

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X | 14X | 18X | 22X | 26X | 30X |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12X | 16X | 20X | 24X | 28X | 32X |

THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 3. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER, 1843.

{ No. 12.

THE HEIR OF WILTON PLACE.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years have elapsed since a hoary pile, long since gone to decay, which we will designate by the fictitious name of Seaford Castle, crowned a steep and bold headland on the western coast of Great Britain. This eminence, when seen from the water, presented a wild, irregular mass of rocks, apparently piled together during some convulsion of nature, and their base being constantly lashed by a heavy surge, that sent up showers of spray over their dark and weather-beaten sides, the whole formed a picture of wild and gloomy grandeur—especially in the dim twilight or the rays of an unclouded moon, highly impressive to the imagination. There was no point, owing to the abruptness of the coast, near the foundations of the castle, where a boat could have effected a landing, even when the winds were at rest, and the ocean was calm, but on the southerly side of this sea-beaten promontory there was a small cave of clear, smooth water, capable of sheltering half a dozen fishing boats at a time. The coast here, as on the opposite side of the promontory, was bold and abrupt, except at the head of the cave, where there was a strip of hard, smooth beach, and on which the water broke in silvery ripples, even the shrill whistle of the sea-blast could be distinctly heard in the distance. Many a broad acre, subject to the most skilful husbandry of the time, with plenty of pasturage, besides forest and park, made the estate of Lord Seaford the most valuable in the country, if we except that of his nearest neighbour, Sir Andrew Wilton. The more comfortable, though less imposing mansion of the latter was situated on a spot less elevated, sheltered from the chilling sea breeze by a thick grove of evergreens, so that when the wind

was howling round the corners of the castle with a fury that might have endangered a less massive structure, the more humble edifice was snugly reposing beneath, like a bird in its comfortable nest.

Lord Seaford had always entertained the warmest friendship for Sir Andrew, and when visited by his last illness, he requested him to write to his son, who had been absent on the Continent several years, to hasten home. He obeyed the summons, but did not reach home till his parent had been dead several weeks.—There had, from time to time, been vague rumours, during his absence, that he was engaged in wild and lawless adventures, but on his return, all were eager to welcome the son and successor of one so esteemed and beloved as the late Lord Seaford.

In stature, he was below the middling height, and naturally of a complexion femininely fair, though, at present, somewhat sunburnt. His features, like his complexion, were handsome and delicate as a beautiful woman's, shaded with soft hair of a bright golden color; a style of beauty, which, while it took the fancy of the fair and the younger portion of the community, caused several of the older dames to shake their heads, and whisper among themselves that it was no good sign for one of the bolder sex to have the small and delicate features of a gentlewoman, and that he would one day show himself to be a kite in the dove's plumage. There was nothing, however, in his deportment to warrant such a prediction, he being in every respect irreproachable. There was a frankness in his manners, either real or pretended, that at times approached to bluntness, in his intercourse with his own sex, while towards the other, he assumed an affability and deference, equally winning and flattering.

Sir Andrew Wilton had an only daughter, a sweet, fairy like creature, who at the time of

the young Lord Seaford's return, was just sixteen. A complexion pure as the lily, a profusion of light brown hair eyes the colour of a June sky, lips like rose-buds steeped in dew, with arms and hands of unrivalled symmetry, formed the elements of her beauty, to which great sweetness of disposition and her still child-like simplicity gave an indescribable charm.

Sir Andrew had likewise received into his family the widow of his only son, who in the pride of health and strength had fallen a victim to sudden disease, and her child, a boy six years old. The young widow was a very lovely woman, with finely chiselled features, and a clear, pearly complexion of a hue so healthy that the absence of the rose, could not be regretted. Though scarcely above the middling height, she appeared almost stately by the side of Catharine Wilton, her sister-in-law, and her mild and quiet manners accorded with the antique style of her beauty. Among the young and the fair, she was the only one, who did not regard the young Lord Seaford with pleasure and admiration. It was probably her keen powers of discrimination, which was subsequently imputed by some to an intuitive perception, and a habit of close observation acquired by mixing freely in society, that led her to trace a chain of circumstances, of themselves slight and unimportant, which made her recoil from him with a feeling of aversion amounting to horror. He, on his part, though a professed admirer of beauty, appeared, after a few interviews, to avoid her with an instinctive feeling of dread; and he shunned encountering her clear, serene eye, as if he imagined the mask he wore, became transparent beneath its gaze. Still, although the opinion she had formed of his character, was to herself, perfectly satisfactory, it would have been no easy task for her to communicate it to another in the same clear and palpable form, and she, therefore, abstained from expressing it at all. She soon became aware that he was seeking to engage the affections of Catharine, and with feelings of alarm spoke to her father-in-law upon the subject, at the same time venturing to suggest that Lord Seaford was not a person likely to promote the happiness of his daughter. But, in his opinion, the young Lord was a desirable match for her, being the owner of a noble estate, contiguous to his own, and, as far as he was able to judge, free from that recklessness and from those habits of dissipation, common to many young men of wealth at that period. He told her that he could not think

of thwarting his motherless child in an affair of the heart, and rebuked her with some harshness for what he considered her unjust prejudices. Mrs. Wilton said no more, and the beautiful girl just emerging from childhood, became the wife of Lord Seaford.

She carried gladness and sunshine with her to the old castle, and the chill and desolate apartments, which had long been conscious of no sound save that of the bleak and hollow blast as it came sweeping up from the sea during a tempest, were rendered cheerful by the taste and care of their young mistress, and echoed again to her musical laugh; or, the unstudied melody of some sweet song.

Though the vassals of Lord Seaford had long been aware that his temper was fiery and imperious, it was many months after their marriage, before Catharine witnessed one of his appalling outbreaks of passion, and although it was not, as in many instances afterwards, directed against herself, she was overwhelmed with terror. Subsequently, the fine taste and feeling which are apt to accompany a delicate physical organization, were outraged by the frequent recurrence of his angry mood, and she shrunk from the caressing touch of the lip, which, perhaps, an hour before, she had seen covered with the white foam of rage, and from the glances of the eye which had appeared to emit sparkles of living fire. Her health soon began to decline, and a morbid state of the imagination ensued, bordering upon insanity, so that she sometimes almost fancied, when upon the most trivial provocation, she beheld him break into a paroxysm of fierce, unbridled rage, that she had given herself up to the power of a demon, and not to a human being. These wild fancies deepened with her physical decay, increased still more by often hearing, when alone in her chamber, when she knew that Lord Seaford had left the castle, sounds of rude and boisterous merriment. Once, on opening her window to ascertain if possible, whence such strange noises could proceed, she distinctly saw four wild looking figures, followed by a fifth, resembling her husband, emerge as if from the solid rock which rose from the water's edge, and step into a skiff fastened to a staple. Rapidly rounding the head of the promontory, they had in a few moments vanished from her sight.—Diseased both in body and mind, there was something in this which strongly appealed to her superstitious fears, and from that time she was constantly haunted by a vague apprehension that her husband was leagued with beings,

whose power, whoever they might be, exerted over him a mysterious and evil influence.—Had there been any person of a healthy tone of mind, on whom she could have bestowed her confidence, different inferences might have been drawn, founded more on reason, and less on the imagination. But Mrs. Wilton, her sister-in-law, the only person of a strong mind unclouded by superstition, to whom she would have felt free to communicate her thoughts and apprehensions, seldom appeared whereshe would be likely to encounter Lord Seaford, and she herself was far too feeble to walk the mile which intervened between her present abode and the home of her childhood, or to undertake to manage one of the vicious animals that filled her husband's stable.

Lady Seaford's father, who, for several months, had been sinking under a complication of diseases, died, having bequeathed the whole of his rich possessions, consisting of Wilton Place, and several valuable appanages, to his grand-son, Frederic Wilton. In case, however, that his grand-son should die without heirs, or before he attained the age of twenty-one, the estate was to go to his daughter and to her heirs, the whole to be subject to the control of his well-beloved son-in-law, Lord Seaford.

This last clause in his will, would never have existed, had he been made acquainted with the true character and conduct of his daughter's husband; which, out of regard to his declining health, had been concealed from him, without any anticipation of his investing him with so much power, in case of the lineal heir's decease. But this was an event which did not seem likely to occur. The child's health was perfectly good, and being under the control of a strong-minded, judicious mother, whose good sense led her to adopt those modes of treatment, many of which, at the present day, may be gathered from books, there appeared to be little chance, that Lord Seaford, who already began to drink deep of the inebriating cup, should survive him.

A gleam of mental sunshine alone broke in upon the troubled spirit of Lady Seaford, after the birth of a daughter. Having looked, for a long time, upon its smiling and innocent features, she requested to see Mrs. Wilton.

"Promise me," said she, when her sister-in-law appeared at her side, "to be a mother to my child."

"Certainly, my dear Catharine," she replied, "if——"

"I know what you would say—I must see him. Let some one call him."

When Lord Seaford was told that his wife could live only a short time, he hastened to her apartment, and softened by the earnestness and pathos, with which she urged what he felt her dying request, he promised her that the child should be committed to the care of Mrs. Wilton.

"I can now die in peace," were the last words of the young and broken-hearted wife and mother.

Lord Seaford adhered to his promise, and permitted Mrs. Wilton to take the infant, who was named Catharine, for her mother, to her own home, as it would have been equally unpleasant and inconvenient for her to have resided at the castle.

CHAPTER II.

SEVERAL years passed away, and Frederic Wilton, sole heir of the Wilton estates, had grown to be a fine, intelligent boy, and of a daring and adventurous spirit far beyond his years. Already he had learnt to scale many a bold cliff and precipice, whence he delighted to watch the waves breaking into foam against the rocks, and to listen to their hoarse music. Nothing could tempt him from these, his favorite haunts, when released from his studies, except the pleasure of directing the footsteps of the little Catharine, who, made healthful by her out-door sports, was one of the most buoyant and beautiful children that ever revelled on the green sward, or by the blue and sunny sea.

The head of the cove already alluded to, where the sea broke in ripples on the hard, smooth sand, was his usual place of resort, when Catharine was his companion. Within a natural excavation of the rock, extending a few feet, he had made a seat and covered it with moss and concealed the rough sides with beautiful shells, he had collected on the shore. Here, alike sheltered from sun and wind Catharine, the summer she was four years old, established her favourite play-house, and while amusing herself with her dolls, Frederic would sit near, busily employed in endeavouring to construct a tiny schooner after the fashion of one, that had a few months previous, anchored in the cove, and remained nearly a week.

The schooner, whose crew consisted of a set of swarthy, uncouth looking men, who spoke a foreign language, occasioned considerable stir among the inhabitants of the place. Some imagined that she was a pirate, and con-

sulted Lord Seaford relative to the propriety of procuring a warrant to arrest the crew, but he laughed at their suspicion, as being highly absurd and ridiculous, and to give his opinion the greater weight, entertained the officers of the vessel at his own table.

Frederic was busy one morning at his nearly completed task, and Catharine, weary with her play, had fallen asleep, when looking up, he beheld opposite the entrance of the cove, a vessel that appeared to him to be the same finely built schooner of which he was attempting a miniature copy. A spy-glass, which he kept in Catharine's play-house, through which he loved to watch the arrival and departure of the fishing-boats, was the next minute in his hand, and bent upon the dark-hulled vessel.—A minute's observation assured him that it was the same, and a thrill of pleasure passed through his frame, when he saw that she was bearing down towards the cove under a full press of canvass, her stem sprinkled with the white foam she threw up before her, like the breast of the panting war-horse, when in the heat of battle. His next thought was of the swarthy, savage-looking crew, and though he feared them not himself, he knew that their appearance would frighten Catharine. He therefore gently awoke her, and telling her it was time to return, led her home, and then hastened back to watch the approach of the schooner. By this time, it was so near as to be distinctly seen with the naked eye, and it was not long before reaching the entrance of the cove, she shot like an arrow through the deep but narrow opening. Instead, however, of making for what was considered the most commodious place of anchorage, she bore down towards the point, where not far distant, the rocky precipice projected some forty or fifty feet into the water. This precipice, from which shot up the turrets of the castle, as if they had been a part of it, rose perpendicularly, like a huge buttress from the floor of the ocean, except on one side, which though sloping steeply, did not enough so as to prevent art from assisting nature in the formation of a few rude steps, which enabled a person to scale the rock to about mid-height, where there was a kind of shelf more than a foot wide.—At the bottom of this steep and imperfect stairway, was a boat secured to an iron staple inserted in the rock. The attention of Frederic had been riveted upon the schooner, when suddenly he heard the voice of his uncle, Lord Seaford, speaking to the captain of the vessel in a language to him unknown. He was stand-

ing on the shelf of the precipice just described, and the next moment rapidly descending the steps he sprang into the boat, and steered for the schooner, which had furled her sails and was lying to, within a short distance. He was received on board, and he and the captain immediately descended to the cabin, where having conversed in low but earnest voices, fifteen or twenty minutes, they re-appeared on deck.

"You say that is the boy, who stands on the beach eyeing us so intently," said the captain, addressing Lord Seaford.

"Yes."

"A smart, bold looking little fellow. What if we should initiate him into the mysteries of our craft, instead of disposing of him in the manner you propose?"

"No, no," replied Lord Seaford, "he is old enough to remember, and should he be spared, he will give me trouble hereafter. A deed done, as the proverb says, has an end."

"True," replied the captain, "but I should rather he had been a puny, sickly looking brat, such as I expected him to be, from his being subject to no control except a mother's. Instead of that, he is the finest, most spirited-looking boy I have seen this many a day. If I could have the training of him, in five years from now I could trust him with a separate command."

"Once for all," said Lord Seaford, "I tell you that the agreement we made in the cabin, must be adhered to, to the letter. Promise me this upon oath, as I will not now, after what you have said, otherwise trust you."

"Take my written oath, if you please," he replied, and taking a piece of paper from his pocket-book, he rapidly wrote a few words with a pencil, and handed it to him.

"That will do," said Lord Seaford, "but pencil-marks are easily erased. Will you write the same with ink?"

"Yes, with my blood, if it will the better content you. Carlos, go to the cabin and bring me a pen."

As he spoke, he drew from his belt a small dagger, the haft of which was richly inlaid with jewels, and punctured one of the veins of his wrist. By this time the boy had arrived with the pen, and handed it to the pirate captain, who wrote in bloody characters the oath to murder with his own hands the beautiful and innocent boy, who, fearless of danger, stood regarding them from the beach.

"That is well," said Lord Seaford. "Remember, if you violate, there will be no safety for you on sea or land. I have others in my

my bold and daring as yourself,—they will give orders to take care of you."

"I am content it should be so. Let us now bring him on board, for we have no time to spare. In a few moments, if we are in luck, we shall be here again with plenty of rich merchandize to deposit in the subterranean store-room. I will go with you myself, and persuade the boy to come aboard."

This was a task achieved without difficulty. Frederic, as has been already said, was a spirit-venturous boy, and felt no alarm at the idea of going on board of the beautiful vessel in company with the captain, who could speak English, and addressed him with a familiarity which at once overcame a degree of shyness, occasioned by his secluded manner of living. The only objection he felt to going, was because Lord Seaford urged his doing so, for, of late, he had begun to regard him with a distrust which might have been termed instinctive, his mother having ever carefully avoided instilling her own prejudices into his mind.

After examining the novelties that presented themselves on deck, he was invited by the captain to descend to the cabin, where he engaged his attention by exhibiting to him many choice weapons, and explaining their use. When again permitted to go on deck, objects on shore were swiftly receding.

"Where is my uncle?" he inquired.

"He has been gone this half hour," was the reply.

A wild, piercing cry of anguish escaped him, and bursting into tears, he threw himself on the pirate captain's neck, and entreated him to return to the shore.

"That I cannot do," he replied, "so you may as well leave off crying, and make yourself content."

When Frederic saw that he was not to be moved, he suddenly checked his tears, and placing himself in a situation where he could behold the spot containing his mother and Catharine, though his heart was almost breaking, he maintained a proud silence. Objects on shore had long been blended into one undistinguishable mass, yet he moved not, and it was not until darkness had come down upon the waters, that in obedience to the command of the captain, he followed him to the cabin.—The captain pointed to a settee, and telling him that he might rest there, seated himself at a table spread with maps and charts. He kept a watchful eye upon Frederic, who, by his restlessness, showed that he did not sleep.—The pirate began to grow impatient, but it was

nearly midnight, before the boy's deep and quiet breathing told him that the moment to cancel his oath had arrived. The jewel-hafted dagger was by him on the table, and first examining its keen and glittering edge, he drew near the sleeping boy. He looked very beautiful asleep, his red lips slightly parted, and his dark brown hair clustering round his fair, open brow. The dagger was firmly grasped in the pirate's hand, but while he stood hesitating to strike, Frederic, whose slumbers were evidently uneasy, suddenly awoke, and starting up, uttered a cry of terror.

"Oh, I am glad it is you," said he, throwing his arms round the pirate's neck. "I dreamed that my uncle stood by me with a knife, and was going to kill me."

The better and more generous feelings of the pirate's nature were touched by the confidence with which Frederic regarded him, and from that moment his life was safe.

CHAPTER III.

It was a bright day in summer, twelve years after the incidents of the preceding chapter, that a vessel with all sails set, was seen bearing down towards the cove near Seaford Castle.

"It is the finest-built schooner I have seen these dozen of years," said a middle aged man, addressing his younger companion, and taking the spy-glass from his eye.

"A dozen years, did you say?" inquired the young man.

"Yes, it is twelve years ago this very month since a light-built schooner, with a crew of as desperate looking fellows as ever I set my eyes on, anchored in the cove, and remained nearly a week."

"You mean the pirate vessel, don't you?"

"Hush! If it should come to Lord Seaford's ears, that you called her a pirate vessel, you would stand little chance of being appointed skipper to the new fishing-boat."

"There is no danger of its coming to his ears, and if it did, it is no more than the truth. Every one that knew any thing about such matters, believed the schooner to be a pirate, and the same that old Ben Hanscom saw carry off the little Frederic Wilton; and if the truth could be found out, I believe Lord Seaford would prove to have been at the bottom of it."

"I tell you, Martin, that you must learn to carry a more prudent tongue in your head.—Let us think no more about that business, and watch the schooner."

"Let her be from what quarter she will, she knows the soundings, for see, she is making for the best place of anchorage in the cove.—Hand me your spy-glass a minute—I want to bend it on the fellow who stands at the stern."

"I have been looking at him, and he is as smart a looking chap as I have seen this many a day, and as trim built as his own schooner, for I have no doubt but that he is both captain and owner of her."

By this time the vessel had cast anchor, and a boat being immediately lowered, the young man who had been the subject of their remarks, and two others habited like common sailors, sprang into it, and rowed towards the head of the cove. In a few minutes the keel grated upon the hard sand, and the young man jumping out, told the others to return to the vessel. The two men, who had been lounging on a heap of dry sea-weed, piled in a hollow of the cliff, which was in deep shadow, finding that they had not been observed by him, suspended their conversation, and continued to watch him with great curiosity.

He was tall, and his dress composed of blue broad-cloth of the finest texture, was exactly fitted to his remarkably fine form. His hat, which was set jauntingly on one side of his head, fully revealed his features, which, though sunburnt, were eminently handsome. Nothing could be finer than the manner in which his black, glossy hair clustered round his brow, and the expression of his dark, deep-set eyes, while his rich, red lips, with their fine, spirited curve, gave to his countenance a look of masculine boldness and energy which first impressed the persons who were watching him, with the idea that he was the commander of the vessel. On nearer inspection, they began to imagine that he might be some still higher personage than the captain of a schooner, his linen being ornamented with lace ruffles, and one of his fingers being encircled by a ring enriched with a gem, which they took to be a genuine diamond. His stockings were evidently silk, and his shoes of Spanish leather, were cut so low as to display to advantage the arched instep of his small foot, similar, according to the chronicler, to that of Henry II., the first Plantagenet of England.

The first thing he did, after touching the shore, was to take a look into the grotto which had been Catharine's play-house. Every thing was in the same situation as when Frederic Wilton was enticed on board the pirate vessel, except that the moss-covered seat, that used then to accommodate a large wax doll and her

family, during Catharine's absence, was now strewn with several neatly bound volumes.—At this moment, his ear caught the tones of a sweet and earnest voice.

"Oh, aunt Wilton," it said, "what if he should be in the vessel. How well I can remember him, although I was only four years old when he was carried away. Do you think it possible he may be there?"

"No, Catharine," was the reply. "If his life has been spared, we should have heard tidings of him long before now."

She had scarcely finished speaking, before the young man sprang lightly into the path by which they were descending, and stood before them. Twelve years of absence had not wrought such an alteration in his features but that the mother knew her son.

"I knew that you were my mother by your voice," said he, after the first gush of emotion had passed away, "for its tones have ever been with me. It has warned, soothed and comforted me, and at length, again lured me to these shores."

"Innocent as when you left them?" said his mother, a cloud of doubt and anxiety settling on her brow, as she recalled to mind the supposed character of the vessel which had conveyed him away.

"With perfect truth, I can say—yes. The pirate-vessel soon fell in with a British ship-of-war, sent in search of her, and was taken after a sharply contested engagement, in which the captain and two thirds of the crew were slain. The schooner was carried into port, converted into a merchantman, and I am now the commander."

As he was making this explanation, his eyes frequently turned towards Catharine, who, beautiful as an unfolding rose-bud, was just hovering on the verge of womanhood. There still lingered on her fair brow the innocence of early childhood, and her eyes, when she smiled, were the same sunny hazle, but there was, at times, a thoughtful earnestness in their clear orbs, as they half veiled themselves beneath their dark lashes, which showed that many of the richer and deeper feelings of her heart, that had slept like the waveless waters of the fountain, were beginning to be stirred. He felt that it was not the same affection gushing back upon his spirit with which he used to regard her, which now pervaded his heart,—it was a new impulse,—more exalted and more fervent, yet far more tender.

As they walked towards Wilton Place, Frederic inquired for Lord Seaford. Before his

mother had time to answer him, a person on horseback was seen hurrying towards them. He checked his horse to tell them that Lord Seaford was taken in a fit, and that he was going for a physician. Catharine turned pale, and said that she must hasten to her father.

"No," replied Mrs. Wilton, "I will go first, and if best, I will send for you."

"We will wait here," said Frederic.

In fifteen minutes, Mrs. Wilton returned much agitated. When she arrived at the castle, Lord Seaford had already breathed his last. The two men, she was afterwards told, who witnessed the arrival of the schooner, hastened to inform him, and described to him the appearance of Frederic, and his meeting with Mrs. Wilton and Catharine. When they mentioned this last particular, they remarked that a purple flush suddenly overspread his countenance, and he was instantly seized with a fit, supposed to be apoplexy, which, in less than half an hour, terminated fatally.

A few weeks subsequent to his decease, on opening a small box, which Mrs. Wilton imagined contained some papers belonging to her late sister-in-law, she found letters addressed to Lord Seaford, by a notorious outlaw chief, by which it appeared that he had himself shared his adventures and his crimes, and continuing the intercourse after he had taken possession of his paternal domains, permitted him to deposit the rich spoils, which were the price of blood, in a vaulted cavern beneath the castle.

Frederic Wilton found too many attractions at home, to feel desirous to again attempt the dangers of the sea, he therefore resigned the command of the schooner to the first mate.

In twelve months from the time of Wilton's return, Catharine, the heiress of Seaford Castle, exchanged her mourning weeds for bridal robes, and became the happy and beloved wife of the heir of Wilton Place. Mrs. Wilton fully shared their happiness, and as she looked back on the past, she could now, with a smile, behold the cloud that had so long and so darkly hovered over her, flitting away in the distance, its skirts tinged with the golden sunshine which brightened the moral atmosphere of her's and her children's home.

It is a remarkable but well authenticated fact, that Home wrote his tragedy of Douglas, Dr. Blair composed his Lectures, and Dr. Robertson compiled his History of Charles the Fifth, in the same house, a small white cottage, still to be seen in one of the parks at Burntsfield Links, Edinburgh.

ADDRESS TO A RAT.

ON SEEING A RAT-HOLE IN THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

WHAT could induce thee silly wight
To toil through many a dreary night,
With ceaseless perseverance?
Was it to break from out a jail?
Or had some person given *bail*,
And wanted thy *appearance*?

Or didst thou tug, and scratch, and gnaw,
To see the course of civil law,
Betwixt uncivil creatures?
The pompous Marshal's badge and rings,
The Judge—the Clerk, and other things,
With awful, frigid features?

No, happy brute, thou art more wise,
Than stand with open ears and eyes,
For three hours' time, or longer;
To see fair justice robb'd of right,
Maltreated—wounded—put to flight,
In nakedness and hunger.

Did'st thou but see the subtle quirks,
With which a dext'rous lawyer works—
Know all *Leech-Law's* expenses,
Thou'dst seek thy hole—thy best *defence*,
And hail thy lot, exclaiming thence,
Mankind have lost their senses.

Long hast thou toil'd, by night and day,
Through that thick wail, thy weary way,
In pleasing expectation,
To taste a larder's sweet repast—
And, when thou didst break through at last,
How great was thy vexation.

No pantry, malt-house, mill, or store,
But naked walls, a cold stone floor,
To mock thy hunger's craving—
After such toil with tooth and claw,
To find a crumbless court of *Law*,
Must well have set thee raving.

Here men have justice sought, for sums
For which they've toil'd, as thou for crumbs;
When some vile shift has cross'd it—
They've ask'd their own with modest face,
Yet, have not only lost the case,
But *paid* for having lost it.

Whilst some like thee have toil'd for wealth,
Yet not to live like thee, by stealth;
Or feast upon their neighbour:
When Fortune in its cruel sport,
At length has dragg'd them into court,
To lose long years of labour.

I would that ev'ry sordid elf
 Who cares for no one, but himself,
 Who seeks by litigation
 His neighbour's house, or purse, or bread,
 Might meet a fate like thine instead—
 A blasted expectation.

Thy punishment was only light,
 For such *contempt of Court* and right—
 Admit it was a store-house,
 A kitchen, pantry, or what not,
 Thou hadst no right in such a spot;
 Much less, in Court, or Poor-house.

'Twas well a trap, or catch-pole's paw,
 (Those guards of violated law,)
 Awaited not thy entry—
 Where, tho' thou didst not meet with food,
 No cat assal'd thee, grim and rude—
 The kitchen's watchful sentry.

Audacious burglar, robber, thief,
 Of malefactors thou art chief—
 The mining mole and rabbit
 Make their own house—with herbs are fill'd,
 But wheresoe'er mankind may build,
 Thy tribe will first inhabit.

No shelf, drawer, barrel, box, trunk, chest
 Is safe from you, most dreaded pest
 Of vermin that await us—
 Cheese, candles, bread, flour, meal you eat;
 And when you've none of these for meat,
 You fall on our potatoes.

'Tis we must pay for that wide hole,
 Through which you've pok'd your ugly poll,
 By nightly depredation—
 The stroke will fall upon our backs,
 By some new, *extra Court-House tax*,
 To mend that wall's foundation.

Henceforth let none of all your breed
 Within a Law-court seek to feed—
 Except he be a Lawyer—
 No *biped* here but him, can rise,
 All else must toil for his supplies
 Like some poor *under-sawyer*.

St. John, October, 1843. MISOSORICIS.



THERE is nothing in the world so curious to look at as the mind of a cunning man—not a conjurer, but a man who thinks he is carrying on his schemes manœuvring and keeping everybody else in the dark as to his designs and intentions. Addison says that “cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and they pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.”

THE PRISON VAN;
 OR, THE BLACK MARIA.

“HUSH!—there she comes!”

It was a pleasant summer morning, bright shone the sun, and the neighbours gossiping at the door. Nancy polished the handles—Susan had the windows wide open, and, with a handkerchief on head, leaned forth to join in the conversation. Mrs. Jenkins had been at market, and paused upon the step, with the provision-laden Polly. There was quite a discussion of the more agreeable points of domestic economy, and a slight seasoning of harmless scandal gave piquancy to the discourse. All were merry. Why, indeed, should they not be merry? *Innocent hearts and balmy weather*--sunshine within and sunshine without. No wonder their voices rang so cheerfully. Even Mr. Curmudgeon, over the way that splenetic and supercritical bachelor, was no partner of his bosom but an old flannel waistcoat, and with no objects of his tender care but the neuralgics and the rheumatics—even Mr. Curmudgeon chirped, and for once granted that it was a fine day, with no reservation whatever about the east wind, and without attempts to dash the general joy, by casting forth suspicions that a storm was brewing. If he said so—if Mr. Curmudgeon confessed the fact—not a doubt can be entertained—was a fine day beyond the reach of cavil—day free from the reproach of a flaw—with lingering dampness from yesterday, and with no cloud casting its shadow before, prospect of sorrows to-morrow.

In short, everything looked warm, cheerful and gay—the Nancies, the Pollies, and the Susans were prettier than usual—there were pretty days as well as lucky days—where cheeks are more glowing and eyes are more brilliant than on ordinary occasions—where Mrs. Jenkins is more pleasant than is the wife even of pleasant Mrs. Jenkins, and where the extensive brotherhood of the Curmudgeons' children on the head, and give them pennies' worth of pleasure when one feels as if he were all heart and were gifted with the capacity to fall in link with everybody—happy days! The day which we speak, was one of these days—where Nature smiled, and the people smiled in return. Nature approached as near to a laugh, as she becomes in a matron at her time of life with so large a family, while the people laugh with the smallest provocation there.

“Hush! there she comes!” said somebody in tones of commingled curiosity and fear.

"Who comes?"

The finger of the speaker pointed steadfastly down the street.

"Who comes?"

"Black Maria!" was the half-whispered reply.

Conversation ceased—a shade of gloom passed over every brow—all gazed in the direction indicated—it was a melancholy pause—a pause of sad attention.

"Black Maria," was the unconscious and involuntary response.

The children looked behind them, as if to ascertain whether the doors were open for retreat into the recesses of home, and then peeped timidly and cautiously around the skirts of their mothers. The mirth of their seniors was also checked in mid-career.

"'Black Maria,' sissy," said curly-headed Tom, and 'sissy' clasped Tom's hand with the energy of apprehension.

"'Black Maria,' Tom!" repeated his aunt, with an air of warning and admonition, at which Tom seemed to understand a whole history, and was abashed.

"Black Maria!"

Who was this strange creature—this Black Maria—that came like a cloud across the ruddy day—that chills the heart wherever she passes? What manner of thing is it which thus frowns gaiety itself into silence?—Black Maria!—Is she some dark enchantress, on whose swart and sullen brow malignity sits enthroned?—or is pestilence abroad, tangible and apparent?

The "Black Maria" goes lumbering by. It is but a waggon, after all—a waggon, so mysteriously named—a waggon, however, which is itself alone—not one of the great family of carts, with general similitude and vast relationship, but an instrument of progression which has "no brother—is like no brother." It creeps no salutation to wheeled cousins, as it wends its sulky way—it has no family ties to enable it to find kith and kin, more or less proud, in the long line of gradation, from the retiring wheelbarrow up to the haughty and obtrusive chariot. It is unique in form and purpose—it has a task which others are unfitted to encounter, and it asks no help in the discharge of duties. It moves scornfully among hacks and cabs, while even the dray appears to regard it with a compound feeling of dread and disdain. It is, as we may say, a vehicular outcast, hated but yet feared—grand, gloomy and peculiar—a Byron among less gifted but more moral carriages, tragedy amid the nice-

ties of commonplace. Such is the social isolation of the "Black Maria." Even in its hour of repose—in its stabular retreats, the gig caresses it not, nor does the carriage embrace it within its shafts. The respectability of the stalls shrinks from contact with the "Black Maria," and its nights are passed in the open court-yard. Nor is it to be wondered at. The very *physiologie* of the "Black Maria," is repulsive, apart from the refinements of mere association. What is it—a coffin, rude but gigantic, travelling to and fro, between the undertaker and the sexton? Why is it that the eye fails to penetrate its dark recesses? No "sashes" adorn the person of the "Black Maria." Unlike all other vehicles, it has no apertures for light and air, save those openings beneath the roof, from which a haggard and uneasy glance flashes forth at intervals, or from which protrudes a hand waving, as it were, a last farewell to all that gives delight to existence. Sternly and rigidly sits the guard, in the rearward chamber, and beyond him is a door heavy with steel. It is no pleasure carriage then, it is not used as a means of recreation or as free-will conveyance; travelling at the guidance of those who rest within. No—they who take seats in the "Black Maria," feel no honour in their elevation, they ride neither for health nor amusement. They neither say "drive on," nor designate the place of destination. If it were left to them, they would in all likelihood, ask to be taken another way, and they would sooner trot on foot for ever, than to be thus raised above contact with mud and mire. They are not impatient either, they make no objection to the slowness of the gait. In short, they would like to get out and dismiss all cumbrous pomp and ceremonious attendance.

But there are bars between, yes, bolts and bars, and there is nothing of complaisance on the brow of him who has these iron fastenings at control. Polite requests would be unheeded, and he has heard the curses of despair, the sobs of remorse, the bitter wailings of heart-broken wretchedness too often to be much moved by solicitations such as these. Nor is he to be shaken by the fierce regards of hardened recklessness. Even the homicide may threaten—red murder itself may glower upon him with its fevered glare; but there is neither weakness nor terror in the hard business-like deportment with which he silences the exuberance of lacerated feeling. He is but a check-taker at the door, and cares not about the play within. Tears may fall, convulsive sorrow may rend

the frame; but what is that to him whose limited service it is to watch and ward, to keep them in and keep them out? To weep is not his vocation, who sits at the door. He has no part in the drama, and is no more bound to suffer than they who snuff the candles for the stage. His emotions are for home consumption, his sympathies are elsewhere, left behind with his better coat and hat, and well it is so, or they would soon be worn to tatters—all—heart, cloth, and beaver.

What, then, is this "Black Maria," so jocularly named, yet so sad in its attributes? The progress of time brings new inventions, necessity leads to many deviations from the beaten track of custom, and the criminal, in earlier days dragged through the crowded streets by the inexorable officers of the law, exposed to the scorn, derision or pity, as the case might be, of every spectator, now finds a preliminary dungeon awaiting him at the very portals of justice, a locomotive cell, a penitentiary, upon wheels. He is incarcerated in advance, and he begins his probationary term at the steps of the court-house. Once there was an interval,

"Some space between the theatre and grave,"

some breathing time from judge and jury to the jailer—a space to be traversed with the chances incident to a journey. Constables on foot are but flesh and blood, after all, and an adroit blow from a brawny thief has often laid them prostrate. A short quick evasion of the body has extricated the collar from many a muscular grasp, and once it was a thing of not unfrequent occurrence that the rogue flew down the street, diving into all sorts of interminable alleys, while panting tipstaves "icled after him in vain." There were no cowardly sneaking advantages taken then—enterprise was not cabined in a perambulating chicken-coop—valour had room to swing its elbow, and some opportunity to trip up the heels of the law. But as things are at present managed, a man is in prison as he traverses the city—in prison, with but a plank between him and the moving concourse of the free—in prison, while the horses start at the crack of the whip—in prison, as he whirls around the corner—in prison yet moving from place to place—jolted in prison—perhaps upset in prison. He hears the voices of the people—the din of traffic—the clamours of trade—the very dogs run barking after him and he is jarred by rough collisions; but still he is in prison—more painfully in prison, by the bitterness of intruding contrast, than if he were immured beyond all reach of

exterior sound, and when the huge gates of his place of destination creak upon their hinges, to the harsh rattling of the keeper's key, the captive, it may be, rejoices that the busy world is no longer about him, mocking his misery with its cheerful hum.

If it were in accordance with the spirit of the age to refine upon punishment and to seek aggravation for misery, the "Black Maria" would perhaps furnish a hint that the pang might be rendered sharper by secluding the felon from liberty by the most minute interval—that freedom might be heard yet not seen—as the music of the ball-room fitfully reaches the chamber of disease and suffering—that he might be in the deepest shadow, yet know that light is beaming close around him; in the centre of action, yet deprived of its excitements—isolated in the midst of multitudes—almost jostled by an invisible concourse—dead yet living—a sentient corpse.

It is not then to be marvelled at, that the "Black Maria" causes a sensation by her ominous presence—that labour rests from toil when the sound of her wheels is heard—that the youthful shrink and the old look sad, as she passes by. Nor is it strange that even when empty she is encircled by a curious but meditative crowd, scanning the horses with a degree of reverential attention which unofficial horses, even if they were Barbary coursers or Andalusian steeds, might vainly hope to excite. The very harness is regarded with trepidation, and the driver is respectfully scrutinized from head to foot, as if he were something more or less than man; and if the guard does but carelessly move his foot, the throng give back lest they should unwittingly interfere with one who is looked upon as the ultimatum of criminal justice. Should the fatal entrance be left unclosed, see how the observant spectator manoeuvres to obtain a knowledge of its interior, without approaching too closely, as if he laboured under an apprehension that the hungry creature would yawn and swallow him, as it has swallowed so many, body, boots, and reputation. Now, he walks slowly to the left hand, that he may become acquainted with every particular of the internal economy afforded by that point of view. Again, he diverges to the right, on another quest for information. Do not be surprised, if he were even to "squat," and from that graceful posture glance upwards to ascertain the condition of the floor—... or side about to note the style of the lynch-pins. A mysterious interest envelops the "Black Maria," every feature about her re-

ceives its comment—she has not a lineament which is not honoured by a daily perusal from the public. She is the minister of justice—the great avenger—the receptacle into which crime is almost sure to fall, and as she conveys the prisoner to trial or bears him to the fulfilment of sentence, she is still the inspirer of terror.—There may be some, no doubt—perhaps there may be many—who have forebodings at her approach, and tremble as she passes, with an anticipation of such a ride for themselves.—Could upbraiding conscience come more fearfully than in this “Black Maria’s” shape, or could the sleeping sinner have compunctious visitings more terrible than the dream in which he imagines himself handed into this penitential omnibus, as an atonement for past offences? What, let us ask, can be more appalling than the “Black Maria” of a guilty mind?

It is a matter of regret that history must be the work of human hands—that the quill must be driven, to preserve a record of the past, and that inanimate objects—cold, passionless, and impartial witnesses—are not gifted with memory and speech. Much has been done—a long array of successive centuries have fidgeted and fumed; but, after all, it is little we know of the action of those who have gone before.—But if a jacket now were capable of talk, then there would be biography in earnest. We would all have our Boswells, better Boswells than Johnson’s Boswell. A dilapidated coat might be the most venerable and impressive of moralists. Much could it recount of frailty and the results of frailty, in those who have worn it; furnishing sermons more potent than the polished compositions of the closet. Could each house narrate what it has known of every occupant, human nature might be more thoroughly understood than it is at present.—What beacons might not every apartment set up, to warn us from the folly which made shipwreck of our predecessors! Even the mirror, while flattering vanity, could tell, and it would, how beauty, grown wild with its own excess, fell into premature decay. Ho! ho! how the old go! let would ring, as we drain the sparkling draught, to think of the many such scenes of roaring jollity it has witnessed, and of the multitude of just such jovial fellows as are now carousing, it has sent to rest before their time, under the pretence of making them merry!—Wine, ho! let the bottle speak. Your bottle speak. Your bottle has its experiences—a decanter has seen the world. Thou tattered robe—once fine, but now decayed—nobility in ruins—how sportily thou smil’st to discourse of

the fall from drawing-rooms to pawn-brokers’ recesses. What a history is thine—feeble art thou—very thin and threadbare; still thou hast seen more of weakness, ay, in men and women too, than is now displayed in thine own ruin. Yea, cobble those boots for sooterkin—they are agape, indeed; yet were once thought fit ornaments for the foot of fashion. Leathern patch-work, thou hast been in strange places in thy time, or we are much mistaken. Come, thy many months are open, and thy complexion scarce admits of blushing—tell us about thy fugitive wanderings.

Let then the “Black Maria” wag her tongue—for tongue she has, and something of the longest—and she would chatter fast enough, I warrant me. Let us regard her as a magazine of memoirs—a whole library of personal detail, and as her prisoners descend the steps, let us gather a leaf or two.

Here comes one—a woman—traces of comeliness still linger even amid the more enduring marks of sin, poverty, and sorrow. Her story has been told before, in thousands of instances, and it will be told again and again. There is not much that is new in the downward career of those who fall. It is an old routine. Giddiness, folly and deception, it may be, at the outset—tears, misery, and early death, at the close. Yes, yes—the old father was humble in his ploddings—the mother had no aspirations above her sphere, but she who now is weeping bitter tears, she longed for silks and satins and gay company. It was but a cracked and crooked looking-glass that told her she was beautiful, but its pleasing tale was easily believed—for perfumed youths endorsed its truth, and whispered Fanny that she was worthy of a higher lot than that of toiling the humble wife of dingy labour. Those secret meetings, those long walks by moonlight—those stores of soft affection, and those brilliant hopes! Day by day home grew more distasteful—its recurring cares more wearying—the slightest rebuke more harsh, and Fanny fled. That home is desolate now. The old father is dead, the mother dependent upon charity, and the daughter is here, the companion of felons, if not a felon herself.

Another!—that dogged look, man, scarcely hides the wretchedness within. You may, if it seems best before these idle stagers, assume the mask of sullen fierceness. “Who cares,” is all well enough, indeed, but still the thought travels back to days of innocence and happiness. You set out in the pursuit of pleasure and enjoyment, but it has come to this at last;

all your frolickings and drinkings—your feasting, your ridings, and your gamblings. You were trusted once, I hear—your wife and children were happy around you. But you were not content. There were chances to grow rich rapidly—to enjoy a luxurious ease all your life, and to compass these you were false to your trust. Shame and disgrace ensued; dissipation envired your footsteps, and more daring vice soon followed. It is a short step from the doings of the swindler to the desperate acts of the burglar or the counterfeiter.—You, at least, have found it so. Well, glare sternly around—turn upon the spectators with the bitter smile of defiance. It will be different anon, in hopeless solitude—the past strewed with the wreck of reputation—the future all sterility.

Here is one who had a golden infancy.—Where was there a child more beautiful than he? No wonder his parents thought no cost too great for his adornment. Who can be surprised that caresses were lavished upon the darling, and that his tender years knew no restraint. But it was a strange return in after time, that he should break his mother's heart, plunder his father, and become an outcast in the lowest haunts of vice. Were the graces of Apollo bestowed for such a purpose?

This fellow, now, was destroyed by too much severity. His childhood was manacled by control. Innocent pleasures were denied, his slightest faults were roundly punished—there was no indulgence. He was to be scourged into a virtuous life, and, therefore, falsehood and deceit became habitual—yes, even before he knew they were falsehood and deceit; but that knowledge did not much startle him, when the alternative was a lie or the lash.—Had the cords of authority been slackened a little, this man might have been saved; but while the process of whipping into goodness was going on, he paid a final visit to the treasury and disappeared. Being acquainted with no other principle of moral government than that of fear and coercion, he continues to practise upon it, and helps himself whenever the opportunity seems to present itself of doing so with no pressing danger of disagreeable consequences. Mistakes, of course, are incident to his mode of life. Blanders will occur, and, in this way, the gentleman has had the pleasure of several rides in the "Black Maria."

Here is an individual, who was a "good fellow,"—the prince of good fellows—a most excellent heart—so much heart, indeed, that it filled not only his bosom, but his head also,

leaving scant room for other furniture. He never said "no," in his life, and invariably took advice when it came from the wrong quarter. He was always so much afraid that people would be offended, if he happened not to agree with them, that he forgot all about his own individual responsibility, and seemed to think that he was an appendage and nothing more. Dicky Facile, at one time, had a faint consciousness of the fact, when he had taken wine enough, and would say, "no, I thank you," if requested to mend his draught. But if it were urged, "Foh! nonsense! a little more won't hurt you," he would reply, "Won't it, indeed!" and recollect nothing from that time till he woke next day in a fever. Dicky lent John his employer's cash, because he loved to accommodate, and finally obliged the same John by imitating his employer's signature, because John promised to make it all right in good time; but John was oblivious.

The "Black Maria" has a voluminous budget,—she could talk all day without taking breath. She could show how one of her passengers reached his seat by means of his vocal accomplishments, and went musically to destruction, like the swan,—how another had such curly hair that admiration was the death of him—how another was so fond of being jolly that he never paused until he became sad, how another loved horses until they threw him, or had a taste for elevated associations until he fell by climbing—how easily, in fact, the excess of virtue leads into a vice, so that generosity declines into wastefulness, spirit roughens into brutality, social tendencies melt into debauchery, and complaisance opens the road to crime. We are poor creatures all, at the best, and perhaps it would not be amiss to look into ourselves a little before we entertain hard thoughts about those who chance to ride in the "Black Maria;" for, as an ex-driver of that respectable caravan used to observe—"there are, I guess, about two sorts of people in this world—them that's found out; and them that ain't found out—them that gets into the "Black Maria," and them that don't happen to be catch'd. People that are catch'd, has to ketch it, of course, or else how would the 'fishal folks'—me and the judges and the lawyers—yes, and the chaps that make the laws and sell the law books—make out to get a livin'?" But, on the general principle, this argues nothin'. Being catch'd makes no great difference, only in the looks of things; and it happens often enough, I guess, that the wirchis looking gentleman who turns up his nose at

folks, when the constable's got 'em, is only wurchis because he hasn't been found out.—That's my motion."

And not a bad motion either, most philosophic Swizzle, only for the fault of your class, a little too much of generalization. Your theory, perhaps, is too trenchant—too horizontal in its line of division. But it too often happens that the worst of people are not those who take the air in the "Black Maria."

Still, however, you that dwell in cities, let not this moral rumble be in vain. Wisdom follows on your footsteps, drawn by horses.—Experience is waggoned through the streets, and, though your temptations be many, while danger seems afar off, yet the catastrophe of your aberrations is prophetically before the eye, creaking and groaning on its four ungainly wheels. The very whip cracks a warning, and the whole vehicle displays itself as a travelling caution to all who are prone to sin.—It is good for those who stand, to take heed lest they fall. But we have an addition here which should be even more impressive in these times of stirring emulation. Take heed, lest in haste to pluck the flowers of life without due labour in the field, you chance to encounter, not a fall alone, but such a ride as it has been our endeavour to describe—a ride in the "Black Maria."



STANZAS,

Suggested on reading in Dante's "Inferno," where Francesca di Rimini speaks the words:—

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nella miseria."

THERE is a grief which lightly falling
Upon the heart, finds vent in words;
Which yields to pleasures, blandly calling
To soothe the feelings, afterwards.
But there's a grief, knows no amending,
Which no gay pleasures can defy;—
There is no grief, ah! so heart-rending,
As thoughts in woe, of joys gone by.

There is a grief beyond expressing,
For utterance, alas! too deep;
Which like a spell, too, too distressing,
Forbids us e'en to sigh or weep.
But, still of all grief, soul-unbending,
From which, alas! not one can fly—
There is no grief, ah! so heart-rending,
As thoughts in woe, of joys gone by!

St. John, 1843.

RODOLFO.

REFLECTIONS IN MY STUDY;

OR, WINTER EVENING THOUGHTS.

WITHIN my silent room with you, ye plants,
Whose leaves and blossoms scent the wintry
air,

How sweetly pass the hours—what wand'ring
thoughts

Do centre in your weal;— what mem'ries rise
With the distinctness of but yesterday,
Fraught with the visions of what once had
charms,

To guide my anxious thoughts to *fame*, in hope
To gain what men, alas! call happiness!

With you, ye silent messengers, I learn,
That not to earth belongs the heavenly gem;
Not where the oft crush'd flower doth lie,
To tell what its bright form might once have
been,

And reek its odours to the passing breeze,—
No more to rise in pleasing vigours' grace,
To cheer the mourner's path; for here alas!
What we call *hope*, doth perish in its birth
To the reflective mind, when only placed
On things terrestrial.

It is not in halls

Where giddy pleasure holds her idle sway;
Nor where a surfeit of the soul can come
To blight its active energies, and bid
It rest from labours, which exalt its doom,
And earnest give of that deep, placid bliss
Which awaits its destiny!

With ye I learn,

That each returning spring but partly tears
Away the veil, which man's first error wrought,
And which doth hang, the penalty of sin
O'er all the out-spread earth!—that its reviving
power,

But feebly shows what Paradise was found,
Ere by the tempter, that black stain attach'd,
Which brought to man but tears of pain!
And unavailing sorrow! that till the dart
Of the pale spectre *Death*, shall strike, deep
With poison'd renown, this frail bosom's core!
Till the "dark valley" shall be pass'd behind,
And lie forgotten in the bliss of heaven,
Its folds shall hang impenetrable still!—
That not till then shall I behold the crown,
Unfading by the brand of Time—unsoil'd
By ought of sin and misery!

'Tis here alone

I can define the mystic feelings of my nature;
Hold converse with myself as with another,
But far better being!—and 'tis here I feel
How deeply tainted is the soul that ~~proves~~

For joys *external*—since in the soul *itself*,
And from its knowledge of *itself*, it can alone
Be truly blessed for what are mortal things,
Which like the dews of morning, or rain-bow
hues,

Dissolve themselves to nothing, in the space
Of one short, single hour, compared to them
Which are *eternal* in their destiny,
And capable of bliss or woe forever!

Bridgetown, 1843.

ARTHUR.



For The Amaranth.

—
THE LAKE-LILY—AN EMBLEM.
—

WHAT so pure to mind and eye,
When the glassy waters lie,
Unruffled by the passing sigh
Of zephyr as it hastens by;
As the lily of the lake,
When bright morning's glories break!

What so beautiful and fair,
When it lies in silence there,
Reposing on the water's form
Unknowing of a coming storm,
As the lily of the lake,
When the noon-day beams forsake!

What an emblem of sweet youth,
So pregnant with the solemn truth,
That *winter* in our age must come
And bid our hopes and joys be done,
As the lily of the lake,
When the shades of even wake!

Mortal cease, thy dream is vain!
When you visit here again,
No more the lily's form shall make,
A shroud of beauty for the lake;
For *nature* calls—it must obey,
And hasten to the tomb away!

Another spring may bid arise,
Its pure, and fresh, and lovely dyes,
But winter's keen and piercing breath
Will hasten it again to death;
And so for ages yet unborn,
Now seen—now lost,—will be its form!

But thou, when "*nature's God*" will break
The brittle thread of life's estate,
And bid thee from this home of earth—
The snares entailed upon thy birth,
In scenes more fitting thou shalt roam,
And find eternal spring alone!

Bridgetown, 1843.

ARTHUR.

'THE CURSE OF WANT.—The greatest curse entailed on man by vice and disobedience on the parts of his first parents is *the curse of want*. Before this hard monitor the stoutest hearts quail, the firmest resolves give way, the most virtuous sentiments crumble, and the brightest hopes decay. How sad, that man, born after the image of his Maker, should be heir to this sorrow. It is harrowing to the heart to behold want, how acute the pangs of feeling and knowing it!

Let those, who surrounded by every luxury, prate of the independent condition of the working man, for once forego the advantages of wealth and betake themselves to labour, and they will quickly learn that the life they have been eulogising is one of sore trials and bitter miseries. We do not mean to say that labour of itself is an actual hardship, not so. On the other hand there is not a more wretched being on the habitable globe than the idler—most of them degenerate into a very insignificant thing, a mortal without a thought.

Besides this, he who cannot say, "I have lived to do good—I have been a benefit to society, and society will lose in me a prominent benefactor," had better depart for a wilderness and cultivate an intimacy with the animal population of its wilds. Without labour, the harmony of the Universe, the melody that pervades all nature—the glorious achievements of the Creator would be lost on man; for he would be unable to appreciate them. The goodness of God in imposing to a certain extent, upon his creatures, the blessing of physical exercise, will not be presumptuously disputed here. But we do not believe that God even intended one half the world to be slaves, without the actual necessities of life, while the other half riots away its time in lordly tyranny and frivolous pastime. Labour is a luxury when adapted from choice—*no hardship when by it can be gained a comfortable and healthful livelihood*—the direst curse, excepting that which inflicts it, when it barely furnishes the means for a scanty and painful sustenance, and denies the minutest requisite for the enjoyment even of that.

None toil from a love of it—few gain by a reasonable quantity of manual labour, a comfortable, and so far as the term will apply, an independent "sojourn here below," but "countless thousands mourn" over the sad destiny which compels them to lead the lives of horses and oxen, and gives them to know the only difference between them is that one walks on two feet, while the other moves on four.

(From the Montreal Literary Garland.)

THE ENVIOUS ARTIST.

"Base envy withers at another's joy
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

Of all the evil passions which make their dwelling place in the human soul, marring the divine image impressed upon it, changing its sweet affections and its noble impulses to hate and bitterness, and kindling in its secret cells an ever-burning and consuming fire, there is none more fearful and more dark than that of envy. It is the master passion which the great bard has represented, as moving Satan to destroy the bliss of Paradise, and it mingled with an unrighteous love of mammon, in the breast of the arch traitor, whose name of immortal infamy, is inscribed upon the history of that dark transaction which gave our blessed Lord to the hands of his murderers. It is the skeleton in many a wretched home,—the upas tree in the fair garden of friendship, poisoning with its deadly breath the moral atmosphere around it, and destroying with the mildew from its branches, every plant of beauty and of fragrance that springs up within their fatal shadow.

Men, a fond hope has been blighted by its demon power, true friendship has it broken, warm affections chilled, trusting hearts repulsed—it has withered the flowers of genius, darkened the early dawn of joys that promised to expand into the radiance of full and perfect day, and pointed with the saddest moral, many a melancholy tale of individual life and suffering. These thoughts have naturally suggested themselves, from reflecting on the history of two brother artists of the sixteenth century, whose works and whose genius were the boast and glory of their age, but the beauty of whose lives was marred by the cherished indulgence of this unworthy passion, which reigned supreme in the breast of one, and rendered subservient to its selfish and ignoble cravings, every good feeling and high aspiration of his better and nobler nature.

At the period referred to the art of painting, which the great masters of the preceding age had raised to such a height of perfection, was sunk into the lowest stages of degeneracy, when Ludovico Carracci, the son of a butcher of Bologna, but who from his early years had devoted himself to the study of the art, conceived the thought of founding a school for its renovation from the degradation into which it had fallen. In his youth, he had been pronounced fit only to grind the colours it was his

desire to use, but as his mind developed, its true powers became apparent, and it was found, that though seemingly sluggish in its conceptions, it was only so through the depth and profundity, which forbade it to be dazzled by effect, or to attempt by rapid action, aught which long and careful study had not well matured. Therefore was he slow to give utterance to beautiful ideas, till they had become as actual realities to his soul.

Unsatisfied with the limited study of those works of art contained within his native city, he travelled abroad to inspect with a critical and admiring eye, the productions of the greatest masters, every detail of style, of colouring, of expression, he keenly marked, and they furnished the key, by which his penetrating mind unlocked the storehouse of the artist's conceptions, and gained possession of his thoughts, deriving thence the power to execute those works, which have placed his name in the same galaxy where that of Titian, and of his own impassioned teachers, Tintoretto, and Fortana, shine. It was Ludovico's aim to catch from the paintings of those masters whom he made his study, every peculiarity worthy of perpetuation, and combine with them a close observation of nature, giving to the whole as he impressed them on his own glowing canvass, the hue of his individual genius. Avoiding thus, the stigma which some were inclined to cast upon his school—that it was one of mere imitation, that it created no new era in the art, but only persevered by fresh and happy combinations, the peculiar traits and excellences of the old masters—a stigma utterly unjust,—since his was no servile imitation, but a graceful and beautiful mingling into one school the charms of all, making his own, a model for all,—or as an acute writer has more happily expressed it, "he pressed the sweets from all the flowers; or, melting together all his rich materials, formed one Corinthian brass."

Upon these principles Ludovico founded his celebrated *academie*, emphatically styled *degli incamminata*, the opening a new way, for through its influence and teachings he fondly trusted to effect a thorough renovation of the noble, and now degraded art to which he had dedicated his genius. But where should he find minds competent to aid him in the executing of this great and dazzling project? he had long looked around for them in vain, when on his return from Florence, he discovered in two young relatives, whose origin was as humble as his own, those, whom his profound discern-

ment told him possessed the germs of that genius, which, when properly developed, would make them able coadjutors in carrying out to perfection the plan of his long cherished ideal. These were Agostino and Annibale Carracci, the former pursuing the vocation of a goldsmith, the latter occupied beside his father upon the humble board of a tailor.

Agostino was a philosopher and a poet, a man of science and literature, whose gifted mind, enchanting conversation and elegant manners, untaught, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth, with the slightest degree of vulgarity, had rendered him a favorite with the noble and refined, the friend and companion of the scholar and the genius. The delicate and beautiful artistry of the goldsmith formed his employment, but with it he combined a skill in engraving, which, when he afterwards became the disciple of Ludovico, and lent his rare invention, his fine taste, and the varied powers of his rich and cultivated intellect, to the support of his kinsman's school, he carried to such perfection, that with a bold and skilful hand, he often corrected the faulty outlines of the great masters who were a study to the pupils, till his own exquisite engravings were not unfrequently pronounced more perfect than their originals.

Annibale, though not the least renowned of the three Carracci, yet wanted the noble nature of Agostino; his was a bitter and sarcastic spirit, unloving, and by few indeed, beloved. And hence arose the misery and dissensions which forever disturbed the peace of the brothers, and introduced into a school, which beautiful and harmonious thoughts only should have been permitted to enter, the spirit of discord and jealousy, whose presence falls like a blight upon the noble aspirations of genius.— Conscious of his own powers, the suspicious Annibale yet imagined that others failed to appreciate them, and he demanded homage of all, though he forbore to render to any the praise which was their due, and secretly envied those whose excellence he could not gainsay. Quick to perceive, and rapid in execution, he disdained the more tardy movements of Agostino's mind, which was too fastidious easily to satisfy itself, but loved to mature and develop to the highest degree of perfection, every form of ideal beauty before embodying it upon the canvass. *This deliberation, which the passionate Annibale could never bring himself to imitate, he affected to despise, through the fear that it might lead his brother to higher results, than it was in his power to attain.—*

His style was, perhaps, the most eloquent and noble, and his pieces possess a lightness, a grace, a softness of colouring and outline, which form their peculiar characteristics. But his invention, compared to that of Agostino's, was meagre, for his mind, though powerful and active, was not enriched by the erudition that opened such stores of thought and imagery to his brother, who was in truth his better genius, the noble inspirer of those beautiful conceptions which breathe a living soul into the works of his pencil.

Opposite as were the brothers in the constitution of their minds and temper, the penetrating eye of Ludovico saw in each, qualities essential to the fulfilment of his project. In the elegant works of Agostino, his prophetic vision beheld the promise of an artist such as that age had not yet known; and with equal sagacity, he detected beneath the rough exterior of the sullen Annibale, and amid the rude ignorance of his unlettered mind, the germs of that genius which, when developed, caused him to be acknowledged by many of his own time, as well as in succeeding periods, the greatest Carracci. Sanguine also in the hope that their union in the love and pursuit of a noble art, would subdue every discordant feeling existing between them, and bind them in the close and loving bonds of true brotherhood, he won them from their less lofty callings, and sent them to reside for a time at Parma and at Venice, that they might there enjoy the advantages of suitable instruction, and imbibe, as he had done, the spirit of the great masters, from the constant and severe study of their works.

And there, under the teachings of the ablest artists, and surrounded by works of exquisite grace and beauty, grew the love of painting, like a new life in their souls, blending harmoniously with the pure and elegant tastes of Agostino, and eloquently responding to the faultless ideals of beauty that glowed within him, and which he now saw embodied with a breathing grace, by the matchless pencils of Raphael, of Correggio, and of Titian, and multiplied in endless and beautiful forms by the vivacious or philosophic masters of the Venetian and the Lombard schools. Even Annibale's obdurate nature seemed softened and subdued by the spirit of that glorious art amidst whose most noble productions he breathed and moved. *It elevated and purified a mind, habitually envious and sarcastic; and, for a time, as he engaged with his brother in the pursuit of a common and lofty attainment, he ceased to see in him a rival, and often, as they sat side*

by side, each transferring to his own canvass, the, as yet, dim shadow of some perfect Raphael or Correggio, he permitted so many gleams of fraternal affection to shine out through the gloom of his bitter and sullen nature, that the gentle Agostino, longing ardently for some response to the sentiment which warmed his own heart, secretly blessed the omens, which promised to gladden with fraternal sympathy and love, his future life.

One morning as they sat thus together, some words of praise which Agostino lavished upon the outline of a picture commenced by his brother, drew forth from the pleased and selfish Annibale, such an unusual manifestation of tender regard, in return, that Agostino, in the grateful warmth of his noble and loving heart, grasped suddenly the hand of Annibale, exclaiming earnestly :

"My brother, the divine art which is so dear to us, has united our souls—let us prove our gratitude by devoting our lives to the service of this glorious mistress—from this hour let us know none beside—we will renounce every tie save that which binds us to each other and to her."

"So be it!" responded Annibale, with unwonted enthusiasm, while a glow like the last rosy smile of the setting sun, lighted up his dark features with momentary joy and beauty. "So be it! and in token thereof, let us exchange the rings we wear. Yet, no—for mine is but a plain circlet of gold, while thine is of rare workmanship, and set with gems of price."

"What matters it, my brother! Earth, no nor the fathomless caves of ocean, hold no gems so precious to me as thy love. Grant me but that, with thy plain ring, and the gift will be of far dearer value to me than aught else thou couldst bestow. Let the tokens we exchange be the sign of our hearts' perpetual union, their marriage to our chosen mistress, and though one were but of common dress, and the other encircled by brilliants, each should be to us but the sacred symbol of a double and a holy union, that should give them equal value in our eyes."

"It shall be as thou sayest, Agostino—and fitting to be so, perchance, since the two rings may serve as emblems of us twain—thine elaborately wrought, and rich with foreign adornments, attracting by its splendour, the regards of the tasteful and the elegant—while mine,"—and his wonted smile of scorn chased the momentary blandness from his lip—"while mine is passed by unheeded, unless chance throws it into the scale of the goldsmith, and

betrays by its weight of bullion, its true and intrinsic value."

"Thou art right, my Annibale" exclaimed the generous Agostino; "and none who read us rightly would gainsay, that in thee reside more sterling qualities than grace the mind of thy less gifted brother. Yet let us each in our different degree press on to excellence—press on in love—without envy, but fired with a noble emulation—cherishing pure and high aspirations, and rejoicing in the achievement of glory—not for ourselves, but that we have won it for the mistress of our love."

As he spoke he placed his own rich and glittering ring upon the finger of Annibale, and received the plain circlet of gold upon his own; and then, arm in arm, the brothers walked forth towards the house of Paul Cagliari, or Veronese, as he is usually called, from Verona, the place of his birth—one of the noblest masters of their art, and the pride of the Venetian school. They found him in his studio, and at his easel, giving, with his free and rapid pencil, brilliant touches to one of the most splendid achievements of his genius—"The Marriage at Cana,"—which was at that time, day by day growing into marvellous beauty beneath his hand—and which yet adorns the refectory of a convent in the once queenly city of the Adriatic. Gems and cameos, and antiques of all descriptions, and of the most beautiful forms, were scattered throughout the apartment, casts of ancient statues filled the vacant spaces, the walls glowed with Correggios and with Titians, and the tables were covered with beautiful sketches and engravings, among which were mingled a few of the fine etchings of Albert Durer and Parmesan.

But amid objects of art equally rare and exquisite, one of living form, alone, rivetted the admiring gaze of the brothers. This was a young girl, of matchless and transcendent beauty, who, with downcast eyes, and deepening blushes, called forth by their earnest observation, sat opposite the artist, a breathing model for one of the loveliest figures of his great masterpiece. The painter marked the surprise with which they regarded the girl, and, suspending his employment, said, as looking with concern towards her, he met the exploring glance of her suddenly uplifted eye:

"Depart if thou wilt, Antonia; to-morrow will complete all that I require of thee."

With a slight but graceful gesture of acknowledgment, and the faintest, yet softest and most beautiful smile, the young creature glided from her seat, and disappeared through a door

leading from the studio to the interior of the artist's dwelling.

"Saw you ever so perfect a Madonna?" asked Paul, as he watched the eager gaze of delight, with which Agostino followed the girl's retreating figure. "I have spent much time," he continued, "in seeking the highest and purest models of beauty for this my favourite piece, and now, at least, you will acknowledge I have not sought in vain."

"But where upon the earth," asked Agostino, "found you this miracle of loveliness, who, as I see by this graceful outline, is destined to become immortal upon the glowing canvass of Cagliari?"

"In one of my evening strolls through the vineyards in the outskirts of the city, I found her among a group of peasants, whom she was aiding to gather in the ripened vintage. I singled her from her companions at a glance, and when I accosted her, she replied with a graceful and ingenuous simplicity that heightened my interest, and led me to inquire into her history—she told it without reserve. Her father had died at the commencement of the season, and the small vineyard with the little cottage in its midst, was the only heritage of herself and mother. To increase their income, she wrought various fancy articles which the nuns of St. Ursula disposed of for her with the manufactures of their convent, and the revenues arising from this source, supplied all the comforts which her mother's feeble state of health rendered necessary. From that day she became a study to me, as are all outward forms of beauty, and under pretence of purchasing the fruits of her vineyard, I strolled thither almost every evening, and while I sat upon the bench beneath the old fig tree at her door, eating the delicious grapes which she brought me, I feasted my eyes upon her loveliness, as familiarised to my presence, she poured forth in wild gushes of melody her untutored songs, and moved around me with the unrestrained and graceful freedom of a child.

"The style of her beauty, so chaste, so serene, so spiritual, filled me with an earnest wish to obtain sittings from her for the figure of the blessed Mary, which occupies so prominent a position among the multitude that are crowded on this immense canvass. At first she shrank with instinctive modesty from my proposal, but when I urged it, the fear of offending me by a refusal, rather than the proffer of a very considerable remuneration, induced her to consent, but on condition only that she should not be exposed to the gaze and

remarks of casual observers. Your early entrance this morning surprised us, and when I saw her young heart fluttering through fear and shame, at the observation she attracted, I remembered my promise, and in pity to her youth and modesty, gave her freedom for today."

There was nothing striking in this brief and simple detail, and yet a secret, and till now untouched chord of Agostino's warm and susceptible heart, responded to every word the great artist uttered. The beauty of the girl bewitched his imagination, and filled his soul with new and sweet emotions, while her modesty charmed him, and her innocence and her youth awakened his interest and pity. He remained absent and abstracted even when his gifted teacher quitting the momentary subject of interest, turned to those immediately connected with his art, and discoursed eloquently of the rise and progress of the Venitian school of painting, from the period of its foundation by the early Greek artist Theophanes, to that of its two great masters, Giorgione and Titian, the former of whom was remarkable for the warmth and truth of his portraits, while the latter was great in every department of his art; he, it was, who first discovered the use of transparent colours in painting, and who was so renowned for the heavenly softness of his tints, as also for his grace and his expression.

Annibale remarked with chagrin his brother's unusual abstraction,—he addressed him several times unheard, and in an interval of their master's discourse he endeavoured to draw his attention to an exquisite mosaic of Giatto's, representing the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, but with the same ill success—when vexed and irritated he threw the gem upon the table with an impatient air, that at once recalled the dreaming artist to the harsh realities of life. The entrance of Gabriel Cagliari with his brother, and several pupils of their father, was the signal for a general devotion to study, and in a few minutes all were intent, beneath the guidance of one master mind, in executing the various tasks allotted to them. And among them all, none laboured with greater earnestness, or with a higher craving for perfection, than the ardent Agostino—closing his heart to the vision of the young Antonia's beauty, he gave his whole soul to the study of a Correggio whose peculiar characteristics he wished to make his own, by skilfully blending them with the conceptions of his individual genius.

From that day, however, a change seemed to come over the mind of Agostino. He still

cherished an ardent enthusiasm for his art, but it betrayed itself less openly, and seemed indeed to glow less steadily than before.— There were times, in which, when kindled by some rare form of external beauty, it would burst forth with all its wonted fervour, yet often Annibale marked him standing before some matchless chef d'œuvre of painting or sculpture, with an air abstracted, and an eye as cold and passionless, as if it gazed only on the untouched canvass, or the rude marble of the quarry which waited yet the inspiration of the master's mind, to stamp it with the impress of his genius. Hour after hour too, as they sat together at their studies, Agostino, contrary to his former wont, would suffer to pass in unbroken silence; and seldom now, was he the companion of his brother in their evening sail upon the Lagune, which had ever been to them a season of free and confidential enjoyment,—for then, as in their quiet gondola they floated over the smooth waters, and gazed up through the transparent depths of that beautiful Italian sky to "heaven's high empyrean," the soul of the reserved and sullen Annibale seemed almost to soften into gentleness beneath its matchless beauty, and to blend lovingly, and as it seldom did at other moments, with the more graceful and benign spirit of his brother.

But now his proud and jealous nature deeply resented the change he marked in Agostino—yet he deigned not to question him as to its cause—nor was there need, since it was made but too apparent in the thousand sketches of one lovely face which the enamoured Agostino multiplied in every subject that his pencil touched—his angels ever wore the features of the peasant girl Antonia, and his Madonnas, in their meek and heavenly beauty, gazed from his glowing canvass with her eyes of love.— Many a word of withering scorn fell from the biting tongue of Annibale, and all were heard in silent and patient gentleness by his conscious brother. Wider each day grew the breach between them; again jealousy usurped the place of kindlier feelings in Annibale's breast, and his envy was continually fed by the frequently superior success of Agostino in their art, and by the notice which his refined manners and elegant mind won for him from the great, whom they were in the habit of meeting at the house of Paul Veronese—many of whom sought his intimate companionship and honoured him with their lasting friendship.

Annibale affected to despise as effeminate, the varied accomplishments of his brother.—

His captivating manners, and the tasteful elegance which always distinguished him in dress, were subjects of his especial scorn and ridicule; particularly if in the presence of any of his noble friends he could by an ill-natured jest, or scornful word, inflict pain or mortification upon Agostino, it was a secret source of pleasure and of triumph to his embittered heart.

One day as he came forth from the church of St. Mark, he encountered his brother in the portico, walking arm-in-arm, and pleasantly conversing with the young Count Friuli.— Coldly returning the salutation which they gaily gave him, he passed moodily along, and obeying the sudden impulse of an envious thought, he paused at the extremity of the colonnade, and leaning against one of its massy pillars, drew forth his crayons, and extracting a leaf from his tablets, sketched with the rapid touch which characterised his genius, and true to the life, the figure of his humble father, seated upon his tailor's board, in the act of threading a needle, while near by, stood his mother, a faultless likeness, cutting from a piece of cloth the sleeves of the garment on which her husband was at work.

"This will sting him!" he muttered, as having finished, he held it with a smile of malicious triumph for an instant up before him, then walking towards the spot where Agostino still lingered with his friend, he said carelessly as he approached them—

"We who are married to our art, count," and he glanced with a derisive sneer at Agostino as he spoke, "must obey, whenever they impel us, the promptings of her genius—see, what they have but now suggested to me!" and he held the sketch for a moment before the count, then thrusting it into Agostino's hand—"fair brother," he said, "if thou dost recognise in these rude lines the humble portraits of those from whom we sprung, it may be that my unstudied draft shall read thee a timely lesson, since thou seemest not to remember among thy jewelled associates, that the dung-hill cock was never designed to soar to the nest of the skylark."

"Go to, ill-bred youth," said the fiery noble as Annibale turned away with a malicious laugh, "matt, if it so pleaseth thee, with thine own barn-yard fowls, but know, that true genius wears ever the eagle's plumage, and soars up unblenching in the bright blaze of the noontide sun!"

But Annibale was already beyond the sound of words, which, had they fallen on his ear would have extorted a sharp and cutting re-

ply from his lips. Striding hastily on, he soon gained his own dwelling; but scarcely had he seated himself within it, when Agostino entered also. His demeanor was gentle and benign, yet somewhat more serious than usual—for though his pride was not in the slightest degree wounded by the taunt of Annibale, his affectionate nature felt the unkindness of his conduct, and mourned that he should have exposed to another the ebullitions of his unamiable and envious nature.

"My brother," he said, calmly yet earnestly, "may I ask, how I have been so unfortunate as to incur your deep displeasure?—how I have wholly forfeited your love, and awakened in your heart an intense hatred which perpetually betrays itself, and makes me the constant object of your scorn and bitterness?"

Annibale turned upon him a countenance dark with the lowering gloom of nurtured jealousy and hate, and replied in a tone of harsh unfeeling mockery:

"And what matters it to the elegant Agostino, the courted, the admired, whose place is at the tables of the great, whom the learned and the noble approach with the incense of flattery, and on whom beauty lavishes her smiles; what matters it to him, the bland speech or the sullen mood of the rugged Annibale, whose soul, like the unwrought diamond, is despised because art hath not brought forth its lustre from the deep encrustings of earth in which nature hath enveloped it?"

"Remember, Annibale, we are brothers," said Agostino with gentle earnestness; "a holy tie unites us, and can you doubt the cravings of my heart for your love—your sympathy?—Nay, formed we not some brief months since a solemn compact—"

"Name it not!" interrupted Annibale, with sudden vehemence, "since it is you, who have voluntarily broken your plighted faith—forsaken the brother who would have clung to you, the mistress who would have bestowed on you an earthly immortality, to lie supinely on the silken couches of luxury, and weave idle verses for those minions of wealth, who would spurn you, could you not minister by your ill-used talents to their pleasure."

"Annibale, you accuse me wrongfully—"

"Nay, then," again interposed the impetuous artist,—"I do not so, when I say that you wile away time, each moment of which is a golden sand in the hour-glass of your life, in the arms of a low-born peasant, whose beauty has bewitched your heart, and quenched in it

those noble aspirations, without which great and glorious attainments never can be won."

"Again I say, my brother, you accuse me wrongfully,—and that you do, let the products of my pencil testify. What excellence or progress, they manifest in design, in colouring, or conception, I leave for others to declare, averring only, that they have received my individual thoughts, for never have I given to other, and it may be lighter enjoyments, the hours which should have been dedicated to the study of my art alone. Do me but justice, Annibale, and confess thus much—I ask no more,—and then let us still press on with undivided hearts in the career which points us to a glorious goal."

"There can exist no true union between tastes and pursuits so diverse as are ours," answered Annibale moodily,—“But, forsake the glittering triflers whose companionship you so prefer to mine, and renounce the shameful tie which leads you day by day, and duly as the eve returns, to sigh at the feet of the peasant girl Antonia, and these token rings which we once so solemnly exchanged, shall no longer shine as baubles to the eye, but be to our hearts in very deed, the symbols of a true love, a noble ambition, and an earnest purpose to remain wedded only to the art we have embraced."

"Annibale, you den. and of me too much," said his brother, seriously. "The triflers of whom you speak are the poets, the painters, the musicians of the age,—men less distinguished by noble birth and princely wealth, than by those rare gifts of mind, which render their society a privilege, and permit one to feel, even while in bondage to the flesh, that he holds communion with an essence from the skies. And for Antonia—I cannot cast her from me—she has given me the first pure offering of her young and trusting heart—the offering of as true and fond a love, as ever woman rendered to her chosen lord."

"It is easy now to speak of truth and faith," said Annibale with a gathering frown; "but when the dew has vanished from the flower its sweetness will be gone, and then the noble Agostino may find it easy to throw the worthless thing away."

"Nay," said Agostino, and a deep and burning flush crimsoned his cheek and brow, "den. me not so base my brother,—when its early dew and bloom are fled, still will that sweet flower be precious to my heart, and then, and ever, shall it be fondly cherished there.—Annibale, forgive me that dreading to incur

your anger, I have long concealed what now I must confess—yet tremblingly, for fear of your displeasure—I am wedded to Antonia!"

"Traitor and perjurer!" exclaimed Annibale, stamping with impotent rage upon the floor, as the words burst passionately from his quivering lips. "Basely have you deceived me—and thus," and plucking Agostino's brilliant ring from his finger, he threw it impetuously away—"thus, I cast from me the token of a union which your falsehood has forever broken. Take it, and deck with the bauble the hand which you have chosen to clasp instead of mine—mine, which would have led you lovingly on in the path to immortality. Go—henceforth we are divided—you have found one on whom to concentrate your heart's affection; but mine shall be lavished on a nobler object—hope and aspiration shall point to that one alone, and I shall have toiled and prayed in vain, if hereafter the world say not: 'see how far the sullen, the unloved, unlettered Annibale, transcends the specious, the graceful, the admired and polished Agostino!'"

He went out abruptly as he ceased speaking, leaving his brother transfixed with sorrow and amazement at the blind excess of his ungovernable passion. For a few minutes he stood revolving sadly the scene which had just transpired, and then he walked forth to seek the cottage of Antonia, leaving the discarded ring lying, where Annibale in his rage had spurned it. The moody artist finding it untouched on his re-entrance, deigned to pluck it from the floor and deposit it in a dark corner of his cabinet, but it was never again seen to sparkle on his finger, though Agostino wore that of Annibale's till the day of his death, having with his own hand engraved on its inner circle the words "*Charity and Love.*"

Within a year after Agostino's union with the beautiful and gentle Antonia, he was deprived of her by death. He had loved her tenderly and truly, and his grief for her loss was deep and absorbing. But the son whom she gave him with her dying breath, was yet a precious link between him and the living world, and the new and strong affection which the infant awakened in his bereaved heart, gave birth to hopes and purposes that stretched into, and brightened the far future, centering all, in the welfare and destiny of his child. The boy, whom he called Antonio, was left during his early childhood to the charge of his maternal grandmother, but as he advanced in years his father spared neither pains nor expense upon his education. When very young he evinced

a love for painting which was assiduously cultivated by Agostino, who placed him with able masters to learn the first principles of the art, and afterwards received him in the school at Bologna; yet his progress was ever inconsiderable, and though he attained some merit as an artist, his talents never raised him above mediocrity. He is generally supposed to have been a natural son of Agostino.

Shortly subsequent to the death of Antonia, the brothers quitted Venice and repaired to Parma, where they spent a year in the prosecution of their studies, and then returning to Bologna, established in conjunction with their kinsman Ludovico, their long contemplated academie. It was founded on a liberal and munificent plan, and furnished with every appliance, essential for the progress of their pupils, and for the expansion and elevation of their ideas relative to the noble pursuit which was their study. Notwithstanding the opposition made to it by many, the school formed a new era in the art, which it rescued from the lowest degradation, restored to a pure style, and invested with renovated splendour—while by the beauty and excellence of their productions, the three Carraccis soon effectually silenced the cavils of their enemies, and overcame every objection that had been urged against them.

Though so strictly united, each one preserved his own distinctive attributes and merits. Ludovico was profound and grand—Agostino was remarkable for his elegance, and for the richness and variety of his invention—while Annibale was admired for his vigour, his freshness and his grace. Yet when, as was sometimes their wont, the three combined their labours in the execution of one piece, so harmoniously did their separate characteristics unite and blend, that the work stood forth as the effort of a single pencil, and even their own followers disputed to which of the Carraccis to ascribe it. It was Annibale's constant endeavour to rival his brother and Ludovico.—He could not bear to hear their praises, even though they came not in competition with his own. He had never forgiven Agostino for his marriage, never shown him a gleam of kindness or affection since, but viewed with constantly increasing envy, the excellence of his attainments, and coveted the honours which they brought him. In truth, this evil, and master passion of his mind, continually nurtured, had obtained complete ascendancy over him, and when on one occasion the prize of superiority was adjudged to a picture of Agos-

tino's, it exhibited itself in so violent a manner, that his noble brother, in order to pacify and conciliate him, threw by his pallet, and gave his attention almost exclusively to the art of engraving, which he carried to an exquisite degree of perfection.

Even towards his pupils, Annibale exhibited the most unworthy jealousy. If any among them betrayed marks of a superior genius, he failed not to repress by coldness and silence his ardent aspirations, while on another, less promising, he would not hesitate to bestow tokens of his favour and approval. Thus, that famous school of painting, where the future masters of the art met for instruction, and by study and observation developed their various tastes and their different degrees of genius, was often dishonoured by unworthy rivalries, and through the influence and example of that debasing passion which dwelt in the breast of Annibale, made the scene of shameful bickerings and dispute. Agostino's life was embittered by it, and he sometimes thought seriously of withdrawing himself wholly from the companionship of Annibale, and taking up his abode in some distant city, where he could devote himself in peace to the pursuit of his art. But strange as it may seem, the brothers could not live apart—Agostino's affection for the wayward Annibale, was earnest and sincere; nor could the envious sneers, and bitter taunts which continually wounded him, wholly alienate his generous heart from the offender. Annibale also, felt that he should lose half the glory he claimed, were Agostino to quit his side, for well was he aware, though he would have repelled with scorn the insinuation from another, that his paintings would fail in expression, and in consistency of design, without the aid of his brother's beautiful conceptions, supplied from those rich, and varied sources of erudition, which were as sealed fountains to his mind.

One day the academie had been thrown open for a periodical exhibition, and was thronged as usual, with visitors, the learned and the noble, as well as those, who came but to gaze and admire—and all listened with rapt attention, while Agostino discoursed to his pupils on the study of architecture and perspective in combination with their art, and from the field of nature, and the inexhaustible stores of history and fable, suggested subjects worthy to employ their pencils. Annibale stood apart, wearing on his sullen features such a look of dark and withering envy as a great artist of the present day has given to the traitor Judas, while

through a group of faithful disciples he watches his master performing his mighty works in the temple. The same lowering scowl was upon his darkened brow, as he looked upon the noble countenance and graceful figure of his gifted brother, and heard the rich tones of his voice giving utterance to his fine thoughts in language of thrilling eloquence. Around him were clustered the most distinguished of his pupils,—the timid and shrinking Dominichino, to whose beautiful drawings, Ludovico, ignorant to whom they belonged, had thrice adjudged the prize of superior excellence—and when the young artist was at last compelled to acknowledge them, he did so with a downcast eye, and a cheek glowing with modest shame at the applause he had never hoped to win.—And though he afterwards became one of the greatest masters of the Italian school, this almost womanly timidity followed him through life. Yet so rich and so truthful was his expression of character, that a celebrated writer of his own country has said of him, "He drew the soul and coloured life." Beside him was the youthful Guido, whose early and uncommon excellence awakened an emotion of jealousy even in the gentle breast of his master, Ludovico. Exquisite and beautiful were the touches of his graceful pencil, and so heavenly in features and expression, were his groups of infant figures, that it was said of him by one, "His faces came from Paradise." There too was Albani, whose works breathe such perfect and serene pleasure, that he was styled the Anacreon of painting, with Guercino, Areturi, and others whose names shine brightly in that galaxy of artists which adorned the close of the sixteenth century.

To all these, and many eager listeners beside, Agostino continued to discourse of themes connected with his art, descanting now upon the merit of some fine painting, or the beauties of some ancient statues, till, to illustrate a remark, he seized upon the group of the Laocoon, and dilated with resistless eloquence, upon its faultless proportions and its marvellous conception. Annibale writhed in jealous agony, as he listened unwillingly to his brother's words, and marked the spell of enchantment in which he wrapped the breathless and admiring audience. Scarcely could he restrain his impatience till the speaker paused; but then, and when all present, thrilled by Agostino's vivid description of the group, seemed to shrink as though around their own limbs they felt the wreathing serpents twine in their crushing embrace, Annibale strode forward towards

the place occupied by his brother, on whom, from beneath his dark brows he cast a look of fire, then snatching up his crayons, with a bold and rapid hand, and in the sight of all present he sketched upon the wall the wonderful group which they had just heard described with such graphic and poetic beauty. Casting the crayons from him as he finished, he pointed significantly towards the figures, which had sprung suddenly to view, as though there had been magic in his touch, and with a look and accent of ineffable disdain, exclaimed, "Poets paint with words, but painters only with their pencils!" and immediately withdrew amid the low murmur of wonder and applause which arose like the sound of one voice from the lips of the assembly.

"He is right," said the generous Agostino, "Annibale's is the true power, and this wonderful offspring of his genius embodies all that I have laboured so long and vainly to express to you in words!"

Yet neither the homage, which on this and every other occasion, Agostino rendered to the assumed, not less than to the real superiority, where it existed, of his brother, nor the sacrifices which he continually made of personal fame and talent to his exacting jealousy, availed to ameliorate his harsh and bitter temper, or to awaken in him any permanent sentiment of gratitude, or true affection. Something, however, like cordiality appeared in Annibale's demeanour, when in conjunction with Agostino, he accepted an invitation from the Duke of Farnese, to paint the gallery of his palace; and accordingly the brothers repaired together to Rome, to engage in the great work, which had they left no other legacy to the world, would alone establish their claim to the immortality, which has been decreed to their genius. For some time they laboured at their new task in unbroken harmony, giving life and beauty by their creative touch to the bare and unsightly walls, and gratifying the admirers of the separate masters, by copying successfully the grace of Raphael, the power and grandeur of Michael Angelo, the delicacy of Correggio, and the brilliancy of Paul Veronese, and adapting each, to the character of their various subjects and designs.

Some persons praised most the genius of Annibale, others preferred that of Agostino, and as these comparisons became frequent, they failed not to reach the ears of the artists, and again the smouldering fires of envy blazed forth anew in Annibale's breast. Every word of commendation lavished on his brother fed

the flame, and drew from him unmerited censure, and ill-natured invectives against the beautiful products of Agostino's pencil. If he could not deny them elegance, they wanted grandeur; if he allowed them vigour, still they were deficient in grace, and so on, till wounded to the heart by his brother's unkind and envious hostility, Agostino prepared to retire, and leave the completion of the Farnesian gallery solely to Annibale. The proposal was accepted with apparent unwillingness, but in reality, with secret pleasure—and they separated. Had they remained united, had the rich mind of Agostino continued to lend its noble conceptions, its fine sensibilities, and extensive erudition, to the vigor, the softness, the freedom of Annibale, their task would have been beautifully perfected,—but it was left to the completion of one alone, and an acute writer has remarked of the princely gallery, that "It is a work of uniform vigour of execution which nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception."

On quitting Rome, Agostino repaired to Parma, where he for some time devoted himself assiduously to his art, no longer annoyed by the jealous cavils of Annibale. But his life was embittered by the recollection of their past differences, and by the alienation of a brother, whom, notwithstanding the injustice he had received from him, he still loved with the most generous and entire affection,—and, at length, worn out by regret, and mortification, he died in the very prime of his days, and while engaged upon a large picture which wanted only one figure to render it complete—but which, even in its unfinished state, bore the impress of that genius, which had it not been continually thwarted by the baneful influence of another's evil passion, would have proclaimed him the greatest of the Carraccis.

Annibale too, laboured on through the remainder of his life in melancholy loneliness of heart—consumed with secret grief for the loss of his brother, and tormented with bitter self-reproach for the indulgence of that evil temper which had been the curse of his existence, which had poisoned every pure source of enjoyment, rendered the achievements of his genius but a cause of dissension and of hate, and alienated from him, not only the friends whom he esteemed, but the generous brother, who had suffered and forgiven so many wrongs, and, who he now felt to be dearer to him than the praise and homage which he had so much coveted, but which, since it had become undividedly his own, he could no longer enjoy.—

He survived Agostino nine years, and then with a blighted heart sank into the grave—for, added to the secret self-upbraidings and regrets that had so long preyed upon his health, and undermined his happiness, he was filled with grief and mortification at the ingratitude shewn him by the Cardinal Farnese, who in return for the years of toil and labour which he had spent in the completion of his princely gallery, proffered, instead of the wealth and honours which should have been lavished on him in grateful profusion, but cold thanks, and the pitiful sum of five hundred gold scudi. It was a fatal wound to his pride, to his hopes, to his ambition, and after a brief and painful struggle, in which it has been said reason became disordered by the mental anguish he endured, he died—and they buried him beside Raphael, in the Pantheon at Rome—thus rendering a touching and eloquent tribute to his genius, in shewing that they deemed him worthy to share the last resting-place of that immortal master.



ECHOES FROM OTHER LANDS.

Translated from the Song in Goethe's Faust, commencing:

“*Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.*” &c.

My peace is gone forever,
My heart is full of woe,—
Never again, ah! never
Can I its blessings know!

All to me, to me now is lonely,
Since far away is he;
'Tis as my grave, and only,
Bitter's the world to me.

My brain, alas! what anguish
Is rending, madd'ning now;
My reason now doth languish,
And high forsakes me too.

My peace is gone forever,
My heart is full of woe;
Never again, ah! never,
Can I its blessings know!

Oft watched I for him lonely,
From out the casement high;
And left too, for him only
My home without a sigh.

His form was all imposing,
His noble, lofty men;—

Soft smiles on his cheek reposing,
His winning eye, serene.

His words on my ear, stealing,
Had magic sounds for me,
His touch so gentle, thrilling—
None sweeter kissed than he.

My peace is gone forever,
My heart is full of woe,
Never again, ah! never,
Can I its blessings know!

My breast, alas! heaves sadly,
For him so far away;
Oh! were he here, how gladly
I'd cling and bid him stay!

I'd clasp him, kiss him, greeting,
To my heart's wish sincere;
My kiss so soft, repeating,
That his should disappear.

St. John, 1843.

RODOLPHO.



NIGHT.

How beautiful in Night! when o'er the led
Bright Phæbus sheds her light,
And clothes with sparkling gems the placid sea.
How beautiful is Night!

When dim distinctness leaves the fancy free,
And we can lift our hearts, oh God! to thee!

How beautiful is Night! when stars bestow
Their golden hue so bright,
And wrap the heavens in their mysterious glow.

How beautiful is Night!
To the susceptible heart, whose every thro',
Is witness of the finer feelings' glow!

How beautiful is Night! when on the air,
In holy, solemn flight,
Is borne the breath of many a raptur'd prayer.
How beautiful is Night!

When dim distinctness leaves the fancy free,
And we can lift our hearts, oh God! to thee!

Bridgetown, 1843.

ARTHUR.



AVARICE.—A rich covetous Bonzo had made a collection of a great many jewels, which he watched very narrowly. Another Bonzo, older than he, begged to have a sight of them for some time, after which he said, “I thank you for your jewels.” “Why thank me?” answered the other, “I did not give you them.” “But I had the pleasure of seeing them,” replied the guest, “and that is all the advantage you reap from them excepting the trouble of watching them.”

HELEN MACARTNEY.

"PROMISE me that you will not grow weary, dearest, during the long, long years that must elapse ere I can claim the hand which now trembles in mine," said Horace Medwin to her who had just plighted her faith to him.

"Do not expect too much of me, Horace," was the reply: "I cannot promise that my heart will be patient while years are stealing the brightness from my eye, and the freshness from my feelings."

"Perhaps, you will repent a pledge which must be so tardily redeemed."

"You know me too well to believe so, Horace: I would fain see you content with your present prospects of success, and even at the risk of seeming most unmaidenly in my wishes, I will say that a mere competence with you would be all that I should ask to insure us happiness. Wealth will be dearly purchased by all the terrible anxieties of a long absence; yet since you think its acquisition essential to your comfort, it is not for me to oppose my wishes to your superior judgment. 'They also serve who stand and wait;' and since I can do nothing to aid you in the pursuit of riches, I can at least 'bide the time.'—Go where your sense of duty calls you, Horace, and remember that whether your efforts are crowned with success, or your hopes crushed by misfortunes, this hand is yours whenever you claim my pledge."

"Bless you, bless you, my own sweet Helen; that promise will be my only solace in my exile, and oh! what a stimulus to exertion shall I find in the remembrance of those tears."

Helen Macartney was the child of one of those gifted but unfortunate persons who seem born to ill-luck. Her father's whole life had been a series of mistakes; he had quit college in a fit of pique just as he was fully prepared to receive those high honours which might have been of great service to him in the career of science to which he eventually devoted himself; he abandoned a profession in which perseverance would have made him eminently successful; he failed in mercantile business because he could not tie his thoughts down to the details of commerce; in the lowest ebb of his fortunes he married, not from love but compassion, the proud and penniless daughter of a decayed family, who brought him a dowry of poor relations; and, finally, he wasted his really fine talents, which, if properly exerted, would have secured him at least the comforts of life, upon schemes and projects

which were as idle as Alnaschar's dream. As the eye of the mathematician traces on the blue field of ether the diagram which solves his newly combined problem, so the fancy of the speculative philosopher builds in the vague air his hopes of fame and fortune; but, unlike the man of science, who from his visionary plan deduces a demonstrable truth, the man of schemes is doomed ever to see his fairy fabrics fade, without leaving a wreck behind. The only thing which ever had power to withdraw the thoughts of the projector from his unreal fancies, was his love for his gentle daughter.—He had thoroughly instructed her in all that forms the true foundation of learning, and no expense was spared in the acquisition of those elegant accomplishments which add so great a charm to female society. Helen was a gifted and graceful woman, as well as a fine scholar. Beautiful and gentle, with superior talents, correct taste, and a character which the discipline of circumstances had prematurely strengthened, without impairing the freshness of her feelings, she was a creature worthy to be loved and cherished by some noble heart.—But her life had never been a happy one, for, from her earliest childhood, her mother's wayward indolence, and her father's total want of worldly wisdom, had produced an irregular, scrambling sort of system, in their little household, the discomforts of which had been felt by Helen long before she was capable of understanding or remedying the evil. Leading a very secluded life, and absorbed in those petty cares which engross so much time and thought in a household where there is no wealth to purchase immunity from labour, she felt little disposition to indulge in the gaieties so natural to her age. Conscious of the beauty which her innate perception of all things lovely enabled her to discover in her own sweet face, and perhaps displaying a trace of girlish vanity in the precision with which her dress was always adapted to the fine proportions of her stately figure, she was yet untainted by mere personal vanity. She adorned her person even as she improved her mind, rather for the gratification of her own elegant taste than with the wish to attract the admiration of others.

Among the various pursuits which Mr. Macartney's versatile talents enabled him to adopt, as a means of subsistence, that in which he was most successful was the instruction of youth. Possessing a peculiar talent for simplifying the mysteries of science, he might have reaped a rich harvest from a gift which is perhaps one of the rarest of intellectual endow-

ments, but his eccentricities impaired his usefulness, and at length the number of his pupils were limited to a few youths of matured and developed minds, who sought him to acquire aid in the higher branches of study, and who were amused rather than annoyed by his peculiarities of character. Among these, Horace Medwin had ever been distinguished, as an especial favourite of the singular old man, and a degree of intimacy almost amounting to domestication in the family, had arisen between them. Gifted with talents but little above mediocrity, he possessed a firmness of character and strength of will which enabled him to overcome difficulties for which a far more vigorous intellect would have felt itself unequal. For him to determine, was always to succeed, for he had a fixedness and tenacity of purpose which never allowed him to loose his grasp on the desired object. Yet, blended with this self-reliance and decision, which might else have made him arrogant and overbearing, were some of the gentlest charities of human nature.—Kind, considerate, and affectionate, he won the regard of all those who were associated with him, while at the same time, he unconsciously controlled them by his superior firmness of will.

Perhaps, it was this very quality in the character of Horace, which first excited the regard of Helen Macartney. "What has she known of love," says Madame de Staël, "who has not seen in the object of her choice a powerful protector, a guide courageous and kind, whose look commands even while it supplicates, and who kneels at her feet only to receive at her hands the right to dispose of her destiny?"—*The vacillating temper of her father, whose instability rendered him most unfit to direct the steps of others amid the vicissitudes of life, had made Helen doubly sensitive to the spell which a certain kind of mental force in man ever casts over the more timid heart of woman. Horace had been early attracted by her girlish beauty, and the love which then sprung up in his heart strengthened with his years until he no longer doubted that his future happiness depended upon winning the pure affections of the artless being who looked up to him with the relying tenderness of a sister. Though much his superior in brilliancy of mind, and possessing in a much higher degree all the perceptive faculties, yet his strength of judgment and force of will were sufficient to give him that superiority in her eyes which alone induces a woman to give out the whole wealth of her affections; and Helen soon learned to love*

him with a depth and fervour which was only equalled by the undeviating constancy of her attachment.

But Horace Medwin was an ambitious man, and his love, while it was strong as death in his heart, only served to refine and elevate what was before a merely selfish feeling. To procure a bare subsistence by his daily labour, and thus live along from day to day, was little suited to his ideas of happiness. He had been brought up in the midst of that worst kind of poverty, which is found in the homes of those whose pride demands sacrifices which comfort would forbid; and the daily struggle between positive want and a desire to keep up appearances had appalled and dejected him from his youth. He had early resolved to win a fortune, and at a time when boys are thinking only of their sports, he was preparing himself for his future career. As he grew older, a very little observation sufficed to convince him that those only are certain of success, who, laying aside all the restraints of pride and prejudice, will stoop to plant ere they climb to reach the fruits, and he therefore decided that in order to break through the many bonds which early habit and association impose upon every one, a residence in a land of strangers, during his season of trial, was to be preferred. In vain Helen sought to moderate his views, and confine his ambition within the limits of the narrow circle, where may ever be found domestic happiness. He was now ambitious for her sake as well as for his own, and the fairest pictures of the future joy which his fancy sketched, required a golden frame to give them finish in his eyes. *A clerkship in an extensive mercantile house, resident in Calcutta, opened an avenue to the wealth he sought, and well knowing that his knowledge of Oriental languages would scarcely fail of insuring him success, he conquered his own deep regrets at parting with Helen, and accepted a situation which would banish him for years from his native land. He went forth sadly but hopefully to gather golden fruit in the mystic groves of Ind, while Helen remained to think for her wayward father, to act for her imbecile mother, and perhaps to feel too deeply for her own loneliness of heart.*

The first two years after her lover's departure witnessed little change in the conduon of Helen. The daily routine of cares which the peculiar character of her parents imposed upon her, filled up the measure of her time, and Hope, that gentle soother of the weary heart, was ever singing its quiet song beside her.—But, at last the grim fiend of poverty, which

had so long lingered upon the threshold, entered their dwelling, and sat down at their scanty fireside. Mr. Macartney's habits of abstraction increased until they almost seemed like aberration of mind; his pupils dropped off one by one; his schemes of utility and fortune failed; his inventions were all forestalled or thrown aside as imperfect, and the old man began to feel the pressure of positive want. The desire of fame lost its inspiring power, and in the utter wreck of his fortune he sought the excitement of the cup which is drugged with death. His wife, who had never been other than an inert, helpless, fretful creature, only lamenting over evils which she sought not to avert or remedy, became still more helpless from disease, and Helen found herself left to struggle with the exigencies of life beneath a double burden of anxieties. Chained to her mother's couch of sickness, and unable to offer any efficient aid in procuring their daily subsistence, she was compelled to exchange the few superfluities which want had left for the comforts necessary to age and illness.—But, when her father's fine though ill-assorted library was invaded by their necessities, when she witnessed with bitter regret his childlike abandonment to grief as she left after she became void of those "dear familiar faces," which in all the vicissitudes of his fortune had ever looked kindly upon him, she felt that the minor evils of life may be harder to be borne than its heaviest misfortunes.

It was not until the death of her mother, whose protracted illness had brought upon them the additional burden of petty debts, that Helen was left at liberty to carry out the scheme which she had been maturing in her own mind. With that dread of pecuniary obligation which is so inherent in woman's nature, that if it were not a virtue it would be almost deemed a weakness in the sex, she determined to cancel every claim upon them by the exercise of her own talents. Her plan was formed with prudence, and she carried it into execution with a degree of energy surprising even to herself, nerving herself to bear the arrogance of those who cannot forgive to poverty its self-respect, she visited persons to whom her father was indebted, and offered to satisfy their claims by the instruction of their children. Her gentleness and sweetness of demeanour interested those who had hearts to appreciate her motives, and, among the persons whom she had dreaded as enemies she found warm and efficient friends. A number of pupils were soon procured, and perhaps the happiest mo-

ment Helen had known since the departure of her lover, was that in which she first found herself installed in a narrow and heated school-room, surrounded by a circle of some twenty children who awaited her daily attention.

Though perfectly frank in all her communications to Horace, yet Helen had dwelt but slightly on the detail of their privations. Motives of delicacy and a fear lest he might mar his own fortunes by returning to their aid, induced her to conceal much of their actual condition. But her sense of duty would not allow her to leave him in ignorance of her new vocation, and Horace, in his reply to her letter, plainly intimated that his pride was deeply wounded.

"Your filial devotion, dear Helen, will cost me another year of absence," he wrote; "for it will require a few more golden ingots to make the world forget that you have been subjected to the disgrace of labouring for your own subsistence. Remember, I speak not my own sentiments—they are those of society, and we must conform to them, however we may despise them."

Helen sighed as she read this confession of weakness in the character of him whom her soul delighted to honour. To a high-minded nature like her own, there was honour rather degradation in thus adapting one's self to circumstances, and she felt that she had never so well deserved the respect of the world as she did now, when her lover considered it forfeited by her rigid observance of duty.

A life of humble goodness affords few materials for the pen of fancy. The five years which Horace had originally allotted for his absence passed slowly away, and yet he spoke not of his return. He had been successful beyond his hopes, but his wishes had grown greater than his gains, and another twelve-month was deemed necessary to perfect his schemes. Helen submitted patiently but sadly to this new disappointment. Indeed her spirits were fast sinking beneath the wearying drudgery of a life of unshared toil and anxiety. There was none to sympathize in her moments of despondency, or to cheer her by the kindly voice of affectionate interest. A sort of torpor seemed gradually creeping over her warm feelings, as if her heart were partially paralyzed by its loneliness. The discomforts of a close and noisy school-room served to benumb her brain, and in the pale, silent, melancholy woman who traversed with feeble steps the path which led to her daily labours could be found little trace of the enthusiastic, ardent

and bright-faced creature whose every gesture was wont to express her impulsive character.

Let none of those would-be moralists, who, seated in luxurious ease at their cheerful fire-side, pretend to measure the temptations, and weigh the resisting virtues of their brethren; let none such pretend that poverty is not an evil. Disguise it as we will, it is ever an evil shape, and whether it cowers beside the dying *scuders* on the pauper's hearth; or hides its gaunt limbs beneath the furred robe of the votary of fashion, still is it a fearful thing. Talk not with stoical contempt of that which has power to break down the barriers of principle, and summon the demons of avarice and dishonesty to rule over the souls of men; which can chill the heart and best affections, and chase the sweet charities of life from the cold hearthstone and the scanty board,—which can bow down the lofty intellect, and put fetters of triple brass on the pinions of genius;—which can bend the most untameable will, and crush the haughtiest spirit to the dust. The power which can extinguish the taper, whose feeble glare sheds a last earthly light on the features of the dying child, and robs the weeping mother of that last fond look which is turned upon her even from the portals of the tomb;—the power which can make the strong man lie down in childlike weakness to perish beside his starving little ones;—the power which beyond all other evils of our fallen state, can torture the body and tempt the soul, is one which our hearts may contemplate with awe, but not with contempt. Yet is poverty but a ministrant of the designs of a wise and good Providence; and, as in the olden time, men were hospitable to all comers knowing that they sometimes entertained angels unawares, so may we welcome all the messengers of Heaven whether of good or evil import, believing that in the end they will leave on us a blessing. So long as poverty loosens not the tie of kindred love,—so long as its shadow darkens not over the pure fountain of affection in our hearts,—so long as no mildew is shed from its baleful influences upon the snowy whiteness of the soul, it may be endured patiently, nay even cheerfully, and as there are certain flowers which shun the sunshine but thrive and blossom only in the shade, so may we find many a virtue which prosperity called not forth, springing up in our hearts beneath the gloom of a sky of clouds.

Yet, if poverty be an evil, surely riches are a snare. When did man ever say to his avarice, "Peace, thou art filled!" When did the

still, small voice of tenderness ever reach the ear of him who was delving the deep mine for gold? When was the cry of warning ever heeded by him who cast his net again and again into the deep waters, until his barque sinks beneath the weight of his useless draught. Year after year rolled on, and found Horace Medwin still wearing the chains of avarice in a foreign land. Those years had not passed away without leaving their trace upon the inner as well as upon the outward man. The cares which had imprinted deep wrinkles on his brow had destroyed many a fresh feeling within his heart.

Alas! alas! the world too soon exaleth

The dewy freshness of the heart's young flowers,

We water them with tears, but naught availeth,
They wither on through all life's later hours.

Horace would have spurned the idea of being covetous. He fancied that the motives which actuated him, ennobled the pursuit of wealth. The sophistry of the passions is ever skilful in silencing the voice of the truthful monitor within man's heart, and suppressing that yearning tenderness which urged him to return to her who so patiently awaited him, he toiled on for a future which might never come. Oh! how rarely do men learn the true enjoyments of this unstable life! Ever anticipating or procrastinating, while some, like idle children, strip from the fair young tree of Hope its blossoms, and then weep because they gather no fruit; others are found to pass their whole existence in watching the growth of some centennial plant, whose scentless blossoms they can never hope to behold.

Absorbed in the engrossing cares of business, his mind fully occupied with schemes of fortune, and his heart calmly reposing in the security of undoubting affluence, Horace had led a life of toil but not of sorrow, during his self-imposed exile. The excitement of commerce, the pleasure of success, and the enjoyments of that semi-civilized mode of life which enabled him to satisfy with Oriental luxury the tastes that a refined education had engendered, all gave a charm to his existence. How little could he imagine the heart sickness which was consuming the strength of her for whom he toiled; how little did he suspect that she who could have borne every misfortune in life, if she had been aided by the presence of affection, was slowly but surely wasting beneath the unsupported burden of a lonely heart.—Yet a tone of despondency in her later letters,

and a slight hint of her failing health, aroused the tenderness of her absent lover, and Horace at length decided to delay no longer his return. It was very difficult for the successful merchant to check the tide of fortune as it rolled *its treasures at his feet, but when his better nature had once been aroused, he was not to be turned from his purpose by motives of interest; and, hurrying through the necessary arrangements, Horace Medwin bade farewell for ever to the land where ten of the best years of his life had been passed. With that singular inconsistency so common in human nature, the patience with which he had borne the servitude of business, and which would probably have enabled to wear out another year, had not his affections been excited, now utterly deserted him. A lifetime of anxiety seemed to be concentrated in the tedious six months which intervened ere his ship touched the shores of his native land; and when his foot once more pressed the soil, he felt as if he could have knelt and kissed it as holy ground.*

It was the dull gray dawn of morning, when Horace landed from his long imprisonment, and, impatient of all further delay, he hurried onward to that quarter of the city where he expected to find Helen. He had informed her of his embarkation, and he fancied that she would, even at that early hour, be awaiting him, since she must have doubtless heard of the arrival of the ship. But when he reached her abode, and beheld it closed as if every inmate was still buried in slumber, he was ashamed of his boyish eagerness, and turning from the door ere his foot touched the threshold, paced the empty street until such a time as he could reasonably hope to be admitted.—Was it presentiment of evil that sent such a chill to his heart as he turned his back upon that humble dwelling, where he believed his sweet Helen now slept amid pleasant dreams which were soon to have so fair a realization?

With a fervour of impatience which he could scarce control, he paced the neighbouring streets until gradually the din of busy life awoke around him, and the closed casements of the humbler dwellings opened their sleepy eyes to the light of the risen sun. As he approached for the hundredth time the spot where all his hopes now centred, he caught sight of a slipshod housemaid who had just unclosed the barred portal of Helen's abode.—Hurrying forward, he addressed a brief question to the girl. The answer was as brief, but its effect was terrific. With a cry such as none but a strong man, in the very death-throo

of his hopes could utter, he sprang forward, and passing the frightened woman with the rapidity of lightning, bounded up the narrow staircase. A closed door impeded his frantic progress, and flinging it widely open, he stood suddenly as if awe-struck within the apartment.

The room wore the desolate and dreary appearance which the light of morning ever brings to the scene of a weary vigil. A coarse-looking woman, who had evidently been not unmindful of her own comfort, sat sleeping in an arm-chair at the fire, while a ray of sunshine darting through a crack in the unopened shutter, almost extinguished the sickly glimmer of the night-taper which burned dimly on the littered table. Horace saw all these things with that singular acuteness of vision which excessive excitement sometimes awakens, but as his eye turned from the figure of the sleeper it fell on a rigid and sheeted form extended on the uncurtained couch. One step brought him to its side, and with wild haste he flung aside the covering that concealed the ghastly face of the dead. Surely those pinched and yellow features were utterly unknown to him,—it could not be his Helen that he looked upon.—His own heart answered the vain hope, and with a groan which seemed to rive his very soul he fell senseless beside the cold remains of her who had loved him so vainly and so constantly. He had come one day too late!

Sorrow does not always kill, and Horace lived in loneliness of heart until years had bowed his stately form and whitened his temples with the blossoms of the grave. But life had lost its charm for him. He was surrounded with all the appliances of wealth, but he found no sympathy or companionship in the world; and a deep and abiding sense of self-reproach was his perpetual torment. Willingly now would he have given all his hard-earned fortune could it but have brought the breath of life to those pallid lips and the light of day to those dim eyes of her who had worn out her life in sighing; yet it was his torture to be compelled to feel that had he been content with half his present wealth, Helen might now be the sharer of his heart and home. What cared he now for the gold and gems upon the brim of the chalice, since death had mingled wormwood with the draught it held? He had learned the bitter lesson which experience teaches, and found, when too late, that he who, in obedience to the dictates of a false world, silences the purer instincts of his nature, but garners up for his future years a harvest of disappointment and remorse.

For The Amaranth.

LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG FRIEND, WHO
DIED ABROAD.

MUST the muse in mournful sadness,
Pour her plaints around thy urn—
When she hop'd in tones of gladness,
Soon to hail thy safe return!
Ardent spirits—hopes romantic—
Lur'd thee from thy parents' door,
Buoy'd thee o'er the wide Atlantic,
To a foreign, fatal shore.

How thy bosom swelled with pleasure,
When Old Afric struck thine eye,
Dreams of life—of joy—and treasure
Rais'd thy expectations high:
Health and golden expectations
Prove but evanescent breath—
Fruitful shores fate's habitations—
Garrisons of plague and death.

FRIENDSHIP glances o'er the billow,
Sings the dirge, and drops a tear;
Those who would have smooth'd thy pillow
Weep in fruitless sorrow here;
Youthful friend, farewell! for never
Shall we meet on earth's bleak shore,
May we meet, and dwell forever,
Where adieus are heard no more.

St. John, December, 1843.



TO THE STORMY PETREL.

WHY brave the lightning's livid flash?
Why fearless with it blend?
Why mingle with the thunders' crash—
The cries thy fear doth lend?
Why make the deep and treach'rous wave
The pillow for thy head?
Why where the maniac billows rave,
Choose thou thy dismal bed?
Thou lonely one, and desolate—
Whose home is on the sea,
Thy fickle resting-place forsake,—
The "world of waters" flea.
Oh! hie away to the kindly shade,
Where forest songsters dwell;
Oh, wing to the mountains' sunny glade,
And choose a winter cell.

Then cease the feathery foam to sip—
From sea and wave depart,
"For there is no companionship
In loneliness of heart!"

Bridgetown, 1843.

WILLIAM.

A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR A MANIAC—Near the eastern base of the West Rock, opposite the place where the ascent commences, may be seen, says the New Haven Courier, a small rustic cottage surrounded by a few stunted trees, and standing isolated from the world by its remoteness from all neighbours. Few evidences of fertility are found in that region.—Sterile hill sides and plains, where vegetation can find but feeble hold, pervade the rock, and the chance wayfarer there wonders how the inmates of such a home can find enough by which to sustain nature. But the wants are few and simple when reduced to such as are absolutely required to nourish the animal economy, and even upon the desolate heath, and under the shade of the sterile mountain, may be found the means of moderate sustenance and support.

The reader will find in the humble abode to which we have just alluded but two occupants. In the sulliness of that secluded spot strange faces are seldom seen in winter, although during the summer many visitors to West Rock pass it by. But during the long dreary inclement months, none save the two we have just mentioned are to be found in this isolated abode. And who are they? We commend the reader to go and see. A mother, with her maniac son, and he *chained to the floor!*—None other are there. This mother has a prepossessing look. Her costume and address are better than the mass of her sex, in such an unfavourable station for the development of character and refinement.

"She was not lonely," she said, even during the dreariness of winter. She had her son for society. She had him to watch over and care for, and now that he was chained he was secure. He couldn't get away from her. He had been insane for eight years. Formerly he acted as a guide to the "Cave," but his insanity increased, and he often wandered, and whole days would elapse before he returned. He was subject to fits, but he was now secure in the house, and she had him for society and to comfort her. This is the undying nature of woman's love, of a mother's affection for her children!

Such was the cheerful response of a self-denying parent, when replying to the inquiries of a stranger whom she accosted at the door. We inquired for the son, and asked permission to see him. In a small, dark apartment to which access was had through the little "sparo" room, we found the chained maniac. He lay upon a low bed, with a dim light ad-

mitted through an opening in the wall. He was occupied in knitting, and thus kept in repose, seldom having any violent paroxysms of insanity, so soothing even to the disordered mind is employment. Rarely have we seen a face which bore such evidence of character and beauty. None of the fierceness and matted hair of ordinary maniacs! His fine Grecian face and well moulded features were pallid from confinement. His dark eye flashing out unnatural fire. His rich beard and black hair drooping in ringlets over his wild and supernatural face. These were prominent characteristics of the son whom the mother loves, and there he lives, in his darkened apartment, chained to the floor.



A THOUGHT.—How few who live and die are ever known beyond the precincts of their own neighbourhoods! They are beloved by a few and perhaps hated by as many, who live in their vicinity, but they soon depart from the world and leave no trace behind.—In a few years their names are forgotten and none remember that such individuals ever existed. Thus we shall pass away. How humiliating the thought! Yet we are tugging and striving for honor and distinction. What can they yield us if obtained! How much better to strive for real virtues, that when we are called from the scenes of time, we may be prepared for a more glorious state, and leave behind an influence that shall be felt to the latest period of time.



MARRIED LIFE.—There is a kind of bachelor sneering at the married man, cantant, which has in many instances affected weak minds, and too often caused estrangement from domestic enjoyments. Some men have a singular pride of isolated independence—a selfishness that scorns to share with any one the cares, the doubts, the fears, or the pleasures of the heart—who almost invariably meet with laughing contempt, any allusion to what they seem to consider the very equivocal joys of a married life. With many this is nothing but affectation—a kind of careless expression of an opinion not well settled in the mind; but such an expression has its influence, and is calculated to affect the actions and feelings of too many whose conduct is governed, not by their own innate sense of right or wrong, but by the intimations of certain persons for whose opinions they have a regard, or whose sneers they are not willing to brave.

CHARITY.—If "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," what an excessively charitable community this should be, in order to hide a small portion even of the record of their " manifold sins and iniquities!" We don't mean purse charity, though, at this time of the year, if properly applied, that would cover a great many backs, and consequently cover a " multitude of sins." But there is a charity of spirit, that is even less known, or if known, less practised than the other, a charity that exhibits itself in the generous flow of what is sometimes termed "the milk of human kindness"—in comforting the afflicted, cheering the sorrowful, and sympathising with the guilty. A desire to look with mercy upon human frailty, to extenuate rather than magnify faults, and a willingness to believe that fallen nature is not so bad as it is frequently represented: to look in short, at the bright side of things, and even when viewing the character of a friend, which may have been clouded by an unlucky circumstance, feel that though dark to-day, it may be bright to-morrow—and when the self-righteous turn away in the violence of their virtuous indignation, meekly lay your hand upon your heart, and pray for strength in the hour of need.

"Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn,"

says the best of nature's poets, and what is this but uncharitableness, a readiness to believe all that is said against man, and an unworthy scepticism with regard to his praiseworthy actions. A persecution, galling to the heart and crushing to the spirit, is carried on, because he has been maligned, no matter whether unjustly or not; he has a bad name and the sooner he is hanged the better. This is the world's charity, to strike a falling man, and kick him when he is down! How many hearts are now mourning, how many broken and now at rest, from this one cause, victims to unjust suspicion and cruel misrepresentation; the storm came and they bent beneath its power, the blight of uncharitableness fell upon their hopes, and they died. Learn then, reader, to enquire before you condemn—take it not for granted that all you hear is true, listen to calumny with distrust—seek out and enquire the motives of the calumniator, and in nine cases out of ten, you will find that he is actuated by feelings of personal hostility—hatred or malice. Practice the charity of the purse, for by so doing you cast your bread upon the waters, which shall return unto you after many days—but neglect not that charity of the spirit—the angel that ministers to the oppressed and broken hearted.

TO THE

PATRONS OF THE AMARANTH.

THE Editor of THE AMARANTH, in taking leave of his Patrons and Contributors, cannot but express his deep regret at the unavoidable severance of ties so pleasing and so interesting, and which have so long, subsisted between them and him. In establishing this Periodical, it was fondly his hope that in presenting a vehicle for the literary talent of the Province, and by offering to public patronage, a useful and interesting little Periodical, at small expense, and devoted solely to intellectual cultivation, he would be instrumental in awakening both the dormant genius and the latent mental capacities of his fellow-countrymen, as well as a love and taste for literature of a quality superior to that of ordinary journals, and would thus, in some degree, serve his generation, by promoting intellectual cultivation and refinement. Had the patronage of his little work been commensurate with his expectations, and such as to justify the expense, it was his intention to have imported a variety of the choicest literary periodicals of the Mother Country, from which the pages of the Amaranth might have been occasionally enriched and rendered more attractive; and as his means would have allowed, he would have used every exertion to stimulate and encourage the rising talent of New-Brunswick, and by such methods have established his little Magazine more and more firmly in public estimation. It is with pain, however, that he is compelled to confess, that his endeavours have not been met with corresponding encouragement or adequate support: the slenderness of the pecuniary returns derived from his labours has cramped his energies and resources, and prevented his making the Amaranth what he had anxiously hoped to see it become; and three years' experience in disappointment and insufficient compensation, now warn him that justice to his own interests requires the termination of the publication. In thus closing his career in this respect, then, the Editor of the Amaranth returns his most grateful acknowledgments to all those kind and gifted individuals, whose talents and whose industry have so often adorned the pages of his Magazine, as well as to the very numerous corps of periodical Editors whose very flattering and complimentary notices of his little work have so often cheered him on his way; and with the hope that hereafter some future project may prove more beneficial to his personal interests than the publication of the Amaranth has been, he begs respectfully and gratefully to say to one and all, FAREWELL!