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THE AMARANTH.

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{ VOL. I.

RAYMOND.

[Under this title a late *Blackwood* contains a powerful delineation of the sufferings and privations of a young aspirant to literary distinction and honour as a means of livelihood. Its great length and the comparative want of interest in the earlier chapters, impel us to omit them and commence where the foredoomed victim goes forth into the world to wrestle for fame and bread. What we omit may be briefly summed up as follows: Henry Raymond, the only child of a stern but fond father, is bred in affluence and indulgence; early sent to a celebrated school and thence to Oxford University, where he falls into expensive and comparative-ly idle habits; runs deeply in debt; falls in love with a beautiful and worthy but portionless girl; writes to his father for money to extricate him from his difficulties; is visited unexpectedly by his exasperated parent, who not only bitterly reproaches him, but heaps undeserved obloquy on the object of his love; a quarrel ensues, and the father casts him off forever. He abandons college; marries; pays his debts out of a legacy left him by his mother; and with the balance—about two thousand pounds—goes up to London to push his fortune as an author! Here we take up the thread of the story:]

FOUR years have passed—ah, how swiftly those years pass which hurry us away from happiness!—since the circumstances alluded to in the last chapter. Julia is no longer the light-hearted girl who has never known sorrow but by report—Henry no longer hugs the flattering delusion to his breast, that he has but to make the effort to achieve fame and fortune by his pen. A cloud is on the brow of both, for experience—stern monitor!—has read them one of his harshest lessons. Towards the

close of the second year of their marriage, Julia became the mother of a fine boy, an event which was shortly followed by the death of her grandmother; but as the old lady died at an advanced age, without suffering, the shock occasioned by her decease was soon allayed, and things resumed, for a while, their usual tranquil course. But a storm was now about to burst upon their heads, from which the defenceless victims were to know no refuge but the grave.

Having completed his translation, which had been his undivided labour of love for upward of three years, Raymond, indulging in the most sanguine anticipations of success, took the precious MS. to London, with a view to offer it for sale to some of the great publishers in the Row. Julia, with the nurse following with the child, accompanied him part of the way, equally confident as her husband; for, like all dutiful wives, she devoutly believed that his genius was of the highest order. "When we meet again at dinner, Henry," she said, as she parted from him at the foot of Hampstead Hill, "I have no doubt you will have good news to tell me; for it is impossible that the time and talent which you have expended on your work, should not insure success." Alas! they were both cruelly in error. When Raymond returned from his Quixotic expedition, his wife saw at once, by his dispirited manner, that he had failed in his object. He had made application to two booksellers—he told her, in answer to her anxious inquiries—and from both he had met with the same discouraging treatment. The

time for classical translations, they assured him, was gone by. If he were a Parr or a Porson, then, indeed, they might be tempted to risk the speculation; but he was unknown to the literary world; besides, he was young—very young for such an Herculean task as a translation of *Æschylus*; and though they had not the slightest doubt he had executed it in a way to do him immortal honour, yet, considering that the public had at present no taste that way, they would rather decline the undertaking.

Bitter was Raymond's disappointment on receiving these chilling replies; and it was not without some difficulty that, at Julia's instigation, he plucked up courage enough to apply to a third publisher. On this occasion he was a little more fortunate; for the bibliopoliſt, an observant man of the world, struck with the manners and conversation of the young candidate for literary distinction, requested him to leave the MS., which he would put into the hands of an experienced Greek scholar, and return him an early answer. For an entire month Henry was kept in a state of the most torturing suspense; now he felt a proud conviction that he should succeed; and now, sobered by the disappointment he had already experienced, he was prepared to anticipate the worst. And his anticipations were not ill-founded; for the translation was returned to him by the bookseller, with the remark that the versification was of too free and bold a character. Reader, those were the days of Haley, Pratt, and the Dela Cruscans!—though the gentleman to whom he had submitted it, allowed that, as a whole, it displayed great promise.

This last blow had quite a stunning effect on Raymond. His wife did her best to keep up his fainting spirits, and when in her society, and dancing his playful little boy in his arms, he did occasionally rally; but his gloom soon returned, threatening, ere long, to deepen into despair. And ample cause he had for anxiety, for three hundred pounds were all that he could now call his own;

and, when this was expended, how was he to procure the means of subsistence? He had no trade, no profession, to fly to as a last resource; he had no methodical habits of business to recommend him to the money-making portion of the community; none of that dogged perseverance which derives fresh stimulus from difficulties, as Antæus renewed his strength by touching earth; but was a mere creature of impulse—the dupe of a buoyant fancy. In the wildness of his enthusiasm, he had calculated that by the time his small capital came to an end, his volume would have been bought, published, and, by introducing him to the favourable notice of scholars, have got him into repute among those best patrons of literature, the booksellers; and now he saw all these fond calculations overturned, and poverty—guant, threatening phantom!—usurping the seat of hope by his fireside.

One chance, however, still remained for him; and, after talking over the matter with Julia, he came to the resolution of publishing his volume at his own expense. It was a hazardous experiment, considering the state of his finances; nevertheless, there was a probability that it might answer; and, while this was the case, he thought that it was worth the trial. During the time that the printing was going forward, his spirits in a great degree revived; for the self-confidence of inexperienced youth, though it may receive a severe check, is seldom crushed by its first disappointment. At length, however, the period arrived that was to extinguish the last faint hope that lingered in Raymond's breast. His volume was duly brought before the world, and for nearly four months he buoyed himself up with the notion that it was making its way with a 'generous and discerning' public; but at each successive visit he paid his bookseller; this delusion became more and more apparent; and, eventually, he was compelled to admit that, so far as immediate fame or emolument was concerned, his translation had proved a signal failure. But this was not all. He had embarrassed him-

self with a heavy printer's account, to say nothing of large sums disbursed for advertisements, which made such a deplorable inroad on his capital, that he had now little more than seventy pounds remaining in his banker's hands. Such was his situation at the close of the fourth year of his marriage.

"Well, Julia," said Henry, with a forced attempt at a smile, as they sat together one morning at breakfast, "I fear that my father's prediction will be fulfilled, and that I shall shortly be reduced to as complete a state of destitution as he could desire."

"For Heaven's sake, Henry, do not speak in this sneering way of your father. Harsh he may be, because he thinks you have given him cause for displeasure; but it cannot be that he is such as you imagine. Try, then, to effect a reconciliation with him; remember, love, we are parents ourselves, and in our old age should feel acutely any neglect on the part of our child."

"Julia," replied Raymond gravely, "you know not my father. He acts rigidly according to what he calls principle; and when he has once resolved on a particular line of conduct, no consideration on earth can induce him to swerve from it."

"But, consider, it is now upward of four years since you had your dispute with him. Surely he cannot harbour resentment for so long a period! You know how often I have entreated you to write to him; but you cannot know how much pain your disinclination to do so has caused me. Believe me, for I speak not in anger, but in sad sincerity, I scarcely feel that you deserve to succeed, so long as you voluntarily live estranged from your father. You will write to him, then; wont you, love?" and the young mother looked beseechingly in her husband's face, while a tear trembled in her eye.

Subdued by the earnestness of his wife's appeal, Raymond no longer hesitated, but that day sent off a respectful and contrite letter to his father, wherein he implored him to send an early answer, if it were but a line, just to say

that he forgave him. But no reply came, infinitely to Julia's astonishment, whose benignant nature could not conceive it possible that a parent could so long cherish angry feelings toward a son.

"I told you how it would be," observed Henry, when, having waited a fortnight, they had both given up all expectation of a reply. "I knew that, by declining to enter into his views respecting commerce, I had offended my father past forgiveness."

"It cannot be helped, Henry; but you have done your duty, and should sad days be in store for us, this will be a consolation to you, as I am sure it will be to me.

"Sad days!" replied Raymond. "Ah, Julia, we shall not have to wait long for them. I fear we must quit our cottage without delay, and take cheap apartments in some obscure quarter of the town. I have delayed this communication till the last moment, knowing how much it would grieve you; but the painful truth must be told. I have now little to look to, save the pittance that I may be able, from time to time, to pick up from the booksellers. Oh God!" he added, "my father's prediction is already half accomplished."

"Do not take this so much to heart, Henry," said his generous, high-minded wife, "to me one place is the same as another, and I can be happy any where, so long as I retain your love.—Leave me but that, dearest, and I shall still feel that I am rich in the only treasure I ever coveted."

The dreaded communication thus made, Raymond instantly prepared to act on it. He disposed of the remainder of his lease, sold his furniture at a heavy loss, and even got rid of the major portion of his favourite classics. He could not, however, make up his mind to part with his wife's piano; for he well knew how dear it was to her, as being the first present he had made her subsequent to their marriage. With how many pleasant recollections, too, was it not associated in his own mind! How many a time had he sat delighted

beside Julia, as her slender fingers passed lightly over the ivory keys! No, he could not part with the piano; but, when he acquainted his wife with his determination, she, with the disinterestedness peculiar to her character, surrendered all her own private feelings, and even urged him to the painful sacrifice. Finally, however, it was agreed that the instrument should not be disposed of till the last necessity.

Raymond's next endeavour was to find some cheap suburban lodgings; and, after much hunting about, he fixed upon two furnished apartments in a small back street, in the neighborhood of Islington. 'Twas a dismal contrast his new abode presented to that to which he had been so long used. An old rickety mahogany table, discolored with ink spots, stood in the middle of the sitting room; the cobwebbed curtains were threadbare and full of darnes, the faded Kidderminster carpet looked as though it had been bought a bargain at Rag Fair, the window-frames shook and rattled in every wind, and the adjoining bedroom, which was little better than a spacious closet, had no furniture but such as was of the homiest description.—But Julia cared not for these things; for her husband was with her, and her child was thriving apace. Her simple and elegant taste soon produced a striking change in the aspect of her new lodgings. The curtains were taken down and freed from dust and cobwebs, the carpet neatly mended, a few flowers placed in the window-stand, and a few of her own drawings hung on the wall—all which improvements she had to execute herself: for, on quitting the cottage, she had parted with her two servants, and retained only the services of her landlady's daughter, an active girl about fifteen years of age.

"It must be confessed, Henry," she said to her husband, on the first night of their removal to Islington, "that our situation is not quite so choice a one as we could have wished; but let us not be disheartened, love, for it is a long lane that has no turning."

In this way Julia strove to sustain

her husband's courage, who, no longer hankering for literary renown—that radiant illusion was dispelled—but anxious only to provide for the wants of the passing day, applied to several booksellers for employment, offering to correct proofs, revise MSS., in short, do just whatever they might require. But his applications were unsuccessful, chiefly because he wanted that business-like air which indicates the practiced and willing drudge. One bookseller, an illiterate fellow of the Jacob Tonson school, frankly told him that he was too much of a gentleman to suit his purposes; for that what he required was a hard-working man, with "no nonsense" about him. "Cambridge be d—d!" added this enlightened bibliopolo of forty years since, in reply to a hint thrown out by Raymond, that, as he had received a university education, he might, perhaps, be found not wholly inefficient—"Cambridge be d—d! and Oxford too: I'm sick of their names. Never yet published any thing, at my own expense, for a university man, that I warn't the loser by it. Brought out only last year a translation of *Jurinal*, by Dr. Prosy, of Oxford, and a *Treatise on Pneumatics*, by Dr. Problem, of Cambridge, and never sold more than forty copies of either of them. Devil take both universities, say I! Good day, Mr. Raymond; sorry we're not likely to suit each other; hope you may be more lucky elsewhere. I wish you good morning, sir."

The cavalier manner in which these remarks were made, stung Henry to the quick: with a strong effort, however, he managed to repress his feelings, and quitted the bookseller's presence without a word. On his way home, at the corner of a street leading into Holborn, a person hurried past, whose features, he imagined, were familiar, to him; and turning hastily round, he recognised his old college friend Jenkins, who, he felt convinced, had also recognised him, but was anxious to shirk his acquaintance. Nor was this impression an erroneous one. It was, indeed, his friend of earlier and happier years, the eager sharer

in his schoolboy pranks at Belford, and his more reckless follies at Cambridge, who, having caught sight of his seedy habiliments, on which the word 'penury' was stamped in legible characters, felt, with the false pride peculiar to weak minds, a sort of shame at being seen in the public streets speaking to so shabby a personage! Had Raymond been trimly attired, as in other days, the case had been far different; but it was not in the nature of a Jenkins—and the mass of society is made up of Jenkinsons—to withstand the blighting influence of a thread-bare suit of clothes!

When he reached home, Raymond threw himself into a chair, half mad with rage and vexation; first, at the heartless conduct of his friend, and then at his own weakness in taking it so much to heart; while his wife endeavoured, but in vain, by kind words and caresses, to restore him to composure.

"You have been disappointed again, Henry; I'm sure you have: but do not give way to gloom. To-morrow you may be more!"—

"For God's sake leave me to myself. My brain is—curses on the grovelling upstart! But no, he is not worth thinking about. Leave me, Julia; do, pray, leave me alone for a while."

"Certainly, love, if you wish it, I will leave you; and so saying, the meek and uncomplaining girl withdrew into the adjoining room, sick at heart, for these were the first testy words that had yet fallen from her husband's lips.

Alas, for the poor and destitute!—Unknown to them the halcyon frame of mind, the frank, cordial nature, the bounding fancy, the winged hope, the thoughts, tones, looks and impulses—that keep the heart fresh and loving, and gladden daily life. Care and spleen are ever the poor man's portion; and rage and sullen gloom, and a breaking up of the best affections, distrust of himself and others, and finally despair, madness, and the suicide's crossway grave! Poverty, if not absolutely crime, is yet its foster-parent; for, by gradually blunting the feelings, and enfeebling the sense of shame, it paves the way

for all malign influences; and small, indeed, is the number of those who can pass its tremendous ordeal unscathed.

Foiled, for the present, in his attempts to procure work from the booksellers, Raymond resolved to try his fortune as a private tutor, and advertised in the daily papers for pupils, whom he would attend at their own houses; and also, by way of having two strings to his bow, for the situation of usher in a school, provided it were in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. For several days he received no satisfactory answers to his applications; but at length, when he had repeated them five or six times, a reply was sent him from a school-master in Pentonville, to the effect that "J. Dobbs, of Paradise House, having seen O. P. Q.'s advertisement in the *Times*, and being in want of an assistant to teach the elementary branches of classics, would be glad of a visit from said O. P. Q., when, if terms, &c. suited, the parties might do business together."

The tradesman-like wording of this letter, together with the stiff and formal character of the hand-writing, enabled Henry to estimate pretty accurately the sort of person he would have to deal with; and, with anticipations the very reverse of sanguine, he took his way to the address given in the note, pleased to find that it was so near his own residence.

"Is Mr. Dobbs at home?" he inquired of a stout country wench, who was cleaning the door-steps of Paradise House when he came up, and who looked as if, like a hackney-coach horse, no possible amount of work could wear her out.

"Yes," replied the girl, "master is at home; but you can't see him just now, because," she added, in a most unsophisticated, matter-of-fact spirit—"because he's flogging Sykes Junior in the school room, for inking his sheets this morning."

"Oh, indeed!" said Raymond, smiling, "then I'll wait till the operation's over; I suppose it won't be long?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the servant with amusing *naïveté*; "master gets

through a deal of work when once his hand's in. Perhaps you'll just step in here till he's ready to see you;" and she opened the parlour door, and placing a chair, told Henry that she would go and inform Mr. Dobbs of his arrival.

As Henry entered this classic temple, he saw Mr. Dobbs, a brisk, piggish little man, dressed in rusty black shorts, white cotton stockings and Hessian boots, seated, with spectacles on his cock-up nose, at a desk, round which several boys werestanding, one of whose innocent backs was apparently just anointed with the cane, for the youngster was bellowing like a bull-calf, while the pedagogue kept giving vent to his anger in such terms as—"You stupid, lazy young dog, I'll teach you to remember the accusative case. Tom Holloway, what's the dative of *musa*? Silence there, silence in the corner—what, you wont? very well: only wait till I come among you, that's all"—then seeing Raymond, who was approaching his desk, he looked at him keenly through his spectacles, and said: "Hey, who have we here? Oh, I remember! you're the new usher, O. P. Q., that I wrote about t' other day: well, Mr. O. P. Q., if you'll just step with me into the parlour for a few minutes, we can talk matters over at our leisure;" and, dismissing his class, he led the way back to the room which my hero had just quitted.

Having taken his seat, and motioned Raymond to another, Mr Dobbs came at once to the point without the slightest ceremony. "So you're a Cambridge man, as the advertisement says?"

"Yes."

"Good, that's in your favour—what reference can you give?"

In reply to this blunt question, Raymond observed, that he could refer him to the publisher of his translation of *Æschylus*.

"*Æschylus*, hey?" What, you've translated *Æschylus*! Well, upon my life, it's very creditable to you. However, to drop *Æschylus*, and come to business, for I've not a moment to spare just now—what wages do you expect?"

"Wages!" exclaimed Henry, with an involuntary expression of disgust; "I really have not considered the matter, so perhaps you'll say what you are prepared to give."

"Hum, h; these are hard times, and schools don't take as they used to do; but as you're a Cambridge man, I don't mind stretching a point; so, suppose I say forty pound a-year, and find yourself. Hah, you may well stare; it's too much, upon my life it is."

"On the contrary, sir, I must say that the sum is"—

"Too little?—can't help it; I never give more. Business is business.—There's my maid-servant does twice as much work every day as you'll have to do for less than one fourth the price."

"Your servant!" rejoined Raymond, with eyes flashing with indignation, "how dare you, sir, compare me too"—

"Hoity-toity," replied the schoolmaster, good humouredly, "here's a to-do about a word! You don't think I really meant you to be my maid-servant, do you? Never dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, sir," said Henry, who saw by this time that it was sheer ignorance and vulgarity, and not design, that had prompted the pedagogue's offensive allusion, "though your terms are not quite what I felt that I have a right to expect, still, for the present, I accede to them."

"I thought you would," replied Mr. Dobbs eagerly, for Raymond's appearance had prepossessed him in his favour; "and, let me tell you, you're a lucky fellow, for situations like this of mine do'n't turn up every day. They're '*rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*,' as the Eton grammar observes. I suppose you can come to-morrow?"

"I know of nothing to prevent me."

"Good. And suppose you step in and take a dish of tea with us this evening, when I'll introduce you to Mrs. D. I'm sure you'll like her, for she's a woman in ten thousand. Good morning, Mr. Raymond; I believe your name's Raymond, a'nt it?"

"It is, sir."

"Well, *bong soir*, Mr. Raymond, as

the French grammar says. We shall see you at six—and, I say, do n't go and run away with the notion that I wanted to make a maid-servant of you. A maid-servant, indeed! To empty the sloppails, and scrub down the stairs, I suppose! Ha, ha, ha! What could have put such a crotchet as that in your head?" and away bustled Mr. Dobbs, laughing heartily at what he conceived to be his new usher's droll misapprehension.

"Forty pounds a-year!" repeated Raymond to himself, as he returned home to acquaint Julia with the result of his interview. "Gracious God! and are all my fine prospects come to this! Sunk to the condition of an usher at a small school kept by a vulgar ignoramus! How little did I foresee such an issue, when five short years since I figured among the gayest of the gay at Cambridge! Ah, could I but live those years again, how different would be my conduct! Curses on that egregious self-conceit which has been my ruin! What right had I to look forward to literary renown—I whose talents scarce suffice to earn me forty pounds a-year? But I will not complain; no, be my lot what it may, I will bear it patiently, for it is for my wife and child I labour; and what sacrifices would I not make for them! Poor, poor Julia, would to heaven we had never met!" and, despite his assumed stoicism, the tears started to his eyes when he thought of the privations which his marriage had entailed on his wife.

Punctually as the church clock in the Pentonville road struck six, Raymond returned to Paradise House, and was formally introduced to Mrs. Dobbs, who was exactly what her husband had represented her to be, 'a woman in ten thousand'—which being interpreted, means, that she was a desperate vixen, thin and straight as a skewer, with sharp ferret eyes, and a temper so thoroughly soured, that one might almost imagine that she had been dieted from her youth upward on prussic-acid and crab-apples. The good lady was by no means slow or shy in developing this attractive feature in her character; for something

having occurred to ruffle her temper a few minutes before Henry came in, she immediately began scolding the servaunt-girl, and then, by way of variety, fell foul of her husband. "Why did n't you set the tea-things, when you heard the bell ring?" she exclaimed in a shrill tone of voice; "do you think your master and myself are to be kept waiting till it suits your pleasure to attend to us? And such handsome wages as you get, you lazy slut! Ring—ring—ring—there's nothing but ringing in this house; if one had n't the patience of a saint, one would n't put up with it a day. Mr. Raymond, sir, if you knew what I have to go through, you would n't wonder at my—drat them boys, why don't you go out, Dobbs, and make them keep quiet, instead of sitting there grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

"Mr. Raymond," said the school-master, taking advantage of his wife's pausing to recover breath, "I've been to the bookseller you referred me to, and am happy to tell you that he spoke of you in the most handsomest terms."

"Which sugar do you take with your tea, Mr. Raymond?" enquired Mrs. Dobbs; "we have both white and brown; our late usher used to take brown, however"—

"Do pray, my dear Mrs. D., allow the gentleman to take which he pleases. A few lumps of white sugar, once in a day, is neither here nor there."

"None of your nonsense, Dobbs. I know what's right as well as you can tell me. It isn't the sugar I look to, but the principle of the thing"

"Oh, ay—the principle! that's another matter. I've nothing to say against that."

"I should think not, indeed;" and thus speaking, Mrs. Dobbs desired her husband to hand Raymond his tea, moderately sweetened with white sugar, (in consideration of his being on this occasion a visiter,) together with a thick slice of bread and butter, as stale as O'Connell's joke about the Repeal of the Union.

"You'll have a comfortable place of it here, Mr. Raymond," observed the

schoolmaster, in a affable, patronising manner; "your hours will only be from eight o'clock to one, and from two to five, which is a mere nothing in the way of work, especially as the classics must be as easy to you as your A, B, C; and that reminds me of the grammar as we use in the school. Don't you think that the Eton Latin grammar might be greatly altered, in point of arrangement, for the better? I've a notion of my own on this point, which I intend to astonish the world with one of these days;" and as he said his, the pedagogue laid his forefinger beside his nose, and put on an air of uncommon acuteness and sagacity.

"Stuff and nonsense, Dobbs!" said his bland helpmate; "you're always talking about the alterations you're going to make in the grammar-books, but you never makes them. I'd rather see you do more and talk less. That's the way to get on; isn't it Mr. Thingembob?"

"With respect to the Eton grammar," resumed the schoolmaster, taking no notice of his wife's interruption, "what do you think, Mr. Raymond, of my project of commencing it at once with syntax? I know that most scholars is in favour of the book as it stands; but when you come to reflect, sir, on the vast importance to youth of a thorough knowledge of syntax, I'm sure that you'll agree with me that they can't be too soon drilled into it. What is it as makes Mrs. Dobbs and I talk so correctly? Why, a knowledge of syntax, in course!—Verbs and substantives is all well enough in their way, but begin, I say, with the great difficulty; get over that first, and all the rest follows as a matter of course. My views, you perceive, are quite original."

"They certainly are, sir, but"—

"But what, my good sir? Speak out, for I'm frank myself, and like frankness in others. Indeed, I ask you for a candid opinion; for no man hates compliments more than I do. I'm glad you think my scheme original, and I'm sure the more you consider it, the more you'll like it."

"Since you wish for a candid opinion, Mr. Dobbs, I don't mind saying that your scheme is somewhat like putting the cart before the horse."

"Humph—indeed—so you think so, do you?" replied the schoolmaster, looking very red in the face; "well, upon my life, your're candid enough, I must say that; I wish I could say you were as rational."

"I regret, Mr. Dobbs, if any thing I have said has given you offence."

"Offence, Mr. Thingembob—Raymond, I mean! Come, that's a good joke! Do I look as if I was offended? Do I speak as if I was offended? Is my manners such as show I am offended? Upon my life, you must have queer notions of things to suppose I could be offended with such a rubbishing remark, as putting a cart before a horse! Ha, ha, ha! He says I'm offended, Mrs. D! A good joke an't it! He, he, he!"

Amused with this unconscious display of wounded vanity, and feeling the absurdity of attempting to reason the pedant out of his pet crotchet, Raymond proceeded to practise what is called the 'soothing system,' and by so doing, succeeded, in some degree, in allaying Mr. Dobbs's excited temper; shortly after which he took his leave, fully persuaded of the justice of the old adage, that 'naked truth is exceedingly unlovely.'

Arrived at his lodgings, he found his sitting-room looking as tidy and cheerful as it was possible for such an unpromising apartment to look. The curtains were close drawn, the candles were lighted, and a clean white cloth laid upon the table, on which were some cold meat, a brown loaf, a salad, and a bottle of white wine. Julia received him with her wonted cheering kindness of manner; she was dressed with extreme neatness and simplicity—indeed, in her best attire, for she had made holyday on this occasion; and her beauty, if not quite so dazzling as it had once been, wore a more touching character than ever. "I guessed, Henry," she said, "from what you told me this morning of your new employer, that you

would come home wearied, and perhaps dispirited, with your visit; so the instant I got Charley to bed, I sent for a bottle of wine; now, do'n't shake your head at my extravagance, love, but take a glass, for I'm sure you stand in need of it."

She then poured him out a full glass of sherry, and placing her chair beside him, endeavoured, during their homely meal, to draw him into a tranquil frame of mind. She spoke to him of the child, who was growing, she said, more like Jim every day; of the confident hope she entertained that their present embarrassment would be but temporary; and then returning to the subject of 'little Charley'—for a young and fond mother's thoughts seldom wander long from her children—expatiated with delight on the surprising precocity of his intellect; how he smiled when she talked to him, just as if he knew what she said; how he was always looking about him—a clear proof of his quick faculty of observation; and how, in short, he was the handsomest, most affectionate, and most astonishing babe on the face of the earth! Thus the sanguine wife ran on, while her husband, catching the infection of her good humour, replied to her with an animation unknown to him for weeks; and after an hour spent in weaving plans for the future, they retired to their humble couch, happier than they had been since they quitted their cottage at West-end. Alas, it was the last gleam of sunshine they were destined to enjoy on this side the grave!

[Concluded in next Number.]

When we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly, and with an air of contempt: but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness to refute the falsehood.

STANZAS.

There is a winter of the heart,
When blasts of sorrow sweep the soul;
Rending life's silver cords apart,
And breaking pleasure's golden bowl.

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing, to stay
The heart upon a waking dream;
That in an hour may fade away—
As bubbles burst upon the stream.

Condition of Wellington's Army in 1814.—At this time the clothing of the army at large, but the Highland brigade in particular, was in a very tattered state. The clothing of the 91st regiment had been two years in wear; the men were thus under the necessity of mending their old garments in the best manner they could; some had the elbows of the coats mended with grey cloth, others had the one half of the sleeve of a different colour from the body; and their trowsers were in an equally bad condition as their coats.

The 42d, which was the only corps in the brigade that wore the *kilt*, was beginning to loose it by degrees; men falling sick and left in the rear frequently got the kilt made into trowsers, and on joining the regiment again no plaid could be furnished to supply the loss; thus a great want of uniformity prevailed; but this was of minor importance when compared to the want of shoes. As our march continued daily, no time was to be found to repair them, until completely worn out; this left a number to march with bare feet, or, as we termed it, *to pad the hoof*. These men being occasionally permitted to straggle out of the ranks to select the soft part of the roads or fields adjoining, others who had not the same reason to offer for this indulgence followed the example, until each regiment marched regardless of keeping in rank, and sometimes mixed with other corps in front and rear. To put a stop to this irregularity, the men without shoes were formed by themselves, and marched under the command of officers and non-commissioned officers, in rear of the brigade. It is impossible to describe the painful state that some of those shoeless men were in, crippling along the way, their feet cut or torn by sharp stones or brambles.

To remedy the want of shoes, the raw hides of the newly-slaughtered bullocks were given to cut up, on purpose to form a sort of buskins for the barefooted soldiers. This served as a substitute for shoes, and enabled the wearers to march in the ranks of their respective companies.

Our knapsacks by this time were also beginning to display, from their torn ends, their worthless contents; and as our line of march was in an opposite direction from our expected supplies, our exterior appearance was daily getting worse; but the real spirit of the soldier was improving, and I make little doubt but we would have followed our leaders to the extremity of Europe without grumbling. We were getting hardier and stronger every day in person; the more we suffered, the more confidence we felt in our strength; all in health and no sickness. The man in patched clothes and a piece of untanned hide about his feet, when he looked around him, saw others in some respects as ill appointed as himself; and he almost felt a pride in despising any new comer, with dangling plumes, plaited or crimped frills, white gloves, and handsome shoes,—all good-for-nothing frippery to the hardy toil-worn soldier, the man of flint, powder, and steel, as he thought himself. His was the gloveless hand and the shoeless foot, that braved alike the cold and the heat, the toil of the field and the fatigue of the march; nothing came wrong to him; he started in the morning from his hard pillow and harder bed, required no time to blacken his shoes, but braced up his knapsack, regardless of the state of the roads or weather, and was ready to march off.—*Anton's Retrospect of a Military Life.*

EFFECTS OF PERSEVERANCE.—All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries become united with canals.—If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

For The Amaranth.

MIDNIGHT'S MAGIC HOUR.

Oh, I love well
To feel the spell
Of midnight's magic hour;
I sit alone
While all are gone
From highway and from bower.

No sound I hear,
No footsteps near,
Disturb my reverie;
The world may sleep,
But I will steep
My thoughts in fancy free.

My soul shall rise
Up to the skies,
On eagles' wings away;
There hold it's flight,
'Mid realms of light,
Until the dawn of day.

No cares intrude,
My solitude
Is free from any sorrow;
My mind is blest
With peaceful rest,
And thinks not of to-morrow.

Oh, I love well
To feel the spell
Of midnight's magic hour;
Oh, I'm alone,
All, all are gone
From highway and from bower.

St. John, 1841.

G. M. R.



VIRTUE AND VICE.—Every man has actually within him the seeds of every virtue and every vice; and the proportion in which they thrive and ripen depends in general upon the situations in which he has been, and is placed.

GOOD SENSE AND LEARNING.—He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

All deception in the course of life, is indeed nothing else but a *lie* reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

[From the Ladies' Companion.]

PAULINE ROSIER.

It was in the twilight of a cold November day, while a violent storm was raging as I hurried along the Rue De Grace, that I heard a feeble voice exclaim, "Charity! Charity!" I turned to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and there, in the dark recess of an old building, sat a human figure shivering in rags. The singular situation, and the wretched appearance of the supplicant, caused me to pause. On a closer examination, I found it was a female crouched upon the damp and chilly ground; a tattered cloak was closely drawn around her person, but yet so scanty in its dimensions, as to suffer her arms to be exposed to the fury of the storm. Her neck and bosom were also partially uncovered, over which hung thick black masses of dishevelled hair. Her face was pale and haggard, while her eyes flashed with a wild and unearthly lustre. On perceiving me regarding her, she extended her right hand, and in a voice of melancholy sweetness, faintly again ejaculated—"Charity! Charity!" I dropped a piece of money in her palm—my heart filled with sorrow at her desolate and cheerless situation. "Poor woman," I exclaimed, "may God be with thee," and turning away, I was about to walk on.

With a strong convulsive effort, she sprang forward, seized my hand, pressed it to her lips, then falling on her knees, called a blessing on me. The suddenness of the act caused her cloak to fall to the ground, and reveal to view a tall, emaciated figure, in the veriest habiliments of poverty, while I particularly observed a miniature richly encased in gold, suspended from her neck by a faded black riband. Dim as was the light, I could, however, discover that it was the picture of a man—no doubt a treasured remembrance—a gift of happier times—a token of the affections that served

"To bring remembrance full before the view
Of the loved lineaments
Of those we ne'er must hope to meet again."

"Pray rise, my good woman," I said, "this is no place for sorrow; and I endeavoured to raise her, but my attention seemed only to increase her suffering; sobs deep and audible heaved her bosom, tears streamed in torrents from her eyes; she held my hand with a grasp like death—a strong hysterical laugh ensued, and she fell senseless before me.

My situation was a most singular and painful one—almost a stranger in Paris—an unknown female in sorrow and suffering lying stretched before me on the cold and stony ground—no one near to aid or advise, for such was the fury of the hour, that the streets were utterly deserted. To leave her exposed to the mercy of the elements—to the chance of recovery, or to the accidental meeting of some individual more able than myself to succor her, seemed an act of barbarity. A thousand ideas flashed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, and I stood for some minutes the being of irresolution, but humanity whispered to my heart, "She is a woman." My determination was at once taken, and unclasping my cloak from my shoulders, I wrapped it around her stiff and senseless form, and replacing her in the recess in which I had first discovered her, hastened to the nearest dwelling, to solicit for her shelter and assistance.

It was with difficulty, however, that I could find one heart to lend a favourable ear to my story, all to whom I applied, appearing to regard my request as quixotic; for such is human nature, ever too prone to receive with suspicion the prayer of misery, and to attribute to the wretched sufferer, the cause of his own misfortunes. At length I encountered a feeling response in the person of a poor and humble woman, who listened with compassion to my story, and telling her husband, whose heart, thank God, was as alive to my tale of wretchedness as that of his honest partner, to accompany me; we returned to the spot where I had left the sufferer, and arrived in the very crisis of time, to rescue her from two gend'armes, who were dragging her along with brutal

force, and heaping on her the most debasing reproaches. "Gentlemen," I exclaimed, "that female is under my protection; pray resign her to my care."

A loud laugh burst from the minions of authority, accompanied with a threat of punishment if I offered to oppose them in the performance of their duty—at the same time they pushed the poor creature with such violence, that she fell prostrate on the cold and flinty pavement.

I felt the blood of indignation mount to my face. I clenched my fist, and but for the cooler judgement of my companion, who arrested my arm, the ruffians the next moment would have fallen before me. I sprang forward, and raised the sufferer—the blood was streaming from a deep gash above her temple.—On perceiving I was beside her, she clung around me with frantic violence. "Save me! save me!" she exclaimed, "they would drag me to a prison—they call me a beggar—a thief—a—a—she could not give utterance to the epithet—a convulsive shudder ran throughout her frame—a flood of tears came to her relief, and she wept bitterly upon my bosom.

The gens d' armes looked at each other with amazement. Their stern visages seemed to relax at the scene of misery. They muttered some words, the direct purport of which I could not hear, but the sounds I thought were those of pity. I seized the moment to appeal to their feelings. My prayer was successful, which, backed by a few pieces—a more powerful advocate than the voice of humanity—they consigned the unfortunate creature to my protection. I now lost no time in urging upon her the necessity of accompanying us to a place of safety. At first she hesitated, as if suspicious of some sinister design, but my request being seconded by my generous friend, won her confidence, and leaning upon us for support, we directed her tottering footsteps to the dwelling of the good Baptiste—the name of the worthy individual who had listened to my story, and who was now most

anxious in his efforts to succour the unfortunate.

Arrived at his dwelling, his kind dame was busy in administering to the wants of the sufferer, who now beginning to feel assured that we were guided in our actions solely from the impulse of charity, began to acquire confidence, while her countenance assumed an expression of melancholy happiness, mingled with the remains of departed beauty. Her age was apparently not more than forty, while her language and mien gave token of a superior education. The locket already referred to, gave also proof that there was a mystery connected with the situation in which I had found her. Her exhausted state, however, forbade, for the present, any enquiry, and confiding her to the care of Baptiste and his spouse, with means to procure whatever was necessary for her immediate wants, I was about to retire, with the promise that I should be with her in the morning, but the poor creature appeared fearful to part from me. "Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "do not forsake me. I am indeed unfortunate. I have no friend on earth; all, all have deserted me. You, sir, I feel, were sent by Heaven to extricate me from the wiles of oppression, do not deny me your confidence—your counsel. I am a wretched wife and mother—my husband is—"

"Hush!" I cried, interrupting her: "to-morrow I will hear all—doubt not my friendship—my interest in your case. You want repose. Retire, and in the morning I shall be with you." The poor creature seemed entirely overcome by the little kindness I had shown her; she fell upon her knees, and invoked a blessing upon me. Baptiste and his spouse responded "Amen!" I departed from the house. Darkness had now completely enveloped the world; the elements had nothing abated in their fury, and hurrying through the storm-swept streets, I soon reached my home. That night as I pressed my pillow, I thanked God that I felt a better and a happier man.

On the morning I repaired to the

house of Baptiste. The worthy couple received me with the cheering intelligence that their patient had passed a night of good repose, and was, in every respect, much better. I requested to be conducted to her. My demand was at once acceded to, and being led into a little apartment, humble but cleanly, with a bright fire blazing upon the hearth, I found the object of my solicitude seated at a table, gazing eagerly upon the miniature. So deeply was she abstracted, she was not aware of my presence, and when I broke the silence, she started to her feet and hastily concealed the miniature in her bosom.

She was conscious, however, that I had witnessed the act, and a deep blush suffused her countenance. I betrayed no astonishment or curiosity, but slightly adverted to the happy improvement in her looks. She was again about to express her gratitude, when I prevented her. "Well, well, as you please," she said, "but it is fit that you know something of the unhappy creature whom you have so greatly befriended."

"Not without it be congenial to your feelings," I answered. "I am convinced that my protection has not been bestowed upon an unworthy object. That to me is a sufficient recompense, but, as yet, I am comparatively a stranger to you, and therefore not entitled to even your friendship, much less to your confidence."

"Ah! sir," she exclaimed, "did you not save me from famishing—insult—prison—haply from death? Yes, yes, there is a frankness in your manner—a candour in your speech that assures me I may confide in you. Will you consent to become the possessor of my secret—my monitor? Do not consider me an impostor—indeed, indeed, I am an oppressed and suffering being—the victim of villany and power."

I took her hand, and requesting her to be seated, said, "If what you say be true, in the sight of Heaven I promise to direct your acts, and to endeavour to redress your wrongs."

"Thanks! Thanks! God will reward you—alas! I can never. Look

here," she said, "taking the miniature from her bosom. "Behold the cause of my poverty and suffering. I looked—it was the likeness of a young and noble-looking man.

"And who is he?" I asked.

"My husband! she replied. Her hand dropped by her side with the miniature, and but for my assistance she would have fallen to the ground.

"My good woman," I said, "compose yourself. Let there be no reserve, no concealment with me. Tell me all, and rely upon me as your friend—your protector."

"I do! I do sincerely," she exclaimed. "Alas, it is a tale fraught with bright days, fond hearts, and blighted hopes; but"—she looked around the apartment as if fearful other ears than mine might hear the recital. I rose, and satisfying myself that all was safe, assured her that she might proceed freely. Thus encouraged, she spoke as follows:

"My maiden name was Pauline Rosier, the only child of humble parents, who resided in the village of Plancy, in the department of Aube. As is too frequently the case, I was indulged in every caprice that my youthful mind could fancy. Seventeen summers had shed their lustre on my head, and life was to me a garden of joy. At this period, there came to reside in our village a young man, by name, De Brian, of noble birth and attractive manners. He had been sent, by his father, from Paris, for the better finishing of his education, under tuition of the pastor of our village, as well as for the restoration of an impaired constitution, occasioned by the gaieties and dissipation of the capital. Among the inhabitants, he soon became a favourite, and, at our cottage a constant visitor. My heart was captivated by his appearance, and I regarded him as a being superior to all I had hitherto beheld. He was assiduous in his attentions to me, and at length avowed himself, with the permission of my parents, my lover. This, however, was opposed by the pastor, and his visits forbidden. Young, ardent, and impetuous,

he was not to be debarred from my society, and excuses and opportunities were easily found for our meeting. At length, alarmed at the passion of his pupil, the pastor apprized his parent, and De Brian received an order to return immediately to Paris, but before his departure, we were secretly wedded—he trusting that his father would sanction our union when he found it could not be recalled; but alas! the avowal was received with rage and indignation by the infuriated parent, who solemnly averred that I should never be received as the wife of his son. Rich, and possessing unbounded influence, he soon found means to cast a suspicion upon the validity of our marriage, and to prevent more effectually our again meeting, De Brian was despatched to a distant part of the empire, in the service of his country, and spies placed about him to prevent his sending to, or receiving intelligence from me. To add to my afflictions at the same time, both my parents were suddenly called from the world, and I shortly afterwards became a mother. Those who, in my days of happiness had been my friends, now regarded me with contempt, while the odium thrown upon my union, made me a mark for the shafts of scandal. It was almost with difficulty that I even procured employment to support my existence, and that of my babe. Yet even then I found happiness in the hope that De Brian might yet return, and my child behold the father of its being.—Alas! that hope was suddenly dispelled. One evening as I sat before my cottage door, the pastor approached; in his hand he held a letter, which he said was for me. It was the writing of De Brian. I severed the seal, and with the eye of lightning glanced over its contents.—Just Heaven! they were the announcement of his return to Paris—of his being wedded to another, and a request that my child should be immediately forwarded to him, to be reared according to his instruction. Sense forsook me, and I sank to the ground. When I awoke, it was to madness. For months I was the inmate of an asylum, during

which time, my infant was conveyed to its father. On my restoration to consciousness, I departed immediately for Paris in quest of De Brian and my babe.—On my arrival, I found that he had departed for a foreign land, and all tidings of my child were buried in mystery. Destitute of money—almost unable to walk—a victim to grief, and the agony of suspense, I knew not how to proceed. At length I received enough to sustain my life by accepting of the most menial employment, but I felt a comfort in the thought that by remaining in Paris, I might ultimately gain intelligence of my child, but for fifteen years it has been denied me. Two months since I was seized with a dangerous malady, and conveyed to the Hotel Dieu.

On my recovery, I was too weak to labour, and the few articles of clothing which had been left in the hands of the persons with whom I had resided, had been sold in my absence, to defray a small sum in which I was to them indebted, while they refused again to receive me, fearing that I might become a burden. For this past week, the streets have been my home, and the pittance of the charitable passenger my only support. It was thus, Sir, that you found me, and but for your humanity, I might have perished, and my secret remained unknown." She paused, and regarding the portrait, sighed deeply. I could not reply, but turning aside, gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears.

At length, mastering my emotion, I said—"And is that the likeness of De Brian?"

"It is!" she replied.

"Will you permit me to examine it?" I asked.

She spoke not, but at once placed it in my hand. Looking closely upon it, it struck me that I could recognise a strong resemblance to a nobleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was high in the judicial power of France. My curiosity was excited. A thousand ideas floated in my mind—the possibility that he might be the very individual, and the thought that as mysterious incidents had been by as singu-

lar coincidences brought to light, took possession of my heart, and I resolved at once to ascertain the probability.

"Will you confide this miniature to my care?" said I. "It will materially aid my exertion in the discovery you so much desire."

"Willingly!" she exclaimed, for I feel assured you are sent by heaven, as my good angel, to divine the cruel mystery which hangs over me."

"You shall see or hear from me," I continued, "in the course of the day, and in the meantime, hold yourself in readiness to come to me whenever I send for you." She promised obedience, and I quitted her presence.

I immediately repaired to the Conservative Hall. Count De Brisson, for such was the title which had been conferred upon him, was seated in the chair of justice. I narrowly compared his features with those of the miniature, and although a lapse of years had materially altered them, still I thought I could discover a strong mutual resemblance.—

Yet how to be assured it was he, I knew not. I therefore approached closer to the tribunal, with the purpose of endeavouring to glean from some of the officers information respecting his early character and patronymic name. The court was occupied with the trial of a criminal for forgery. He was a young man of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, of elegant form and intellectual features. He had just concluded a most eloquent defence, and the spectators appeared to regard him with intense interest and pity. The jury had retired to consult upon a verdict, and a breathless suspense held possession of the throng. Their absence was short, for the facts were so palpable against the prisoner, that no ameliorating clause could be found, and the word *guilty* was emphatically pronounced. A deep sigh burst from the body of the spectators, as the judge rose to pronounce the sentence. The culprit appeared to be the only one who betrayed no emotion; his brow was knit—a smile of callous contempt seemed to light up his features as he calmly heard the sentence of "ban-

ishment for life to the galleys," recorded against him. Bowing to the judge respectfully, he turned suddenly round to the spectators, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Citizens, you have beheld a father condemn his own offspring. I am Frederick de Brian! Count de Brisson's lawful but discarded son!" A thrill of horror ran throughout the court. The Count grew pale, and tremblingly sunk back into his chair. The prisoner folded his arms upon his breast; a glow of revenge settled on his face, and a long laugh of exultation burst from his bosom. The officers were about to hurry him from the bar, when the Count, starting to his feet, exclaimed—"Hold! remove him not;" then added, "Frederic de Brian, if thou art my son, speak, why do I find thee here?"

"By thy cruelty—thy pride," cried the young man—"by thy villainy which denied me my rightful name and heritage—robbed me of my mother, and left me without a protector to direct my youth. My poor mother, if thou art yet alive—"

"She is alive!" I voluntarily exclaimed. "She lives and mourns thy unknown existence. Behold!" I exclaimed, holding aloft the miniature, "behold, Count de Brisson, the gift of thy love, to thy wedded wife, Pauline Rosier." He uttered a frantic shriek, and falling forward, was received in the arms of the attendants. They raised him—his eyes were fixed and lustreless—blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he was borne from the court. His spirit had fled in the agony of the moment.

That night the widowed mother clasped to her bosom her long lost son, for a remission of his sentence was easily obtained, now that his rank was known, and the cause which led to the deed considered.

It appeared that after Frederick had been taken from his mother, he had been consigned to the care of two aged peasants, with the strict injunction that he should be reared as their offspring, and his real origin from him be concealed. In this state of rusticity, the young man continued until the age of sixteen, at

which time the old woman dying, revealed to him the secret of his birth.—He immediately repaired to Paris, but finding that Count de Brisson refused to acknowledge him—and his claims were regarded as unfounded, he connected himself with a gang of *roues*. His genteel appearance, and a natural quickness, were well calculated to aid him in his nefarious profession. In a short time he perpetrated the crime of forgery, for which he was apprehended, arraigned, and convicted, as described.

Count de Brisson's second alliance, had proved of short duration—his wife dying two years after their union, and without issue. Frederic was, therefore, the only lawful heir to the title and domains. Happy in the society of his mother, he retired to his paternal castle in Lorraine, but grief and suffering had done their work, and she shortly after expired in the arms of her son. Ten years had passed away, when circumstances leading me in the neighbourhood of his estate, I ventured to make myself know to him. My reception was most generous. A beautiful and noble lady was introduced to me as the Countess de Brisson. My name was already to her familiar, while a blooming family, who called her mother, hailed me by the title of—"Their Father's Benefactor!"

NOTE.—The incidents and character of this tale are founded upon facts which occurred in France a few years since, and many of our readers will no doubt recognise in it a *detail* of the leading incidents of a newspaper paragraph which appeared in some of our city papers a few months since.—ED. AMARANTH.



As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying upon its vitals, so is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

Good thoughts are ministering angels sent
To point a pathway to the firmament;
The brazen serpent raised amidst our grief,
On which to look and find a sure relief;
The bow of promise in our mental sky,
A pledge of after immortality!

Literary Garland.

AULD FRIENDS.—By DAVID VEDDER.

My word! but ye seem nae sheep-shank,
I like your visage free and frank;
That ye're a man o' wealth and rank
I shouldna wonder,
Wi' credit in Sir Willie's bank
For twa three hunder;

Forby a sclated hoose to bide in,
A pony cart to tak' a ride in;
Sax guid milk-kye, ye'll hae a pride in,
A mare an' filly;
This comes o' thrift an' frugal guidin',
Auld mairland Willie!

An' when ye gae to truste an' fair—
Gin ye hae little time to spare—
Ye'll trot the cannie auld gray mare
Through dubs an' plashes,
Your legs happed in a cosie pair
O' spatterdashes.

Nae doubt but ye hae struggled sair
Through fifty years to gather gear;
Your manly brow wi' lines o' care
Is sair indented,
But *truth* an' *honesty* are there
As deep imprented.

The parish kens that ye've maintained
Through life a character unstained;
The eldership ye'll hae attained,
As is right meet:
Or, if ye benna yet ordained,
Ye're on the lect.

When neebours cam' to altercation,
Aspersions, an' recrimination;
An' naething for't but Courts o' Session,
An' judge an' jury;
Your mild an' righteous arbitration
Aye laid their fury.

When tailor Tam broke yard an' shears,
An' listed i' the Fusileers;
His widow'd mither, bathed in tears,
Mourned o'er the staff
An' stay o' her declining years,—
Ye bought him aff.

Ise wad ye hae an ample store
O' solid theologic lore,
Frae Bailey, Boston, Brown, and More,
An' weel can quote them;
An' ither worthies, half a score,
Though I've forgot them.

I see ye've trotted owre the green
To meet your valued early frien';
He's sittin' on an auld grey stane
Quite at his leisure;
The vera twinkle o' his een
Denotes his pleasure.

Ah! had we mony mare like thee,
To prop the State's auld randle-tree;
An' drink the stream o' liberie
In moderation;
In spite o' grumblers, we should be
A happy nation.

There is this paradox in pride—
It makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

(From the London Sporting Review.)

Sporting Sketches from New-Brunswick.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

The Lawyer and the Black Ducks.

THE majority of sportsmen from the United Kingdom, who have wandered into the British Provinces of North America, have generally complained of a lack of field sports, and on returning to that glorious "FATHER LAND," from which we colonists are proud to claim our origin, have described this country to their brother sportsmen as not worth the trouble of a visit. So far as their own knowledge extended, they were, perhaps, right; for, being wholly unqualified, they had not attempted our forest life, and, consequently, knew nothing of our hunting, fishing, or shooting. They had expected to indulge their sporting propensities in the same style, and with the like appliances, as on the other side of the Atlantic, forgetting the wide difference which exists between an old country and a new one; they were grievously disappointed, no doubt, in being debarred from joining at the cover-side a well mounted hunting-field, radiant in all the brilliancy of scarlet coats, spotless leathers, and faultless tops; and being unable to move out for a day's shooting, from the comforts and luxuries of an English country mansion, followed by a retinue of dogs and keepers, to pace regularly and quietly over the stubble, or through a few acres of turnips, across country, which offered no greater obstacle to their progress than a hedge or a ditch. But some few who have visited us, blessed with youth, health, and an ardent temperament, have conquered the first difficulties attendant on every new undertaking, and have opened to themselves a wide field of gratification, which amply rewarded their perseverance, and afforded endless and ever-varying sources of amusement and delight.— These favoured few have been taught to wield the axe and use the paddle, and they have become adepts with the Indian fishing-spear; they have succeeded on the snow-shoe, and been able to pur-

sue, with flying foot, the red deer and the cariboo, over the crisp and glittering surface of the frozen snow, while facing the sharp and nipping air of our biting winter. They have learned, during the long and brilliant days of summer, to navigate the broad lake and rapid river, in the light canoe, with perfect safety, and the most thorough feeling of independence. They have, in their excursions, skimmed over the bright waters of some of the many sparkling rivers in which New-Brunswick delights, and which so completely intersect it, ascending rapids and surmounting obstacles of all kinds, until fairly at the sources of the stream; and then, instead of returning as they came, they have "portaged," with canoe and all equipments, to some other river flowing in an opposite direction, and differing widely, perhaps, in character and scenery; pursuing the downward course of which they have been carried into a new region, and an entirely different set of wild sports and adventures.

To roam independently and at will through the pathless forest, viewing nature in her unsullied brightness, silent beauty, and matchless grandeur, far distant from the haunts of man, and the turmoil and bustle of the busy world, breathing a pure air under a brilliant sky, and subsisting by our own exertions in the chase, is a mode of life possessing such fascinations as cannot be understood, or fully appreciated, save by those who have felt its spell, and enjoyed its pure and heartfelt pleasures. The intense and constant excitement arising from the ever-changing scenes and varied incidents of such a state of existence, are not its least recommendation; and few, if any, of those who are fitted to enjoy it, ever quit the wild wood to resume their place in civilized life, without deep feelings of regret that their enjoyments are at an end, or without evincing great unwillingness to submit themselves again to the trammels and restrictions of that highly artificial state of things which is styled "living in good society." There can be no doubt, that the man of education, possessing a

refined taste, who enters upon this wild life, with all its attendant pleasures, and moments of intense interest, after long communion with the world, and weariness of its ways, enjoys the delights which it affords with keener zest and higher gratification than the being who is accustomed only to forest scenes and life "under the green-wood tree." The sportsman and the gentleman takes his simple meal in peace and quietness by the river side, under a bright and cloudless canopy, and he enjoys it the more, because it is seasoned by a good appetite, and sweetened by previous exercise of the most invigorating character; he feels that all his powers, both of mind and body, are in the highest state of perfection, and that he possesses unusual quickness of perception, combined with great energy both of thought and action. He contrasts his feelings with those which he has experienced while undergoing the fatigue of a sumptuous dinner of many courses, for which he had no appetite, but with which he was compelled to trifle while seated under the gilded cornice, and surrounded by the elaborate and costly ornaments of some magnificent saloon, oppressed by the glare of light, the sense of suffocation from a close and heated atmosphere, and all the *desagremens* of a large and crowded party, however select it may be; and he draws conclusions which are greatly in favour of his homely, yet abundant and really luxurious repast. He quaffs from the cool and limpid spring which bubbles by his side, and feels that the pleasures he is enjoying are such as leave no sting behind, but will furnish pleasing recollections for many long years, of a more troubled existence, which he may be destined to spend in the gay world, to whose accustomed round of frivolity and folly he is fettered by the imperceptible, yet binding chains of long continued habit.

It has been my good fortune, at times, to meet with capital sportsmen, and right pleasant companions, from the mother-country, who had acquired the requisite degree of skill and dexterity for following our wild sports, and ready and wil-

ling, at any season, for a dash into the forest; and it was with a party of such choice spirits that I found myself, one calm summer morning, floating over the deep and placid waters of one of our third-rate rivers. We were five in all, in the same number of canoes, each paddled by an active Indian; and as we proceeded up stream, in line abreast, we appeared to move by one impulse, for no canoe shot a-head of its fellows, and we rounded points, and skimmed across coves and bays with equal speed, and swift and steady motion. Salmon-spears, guns, fishing-rods, landing-nets, gaffs, and other sporting implements, might be seen projecting from the canoes; while the requisites for a stay in the forest, of some duration, were snugly stowed and carefully secured in each. We had met, by appointment, at the last settlement on the river, about 80 miles from the sea, and departing thence, at daybreak, with joyous spirits and merry shouts, the clear, silvery notes from the bugle of one of the party, broke the stillness of the opening day, and aroused the sleeping echoes with the stirring strain of

"Behold, how brightly breaks the morning."

The startled heron rose sluggishly from the shallow whereon he had taken post to seize his finny prey for a morning meal, and sailed heavily away from our dangerous proximity; while the scared wild ducks sprang sharply from the sedges which concealed them, and, wheeling round, rose high above the tree-tops, to speed their flight to some more quiet feeding-place, as yet undisturbed by the report of a gun, or the echoing blast of the bugle. Thus we advanced some eight or ten miles into the depths of the wilderness, when the stream becoming narrower, and the current more swift, we necessarily broke up our line of march, and each canoe made its way independently of the others. In this way we pushed on some four or five miles further; and, while pursuing our course, the fly-rods were in constant requisition, the flies being used right and left from the canoes, and many good trout were thus taken, with scarcely a

check to our progress, until, at length, we reached a point where the stream divided into two branches—or, in American phraseology, “forked”—when a halt was sounded, and we landed for rest and refreshment. The grassy bank sloped gently to the water’s edge, and offered every convenience for a halting place; the canoes were drawn up, stores were unpacked, fires lighted, and in very short space, breakfast was declared ready. What a glorious breakfast it was, and with what *gusto* we enjoyed it!

We did not, however, linger long over our repast, for the day was yet young, and we were all eager for sport; so soon, therefore, as we had finished, and made some necessary arrangements, we separated to follow our several inclinations for the rest of the day. Two of the party went up the right branch of the stream for salmon-fishing, in its swift waters; other two, in pursuit of wild pigeons, pushed over to a rich alluvial meadow, or plain—called “intervale” in the colonies—which skirted the banks of the left branch, and was covered with a luxuriant growth of that useful and beautiful forest tree—the sugar maple.

It was my fancy to accompany Tomah, the oldest Indian of our party, in quest of ducks, up a deep and narrow creek, winding its tortuous way through the fertile intervale, which, from the size of the trees, flourishing in its rich, virgin soil, and freedom from underwood, bore great resemblance to an old English park. We paddled gently and cautiously about a mile, the perfect stillness only broken by the heavy plash of the large mud-turtle, as, launching himself from off the fallen and half-sunken tree on which he basked in the sunshine, he sunk with sullen plunge; or the sharp and rattling note of the crested king-fisher, the resplendant azure of his plumage glancing in the sunbeams, as he flitted from tree to tree before our advance, unwillingly disturbed in his accustomed pursuits, and wondering at our intrusion upon his hitherto quiet haunts. Moving stealthily along, and alive to every sound and movement near

us, we were brought up suddenly by a mound across the creek, which Tomah at once pronounced an ancient beaver-dam, one that had, in former days, been thrown up by those most industrious and sagacious animals, the beavers, to create a small lake, or pond, in which to place their singular lodges, or habitations. This dam was about thirty feet in length, from bank to bank, and, as nearly as could be ascertained, some six feet in width at the base, the thickness gradually diminishing to the top, which was a little over a foot in breadth. It was built with small trees, which had evidently been cut on the banks of the creek by the teeth of the persevering beavers, and, falling into the water, had been floated down, and then placed, horizontally and cross-wise, in an exceedingly well selected situation. A sufficient number of trees appeared to have been thus placed; the projecting tops and branches had then been cut off, and, with twigs and stones, had served to fill up the larger interstices; after which the whole fabric had been rendered water-tight with tough clay, and strongly-adhesive mud from the banks and bed of the creek. The top of the dam was surmounted with a thick growth of vigorous shoots from the willow, the birch, the aspen, and other trees used in the work, and looked not unlike a hedge-row, dividing the upper from the lower waters of the stream. It was evident that the trapper had been here, and that all the beavers had been killed, or driven off, long before, for their lodges were broken and dilapidated, and no recent traces of their labours were visible.

At one extremity of the dam, close to the bank, was an opening, through which the flow of the stream found its way; and Tomah explained to me that this opening was used by the beavers for the purpose of raising or lowering the waters of the pond. It constituted, in fact, the waste-gate of the dam: in times of flood, the beavers enlarged the opening to give vent to the surplus water; and in the heat and drought of summer they closed it again, so as to secure to themselves sufficient extent of surface

and depth of water for all their purposes. In winter, he said, these sagacious creatures nearly closed the opening, and kept up the water at the highest level, to prevent the possibility of the pond becoming frozen to the bottom, and the communication with their lodges under the ice being thereby cut off.

I was greatly struck with the ingenious manner in which the opening or waste-gate was placed and secured, so as to guard against the danger of its becoming too large by a sudden rush of water, in which case the end of the dam would be swept away, and the whole of the work, in all probability, destroyed; and I noticed, with admiration, the extraordinary and wonderful instinct of the beaver, which had directed the building of the dam, not straight across the stream, but curving considerably upward, and offering the convex side to oppose the accumulated weight of water, thus giving increased strength, firmness, and solidity to the work.

Some time was spent in examining the various labours of the former dwellers in this extinct colony of beavers, all of which gave unerring proof of the unwearied labour and prudent foresight of the numerous body of sagacious animals which, judging from the great number of ruined lodges, must, at some former period, have sported and gambolled fearlessly and freely in the undisturbed waters of their pond, now almost stagnant from long neglect, and nearly choked with aquatic plants in endless variety.

Tomah lifted the canoe over the dam, and then we floated out upon a piece of water, more extensive than we at first conceived, for the larger portion had been concealed from our view by a sudden bend in the stream; on turning which, we opened a long narrow lake, which seemed to terminate abruptly at the base of a steep and lofty hill, wooded to the very summit. Our attention was, however, attracted by certain indications among the water lilies and other aquatic productions, which were so abundant that the surface of the water was nearly covered, that wild fowl had

been lately on the feed; leaves and flowers were broken and floating; roots and water-grasses had been torn up from the bottom, and, half eaten, were strewn in quantities on the broad leaves of the white lily, affording proof that the birds were numerous and long undisturbed. We crept cautiously and noiselessly along, and soon discovered, at some distance, a large flock of black ducks, much scattered over the surface; but as these delicious birds are very shy and difficult of approach by daylight, it was agreed that Tomah should land, and, making a long *detour*, endeavour to get beyond the flock, and turn them down the water, while I remained in the canoe, in such a position as would enable me to blaze into them as they passed. The time occupied by Tomah in reaching the point indicated, appeared so long, that, growing impatient, and forgetting the strict caution I had received to keep perfectly quiet until the birds were on the wing, and sufficiently near for a shot, I gradually edged the canoe from among the tall rushes and flags which concealed it, toward the flock; but the instant they had view of my suspicious proceedings, the alarm was given, and the whole body went off instantly, far out of reach. Shortly after the Indian appeared on the bank, and I paddled up for him; he stood leaning on his gun, lost in thought, and, although he strove to conceal it, evidently vexed. On my inquiring what had happened, he asked if I had heard what the ducks said, to which I answered, that I had not been so fortunate.— He then told me, very gravely, that, as he was creeping down upon the flock, and very nearly within range, a duckling, who was on the outskirts, first noticed my movements, and cried out to the father of the flock: "*Meta-hassim!*" (black duck!) "who is that coming?" The old duck looked attentively for an instant, and replied, "It is *Potosuin!*" (the lawyer). "He is a very dangerous man! Always beware of a *Potosuin!* Let us be off, my children!" And away they all flew.

"Now, in future, remember," con-

cluded Tomah, "when you wish to get near black ducks, that you had better keep more out of their sight, *Potosuin!*" And, having delivered this sharp reproof, he stepped lightly into the canoe, seized the paddle, and in an instant we were skimming swiftly away.

COWARDICE IN THE SOLDIER.

It is perhaps needless to observe, that it is scarcely in the power of an individual foot soldier to perform any enterprising feat in the field of action, unless he be on some detached duty in front, such as is frequently the case with the skirmishers. If he is with the battalion, he must keep in his ranks; it is on the united movement of the whole body that general success depends; and he that rushes forward is equally blameable with him who lags behind, though certainly the former may do so with less chance of censure, and no dread of shame. A man may drop behind in the field, but this is a dreadful risk to his reputation, and even attended with immediate personal danger, while within the range of shot and shells: and wo to the man that does it, whether through fatigue, sudden sickness, or fear; let him seek death, and welcome it from the hand of a foe, rather than give room for any surmise respecting his courage: for when others are boasting of what they have seen, suffered, or performed, he must remain in silent mortification. If he chances to speak, some boaster cuts him short; and, even when he is not alluded to, he becomes so sensitively alive to these merited or unmerited insults, that he considers every word, sign, or gesture, pointed at him, and he is miserable among his comrades.

It is proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.—*Johnson*.

THE two great movers of the human mind are, the desire for good, and the fear of evil.

Selected for The Anarant.

THE THREE HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air,
Was twisting flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair;
"My home," the happy heart replied,
Smiling in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
Where soft winds wander free."
O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place;
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes in human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrowed brow and wan
Slow musing on his way;
He paused and with a solemn mien,
Upraised his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!"
O! blest, thrice blest the heart must be,
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walk from worldly fetters free,
Its only home is heaven!

EVERY DAY HAPPINESS.—Occupation and a clear conscience, the very truant in the fields will tell you, are craving necessities. But when these are secured, there are higher matters, which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree. They are refinements which add to the beauty of life without diminishing its strength; and, as they spring only from a better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. Many have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature and the training of a vine may develop them as well as the curtaining of a king's chamber.

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.

A MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"First our flowers die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too."

I WAS very young, scarcely beyond the verge of infancy, the last and most helpless of three little girls who were gathered around my poor mother's death-bed. When I look on the chain of my varied existence—that woof of gold and iron woven so strangely together—the remembrance of that young being who perished so early and so gently from the bosom of her family, forms the first sad link which ever gives forth a thrill of funereal music when my heart turns to it—music which becomes more deep-toned and solemn as that chain is strengthened by thought, and bound together by the events of successive years. The first human being that I can remember, was my invalid mother, moving languidly about her home, with the paleness of disease sitting on her beautiful features, and a deep crimson spot burning with painful brightness in either cheek. I remember, that her step became unsteady and her voice fainter and more gentle, day by day, 'till, at last, she sunk to her bed, and we were called upon to witness her spirit go forth to the presence of Jehovah. They took me to her couch, and told me to look upon my mother before she died. Their words had no meaning to me then, but the whisper in which they were spoken thrilled painfully through my infant heart, and I felt that something very terrible was about to happen. Pale, troubled faces were around that death-pillow—stern men, with sad, heavy eyes—women overwhelmed with tears and sympathy, and children, that huddled together shuddering and weeping, they knew not wherefore. Filled with wonder and awe, I crept to my mother, and burying my brow in the mass of rich brown hair that floated over her pillow, heavy with the damp of death, but still lustrous in spite of disease, I trembled and sobbed without knowing why, save that all around me was full of grief and lamen-

tation. She murmured, and placed her pale hand on my head. My little heart swelled, but I lay motionless and filled with awe. Her lips moved, and a voice, tremulous and very low, came faintly over them. These words, broken and sweet as they were, left the first dear impression that ever remained on my memory—"Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil." This was my mother's last prayer! in that imperfect sentence, her gentle voice went out for ever. Young as I was, that prayer had entered my heart with a solemn strength. I raised my head from its beautiful resting-place, and gazed awe-stricken upon the face of my mother. Oh, how an hour had changed it! The crimson flush was quenched on her cheeks, a moisture lay upon her forehead, and the grey, mysterious shadows of death were stealing over each thin feature, yet her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me, surcharged with spiritual brightness, as if they would have left one of their vivid, unearthly rays, as the seal of her death-bed covenant. Slowly as the sunbeam's pale at nightfall from the leaves of a flower, went out the starlight of those eyes; a mist come over them, softly as the dews might fall upon that flower, and she was dead. Even then, I knew not the meaning of the solemn change I had witnessed, but when they bore me forth from my mother's death-bed, my heart was filled with fear and misgiving.

All were overwhelmed with the weight of their own sorrow, and I was permitted to wander around my desolated home unchecked and forgotten. I stood wondering by as they shrouded my mother, and smoothed the long hair over her pale forehead. Silently I watched them spread the winding-sheet, and fold those small pale hands over her bosom, but when they closed the blinds, and went forth, my little heart swelled with a sense of unkindness in shutting out the sunshine, and the sweet summer air which had so often called a smile to her pale lips, when it came to her bed, fragrant from the rose-thickets and the

white clover field, which lay beneath the windows they had so cruelly darkened. The gloom of that death-chamber made me very sorrowful, but I went to the bed, turned down the linen, and laid my hand caressingly on the pale face which lay so white and motionless in the dim light. It was cold as ice. I drew back affrighted, and stealing from the room, sat down alone, wondering and full of dread.

They buried her beneath a lofty tree on the high bank of a river. A waterfall raises its eternal anthem nearly, and the sunset flings its last golden shadows among the long grass that shelters her. I remember it all—the grave with its newly-broken sod—the coffin placed on the brink. The clergyman, with his black surplice sweeping the earth, and the concourse of neighbours gathered round that grave, each lifting his hat reverently as the solemn hymn swelled on the air, answered by the lofty anthem surging up from the waterfall, and the breeze rustling through the dense boughs of that gloomy tree. Then came the grating of the coffin as it was lowered into its narrow bed, the dull, hollow sound of falling earth, and those most solemn words of “dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.” With mournful distinctness were all these things impressed on my young mind, but my mother’s last prayer is written more forcibly than all in characters that but deepen with maturity. It has lingered about my heart a blessing and a safeguard, pervading it with music that cannot die. Many times, when the heedlessness of youth would have led me into error, has that sweet voice, now hushed for ever, intermingled with my thoughts, and, like the rosy links of a fairy chain, drawn me from my purpose. Oft, when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eyes have sparkled with anticipated pleasure, have I caught the reflection of those eyes in the mirror, and thought of the look which rested upon me when my mother died—that broken supplication to Heaven has come back to my memory, the cluster-

ing roses have been torn from my head; sad and gentle memories have drunk the unnatural glow from my cheeks, and my thoughts have been carried back to my lost parent, and from her, up to the Heaven she inhabits. The festival and all its attractions, have been lost in gentle reflections, and I have been “delivered from temptation.” Again, when the sparkling wine-cup has almost bathed my lips, amid merriment and smiles and music, has the last sad prayer of my mother seemed to mingle with its ruby contents, and I have put away the goblet, that “I might not be led into temptation.” When my hand has rested in that of the dishonourable, and trembled to the touch of him who says in his heart there is no God, as that voice seemed to flow with his luring accents, I have listened to it, and fled as from the serpent of my native forests.

Again and again, when the throbbings of ambition have almost filled my soul, and the praises of my fellow men have become a precious incense, the still small voice of my mother’s prayer has trembled over each heart-string, and kindled it to a more healthy music. In infancy, youth, and womanhood, that prayer has been to me a holy remembrance—a sweet thought full of melody, not the less beautiful that there is sadness in it.



CHASTITY.—How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints—nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by report—which the party, who is at the pains to propagate it, beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling—that she is heartily sorry for it—hopes in God it is not true; however, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, is resolved, in the mean time, to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it shall happen to fall.

—Sterne.

For The Amaranth.

THE VICTIM'S DYING HOUR.

BENOLD that cheek, that dim and haggard eye,
Those clay-cold lips, still moving as in pray'r,
List to that thrilling, agonizing sigh,
Then say if guilt did e'er inhabit there?
Alas, alas! the sting is sorely felt,
Well hath she suffer'd to atone her guilt!

Say, is this she, who once alone did reign
Belov'd of all, the mistress of all hearts?
She who had countless lovers in her train,
Now brought thus low by vile seductive arts?
Say, is this she, who in effulgent sheen,
Of ev'ry heart 'erst reign'd the lovely queen?

Where is the deep carnation tint? where now
The eye which kindled once with beauty's
light?

Where is the smile that once light up that brow,
On which stern guilt hath cast its with'ring
blight?

Alas, alas! of all she's now bereft,
Of what she was, the wreck alone is left!

Are those the eyes, which once with love did
beam,

Which now appear as still as silent death?
Are those the lovely cheeks which once did
seem,

As if were there entwin'd the roses' wreath?
Is this the form, in infancy oft prest
With rapture to a mother's tender breast?

Are those the arms which oft with love have
hung

Upon the foul seducer's guilty neck?
Now lying powerless, their nerves unstrung,
And like herself a sad and mournful wreck?
Are those the lips which did their breath disclose
Like to the fragrant odour of the rose.

Say, is this she, whose soul-subduing glance,
Allur'd all hearts to worship at her shrine?
Who through the crowded mazes of the dance
Like a celestial satellite did shine?
She who appear'd as lovely as the day,
'Ere the seducer mark'd her for his prey?

Yes, this is she, but now, alas! she lies
Sad and neglected on her dying bed;
No gentle hand is near to close her eyes;
No tear of sorrow now for her is shed;
She who could once adorn an empire's throne,
Now lies unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

That breast was once devoid of ev'ry guile,
And virtue there took up her blest abode;
That face was once lit with an heav'nly smile,
Which foul seduction's venom did corrode;
That lovely form is wasted now and gone,
And canker'd sorrow hath the conquest won.

Oh! man, fell monster, cruel of thy kind,
What art thou, but a ruthless libertine?
See that sad wreck, and oh! let it remind
Thee that the foul and dreadful work is thine;
Behold those charms which thou hast caused
to fade,
And tremble at the havoc thou hast made.

Thou cruel spoiler, oh! that such as thee,
Should thus deface the image that was made,
(Like to the maker of all things that be),
Or that such are who have from virtue stray'd;
That such there are, who foul advantage take,
And seek a woman's love, her heart to break-

How many are the vows, the oaths, the pray'r's,
And ev'ry other vile seductive art;
The protestations, groans, and sighs and tears,
Resorted to, to win her gentle heart:
She listens to thee, in an evil hour,
Then falls, and withers, like a blighted flow'r.

But hark, what sound now falls upon mine ear?
It is the hapless female's dying moan;
Say, canst thou hear it, and not drop a tear,
Unless thine heart is of the flinty stone?
Approach and view thy victim's dying bed;
All's silent now, alas!—her spirit's fled!

St. John.

J. M. 69th Regt.

THE ABBOT OF LA TRAPPE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY:

"Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are its epoch: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness."

MANFRED.

ONE of the most brilliant ornaments
of the splendid and profligate court of
Louis the Fourteenth, was the young
Abbe de Rance. Originally destined
to the career of arms, the death of an
elder brother, which left vacant several
rich benefices, produced a sudden
change in his prospects, and at the early
age of ten years, Armand de Rance,
received the tonsure. Those intellec-
tual tastes, for which he was already
remarkable, seemed to fit him in a pecu-
liar manner for an ecclesiastical life, and
he devoted himself to his studies with a
zeal which promised unbounded success
to the aspirant for fame. His early ac-
quaintance with the classics was so
great, that he published an edition of
Anacreon when only twelve years
old; and his progress in various other
branches of polite learning, was so re-
markable as to obtain for him the notice
and protection of Anne of Austria. De-
voting himself more especially, how-
ever, to the study of the Scriptures, and
of the Fathers of the Church, he pas-

sed through the various grades of clerical education with the most distinguished success, and, when permitted to become a public preacher, soon placed himself in the first rank by his learning and his eloquence. Young, handsome, and highly gifted, he became one of the most popular persons about the court, and hundreds who had forgotten to listen to the dictates of virtue in their own consciences, flocked to hear them from the beautiful lips of the young Abbe de Rance.

Enviably as it might appear, his position was, in fact, one of extreme danger. Endowed with strong passions, those universal concomitants of great talents, possessing a nature extremely susceptible, and a heart overflowing with warm affections—gifted, also, with a person of the noblest beauty, and a voice of the most winning sweetness, he was exposed to temptations which might easily have overcome a spirit far more ascetic than that of the young ecclesiastic. To heighten the perils of his career, his father died ere he attained his twenty-fifth year, and Armand de Rance found himself not only free from control, but also in possession of a large estate. It was at that period of his life, when pleasure intruded itself within a heart formerly devoted to wisdom—that he first began to feel the weight of his sacred vows. His thirst for fame had been slacked in the stream of court favour, and the allurements of society now offered themselves to him at the moment when his heart turned in weakness from the empty honours he had achieved.—But the morals of the time were not such as to compel him to the practice of much penance and self-denial. His holy office was but a slight barrier to his passions, and however the cowl might conceal, it certainly did not prevent their indulgence. Living in the daily observation of the most flagitious scenes, and surrounded by those whose rank only served to emblazon their vices, the Abbe de Rance soon became as well known for his reckless dissipation as for his talents, and while he still continued to utter the most eloquent ex-

hortations from the pulpit, his daily conduct evinced how little effect the lessons of virtue had produced on his own heart. Passionately devoted to the chase, he would frequently spend several hours in hunting, and then, travelling with all speed some ten or fifteen leagues, to reach the spot where his duties called him, he would sustain a disputation in the Sorbonne, or deliver a sermon to the people with as much tranquility as if he had just issued from his closet. His fine powers of conversation rendered him so desirable a companion, that he was constantly engaged in some wild frolic, and, listening only to the dictates of his unbridled passions, he was ever foremost in scenes of riot and excess.

Among the beautiful women who composed the brilliant circle of Versailles, the Duchess of Montbazou was pre-eminent in loveliness. Her dazzling complexion, so rare a charm in the native of a sunny clime, her splendid eyes, her fine hair, her superb figure, the symmetry of her delicate hands and feet, were claims to admiration not likely to be overlooked in so voluptuous a society, and Adele de Montbazou had listened to the voice of adulation, until its music had become wearisome to her ear. Moving in the gayest round of fashion, breathing an atmosphere of enjoyment, and surrounded by all that a mere votary of pleasure could desire, she had already begun to feel the satiety which ever waits upon indulgence, when she accidentally encountered, at a masque, the gifted Abbe de Rance.—The charms of his brilliant wit, and the musical tones in which he uttered those sparkling *bon mots* which form the zest of conversation, attracted her attention, before she was aware of the personal beauty hidden beneath his mask and domino. Pleased with the mystery of the affair, the romance of Armand's nature was awakened, and he determined to win her heart by the magic of intellect alone, ere he discovered to her the features of her unknown admirer. They met frequently at the many entertainments of the court, but by avoiding her near presence in general society, he

managed to preserve his incognito; and it was not until passion had asserted full mastery over the hearts of both, that Madame de Montbazon discovered her secret lover in the person of the handsome and gifted Abbe. It was to both a dream, such as had never before visited their waking thoughts; it was a first and passionate love, for, however inconstant each might once have seemed, other attachments were but the semblance, while this was the reality of affection. Tainted as they were, by evil contact, the voluptuous priest, and the court beauty were, for the first time, sensible of disinterested love, and henceforth the character of both seemed to lose the selfishness which had once been their most striking trait. Yet their love was a crime, and however their guilt might be palliated to the eyes of the world by the licentiousness that prevailed around them, in the sight of Heaven, the sin was too dark and deadly to escape its reward. But the heart of the lover was of far different mould from that of his volatile mistress. There was a wealth of tenderness in his bosom of which she never dreamed. His capacity for loving exceeded hers in a tenfold degree, and all the powers of his noble nature, all the energies of his gifted mind, were concentrated upon this affection. Her dazzling beauty, her bewitching gentleness, her fond blandishments, had completely captivated his senses, and the treasures of his gifted intellect were flung like grains of incense on the shrine of her loveliness. But the fire that burned before the idol, was an unhallowed flame—the smoke of the incense ascended not up to Heaven, and the punishment which ever awaits the deeds of ill, did not spare the denizen of courtly splendour.

As one of the charms of their intercourse was the mystery in which it was involved, the Duchess de Montbazon had given her lover a private key which admitted him by a secret staircase to her dressing-room; and thus they were accustomed to meet without the cognizance of the lady's most confidential domestics. Months had passed without awakening

either from their delirium of passion, when, at length, business compelled De Rance to leave Paris, and summoning a degree of resolution of which he was scarcely capable, he repaired to their usual trysting-place to bid her farewell. The lady had just returned from a ball at the Tuilleries, where the lovers had met each other with the careless glance and frivolous words, which served to hide their secret from the eye of prying curiosity. Throwing off her velvet robe, heavy with its embroidery of seed pearls, and loosing her beautiful tresses from the cumbrous head-gear prescribed by the fashion of the times, Madame de Montbazon dismissed her attendants, and awaited the visit of her lover. Never had she looked more enchanting than on that evening. A wrapping-gown of dark flowered silk, displayed the beauty of a form usually encased in the stiff hoop; while her dark tresses fell upon her fair brow and bosom in all the unadorned loveliness of simple nature. Such was the creature who sprang with joy to greet the coming step of the young Abbe, and who lay, weeping upon his bosom, when the hour of parting came. Again and again he bade her farewell—again and again he pressed her to his beating heart, and, as he kissed her fair round cheek, he dared to breathe a sacrilegious prayer that Heaven would watch over the object of his guilty love.

Two short weeks only had elapsed, when the Abbe de Rance, impatient of his exile, unexpectedly returned to Paris. It was late in the evening when he reached his hotel, and, as he summoned his valet to assist at his toilet, he anticipated the joyful surprize which his sudden return would afford his beautiful mistress. Wrapping his manteau about him, and slouching his hat close over his eyes, he hurried to the abode of the Duchess of Montbazon, and reached the private portal just at the hour of twelve. Noiselessly making his way up the narrow stairs, he approached the secret door, and paused to listen ere he ventured to unclose it. But all was still, and his heart beat high as he imagined his

beautiful Adele lying in peaceful slumbers so near him. Pausing one moment to quiet his excited feelings, he cautiously unclosed the door, and the next instant stood in the midst of the apartment. Good Heavens! what a scene presented itself! Stretched on a bier, attired in the vestments of the grave, lay the body of the Duchess, while on a table near, with the features distorted by the most loathsome of all diseases, lay the severed head of her whom he had left in the bloom of youth and health and beauty! Tall tapers, placed at each extremity of the bier, shed a ghastly glare upon this dreadful spectacle; and uttering a smothered cry of horror, the wretched man fell senseless beside the dead. His mistress had died of small-pox, after an illness of only six hours, and amid the confusion and dread which always attended this frightful malady, her remains were so little respected, that the coffin having been found too short, the surgeons had severed her head from her body!

When he recovered his consciousness, the Abbe de Rance found himself still alone with the frightful images of death. In a paroxysm of incipient madness, he rushed from the apartment, and at day-break was found lying senseless at the door of his own hotel. When the attendants, who should have watched the Duchess, entered the room, they found the private door unclosed, and a manteau, which was recognized as belonging to the Abbe de Rance, together with a glove, stamped with his family arms, lying beside the bier. Death had betrayed the secret of their loves, and ere the disfigured remains of the beautiful Adele were deposited in the tomb, the whole court rang with the tale of horror.

This is no wild and improbable fiction, gentle reader. Such was the fate, as recorded in the annals of the time, of one of the chief ornaments of a court, and such the revolting barbarity which characterized the obsequies of youth and beauty and rank, in the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

Months passed away ere the Abbe de

Rance recovered from the terrible shock. Madness would have been almost mercy compared to the pangs of grief, the stings of remorse, and the fearful recollections which haunted him day and night. The image of Madame de Montbazon leaning on his bosom, her arms entwined about his neck, her eyes beaming unutterable tenderness into his, was frightfully blended with the remembrance of the bloodstained head, the loathsome features, the glazed and half open eyes which had so lately met his view; and often were his attendants aroused at deep midnight by the wild shrieks which told of the horror such visions awakened in the suffering penitent. But time wrought its usual work of peace in the heart. Armand de Rance rose from the bed of sickness stricken in spirit, desolate in heart, but resolved to expiate the sin for which he had suffered. With a calmness that seemed almost unnatural, and even led to the suspicion that the taint of insanity still lingered about him, he set himself to the task of reforming his mode of life. Dismissing his retinue of servants, he sold all his plate, jewels, and rich furniture, and distributed their price among the poor. All luxury was banished from his table, and denying himself even the most innocent recreation, he spent his whole time in prayer, and the study of the sacred writings. Neither the railleries of his friends, nor the jeers of the gay world could deter him from the course he had now marked out for himself. He sold all his estates, and relinquished all his rich benefices, reserving only the Abbey of La Trappe, which he obtained permission from the king to hold, not as a church gift, but simply as an Abbot, subject to the same laws that governed the brotherhood.—To this humble retreat he retired in the year 1662, bidding adieu for ever to a world in which he had sinned and suffered so much.

His first care, after opening the duties of the abbey, was to reform the abuses which had crept into the fraternity, through the relaxed discipline of his predecessors; but finding many of the

monks unwilling to conform to his severe regulations, he permitted such as were refractory, to retire into other houses, and commenced his new system with such only as were equally zealous with himself. At first he forbade the use of wine and fish, prescribed manual labour, and enjoined unbroken silence; but in later years, he materially increased the austerities of the order. Prayer, reading the sacred authors, and severe labour divided every moment of their time. Every species of recreation—even that of study was prohibited, and the fathers were forbidden to speak to each other, or even to disclose their countenances one to another. So great was the isolation of each individual, that a monk might live for years with the most cherished friend of his youth, might eat from the same board, and kneel at the same altar, yet never learn his identity, 'till death had sealed the bodily eye and lips for ever. The Abbot alone, together with a few lay brethren, were obliged to retain the privilege of speech for purposes of business, but it was only exercised in cases of absolute necessity. The hospitality, however, which had originally been enjoined by the founder of the order, still characterized La Trappe; and amid the silent, solitary, self-denying beings, who glided like ghosts about the noiseless corridors, the spirit of benevolence was ever present. But the health of the melancholy Abbot sunk under the severe penances to which he subjected himself; and even the Pope, unwilling to lose so zealous a son of the church, advised him to relax the severe discipline of his monastery. Inflexible in his purpose, he listened to the advice of none, and having partially regained his health, the only relaxation he allowed himself, was the substitution of *intellectual* in the place of *manual* labour.

Years rolled on, and amid the destruction of armies, and the convulsion of empires, the name of De Rance had faded from the remembrance of those whom he had left behind him in the busy world. Absorbed in the desire of reforming the abuses of monastic life, and the wish to expiate, by daily pen-

nance, the sins of his youth, the Abbot of La Trappe continued to divide his time between writing treatises for the religious world, and practicing the most rigid austerities. All knowledge of political affairs was prohibited in the abbey, and even the stranger who shared their hospitality, was desired to withhold all tidings of the external world from the inmates of the living tomb.—Even the Abbot knew little of the changes which society was undergoing at that momentous period, and, if the convulsion, which shook to its very foundation, one of the mightiest nations upon earth, when the consecrated head of majesty fell beneath the blow of the headsman, was felt within the sullen walls of La Trappe, it was but as a blow inflicted on a palsied and scarce sentient body.

On the evening of a mild November day, in the year 1690, a stranger, of sad deportment and careworn mien, attended by a few domestics, claimed the well known hospitality of La Trappe. As he alighted, the Abbot prostrated himself at his feet—an act of humiliation which he always performed to a visitant, and then led the way to the chapel. After the usual religious ceremonies, a supper of roots, eggs, and vegetables was placed before him, and he was conducted to his straw pallet by the lowly Abbot. With the dawn of day, the stranger was astir, and applied himself to the severe duties of the place, with the most fervent devotion. The abbot knew not, and cared not for his name or station; it was enough for him that he was a stranger and a man of sorrow. But even the holy father was moved to tears when he learned that the grief-stricken man, who knelt so humbly to implore his benediction, was an exiled monarch, the misguided, the bigoted, but unfortunate James the Second of England.

The king's visit seemed to awaken a faint glimmer of early recollection in the breast of the Abbot of La Trappe. The things of the world—the stirring scenes of cities and courts—the dreams of ambition, the realities of destiny, once more aroused his long dormant interest,

and he listened long and eagerly to the tale of vicissitudes which James could unfold. But he was too consistent not to repent most bitterly of thus yielding to temptation. When the king departed, he condemned himself to additional penance in order to expiate this violation of his own rules, and allowing himself to think of worldly affairs.— This severity of his discipline proved too much for his weakened frame and advanced age. In less than a year afterwards, the grave, which (according to a rule of the order) his own hands had dug, received the remains of him who was once known as the gifted, the ambitious, the voluptuous Armand de Rance. For *thirty-seven years* had he been buried in this desert of earthly affections, and, when, at the age of sixty-five, he laid down the burden of existence, the errors of the youthful priest had long been forgotten in the austerity of the pious Abbot of La Trappe.

Gentle reader thou hast doubtless listened to many a tale of romantic interest connected with the monks of La Trappe, for the mystery which must envelope men who live together, looking not upon each other's faces, and hearing not each other's speech, must ever make them a favourite subject with imaginary writers. But it may be thou knowest little of the history of the singular fraternity; it may be that thou hast never before heard of him by whose exertions it was transformed from one of the least to one of the most ascetic orders of monks ever known to exist. I can only tell thee that mine is a true record of the past; and the austerities which now waste the lives of the solitary Trappists owe their origin to the melancholy termination of an intrigue of the seventeenth century.

NOTE.—According to Jesse, the house which was the scene of Madame de Montbazon's death, and of the frightful spectacle recorded above, is still standing in Paris. It is No. 14 in the Rue des Fosses St. Germain l' Auxerrois, and is now known as the Hotel Ponthieu.

Contradiction.—Matrimony, we all know and allow, is the consummation of love; now lexicographers say that consummation means end.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.—BY WOODWORTH.

Oh, Thou, whose eye, with mercy mild,
 Surveys the sinner's bended knee,
 Thou, who wast once a little child,
 As tender and as young as we;
 Dear Jesus, Saviour, Father, Friend,
 To thee our lisping tongues would raise,
 While humbly at thy feet we bend,
 A song of gratitude and praise.
 'Twas thy creating word that made
 All things below, and all above,
 When we admiring, see displayed
 Thy matchless wisdom, power and love.
 'Twas thy redeeming love that raised
 Our soul from ruin, sin and woe;
 Then let thy holy name be praised,
 By all good children here below.
 And may those hearts thy love inclined
 To give us intellectual light,
 To pour instruction o'er the mind,
 Enshrined in ignorance and night.
 May they enjoy a rich reward,
 In conscious virtues' sweet repast;
 Oh, bless them while on earth, dear Lord,
 And take them to thyself at last.

EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION.—Shall your cook and your waiters, your carter and your ditchers, be accounted equally civilized with yourselves? Shall they who watch the look, and tremble at the frown of a superior, be allowed to possess delicacy of sentiment and dignity of character? No; they are deprived of all personal consequence in society. Their own interest is annihilated. They are merely a necessary part of the luxurious establishment of their principal.

We passed by the residence of Polydore. We saw his gorgeous palace and widely extended fields. We examined his gardens, his park, his orchards; and were struck with astonishment at the splendour of his establishment. And is this all, we enquired, designed for the accommodation of one man! Can one creature, not six feet high, occupy all these splendid apartments? Behold the flocks, and herds, and fields of corn? Can all these be necessary for the sustenance of one! But if all this be the product of his own labour, he has full liberty to enjoy it. Polydore must be a giant! Did he pile up these massy stones, and erect these ponderous buildings? Did he subdue the lordly forest, and cover the fields with waving grain? No: Polydore has done nothing. He owes all this to the labour of

others. But how then, we inquired with amazement, did Polydore gain this ascendancy over others? How did he compel his fellows to cultivate his fields, or labour in his ditches? Polydore did not compel them, they were compelled by their necessities. A fortunate concurrence of circumstances, and the laws of the country, have made Polydore rich; but these men are poor. A small portion of the product of their labour goes to the support of themselves and their families; but the far greater part is applied to the aggrandizement of Polydore's establishment. And as this aggrandizement increases, in like manner increases his ascendancy over others.

We saw through the whole in a moment. It is therefore absolutely necessary that every rich man should be surrounded by others more indigent than himself. If it were otherwise, in what manner would he induce them to supply his factious wants, or gratify his luxurious inclinations? Cottages, then, must necessarily be found in the vicinity of palaces; and lordly cities must be surrounded by suburbs of wretchedness! Sordidness is the offspring of splendour; and luxury is the parent of want. Civilization consists in the refinement of a few, and the barbarism and baseness of many.

As the grandeur of any establishment is augmented, servile and base officers are multiplied. Poverty and baseness must be united in the same person, in order to qualify him for such situations. Who fill servile and low employments in your Atlantic cities? Are there not American minds to be found sufficiently degraded for these contemptible occupations. Ye find it necessary to have recourse to the more highly polished continental nations for suitable drudges to sweep your streets and remove nuisances, to stand behind your carriage, and perform degrading duties about your persons.

Civilized Europeans, when they visit your country, complain loudly of your barbarism. You are little better, in their estimation, than the savage of the wilderness. They cannot meet

with that obsequiousness and servility which is necessary to their happiness. They complain, most dolefully, of the impertinence of their servants, and, indeed, of the difficulty of procuring any one sufficiently qualified for the situation of a menial. You frequently blush for the rudeness and barbarity of your countrymen, when you listen to these complaints of your polished visitants; but do not despair. The seeds are sown; and the growth will be rapid.—The causes have begun to operate, and the effects to be seen. There will soon be a sufficiency of indigence and poverty of spirit to make servants obsequious, and multiply the number of domestics. Let splendour, refinement, and luxury triumph; and we promise that sordidness, baseness, and misery, will walk in their train.

Man was designed by nature to cultivate the fields, or roam in woods.—He has sufficient strength to do every thing for himself that is necessary to be done. He can erect a hut of poles and cover it with bark or skins without the assistance of another. A small portion of his time procures clothing and food; and the remainder is devoted to amusement and rest. The moment you leave this point, your destination is certain, though your progress may be slow.—*The Savage.*

The pianoforte of M. Listz, the celebrated performer on that instrument, was sold at Hamburg a short time since for the enormous sum of £840.

MEMOIRS OF THE HEART.

VISIONS of our childhood
 Blotted out with tears;
 Golden hopes long buried
 In the wreck of years;—
 Flowers, which by the way side
 Perish'd in their bloom;—
 Voices that reply not,
 From the silent tomb;—
 Faces that bent over us
 In our cradled rest;—
 Eyes that woke affection
 In the youthful breast;—
 In our sleep like phantoms
 Come they and depart—
 Shadows of the memories
 Linger in the heart.

A REMARKABLE PERSONAGE.

Among the most strange and singular characters that have ever played their part upon the stage of human action, the "*Chevalier d' Eon*," it appears to me, must have been among the most remarkable. Over the birth of this curious personage, there hung a mystery that was never disclosed. Having recently read a biographical sketch of the life and doings of this singular character, and presuming little to be now remembered of him—or her, as the case may have been—I have thought a brief synopsis, or notice of this biography might not be uninteresting to the wonder-loving people, in these dry times for news.

This great personage, who figured so largely in the seventeenth century, at the Courts of England, France and Russia, was born in Burgundy, in the year 1728—so says the "*British Magazine* of 1793," from which these sketches are gathered. "At a very early age, for reasons not yet divulged, her parents made her assume the dress of a boy." She was afterwards sent to France, where she commenced an education "suitable to her supposed sex," and before leaving France, and after having completed her education, was made "Doctor of civil and common law, and was received advocate of the Parliament of Paris." In 1757, she was introduced by the Prince of Conti to Louis XV., to whom the Prince made known the secret of her sex, and recommended her as a suitable person to arrange a matter that Louis had much at heart, a reconciliation between his Court and that of Russia. In this she was, it appears, most eminently successful.

In 1757, she was sent to the same Court with Chevalier Douglass, in the habiliments of a man. On her return to Paris, she was commissioned the same year to communicate the plan of the Russian military campaign, to the Court of Vienna, and while at that Court, news arrived of the famous battle of Prague. "The Count de Broglis entrusted her with despatches to the Court of France, giving an account of

the victory, &c." On her way she was upset in her carriage, and broke her ankle. She, nevertheless, reached Versailles several hours before the courier who was sent from the same Court with similar despatches. She, having a desire to distinguish herself in "deeds of noble daring," received a military commission from her sovereign, and was at the engagement of Ultrop, where she was twice wounded. She was at another engagement at Ostervitch, where, at the head of eighty dragoons and forty hussars, she charged the battalion "*Prussen de Rhes*," which she completely routed, and took the commanding officer prisoner.

In 1762, she was sent as secretary to the ambassador from the court of France to that of England, to conclude the treaty of 1763. She displayed so much shrewdness, dignity and talent, while at that court, in the management of her business, that the King desired she should be the bearer of the ratifications of the treaty of peace to the court of Versailles. She was afterwards appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of England, where she took part in many warm debates, in all of which her talents were readily seen and acknowledged.

In 1777, it appears, from an English journal published in that year, that strong doubts were entertained as to which of the sexes she properly belonged, and from the Chevalier's singularity of dress, it could not easily be determined. Curiosity, it appears, was on tip-toe!—Heavy wagers were laid, and "monstrous frauds," in which the Chevalier was accused of having taken an interest. This matter, however, was finally ended by a somewhat ludicrous trial before Lord Mansfield, on which trial, it was sworn by M. de Morande, that the Chevalier was a woman. The Chevalier, after pretending to be somewhat incensed at the discovery, finally acquiesced, and put on the female dress. Very little, it appears, was heard of the Chevalier after 1778. The French Revolution deprived D' Eon of the pension granted by Louis XV., and the Cheva-

lier's last days were those of extreme poverty.

After the death of this singular personage, which took place in England in the 84th year of her age, the body was inspected by Wilson, Ring, and others, Professors of Anatomy, and was examined by most of the faculty and many other persons of distinction, among whom was his Highness the Duke of Gloucester. From the certificates of the faculty, it appears to have been finally ascertained that the Chevalier was in fact a MAN.



CHARACTER.—How different is the human mind according to the difference of place. In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependants of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionize the whole tides and torrents of our hearts. The man who is meek, generous, benevolent, and kind, in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes forthwith fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtuous were only for solitude, and the vices for a city.—*Bulwer.*

THE AMARANTH.

WE are sorry that our Fredericton subscribers did not receive the February number of THE AMARANTH in due season: the fault does not rest with us—the person entrusted with the package, omitted to deliver it; and we were not aware of this, until our Agent informed us of the case. Persons in any part of the Province, can receive The Amaranth by mail, by notifying our Agents in their respective districts.

“An English Spelling Book, with Reading Lessons; for the use of the Parish and other Schools of New-Brunswick,” by WILLIAM CORRY.—In our estimation this work is destined to become a most popular one in this Province. The systematic arrangement exhibited throughout the work, and the distinct, comprehensive, and progressive

run of the words, both in spelling and reading lessons, must tend, in a great measure, to facilitate the progress of the young in acquiring a correct knowledge of the rudiments of an English education.—We think, however, that had the reading lessons been made subjects of simple and amusing, as well as instructive details of the settlement and advancement of the Province, including historical information, arranged in an easy and comprehensive style, it would have rendered the work a still greater means of imparting a correct and instructive familiarity with something more than plain words—and thus have served a double purpose. The work, however, is highly creditable to the author, and exhibits throughout much taste and sound judgment, and proves his knowledge of the task he has performed. It is printed in good style by Mr. H. CHUBB, and neatly bound by Messrs. NELSON, FRASER, & Co.

To Correspondents.—Several favors have been received, which will be attended to.—“DARK HARBOUR,” an original tale, will appear in our next number.

The Amaranth,

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