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# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY, 1842.

{ No. 2.

Written for the Amaranth.

## THE UNKNOWN.

BY EUGENE.

A fatal remembrance, one sorrow that  
throws  
A dark shade alike o'er our joys and our  
woes;  
Such life nothing darker nor brighter can  
bring,  
Which joy hath no balm, and affliction no  
stung."  
MOORE.

"It was about the year 1815," said Frank,  
heaping a few sticks upon the fire, and  
putting his frozen snow-shoes where the heat  
would dissolve the particles that adhered to  
the frames, "during an unusually warm spell,  
three of us, while on a hunting excursion  
westward, were drawn many miles out  
of the usual track, in running down a wound-

After a long harrassing chase, just as we  
were about giving up the hunt in despair, the  
chase—a fine buck—was observed approach-  
ing the precipitous bank of a stream, whose al-  
most perpendicular sides approximated within  
a few yards, shadowing the water which rush-  
ed beneath with great rapidity, mingled with  
ice as it was cut into numberless channels  
between large fragments of rock that appeared ori-  
ginally to have fallen from the cliff above.

"I think I see him now, gathering up his  
strength for a final effort, which, if suc-  
cessful, will place him beyond the reach of his  
pursuers; the blood streaming from his torn  
flesh, which smoked from the unusual exertion  
of escape, and antlers thrown back, as if in  
defiance of his enemies. One moment he stood,  
hesitantly undecided, the next beheld him in  
the act of springing from the brink of the  
cliff, when the sharp report of a rifle rang  
through the forest, and the noble creature  
was hurled into air; but paralyzed by the shot,  
his muscular power was insufficient to effect

its purpose, for ere half the space was cleared,  
down he dashed into the boiling abyss, striking  
the projecting angles of the rocks in his descent,  
and crashing through bush and branch, until  
he fell with every bone broken upon the stony  
bed of the rivulet, pouring the warm blood  
from a hundred wounds in the mutilated car-  
cass.

"A hearty cheer echoed among the aisles of  
the woods, proclaiming the death, and well we  
might, poor devils! for we could scarcely drag  
one leg after another, and, what was worse  
than all—a truth which had not struck us be-  
fore, during the excitement of the chase—we  
had not the most distant idea of our where-  
abouts, being utterly ignorant of the direction  
in which the Fort lay, having neglected taking  
an Indian guide with us, of whose sagacity we  
might have availed ourselves in the present di-  
lemma; and even then, the impossibility of re-  
turning that night in our tired condition was  
sufficiently evident—so that, after gazing into  
each other's faces, in which the thoughts of  
our helpless situation had produced an half-se-  
rious, half-comic expression, and discussing  
several plans for the retrieval of our error,  
in which, if I recollect aright, upon one point  
alone we were unanimous, namely, the demand  
upon our attention, which more immediate ne-  
cessities required, and the conclusion that, as  
the day was far advanced, all schemes for ex-  
tricating ourselves should be thrown aside un-  
til the next morning; we cut up the flesh of  
the deer, allotting to each a proportionate bur-  
then, and ascended the bank of the stream,  
with the intention of discovering some conven-  
ient place to select for our bivouac.

"After proceeding for some time, we found  
the underwood so thick and impervious, that  
our progress was very much retarded, and we  
were continually entangling ourselves in the  
interlacing branches, or stumbling over the  
mouldering trunks of dead trees, which seem-

ed to have fallen victims to the fury of some tempest many years ago, and that we were the first mortals to intrude upon their gigantic remains. The twilight was settling rapidly upon the objects around, and the vistas of the forest were dim and undiscernible in the thick shade of the foliage; we could with difficulty see a step before us, and were about desisting from our toil, with the intention of throwing our fatigued bodies down upon the damp moss, which grew in rank luxuriance where we stood, when, to our great joy, we discovered the faint glimmer of a light through the trees, causing a temporary renewal of our strength, and urging us to strain every nerve for the purpose of reaching the place whence the flame issued, thinking it an encampment of Mohawks, who we fancied to be hunting somewhere in that direction.

"After struggling for some time over the impediments in our way, we gained a part of the stream which was illuminated by the blaze of a fire on the high rocky cragg opposite, over which the pent-up water broke in a beautiful silvery cascade; while the ceaseless sound of the fall, reflected from the caverned ravine, and the upright boles of the pines, fell with a plaintive murmur upon the ear. A tree thrown across below the cataract, enabled us to pass over, when, on pursuing a path that led to the summit of the eminence, to our surprise, we beheld before us a small log cabin, such as settlers furnish themselves with in this primitive country. Before the door sat an old man of very remarkable appearance, and an aged dog, whose furious barks and hostile demonstrations, were with difficulty restrained by his master, who appeared to be considerably disconcerted by our intrusion. After some hesitation, upon learning our plight, he desired us to enter his habitation, where our curiosity was somewhat increased by the unusual character of its furniture;—but, in the first place, I must give you a description of the extraordinary proprietor of the cabin, whose strange, yet interesting "*tout en semble*," I shall never forget.

"His form, which, at one time, must have possessed great strength from its broad, massive proportions, was bent by years, and it might be, suffering; and the deep lines upon his countenance were softened by the long gray hair and beard, which seemed to have been untouched for a lengthy period, as they covered both breast and shoulders with their thick, graceful curls, imparting a dignity to his features which we seldom see, save in the representations of the ancient Patriarchs; but, contrasted with their calmness, his small grey eye

burned at times with an intense brilliance which left the impression of a mind slightly tinged with insanity. On such occasions, which happened when any thing seemed to stir some deep cord of feeling within, the whole character of the face was changed; the flesh upon the shrunken cheeks and round the mouth appeared to contract, as by a spasm, leaving the attenuated profile sharp and rigid with an expression of extreme misery, which was frightful to behold. His outer clothing consisted of a robe of deer skin rudely manufactured and confined at the waist by a leather girdle from which depended a well-used hunting knife. Altogether his appearance was singular and picturesque, as the strong glare of the fire which had been kindled outside the entrance to avoid the annoyance of black-flies and mosquitoes shone full upon him.

"The inside of the cabin contained but one apartment; the bare rock, upon which it had been erected, serving for a floor; the walls were hung round with the peltry of several animals mingled with steel traps. Upon their appropriate pegs rested an unsheathed sabre and a gun, but the one was eaten with rust, and the lock of the other was broken. In one corner a pallet was constructed of green boughs upon which a few skins were thrown. Two woodsman's axes were hanging in becketts at the side of the chimney, and over the mantelpiece a strange dissimilitude to the other articles, hung a rich gilt frame, the picture of which was concealed by a faded silk handkerchief, attached to the upper part of the painting.

"Excited as our curiosity was by the novelty of every thing, we, however, restrained our remarks, and set about preparing a repast, which you may imagine we were not backward in attacking, qualified as our broiled deer steak was by hunger, and a dish of fine potatoes of last year's growth, reared in a small piece of ground which the old man had redeemed from the wilderness, and planted with his own hands. We were astonished at the easy fluency with which our host replied to the questions put, after his restraint had wore gradually away; though he avoided all allusion to his isolated habits, and seemed to dislike any reference to a former period. His ideas, though at intervals incoherent and visionary, were clothed in forcible, eloquent language, evincing the highest powers of thought and expression, mingled with a degree of polish, which education and intercourse with society only could have imparted.

"Upon being asked if he alone lived there, he answered—

"No; I and my dog live together."

"But," returned I, "do you not feel solitary times, so far away from any human being?"

"Young man," he replied, "'tis for such as you, with youth and pleasure in your path, to read the lone wilderness; but to those whose life is like a blasted tree, *the whole earth is a solitude*. Yet think not all communers withheld even in this wild. Is there no voice in the rustling of leaves, or the roar of the mighty wind?—what music so sweet as the morning song of birds, or the tumultuous rush of waters? None! none!—I am an old man. That world of yours is fair but full of crime; here, in the womb of nature, man comes not to debase—to slay. Once 'twas not so,' and his eye shot a sudden gleam. 'Though I am not always alone—in the winter nights I have many companions, and they sit where you are now. Yes, those that died long ago; yet still I say they visit me, more frequently when game is scarce, for then I am almost starved, and they come to cheer me—those early friends—for they speak and laugh as they used in old times; and *she* is ever near. In the calm summer evenings we converse together for hours; her sweet, sad face, is in the brook when I look into its glassy depths, and when I gaze upon the sky she is there—look!' and he rose from the block of wood upon which he was sitting, and drawing aside the screen from the picture overhead, disclosed a portrait of exceeding loveliness.

"It was that of a young girl, upon whose tender, intellectual face, and soft dark eye a melancholy, which rendered it far more beautiful than mere perfection of outline, seemed to rest. The long lash drooped with Madonna sweetness, beneath the calm, pale brow; and the full round lips were slightly parted in an innocent, happy smile. We gazed as if spell-bound, upon the fair vision; and what a contrast the haggard countenance of the old man afforded. The one with the delicate hue of a flower upon the smooth cheek, a being of youth and affection; the other worn and furrowed by time and a darkened reason, who appeared to have outlived all feelings save the one deep, engrossing sentiment which seemed to link so strongly those two together—unalterable love. His aged frame trembled with excitement, and his features worked as though the memories of other days were awakened by that glance, as, dropping the covering, he hurried out of the cabin. With that picture then was associated the cause of his seclusion, and I could have wept as the thought arose of the many long

years that faithful heart must have mourned over its sorrow, with that cherished relic the sole witness of his throes. A clue to his story was discovered.

"Finding that our host did not return, after a short time spent in conversing about the peculiar circumstances which chance had made us acquainted with, and expressing our sincerest pity for the ruin of such a mind, we wrapped ourselves in the skins with which the place was so well provided, and each sought that refreshment in sleep which the exhausted state of our limbs rendered desirable.

"But I could not rest; what I had seen and heard operated so strongly upon my mind, in addition to the excessive heat, that I in vain courted the luxury of repose. Giving up the useless attempt at last, I rose and went out to breathe the fresh air, when I observed the old man sitting where we had first seen him, with his head resting upon his hands, and at his feet lay the constant companion of his fortunes.—I watched him for some time, but not the slightest motion showed that ought possessing life was there. After awhile I approached quietly and laid my hand upon his arm; he started wildly at first, but soon seemed to recollect himself, for he asked me why I did not prepare myself by sleep for the morrow's journey. I replied that I could not sleep, and had come to converse with him, for he seemed dejected.

"'I believe I am' ever so,' said he, 'but it matters not, no one is concerned in the humours of an old man; I can but bear my burden a few years longer, the grave is a sincere friend to such as I am.'

"'You do injustice to my feelings,' I rejoined, 'I deeply commiserate your apparent suffering, and would willingly do aught that could lighten the grief which seems to weigh so heavily upon you.'

"The recluse appeared touched by my interest in his condition, and after muttering to himself for some minutes, as if unconscious of the presence of another, a habit which doubtless he had acquired in his long estrangement from his fellow creatures, at length said—

"'Listen unto me. This face is worn with care which scared up every feeling of the heart deeper than the channels of this rough cheek. I am one whose footsteps upon earth have wandered without home or hope, save of rest, which I never found. I was a dreamer, and seemed to have lost my way, I was so strange and unearthly; I believe at times I must have been mad, for there are blanks in memory which I cannot fill up—pages in the book of

my pilgrimage whereupon the ink has faded and left no traces of its record. When I came upon man's path, they gazed upon my aspect, as though a spirit from another world had come to trouble them, and they called me "*The Unknown*," for I had passed from the country of my birth and travelled among strange lands, and so the history of my youth was a sealed volume to mankind.

"Sit down on this rock. It lifts its head like truth, ever constant, though the winds of ages, perchance, have swept over it, leaving their hoary traces on its brow. Time, with its scathing sword, will lay all living things in the earth that nourished their existence, but this rock will stand, as a monument, amidst the strife and turmoil of future years.

"The vision of that one dark hour is painted, as with an artist's pencil, freshly and vividly upon my recollection. Yon gloomy savage stands with folded arms and scornful lips, while the long streaming elf hair waves wildly in the fitful wind which gushed through the overhanging branches, and seemed to nurse the flame that kindled in his fierce, gleaming eyeballs, whene'er he looked upon his captive.— And she—my own—my noble one, was bowed in silence, and a fearful calm seemed to freeze the pulse of every sense; and every chiselled feature of that perfect face, which grew cold and lifeless as the grave, beneath the demon scowl that sought to wither all with its scorching, remorseless hate. They stood—the blood hound and his prey—the murderer and his victim, and the keen knife reposed upon the ground beneath, as though appealing to the sunbeams that kissed its blade, for mercy to the lamb whose life was asked as a sacrifice on the bloody altar of revenge. 'Child to the pale-faced fool,' said Oto-wisk, 'hear me once more, 'ere the tongue that answers quivers from its torn roots, and yields a morsel for yon Indian dog. Ha! ha!—does the white blood run back to its fountain, like a stream to its forest, when the Great Spirit rides upon an unbridled wind? Child, I tell thee, the way of the war-path is very long, but the grass shall never grow upon it; for the blood of a Yengie is poison to the earth, and it shall run like water in our trail. The edge of this knife shall revel in the flesh of thy race as it shall in thine. There are tablets of the birch bark for an Indian scribe, and there is a white bosom for a warrior to score his hate upon. Ha!—can I not rouse thee?' yelled the savage, as he seized Theresa's tresses in his unhallowed grasp, and drew the back of the blade across her forehead, but she moved not,

nor gave any manifestation of horror. As the demon paused, and a shade of awe passed over his swarthy face; but as he strove to shake off the feeling which possessed him, a small stream of red blood stole down Theresa's noble cheek, from a scratch of the knife's point, and pattered on the ground beneath. Fired by the sight, the savage sprang upon her, and with a yell of fury, buried his weapon in her breast! Again and again the steel descended into her young heart, with inconceivable rapidity. Oh God! that shriek still rings in my ear, like a concentration of all misery and helplessness. Her fair head fell to the ground, stained with the bubbling stream that crimsoned o'er her neck and shoulders. I strove to burst my bonds, and cursed and swore with fury and despair; and there the loved, the beautiful, lay a corse before me, and I was helpless as a child. With devilish frenzy he tore her garments from her form, marring every limb with gashes, till the whole was one mutilated mass of fearful horror. I saw it all, and strove to shut my eyes, but still some damned attraction fastened them upon the unholy deed ensuing before me, till over-strung nerve and natural excitement produced their exhausted effects, and I sunk into a deep swoon—where it had been death.'

"After this recital, the thoughts of the captive again wandered, and his words were wild and unconnected, while his limbs shook as under the influence of an ague fit; at length he said in a deep hollow voice—

"There runs not one drop of that chaste blood in the veins of any human being. I desire they were to allow me to survive! It may be they were terrified at my ravings, for when I awoke from that trance, my reason was unshaken in its throne forever. Whatever it was that checked their blood-stained hands, I was set free to liberty. Had they known the tortures of their ing death their barbarity had bequeathed me more dreadful, aye—a thousand times, than the most acute bodily suffering, which even their heathenish cruelty could devise, perchance they would have slaughtered me in mercy. The steel was my soul—what were all that earth contained unto me now? when she, who had been my light, the essence of my existence was dead, murdered before my eyes; even the green leaves seemed dripping with blood. Then suddenly one thought rushed into my brain, and made the arteries swell and bound with a fierce current again. "Vengeance!" I cried, springing through the wild forest with unweary speed; and a hundred voices, from its most

solitudes, seemed to echo back that word. No food—no slumber, until an atonement had been exacted for that deed—and it was fearfully accomplished!

“The guileful savage is still and serpent-like, when he creeps upon the unconscious slumbers of a settlement; but the very breath of his mouths was hushed, that not even a motion of the air might whisper intelligence to them, as we crawled through the silent woods in deep midnight, with hearts strong and nerve by the strength which determined purpose and deadly hate afford the avengers of blood. We sprang like panthers upon the wigwams. There was a flash of thirty rifles in the darkness, followed by yells and groans, as the half-awakened Indians rushed from their cabins, many never rose again from that sleep.—The ignited roofs blazed high with a red smoky fire, hiding the stars. Beneath their light the wild forms mingling in fierce conflict, with the clashing of steel, and the piercing path-cry; the bright knives glanced in the gloam, crimson with warm gore, and the cry of mercy was drowned in the tumult, or rose unheeded as the blade descended into the victor's heart—pulseless for ever. The air was filled with shouts and curses, with the sharp report of fire-arms, and the ferocious war-whoop of the savage. It seemed as if hell had loosed its howling demons to desecrate that secluded spot. Alas! the prompings of the armed cannot be more ruthless or unsparring than the breasts of men, whose passions are roused to slay; and in one bosom, that night, the demoniac fury had usurped full control.—With a grim smile, I rose from the prostrate body of Oto-wisk, who had fallen by my hand, after a long struggle, covered with ghastly wounds, and gazed with a stern pleasure upon the lifeless author of all this carnage. Not one of his followers escaped—dread, indeed, was the retaliation wreaked upon them through various means. I stood alone in the gray dawn, amidst the smoking ruins of the encampment, and the dead bodies, thickly strewn among the mouldering ashes. I looked up to the pure heaven, from whence the stars, (those silent witnesses of our onslaught) were waning gradually away,—blood had been poured forth like a river since they rose, and, daring to think it an acceptable offering to the Most High, lifted up my hand, as if in prayer, and exclaimed—*Oh! God, she is avenged!*

“Long years have passed since then, and misery has taught me a more lowly lesson.—I have acquired a calm endurance of evil, chas-

tened as my mind has been by sorrow. I have lived to wonder at the blindness which could imagine the creator of all things, rejoiced at that sacrifice of human life—the God of peace and love; but the young wait not for scruples when they obey the dictates of ungovernable animosity.

“I turned away to follow in the footsteps of my friends, but a weary, objectless blank, corroded my once happy heart, and I flew with loathing from the presence of my kind, to brood in solitude over my loss; gradually my thoughts were weaned from the world and its worthless pursuits. I grew fond of loneliness, and the many manifestations of an overruling providence, revealed in the mighty scheme of creation, ever at work in the untrodden wilds and lairs of the moss-grown forest. A feeling almost of peace sometimes visits me when I sit, as I do now, and watch the majestic stars through the leaves, in the long, solemn night whose silence is unbroken, save by the murmured splash of waters which soothes my fevered brain; and I have shed tears—blessed tears, for they yielded a holy balm, such as I had seldom known. My thoughts have caught an elevated tone from contemplation, and become less absorbed in selfish regret while musing upon the mysteries of the natural world;—those vast elements whose operations are so palpable in the primeval fastnesses of the wilderness. Here, where the trunks of the lofty trees stand pillared around, and the leaf-wove arches mock the mimicry of human art, is a fit temple for man's homage. Moved by the eloquence which breathes, as it were, in praise of the *Eternal*, from every leaf and living thing. I have knelt down and prayed for strength and an unsullied intellect, that I might endure with fortitude, the dispensations of an inscrutable judge—not that one pang should be spared; why should foolish man deride heaven by vain supplication, questioning the unalterable decrees of the great God? and my spirit seems refreshed by earnest devotion. A long period has elapsed since I came here, and many winters have whitened the earth unnoted in their succession, but they have left their withering effects upon me, for my limbs are stiffening with age, and my hair is a lighter gray. Yet, until this day, I have not beheld the face of man, and your presence has unsealed a fountain of memories and old associations, which I had imagined forever dry; it will be many days ere I can calm my unsettled feelings or reduce them to their ordinary current. Go now, my son, conclu-

ded the old man, 'and try to induce a little sleep, for the night wanes. From those passages in my history, with which you have been made acquainted, you can judge if there is a remedy for my disease this side the grave.—May your journey through life be as radiant with the sunshine of a hopeful heart as that of the being who now addresses you has been clouded by afflictions. Leave me now,—I would be alone.'

"Forbearing to question further into the details of his sad story, I left him to his reveries, and returned to the hut where I soon lost all consciousness in a sound slumber.

"We were up at early dawn, and after partaking of a meal which had been prepared for us, and furnishing ourselves with all the information, respecting the direction we should pursue, that our host could supply, took our departure, though not until I had used every effort to persuade the recluse to return with us, in vain. He seemed moved, and his voice faltered as he shook our hands warmly in bidding farewell; even the dog that had become familiar since our arrival, appeared to regret our going, for he ran forward several times, wagging his tail, and looking wistfully in our faces, with an earnestness uncommon in a brute, but the voice of his master caused his immediate return, and as the winding of the stream enabled us to catch another glimpse of the pair, we beheld the faithful animal couchant at his feet, while the old man's hand was smoothing down the long hair upon his back almost as venerable as his own uncovered head.

"We saw him no more, but often reflected upon the might of that passion which could cast so fearful a shadow upon the destiny of such a being; one evidently gifted beyond ordinary mortals, with those powers which would render the possessor eminent in any station of life, but which, shattered by "the lightning blast of grief," served as fuel to the flame of a blighted spirit.

"We did not arrive at the Fort until the evening of the second day, to the delight of our friends, who had given us up for lost, after sending scouts in every direction to search for the stragglers."

"But," said I, as Frank knocked the ashes from his pipe and stretched himself out full length upon his blanket, preparatory for repose, at the conclusion of his story—"did you never hear of your friend of the forest, afterwards?" "No," he replied, "all our enquiries as to his name and country, were of no

avail. The impression which our adventures made at the time, gradually faded from my thoughts; though, in the cold winter months when the wind moaned mournfully round the stockades, I would often picture to myself the dreary cabin and its lonely inhabitant. It is one of the many instances where men, dissatisfied with the world, have sought a refuge in the natural solitude of America. We thought he must have perished by the conflagration which, like the sword of a destroying angel, laid waste the country for miles around. In the ensuing summer, driving the game out of the woods, in terror, from the breath of the consuming element. "'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good," and you would have echoed the aphorism, had you partaken of the glad cheer with which our mess-table groaned months afterwards.

"That fall, I had occasion to be in the vicinity of the hermitage, and, but for the physical impossibility of penetrating through a dense forest, which, consisting of half-charred trunks of fallen trees, blackened by the fire, covered the ground in the most unimaginable confusion, I would have endeavoured to learn the man's fate.

"What a change had swept over the landscape! Where the soil was once hidden by profuse vegetation, and the tall, majestic trees spread their broad shadows around, there remained not a leaf to shiver in the breeze.

*St. John, January, 1842.*



**Oh, Sing that Gentle Strain Again!**

BY ANDREW M'MAXIN.

Oh, sing that gentle strain again,  
And I will list the while,  
Its notes will soothe my bosom's pain  
My aching heart beguile.  
Fair reason wand'ring from her track  
In trouble's darkest hour,  
Hath oft been lured in gladness back  
By Music's soothing power.

Oh, take thy dulcet lute again,  
And breathe its magic spell,  
Its tones will soon my soul enchain,  
As in some fairy dell;—  
Like some poor wand'ring flutt'ring d  
Beneath the serpent's gaze,  
In vain it strives to soar above,  
Or 'scape the dazzling maze.

## The Close of the Year.

The clock strikes twelve—it is the knell of the departed year—what busy thoughts crowd upon us, what strong emotions swell the heart as slowly falls upon the listening ear the melancholy sound! All now is still, as silent as the grave—as noiseless as the place of sepulchres—all around and every living thing is hushed in dread repose!—All, save the helpless invalid and the lone watcher at the bed of pain, or some sad group of mourning friends gathered beside the bed of death, to bid, for the last time, the soul-thrilling glance in the eye of one long and fondly loved, now about to close forever upon the terrestrial scene—to hear, for the last time, the sweet accents of affection faintly murmured from lips about to be closed in all the rigidity of death—scarcely a little band of pious devotees, happily joined in holy prayer, have congregated to watch the meeting of the years—and some chance who, reckless of these sad and solemn scenes, have laid their serious thoughts aside while bidding the old year adieu, and mirth and revelry do hail the infant year. Are these all that now the midnight vigil sees? No—the pale student solitary sits and lights the midnight oil while poring o'er the records of ages past—the gambler and the debaucher amid the haunts of vice still linger, unrepentant of this most solemn hour, and all unwilling too of the anxious ones that wait their turn, and, while grief is tugging at their heart-strings and wearing inch by inch their way, watch the long and weary hours to their well-known step. But time doth fail, fare-thee-well departed year fare-well! The pleasures and joys may ne'er return that have to be laid in oblivion with thee gone down; yet, so long as a thing is Hope, new hopes, as 'Alps do still arise,' and, phoenix-like, upon buried hopes spring up, and so may other lights our path illumine.



CREATURE, who spends its whole time in singing, gaming, prating and gadding, is a creature originally, indeed, of the rational make; who has sunk itself beneath its rank, and may be considered at present as nearly on a par with the monkey-species.—*B. Constant.*



THE necessary qualities for society are—possessing, exempt from falsehood; frankness, without rudeness; complaisance, freed from affectation; and, above all, a heart naturally inclined to benevolence.

## THE PREDESTINED BACHELOR.

“One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but 'till all these graces are in one woman, one woman shall not be in my graces.”

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

“If ever a man was cut out for an old bachelor, Doctor Whitherton was!”

This had been reiterated by every individual of woman kind in our village, until it was so nearly realized, that there seemed but faint proof of sagacity in the affirmation, for the gentleman presumed to be thus fated, arrived unwedded at the age of thirty-four or thirty-five, which, if not within the epoch of old bachelorhood, very few ladies under twenty, will allow to be far from its limits.

“Why so?” might have asked some one not so fully initiated into the mysteries of destiny; “the doctor is handsome, affable, amiable and talented; why should he not have a wife? though modest, he is not too bashful to court for one; though not rich, he is well able to maintain one; and though a student, he has domestic qualities in abundance to enjoy the society of a family. Strange that he should be doomed to live an old bachelor!”

“But he seems not to be able to make up his mind to marry;” would have been the answer of one of our gossips; “there was a Miss Gray from the city, who boarded a summer here in town;—an elegant looking girl—I never saw a finer figure on horseback; he gallanted her time after time, and every body thought it would have been a match, yet he allowed her to return without even popping the question.”

“And there was a Miss Brown, whom, it was universally believed, he could not help falling in love with,” would have been the argument of a second: “a most exquisite singer; all our amateurs agreed that she united the merits of all the *prima donnas* they had ever heard; he used to listen to her by the hour, yet it all ended in nothing.”

“And Mrs. Greene, a pretty young widow,”—argument the third; “she would have suited him so well! she had him attending her for months; every body thought more on account of the doctor, than the disease; she had a nice fortune, too, yet he still remained uncaught.”

“*Ergo*, because a handsome, affable, amiable, talented man, of five-and-thirty, had not met with a young lady who rode well, and another who sung well, and a widow who was pretty and rich, without finding a wife, he must live and die an old bachelor! patience!”



The domicile of Doctor Witherton stood aloof from the village, and shone amidst the green trees surrounding it, of such snowy whiteness, as might have attracted to it smiles of an "eggshell," or a "house of cards," from the censors of the present day, who have conspired, as far as in them lies, to overcast the walls that hold us, with the smoke and time-created hues of those of older lands. Indeed, the most delicate fabric of Bristol-board, that ever graced a fancy fair, could scarcely have surpassed it in unspotted cleanness. But let the taste have been good or bad, no one then even found fault with its whiteness, which, as long as its owner occupied it, was never diminished a shade, for white-wash and white paint were as necessary to his comfort as white linen. And not only the mansion itself, but every thing pertaining to it, exhibited the same unvarying neatness. The green tops of the elaborate pailings never lost a tint of their greenness; the gilt mortar and pestle, displayed on the window-shutter, against a background of pounded blue glass, turned to every sun the same glittering front; and as to the garden, it was prim enough for the promenade of a mandarin. Never a honeysuckle turned up the pale side of its leaves for want of a trellis; never a cluster of carnations sighed their sweetness upon the ground, through lack of a stick to lean upon, and in no cabbage and onion department, could have been found shapes of greater rotundity and grace.

The interior was in excellent keeping. To say nothing of the office, or "shop," according to the parlance in which it was oftenest treated of, with its well-matched bottles and jars, "all in a row;" the little library, or study, in its rear—for the doctor was too much the man of taste, to use the aforesaid apartment for that purpose—was snugness sublimated. A peep through the windows—the only chance, indeed, which a visitor—at least, a female one, could have had of gratifying her curiosity; the clear, clean little windows, which, in the winter, gleamed with the reflection of the bright fire within, and, in the summer, mirrored their external curtainings of vines, would have served to take in the room with all its principal characteristics. The carpet, on which not even the cuttings of a pen were to be seen; the chairs, each at its proper angle; the table, with its ample cloth cover, and commodiously disposed writing materials, and the well-filled book-cases, displaying through glass doors, long ranks of their contents in untarnished bindings; all attested how methodical was the mind that presided over their arrangement while the

composed confidence of the sleek grama which, one half the year, kept possession of the rag, and the other half, of a broad wicker seat, as fully demonstrated its placidity. Four sybils drawn their predictions from so serene a scene, there would have been less reason to wonder at their revelations. Regarding the doctor's surroundings as part of himself, how much would their uniformity have been destroyed by the boxes and baskets of female vanity, or idleness! and how much their tranquillity, by a rocking-chair, to encroach upon poor parrot's tail, or a little urchin or two, to provoke the claws into action! It was the very room that thought in. Its brightness and precision were reflected back upon the mind of its inmate, thence to the packets which now and then issued from it to our post-office, slowly to gain a fame of which its possessor was almost in entire ignorance.

As to this inmate himself, we shall be content to describe him in simple advertising language, one, which, if not the most graceful, certainly tends to save labour, both of writing and reading. He was a middle sized man, well formed, with light complexion, regular features, and prepossessing countenance, and generally wore a handsome, carefully brushed suit of black. Altogether, he had such a favourable figure as most "ladies love to look upon," particularly when accompanied, as in the present instance, with agreeable manners, and the best qualities of the head and heart.

Careful as our lover of quiet and order had been, to remove himself from the sights and sounds of the village, he was not long able to enjoy his seclusion uninterrupted. A sea-captain, Johnson, by name, took it into his head to purchase a piece of ground, adjoining, and commenced, almost under the shade of the doctor's trees, an edifice designed as as massy and imposing as the philo-sophical structures of his illustrious namesake. While, for aught of resemblance it bore to anything in the known orders of architecture, it had been modeled after a mermaid's palace, or the chapel of Prester John. For two consecutive summers, the doctor's ears were filled with the noise of saws and trowels, and axes, with piles of boards, brick and mortar, when, the captain's funds giving him way to return to "the cotton trade and sugar," the monument of his ambition was left unfinished, to remain an eyesore to his neighbours, a wonder and jest to the whole country, and under the title of Johnson's Folly. And for several years, it stood, unused and un-

cept that the main building sometimes served as a sanctuary to the truant boys of the village, the ungainly stack of stone in front of it, poured with the purpose of a porter's lodge—yard some fifty feet deep!—afforded a convenient shelter for the horses of those who were to demand the doctor's services. And thus every body expected it would stand for years longer, but that time every body was mistaken. The workmen of the neighbourhood were at last called into requisition by a letter from Captain Johnson, and their task of duty completed, the Folly was one day found to be tenanted, and that, too, by a family whose estate, and even whose name, had not preceded them.

The first satisfactory intelligence that Doctor Witherton received relative to his new neighbours, was communicated by his female cotum, Sally, or, as he always scrupulously called her, Mrs. Eyeset, who, on the Sunday morning after their arrival, dealt out to him in his tea, the amount of what she had achieved through a day of leisure.

"They are prodigious queer folks, these new people over at the Folly," was her first proposition.

"How so, Mrs. Eyeset?" asked the doctor, with the requisite degree of interest.

"They are English, real English, from over the sea, and talk our language quite broken. At least, the man does that drives their carriage for them. They call wheat 'corn,' their meadow, a 'paddock,' and their house 'hall.' I never like to hear the poor old barn called a Folly, but to call a whole house a hall, is much better."

"What is their name and occupation?" inquired the doctor, somewhat amused by her local acumen.

"Wharcliffe is their name, but what they are going to follow nobody knows. The man who drives their carriage, calls the old gentleman the 'squire,' and from that, I suppose he intends to get into the law business; he'll likely make much by that, here. We have lawyers enough already, and people would not like to go to a stranger to prosecute their own neighbours."

The doctor rested his cup long enough to explain that the English and the American title 'squire,' though the same in sound, differed essentially in sense.

"At any rate," pursued the housekeeper, "they ought to do a good business at something, to live as they do. They eat five times a day. The report is, that they eat seven

times, but I asked Nancy Jones, who cooks for them, and she says it's only five times.—They have what they call a luncheon, between breakfast and dinner, and a supper after most people have gone to bed."

"Very injurious to health, those late meals," observed the doctor.

"Yes, and Nancy thinks she ought to have nearly as much more wages, considering that she is obliged to cook nearly as often again as for other people, and they must be tremendous eaters, too, to be genteel people. For all that they eat so often, they sit three times as long at the table as would satisfy so many ploughmen. And they have all sorts of strange things to eat with. Their knives and forks are of solid silver."

"Not their knives?" said the doctor, smiling, and with a glance at the keen-edged and polished utensil in his hand.

"Well, I can't be sure about the knives, but their forks are for certain, and how they eat with such shaped things, is a mystery to me. They are nearly as broad as cake-turners. As if common sized forks could not hold as much as they wanted! And then they wash their hands at the table, after dinner, instead of going to their own rooms, or to the kitchen, for that matter. It does not seem to me to be over cleanly. And the young lady has a dog, that she sometimes keeps in her lap all the time they are at table, which looks rather nasty; but may be when they've lived in America a while longer, they'll learn more manners."

"Whom does the family consist of?" the doctor inquired, as he left the table.

"Only the old gentleman, and his son and daughter," concluded Mrs. Eyeset.

With this information, Doctor Witherton was not surprized to meet, the next day, on his professional round, and nearly every succeeding day, for two or three weeks, a lady and gentleman, of English physiognomy, taking surveys of the neighbourhood on horseback, but save by the slight bow which courtesy there demanded for every passer, he made no advance for nearer acquaintance. The sister, with her masculine habit, and bold equestrianism, had too much of the dashing air of which most diffident men are instinctively shy, to prove attractive to him: and the brother, whom, besides, he met sometimes with dogs and gun—a florid, athletic, rather handsome young man, appeared too much the mere sportsman to interest him more favourable. Nor did the red-faced, gouty-looking elderly gentleman, who sat yawning and stretching every evening on

the portico, find much more grace in his eyes. Thus, the advances, which such close vicinage would have admitted, might long have been deferred, had their impression of him been of a different character.

One afternoon, at the expiration of the above named period, Miss Wharncliffe and her brother were idling in the windows of the drawing-room, which, though it contained some handsome and fashionable articles, had yet an unfinished, unfurnished look; and contrasting the hot, unsheltered walls of the Folly, with the embowered dwelling of their neighbour, when, after a pause, the lady remarked, "There never was anything more preposterous, than papa's bringing us into such a desert. He ought to have required better assurances with regard to the society, than those of a talking ship-captain, who had scarcely ever been on land a month at a time, and who had a house to sell. And such a house—it is ludicrous as well as vexatious, to think how we have been taken in. Why, from your account, there cannot be more than two *digibles* among the men in the whole district."

"You forget, though, that we got the house on a good long credit, a very important matter just now," yawned the young gentleman in reply, snapping his fingers to a couple of dogs that were rolling and tumbling about the floor, "however, it would have been wiser to have taken pains to find a place where the old gentleman could not only retrench, but provide for his dutiful daughter at the same time. You have no time to lose, Nelly, and we have already made the tour of the cities and the watering-places without success."

The lady laughed, but received as a matter of earnestness her brother's observations. "It is, indeed, too provoking," said she, "that of the thousands of Yankees I have met, not one but has been too stupid to appreciate me, and to be at last reduced to manœuvring for mere vil lage notables; but it would be still worse, after crossing the Atlantic for a husband, to get nobody at all. So, your two *digibles* must be attacked."

"Well, what think you of Meadows, the lawyer? I have put you on his track already, by introducing him."

"Oh, the Pottowattomy! such a figure! such a *palois*! however, he is not altogether to be despised. From your account of him, he may yet go to Congress, and by taking him, I might some time be sent home as American ambassador—who knows? But I may as well let him run until I shall have met the other, the

doctor. There he is, at this moment, sitting on the verandah. He really does look like a gentleman, and he really has a pretty little head instead. It is the tidiest, snuggest thing I have seen on this side of the water;—rather humble, though."

"Not more humble, Nelly, than the paragon you tried so hard to get, when you best deserved it, five years ago; however, he does look like a gentleman, for a Yankee. Professor W——, who likes a Manton as well as least, as his calpel, told me that he really found one, and remarked that though I might find him exactly to my taste, he certainly was a man of talent and learning. He seemed, though, to have very little inclination for acquaintance."

If that is his character, no wonder; your papa look so unintellectual, that I suppose he would not find either of you very companionable. I am now the more anxious to have a chance at him, and shall lose no opportunity to obtain it."

"In spite of himself, I suppose, Nelly? He is to assist you? none of the female village have made an incursion upon us yet."

"I shall introduce myself, if I find none to do it," replied Miss Elnor, coolly.

"With all your genius for management, you will find that rather an undertaking—the old gentleman unwilling."

"No such thing, George; rather than let him, I would bravely invade his premises. I am half tempted to do so now, he looks so comestable there among his vines."

"I wager a guinea you would not do it, if I know you to be."

"Done!" returned the lady, promptly.

"And I'll hold the stakes," said Mr. Wharncliffe, senior, who had been dozing on a sofa in the adjoining room, and had awakened to the conclusion of the dialogue.

"The doctor's name is Witherton, is it?" asked Miss Elnor, as she carefully adjusted her bonnet before the mirror; and with a curtsey to her brother, she walked completely out of the door, leaving the gentlemen to watch her movements from the windows.

"That girl has the effrontery of old Hebe when she chooses to exercise it," said her brother, laughing.

"Let her alone," said the old gentleman, with a look of parental satisfaction; "she'll play a bold game, rather than lose a chance for a husband. It is a strange thing to me that she has failed so long. She has a cleverness and looks in plenty, and not too much fastid-

neither, yet half the ugly and simple  
 of her acquaintances have gone off be-  
 her. If we had her provided for, we could  
 care of ourselves, George."

Doctor Witherton, as Miss Wharnccliffe had  
 marked, was seated in the vine-covered porch  
 before his house, and with his eyes fixed on a  
 scientific pamphlet in his hand, was speculating  
 on its contents, when the closing of the prin-  
 cipal gate attracted his attention, and he beheld  
 a fair neighbour advancing up the walk. He  
 hastily arose from his seat, and descended a  
 step or two to meet her, and thus obtained, in  
 a short time it takes to make such an obser-  
 vation, a full view of her face and figure. The  
 doctor, though rather too tall and robust for his  
 age, was well formed, and the former, if not  
 exactly handsome in its features, was agreeable  
 in its expression, and rendered particularly an-  
 imated by a pair of well managed black eyes.  
 Together, her appearance was prepossessing,  
 that of a lady. Her age might have been  
 a debatable point. She was certainly not un-  
 der twenty-five, and did not look to be thirty.  
 She approached with a manner of perfect ease,  
 declining the doctor's offer of a seat, she  
 said distinctly, "Can I have the pleasure of  
 seeing Mrs. Witherton?"

The doctor started, and repeated, "Mrs.  
 Witherton!" then colouring and stammering,  
 returned, "there is no lady—madam—that  
 my house, madam—is not fortunate enough  
 to possess a mistress."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed Miss Wharnccliffe,  
 sitting and stammering in her turn, with the  
 least consummate skill. "I beg pardon; I  
 must then have mistaken—misconstructed—at  
 least, if I was not so informed, I presumed that  
 your face so beautifully arranged, was, of course,  
 under the superintendance of a lady."

The doctor bowed, not yet sufficiently re-  
 vered to answer vocally, and Miss Elinor,  
 with a graceful effort to recover her com-  
 poise, and a smile, half timid, half assured,  
 proceeded. "However, since I have ventured  
 out, and though the lady of my imagination  
 has vanished, I will take the liberty to state my  
 errand. I have, literally, sir, come a-begging;  
 I am sure you will have too much gallan-  
 try to turn me away. Your good taste, has, no  
 doubt, been, many a time, shocked by the deso-  
 late aspect of yonder Folly, to which, of late,  
 I long; there is not a tree nor shrub about it  
 to make it look like a Christian habitation, and  
 the utter contrast, with your territory, renders  
 its appearance still more deplorable. Have  
 you any thing to spare from your abundance,

to its poverty? the least twig or root will be  
 thankfully received, though it be of nothing  
 more than a current or gooseberry-bush. Any  
 thing on which I can exercise my skill in gar-  
 dening to make my home look a little more  
 home-like. I would not have presumed to ask  
 such a favour, but we are too far from any of  
 the large towns, to have plants carried at this  
 season, and I have enquired for nurseries and  
 gardens in the neighbourhood, in vain. Will  
 you excuse me?"

"Certainly, madam, it will give me pleasure  
 to share any thing my little plantation may af-  
 ford," replied the doctor, descending with a  
 courteous alacrity from the porch; "allow me  
 to show you my garden. I hope you will find  
 something in it to answer your purpose. I am  
 happy to have a neighbour who takes an inter-  
 est in a pursuit which affords me so much  
 healthful recreation," and he marshalled her  
 among the nice, box-bordered divisions of the  
 garden, in which it would have been almost as  
 difficult to detect a weed, as a flower in an  
 iceberg.

The lady led the conversation with admir-  
 able tact, examining and admiring every thing  
 pointed out to her, with the most earnest at-  
 tention, complimenting her companion with  
 flattery so nice, that he could not, modest as  
 he was, perceive it to be flattery; and making  
 a little knowledge of botany, and less of gar-  
 dening, pass for fourfold the quantities. The  
 doctor, not a little pleased with her intelligence  
 and vivacity, made her liberal offers of his vege-  
 table stores, and, on her return, escorted her  
 to the gate of the Folly, without a suspicion.

"Pray, sir, consider it a duty to make the  
 acquaintance of such near neighbours," said  
 Miss Elinor, after he had declined her invitation  
 to the house; my father and brother will be  
 extremely happy to receive you; our name,  
 perhaps you have not heard, is Wharnccliffe;"  
 and with a gracious curtsy, and an insinuating  
 smile on her part, and a profound bow on his,  
 they parted, to the infinite delight of the two  
 speculators, who still retained their station be-  
 hind the Venetian blinds, impatiently awaiting  
 the details of the adventure, which were soon  
 given in triumph.

After this introduction, Doctor Witherton  
 could not well have evaded a visit to the Folly,  
 or the Hall, as it was newly denomi-  
 nated, even had he been so inclined. which, how-  
 ever, from the impression made by his fair neighbour, was  
 far from the case. Accordingly, he called at an  
 early day. He found the elder Mr. Wharnc-  
 cliff to be a favorable specimen of the northern

islander—jovial, social, with some reading, and considerable knowledge of the world; and the son, a copy of his senior, though scarcely a correct one. But Miss Elinor proved more companionable than either of them. His communication with her sex had been limited, and confined principally to those of his own retired neighbourhood, and consequently her superior education and acquaintance with society, were not without effect. She perceived her advantage, and followed it up with practised generalship. She seemed to discover intuitively the subjects in which he most delighted, and if they were not already within the range of her acquirements, she possessed the greatest solicitude for information upon them. She submitted to his taste and judgment with the most engaging deference. She contrived occasions for daily intercourse, in which suspicion, herself could not have detected design, and, in short, she performed her part so well, that our village gossips, judging from outward indications, were unanimously convinced that the fates had grown tired of the old thread, and commenced a new one in our bachelor's favor.

"Have you heard the news?" was echoed at church, at market, and at tea-table; "Doctor Witherton is caught at last."

But was he really caught? It was a question that would have puzzled the doctor himself. He was certainly not in love, yet he was not far from the point at which he might have offered his hand. He knew that Miss Wharncliffe's equal in manners and intelligence he might not soon again meet with. Her person, though it was not one he would have selected out of many, was still sufficiently agreeable not to be an objection; her temper, for aught he had seen to the contrary, was not to be found fault with; but beyond this, all was uncertainty. Where were the strong affection, the high moral qualities, which he had always held as requisite to complete the character of the woman he should select for his wife? As yet, he had had no proof that she possessed them. Besides, even if he had felt fully satisfied on these particulars, he was too modest to believe that she was to be won merely at the asking. Of the history and the fortunes of the family he knew nothing. He was confident that they had been accustomed to the higher walks of English society, and had received hints of a family estate leased out for a term of years, but of their object in emigrating hither, he was altogether ignorant, as he was of the extent of their finances. And with this undecided, he sometimes felt that it would be absurd to pre-

sume that a woman of the world, like Miss Wharncliffe, would quietly unite herself with a man of moderate fortune—for his income, dependent of his practice, would have been sufficient for the support of a family—and who might never be able to advance himself from a retired country location, where there was little or no society to appreciate her.

Whilst Doctor Witherton was deliberating on these things one afternoon in his study, a note was handed to him, written in a female hand, more beautiful than any with which he was acquainted in the village. It was merely a request for his services.

"Dr. Witherton will please call, as soon as possible, at Mrs. Harrington's, on the east street, three doors from the last, east side."

"Mrs. Harrington—Mrs. Harrington—I never heard of such a person in the neighbourhood; do you know any one of that name?" said Mrs. Eyeset.

"Mrs. Harrington, sir? that must be the new school mistress," returned the house-keeper who had brought in the note; "a very bad? poor woman! I thought, from what I heard, that she would be obliged to see you at last;" but without waiting to hear the doctor set off in quest of his patient.

He found the place indicated, a little story, wooden building, unenclosed, and painted—one of the humblest in the village—and rapped at the door. It was opened by a pale, but pretty little girl, who replied in the affirmative to his question, "Does Mrs. Harrington live here?" and quickly disappeared through the door of an inner apartment. The one in which she stood was evidently the kitchen, free of dresser containing table furniture, and cooking utensils disposed in the large chimney; yet the little pile of primmers and school-books lying on two or three long, low benches indicated that it was also used for a school-room.

"Doctor Witherton?" said a voice, coming ringingly, from the door which the girl had opened, and he saw before him a girl of seven or eighteen, so lovely that he almost forgot his surprize and admiration, to bow in return. She held in her arms a tiny infant, apparently little more than a week old, and directed him to the bed where the patient lay, she came to pace the floor, trying to hush the patient, her little charge, with a look of such tenderness, as might well have adorned the face of a mother. The invalid was a middle-aged woman, of exceedingly interesting countenance, and a few words from her, together

presence of the infant, explained her situa-

Her voice betrayed extreme debility.

"Do not exert yourself to talk, madam," said the doctor; "you ought to have had advice sooner. I should like, miss, to speak to the mother, if you please."

"You may leave your directions with me," said the young lady, stepping before him. He hesitated a moment, and then prescribed the necessary treatment, while she listened with earnest attention, and replied to his questions with a modest and dignified composure, such he had never seen equalled, and held to beyond praise.

"Who can she be?" mentally asked the doctor, reverting, as he passed through the street, to the young lady, whose dress and air and language were so far superior to what was to be expected in an abode so humble—indeed, so really mean. And its fair inmate was no: the only anomaly the apartment exhibited. The furniture was mostly of the commonest kind, yet against the wall hung several beautifully executed and elegantly framed water-colour paintings, and on a table lay some handsomely bound books, and a guitar. Such incongruities were almost out of fashion in romance, did he feel assured that they had not been arranged for effect. The manner of the fair stranger was too earnest, too feeling, to be suspected. Who could she be? he could never have seen her before; such extreme beauty, never seen, must have retained a place in his memory.

With this subject for conjecture in his mind, the doctor proceeded homeward, when, on the way, he was overtaken and accosted by a tall, newly-made gentleman, with a slovenly dress and dishevelled hair, who proved to be the lawyer Mr. Meadows—the other eligible of Miss Wharncliffe.

"Pray, can you tell me any thing, Meadows, about the family in yonder little frame house, the last of the row but three? they seem to be strangers here," said the doctor, glad of an opportunity of questioning one who was presumed to know the concerns of all in the village, or low.

"Ah! yes, Mrs. Harrington and her children; I did a little business for them a short time ago," replied the lawyer; "do you attend to the mother? did you ever see so beautiful a creature as the daughter?"

"Beautiful, indeed; but can you tell me no more about them?"

"Yes, and I know you cannot help taking

an interest in them, for 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' myself, the hints necessary for me to have of their misfortunes, softened me considerably. The mother came here last winter with her younger children—I believe she has half a dozen of them—from L——. Her husband, who died at about that time, must have been a scoundrel. He was considered a man of wealth, but, having for several years been addicted to all the vices that run away with money, it was at last discovered that he had exhausted all he was worth, with as much more for others, and as he could pursue his career no longer where he was known, he abandoned his family, and absconded to the south, where he soon found that death was not so easy to baffle as the law. His property, of course, had been seized, and the widow was left utterly destitute. Pride, sensibility, or whatever you may please to call it, placed her above dependance on friends—of relations she had none to assist her, and she came hither, both to lose sight of the scene of her troubles, and because hopes were held out to her that she might raise a girls' school, for the support of her family. In the latter she was anticipated by another, and even if it had been otherwise, her delicate health would have prevented her from engaging in it. She was therefore obliged to become the tenant of the miserable place in which you found her."

"But the daughter?" said the doctor, with much interest.

"Well, the daughter, as I was telling you, was boarding in one of the cities, to complete the ornamental part of her education, and hastened here, after her mother, as soon as possible. She immediately exerted herself to obtain pupils in music and drawing, but with no better success than her mother, and she was obliged, by their pressing necessities, to put up with such a school as she could get—a few little brats, to learn their A. B. C's—an employment entirely unworthy of her, as she is, as far as I could judge, from seeing her twice or thrice, a girl of uncommon talents and accomplishments. That is all that I know about them; are you going this evening to Mr. Wharncliffe's."

"I believe not. I must be back again this way to see my new patient, and, besides I have other matters to attend to."

"I am glad of it. I am going there myself, and may stand some chance. When you are present, you always engross Miss Ehnor yourself, or she monopolizes you, which is pretty much the same thing. Pray tell me, Wither-

ton, are you really engaged to her? every body says you are caught at last."

"I thought that every body regarded me as doomed to live and die an old bachelor," said the doctor.

"So I believe they did, 'till lately, and so do I still. However, Miss Elinor is rather a fine-looking woman—hardly feminine enough for your taste, though. How old do you think she is? these English women keep their looks so well, that one can hardly ever guess their age by ten years."

"That ought to make it a matter of little consequence," said the doctor smiling.

"Oh, confound it, no! I think Miss Wharncliffe must be at least thirty—rather too far advanced. Do you know their circumstances? I never fell in with people so close-mouthed about their money matters. Sometimes I am led to suppose them rich, and then again, quite the reverse. Miss Elinor might make a good wife, that is, if there was plenty of money to go upon. I would not object to her myself, if she had brought over a few bags of gold guineas with her. Would you?"

"You know we doctors are less accustomed to handling money than you gentlemen of the law, and, consequently, have it less in our thoughts. However, I do think that Miss Wharncliffe, habituated to the luxuries of English high life, would be rather out of her sphere united to an American of limited means. But I must bid you good evening. Success to your visit."

The next morning the doctor called again at Mrs. Harrington's. He found her daughter seated in the outer apartment, with the baby again in her arms, and a couple of children standing beside her, spelling, while some eighteen or twenty others, from three years old to seven, were closely crowded around her. She arose quietly, and accompanied him into her mother's room. His patient, though better, was still feeble and suffering.

"I fear, madam," said he, "that you will be affected by the noise of so many children near you; had not the school better be dismissed for a time?"

"It does not disturb me. I am accustomed to the noise," she replied.

"Then would it not be prudent to obtain—" he was about to propose an attendant, but delicacy checked his question before it was finished.

Adeline Harrington seemed to understand him, but the same delicacy prevented, in her reply, any allusion to the restricted circum-

stances which occasioned the want, and observed, with a faint smile, "The child have just had a two weeks' holiday, and the parents objected to it as being too long. They are mostly sent here to be merely kept in the house, and out of the way at home, and they would be withdrawn entirely, if we gave the frequent vacations."

"But the duty of attending your mother and the infant, is sufficient for you, Miss Harrington, without the trouble of your pupils," answered the doctor, with increasing interest.

"Oh! I don't mind it! no one can neglect mamma as well as myself, and as to the children, they are really very good. Besides, my little sister helps me more than could be expected of her."

Mrs. Harrington sighed deeply, and the doctor, after giving farther directions, again took his leave. As he passed the window, he saw the young nurse return to her seat amidst the school.

Dear, dear Miss Addy!—never was teacher so gentle and patient; never had a teacher pupils so fond and admiring! her appearance as she sat among us in that miserable school-room, is present to my mind's eye as a scene of yesterday. Not a child of us but thought her the best and loveliest object in the world, and very few have had an opportunity through the lapse of years, to change that opinion. I, at least, have never seen any to rival her picture in my memory. Her figure was rather above than under the middle height; beautifully, and rather fully developed for so young. Her eyes were of a dark grey hazel, clear and bright and soft beyond description. Her features were faultlessly symmetrical, and her hair, dark and glossy, brown smoothly down over the temples, as is common at the present day, and hanging in rich curls, from behind her ears, upon her neck, enhanced the calm sweetness of their expression. Added to these, was a skin of unblemished purity—care and grief had taken away its bloom, and a combination of beauty formed, such as it is rare to meet with, and more rare to find it united to equal charms of the heart.

Imagine a kitchen of the most comfortable aspect, lighted by one small window, which rattled in every breeze, and around which cold wind came whistling, sometimes drifting snow-flakes over the floor, and this fair young creature seated in front of the scanty fire, which scarcely warmed the huge chimney in which it burnt, and the little benches of shivering

drawn closely around her, and you will have a picture of what the school-room presented every day through the long winter past. Then imagine her hastening, at the end of every lesson, into the room of her sick mother, to minister to her wants, and sometimes bending over the fire to prepare some nourishment or medicine required, or, if the invalid particularly needed repose, gathering us still more closely around her, whilst she kept us in profound silence, by relating some wonderful fairy-tale, or some touching narrative of juvenile sorrow or excellence; and remember that she had just left the comforts and elegancies of a fashionable boarding-house, where she had been admired and caressed by all, and her cheerful resignation will be the more justly appreciated.

"Dear, dear Miss Addy! there was not one among us who did not regard the little airs on the guitar, with which she rewarded us for a day's good behaviour, the greatest of all pleasures, and the tiny, but graceful paintings on cards, which paid us for a long term, the greatest of all possessions that could have been bestowed. Young as we were, we could not but perceive in her, something of superior goodness; that she had troubles, many and deep, and yet that a frown never visited her face, nor a fretful nor a harsh expression ever dropped from her lips. The weariness, the impatience of school-children, we never felt. She made even our alphabet and spelling-lessons a source of entertainment, and when, after a short holiday, we returned to school, and found there the baby, it was made a new source of enjoyment and reward. We learned to regard the little creature as something sacred, from her demeanour towards it. Its loudest and most protracted cries only brought from her looks of the greater affection, and proud we were, when, after a well-said task, we were allowed to hold it, shielded by her careful hands, in our arms!

All this Doctor Whitherton heard of and witnessed, and no wonder that he soon gained the confidence of those of us, who, from the aspirations of lancets and tooth-drawers, had a dread of "the doctor," by his kind and respectful manner towards Miss Addy!

But to return to the family at the Hall.—About three or four weeks after Doctor Witherton's introduction to the unfortunate widow, Wharncliffe and his son were seated in the parlor, one day after dinner, awaiting the return of a messenger, from the post-office.

"Has Nelly told you, George, how she and her neighbour are getting on?" asked the cl-

der gentleman. "He has not called here so often, of late."

"I am afraid it will turn out a failure; he seems very slow about coming to the point; I believe she begins to have a few doubts herself."

"Hump! I feel half sorry to hear it. He is really a gentleman for an American, and under present circumstances, a match not to be despised. I must wonder, for the hundredth time, why she has been so long unprovided for. She is good looking, and has every advantage of education and travel; her manners are agreeable, and her character not amiss, yet at home she could attract nothing better than an offer from a curate or a lieutenant, and here, not even so much. I expected, when we came over, to get a secretary for her, or a senator, at least. It is strange, very strange."

"Fate, father, fate! that's the explanation; unless, as I have sometimes expected, the men perceive that she is, like her father and brother, something of a schemer, and presume her, consequently, to have less heart than head. But here comes the papers."

The old gentleman opened a letter, while his son tore the covers from the newspapers, and read it with a perturbed countenance. "Smith, Thompson, & Co., again, George, said he. "I thought I had silenced them for a twelvemonth, at least."

"Let me see the letter," returned the son. "The deuce! the —! 'again demands payment'—'patience exhausted'—'obtain judgment'—'levy execution'—the deuce! what's to be done, father!"

"That's the question! they allow us two or three weeks to determine, but we have little choice as to the conclusion to come to."

"My course is plain," said George. "I'll go forthwith to one of the cities, and marry some rich grocer's or chandler's daughter."

"Ah, George! that's easier said than done. I have depended upon you too long. You have been talking about it ever since we came over, as you did before, and to no purpose."

"I had never fully made up my mind, father, that was the reason, but now I will set about it in earnest. A suit of the latest London cut, and a little talk, now and then, about our cousin, Lord Lumley, will do wonders. I wish I had a title to sport, if only for the occasion. These republican damsels are as eager for titles, and as much interested about the 'higher circles,' as ever was a romance-reading, grazier's daughter. At all events, I can talk about them as familiar things, without a great deal of fibbing, and, occasionally, for effect, can ex-



hibit one of Lumley's letters. Luckily, though a fool, he really is a lord, and our cousin, if it be but in the fortieth degree. And then, sometimes, I can throw in a word about our entailed estate—I need say nothing about the ninety-nine years' lease; and it will work admirably. Let me alone! I can manage with very little rascality—I would not stoop to that.'

"That's right, George; I am glad to perceive that you preserve the honourable principles which I have always tried to instil into you," said the old gentleman with much complaisance; "but poor Elinor! what's to become of her, in case you do not succeed?"

"We must try to bring the doctor to a proposal, and, if he proves obstinate, we shall have to take up with Meadows. He has been rather assiduous, of late."

"Meadows? I don't like that, altogether.—He wants education, refinement—it would be a sacrifice, George."

"The devil! better have him than nobody! Indeed, it would not be such an easy matter to secure him. He is a cunning fellow, fond of money, and, like most of his countrymen, has a horror of old maids. It is well that our baptismal register is on the other side of the ocean. It would never do to let him know that Nelly has stepped out of the twenties.—But we will leave it to her to arrange these matters herself. She has a longer head than either of us."

The next day but one, Mr. George Wharnccliffe set out for New-York, and immediately after his departure, Doctor Witherton received a message to call upon the old gentleman professionally. He obeyed it promptly, and found his neighbour in bed, and looking very gloomy.

"I'm afraid it's all over with me, doctor," said he; "my time has come at last."

The doctor inquired as to the principal seat of pain, but could get no satisfactory answer. "There is not the least cause for alarm, Mr. Wharnccliffe," he repeated; "you have perhaps caught a little cold, and are threatened with one of your fits of gout, or the weather, perhaps, affects your spirit. You will be well enough in a day or two."

"No, no, doctor," persisted the old gentleman; "I have lived a long time, and it will take but little, now, to carry me off. Do you know I am upwards of sixty?"

"Is that all, sir? I do not know any one of that age, more likely to go beyond the three score and ten, than yourself," said the doctor, conceiving that he now understood the nature of the case.

"You only flatter me, doctor; you must be aware that it is time for me to prepare for the worst. I must set about making my will at once; I do not understand the forms of laws, and must, therefore, employ a lawyer. I have been thinking about Mr. Meadows."

"No one could do it better, sir; however, I will assure you there is not the slightest necessity for it, from present appearances. The absence of your son makes you a little gloomy; but you this morning, did he not?—when do you expect him to return?—have you received your English papers lately?"

"Don't talk to me about any thing but my own situation, my dear sir," said the patient, and the doctor, after reasoning a little for his purpose, settled it in his mind, that the disease was one of hypochondriasis, and leaving a trifling prescription, he withdrew.

"Don't forget to call again in the evening, doctor," said the invalid, calling after him; "if I should get worse, I will send for you soon."

"I hope papa is not seriously ill?" said Elinor, meeting him in the hall.

"Nothing more than a disease of the imagination; has he been subject to it?"

"I never knew him to be so affected, before," replied the lady, and notwithstanding her own parent desire to protract the conversation, the doctor returned homeward.

In the afternoon he received another summons from Mr. Wharnccliffe, and on arriving at the Hall, he found Mr. Meadows in the patient's apartments, surrounded by writing materials.

"I have sent for you this time, doctor," said the invalid, "to perform an act of neighbourly kindness. I wish you to affix your name as a witness, to my will. Mr. Meadows has done me the favor to write it. You remember, I think, you this morning, that I was impressed with the necessity of having it done. Mr. Meadows, will you oblige me by reading it to you, Witherton?"

"That will be a needless trouble, sir; I do not require that I should know its contents," said Mr. Meadows?

"Not at all, not by any means—that is according to law," replied Meadows, eagerly.

"If you please, I should prefer the doctor to hear it," said Mr. Wharnccliffe; and accordingly to his wish, the lawyer proceeded to read his performance. Its substance was, after the requisite formalities, that George Wharnccliffe, the heir by law of the family estate, made legatee of all the testator's unencumbered property in the kingdom of Great Britain,

proceeds of the said testator's real estate, in the United States of America, to be designated by the aforesaid George Wharncliffe, after the death of the said testator, and the payment of all claims against the said testator, were, to an amount not exceeding ten thousand pounds, English currency, affectionately bequeathed to his beloved daughter, Elizabeth Wharncliffe.

On the reading over, the old gentleman subscribed his name with such solemnity, and after his two companions had added theirs, it was duly folded and sealed.

"Now I have done what duty required me," said the invalid, with great apparent satisfaction; "and if the worst come, why I am prepared for it."

The two witnesses shortly took their leave. "Do you think the old gentleman will die?" asked Meadows, anxiously.

"Not from any disease he has at present," replied the doctor, smiling.

"That's a nice fortune he has left to Miss Harlow, isn't it? even if it should not come for twenty years. Ten thousand pounds sterling—nearly fifty thousand dollars!—a man might spout law for many a long day before he would be worth such a sum. That George is a lucky dog; I did not suppose they had so much among them; indeed, I sometimes half-expected that they had nothing at all. It is quite satisfactory to write and witness wills, sometimes. Now tell me, Witherton, in sober earnest, have you any notion of Miss Wharncliffe?"

"In sober earnest, Meadows, I have not." "I thought so; I never could believe that you were intended for any thing else than an old bachelor. But you give me your word?"

"I do. Won't you walk in?" "That's a clever fellow!—no, thank you—good bye."

The doctor was serious in his reply to Meadows. Whatever might have been his views formerly, he had ceased to think of Miss Wharncliffe as his wife. "Thank Heaven!" thought he, cogitating over the events of the day, "that before this temptation presented itself, I had found a woman whose price is far above rubies! I think it is not vanity that suggests that I might have obtained Elinor Wharncliffe's hand; her fortune, though enjoyed at a late day, might do much for me; it might have placed me in that position before the world to which ambition points, and which I now struggle to reach, in vain. But what could I, with a venal object, in spite of conscience and my avowed principles, expect from an institution designed for the security of

the holiest earthly gift, domestic happiness—and that, too, when the probability is before me of obtaining a woman who would not only be the pride of my home in prosperity, but its blessing in adversity? never!" and he concluded his deliberations by setting off to the house of his patient, Mrs. Harrington. He found her sitting at an open window of her apartment, with her infant in her lap.

"Thank you doctor," she replied to his inquiries about her health. "I now feel quite well; so well, that I think it will be no longer necessary to trouble you with looking after me."

"But, my dear madam, I hope you will sometimes let me come for my own benefit; to acquire lessons of fortitude and patience against my hour of affliction shall arrive. I have now come for a purpose of my own—to get you to be my confidant. Is not Miss Harrington at home?"

"She has just gone out with the children, to walk for exercise," replied the widow, the tears starting in her eyes; "poor Adeline! her school, and her domestic labours, begin to overpower her. I can perceive her spirits changing as well as her appearance, notwithstanding all her efforts to support them. God help us all, if she should sink under her exertions for us!"

"Place her under my care, my dear madam, and, I beseech you, be it for life! a daughter so admirable, so incomparable, must make a noble wife! is there any hope that I can win her to be mine?"

"Doctor Witherton!"

"How could I help falling in love with her, Mrs. Harrington, seeing her every day, as I did, so devotedly, so gracefully sustaining and ennobling duties, under which, if she had not possessed the soul of a martyr, she must have sunk! tell me, my dear madam, is there any hope for me? I could not bear to forfeit her confidence, by appealing to her at once, as must have been the case, should she not have been disposed so listen favourably. You must have suspected me! you will not, I trust, throw any obstacles in my way?"

"I will not, indeed, Doctor Witherton; you have won my esteem as well as my gratitude, and, what, I am confident, you will also desire, I promise to use no persuasion in your favour. I did not suspect your feelings. I knew of how little consequence the greatest virtues are, in the eyes of the world, generally, when found in one so unfriended and portionless as my daughter. Of this, too, she was well aware,

and while she received gratefully, as marks of sympathy and kindness, the attentions you offered her, she has never allowed a thought of a warmer feeling to enter her mind. Of this I am assured, yet equally so, that she fully appreciates your character, and admires your talents."

"Then I do not despair. With your leave, I will go and look for her;" and our bachelor started on his quest, happy in the feeling that he was "caught at last."

The making of his will, seemed to have a salutary effect upon Mr. Wharnclyffe, for, on visiting him the next morning, the doctor found him much more cheerful. The favourable symptoms increased, and at the end of a week, he was perfectly well. During this time, his daughter gradually perceived that a conquest of their neighbour was out of the question, and, nothing daunted, heroine as she was, she turned her battery upon Mr. Meadows, whose visits were now daily repeated. How well she succeeded in this, was proven by the lawyer himself, who, a few weeks after, entered the study of the doctor, with looks of great exultation.

"I beg your pardon, Witherton," said he, "but I have cut you out completely."

"In what?" asked the doctor, with a strong suspicion.

"With Elinor Wharnclyffe; I have called, however, to make as much reparation as is in my power, by asking you to be my groomsmen."

"Ah! has it come to that? when will you require my services?"

"To-morrow two weeks."

"Not 'till then? I am sorry, my dear fellow, to be obliged to decline the compliment, but against then I shall be disqualified for the office. To-morrow, *one* week, I hope 'to signify under my sign, here lives Benedict, the married man."

"You! that's a good one! ha! ha! you make up your mind to get a wife! but, upon my word, you tell it with as good a grace as if it were earnest!" said Meadows, staring a moment, then laughing.

"And so it is earnest," said the doctor, returning his laugh. "Why should I not make up my mind, when I could find a wife to suit me?"

"Why, who, under the sun, are you going to get?"

"A lady, some of whose good qualities you made known to me yourself—Adeline Harrington."

"Adeline Harrington! is it possible!—to be sure she is beautiful and good, but—"

"But she has not ten thousand pounds! well, Meadows, every one to his taste. Whether of us need wish that we had both tho alike."

And, at the end of two weeks, both marriages had taken place. Mrs. Harrington and family were removed to the house of Doctor Witherton, who, it was unanimously agreed in the village, "had his hands full," while related Meadows became an inmate of Wharnclyffe Hall.

Several months went round, when, one day, Meadows, with other idlers of the village, standing before the principal inn, to inspect the disembodying of a mail coach, and, among the passengers, he recognised an old acquaintance, a civil officer from the nearest city. Greeting him cordially, he accompanied him into a parlour, where, after a little conversation, the gentleman, on opening his portmanteau, took out a packet, which, he asked his assistant to deliver.

"For Doctor Witherton"—with pleasure, he is a near neighbour of mine. I'll carry it myself."

"I would not trouble you, but I am not personally acquainted with the gentleman. That port speaks highly of him. That packet contains, I believe, the first intelligence of the most country physicians would consider an honour and good fortune. He has been elected to the professorship in the medical college recently vacated by the death of Doctor C——."

"Is it possible? then the fellow has had luck, after all."

"I must, also, request your aid, professionally, in an affair which has brought me here. There is a person in your neighbourhood named Wharnclyffe; I have an execution against him in favour of Smith, Thompson, & Co. brokers. It is for the sale of his personal effects, the real estate being secured by mortgage to the former owners."

"The devil!" ejaculated Meadows; "Wharnclyffe is my father-in-law."

"I beg pardon, then, for mentioning the subject; I was not aware of it. We are all to difficulties of the kind," but without waiting to hear more, Meadows snatched up his hat and hurried home.

A few hours afterwards, he presented himself in the office of Doctor Witherton, in a state of great agitation.

"What's the matter!" asked the doctor, "have you come to get that tooth taken out?"

"Pshaw! I have been cheated, Witherton!"

bled most villanously. Old Wharnccliffe bankrupt—not worth a clear dollar in the world.”

“I am sorry to hear it. How have you involved yourself with him?”

“Involved myself? I have done no such thing. But don't you remember *that* will?—All the property they have in England, is leased out for a couple of generations, to pay old claims, and the Folly, over here, all they have in this country, is mortgaged to almost the full amount—only a few hundred dollars having been paid on it; and an execution has just been levied on the personal effects for other debts. They had some money left from their lease, which they have been travelling and living upon, but it is really all spent.”

“It is very unfortunate, certainly, but I am glad to hear that you are not injured.”

“Injured! haven't I been grossly cheated?—*that* will! Witherton, that will!—it was a rascally fraud—do you see it to it?”

“How does the old gentleman explain?” asked the doctor.

“There's the bite! he says it was done in a fit of the hyppo, when a man can't be expected to know what he's about.”

“Well, well, Meadows, if you are no worse than you were before, you had better say nothing about it.”

“Say nothing! be fooled in that way, and do nothing! Why, Witherton, I believe my wife was party to the deception—I do, indeed! I have made up my mind to be divorced!”

“Nonsense, nonsense, man!” said the doctor, scarcely able to restrain a laugh, as a full description of the plot broke upon him; “you'll soon get over it. You may be mistaken, and if you are not, you know that ladies are sensible in resorting to a little artifice, to protect themselves with husbands. You must forget it all. Mrs. Meadows is a woman of excellent sense, and will, no doubt, make you a very good wife.”

But Meadows chafed on, pacing the floor at top speed. “I had almost forgotten to deliver” said he, stopping to present the packet; “it seems your good luck comes with my misadventures.”

The doctor broke the seal, and taking out a paper, read it, while a flush of pleasure passed over his face; “I suppose you know the contents of this?” said he.

“Yes, and I believe the situation you are alluded to, is one of the most honourable in the country, for a scientific man, and one that

yields several thousands a year. You will accept it?”

“Certainly. I am the more gratified by my election from its being altogether unexpected. It never entered my mind to be a candidate.—It is exactly what I would have wished for, if I had thought there was any probability of obtaining it.”

“You are a lucky fellow,” said Meadows, sighing, and turning to leave the room.

“I suppose I may receive it as my wife's marriage portion,” the doctor could not help observing, with a smile, as he attended his visitor to the door.

The duties of his chair immediately called Doctor Witherton to the city, where he and his lovely and accomplished wife were soon regarded as among the most distinguished ornaments of the polished and intellectual circle which received them. Their house was left in the occupancy of Mrs. Harrington, who, with the assistance of the notable Mrs. Eyeset, in the domestic department, there established a boarding-school, by which she not only benefited the community at large, but realized a handsome competence for herself, and secured the education and comfortable establishment of her younger children.

“What has become of Meadows and his wife?” asked the doctor of an old neighbour, on his first visit to his former home.

“They went to house-keeping in the village, after the sale of the Folly. I suppose you have heard that it was sold to pay for itself. Old Mr. Wharnccliffe went with them, being disabled from going any where else, by a severe fit of the gout, which has not left him. Meadows, who was not on the best terms with him, would not be convinced that he was really ill—I don't know from what reason—until he had received a solemn assurance of it from your medical successor. He will be obliged, I suppose, to keep the old gentleman to the end of the chapter.”

George Wharnccliffe, according to his design, scoured city after city in search of a rich wife, living, no one knows how, and has not found one yet.



SIR WILLIAM GOOCH, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street, in the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro who was passing. “Sir,” said the gentleman, “do you descend so far as to salute a slave?” “Why yes,” replied the governor, “I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners.”

Written for the Amaranth.

## A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Loved of my heart! my only son!  
 Thy mother oft, oft weeps for thee—  
 Weeps, that a heart so light and young  
 So soon this world's cold frown should see:  
 So soon should leave our happy band,  
 To wander o'er a distant land.

She weeps when nightly round our hearth,  
 All are assembled—all but thou!  
 When beauteous peace, and laughing mirth,  
 Smiling bedecks each youthful brow.  
 Oh, then thy mother sheds the tear,  
 My son, my son! thou art not here!

She weeps—when rages fearfully,  
 The bitter blast, the wintry storm,  
 That thou art on the raging sea—  
 Far from thy parents, land, and home;  
 Thou dost not feel a mother's care,  
 Yet, oh! thou hast a mother's prayer.

Oh, thou art young, too young to rove,  
 Alone this world of sin and woe—  
 Too young to leave a mother's love,  
 To brave the storms that rudely blow—  
 The roaring waves—the dashing spray,  
 That e'er attend the sailor's way.

But bless thee, dearest! may kind Heaven  
 E'er watch thy steps, and guard thy way,  
 Her choicest gifts to thee be given,  
 Her arm be thy protecting stay!  
 Farewell, a mother's heart is thine,  
 Round thee her fondest hopes entwine.

*St. John, January, 1842.* H. S. B.

## STANZAS.

"We've learn'd to live without each other."

*We have!*—but have we learned to view  
 The past without regret?  
 Is either calm and happy now,  
 As though we ne'er had met?

Is there no dark cloud in the sky,  
 No thorn amid the flowers?  
 No bitterness within life's cup,  
 That was not always ours?

Whence does the fount of feeling flow,  
 That opened once to me?  
 Or is it chill'd, like that within  
 My breast—once shared with thee?

*There is no answer!*—Memory  
 And Hope alike are vain!  
 We only know we live apart,  
 And shall not meet again.

Written for the Amaranth.

## A Tale of the Fifteenth Century.

"Ah, Marie, believe me that I will never  
 with a crowned Prince; tell me sweet  
 what happiness I could expect? Look at  
 cousin Joan, though wedded to the bold  
 gundy, do you ever see a smile on her coun-  
 tenance?"

Such were the exclamations of the  
 daughter of Charles VI. of France. Her  
 companion's reply was met with a sweet, child-  
 laugh of surprize; and Katherine raising  
 beautiful eyes to her friend's countenance,  
 to her—

"And so my sage Marie, you believe that  
 father would will his daughter to wed with  
 she liked not. Oh, I tell you truly, *ma*  
*cousine*, that even if England's lion-heart  
 Henry were to sue for my hand, I would  
 fuse him. Katherine of France gives not  
 hand where her heart is not given; and I  
 be right well wooed before I allow myself  
 to be won."

It was in a retired walk of the palace  
 that this conversation was going on.  
 The speakers were both beautiful; one was tall  
 of queenly grace—the other was fair and  
 delicate as a fragile flower; but for all that  
 she looked well fitted for the high station in  
 which she was placed.

They continued their earnest conversat-  
 ion; they thought, unheard; but they had a  
 listener, and if one might judge by the smile  
 on his countenance, he was well pleased with  
 what he had learned.

"A dainty lady," whispered he to him-  
 self, "and so not even Henry of England would  
 marry her." As he said this, something lying  
 on the walk attracted his attention—it was a glove  
 which, by its size, he knew must belong to  
 the smaller of the two ladies; he quickly took  
 it into the walk in which they were promenad-  
 ing, and presenting himself before the ladies,  
 he offered the glove to its fair owner; their eyes  
 met, and the destiny of both was fixed in that  
 glance, and the young man, instead of re-  
 ceiving the glove, placed it in his bosom, with  
 the following words—

"Lady, this glove shall never be out of  
 my possession, unless Katharine of France  
 claims it;" he fixed his searching eyes on  
 the lady's face, and he knew his surmise was  
 true. This sweet bud of beauty, that seemed  
 bursting into womanhood, was Katherine  
 of France. "Farewell, sweet lady," he  
 cried, "and do not forget Henry Hereford."

meantime the Princess' companion having looked on, Katherine followed her, but not without turning several times to follow with her eyes the handsome young stranger.

Three weeks passed away, and one fine evening might be seen a lady and gentleman slowly walking on the banks of the Seine, not far from the palace. The young man was apparently twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, his features were elegantly and correctly formed, his head, which was uncovered, presented a profusion of dark glossy hair, falling in long curls on his shoulders, after the fashion of the time. His dress, which consisted of a close fitting suit of black velvet, with a short cloak of the same rich material, with a bordering of blue fur—was without ornament. The young lady was perhaps seventeen, she was very beautiful; her form was below the common height, but perfect in its proportions. Her complexion, like the daughters of vine-clad France, was surpassingly fair—her features were Grecian. Her eyes were blue, not that laughing blue eye so common, but the deep blue eye, so pensive, and yet so tender in its expression, with long brown lashes, increasing if possible that same pensiveness. Her sunny brown hair was fashioned back plainly, by a band of pearls from her low broad forehead, and fell in wavy luxuriance to her waist. Her dress bespoke much higher rank than the gentleman's. The sweet smile that played round her mouth was succeeded by a look of haughty displeasure, at something her companion had whispered to her. She withdrew her arm from his, and stood a moment without replying. At last she said with much earnestness, and with a voice like the distant music—

"Believe me, Henry, nought can change me, though the diadem of England's King was offered for my acceptance, I would spurn it for your sake; but never mention flight again to a daughter of France. Farewell, I must away."

"Stay, lady," said her lover, "stay at least, and hear." They were standing by a seat under the branches of a lofty oak; with gentle violence the lover drew his mistress to it, and threw himself beside her. "Katherine," said he, "there is a rumour that England's proud monarch demands your hand from your father. I am of his court, and know him well—he will take no refusal, but sweet one, the tenth night from this, I shall be here waiting for you, when I shall know your determination. In the meantime keep this for me." So saying, he took from his neck a fine gold chain of exquisite workmanship, to which was attached a

ruby heart. He placed it on her neck—Katherine gave the promise of meeting, and after some whispered words of farewell, they parted. I need hardly inform my readers, that these lovers were Katherine of France, and Henry Hereford.

As the Princess entered her saloon, she was met by her father, who affectionately kissed her. He passed his arm around her waist, and said "come with me my love, I have something of consequence to communicate to you. Kate, do you know that we are soon to have a wedding in our court." Katherine looked up with an enquiring air. "Your cousin Maria," continued the King, "marries the Duke of Orleans," and then fixing his eyes on his wondering daughter, he added, "and you my little Kate, wed with Henry of England." He stopped, startled at the paleness of the Princess' cheek, and before he was aware of her intention, she was on her knees before him. "Father, dear father, only unsay those words; would you condemn your child to a wretchedness of life, like cousin Joan's." Her father raised her, and in a few brief words as follows, explained to her the necessity of complying with his wishes. "My Katherine," said her father, "your country demands this sacrifice of your feelings. France is in a wretched situation, England has seized many of our towns; I have this day, concluded a treaty with England's Monarch, your hand is the pledge of our mutual good faith, and now my child, all you can say will not change my purpose; a fortnight will see you the bride of Henry." After saying those cruel words, the King imprinted a kiss on his daughter's forehead, and left the room. Katherine sank insensible on the couch where her father had placed her. I will not dwell on the agony of her young heart, nor tell with what a crushed spirit, she saw the brilliant preparations for her marriage.

The evening appointed for her meeting with Henry Hereford, arrived. The evening was beautiful, not a cloud was to be seen, the sky was all blue, save, where a silver shade marked the moon's course through it.—But that moon never looked on a sadder heart than Katherine's, as she walked out to meet her lover. A few moments, and she was by his side. "My Princess," said he, "I thought you would never come, but dearest love, how sad and pale you look." They sat down under the old oak that had witnessed so many happy meetings, and now was to witness their sad parting. "You are ill, dearest," continued her lover, "this night air is too much for you.—

Are you not cold, let me thus mantle you;" and with a respectful air, he fastened his velvet cloak around her.

"Henry," said the Princess, "this night you are to have your final answer—hear it then. I see you no more, four days from now, sees me the bride of England's monarch. I love you, I do not hesitate to confess it; this confession, however, is but the prelude of our parting."

"Katherine, dearest, once more I implore you to fly—I am rich, we will go to some far isle, where nature is always beautiful. We will rear our home under its sunny sky; your path shall be strewn with fair flowers, and as they spring up, the very air you breathe shall be filled with their perfume. Your life shall glide on like the course of a river in a southern clime; I will anticipate your every want, and fulfil your slightest wish, and with me to shield you from all danger, you need know no fear. I have trusty friends here, eay but the words, and an hour from this time, shall find us far on our way;" and as her lover painted in such glowing terms, her life with him, her beautiful lips parted into a smile, but there was a tear struggling with the smile, and the smile was lost in the mark of sadness by which it was accomplished—

"Urge me no more, Henry," said she, "my promise is given to my father, and although I cannot make Henry Plantagenet a loving wife, I at least can make him one who will consider it her duty to consult his wishes in every respect. Take back your ruby heart, and keep it for the one, who will supply my place in your affections; you will go into the world, and in new scenes, and among new faces, will learn to forget me."

"Never, by Heaven," said Henry, "yon moon may forget to shine, and yon star may forget its course, but never will Katherine of France be forgotten by Henry Hereford."—Katherine heeded not his words, but continued, "farewell Henry, we must part, we must never meet again."

"Yes, Katherine, we will meet again; my office is near the King, I shall be in the throng who meet you on your wedding day. I shall see you there the happy bride of Henry V. Farewell, sweet lady, may you be happy."—He turned away, and in a few moments was lost to the sight of the unfortunate Princess.

The fourth day after this sad farewell, witnessed Katherine's marriage by proxy to Henry. The bride looked beautiful, but mournful in her beauty. Her face grew pale, and her

lips trembled, as she pronounced the words made her the wife of one unknown to her. Numerous was the throng that followed sweet lily of France to the vessels of war was to take her and her retinue from the friends and their country.

Fair winds soon brought them to the girt isle;" Katherine was received with a hearty welcome by the rough islanders, who were charmed with the beautiful bride of their monarch. At the gates of London she was met by a number of Lords on horseback. Among the group of nobleman, Katherine looked eagerly for the king; there was one mounted on a statlier charger than the rest, and alone was bonnetted. A long white plume concealed his face from her sight, but she knew him to be the king. He dismounted, and sat at the carriage and by her side in a moment. She dared not look at him—she heard on either side the cry of "God save their Majesty." A well known voice murmured "Kate," she turned eagerly, and in Henry the Fifth, King of England, she saw Henry Hereford.

Katherine did not dare trust herself to speak, and Henry looking fondly at her, whispered— "Well, sweetheart, do you like Henry of England better for being Henry Hereford. I wanted to be loved for myself, and Katherine must fairly confess, that Katherine of France is both wooed and won."

That evening the marriage service was solemnly performed, and right willingly did Katherine now give her hand where her heart was already bestowed. Numerous were the pleasures set on foot, to shew the joy of the people at their King's choice. And Henry, did he repent it?—No; Katherine was to him all that he had promised to be; and her fate, unlike the generality of Queens, was a happy one; she never regretted the treaty between France and England, which at first had caused her much misery, and now made her so happy, and her happiness was increased when she heard that her father knew of her love for Henry. It was he who had proposed the deception to Henry, for he said that he never wished his daughter to marry one she did not love. When Henry sued for his bride, her father's answer was, "Woo her Henry, win her, she is worthy of a crown." How well would and won, my readers must judge.

St. John, January, 1842.

CLAS



THAT defect or fault which has become habitual, cannot be very trifling.

TO——

How hast left me to my sorrow,  
 And withdrawn thy love from me;  
 But my mem'ry still must borrow  
 All its dearest thoughts from thee.  
 Though I know that I am fading,  
 Neath a cold world's bitter blast;  
 And they tell me 'tis degrading,  
 Yet I'll love thee to the last.

Where thy false vows first were plighted,  
 It were needless now to tell;  
 How my constant heart was slighted,  
 Thou can'st yet remember well;  
 But I mean not to upbraid thee,  
 May'st thou never know the smart;  
 When some false one has betray'd thee  
 Of a fond and doting heart.

On thy path of pleasure hieing,  
 Whilst it brightens in thine eye,  
 Lay no thought of her now dying,  
 Wake thy bosom's faintest sigh:  
 But, should sorrow overtake thee,  
 And thy dreams of pleasure flee,  
 When at night thy grief awakes thee,  
 Think of those thou gav'st to me.

—●●●—  
 For The Amaranth.

"No regularity of features, no brilliancy of complexion, no sparkling eyes or silken hair, render that lady beautiful, who, when she has her lips, (though they be of coral,) displays a set of discoloured teeth." RILEY.

"The idea of calling such a man a *gentleman*! why I would as soon call a man a gentleman, who did not keep his teeth clean!"

ANONYMOUS.

"PAPA," said a pretty girl to her vulgar mother, "give me five shillings to go to a dentist and get my teeth cleaned. Mrs. F. told me and all her school, the other day, that being more unbecoming than discoloured teeth." "Nonsense, my child, why would you waste money in that manner, your teeth are perfectly sound, and what good can a dentist do them?" "No papa, but Mrs. F. said no young lady could pretend to refinement unless she kept her teeth nice; and that if any of the young ladies of her school had discoloured teeth, people might think she had not properly instructed them, and besides, papa, since we have observed how different my teeth look from those of young girls who have always been taught to keep their teeth white, it makes me quite unhappy, for I am really ashamed to

smile in the presence of any educated person, for fear of showing my teeth." "O well, my dear," said her good-natured father, "if it will add any thing to your happiness, I will not make any objection; but take care that the dentist do not injure your teeth."

Such was the instructive good sense, with which the beautiful Julia S. always improved to her own advantage, every remark which she heard made by persons of correct taste. She did not, however, tell her father *all* the reasons which made her so anxious to have her teeth made more beautiful than they were; but I believe very few young ladies whose beaux deserve to be called *gentlemen*, will have much difficulty in fancying what *other* reason there might have been.

Julia had not, indeed, had the advantage of much instruction in matters of refinement at home. Her parents had been brought up in a new country, where the means of polite education were not attainable; but her father had made himself rich, and, being a sensible man, had determined to educate his children; and Julia was therefore sent to Mrs. F's school, at that time, the most fashionable in the town.

Impressions suddenly made, are usually strong, and so it was with the beautiful Julia S. Having made her teeth all that a pretty girl could wish, she could never afterwards, without strong disgust, look at a *vulgar* mouth. In a letter to one of her school-mates, some time afterwards, she thus takes her revenge of a young man who had unconsciously annoyed her:—"How disagreeable it is to be in company with a vulgar young man! That insufferable fellow, Charles ——, was at Mrs. R's pic nic party on Tuesday, and I was so unfortunate as to receive a great part of his attentions. It is true, he is the son of the honorable Mr. S.; but what amends can that make for his shockingly neglected teeth? I dare say he thought I ought to be much flattered, but I should be much more flattered if he would do me the justice to believe I cannot look at his *teeth*. How *can* a young man be so rude as to go up to a lady and show her his filthy teeth? I really cannot conceive how any lady can endure the attentions of such a person. I dare say he would not sit down to dinner with soiled *hands*, then how can he with worse than soiled *teeth*? I wonder whether he ever saw his own teeth? I declare I will send him a Valentine, and desire him to look at them. You may think me fastidious, but I protest I think no young man should be tole-



rated in society, who has not the decency to keep his teeth clean."

Such were the sentiments of the elegant Julia S., and though some persons may think them severely expressed, very few, who have any pretensions to refinement, will doubt their correctness. The truth is, that those who neglect their teeth, have no idea how much others are disgusted when they smile. Some time ago, I was introduced to a very pretty young lady at an evening party. Any teeth are white by candle-light. We entered into lively conversation, and I doubt not she thought she had made an *impression*—and so she had. A few days after, I joined her in the street, and, oh! her neglected teeth! if I had any idea of calling before, it was now effectually banished from my mind. She would, I dare say, have been not a little mortified, if, on returning home, she had found a black spot on her face; yet this my gallantry would have attributed entirely to accident.

ASTEIOS.

St. John, January, 1842.

### THE ORPHAN'S LOT.

HER pathway is the wide and open street,  
The highway of the world—the city's throng;  
Where busied men in wild confusion meet.

By the crowd's pressure is she borne along;  
Or hurried to and fro, where the full mart  
Throbs with less life than throbs her crowded  
heart!

Within that heart are met more strifes than  
move

The riot multitude 'mid which she strays,  
Whose feet, unheedful of that ark of love,  
Trample it downward on their stony ways!—  
And the scythed chariots sweep by and crush  
'Mid the world's wars;—and there are none to  
save;

Or if one, kindlier, to her help should rush,  
'Tis but to point a new way to the grave!—  
Poor orphan! make thy bed upon the ground,  
No more contending!—Death is short; life  
long.

What doth the stricken where the hale abound?  
Or can the weak make battle with the strong?  
Turn back, ere yet the hoof is on thy breast;  
And lie thou softly down—and take thy rest!

CERTAINLY it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest on Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Sir Francis Bacon.*

### THE CAPTIVE PRINCE

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Mine has been the fate of those  
To whom the goodly earth and air  
Are banned and barred."—

*The Prisoner of Chillon.*

IN one of the apartments of Windsor Castle, remote from those occupied by the royal family, sat James, the son and heir of Robert King of Scotland. Books of classic lore, those containing the productions of the celebrated poets of England and other countries were arranged on shelves, while a favourite volumes lay on a table on which he leaned. He held a pen in his hand and a sheet of paper lay before him, on which were a few poetical lines, but the free and song of the birds, borne on the summer breeze through the grated windows, by reminding that he was a captive, smote upon his heart, banished the bright dreams that fancy had dreamed up.

Having been made a prisoner by Henry at the age of eleven, while on his way to France, whither his father had sent him that he might escape the danger to which he was exposed by the ambition of the Duke of Albany, he not only retained in captivity the remainder of that King's life, but during the whole of his successor, Henry V., in order to procure the alliance of Scotland with France. Henry IV. having had the generosity to bestow upon him an excellent education, and possessing a taste for poetry and music, which he successfully cultivated, the young prince was enabled to beguile many an otherwise weary hour with all these mental resources, though sometimes when the chains of captivity galled to the quick, and he would have given up to have exchanged his lot with that of the meanest peasant.

He rose and went to the window. The prospect of the Thames and of the surrounding country, dressed in its summer garb of verdure and bloom, was beautiful, and there were times when he could gaze on it with the loving and impassioned feelings of the poet; but his heart was far away amid his native hills, where in childhood he used to rove at will, his eyes grew dim with tears. As he looked out at the window to catch the coolness of the breeze on his burning brow and throbbing temples, he succeeded in gradually subduing his feelings to that stern and determined course learned only in the school of adversity, and attained only by those who have the

will to submit uncomplainingly to its iron discipline. The royal gardens lay below, but owing to the iron bars that crossed his window, that portion nearest the buildings was concealed from his view, and, all at once, he became conscious that a soft female voice occasionally mingled its melody with the wild bird's carol. Notes of so much sweetness, he imagined, could proceed only from the love-lips of lips, and he earnestly desired to obtain a view of the songstress. His wish seemed likely to remain ungratified, as she continued that part of the garden which he was debarred from beholding. At length, however, she emerged to view, and approaching a large rose-bush, commenced plucking some of the half-blown flowers. The Prince had never before beheld a face and form so perfectly beautiful. It was at so early an hour that she probably imagined that there were no watchful eyes to observe her, and her rich chestnut hair, restrained by golden bodkin or jewelled band, fell in long, glassy ringlets over a neck of almost dazzling whiteness, at every motion sweeping the dew from the glittering leaves of the rose-bush as she bent over it.

It is singular how the lineaments, the voice, and peculiar air, even, after having been long lost, are sometimes revived in a descendant.—The features of this lovely creature were almost the same as those which have so long since been made familiar by the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The rich, ripe lips, bore the same expression of pensive tenderness, the soft brilliant eyes were shaded by the same long and silken lashes, and the outline of her exquisite chin and throat melted as harmoniously into that of the snowy neck.—Gathering a few other flowers valuable for their grateful perfume, she arranged the whole into a bouquet, which, having tied with a band of silk floss, she left that part of the garden and returned to the Prince's view. Rescating himself at the table and taking up the pen, which a few minutes before, he had abandoned, he hastily sketched one of those little songs which have since been attributed to him under the name of Scottish Melodies. He then took a paper which sat in one corner of the room, and soon adapted the lines to a simple and beautiful air, with which he resolved to greet the lady of the bouquet, should she appear in the garden. By means of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, he ascertained that her name was Joanna Beaufort, and that she was the blood-royal of England. He soon had the opportunity which he desired to try the

effect of his song, the words of which were so pointed, that she could not be at a loss to know that she was the person addressed. The prince could even discern the deepening of the rose-tint on her cheeks as she slowly turned away, but the high grated windows of his prison, sunk deeply into the heavy walls, precluded her from obtaining even an indistinct view of his person, which she gladly would have done by stealth, through the flowery hedge behind which she retreated. She only knew that the minstrel was Prince James of Scotland, whose fate had frequently been the private theme of conversation among the ladies of the court.—Strongly was she tempted, the following morning, to visit her favorite rose-bush, but she resisted the inclination, although, while she was gathering some roses far less beautiful, where she could not obtain even a glimpse of the prisoner's window, she would hear him singing the same song to which she had listened the morning preceding.

Each day, by early dawn, did the Prince repair to his window, in the hope to again behold her who had inspired him with such lively sentiments of admiration and love. It was his fate to be disappointed.

One day, near its close, when on her way to the apartments of the Queen, Joanna Beaufort encountered a minstrel, who, lowly bowing, requested her to acquire of her grace, if she would listen to a few Scottish songs. She conveyed the message, and Catherine, who might find the English court somewhat dull, in comparison with that of her own country, ordered him to be admitted. He was tall and finely formed, and wore the plaid of his country with much grace. As he entered, he lifted his bonnet from his brow, which he carefully consigned to the floor, displaying a profusion of glossy raven curls. Having respectfully greeted the Queen, he ran his fingers over the strings of the harp by way of prelude, and then in a clear, manly voice, commenced his song. At the sound of his voice, Joanna Beaufort started, and to conceal her agitation from the Queen, sunk back into the recess of a window. As he sung, the minstrel kept his eyes fastened on the floor. Once only he ventured to raise them to the face of the fair girl who stood opposite to him, and then his voice faltered, and his fingers roved over the harp-strings with an unsteady and doubtful touch. It might have been the reflection of the heavy crimson curtain that shaded the window, but as she turned from his gaze, a color broke over her cheeks deep as the half-blown rose that

nestled in the snowy folds of the handkerchief that shaded her bosom.

"Sir Minstrel," said Queen Catharine, gaily, as he closed his song, "thou art master of thy art, and if Harry of Monmouth had not already won me, and borne me from my dear sunny France, I would refuse to listen to his suit 'till he could win me with a lay sweet as thine. Now sing us a somewhat merrier ditty, and then we must dismiss thee, for the long shades which begin to be cast upon the floor, would remind me, did not my heart do so, that the hour is at hand for me to visit the young Prince."

"Your Grace's command shall be obeyed," he replied, "though I have little cause, and still less heart, for a merry song."

"Ah," said Catharine, "thou must go to France, where the sons of Appollo find favour as well as those of Mars."

The minstrel was about to commence his second song, when a stir was heard in the passage. The door was thrown open, the King announced, and the next moment Henry V. entered the apartment. At the first intimation of the King's approach, the minstrel had received permission from the Queen to withdraw, and had sunk back into the shadowy part of the room, that he might glide thence, unnoticed, as soon as the passage through the door should be unobstructed. He was in the act of executing his intention, when he caught the eye of the King, who commanded him to remain.—He obeyed, retreating still further into the gloom. Joanna Beaufort turned pale, and without knowing what she did, plucked the leaves from the beautiful rose in her bosom, and then bent over the leafless stem, as if the bloom and perfume still remained.

"It is only a poor minstrel from Scotland," said the Queen, "whom I suffered to enter for mine and Mistress Beaufort's diversion."

"It would better content me," replied the King, "to entertain one soldier, than a dozen minstrels, and I would prefer to see a parcel of right active lads play a game at leap-frog, than to hear a song from each of the dozen."

"Ah, your majesty never heard this minstrel. If you would only please order him to sing, you would surely alter your mind."

"Thy sweet voice, Kate, and the prattle of the young Prince, are music enough for me, but I will not cross thy desire. Stand forth, Sir Minstrel, where thou canst catch a glance of light from yonder window, and sing us a soldier's song."

He stepped forward with a reluctant and em-

barrassed air, and commenced singing with a fluttering voice. Gradually his embarrassment subsided, and as he finished, with a look of majesty and grace of which Henry had never might have been proud, he turned to the King and requested leave to withdraw. Henry raised his hand in token of assent, and kept his eyes fixed upon him 'till he had quite disappeared from the apartment. He sat a few moments apparently absorbed in thought, and then abruptly addressing Joanna Beaufort, demanded if she knew the minstrel's name.

"I never saw him 'till this evening," said Joanna, "your majesty," she replied.

"I shrewdly suspect he is no more a wandering minstrel, than the wandering Jew. I have heard of him." A lad in waiting stepped forward, and said, "He is gone to the hall."

"Go to the hall," said Henry, "and command the minstrel to be there, say that I command him to receive liberal entertainment, but that a reward must be set over him for the present."

Joanna Beaufort made a movement as if she would have followed him, but she was too, intended to leave the room soon after the departure of the page.

"Nay, Mistress Beaufort," said Henry, in a playful yet decided tone, "we shall not permit thee to leave us at present. A handsome man should not be trusted in company with those minstrel boys, or ten to one there will be some love passages between them."

Thus rebuked, with cheeks glowing with mingled shame and indignation, she sunk again into the recess of the window. Henry, in truth, suspected that the minstrel was no other than his royal prisoner, for, although many years had passed away since he had seen him, the last and only time being long before his accession to the crown, the grave and thoughtful, yet handsome countenance of the captive Prince made an impression on his memory which the jovial and reckless manner in which he spent his time, had never thought to efface. Though naturally of a frank and generous disposition, the King seems to have been actuated by a narrow and illiberal jealousy with regard to the Prince, for he refused to liberate him after the alleged cause of his captivity no longer existed, Scotland having entered into an alliance with France.

In a short time the page returned with information that the minstrel, before he had proceeded to the hall, had departed, no one could tell whither. However quiet and contented Joanna Beaufort might be in her general demeanour, at this intelligence, had not an increasing gloom prevented, a marked

It had been seen to pass over her countenance, and there was certainly a slight accession of gayety in her manners—so thought Catherine—when directly afterwards she invited him to accompany her to the apartment of the young Prince. Henry immediately sent to assure himself that Prince James was in his own room, and then, instead of visiting his infant son, as was his custom at that hour, he took opportunity to speak to Sir Anthony Darley relative to the prisoner, and caution him to keep a strict eye upon his movements.

Several evenings afterwards, as Joanna Beauford was passing from the Queen's apartment to her own, she was met by a person whom she did not recognize by the imperfect light, who in passing her slipped a piece of paper into her hand. When arrived at her chamber she found it was a note addressed to herself.

"If the benevolence of your heart has led you to feel the least interest in the fate of the unhappy Prince who is a prisoner in the castle, repair at eleven o'clock to the little wood, which skirts the royal gardens on the east.—Lady Hester Darley, wife of the Prince's keeper, who will not betray the confidence reposed in her, is willing to accompany you, and will wait at your apartments for that purpose at the hour proposed. Think of the eighteen years which he has passed in captivity and exile, and your heart will not permit you to refuse."

Trembling with agitation, which had in it more of pleasure than of pain, she seated herself by the table, resolved to consider the matter coolly and deliberately. But how could a young and lovely girl think thus upon a subject which afforded such scope for imagination, romance and sentiment, when her love and her were already so warmly enlisted as regarded the Prince. Every objection which presented itself to her mind was overcome by these powerful pleaders and before the arrival of the special hour, she had fully resolved on repairing to the wood. Entwining a few roses which had been kept fresh in a vase of water with her beautiful hair, she awaited the arrival of Lady Hester Darley. Soon a light was heard at her door. It was Lady Hester, and slipping on a short silk cloak with a hood, which she drew over her face she gave her hand to her conductor, and they proceeded with hasty and light footsteps along the corridor. At the extremity of which Lady Hester unlocked a door which admitted them to a more private passage, and here not a solitary lamp was burning to enlighten their way, did they dare to take one lest it should stream through some crevice or flash through the window or door. But they were too

familiar with the way to be bewildered, and in a few minutes they found themselves in the open air. Although the beams of an unclouded moon lit up the heavens with a brilliancy little inferior to the light of day and wreathed with silver the ripples that broke over a small, irregular lake, which formed a beautiful boundary to the garden for a short distance; the shadows of night lay heavily on each leaf-embowered covert and flowery recess, so grateful during the noontide heat. Often did they cower in the deep shade of some coppice as they mistook the breeze murmuring among the leaves for the whispers of a human voice, and more than once they shrank back with terror as some bough swayed by the wind cast its shadow across their path. As they entered the wood, Joanna drew more closely to her companion's side, who led her to an opening. A man muffled in a cloak advanced to meet them. As he drew near he suffered the folds that shrouded his face to fall, and at the same time taking off his cap he revealed the features of the Minstrel. The moonbeams fell brightly on his high and noble brow, round which his dark and waving hair luxuriantly clustered, and the somewhat haughty expression of his handsome mouth was now softened by one of the most melancholy and winning of smiles. As she listened to his deep musical voice breathing eloquence and poetry of passion, she remembered not that he was a captive; she forgot even, that could he by any chance regain his liberty, he might claim a crown—she beheld only one of the most fascinating and noble of men, to whom she felt, a pride in yielding the whole treasure of her affections. The Prince raised his eyes to the sweet blue sky, which seemed spread like a banner of love over the opening where they stood, which at this hour was as silent and appeared as lonely as if in the heart of a deep forest. It was the first time for many, many years, that he had stood in the open air with none near to guard him, and by their presence remind him of his bondage. Calmer and more reflective thoughts succeeded the delirium of joy which he felt at finding that his love was returned.

"To what end," thought he, "should I seek to link the destiny of this lovely and innocent girl with mine, save to make her feel the weight of the chains which are daily dragging me to the earth?" and he offered to release her from the promise which he had sought to obtain with so much ardor.

She replied—"While my heart is yours, my promise remains. When I take back the one,

you may be assured that you no longer possess the other."

At this moment, Lady Hester stepped forward and directed their attention to a light which gleamed from the Prince's window. It was the signal which Sir Anthony Darley had promised to display at midnight, the hour at which his prisoner had promised to return. It shone with a calm, unwavering light, and seemed to the lovers like a star, which though it hovers near the cloud pours beams of peace and promise on the tempest-tossed mariner.— Its influence may appear strange but they parted from each other full of happy thoughts and buoyed up with hopes, which, to them, that serene and lonely light gleaming from the prison-room was an emblem.

As Lady Hester and her youthful companion were about to emerge from the wood, a man darted across the path which wound along by the shore of the lake, and crouched beneath the shelter of a neighbouring coppice. They stopped greatly alarmed, for they feared that their interview with the Prince had been discovered. They could not proceed without passing directly by the coppice, and after considerable hesitation they retraced their steps and took the path by which Prince James had just made his egress.

It proved as they feared. The King, who, as has already been mentioned, suspected that the Minstrel whom he met in the Queen's apartment was his royal prisoner, had issued orders that the proceedings of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, should be strictly watched, and early the next morning Sir Anthony received information that another keeper was appointed in his room.

When the prisoner was informed of the change, he uttered no complaint, he did not even speak, but he felt that the thoughts, which a few moments before were teeming with hopes and anticipations, which though vague and half formed had passed over his spirit a soothing and most blessed power, must henceforth be the darker for one bright and solitary gleam of sunshine that had flitted across his path.

It was August. Two months had passed away, and the country was in mourning for her King. Henry V. the "star of England," was dead Henry VI., being only nine months old, the kingdom was placed under the protectorship of his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, who was likewise, by the will of his late brother, appointed Regent of France.

It was a delightful evening—as lovely as the

one in June when Prince James and Joanna Beaufort accompanied by Lady Hester Darley met for the first time in the wood. A light had planted a few touches of decay on the fresh foliage and spread a somewhat faded hue over the heavens, but they were no less beautiful and serene, while a star less brilliant than the light that gleamed from the window, hovering near the crescent moon, the messenger of love, seemed to regard them with a look of benignity as they now stood on the same spot. The Prince had not now by the indulgence of his keeper stolen from a private council of England, through the influence of the Duke of Bedford had granted him freedom. By the same influence Joanna Beaufort was now his wedded wife, who listened with delighted attention as he clothed in language the host of old memories, which childhood had been garnered in his heart were still fresh as the first sweet flow'ers of spring.

In a few weeks the Prince hailed his return to England, where he and his consort were crowned King and Queen of Scotland.



## TO THE ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE

WRITTEN AT NIGHT.

BY MISS AMELIA HANSON.

Ah, wondrous bird!—that on this silent night  
Doth pour sweet melody, warbling a song  
Of lonely, ceaseless praise, which must ascend  
"Like the dim night-flower's incense to  
God!"

Is it not strange, that thou canst sing  
When sunbeams pour their flood of glory?  
Revealing beauty, in all living things—  
But in the mystery of darkness, thou  
Dost warble, with as full a heart of praise  
Teaching frail man a lesson, hard to learn  
Methinks, there is a mixture in thy lays  
Of sadness, and of joy, which human hearts  
Know but too well. Sometimes in darkness  
Can utter trails of praise, but ah! how seldom  
Come those low, plaintive wailings, which  
hear

Gush from thy soul striving for mastery  
'Tis like the mourning for lost earthly joys  
In the dark night of sorrow, when the soul  
Bows grateful, still, unto the will of God  
Therefore, my conscious spirit turns away  
Trembling, to listen longer unto thee,  
Thou bird of tender human sympathies  
That thou canst make strange echoes far and

Written for the Amaranth.

### THE ODD TRICK.

A MORAL TALE.

PASSIONATE people may not improperly be called self-tormentors: they are sometimes, in the eyes of others, objects of pity, while they are suffering from their "angers and their cholers." They always merit the severest reproof, when they connect those with whom they happen to be connected, by not keeping their fiery humour under the control of reason. Passionate gentlemen are often *insufferable* animals; passionate ladies may also render themselves intolerable beings. They should therefore, particularly endeavour to correct their irascible tendencies, as their faces, if ruffled by the discomposure of their minds, must necessarily lose some, if not all their allurements. The most beautiful creature to be conceived, when her mind is in a turbulent state, ceases to appear in a beautiful light. She is no longer attracting, but repelling. The woman who is a *Venus* in a calm, becomes in a *storm* a *Medusa*.

At a celebrated watering-place, a few summers ago, Edward Trimuel, as gay and good natured a fellow as ever lived, and very much devoted to the *fait*, being unusually struck with the appearance of a young lady at the assembly, one evening, took no small pains to get her for his partner: and his efforts were successful. Miss Pansford, though she had never seen him before, had heard a great deal about him; and knowing that an alliance with him would be highly advantageous to her, as she had only a few hundreds at her own disposal, immediately resolved to avail herself of his noble prepossession in her favour; she therefore readily gave him her hand the moment he requested it, with more policy than prudence, as she had promised it to another gentleman.

By her beauty, Miss Pansford charmed Trimuel's eye; by her sensible sprightliness, she greatly entertained his ear; but it was the usefulness with which her every motion was accompanied, that made her in his opinion completely attractive. Several women he had conversed with, superior to her in point of understanding, but so much *grace* he never had met with in any of her sex. Her beauty, sense and grace, however, united, would have been insufficient to attach him to her, if he had not discovered that she was, with all these accomplishments, possessed of a temper congenial to his own. The smallest traces of an opposite disposition in her, would have prevented him

from wishing to be upon a more intimate footing with her; but as she really appeared to him to have the sweetest temper in the world, he felt a strong desire to improve his acquaintance with her.

Edward went home to his apartments, after having waited on Miss Pansford to *hers*, in a very agitated condition; he was almost intoxicated with the pleasure which he had received from her personal charms, lively conversation, and winning behaviour. He retired to his pillow merely because he was too restless to sit up, for he did not feel the least inclination to close his eyes. *Morpheus*, however, at last "steeped his senses in forgetfulness."

As soon as he awoke in the morning, his recollections would not suffer him to remain in his then situation. He arose immediately, and wished to accelerate the flight of time, that he might pay a visit to his bewitching partner.

While he was, with the utmost impatience, waiting for the hour of propriety, he received a letter, in a very unexpected style, from the gentleman to whom Miss Pansford had preferred him the preceding evening; it contained a formal challenge, couched in the most cavalier language imaginable. Edward, who was constitutionally of a fearless disposition, and who had frequently given signal proofs of his personal courage, wrote a very animated answer; in which he assured his antagonist, with equal fire and freedom, that he would meet him with the weapons mentioned upon the spot, and at the hour appointed. He had fully intended to pay a visit to Miss Pansford before the receipt of the letter, to make inquiries concerning her health, after the *fatigue*; and was certainly not at all pleased with his disappointment. But the *man of honour* would not give way to the *lover*.

Miss Pansford was the daughter of a brave officer in the navy, who having a taste by no means to be gratified, as his wishes always soared out of the reach of his circumstances, left her with a very small fortune: so small, indeed, that if she had not found a generous friend in a worthy aunt of hers, by the mother's side, she could never have attempted to make a genteel appearance in the *world*; under the protection, and with the assistance of that aunt, she appeared in the politest circles, and kept the best of company.

Mrs. Hindley having a complaint, towards the removal of which her physician—as remarkable for his honesty as his sagacity—thought bathing in the sea might contribute more than all the physic in christendom, pitch-

ed upon B——, in order to perform her marine operations.

Miss Pansford felt herself as little inclined to sleep, when she retired to her apartment, as her lover was when he repaired to his after the joyful proceedings which had been carried on between them. She remembered all his looks, words and actions, with singular pleasure; and did not quite forget when she could no longer keep her ideas out of a state of confusion.—She dreamt of him, and as soon as she awoke, wished to see him—to hear him.

While she sat earnestly wishing for his arrival, which she very rationally expected, as he had communicated his intentions when he took leave of her, and received no discouragement, her servant entered the room, and with an abruptness more natural than discreet, exclaimed—"Good God! madam, what do you think? poor Mr. Trimnel is run through the body by Mr. Monson!"

The sudden disclosure of this intelligence, deprived Miss Pansford instantly of her senses, as she felt herself the cause of the duel between her two admirers; and deeply affected by the fate of the preferred one. She fainted back in her chair, and remained for some time, in spite of all the usual applications, motionless and speechless. When she recovered, and saw her aunt hanging over her in the most affectionate attitude, she grasped her hands hard, and cried—"Oh! madam, is Mr. Trimnel alive or dead?"

"Alive, my dear," replied Mrs. Hindley, and in a fair way to do well, being but very slightly wounded."

"Thank heaven!" answered she, "if Mr. Trimnel had been killed, I should have looked on myself as instrumental to his murder.—Thank heaven!"

A card from Trimnel arriving at the moment, addressed to her, confirmed her aunt's information. With the card she was the more satisfied, as he gave room to believe she should in a few days receive a visit from him.

His reception, after his recovery, by Mrs. Hindley and her niece, was quite agreeable to his wishes; and as he found every succeeding visit more agreeable to them, the matrimonial preliminaries were soon adjusted, to the satisfaction of the whole trio. When those preliminaries were settled, Edward set out for London to stimulate his lawyer, and to transact some business which could not be so well managed by proxy.

During his absence from his Harriet, Edward felt not a little pleasure at the thoughts of his

going to marry a handsome, amiable, accomplished girl, who had ever appeared to him the best natured creature breathing; and who had never shown the smallest inclination for, or rather an aversion to, cards. Inexpressible therefore, was his surprise, when on his coming back to Mrs. Hindley's apartment, at B—— he saw his Harriet at a card-table—at a whist-table too. He was still more surprised at her scarce taking any notice of him when he advanced towards her, so intent was she upon her game. Astonishment was in a short time followed by concern; for he perceived, during the rubbers, that he had been under a considerable mistake with regard to the sweetness of her temper.

Harriet had been tolerable fortunate before the arrival of her lover—unluckily for her, she was very unsuccessful afterwards. As she had a partner whose skill was just upon a par with her own, she had soon the mortification to see their best cards rendered useless to them by the superior play of the enemy. After having fretted and fumed a great deal, scolded at her partner, and exhibited herself in the most disagreeable light, she flew into such a violent passion upon the loss of the *Odd Trick*, which they had all the honours in her own hand, that she looked like a fury; Edward thought so, and stole away.

J. F.

St. John, January, 1842.

### THE BUTTERFLY.

A BUTTERFLY basked on a baby's grave,

Where a lily had chanced to grow:

"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye?  
When she of the bright and sparkling eye  
Must sleep in the church-yard low."

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air

And spoke from its shining track:

"I was a worm, 'till I won my wings,  
And she whom thou mourns't, like a seraph  
Sings—

Would'st thou call the blest one back?"

MONET, being the common scale  
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,  
In all th' affairs of church and state,  
'Tis both the balance and the weight;  
Money is the sov'reign power,  
That all mankind falls down before:  
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all,  
That men divine and sacred call:  
For what's the worth of any thing,  
But so much money as t'will bring.

Written for the Amaranth.

## ALENS AND ALETHINA.

BY BETA.

ALENS, of olden time, loved Alethina, the daughter of the rich and powerful chief Ancon; he sought her hand—his suit was not rejected. The day had arrived that was to unite them, but on that day a chief burned with anger, and jealousy gnawed his heart; he had made advances for the daughter of Ancon, but was told she loved another—he said in his heart, "This day I'll have revenge! I'll satiate my mad'ning jealousy!"

He armed himself and followers with bows and arrows, then led them to the territory of Ancon; he came suddenly upon him—but Ancon's arm was strong, his followers many.—They repulsed the invaders with great slaughter. Their chief fled, but Alens was on a swift horse, he overtook the flying leader and pierced his heart. He stripped the fallen enemy, and arrayed himself in his garments; he then mounted his horse, and slowly followed his far advanced companions.

The victors returned to their village, their brows were crowned with laurels—the young maidens sought with eager eyes, the well-known lineaments of their lovers; and mothers, with maternal joy, welcomed their sons. Were all happy? No; not all—Alethina was not—for she stood alone, and smiled not. Her scrutinizing glance had scanned the countenances of all—Alens was missing! She ran, with an air of abstraction, to her father's side, he heeded not her questions; his countenance was stern, his soul was wrapped in war; but suddenly his body seemed convulsed; he pushed his daughter, who had grasped his hand, roughly from his side, and with upraised arm and thundering voice, he exclaimed:—"An enemy, within our very tents! Let fly your arrows with steady aim, and pierce his heart! We'll nail his body to a tree, for vultures to glut their appetites on, an example to aspiring fools."

He had scarce ceased speaking, ere an hundred shafts left their bows, and the advancing horseman fell to the ground a lifeless corpse! A strange, an unearthly shriek arose above the clamorous din of the enraged clan; it was a shriek that pierced the adamant heart of Ancon—for in it he recognized the voice of his daughter. He kept his eyes immoveably fixed upon her, as she ran with all the fury of a mad-woman, and threw herself upon the form of her dead lover! He gazed upon her, he wondered she moved not—it was no wonder—her

spirit had winged its "mystic flight to future worlds." \* \* \* \* \*

Beneath the shade of a group of trees, there was a grave, and flowing near it a small undulating stream, which hallowed the gloom that reigned around; the merry laugh of the youth of other times, was hushed as they neared that spot; and many a tear was shed over the grave that contained the bones of ALENS AND ALETHINA.

*St. John, January, 1842.*



## TURN THE PAGE.

STUDENT, by the lamp's pale light,  
Turn the page—what greets thy sight?  
Dogmas new of earthly lore,  
Wisdom—never scanned before.

Poet! o'er thy page of snow  
Mournful strains, like tear drops, flow;  
Hope would fain thy woes assuage  
Change thy hand and turn the page.

Reader of historic lore,  
Dark the events thou connect o'er,  
Deeds of blood and deeds of pain;  
Turn the page and break the chain.

Maiden, while thine eye doth rove  
O'er some magic tale of love,  
Now in hope and now despair  
Turn the page, what see'st thou there?

Man of mammon, ever seen  
O'er thy ledger poring keen,  
Life and soul thou'st given for gain,  
Turn the page—thou'st read in vain.

Man, before whose thoughtful eye  
Earth and time go sweeping by,  
Thou hast turned another page,  
In the volume of thine age.

Every year that fades and dies  
Leaves a lesson for the wise,  
And from every page they turn  
Truth and wisdom deep they learn.



## STANZAS.

ALL the bliss of higher feeling  
We may take, or may refuse;  
Nature, in her free revealing,  
Ever wears the spirits hues.

All things, in truth, are good and fair,  
All of nature, all of art;  
If thou wouldst see God every where,  
Take Him with thee in thy heart.



## A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

ALONE—and on the smooth, hard, sandy shore of the boundless sea. A lovelier morning never dawned upon the world of nature.— Oh, how balmy, how clear, how soul-subduing, how invigorating is the air. Calmness sits throned upon the unmoving clouds, whose colours are like the sky, only of a deeper hue. The green waves with their undulating swell, come rolling in upon the sand, making a plaintive music sweeter than the blended harmonies of a thousand instruments. Would that I might leap in, and wrestle with them, and, when overcome with fatigue, lay my heated brow upon those cool and watery billows, rocked to and fro as in a cradle, while my lullaby would be the moaning of the sea. The mists of morning are all dispelled, and the glorious sunshine, emblem of God's love, is bathing with effulgent light the ocean before me, and behind me, the mountains and valleys of my own loved country. Look—how the white-caps chase each other along the watery plain, like milk-white steeds, striving in their freedom to outstrip the breeze. Whence comes this breeze, and whither is it going? Three days ago, at set of sun, it spread its wings near to a spring in the sandy desert of Africa, where a caravan of camels and horses and men had halted for the night. Its course is onward, and, at the dawning of to-morrow, it will be sporting with the forest-trees of the western wilderness. Far as the eye can reach, "the sea is sprinkled o'er with ships," their white sails gleaming in the sunlight. One of them has just returned from India, another from the Pacific and another from the Arctic sea. Years have rolled by since they departed hence. They have been exposed to a thousand dangers, but the great God who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand, has conducted them in safety to their desired homes. How many silent prayers of thanksgiving will ascend to heaven, and what a thrilling and joyous shout will echo to the shore, as those mariners drop the anchor in their native waters!

Yonder too, are some with their sails just spread, bound to the remotest corners of the earth! They seem to rejoice in their beauty and speed, and proud is their bearing—but will they ever return? Alas! the shadowy future alone can answer. Yonder—on that fisherman's stake a little sparrow has just alighted, facing the main! It has been lured away from the green bowers of home, by the music of the sea, and is now gazing, perhaps with feelings

kindred to my own upon the most magnificent structure of the Almighty hand. But see spreads its wings again, and is dashing toward the water, fearless and free. Ah! it has got too near, for the spray moistens its wings! There—there it goes, frightened back to native woodland! That little bird, so far its importance and power are concerned, seem to me a fit emblem of the mind of man; and this mighty, ever heaving, and boundless ocean an appropriate symbol of the mind of God.

Mr. SHIVES,

SIR,—My solution to question third, in *Amaranth* for November, was founded on the simple notion, that heat emanates from the surface of the sun. Your correspondent supposes heat to proceed only from the sun's centre: this, I think, will account for the difference of the results.

M. N. W.



ERRATA.—In the 10th line of the poetry titled "*Waterloo*," on the 10th page of the January number, read "merry," instead of mercy.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several original articles which were laying in our office at the time of the fire of the 15th November, and which were either destroyed or mislaid, will be inserted if the authors will furnish us with copies of the same.

"W's" poetical effusion requires several amendments before it can be inserted.

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