!" he kept frequently muttering to himself.

"No doubt of it, sir," replied Markland, "I left him tranquil; but so worn out by his recent sorrows, that he said he should go and lie down, for he had had no sleep for several nights."

"I never intended to drive him to extremities," continued the repentant parent; "no, I merely meant to read him a severe lesson. Long before I quitted England, I expected to have seen or heard from him, and his silence stung me to the quick. How slow the man drives!" he added; and putting his head out of the window, he called upon the coachman to hurry on at his utmost speed.

In a few minutes the lumbering vehicle drew up at the door of the lodging-house, which was opened by the landlady, who had recognised the chemist from the parlor window, and formed a pretty accurate guess as to who was his companion.

"Well, how is he—Henry—my son?" exclaimed the elder Raymond.

"I think he's asleep, sir," replied the landlady, dropping a curtsy; "for I ain't heard his footstep for nearly an hour; and when he's awake he does nothing but walk up and down the room, talking to hisself. Perhaps I'd better go up and tell him as you're come, sir, for he's summat startlish at times."

"No, no; I'll be my own messenger;" and, accompanied by Markland, the old man rushed up to his son's apartments.

After knocking once or twice at the door, and receiving no answer, they tried to open it, but, to their surprise, found that it was bolted.

"Do not be alarmed, sir," said Markland to the trembling parent; "doubtless your son's asleep, and does not wish to be disturbed."

"True, true; I forgot that," replied the elder Raymond, grasping his companion fervently by the hand, in gratitude for his suggestion; "nevertheless, I cannot rest till I've ascertained the fact," with which words he knocked more loudly than before, and called on his son by name, in a tone of voice, however, which was broken and disguised by agitation. "Hark!" said he, listening with intense anxiety; "I hear a sound!"

"Yes," rejoined Markland, "he is opening his bed-room door;" and peeping through the keyhole, the chemist beheld Henry walk slowly towards the fireplace, which was right opposite the door. Just as he reached it, he turned round, when the horror-struck Markland perceived that his throat was barred, and that he held an open razor in his hand.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed starting back, "he's about to"—

"What? Speak, man, speak, or I shall lose my senses."

The chemist made no reply, but thundered at the door with all his might.

"Henry, my son—my darling boy, let me in; pray, let me in—quick!" 'Tis your father calls!"

A loud frantic laugh was the only reply.

"Help, help—break open the door!"

shouted the old man at the top of his voice: and joining his strength—the strength of desperation—to that of the chemist's, they at length succeeded in wrenching the crazy door off its hinges, and dashed into the room.

Alas! it was too late. The frenzied deed was done. Right in the centre of the apartment stood the maniac—a ghastly spectacle!—with the blood pouring a full tide from his yawning throat, and his red eye kindling like a coal!—The instant he caught sight of the intruders, he glared on them like a demon, tossed his arms wildly above his head, and then fell forward his full length, stone-dead, at the feet of his father!

* * * * *

Thirty years had passed, when one day, in the early part of the London season, a clergyman of the Church of England (who was afterwards raised to the deanery of—) discovered, while turning over some volumes on a book-stall in the Blackfriar's Road, a work, covered with dust, in boards, and with scarcely a leaf cut, entitled, 'THE PLAYS OF ÆSCHYLUS, translated by HENRY RAYMOND, Esq.' Being an ardent lover of classical literature, he examined the book, which was quite new to him, with considerable curiosity, and was so much struck with the spirited and poetic manner in which the translation of some of the chorusses was executed, that he made an instant purchase of the work; and finding, on a careful perusal, that it fully realized all his expectations, he made it the subject of an elaborate criticism in a well-known monthly review, to which, in common with the best scholars of the day, he occasionally contributed. This criticism excited, in no ordinary degree, the attention of the learned world, and numerous, but fruitless, were the enquiries made after the translator, whose volume thus, for the first time, sanctioned by the *imprimatur* of the cognoscenti, speedily ran through a second edition, while he himself slept unnoticed in his humble grave! Yes, the fame for which he had toiled in vain when living, was awarded to him when dead

—the usual lot of genius; for the Temple of Fame stands upon the grave, and death is the price that must be paid for the privilege of entrance. Gentle reader, the moral of my tale—to quote the words of that great and good man, Walter Scott—is this:—“Literature is a good staff, but a sorry crutch!”



CULLODEN.

“Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.”

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WHERE NOW are those hearts which at morn
beat high?

As the hour of Culloden's

Dread battle drew nigh;

Those bold highland hearts so faithful and true,
Which leapt as the pibroch, its

Wild gathering blew?

In death they are crush'd all bleeding and torn,
Or they fly o'er the mountains,

All friendless—forn.

Ah, where are the clans who boldly drew forth,
The bright “braid claymore,”

The brand of the north?—

Whose arms have oft made the Chevalier's foes,
Lick the dust of the earth, 'neath

Their fast falling blows?

They're scatter'd in flight, or trampled in gore,
Round the banners of Charles,

To rally no more.

Heav'n shield the young chief, whose courage
and grace,

All declare him the son of

A right Royal race.

Sad, sad are his thoughts, for hope's cheering
ray,

Hath faded for ever from

His bosom away.

No longer the white rose of Stuart may wave,
O'er “Culloden that reeks with

The blood of the brave.”

St. John.

G. M. R.



For The Amarant.

ACROSTIC,

Humbly dedicated to Her Royal Highness the
DUCHESS OF KENT.

VIEW the fair moon reclining on her car,
I n Heaven's high arch with one pure glittering
star;

C ontemplate too the radiant planet's beam,
T rembling embosomed in the silvery stream;

O r, morn's gay harbinger with carol clear,

R esting its little wings above our sphere:

I n these, trace parallels without alloy.

A nation's hope—a parent's fondest joy.

St. John.

S. M. G.

For The Amarant.

JUANA.

A Reminiscence of Porto Rico.

“The secret felon's very breath
Destruction deals on earth and sea,
While strongest efforts sometimes fail
To carry out his soul's decree.”

Old Play.

NIGHT in tropical regions scarcely awaits the departure of the sun's last beams from the distant hill tops, ere she throws her dark mantle, heavy with moisture from the tributary waves, over the parched earth, as if a short delay in the work of irrigation were fatal to the plants drooping with the noxious properties imbibed through the weary hours of day. The inhabitants of the West Indies, aware of the danger of untimely exposure to the insidious peculiarities of their climate, anxiously watch until the lengthening shadows invite them to enjoy the coolness that immediately precedes and follows the setting sun.

Sometime in the summer of '37, a large assemblage of persons were collected on the public square of Naguabo, a small town on the eastern coast of Porto Rico.

Like their ancestors, the Creoles of the Spanish Islands are proverbial for their indomitable laziness and their almost entire neglect of the rich soil, which, whether fortunately or otherwise, has invariably fallen to their lot.

On the present occasion the company were amusing themselves with the performance of two negroes, male and female, chosen, one would have supposed, from their peculiar hideousness, which increased with the extravaganzas of the fandango, responding to the wild music of the banjo.

A little removed from these in two long rows, a great variety of grades indiscriminately paired, performed with matchless grace one of those fancy figures of which a feeble attempt at imitation is sometimes made by the clumsier dancers of more northern climates. It was a sight never I believe witnessed in the English Colonies, where the distinctions of *caste* are scrupulously pre-

served; and where the happy being, a shade or two removed from the white man, looks with a consciousness of his vast superiority down the long line of dusky distinction, till his brain reels at the immensity of his elevation.

Here the beautiful mustee girl, with long raven hair, falling in soft luxuriant curls over her full round shoulders; her bright black eye and pearly teeth in admirable keeping with the soft cheek in which the rose seems striving for mastery over the field lily, producing a warm tint—to use a simile often borrowed, but seldom with more impartiality to the subject of illustration than in this instance—like the first impression of the sun on a full-grown peach, mingled among the darkest sons of negroland.

The sports were at their height; and but half the sun's disk, red and fiery, remained above the horizon, when a young man in the garb of his profession, which was that of a sailor, and mounted on one of the tough ponys so abundant in this island, urged his way through the crowd towards the scene just described. There was an air of superiority about him that plainly betokened the rank he had attained to in his calling, and a bold openness of countenance and symmetrical display of muscular proportions sufficiently evinced that he could disclaim affinity with the attenuated and sinister looking masters of the soil.

He seemed to have turned aside in passing through the town from mere curiosity, for after casting a cursory glance at the merry-makers, he drew in his bridle hand, and was turning from the spot when his eyes suddenly rested on a female seated among the more select of the spectators. There they remained as if spell-bound, until the crowd dispersed; when first becoming sensible that the shades of night were settling rapidly, he struck his spirited horse and dashed off towards the bay.

It may be necessary to mention here, that most of the small towns in this island stand back about two miles from the coast, and maintain their intercourse with the sea by means of agencies established at the nearest harbours. The

inconvenience of this arrangement seldom fails to excite the curiosity of the traveller, and is the result of the ravages committed by the numerous bands of pirates that formerly infested the Caribbean Sea, and who frequently, so quick were their movements, returned to their ships loaded with booty before the dwellers on the coast were aware of their loss.

The approach to Naguabo from the bay of the same name is through a narrow valley, encompassed by irregular hills, some of which overlook a wide extent of country, unsurpassed perhaps for its fertility, by any in the West Indies.

Few would have given a second look at her who thus absorbed the mental vision of the sailor. There were others present with greater pretensions to beauty—hers was a face to interest, if at all at first sight, from its excessive paleness, which engendered a feeling of pity in the mind of the superficial observer: but this gave way to a warmer passion before the flood of sensibility that poured through the large dark orbs which met the gaze of the stranger, as if with a confiding appeal to the nobleness of a kindred spirit.—It was not weakness, or a sudden freak of fancy, or a blind and wanton surrender of the affections to a nameless object, to be forgotten when no longer seen, that influenced the seemingly bold conduct of the lady. It seemed as if the pulsations of the soul had suddenly harmonized with something long sought after. Hers was a look that leaves on the mind an indelible impress, which the revolutions of time may obscure, but can never blot out. Day after day at the same hour they met as on the first evening, until the events which form the subject of this chapter took place.

It was midnight, and the hum of voices at the little bay of Naguabo had died away. The intrigues, the jealousies, and the discordant passions that disturbed the little community had happily terminated for a season. The full moon, far advanced in her course, no sooner shook off one cloudy mask, than ano-

ther sought to veil the dark doings on the earth from her watchful glance. On the highest mountain in the neighbourhood a solitary individual plied a spade and pickaxe, so strenuously, that the sweat poured down his face in streams, causing him to throw up his sleeve to his brow every few minutes, to wipe off the flood that obscured his vision. Every now and then he stood still and listened, but hearing nothing, he would resume his labour till the fall of a tamarind or the heavier thump of a sour-sop made him start up in terror. Had he committed some deed of blood? Did he trespass on forbidden ground, or might some tenant of the tomb repose beneath the solitary sod, that thus he trembled in the performance of his unholy task?

Ever as he gave his whole strength to his task, his soul seemed confined within the narrow compass traversed by his busy spade, and an ill-defined hope hovered over each loosened sod: and when he unbent his lank body with an accompanying contortion of his skinny features, his hard breathing and the anxious look he always cast towards the east, as if he feared the advent of another day, proved his unwonted labours the result of no ordinary provocative.

Several hours had passed, and the weary digger, faint and haggard, stood on the brink of the deep pit, the picture of despair; the first grey light having surprised him as the last half dozen blows of his pick clicked against the solid rock that formed the peak of the mountain. Amid a shower of oaths, deep and frightful, he had given over his labour. His limbs ached and the perspiration had become cold and clammy—he looked up, and the moon looked down a silent and sorrowful reproof. He looked around and the trees pointed their shadows towards the yawning cave; and he fancied they bade him hide himself therein. Gathering up his tools, he sprang away from the spot and hurried towards his house, situate half way down the mountain in the direction of the bay. The suddenness of his exit

surprised something that lay concealed in the high grass. Muttering a suppressed "sacre," he sped along the faster, and reached his door as the first ban-tam welcomed in the day.

"Holy Virgin! I am discovered!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself on one of the many hammocks* suspended round the outer apartment: *malice—revenge—devil*—escaping frequently between his grinding teeth, as he lay tossing and rocking from side to side, revolving in his mind the many ways he might escape the Argus-eyes of meddling neighbours; for even in that little community there were bickerings and *friendly* jests and harmless insinuations; and this Jaques Gomez was well aware of, for he had "been in" at the picking of many a luckless wight. Then again he tried to think he might have been mistaken—that his own shadow had deceived his heated fancy, and hereupon he fell asleep.

"Praised be the Virgin, I have him now! My foot is on his neck! My hand is in his hair!" shouted a pigmy figure, dancing round the grave-like pit Jose had just left. "O Santa! I've long watched for such a chance as this," he roared, springing across the hole: "I'll pay him up for a score of injuries, oh! oh!" here a suddenly conceived scheme of vengeance *composed* his features, which had pictured every thought stronger than language—his tongue which had rolled and swayed in his capacious mouth, and then protruded far beyond its confines, as if to gather in some noxious exhalation to sharpen up his malice, rested from its labours—the scheme so newly meditated being too adorable for words—and then he threw his five feet length—of which his head formed full a fourth—along the excavation—jumped up again, and left the spot.

"About five feet ten," he soliloquised: "somewhere near his size—looks mighty like a grave, too, aye!" Here he stopped short and squinted with one eye like a gaoler at the half heard wail of a

* Hammocks made of a tough grass, and used as a substitute for chairs.

hapless captive. "A brave thought—let him look to't."

With such communings, Leonardo reached his dwelling; he, too, sprang into his hammock with feelings the opposite to those of Gomez. Tumultuous joy—if deep nursed passion gratified; if malice amply satisfied; if revenge most foul and wicked, can properly be called such, made him fidgety, and kept him awake till breakfast time.—Having swallowed his coffee, yam, and claret, earlier than usual, he galloped his wondering pony through the suburbs of Naguabo.

"Why to town so soon, my Leon?" cried one acquaintance. "How so fast?" another roared, (Leon was well known, he kept a *tavern* at the Bay,) while all thronged after him to the house of an *alcalde*.

"All works well," thought Leon, entering the receiving room, in which he found the English captain, whom we have introduced to our readers, closing some business with the magistrate.

"I shall order a strict search," the latter concluded, "and if found he shall be confined and guarded till you sail."

"Muchas gracias, Signor," and the sailor was about departing.

"Stay a bit," said Leon; "you spoke of the sailor Jack, if I don't mistake?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"I think he disappeared last night?"

"A little after sunset, the steward tells me."

Leonardo shook his head. "Jaques Gomez!" he muttered, musingly "the owner of such acres! such coffee grounds! and so many bullocks!—do such an act! I'll not believe it! No! I must have been mistaken! Had the man any money on his person, and did any know it?" he added, again addressing the captain.

"I know not," was the answer.—

"Why; what has happened? I thought he had run away."

"It may be so," returned Leonardo,

"I'll answer Jaques Gomez didn't hurt him—he's *rich*,—and yet!—a—an insult to his daughters might have been the cause—he refused me one in mar-

riage," Leon whispered to himself.

"It's not Signor Gomez on the hill on the right of the road coming from the Bay, you mean," enquired the Englishman, turning white and red alternately.

"The same! and yet I'll stake my life it was not him I saw; some other person must have had his coat on to disguise himself, and even if it were Jaques, that proves nothing; the seaman will be found."

But Leonardo knew it *was* Jaques Gomez, and that the seaman would *not* be found, and he laughed internally.

During the examination rendered necessary by Leon's dark hints, he so contrived to expose his neighbour's fame, that while he seemed to throw discredit on his senses, he only strengthened the suspicion he wished to fasten on his enemy.

Leon had studied nature in his own way, and in obedience to one of its first laws he wished to seem the thing he was not.

"How amiable is Leonardo," thought the magistrate, "while to justice he'd expose a criminal, he hopes in secret that he may be innocent: what a mighty strife between contending virtues!"

Now Leon was no exception to the class of men with whom his lot was cast. Was he cruel? Go to the cockpit on a Sunday afternoon! Ask any present to rescue the blind and staggering bantam from his murderous foe.—He must die! *Lovely* women see his last death-struggle and they too *smile*; *it may be* that thus terminates the poor bird's suffering. True, Leon kept a shop, and thus he kept in check the passions of his friends, when they had otherwise opposed his will, while his own gained strength from long impunity, and though he was careful to conceal them, they made a little demon of him.

Leon had an idea that he would be an *alcalde* some day or other; and why should he not? "Could'nt he rule others, mete out justice, protect the pure, and punish well the guilty, when so well he knew the secret springs of human

action?"—so at least he argued. His outward man differed little from those around him. His head was larger than most other men's, 'tis true; but then the same eternal dingy pantaloons, hung by greasy braces from his shoulders, graced his ungainly body; and the same unsocked, saffron coloured ancles peeped from beneath his flapping trousers. He wore shoes from fear of centipedes and chegoes, and on great occasions he put a jacket on, of salt-and-pepper coloured calico:—besides all these, suspended from a leathern belt, hung a heavy knife, his practised hand could throw with deadly aim some fifty paces: a broad rimmed chip, or hat of Panama, completes the costume. Such was Leonardo, the Catalan, and such in dress, with little alteration, is any Naguabonian.

Signor Gomez slept till 10 o'clock. His waking thoughts dwelt on his night's adventure; a little cherub in his sleep had—following up the train of thought he fell asleep on—so far convinced him that he had nought to fear from friend or foe, that he took his breakfast in a quiet state of mind; then shaved and prepared him for his daily duties. He had finished his hasty toilet, and was looking with a pleased eye at the various domestic arrangements of his family, and perhaps his worldly prosperity, for most of which he had to thank dame fortune: shared his thoughts,—for he looked surprisingly contented—when some one without enquired if Signor Gomez was at home. Jaques looked a little disconcerted, when the next moment half a dozen law officials filed into the centre of the room; but he kept his courage. Such order and dispatch might have been well meant, and Jose might have been pleased with the performance at another time. As it was, he became indignant. "How now, master Pedro?" he demanded, "why these guardians and their staves?"

"You're my prisoner, Signor Gomez! accused of murder!—body buried on the mountain, or something of the sort; but hav'nt time to parley now." Pedro beckoned to his underlings—shrug-

ged up his shoulders, and marched out of the house, leaving its inmates mute with consternation.

Jaques and his escort moved in solemn silence through the crowd that thronged the entrance to Naguabo.—Not that they who composed the escort sympathised in the affliction of the prisoner—far from it; they felt their consequence; stern and collected they disdained to exhibit to the gaze of their admirers the tokens of inferior minds.

Few among the crowd thought less of Jaques for the crime of which they judged him guilty. They were in a measure callous to all sense of crime; but many showed signs of satisfaction—they could trample on the fallen; kick below their level the man they once had fawned upon.

When does the crowd, with no dissentient voice, praise or condemn?—When do all, forgetting self and narrow prejudice, join in one mighty theme of approbation? or when does censure fall from all, the effect alone of virtuous principles?

Some there were with a less morbid sense of immorality, who had *their* motives for hoping he might escape.—The prisoner was conveyed at once to the Court house, where the magistrates had already taken their seats, and waited his arrival.

Witnesses were called, and testified that a sailor, known as "Jack the man-of-wars-man," had disappeared, no one knew whither; that Gomez had been on board the English brig till after sunset; and Leonardo with *great reluctance* repeated all he knew. When asked, whether he had any thing to say why he should not be committed to await his trial for murder, Jaques reddened to the temples, hung down his head a few minutes, and then firmly answered, "No!"

The keep or prison of Naguabo stands on the eastern side of the square already alluded to, it is a dirty, gloomy, and unhealthy place; the receptacle of vermin—a very battle ground for rats and crabs. Jaques shuddered as he entered its loathsome precincts, in compar-

ny with the English captain, who had sought and gained admission from the senior magistrate.

Townsend, (such was the young sailor's name,) could not believe that Gomez was a murderer. He felt an interest in his fate, and hoped to shield him from the venom he saw lurking in Leonardo's bosom; besides he was the father of JUANA, the lady in whom he had taken so deep an interest.

What he heard from Gomez confirmed his suspicions, and after a lengthy consultation, he turned to leave the cell, when Juana, followed by a younger brother, entered the prison door. Her eyes fell the instant she perceived the stranger: but she raised them immediately, and rushed to her father's arms. If he was not worthy of such a child, greater is the pity; for few in the neighbourhood were more so.

Night was coming on, and the people of the town had retired to their houses, when Townsend and Juana commenced their journey through the deserted streets. Side by side they rode; he comforting her with hopes for her parent's safety; and much he marvelled that the road appeared so short. Often had he admired the prospect by the way-side: the sloping hills, the grassy plains, and all the rich variety of interesting objects; while his ears drank in the melody of distant female voices in concert with the "light guitar," but never before had the short miles flown by so swiftly.

Next day parties were sent off in all directions with orders to leave no bush unbeat in which the missing man might have concealed himself. Townsend heading one of these, rode three or four miles along the shore in a southerly direction to another trading establishment, and meeting with no tidings, he struck off slopingly towards the interior; and passing through orange groves and bubbling rivulets, he approached the town of Hu Macao. The scenery in this part of the island is truly beautiful. On one side of you, rise hill after hill as far as the eye can trace them; on the other, groves of lemons, limes, and oranges,

scenthe air with their delicious perfume. Here wide spreading tamarinds and broad-leaved palm trees gratify the eye; extensive valleys, gently undulated, and thickly clothed with maze and sugar cane, relieved at intervals by the lofty pine and towering cocoa nut, enrich the prospect; while every now and then, a boiling-house, itself concealed by guavas and pomegranate trees, rears its great white-washed chimney, which glancing in the sunbeams, resembles much a half seen village spire, reminding one of home and its associations.

The search proved fruitless, and Townsend on his return found many persons collected in Gomez's dwelling, waiting his arrival. One by one they took their leave as the night advanced, leaving *him* with the family—to whom alone, of all their would-be-friends they looked for comfort in their affliction. His frankness, generosity, and the subdued and kindly tones with which he clothed his words of consolation, and his severe but passionless censure of Leonardo's conduct, unlike anything they had ever heard before; won their confidence; and Juana felt happy that she had won such worth.

Silence had prevailed some time in that little circle. The roar of the long surf, swelling in from the broad unbroken bosom of the ocean, often heard for miles through the stillness of the night, fell with a melancholy music upon hearts attuned to vibrate to its mournful melody. It was an interval when the heart, having yielded to some absorbing charm, and being borne above the cankering sources of its woe, catches a passing glimpse of its earthly sorrow, and growing dizzy, plunges down to deeper misery from its momentary elevation. Perceiving this, and judging that his presence would be no longer needed, Townsend rose to depart; and when the last torch held out—the night being cloudy—to guide him down the mountain path, refused its light, and darkness reigned around, he felt as if an era had arrived, from which to date the good or evil of his future life.

It was late when Townsend reached

the shore, his boat already waited for him and bore him in silence to his brig. As he passed over the bulwarks a young man advanced to greet him, but being deeply occupied with his own reflections he passed him by, and descended to his cabin, when he flung himself on a couch and yielded to a state of deep mental abstraction; but after a few minutes, he suddenly started up, and enquired if "Jose was still on board."

Jose, the young man just alluded to, hearing the question, stepped up to the companion-way and answered for himself.

"My dear friend," said he, laying peculiar stress on the second word, "your Jose is at your service."

"Come down, I want to tax your friendship."

Jose was, to use a modern word of doubtful import—"a loafer." Well known about the bay, he knew the foibles, follies, tricks and knaveries of every man and woman far and near.—Having little but his wits to live on, except an old crazy drogher, he sometimes made pretence of trading with, but in which the largest cargo ever carried in the latter days of the old craft's wanderings, if we except a trifle now and then to cheat the customs, and amuse its officers, was scandal; Jose contrived by dint of flattery and the last named commodity to pick up an honest livelihood. All he asked in return for this, neatly done up in parcels, and retailed with fluency, to order, was approbation. But it was remarked that Jose, (the only name he ever went by) never refused a meal, however scanty, if not *grudgingly* bestowed; on the last point he was fastidious, nay, he was sublimity itself. But Jose's code admitted one or two exceptions. And what perfect system does not? He could request a peice of beef, pork, fish, or "quarter dollar," but not, mind you, reader! until he had *done* a favour or chalked out one in prospect, for Jose was a good purveyor, a very jackall to amusement. Moreover he would sometimes undertake what he was morally certain he would never be called on to

perform; the favour being attended with so great a sacrifice on his part, that you would not think a moment of accepting it.

If one should inconsiderately close with Jose's offers, he would regret that adverse circumstances had occurred to bar his wishes, and you would not see him for a week to come. Jose was a "half caste," and didn't like the Spaniards, nor they him, perhaps.

"I'm at your service, captain, in what and where you will, tax indeed! I—"

"Yes, but the matter is important, on your fidelity and tact, and I know you have the last to recommend you—"

"Did you ever have occasion to doubt the first," said Jose, hastily interrupting him.

"Nay, Jose, I have't time to trifle now. If I had doubted you, I had not sought your services. You know Leonardo?" "I do, the scoundrel; I owe him one, as you English say, and hope to pay him soon."

"Now's your time then! I've cause to think his charge against Signor Gomez is founded on revenge. If you can worm the secret from him you'll oblige yourself and me too. You'll be cautious, though; the scheme is fraught with danger."

"So help me all the saints! I'll do it. Danger!" he added contemptuously, "have't I outlived the greatest hurricane we've known for years, on half an oar? Have't I stood without flinching, and seen the pirate crew rip up our decks! and——"

"Yes, yes, I've heard it all, and think you equal to the task I've given you. You're better acquainted with his nature than I am; I shall therefore leave the plan and execution all to you."

Jose's eyes sparkled, and a slight quiver shot through his frame at this sudden announcement of his responsibility; his looks became more serious and his lips compressed with an expression of determination. Townsend looked at him and thought he might argue success from the very change.

"You will want some money; here, be diligent; success shall be rewarded! Good night!"

"Buen : noche," responded Jose, vaulting up the cabin stairs; and in a moment after the splash of oars beneath the counter announced his departure.

It was many hours after the interview with Jose, before the captain yielded him to sleep. Various and conflicting were his feelings. Embarked on an enterprise never before dreamed of, and in its nature entirely new to him, he had employed an agent, whose character he had never thought of analysing, and on whose fidelity his own *life* even, and her's he held most dear, might be dependent;—he felt uneasy. Jose had been a good deal back and forth, had told him tales of his own exploits, the truth of which he felt disposed to question; but he did not think he wanted courage, and as to faithfulness, he thought the grudge he had against Leonardo, in addition to his hopes of being well rewarded, ensured him that; on the whole, therefore, his fears were quieted, and he fell asleep.

Late as was the hour, Leonardo's shop, the most conspicuous on the bay, from the superior taste displayed in its outward decoration—for half the distance up the front it rejoiced in a smiling coat of red, while its upper part maintained its pristine purity, unbedaubed with paint or any other foreign mixture;—was still open. Jose entered just in time; for the last guest had gone out, and the little shopman was employed in sweeping the tumblers off the counter previous to "shutting up."—The greeting he gave our friend was any thing but courteous, as he expected no addition to his harvest from the untimely visit; but Jose was not to be put off.

Placing a *real* on the counter, which he had taken care as he drew it from his pocket to jingle against some coin of larger size, he called for a glass of claret.

"The very best, none of your *real-a-bottle-stuff*, mind you!"

Leon stared at Jose while he placed the bottle on the counter; Jose took a sip, smacked his lips, then took another; and then he dilated on a recent

speculation he had made, and seemed disposed to spend with Leon part of his profits. The latter had no strong objections, and he softened down a point; and by degrees, after repeated calls to swallow wine already paid for, showed more civility, and at last chimed with Jose's humour.

The latter kept up an animated conversation for some time on ordinary topics, and like a skilful general sent out skirmishers now and then to detect the weaker points.

"By the bye," said Jose, observing that Leon became more voluble as the wine began to take effect; "old Gomez must have a pleasant night of it. How he must envy the crabs passing in and out at freedom; wonder he doesn't try to follow them."

Leon chuckled and Jose continued:

"Was ever there, Leon?"

"Never."

"Then you've a treat before you. How well you caught the old fellow. Santiago! I wish I'd been there."

"I wish you had instead of me; unpleasant duty, but must be done," said Leon, looking amiable.

"Yes," responded Jose, deprecatingly, "I give you credit for your feelings—mine have been ruffled by hard usage; and you know, one can't help feeling angry-like at a man that has used him harshly."

Leon was silent and Jose was confident something would leak out; but after a seeming combat between prudence and good fellowship the first prevailed.

"Jose, we ought to forgive our enemies."

"Ho!" thought Jose, "is that it? I'll try again, though."

"I say, Leon, now it occurs to me I must have been within an ace of sharing in your discovery. That very night my pony broke his halter, and as I was afraid I might have some difficulty in finding him if I let him go till morning, I got up and followed him most to the top of the hill. I suppose something of the sort took you there, Leon?"

Here Leon's suspicions became excited, and a blank ran over his face as

he seemed sullenly to fold himself up in a garment of impenetrable secrecy, like a tortoise hastily shrinking within his shell, or a caterpillar suddenly doubling himself up on the approach of an enemy; and then he uttered the little negative monosyllable so determinedly that Jose yawned affectedly, and almost made the other think the last question might have been put from lack of a better subject; the more so as Jose directly after asked leave to lodge the night with him, on pretence that he had quarrelled with his brother; his face assuming such a woe-like guise as well confirmed his statement.

Leonardo assented, and they shortly after retired to rest in the same apartment. Jose waited patiently till Leon began to snore; he then whispered in his ear, plied questions, talked aloud, and even sang, but no reply could he get from Leon's lips; it seemed as if they were sealed the tighter from his late potations. Once, indeed, he started up in the very height of a tremendous attack, and glared furiously round the moonlit apartment, but Jose most miraculously was snoring then himself.

Early next morning Jose betook himself on board the brig a little disheartened at his failure; but with a right good appetite for his breakfast, which he assured himself he was entitled to.

As Jose proceeded in his account of all that had happened since they parted, although he took care to spice and season well, and like the man that made *stone soup*, threw in much else that made it palatable, and kept his reputation up, his listener's hope fell down to zero; but all at once they bounded up to fever heat, Jose having suggested that the missing man might have concealed himself on board the sloop that sailed for St. Thomas the night he was lost sight of.

"True! I never thought of that; how dull I've been; zounds, Jose, we'll away to the hill at once."

But Jose's breakfast was only half discussed, and having no mind to loose the other half, he let the captain do all the talking, give orders, and arrange, while he played nimbly with his knife and fork.

"Dear captain, wait another minute," he answered to sundry manifestations of Townsend's impatience: "only one, do now dear captain?"

Jose handled kindly epithets amazingly; it were impossible to resist, they were so sincere, so softly spoken.

"Now then my dear friend we—will—go," he said at last, wiping his mouth with a handkerchief which looked conscious of the high price of soap and the scarcity of labour.

"You see," he continued, "I wanted something on my *leettle* picaninny stomach. All my thoughts turned to it when empty; when it began to fill, you see how very soon it hit on something for my dear captain."

Townsend would have been satisfied with half this apology: indeed it is strongly suspected every part escaped his notice, for he had been some time twisting himself in the stern-sheets of the boat before Jose fairly removed his hands from his face, that being a very necessary preparative to letting himself down by the hand-ropes.

"Give way men," and the boat sped over the sparkling waters like—"a snail," thought Townsend.

Leonardo tumbled out of bed half stupefied. He looked out upon the bay, rubbed his eyes and looked again. "The *Lizard* not returned yet? well! *Perhaps* she'll not come back at all!" Now if Leon did not chuckle at the thought, it disturbed him very little; he had set in motion a mighty engine, but cared little whether death and ruin marked its course, or fear alone resulted from it.

"Well," he continued, musingly, "if it should be so, the law must take its course; it will be fate's decree, not mine. I'd be a downright *fool* at this late hour to tell them all. Does the law condemn for murder when no slaughtered body can be found?" this quere served to quiet his remaining scruples, therefore he was not anxious to have it solved just then.

We have said that Gomez's family looked on Townsend as a very special friend; but they little thought they had so strong a claim to his good offices.

Juana had been absent on a visit to the town, and it was during this time, the scene described in our first pages occurred. In the confusion that followed the arrest of their father, none noticed that any stronger passion was felt by one, when all seemed *equally* attached.

Townsend and his companion had scarcely accomplished half the ascent to the house when they were discovered by its inmates, who ran directly down to meet them, all but Juana and her mother. It required but little study to discover that pleasant news now burdened Townsend's bosom; but they forbore to question him until they reached the house. The old lady looked at her remaining daughter and thought at first she was ungrateful, because she went not with her sisters: but on reflection, charged it to timidity.

The first burst of joyous exclamation over, the family who already saw in bright perspective, the liberation of their relative, and their own happiness restored—gathered round the stranger, and discoursed on matters which made the time pass heedlessly. All noticed the marked attention he bestowed whenever the soft melodious voice of their quiet sister broke upon their gaiety with a chastening influence; and the eager gaze she fixed on his animated countenance, spoke the impassioned interest she took in all he uttered. He told them of bright lands beyond the dark blue waves; of green fields, of broad streams, of pathless forests, and of laughing-rivulets; where the fever's spectral shape is never seen. He spoke too of peaceful vales, and gushing founts, unsteeped with poisonous juices. He told of young friends who dwelt there, fearless of the dread tornado's furious career; and as his subject warmed, so did the attention of his hearers, and more than one of them looked a longing wish to visit that far land he told them was his home. Juana pressed forward as he proceeded, and thought within herself she had heard such words before, but she could not call to mind the time or place or person of the relator; all was vague and indistinct, and visionary; and she sup-

posed that she had been vouchsafed a glimpse, though transient as the meteor light, of the fortune that awaited her, and she felt happy.

On the evening of the second day after Jose's discomfiture, he and Townsend landed on a high ridge or neck of land, which projects into the sea and terminates in a rocky reef, separating the bay of Naguabo on the north from a quiet sandy beach, more protected from the swell by intervening rocks. They strolled down the neck some distance before they crossed to the other side. As they receded from the haunts of the inhabitants, and the solitude increased the caution they had at first observed, diminished, and they conversed in a higher tone.

Leonardo watched their proceedings from his door, and connecting them with the frequency of Jose's visits to the brig, and his late unusual liberality, began to suspect a plot against himself. Turning the key of his shop therefore, he stepped carelessly into the road and passed leisurely up the street, with his hands thrust into his pockets. When out of sight, he quickened his pace and struck in an oblique direction across the fields, which brought him to the high ground before alluded to. Passing down under cover of the thick shrubbery until he observed Townsend advancing towards him, he concealed himself in a place he knew it would be necessary for them to pass through, and waited their approach. In front of him was an open space overlooking a wide expanse of sea on either side and far towards the east; while behind reposed the hamlet. Arriving here, they paused and for a while the conversation ceased, as the splendour of sunset burst upon their senses, and allured them from their dwelling among the sordid things of earth, to revel in the glories of a far off world. Anon their thoughts fell back upon themselves, and were occupied with the plodding details of their own existence.

"He's a great scoundrel!" Townsend recommenced, evidently following up the thread of their previous deliberation.

"I fear we shan't succeed in making him commit himself. You say he suspected something, when you asked him how he came to visit the hill?"

"Yes, and since then, he regards me with a look of sullen suspicion when we meet."

What followed escaped Leonardo's ears.

"Aye! a precious set of schemers!" said he rising from his concealment, "scoundrel forsooth!" and his keen eye sparkled with the brilliancy of a snake's, preparing to dart its folds on its unconscious victim. He followed their slow steps cautiously till they parted, and Townsend proceeded alone towards the residence of Gomez. He then hastened through the bushes and took a circuitous route in the same direction: when about half way up he stopped at a place where the path winds round the base of a rocky eminence, and presents but a precarious footing; the hill below being very steep and precipitous. Twilight had disappeared, and the moon not long risen, did not throw her light on this portion of the pathway. Here Leonardo concealed himself in the dark shadow of the rock, with his hand ready raised, and his heavy knife uplifted, so that the last possible motion that might alarm his victim would be avoided. He remained some time in this position, peering intently down the path. As the first footfall struck his ear, he exhibited signs of strong internal emotion; his hand trembled, his knees snote rapidly together, and his face became deadly pale; but when he reverted to the conversation he had overheard, a sudden revulsion of feeling took place, and all the strong passions of his nature rushed tumultuously on his soul and moved him to madness. Then the handle of the knife held by the point between the thumb and forefinger, fell a little to acquire a greater impetus.—The sailor now stood within ten paces of his enemy; his eye caught the motion of the weapon just above the line of moonlight. With the rapidity of thought he plucked a pistol from his breast, the knife spun in the air—the

ball having met it before it had left the hand of its owner! In an instant the two men were locked in each others arms. Brief was the combat. The muscles of each were strung at the first grip to their utmost tension, and both bent over the brink of the descent; then neither seemed to move; it seemed as if death had struck them both, so nearly were they matched.—The Spaniard's strength soon spent itself, and his overtaxed muscles relaxing from their sudden energy, he flew from the arms of his powerful adversary, and rolling down the steep descent, brought up midway against some brush wood, where he lay motionless, till Townsend, having groped his way down, went to his relief.

Here was a fresh ground of anxiety—if the wounded man should not survive, his death would afford strong presumption of a league between Gomez and Townsend—if his bruises were not serious, and on recovery he should persist in his machinations, he might invent a tale of devilish malignity.

Townsend, however, was too humane to let him suffer on such considerations; so he had him taken up the hill, where his recovery was anxiously looked for, and it was not until his forbidding features resumed their wonted play, that his attendants again breathed freely. Meanwhile the events which gave birth to this brief sketch began to close.

A hasty step was heard outside, and Jose came running in nearly out of breath; he reported that a small vessel was to be seen running in towards the land with the light night wind, and that he took her for the "*Lizard*." As he concluded his eyes fell on Leonardo's face, which from its expression at the moment plainly evinced an interest in what had been communicated, but whether it were that of anxiety, he could not discover, for the moment he perceived that he was observed, his face became as expressionless as that of death.

Hastily snatching up his hat, Townsend rushed down the hill at the top of his speed, and in a few minutes he stood

on the strand, bathed in a mellow flood of moonlight. Applying his fingers to his mouth, he blew a shrill piercing whistle, which was almost instantaneously answered by the measured stroke of an oar, as his boat emerged from the shadow of the vessel.

Without waiting till the keel grated on the sand, he sprang through the surf, and bade the men back water.

"Give way starboard oars! ease larboard, give way all!" he shouted, and the light boat danced over the sparkling swell in the direction of the tiny vessel, now rapidly heading up on the starboard tack to the anchorage ground. In a very few minutes he stood on her deck confronting her commander, who was a tall, stout, manly looking mulatto. In answer to the numerous interrogatories showered on him by Townsend, the latter replied evasively; which although it served to irritate, speedily convinced him that his hopes had not been altogether groundless.

Chafed by the obduracy of the drogher captain, he turned angrily away, when he bethought him that the latter was as yet ignorant of the consequences resulting from the sailor's disappearance.

"Do you know that Gomez has been imprisoned on a charge of murdering that man?" he enquired, resuming the conversation.

"No, murder!" the mulatto exclaimed, passing his hand to his flushed brow.

"Yes, and Leonordo is his accuser."

"Leonardo! ha! I see! Can I depend on your honour that no measures shall—"

"Yes, yes! one word will blot out all remembrance of it; be quick for Heaven's sake!"

"In a word then, he's alive and in St. Thomas—"

"A thousand thanks," said Townsend, cutting short the exculpatory language he was about to utter. "Your presence will be required at the town an hour hence," he added, stepping into his boat.

"I shall be there," was the reply, as the oars dashed into the water.

Leon had, in the meantime, deemed

it prudent to evacuate, leaving the family to welcome Townsend's return by unrestrained expressions of deep-felt gratitude.

The second morning after the arrival of the "Lizard," the sun shot into the clear heavens in unsullied glory. All moving matter seemed rife with more than ordinary action. The margin of the bay was lined with people of all classes: females decked out in gala dresses flitted on the beach, while boats passed to and from the shore. A shoal of dolphins, leaving their deeper hiding places, cut the smooth surface of the bay, in quest of the timid flying fish, springing to the air for safety; while farther out a shoal of porpoises turned up their glistening sides to catch the fast caresses of the welcome "god of day." Flags suspended from the masts and rigging of the brig, fluttered gaily in the higher air moving in fitful currents. On deck all was busy preparation—boat after boat conveying guests, came and went till the decks were thronged.

All eyes were bent towards the shore, where presently a youthful pair dashed into view at a rapid pace, followed by a few of their more intimate acquaintances, closed in by a company of slaves.

As Townsend handed his bride on board, the signal gun bellowed out its welcome; and the whole party broke into an extemporaneous lyric, in praise of the many virtues of Juana.

It is time to inform the reader that in the West Indies, and among the foreign islands more especially, many tales are told of treasures deposited in the earth by the former scourges of the ocean; and that many a hope is harboured by the natives—at once a proof and cause of the low state of their moral energies—that their devotion to the "blind goddess" may one day be rewarded by their possession. Dreamers are consequently numerous, but they are always careful to conceal their ærial information, on the absorbing principle of selfishness, and partly from the fear of ridicule; which, such is the inconsistency of human nature, would be showered on them

by such as are equally devoted to the same enslaving chimeras.

Hence Gomez's trepidation on the night we introduced him to our readers; luckily for him, however, the events that followed his restoration, turned the edge of sarcasm, and thus he escaped.

About ten o'clock the sea breeze set in; the anchor hove short, was tripped; the brig payed slowly off, and sail after sail stretched from the masts as she beat out of the bay. As she passed the reef under a cloud of canvass, the last of the guests took their leave, and watched the graceful "Petrel" till she was "hull down" on her passage to America.

St. John,

W. R. M. B.



For The Amaranth.

WAR.

COME war! come war! I'll try my hand,
I'll prove my heart in deadly strife;
I'll link me with the foremost band
That dares th' exchange of death for life.

Prove, when the deadly rifle-ball
Shall shrilly whistle thro' the air,
If pow'r it has my heart to pall,
Or blanch my cheek with dastard fear.

If when the distant sullen peal,
Th' artillery's voice upon my ear,
Borne by the gale, shall come; I feel
A dread of death, that life is dear.

If when the charging host shall shake
The trembling earth beneath their feet:
Th' bay'net cause my soul to quake—
My feet inglorious to retreat.

No! none of these my soul shall dread,
Before my eyes a meteor bright,
Thro' blood and death will draw my tread
And nerve with strength my arm to fight.

Old England's flag will to the breeze
Fling out its fold, and lead me on
O'er bloody fields or stormy seas,
Where victor's wreaths are to be won.

And there I'll be, around my head
My arm shall whirl the glittering blade,
Each blow shall count a foeman dead,
'Till cold in death this hand be laid.

Whene'er to arms, the trumpet's breath
Shall call!—in arms I'll first be seen,
In dangers path prepared; dare death,
For God, my Country, and my Queen!

St. John.

H. C.



THE uselessness and expensiveness
of modern women multiply bachelors.

ON THE HUMAN MIND.—Nothing, perhaps, would conduce so much to the knowledge of the human mind, as a close attention to the actions and thoughts of very young children; and yet no branch in the history of human nature is more neglected. The pleasant and extravagant notions of the infantile mind amuse for the instant, and are immediately forgotten, where they merit to be registered with the utmost care: for it is *here* and *here alone*, that we can discover the nature and character of *first principles*. An attention to the commencement and development of their ideas would correct many of our speculative notions, and confute most of the sentiments of abstract philosophers, respecting what they so confidentially advance concerning these first principles.—*Cogan*.



LIFE is like a game at cards; we know the cards will beat any one, but he who plays them carefully will do more with the same cards, than he who throws them out at random. The gifts of nature, education, and fortune, are the cards, put into our hands; all we have to do is to manage them well by a steady adherence to the dictates of sound reason.—*Tucker's Light of Nature*.



For The Amaranth.

THE LARK.

"The lav'rocks they were chantin'."

BURNS.

ORT have I strayed the fields along,
To hear the lark's sweet morning song;
As soaring high on airy wings,
His great Creator's praise he sings.
Up rising from the lowly nest—
Where cozy, snug, and quiet rest,
His loving mate, with her young brood,
Secure from tempest and from flood—
He warbles forth his matin lay,
Rejoicing in the birth of day.

A fervent rapture seems to fill
His tiny breast with holy thrill;
And more melodious grows each note
That gushes from his little throat.
See, higher yet he holds his flight,
And now, tho' vanished from the sight,
In measured cadence soft and clear,
Like distant music on the ear,
The burden of his song doth fall—
Thanksgiving to the Lord of all.

St. John, March, 1841.

G. M. R.

WATERLOO AT NOON ON THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.—On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments, lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon; musical instruments; the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles;—but why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field?—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. * * * Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living amidst its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases, impossible. * * * In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen, in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and huzzar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlanders and tirailleur lay, side by side together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death

with the Polish lancer. * * * *

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with the dead, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated.—Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalion had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up—and here the bayonet closed the contest.—*Maxwell's Victories of the British Army.*



THE BEGUILER.

Love is the beguiler—maidens, beware,
He comes in a smile and a sigh:
Shut up and bar up your hearts as ye will,
He'll dart in through the shield of an eye.
He's light as a thistle and swift as the wind,
When he sings—oh, the nightingale's dumb,
Some how or other, he's always near by,
Soon or late he is certain to come.
Keep watch, gentle lady—beware lest he cause
You from soft, downy slumber to start,
And take off when he goes, like a mischievous
imp,
Not the roof of your house, but your heart.
He's a terrible chap, though he hasn't a beard,
And does not sport whiskers, but curls,
And his cheek is as red as a sunny-rich peach,
And his lip is as smooth as a girl's.
With the wife of a serpent he makes his approach,
Though as harmless in mien as a dove,
I'd rather encounter an army of men
Than that sly, little archer, young love.
A target for years he has made of my heart,
With an aim so well-taken and true,
That at last it is riddled and torn into shreds,
And now every arrow flies through.
Oh, he's the beguiler and stealth away,
The very best plumes of old Time:
Beware of him, ladies, but most when he comes
In the fanciful garment of rhyme.
Your poets pretend that their words are sincere,
As a spotless, young angel's above;
When they know in their souls they are only
the lies
Of that wicked, young devil, called Love.

For The Amaranth.

DARK HARBOUR.

A Tale of Grand Manan.

BUT few, even of the inhabitants of New-Brunswick, are acquainted with the wild and picturesque beauties of the island of Grand Manan; for the dread with which it is regarded by "tempest tossed" mariners, has tended to render it shunned, rather than visited. Yet no island on this coast of British North America, can boast of more bold and striking scenery than is presented by its northern shore; whose stupendous cliffs oppose their rugged breast to the wild howlings of the winter's blast, while the angry and icy waves of the Bay of Fundy, rush upon them for months together with angry and unceasing war. The southern shore slopes gradually to the Atlantic Ocean, and is provided with a number of good harbours, which, in the summer season, are resorted to by great numbers of fishing vessels, and are surrounded by neat and well cultivated farms. But of all the singular places, in this singular island, none is more curious than Dark Harbour; now completely closed against the entrance of vessels, by a sea-wall of stones and gravel, thrown up by the constant working of the waves, until a dry beach has been formed, over which the sea does not pass even at high water; and the inner harbour is therefore cut off from the sea by this dyke of nature's own formation.

Not feeling competent to describe the many beauties of Grand Manan, from having but a slight acquaintance with them, yet let me recommend a summer visit to its wild and rocky shores, as a pleasant excursion: one which will amply repay the visitant, particularly if he be an admirer of nature in some of her most fantastic freaks. My own visit to this secluded portion of our colony, was not a summer one, but occurred in November, 1824, when business called me to visit its surf-beaten shores, at an unusually boisterous period. Tempestuous weather detained me long after my business was finished; and for lack of

other occupation I employed myself in shooting sea-fowl, and collecting some of the wild legends current in the island. In the latter occupation, I was much the most successful, and this success rendered me more ardent in pursuit of information.

I had taken up my quarters at the house of a fisherman named Johnstone, a rough, but kind-hearted old fellow, and a sort of "Dandie Dinmont" in the island; clear headed and shrewd in all matters within the scope of his limited information, but ignorant of all beyond its sphere; of tall and powerful frame, with a strong and manly cast of features, bronzed by an exposure of half a century to the war of elements, both on sea and land. His family consisted of one son and three daughters; the son, an athletic, well built young man of two-and-twenty, mate of a West Indian, who had acquired some information from having seen a little of the world, and who laughed at the marvelous stories told by the islanders. The two eldest daughters were good looking, cheerful lasses; but the third and youngest deserves a more particular description. She was rather below than above the middle height, with a figure so slight, that the idea of weakness involuntarily rose in the mind, until chased away by a second look at the well rounded symmetry of that little person—then would be admired the clear, healthy glow of her cheek—the light, springing step, and the merry glance of a pair of sparkling good-naturedly wicked black eyes, with the prettiest dimple on each side of the prettiest little mouth in the world. Her features could not be called strictly, or classically, beautiful, yet have I never seen among the high and titled dames, who imagine beauty to be their peculiar prerogative, any whose features were so fascinating or whose smile was so captivating, as those of the fisherman's daughter. Of a lively and happy temperament, her very laugh still rings in my ears, and in fancy, I yet hear her wild but sweet notes, as she caroled away, in the innocent gaiety of her

heart, unconsciously giving utterance to this expression of her happiness.—When the stormy winds of winter have stripped the forest of its verdure, we do not readily perceive that the tall and gnarled oak, and the slight and graceful sapling by its side, have sprung from the same stock! but when the genial warmth of spring has again clothed both with the same bright foliage, the relation is at once recognised. Such was the resemblance of Alice to her father—when the features of both were in a state of quietude, it were difficult to trace in the bright countenance of Alice, any resemblance to the somewhat stern features of the old man; but when he relaxed into a smile, and *her* features were lit up by some piece of merriment, the resemblance was most striking.

After having thoroughly fatigued myself, one bleak and stormy day, in scrambling over the rocks, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot wild ducks, I returned late in the evening to my quarters; and while a homely but substantial repast was preparing, my dripping garments were changed, and the meal which followed was heartily enjoyed. Then the family gathered round the huge fire place, piled with blazing logs, in a large apartment which served both as kitchen and hall; and the Johnstones, father and son, with myself, were each furnished with a capacious can of toddy, smoking hot. In answer to the enquiry where I had been all day, I endeavoured to describe the various scenes I had visited in my rambles; but on mentioning one spot, that had particularly struck me, from its strange and gloomy scenery, I observed the smile of Alice (I like to write that name!) suddenly change to a more serious expression, as she gravely remarked “*you have been at Dark Harbour?*” Her manner excited my curiosity, and I soon drew from old Johnstone, who was just in the humour for story-telling, the following tale of guilt and fear, connected with the dreary shadows of Dark Harbour.

About the year 1786, in the earliest settlement of New-Brunswick, a pirate

vessel which had been pursuing its bloody course near the Spanish main, found it expedient to remove for a season from the scene of its infamous exploits, and pursuing a northern course, fell in with the island of Grand Manan. Finding it very quiet and secluded, the crew resolved on wintering in the outer cove of Dark Harbour, and the necessary preparations were made for that purpose. But the wearisome monotony of such a life, to men who had been for years constantly engaged in scenes of turmoil and excitement, was infinitely galling and irritating; and jealousy and ill feeling, not amounting to an open quarrel, arose among the various members of the crew, which was composed of people of all nations, climes and colors. Several Spaniards who were on board, headed by the boatswain, one of their own countrymen, determined upon leaving the ship, and taking up their abode on shore, there to remain until the fishing vessels, (which, even at that early period in our history, were known to frequent the shores of Grand Manan) should in the spring return to their accustomed stations, where they fully expected to be able to secure one to their own use, and take their departure for some more sunny region, there to resume their old pursuits of blood and rapine. A fair division of the enormous amount of plunder on board the pirate ship was made, and the Spaniards received their share, with an ample supply of arms and provisions. They at once removed their wealth on shore, where they built a camp, and spent their days in idleness and drunken revelry, while the pirate ship, very soon after their landing, took her departure to resume operations on her old station. After the ship had left, the boatswain was tempted to possess himself of the whole wealth of the party; and being a man deeply stained with crimes of the darkest dye, he hesitated not, after a drinking bout, which he had induced them to prolong to the uttermost, to murder all of them in their sleep. He did not fully accomplish his diabolical purpose,

however, until after a desperate struggle with one of the party, in which he received a severe wound. The murderer, anxious to conceal all traces of the dead, buried the bodies as he could, and then concealed his treasure in another place, with great care. The rest he so much required after his prolonged exertions came not; but a raging fever, arising from fatigue, want of sleep, and a neglected wound, attacked him; and shortly reduced him to a state, which precluded his keeping up a fire, or providing himself with the necessaries of life. In the silence and solitude of his camp, the misdeeds of an ill-spent life, rose in horrible array before him, and the stings of a reproving conscience became almost too dreadful to bear; the last appalling scene was constantly present to his mind, and struck him with the most fearful dread. Horrible visions were ever flitting before him, and the torments of the damned were his; reason tottered upon her throne, and he was soon reduced to utter helplessness; in that state he was accidentally discovered by one of the few inhabitants of the island, who happened to visit the spot. Such relief as could be afforded, was immediately given, and in broken English, and at intervals, he stated who and what he was, giving the foregoing detail. In a few hours, however, it was apparent that he was fast approaching his end, and during the night which followed, he died raving mad, denouncing curses both loud and deep on the treasure, and all who might ever attempt to regain it.

The pirate was buried near the spot where he died; and many persons, it is said, have since unsuccessfully attempted to recover the jewels and plate, of which, it is believed, the treasure principally consists. It has invariably happened that the seekers after this ill-gotten and blood-stained wealth, have, very soon after their researches, met with an untimely end; and it is alleged, that such will be the fate of all who venture to follow their example. This belief is so well established and so firmly believed, that, for many years, none have been

found fool-hardy enough to seek for the fatal spoils; and they yet remain where they were concealed by the pirate boat-swain.

At the conclusion of the story, I noticed that young Johnstone smiled incredulously; and giving him a sign, I walked out of the house, and in a few minutes was followed by him. He ridiculed the idea of there being any danger in searching for the treasure, and we agreed to go that night to Dark Harbour; to be enabled to refute positively, the assertion that supernatural agency was employed to guard it. We returned to the house, and waited patiently until the whole family had retired to rest; then slipping out, we proceeded to the beach, and launching a light skiff, were just pushing off, when we were most unexpectedly joined by Alice; who said she had overheard, and knew our purpose, and was determined to share in its dangers. Finding, after some remonstrance, that she had determined we should not go, unless she accompanied us, we seated her in the stern of the skiff, and pulled rapidly along the shore, about three miles to the entrance of a narrow channel, leading in through the bank or sea-wall, thrown up by the surf, which channel has since been completely closed. The night was calm and still, and the moon at full, afforded ample light for our voyage. After running up this channel, the outer harbour, as it is called, suddenly opened into a basin of deep water, about half a mile in diameter, from the land side of which another passage or natural canal, led us into Dark Harbour. This last passage was so narrow that the trees on each side almost obscured the light. For a few minutes we were nearly in total darkness; and the basin we next opened, seemed not more than a few acres in extent. Dark Harbour well deserved its name; the water, although clear, appeared of an unearthly, pale blueish colour; lofty pines grew to the very verge of the water all around, and every part of the scene, under that bright moonlight, was really and truly beautiful—yet the impression upon our minds, al-

though unacknowledged, was one of awe and dread. Two immense blackened pines, one on each side of the entrance, said to have been scathed by lightning, appeared fit guardians of the place; and their lengthened shadows thrown upon the water, assumed to our imagination, the form of a gigantic hand, pointing to the narrow entrance, and warning us to begone. Not a word was spoken, and not a sound, save the light dash of our oars, broke the stern silence of the place, until we landed and endeavoured to penetrate to the spot where the treasure was said to be concealed; when, as if Heaven were displeased with our impious attempt, the moon was suddenly overcast, and we were left in darkness. We were on the point of returning, when Alice refused to do so, saying we must persevere; and that if we now turned back, we should be laughed at for our cowardice, and scolded well for our rashness. She produced her father's pocket-flask, which she had brought with her, and a sup or two from it, assisted in screwing up our courage. We again set forward, and the moon partially appearing, we were enabled to grope our way, and soon arrived at the place we sought. It was a sweet secluded little forest glade; and apart from its horrible associations, it offered as peaceful and calm a scene of sylvan beauty, as could well be imagined. This treacherous peace was, however, of short duration, for as soon as we began to clear away some brushwood, in order to commence our operations, a low, moaning sound was heard; we still persevered, but at the first blow of our pick-axe, the moaning was redoubled; and though there was no other indication of the wind having risen, the trees about us began to sway their branches to and fro, to creak and groan, and, as it seemed, even to laugh in fiend-like mockery and derision. I threw down the pick, which was instantly seized by Alice; and with a strength of which I could not suppose her possessed, at one blow, she broke through a slab of stone. Loud and distinct groans, and a dry rattling noise succeeded; and

we perceived, to our horror, that we had disturbed one of the depositories of the murdered dead! the broken moonlight shewing fitfully the ghastly hue of the skeleton; which seemed to move and crawl in its narrow bed! as the moving branches, first intercepted, and then admitted the moonbeams upon the whitened bones! Hastily covering up the unhallowed grave, we tried again in another spot; at first, all was quiet, the sound of our implements alone disturbing the stillness of the night, until my spade struck a hard substance, which returned a dull, bell-like, ringing noise, and we hoped that we had, at last, found the steel casket in which the most valuable of the jewels were said to be contained. At this moment, a pale blueish flame played about our heads, and lit up the scene around us with a most unearthly glare! Confused cries, half in mockery, half in horror, rang in our ears; and even Alice, whose almost supernatural courage I have already mentioned, broke into a shriek of terror. A cold, clammy, death-like hand was laid upon my face, and I felt myself in the grasp of a being of another world: when, suddenly, the voice of old Johnstone broke through the confusion, as he shook me roughly by the shoulder, with:

“Hilloa, my lad, you have let your can of grog fall upon the hearth, and faith, it was a stiff one; for it blazed up merrily, and set your wig on fire.— If Alice had not clapt a wet cloth over all, you would have had a regular singed sheep's head!”

And, most unaccountably, I found myself seated at the old man's kitchen fire, from whence I had started so long before, with a crowd of faces round me, endeavouring to suppress the mirth, evidently excited at my expense; in which all with difficulty succeeded except Alice, who replied to my wild stare, with a hearty laugh, observing “that she would mix no more toddy for me, if I thought so little of her brewing as to go to sleep, and let it fall in the fire.”

A year or two since, I met Alice upon the mainland, and reminding her of

the old story of the "Pirates' Treasure," asked if she still thought there was danger in the search—"Certainly, there is," replied she archly, "for within a year of merely dreaming of such a thing, you had the misfortune to be MARRIED."



For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

COMPOSED DURING THE MOON'S OBSCURATION,
ON FRIDAY NIGHT, THE FIFTH OF
FEBRUARY, 1841.

Moon of the firmament! planet of wonderment,
All hail! as I gaze on thy fast fading beam,
Orb of the winter night! globe of celestial light,
Dark is the cloud that encircles thy gleam.

Wind of the winter night! sigh 'noath her part-
ing light,

Through the regions of space let the echoes
respond;—

Ages have sung thy fame! nations adore thy
name,

Queen of the winter night! dim grows thy
throne!

Bathed in thy crimson dye! orb of serenity,
Creation exults at each forthcoming smile,
Once more thy genial ray, illumines immensity,
While the dark phantom'd vision begins to
recoil.

Moon of the firmament! planet of wonderment,
How brilliant thy beam on the blue ocean
wave;

The gale is now sleeping! the still winds are
weeping,

And nature sits smiling as still as the grave.

St. John.

JACOBUS.



THE WAR-WOMAN'S CREEK.

In Georgia and North Carolina, there is hardly a river, creek, or stream, that has not connected with it some old Indian tradition. The title of the present sketch is taken from one of these—I believe one of the principal tributaries of the Natahalee River, in the Cherokee Nation, North Carolina.—The story, as told by the few Indians remaining since the removal in the fall of 1838, runs thus:

Many years ago, in the first settlement of the country, a wandering party of their tribe attacked the house of a squatter somewhere upon their borders, during his absence, and massacred all his children, and left his wife covered

with the mangled bodies of her butchered offspring; scalped like them, and apparently dead. She was not, however, wounded so badly as they had supposed, and no sooner did she hear the sound of their retreating footsteps, than disengaging herself from the heap of slain, haggard, pale, and drenched with her own and the blood of her children, she peered stealthily from the door, and, finding her enemies no longer in sight, hastily extinguished the fire, which, before leaving, they had applied to her cabin, but which had, as yet, made very little impression on the green logs which it was composed. Wiping from her eyes the warm blood which was still reeking from her scalpless head, she directed her agonized gaze to the bleeding and disfigured forms of those who scarce an hour before were playing at the door, and gladdening her maternal heart with their merry laughter, and as she felt, in the full sense of her desolation, the last ray of hope die within her bosom, there stole over her ghastly face an expression as savage as was ever worn by the ruthless slayers of her innocent babes. Her eye gleamed with the wild fury of the tigress robbed of its young, as closing her cabin carefully behind her, with a countenance animated by some desperate purpose, she started off in the same path by which the murderers had departed. Heedless of her wounds and wasting blood, and lost to all sense of hunger and fatigue, in the one absorbing and fell purpose which actuated her, she paused not upon the trail of her foes, until, at night, she came up with them encamped at the side of the creek, which is indebted to her for its present name.

Emerging from the gloom of the surrounding darkness, on her hands and knees, she crept noiselessly towards the fire, the blaze of which, as it flickered upwards, discovered to her the prostrate forms of the Indians, five in number, who, overcome by an unusually fatiguing day's travel, were wrapt in deep sleep, with their only weapons, their tomahawks, in their belts. Her

own stealthily advancing figure, as the uncertain light of the burning pine fell upon it with more or less distinctness—now exposing its lineaments clotted with blood, and distorted by an expression which her wrongs, and the sight of the desolaters of her hearthstone, exaggerated to a degree almost fiendish; and now shading all, save two gleaming, spectral eyes—was even more striking than the swarthy faces which she glared upon. Assuring herself that they were fast asleep, she gently removed their tomahawks, and dropped all but one into the creek. With this remaining weapon in her hand, and cool resolution in her heart, she bent over the nearest enemy, and lifting the instrument, to which her own and her children's blood still adhered, with one terrific and unerring blow, buried it in the temple of its owner. The savage moved no more than partly to turn upon his side, gasped a little, quivered a minute like an aspen, and sunk back to his former position, quite dead.—Smiling ghastly in his rigid face, the desperate woman left him, and noiselessly as before despatched all of the sleepers, but one, to that long rest from which only the last trump can awaken them. The last devoted victim, however, was aroused to a consciousness of his situation by the death-struggles of his companions. He sprang to his feet and felt for his weapon. It was not there, and one glance explaining every thing to him, he evaded the blow aimed at him by the brave and revengeful mother, seized from the fire a burning brand, and with it, succeeded partially in warding off the furious attack which followed. In a little time they fell struggling together, the Indian desperately wounded, and the unfortunate woman faint with loss of blood and her extraordinary exertions. Both were too weak to harm each other now, and the wounded savage only availed himself of his remaining strength to crawl away. In this piteous plight, the poor woman remained until near noon on the following day, when she was accidentally discovered by a straggling party of

whites, to whom she told her story, and then died. After burying her on the spot, they made some exertion to overtake the fugitive Indian, but unsuccessfully. He succeeded in reaching his tribe, and from his tale, the little stream, before-mentioned, was ever afterwards known among the Cherokees, and also by the pale-faces, as the "War-Woman's Creek."



For The Amaranth.

The last Meeting of Mother and Son.

A SCENE OF OLDEN TIME.

THE sun had set; and Eve gazed upon its last rays with feelings of deep remorse; her thoughts reverted to the garden of Eden—they were bitter, for she wept. Her countenance suddenly brightened; her heart felt joyous at the approach of Cain, the painful thoughts which but a few minutes ago occupied her mind, fled; she hoped for a few short happy hours in his company. "What ails thee, my son?" said Eve, looking earnestly at Cain, as he wended his way towards his mother, with his arms across his breast, and his head sunk upon his bosom. Cain approached Eve, heaving a bitter sigh, and without taking his head from his bosom said, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." All the motherly feelings of Eve were aroused; she carressed tenderly her first-born child; she mingled her tears with his, and besought him to tell her the cause of his trouble. Cain cast himself before his mother; he leant his elbows upon her knees, and buried his face in his hands—he then related the cause of his trouble. Eve listened; ere he had finished his sad tale, her face grew pale—the ruddy colour of her lips departed; the few hours of pleasure she had pictured in her mind to spend with her beloved child were blighted. Cain stopped—he told all he had to say.—The scene was too painful for Eve, she sunk lifeless to the ground. Cain sprung to his feet; he gazed at his mother's form. Though the murderer of his brother, the affection for his mother had not ceased; he kissed her pale lips, he

tore the hair of his head in his frenzy. The words, "Where is Abel thy brother," rung in his ears. Cain fled; a fugitive on the face of the earth. * * Eve slowly opened her eyes; night had spread her dark mantle over the face of the earth; she looked for her son, but he was no where to be seen. She wept for his fate; for Eve loved Cain, her first-born.

St. John, March, 1841.

G. H. L.



TRUSTING TO OTHERS.—It would be greatly for the advantage of men of business, if they made it a rule never to trust any thing of consequence to another, which they can by any means do themselves. Let another have my interest ever so much at heart, I am sure I have it more myself: and no substitute one can employ can understand one's business so well as the principal, which gives him a great advantage for doing things in the best way, as he can change his measures according to circumstances, which another has not authority to do. As for dependents of all kinds, it is to be remembered always, that their master's interests possess at most only the second place in their minds. Self-love will ever be the ruling principle, and no fidelity whatever will prevent a person from bestowing a good deal of thought upon his own concerns, which must break in, less or more, upon his diligence in consulting the interest of his constituent. How men of business can venture, as they do, to trust the great concerns some of them have, for one half of every week in the year, which is half the year, to servants, and expect others to take care of their business, when they will not be at the trouble of minding it themselves, is to me inconceivable. Nor does the detection, from time to time, of the frauds of such people, seem at all to deter our men of business from trusting to them. *Burgh.*



If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.

CONSCIOUSNESS is the immediate knowledge which the mind has of its sensations and thoughts, and in general of all its present operations. We cannot properly be said to be conscious of our own existence; it being only suggested to us by those sensations and operations of which we are conscious.

THE AMARANTH.

To Correspondents.

"*Adelaide Belmore,*" a Tale, by Mrs. B—n, is accepted, and will appear in the May number. We decline accepting the poetical effusion, entitled "*The Voice of Spring,*" as it has been before published. "S. M. G." must be patient; we cannot insert all his effusions in one number. "*Lines on the Death of a Friend,*" are written with much feeling, but defective in poetry. "*Hark! the wintry wind is howling,*" a Song, by "Oscar"—the few lines we have been able to read, are tolerable; if the author will send us a more legible copy, we will give his song a place. "*The Brigand's Prayer,*" by FREDERICK, is in type.

"*The White Spectre of the Weepemaw,*" being No. 6 of the New-Brunswick Sporting Sketches, by M. H. PERLEY, Esq., will appear in next number.

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