

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

THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 3. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1843.

{ No. 4.

THE FIRST AND LAST ERROR.

"One lovely bush of the pale virgin thorn,
Bent o'er a little heap of lowly turf,
Is all the sad memorial of her worth—
All that remains to mark where she is laid."

It was a lovely evening in the early part of August, 1827, when a brilliant sun was sinking in the horizon, and tinging all around with golden beams, that a travelling carriage and four was seen rapidly descending a hill to the north road. In the carriage supported by pillows, reclined a young man, on whose high brow and noble countenance disease had stamped its seal in fearful characters, though the natural beauty of the sufferer still shone forth triumphantly over the ravages of illness. His languid head rested on the shoulder of a young and beautiful girl, and his upturned eyes were fixed with an expression of utterable love on hers. The last rosy rays of sunset, falling on the pale brow of the young man, shewed like a red cloud passing over snow, and contrasted sadly with its marble hue.

"Mary, my blessed love," said the invalid, "pull the check-string, and order Sainville to urge the postilions to advance still quicker."

"Be composed, dearest Henry," replied the young lady; "observe you not that the velocity with which we advance has increased the difficulty of your breathing? You will destroy yourself by this exertion?"

"Mary, you know not how essential it is to my peace of mind that we should reach Greta Green most rapidly; every moment is precious, and the anxiety that preys on me is even more fatal to my frame than the velocity of our pace. Tell Sainville, then, dearest, to urge the postilions."

Mary pulled the check-strings, and Sainville soon stopped the carriage and stood by the driver. The change that the last hour had produced on the countenance of his master struck

the servant with dismay; and he almost feared he should see him expire, as, gasping for breath, he turned his eager eyes on those of Sainville, and laying his hand on the arm of the alarmed servant, said, "Remember, Sainville, that my life, nay, more than life, depends on my reaching Greta Green in a few hours. Give the postilions gold—promise them all, everything, if they will advance with all possible speed."

The postilions urged their steeds, and the carriage whirled along with fearful rapidity, while the invalid pressed with a nervous grasp the small trembling hand that rested within his.

Who were this young and interesting pair, at whose dreams of love and happiness the gaunt fiend Death smiled in mockery, while he held his dart suspended over them? To tell who they were, it is necessary to return to the village of Dawlish, in Devonshire, where dwelt Mrs. Lester, the widow of a field officer, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo, and who left his still young and beautiful wife, with an infant daughter, a scanty provision, and little else save the distinguished reputation that his well-known bravery had gained in a life devoted to the service of his country, and sealed by his blood. Colonel Lester's had been a love-marriage; but unlike the generality of such unions, the love had increased with the years that had united them; and they felt so happy as nearly to forget that their marriage had deprived them of the affection and countenance of their mutual relatives, who had declined all intercourse with two poor and wilful persons, as they considered them, who were determined to marry from pure affection, contrary to the advice of all their friends. It was not until death had snatched her husband from her, that Mrs. Lester felt the consequences of her imprudent marriage. Left alone and unprotected, with an infant daughter, how did

she wish to claim for her child that protection from her family for which she was too proud to sue for herself! and it was not without many a struggle with her pride that she had appealed to their sympathy. This appeal had been unanswered; for the relatives to whom it had been addressed, found it still more prudent to decline an intercourse with an ill-provided widow, than it had formerly been to renew one with the happy wife of a meritorious officer, likely to arrive at distinction in his profession. Mrs. Lester retired from the busy world, and fixed her residence in a small neat cottage at Dawlish, determined to devote her whole time to the education of her child. This spot had been endeared to her by her having spent some of the happiest days of her life there, with Colonel Lester, soon after her marriage; and she found a melancholy pleasure in tracing their former haunts in its neighbourhood, when, leaning on his arm, and supported by his affection, the future offered only bright prospects. All the love that she had felt for her husband was now centered in his child; and the youthful Mary grew, beneath a mother's tender and fostering care, all that the fondest parent could desire—lovely in person and pure in mind. She had only reached her sixteenth year, when, in the summer of 1827, the young Lord Mordaunt came to Dawlish to try the benefit of a change of air in a complaint which threatened to terminate in consumption. The cottage next to Mrs. Lester's was taken for the invalid: and his physician having occasion to refer to that lady for the character of a female servant, an acquaintance was formed that led to an introduction to his patient, who found the society of the mother and daughter so much to his taste, that no day passed that did not find him a visitor at Woodbine Cottage. He would spend whole hours by the drawing or work-table of Mary, correcting her sketches, reading aloud to her, or giving descriptions of the different foreign countries he had visited.

Lord Mordaunt was a young man so attractive in person and manners, that it would have been difficult for a much more fastidious judge than Mary Lester not to have been captivated by his attentions; and his delicate health served still more to excite a strong interest for him, while it banished all thoughts of alarm, even from the breast of the prudent mother, who looked on him with sorrow, as one foredoomed to an early grave. It is perhaps one of the most amiable proofs of the tenderness of womens' hearts, that ill-health and sorrow

have a power of attracting their sympathy and affection, which health and gaiety might fail to produce. This power was exemplified in the conduct of Mary Lester; for when, in their daily walks, in which Lord Mordaunt now attended them, his pale cheek assumed a hectic hue, from the exertion, and his eyes beamed with more than their usual lustre, those of Mary would fill with tears as she marked the fearful precursors of decay. With trembling anxiety she would urge him to repose himself on some rustic bench; and when he yielded to her entreaties, would hang over him with feelings of whose source and extent her innocence kept her in ignorance, or led her to attribute solely to pity.

Days passed away, each one increasing the attachment of the young people, and confirming the fears of Lord Mordaunt's physician, while he alone appeared unconscious of his danger. His passion seemed to bind him by new ties to life; and when pain and lassitude reminded him that he was ill, he looked on the blooming cheek and beaming eye of Mary, and asked himself, if one, who felt for her the love that quickened the pulsations of his throbbing heart, could be indeed approaching the cold and cheerless grave; and he clung with renewed hope to existence, now that it had become so valuable.

At this period a sprained ankle confined Mrs. Lester to the house, and she confided Mary every day to the care of Dr. Erskine and his patient to pursue their accustomed walk. The doctor was skilled in botany and geology, and the neighbourhood of Dawlish presented many specimens in both sciences capable of arresting his attention; hence the lovers were frequently left alone in their rambles, while he collected treasures for his *hortus siccus*, or cabinet; and the conversation which, under the eye of the dignified matron or gravedoctor, had always been confined to general topics, now became purely personal. When young people begin to talk of themselves, sentiment soon colours the conversation; and from sentimental conversation to love, how quick is the transition! When Lord Mordaunt first avowed his passion, the pure and artless Mary's innocent reply was, "O, how happy dear mamma will be!" But a cloud that passed over the brow of her lover shewed that he anticipated not the same effect on Mrs. Lester.

"Do not, dearest, if you value my peace, said he, "inform your mother of our attachment. My family would oppose it so strongly, that she would think herself obliged to re-

use her sanction—nay, she would, I am sure, think it her duty to prohibit our meeting. A separation from you I could not support; and but one mode awaits us to avert it. Fly with me, my beloved Mary, to Scotland; our marriage, once accomplished, my family must be reconciled to it—at least they cannot divide us; and your mother will be saved the blame of having aided it.”

Day after day the same reasoning was tried by the impassioned lover, and listened to with less reluctance by the too-confiding girl; and as she heard the tender reproaches he uttered, and his reiterated avowals of his increasing illness, caused, as he asserted, by the anxiety that preyed on his mind at her hesitating to elope with him, and marked the growing delicacy of his appearance, her scruples and fears vanished; and, in an evil hour, she left the happy home of her childhood, and the unsuspecting mother who idolised her. A thousand pangs shot through the heart of this innocent and hitherto dutiful daughter, as she prepared to leave the peaceful roof that had sheltered her infancy. She paused at the chamber-door of her sleeping parent, and called down blessings on her head, and was only sustained in her resolution to accompany her lover, by the recollection that she was to confer happiness—nay, life on him, and that a few days would see her return to her mother, the happy wife of Lord Mordaunt.

It is the happiness they believe they are to confer, and not that which they hope to receive, that influences the conduct of women; and many a one has fallen a victim to generous affection who could have resisted the pleadings of selfishness. At the moment of leaving her home, Mary thought only of others: her lover and mother occupied all her thoughts, and never, perhaps, did she more truly love that mother than when unconsciously planting a dagger in her heart by the step she was about to take. Never let the young and unsuspecting do evil in order that good may ensue. Mary knew that she was about to do wrong; but she was persuaded by her lover that it was the only possible means of securing their future happiness; and she yielded to the temptation.

The valet-de-chambre of Lord Mordaunt, who was in the confidence of his master, made all the necessary arrangements for the elopement; and the lovers left the village of Dawlish while the unsuspecting mother and doctor Erskine soundly slept, unthinking of the rash step the persons so dear to them were taking.

They had only pursued their route one day and night, when the rupture of a blood-vessel in the chest wrought so fearful a change in Lord Mordaunt, that he became sensible of his danger, and trembled at the idea of dying before he could bequeath his name to his adored Mary. His whole soul was now bent on fulfilling this duty; but, alas! the very anxiety that preyed on him only rendered its accomplishment more difficult. Still he proceeded, resisting all Mary's entreaties to stop to repose himself, and was within a few stages of his destined course when we first took up our tale. Arrived at —, no post-horses were to be had; and the agonies of disappointed hope were now added to the mortal pangs that shot through the frame of the dying man. He was removed from his carriage, and laid on a couch, while the agonized girl bent over him in speechless woe.

“Remember, Sainville,” murmured Mordaunt, in broken accents, “that this lady would have been my wife, had life been spared me to reach Greta. Tell my father and mother that it was I who urged, who forced her to this flight, and to look on her as their daughter.”

Here agitation overpowered his feeble frame, and he sank fainting on his pillow, from whence he never moved again, his death, in a few hours, closed his mortal sufferings. The hapless Mary stayed by him while a spark of life yet lingered; but when the hand that grasped hers relaxed its hold, she fell in a swoon, nearly as cold and rigid as the corpse beside her. For many days a violent fever rendered her insensible to the miseries of her situation. During her delirium she repeatedly called on her mother and lover to save her from some imagined enemy, who was forcing her from them; and the mistress of the inn, and the chamber-maids who assisted her, were melted into tears by the pathos of her incoherent complaints.

Intelligence of the death of Lord Mordaunt had been despatched to Mordaunt Castle, the seat of his father; and in due time, the confidential agent of his Lordship, accompanied by a London undertaker, arrived to perform the funeral obsequies.

Youth and a good constitution had enabled Mary to triumph over her malady; and, though reduced to extreme languor, reason once more resumed its empire over her brain. But with returning consciousness came the fearful, heart-rending recollection of the death scene she had witnessed; and she shrank with morbid distaste from a life that now no longer offered her a single charm. Her entreaties won from the

humane mistress of the inn an avowal that the mortal remains of him she had so loved were to be removed for interment the following day; and she insisted upon looking at them once again. It was evening when, pale and attenuated, presenting only the shadow of her former self, Mary Lester, supported by the pining females who had watched over her illness, entered the chamber of death. Her eyes fell on the marble brow and finely chiselled features of Lord Mordaunt, beautiful even in death; and an involuntary shudder betrayed her feelings. She motioned to be left alone; and there was an earnestness and calmness in the looks and gestures that pleaded for this last indulgence, that rendered a compliance with it irresistible. She looked at the face so beloved, every lineament of which was graven in ineffaceable characters on her heart—that face which never before met her glance without repaying it with one of unutterable tenderness. While she yet gazed in mute despair, and tears, nature's kind relief, were denied to her burning eyes, the last rays of the sun, setting in brilliant splendour, fell on the calm countenance of her lover, tinging its marble paleness with a faint red.

"It was not thus, Henry, you looked when I last saw the sun's dying beams fall on your beautiful brow," ejaculated the heart-broken girl! "ah! no, for then those lovely eyes now for ever veiled in death, sought mine with looks of deep, deep love, and silenced the reproaches of the monitor within my breast. But now, O God of mercy! who shall silence it, or who shall speak comfort to me? Look at me once again, Henry, adored Henry! let me once more hear the blessed sound of that voice!" and she paused, as if awaiting the result of her passionate invocation. Then turning away, "Fool, senseless fool that I am!" she exclaimed; "he heeds me not! he has fled for ever! and I am alone, alone for evermore, in a world that can never again hold forth a single illusion to me. O mother! dear, dear mother! and was it for this I deserted you? I thought to return to you a proud and happy bride, and that he would plead, successfully plead for your pardon for my first fault. But there he lies who should have pleaded, cold and speechless; and I—I live to see him so lie! Henry, beloved Henry! thy lips have never yet pressed mine; pure and respectful love restrained each ardent impulse, and in thy devoted attachment I found my best shield. But now, now, when thine can no longer return the pressure, O! let me thus imprint the first seal of love! and she pressed her pale and tremb-

ling lips to the cold and rigid ones of Mordaunt, and fainted in the action.

It was long ere the kind exertions of the women, who rushed in from the adjoining room on hearing her fall, could restore animation to the exhausted frame of Mary; and when they succeeded, the first sentences that struck on her ear were the following dialogue between Mr. Sable the undertaker, and Sainville.

"Je vous dit, dat is, I tell you, Monsieur Sable, dat cette demoiselle, dis young lady vas to be de lady, c'est-a-dire l'epouse, de vic. of mi lord. He cannot tell you so himself parcequ'il est mort, for he be dead; but I d. tell to you vat he did tell to me vith his last vords."

"Why, you see, Mr. Sainville," replied ... oblige Sable, "I cannot outstep my orders and the affair has a very awkward appearance to say the least of it. A portionless young lady, as I understand her to be, eloping with a rich young Nobleman of splendid expectations and in the last stage of a consumption—what look you, it has a very suspicious aspect. The Marquis is a very stern and severe Nobleman; and the Marchioness is as proud as Lucifer; neither would for a moment countenance a young person who had no legitimate claim on their consideration, and whom they would naturally look on as an artful adventuress, who had taken advantage of the weakness and partiality of their son to entrap him into an engagement which, luckily, he did not live to complete. Mr. Scruple, the lawyer, has explained all this to me; and therefore, neither he nor I can interfere in making any arrangements for the return of the young person to her friends; and as to her accompanying the funeral procession to Mordaunt Castle, it is out of the question."

"And dis you call religion and humanity a dis country?" said the angry Sainville; had my dear young Lord lived three hours longer, cette jeune et charmant demoiselle, dat is, dis young and pretty lady, would have been Miss Mordaunt, and Monsieur Scruple and yourself would have bowed de knees to her vith great respect. De Marquis and de Marchioness must den have treated her as la veuve, de widow of deir son, and all homage and honours would be gived to her; but now dat she vants every ting, you give her notings, and my dear dead lord's last vords go for noting at all, except vith me; but I will not desert her, who vas so loved by my dear lost master. I vill attend her to her home."

Here a burst of tears interrupted the angry tirade of poor Samville, who only *felt* while *Sable* reasoned. But what were the feelings of Mary at this coarse *expose* of her position! She was ready to sink into the earth! and, for a moment, forgetting how useless was the measure, she ran to the bed where lay the inanimate corpse of *him* who once would have shielded her from even the approach of the semblance of insult, and throwing herself on the lifeless body, called on Henry, her dear Henry, to protect and save her, and to vindicate her suspected purity.

A return of fever and delirium kept the unfortunate Mary many days on the brink of the grave, and those around her thought that each hour must terminate at once her life and sufferings. When consciousness again returned to her, she found that Sainville, the faithful servant of Lord Mordaunt, having performed the last melancholy duties to the mortal remains of his loved master, had returned to offer his services to conduct her to her mother. She thankfully accepted them; and when able to bear the motion of a carriage, Samville, having secured the attendance of one of the women who had nursed her in her illness, placed her, propped by pillows, in the most comfortable chaise he could procure, and slowly retraced the route they had so lately pursued under such different circumstances.—Mary's agonized thoughts dwelt on the sad contrast of the only two journeys she had ever taken, and were only drawn for moments from the lover she had lost, to the mother she was going to meet. If I can only reach her arms, lay my poor throbbing head on her bosom, and die, I have nothing left to desire, thought the heart-stricken girl. But her cup of bitterness was not yet quite filled to the brim, though she believed it was overflowing. Arrived at Dawlish she observed an unusual silence in the streets through which the carriage passed: Sainville being recognized, many persons approached him, and, waving their heads, observed, "You have come too late—it is all over—the funeral took place an hour ago."

Mary heard no more; she was borne senseless into the desolate home, where no fond mother waited to receive her; for she who would have taken her to her heart, had that day been laid in the grave. The shock which the oloperment of her daughter occasioned Mrs. Lester brought on a paralytic seizure, from which she was but slowly recovering, when a harsh letter, filled with the bitterest reproaches and most unfounded accusations, from the

Marquis of Deloraine, the father of Lord Mordaunt, caused a fresh attack, which in a few hours terminated her existence. This letter was written during the first violence of grief, on hearing of the death of an only son, the last hope of an ancient house. He attributed that death to the fangues of the hurried journey to Scotland, which fatal step the proud Marquis unjustly accused the mother of abetting. He branded the unhappy Mary with epithets that struck daggers into her mother's breast, and brought on a return of her malady, which ended in death. By the imprudence of the old female servant, the harrowing letter was given to Mary. She read every word, while cold tremors shook her exhausted frame; and having laid the letter on her heart, closed her eyes as if overcome with fatigue; and it was not until some hours after that the old attendant found that the slumber was the sleep of death—expiating with her life her first and last error.

—•••••
TO MARY.

Oh, what a world of joy 'twould be,
If thy dark eye, and cheek of roses,
And brow beneath its canopy,
Of sweet and clustering locks reposes,
Were here to brighten, and to bless
My spirit, with their loveliness!

A voice of music, lip of smiles,
A bosom of the lily's hue,
A spirit which no stain defiles,
A heart that, like the morning dew,
Looks, trembles, brightens, melts away,
Into young love's absorbing ray.

All are her's; but not for me
Her beauty or her virtue shines;
The moon-lit shores of Erin's sea
In a bower that 'neath its sky entwines,
Now for some happier youth prolong,
The magic of her harp and song!

Thus may she live, thus may she die;
Nor feel the storm of sorrow break
The beam that brightens in her eye,
The rose that blossoms in her cheek:
Thus may her noons, her midnight be,
Forgetting—not forgot by—me!

—•••••
COQUETTES.

A coquette may be compared to under, which lays itself to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match.

WALTZING.

A writer in the *New World*, of the 25th of February, argues that the waltz should be entirely discarded both in public and private assemblies; and for its effectual suppression, advises the interference of the legislature. We have often heard and read objections against waltzing. For the writers we cannot speak, not knowing their mental constitutions. But we never yet heard an objection against it from any person, male or female, in whose purity of mind we had much confidence; and without much danger of injustice, we may tell the majority, if not all of the objectors, that the fault of which they complain is founded less in the dance, than in their own want of delicacy in associating it with impure thoughts.—To the pure, all things are pure. To the impure, many things perfectly harmless, and without any natural connection with improper thoughts, invariably suggest indecent images and associations. Where is the fault? In the things, or in the perverted imaginations of those of the objectors?

The waltz is one of the oldest dances in Europe. We know not its origin, but can trace it as high at least as the invasion of England by the Saxons, about the middle of the fifth century. It seems to have been long known wherever Scandinavian, Saxon or Belgic blood flowed. In other words, it seems to have been known all over northern Europe.—Though carried into England by the Saxons, it does not seem to have remained as a national dance. Perhaps the Celtic and Celtic-Roman population rejected it through hatred of their Saxon invaders. It does not seem to have been common among the Normans; for though they were originally Scandinavians, yet in western France, whence they entered England, they had become mixed with the Gallic and Gallo-Roman population, and might have lost this dance through such mixture.—Their ignorance of it when they invaded England, was an additional cause for its disuse in that island; for as it was rejected by the Celtic and Roman population, it would be confined to the Saxons; and as the Saxons were afterwards conquered by the Normans, who did not use this dance, it would disappear in time, even among the Saxon population of England. It does not seem to have prevailed in France, until within the last century; for its French name, *Waltz*, a corruption of the German word, plainly denotes its recent introduction among the French people. Be-

sides, though common in the cities, it has not become so general in the interior; another proof of its modern introduction. We can easily account for this. The Scandinavian population never obtained a residence in any part of France, excepting Normandy. Its present stock are a mixture of the Gauls or Celts, the Romans, and the Western Germans; and this will account for their ignorance, 'till lately, of a dance peculiar to the Scandinavians, or Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Northern Germans or Saxons, and Belgians or Flemings and Hollanders. As the waltz has been introduced among us chiefly by the French, it is regarded by some as a dance of French origin. But this is entirely erroneous, it being exclusively the growth of Scandinavia and Northern Germany.

Of all Europeans, the Scandinavians, including the Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Northern and North-western Germans, are and ever have been the most reserved and decorous in manners, and the most elevated in all their views of the relations between the sexes. So early as the commencement of the second century, they were distinguished for their purity of manners, conjugal fidelity, and respect for women: for Tacitus commends them far above his own countrymen for these virtues. Any person acquainted with modern history, knows that the institution of *Chivalry* whose governing principle was respect for women, originated among the Scandinavian tribes, those identical Goths and Vandals who overthrew the Roman empire, and established upon its ruin most of the States of modern Europe. And all our accounts of the modern Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Northern German, the posterity of these very Scandinavians, bear testimony to their reserve and purity of manners. Whoever will read Tacitus and study the modern German character, will perceive how thoroughly the manners of the ancient Germans, so forcibly described and justly commended by the illustrious Romans, have descended to their posterity. And among these people, distinguished in ancient and modern times for their elevated ideas of female character, and as the founders of the very institutions designed for woman's protection and improvement, originated the much abused, much calumniated *Waltz*! To suppose that any amusement inconsistent with feminine delicacy or dignity, could originate among such a people, is preposterous. The association of indelicacy with the *Waltz* is not a Scandinavian, not a German idea. That association is

the work of some other people, of manners more licentious than any ever found in Germany or Northern Europe. For indelicacy in amusements, we must refer, whether in ancient or modern times, to the Asiatics, and their affiliated tribes, the Southern Europeans. The dances of modern India are probably older than civilization in any part of Europe, and thence found their way among the licentious Phœnecians, the dissolute Ionian Greeks. The Spanish fandango, and other dances of the Peninsula, whose very object is an exhibition of impure passions, probably originated in that store house of abominations, India, and found their present location through the Carthaginians. Modern opera dancing is nothing new. Its principles, its leading features are older than Solomon's time, though most of its details are the invention of modern France and Italy, regions where German manners never prevailed. Who can fail to see in the Bayaderes of India, the prototype of modern opera dancing? And who that knows anything about the immutability of Asiatic manners, or has read anything about the licentious dances common among the nations around the Mediterranean, all of whom originated in India, can doubt the antiquity of the Bayaderes?—Allusions to licentious dances are found in the Old Testament; a fact proving their antiquity, and their Asiatic origin. If then the waltz have a bad name, the fault is not in its originators, the Northern Europeans, but in its borrowers, the Southern Europeans, who have connected it with their own licentiousness.

Having thus proved the original purity of the waltz by reference to its origin, and the impure source of the associations now connected with it, we will attempt to analyze the objections urged against it. The objectors say that the position of the gentleman's arm upon the lady's waist is improper. It is not necessarily so. The contact of the dancers is not closer than in a crowded room, a crowded pew in a church, a walk with arms interlocked.—And what modest woman ever objected to either of these? We may be told that in a church, all thoughts which close contact in a crowded pew might excite, are restrained by the sanctity of the place. Indeed! And is not virtue sanctified every where? If a rational being can restrain improper thoughts in one place, it can in another; and therefore if a lady can innocently sit close to a gentleman in a crowded pew, she can innocently place her hand on his shoulder in a dance. She can, in either case, call to mind the dignities of her

sex, and her sacred obligations to maintain them. A really modest, pure minded, high souled woman, who scorned every thing inconsistent with the dignity of the sex, who indignantly drove from her mind every unworthy image so soon as it entered, would no more think of evil in one place than another, in a ball room than in a church. Only the immodest, whose minds entertain impurity so soon as they are out of sight of their church or their minister, can see any impropriety in the positions or movements of the waltz. We speak here of those who, while objecting to the waltz, have no scruples about other dances. With those who object to all dancing, and whose purity of mind, or at least whose sincerity in endeavouring to cultivate it, is not doubted, we raise no argument. Though even to these we might say that, such excessive fear about indelicate thoughts indicates a strong natural inclination towards them. Such do well in watching: for as the enemy seems to be constantly knocking at their door, they should be careful to avoid a surprise. Where rational and moral instincts are not strong enough to keep the lower attributes of human nature in entire subjection, temptation may as well be avoided, even to the shaking of hands. But those who have no scruples about other dances, have no right to complain of the waltz, since none of its positions or movements are more liable to censure, than some belonging to the cotillion, quadrille, and country, or contra dance. (Etymologists differ about the name of the last.) The *promenade* of the two first requires as close contact of hands and arms as the waltz; and in the *allemande* of the last, a movement probably borrowed from the waltz, as would appear from its name, which signifies *German*, the gentleman holds the lady's left hand in his, and throws his right arm round her waist, and in this position they describe one circle. We have seen those who would be shocked at a waltz, *promenade* in a cotillion or *allemande* in a *contra* dance, without exhibiting any consciousness of mischief.

Mrs. Wolstoncraft, who, while she insisted upon the sanctity and inviolability of marriage, committed a capital error of judgment in saying that its obligations should be left to divine, and should not be enforced by human laws, offers some admirable suggestions about the *immodesty of affected modesty*. We commend them to our countrywomen, confident that in reading them, every really modest woman will feel more strongly the dignity of that virtue

that thinks no evil, while the falsely modest may be shamed out of some of their indecent pretensions. Dr. Johnson, who, while a great admirer of female purity, despised false modesty because he had sagacity enough to perceive that it was always prompted by a depraved imagination, never omitted an opportunity of lashing it with his caustic satire. We will relate an instance of this, which speaks a volume upon the subject. Being at the opera with a lady, who rose to depart when the dancers appeared, declaring that she could not endure such an exhibition, he exclaimed, "Madam, your modesty is very indecent." Carr, in his "Stranger in France," relates an anecdote of similar character. Being in the Louvre with two ladies, one of whom was a pattern of innocence, purity and dignity, and the other an over-modest prude, whose integrity had been doubted, they stopped to examine a picture of Apollo. The prude said, "There is a great deal of indecorum in that picture." The *really* modest, *really* well bred woman, the *real* lady, said to Carr in a low voice, "The indecorum was in the remark." And who, good reader, was Apollo? The Greek *abstraction* of the fine arts! This idea was the only thing visible to Carr and the *lady*, while the *prude* could see nothing but the *man without drapery*!—She was the very one to put petticoats on the legs of her tables! When Greenough's *Chanting Cherubs* were exhibited in Boston, the conscript fathers of the city, the mayor and aldermen, ordered the exhibitor to put aprons upon their waists! Ha! Ha! Ha! The depravity, yes! *depravity*!—the depravity that could not look upon an *angel* without licentious thoughts, must have been nurtured in a house of ill fame. We have heard ladies express horror at waltzing, saying that they should almost faint at the thought of having a gentleman's arm upon their waists. We could have said that, to suggest such a thought, mere animal instincts must sadly predominate over intellectual and moral nature, and that a woman who could not thus trust herself, could not be safely trusted by others. We have seen ladies refuse to waltz with gentlemen, and at the same time, waltz with other ladies. Was this modesty? No! It was positive indecency. It was a proclamation to the company that their minds were familiar with impurity; that they could not waltz with gentlemen without indelicate thoughts. Such things are as thoroughly revolting to real modesty, as an obscene anecdote in the mouth of a deacon.

Away with such prudish pretensions! They

are flimsy substitutes for real purity of mind, and those who exhibit them, if closely observed, can always be detected in some infraction of propriety, from which the really modest revolt. The high bred, pure hearted, lofty minded woman, who never harbors a base thought, will not be ashamed of waltzing, and will do it as she does every thing else, with the simple dignity of virtue. The low bred pretender to the virtue which is not in her heart, will continually commit some impropriety for the purpose of proclaiming her modesty, and thus continually inform beholders that her thoughts are impure.



"WE ARE PASSING AWAY."

Yes! we are passing away; the forms, the pleasures, the passions of this world, are passing away. The glories that now illumine our prospect, are fast fading, and to-morrow may be cut off. To-morrow! to-morrow! to whom will that day come. Ah! how many will never see *to-morrow*. The hand which now traces these lines, may to-morrow be grasped in the cold embrace of death. Yes, before to-morrow, thousands of this earth's inhabitants will have gone from us for ever. Oh! how awful the thought. Eternity how infinite!—kingdoms and crowns! how idle your worth. What are the distinctions of rank and birth? And what is the fruit of the world's fleeting pleasure?

Yes! we are all passing away! The nations—the cities and dwellings of man are passing away! Time will soon leave no trace of their power, magnificence or glory; like Babylon, no spot will indicate or point out their former grandeur. Dreams of the past, oh! how dim are ye now! Scenes of the present how faded ye will soon be! and the hopes which now glow on life's youthful brow may suddenly be shaded.

Friends of my early years and affections, ye are passing away! The hands that were once warm and the hearts that beat, have perished, and their narrow tombs point out the common receptacle of man.

Where now is the home of my childhood? Where the tones once so familiar to my ear? Where the tutor of my early years? where the kind mother? where are all that I do not now see? Gone! they have passed away for ever! Even the fields where my delighted footsteps have ranged, and where I have chased the gaudy butter-fly, and where I have listened to the merry songster, now wear the aspect

of age and sadness. Hours of life ye are passing away! How fleetly! how rapidly! how imperceptibly! yes, rolling to eternity's sea, we reflect not that soon the last hour must come—and pass away!

Seasons and ages, business and cares, sorrows and pleasures, hopes and fears, ye are passing away. Soon in oblivion's waves will ye be forgot—soon will ye flee away. The stones of the mountain are wearing away; wide-spreading earth ye are wearing away, and with your desert of graves will vanish; your oceans will soon be dried up; your waving fields will soon be scorched and like the stubble be destroyed. Life's changeful drama will soon close on us all, and the places that knew us will know us no more.

But Virtue, and Goodness, and Truth, will still bloom: and the hopes of the just will still be as ever, when they have passed away from this world's delusion to that world of unchangeable glory, where Time begins and ends not, and where the righteous enjoy that bliss and that perfect happiness, which never passeth away.

GEORGE BLOOD.

New York, March, 1843.



THE GUILTY WIFE.

LOVELY and sad was the heart of Emily Chilton. She had left her native land with her pure mind unsullied by the follies of the fashionable world, and at the early age of fifteen had laid aside the discipline of her school for the pageantry of a bride, to gratify the ambition of her parents, whose blissful experience of wedded life, led them to hope their daughter's happiness and interest were both secured by the desired union, forgetting the bond of love which had made their trials seem so light, the soothing sympathy of congenial hearts which shared each other's sorrows. "But Emily is so young," they said, "and so gentle, she will be easily won by kindness and indulgence, and Captain Chilton is well calculated to guide her affections." And mild and gentle she was; and pliable the material which in proper hands would have been moulded into perfect form; but, alas! for human guidance.

A boyish ambition, which he dignified by the name of patriotism and courage, had induced Louis Chilton to join the American Navy, and, as in those days promotion came not so tardily, and anxious hearts waited not as now, until their laurels withered above the frosty brow of age, ere they received the meed of long tried service. Louis had attained the

dignity of Captain, while he was still young enough to prove his gratitude for his country's favor, by the prospect of a long life devoted to his country's good; but the unexpected acquisition of a large fortune, by the death of a distant relative, proved too great a temptation, and as it was necessary that he should personally attend to his estate, he easily satisfied himself it was best to resign his commission. It cost him some pangs to separate from those with whom he was accustomed to associate, but a sailor must be ever forming new ties, and Louis had none but those of casual acquaintance to sever.

Among his earliest recollections, and mingled with the sweet tones of his mother's voice, were the soft airs of Normandy, and many a song of "la belle France," sung to him by lips now hushed in the stilly sleep of death; but the ardent wish to visit his mother's home still lived in the bosom of her son, and the occasional tours which he had been obliged to make in his professional capacity, had afforded him but little opportunity to gratify his desire, and now that he might claim a goodly portion of that "land," he determined to take immediate possession; but he wished not to go alone.—He had met Emily Russell at a party, and was struck with her sweet face and simple manners, and thought if he could gain the affection of that youthful heart, what a lovely flower he would transplant from the "wilder of America" to that hot-bed of vice and fashion, Paris. It has been often said that our sex is fascinated by an officer's uniform. I know not how it is, but either the *dress* or the *man*, have peculiar tact in making themselves agreeable. I more than half suspect there is a lurking vanity at the bottom, which makes us think their glittering epaulettes and tinsel show, bring *ourselves* into more conspicuous notice; certain it is that Emily was pleased and flattered by the attention of the fine looking Captain Chilton, and it needed not much persuasion to obtain her consent to his wishes.

Two years had passed since these events had occurred, and amid the festive scenes of the gay world, Emily had almost forgotten she had a heart to be won, and neglected the all-important duty of securing her husband's affection. 'Tis true he treated her not unkindly; he gave her unlimited sway of his purse, and consequently their occasional interviews were not clouded by reproaches or complaints; but the heart of woman yearns with an aching void which nothing less than the "untold wealth of heart" can satisfy.

Among the constant visitors at Emily's soirees, was the young Count de L—. Gay, witty, and a devoted admirer of his fair hostess, need I say he was a most welcome guest.— She never chid him that he came too often or stayed too late. There seemed a spell which chained her to his society— drew forth her best feelings, and those superior powers of conversation, which Emily, almost unknown to herself, possessed. And then it was so pleasant for him to correct her little mistakes, in a language which few but natives speak correctly, and she was so submissive, and so grateful, for what she deemed his disinterested attention.

The Count de L— was not utterly de-praved, but let it not be supposed that a young heart, unguarded but by mere morality, can pass the ordeal of Parisian life unscathed, unless clad in the panoply of unyielding piety—the shafts of temptation will pierce the frail barrier of feeble resolves, which are formed in almost every breast before they are exposed to its influence.

He had discovered Emily's feelings towards him, long before she was aware of them herself, but unwilling to lose his advantage, which he feared would be the case should he alarm her by a profession of his attachment, he silently allowed her to live on in the pleasing delusion.

Such was the state of things when he was called away for a few months. His last words at parting were filled with meaning and spoke volumes to the heart of Emily. After his departure she grew listless and unhappy—her soirees lost their charms, and she secluded herself under the plea of indisposition. Her husband she seldom met, and when she did, he found his once gay Emily quiet and melancholy. Five long weeks had she waited the return of the Count, and yet he came not.— She began to fear it was only the whisperings of her own heart which had taught her to think he loved. Thus we found her at the commencement of our tale. She had watched for him in vain, and worn out with suspense, she almost gave up hope, and when at last he came, in the joy of meeting forgot that they must ever part again, he poured forth the treasures of his love, and thought not of those ties which bound her to another; and the lovely, gifted Emily Chilton sacrificed her honor and her duty at the shrine of guilty love.

And where was he who had sworn at God's altar to protect and cherish her? Could he not warn her of her perilous situation? Alas! he had thought not of her—he had long since

ceased to seek his happiness in his domestic circle, and found attractions in the captivating round of pleasure to which his abundant resources gave him easy access, and left his young wife to the guidance of her own inclinations. True, she had some misgivings, and ever and anon the "still, small voice" of her mother's prayer, "lead her not into temptation," whispered to her "beware!" but the fitful gleam of virtue paled amid the lurid atmosphere of love, which Count de L— so often vowed should be always sunshine—and Emily fell.

We will not attempt to describe the feelings of her husband when he was informed of her flight—grief for the misery which he saw she had accumulated for the future, and remorse for his own neglect, determined him to lose no time in seeking her retreat, and using every means to induce her return to virtue. Long and patiently did he search for her in vain, when, walking one afternoon among the lovely vineyards in the south of France, he sought rest and refreshment in one of the neat little cottages by the way-side. Scarcely had he seated himself when the well-known figure of his wife passed rapidly through the room and fled from the cottage. He strove to follow her, but she was soon lost in the intricate windings of the vineyard.

The labourers of France are contented to take their mid-day meal of bread and garb with their bottle of claret, under the vine where they gather their fruit, and knowing the communicative disposition of these persons Captain Chilton inquired of them to whom the cottage belonged. They told him it was the property of the Count de L—, that the lady who occupied it was a poor relation of his who was dependant on his bounty; that she was seldom seen abroad, and received no company except the occasional visits of the Count. They could tell nothing of her, whence she came, or if she was happy. Once she had been seen weeping, and her fair complexion and blue eyes led them to suppose she was a foreigner. She was charitable to those who applied at her door for alms—but, on no occasion had they been able to converse with her.

The next day Captain Chilton wrote to his wife entreating permission to visit her, but received no answer. Disheartened but not hopeless, he wrote again.

"MY STILL DEAR EMILY:—

"Let me beg of you to see me once more, and persuade you to leave the paths of sin, before you feed upon the bitter fruits which you

have garnered there. Let the past be buried in oblivion, return to America, and dedicate the remainder of your life to the fulfilment of those duties which my inattention has caused you to neglect, and I will endeavour to guard you with the pure devotion of a brother's love."

But Emily could not see him, she knew she had forfeited her right to his protection—that as his wife she could not meet him; and, although his generous offer of brotherly love, made her feel from what she had fallen, it sounded cold on the ears which had heard such soft music from the siren tongue of seductive love. She began already to feel those tones had become less tender, and the visits of the Count less frequent, but he had taken care she should want no comfort which money could procure, and his poor victim was content to bask in the sunshine of his presence, at such times as suited his convenience to pass a few hours with her.

To her husband's letter she returned but few words—

"It is in vain—leave me to my lot—yet deem me not ungrateful for your kindness, and plead for me when my parents shall hear of my disgrace—he as lenient as your judgment will allow to the faults of
EMILY."

Weary and discouraged, Captain Chilton returned to Paris. To all the letters of her parents he simply answered—"Emily is well." His conscience would not permit him to tell them the consequence of his neglect of the treasure they had committed to his care, and he still indulged a latent hope, that when she would have become sated with her present mode of life, and convinced of the fragile tenure on which she held the affections of the Count, Emily would consent to return to her native country.

Meanwhile the Count de L. — was pursuing his pleasure at Bordeaux—sufficiently near Emily to visit her whenever he was inclined to do so; but he daily felt she had less influence over him, although it would seem an additional tie had bound them together, in the person of her infant daughter, but he knew not a father's feelings because he felt not a father's rights. And Emily found a new source of consolation for his absence, in the nurture of the little Adele. The first emotions of a mother's love opened the fount of virtuous feelings, which had been so long sealed by crime. She could now realize her parents' misery when they heard of her degradation—for she knew not they had been spared the tale of woe, and she resolved so soon as her health would permit her to undertake the journey, she

would return to them, a guilty but repentant child—for she knew a fond mother's arms would be ever ready to embrace her, when all else would turn from her in scorn.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

This beautiful metaphor of the Holy Writ is taken from the custom of the Egyptians, whose country was inundated by the Nile, at the time of sowing their grain nearly until harvest, cast their seed upon the water, which, in due time, sinks into the earth, and "after many days they see the fruit of their labour," and gather their sheaves rejoicing.

Thus it was with Emily—the good seed which had been sown while her young heart was in all its pristine purity, although it was so long hidden by the waves of vice and affliction, began to spring up in her heart, the omniscient eye of an overruling Providence had watched that germ which warmed by the beams of the "Sun of Righteousness," was now to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

One bright moonlight evening, as she sat gazing upon her slumbering infant, and thinking its angel innocence might shield her from temptation and danger, she was startled by footsteps beneath her window; a boy handed her a letter and disappeared. It was from the Count—he informed her "that circumstances had occurred which induced him to marry a lady of much beauty and high birth. He hoped Emily would not judge him too harshly—he would often think of her, should always provide for her, but they must not meet again." The blow was heavy; but it was sent in mercy, and did not break the bruised reed. Emily deigned no answer; she merely returned the key of the cottage, and having disposed of the jewels and wardrobe which her parents had given her, took passage for herself and child for New Orleans.

There, although a stranger in her own country, she soon found friends, who interested by her sweet face and desolate condition, obtained for her the means of subsistence. She had been well educated and her long residence in France had enabled her to acquire a proficiency in the language, and in the humble capacity of teacher of French and music, Emily found more quiet happiness, than when as the courted and flattered bride of Louis Chilton, she revelled in the gilded saloons and splendid misery of a life in Paris.

And Adele, too, began to totter beside her mother, as she went to teach her pupils, and tried to help assist them *partir tout* and

"*bon soir*," to be sure it sounded as much like Greek as French, but then her infant efforts seemed to Emily very precocious in a babe of a year and a half old.

She had written to her mother soon after her arrival, giving her an account of all that had transpired since she last heard from her, and begging a few lines to assure her she was forgiven and remembered with affection. She told her she was living in honest independence on the proceeds of her own exertions, and needed no pecuniary assistance, but her heart yearned for that consolation and sympathy, which she who gave her birth alone could give. She had not long to wait for an answer. Mr. Russel received a letter from Captain Chilton, informing him that Emily had left France and gone he knew not whither. On making another attempt to see her, he found the cottage closed, and all the neighbours could tell him, was, that the Count de L—— was married, and a few days before had made the same inquiries concerning "the lady," and they presumed he was quite as ignorant as themselves. Louis still hoped she had gone to America, and he begged Mr. Russel, if such should be the case, to find the place of her abode, and receive her with kindness.

Most welcome then were the tidings which Emily's letter conveyed to the stricken heart of her parents. They wrote to her to meet them at Savannah in the ensuing fall, and left the little village where they had resided since their marriage, to follow her to the "sunny south," and after six months of loneliness at New Orleans, in the arms of her natural protectors, the weary dove found rest.

"See, see, mamma," lisped the little Adele, "who is that gentleman coming up the lawn?"

Emily fixed a long and earnest gaze upon the stranger—and ere she could speak, was folded to the breast of her husband. "Forgive, Louis," she murmured, "forgive your repentant wife."

And did Louis Chilton spare from him one whom he felt was more "sinned against than sinning?" No—he looked upon her chastened features and knew her afflictions had been sanctified, and he clasped her to his bosom—the future resting place of all her joys and sorrows.

And are there those, who from mistaken ideas of delicacy and honor, would blame his decision? "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."

For The Amaranth.

While the Smile of Beauty Lingers.

WHILE the smile of beauty lingers,
And the spring of life is bright,
Ere dark sorrow's wrinkled fingers
Bring to our young hearts a blight;—
While the light of joy and gladness
Sheds itself o'er every heart,
And no shade of care or sadness
Bids the angel peace depart.

While life's path is bright before us,
And the sunny eye of youth
Tells that age is not yet o'er us—
Let us see the way of truth;
Give our hearts to God's kind keeping,
Ask of him to guard and guide
Through this vale of woe and weeping,
Where so many ills betide.

While the brow bears nought of sorrow,
And the bloom is on the cheek,
Let us all the radiance borrow
Of the christian's spirit meek;
E'en as our shepherd—humble—lowly,
Let us ever strive to be,
Praying him to make us holy.
Guard—protect—and keep us free.

Now ere sin's vague palsy strike us
With its dark—unholy power,
Or the blasts that yet may strike us
In their gloom, begin to lower,
Let us seek that rock of ages
Where the good and wise and great,
Prophets—priests—apostles—sages—
Ever found a safe retreat.

For to Him who gave us beauty,
Life and health, and ev'ry grace,
We owe it as our humble duty
Early thus to seek his face;
That he may crown us with the garlands
Of his mercy rich and free,
In the high and unknown far lands
Of his own eternity!

Liverpool, N. S., 1843.

ARTHUR.

AN AFFGHAN HEROINE.

THE cavalry taking no part in their operation I was an idle, but not the less anxious spectator of the scene. I had never before witnessed effects so awfully grand, or so intensely exciting in their nature, as those which immediately preceded and followed the explosion at the gates. The atmosphere was illuminated by sudden and powerful flashes of various coloured light, which exposed the walls

and bastions of the fortress to view, and revealed the dusky figures of the garrison, in the act of pointing their guns, or endeavouring to penetrate the denseness of the obscurity beneath, in order to assure themselves of the position of their assailants. Then followed the din and roar of artillery—the terrific explosion of the gates—the crash of woodwork and masonry—the hollow rumbling of the old towers as they came in huge masses to the ground—the rush of the storming party through the breach, and the deafening cheers and shouts of besiegers and besieged. It seemed as all the elements of destruction had been let loose at once, and yet I panted to be in the midst of them—I barely dared to breathe from the very intensity of my anxiety, and it was not 'till I saw the British flag floating from the citadel that I could respire freely. To the soldier there is nothing more trying or chafing than to be condemned to a state of inaction during the progress of such spirit-stirring events as these. While the Afghans were disputing our entrance into the citadel, an incident occurred which for a moment diverted the attention of the combatants, and turned their fury into pity.

Amongst the foremost of the party who signalled themselves by their desperate gallantry was an aged chieftain, the richness of whose costume excited general attention, his turban and weapons being resplendent with jewels.—The hope of plunder immediately marked him out as an object of attack, and numbers at once assailed him. He defended himself like a man who knew there was no chance of life, but resolved to sell it as dearly as he could. He had killed several of the Queen's Royals, and severely wounded Captain Robinson, when a grenadier of the company to which the latter belonged, seeing his officer in danger, rushed to his assistance, and with a bayonet-thrust brought the gallant old chieftain to the ground. The grenadier was about to despatch him, when a beautiful girl, about seventeen, threw herself into the melee, and plunged a dagger into his breast. She then cast herself on the body of the chieftain, for the purpose of protecting it; and the Afghans, forming a sort of rampart before them, maintained their ground until the heroic girl succeeded in getting it conveyed into the interior of the citadel. Shortly after the place was taken she was found weeping over the remains of the brave old man, who, on enquiry, we learned was her father.—She was treated with the utmost respect and tenderness by our men, who neither obtruded

themselves on her grief, nor offered any interruption to the preparations which she made for his interment.—*Taylor's Scenes and Adventures in Afghanistan.*



Written for 'The Amaranth.

SUMMER.

BRIGHT summer hath the waving grain
And fields of modest green,
On mountain ridge and lovely plain,
Unstained by a single stain,
As far as eye can gleam.
It hath the rose's blushing hue,
A beautiful array,
And skies of calm and peaceful blue
That lie within the raptured view,
A theme for poet's lay.
It hath the mellowed tinge of bloom
Upon its landscape wide,
That time itself can scarce consume—
Or change successive of the moon,
Disrobe it of its pride.
It hath the shades that blending shine
To gild the evening skies,
And westward mark the sun's decline—
The progress of departing time,
In deep, undying dyes!
It hath the fragrance and perfume
Of fairy flowers and rare,
And light of colours to illumine
The barren deserts waste of gloom,
With rays supremely fair.
It hath the garden's promenade
And mazes of delight;
Where wreaths of scented flowers display
Their bright and beautiful array
To sip the sunbeams' light!
It hath the rain-bow's arch withal—
Beneath the weeping sky,
When showers and sunbeams mingling fall,
Their colours shedding over all,
Rejoicing every eye.
It hath the gladsome tone and smile
Of pleasure in its reign;
And balmy breathes o'er sea and isle,
But to relieve us and beguile
Our mortal hours of pain.
Be mine the joys that summer's reign
To every landscape bring;
The freshness of the verdant plain,
An emblem of my heart's domain
Whence early pleasure springs!

Liverpool, N. S., 1843.

ARTHUR.

THE ORANGE ROCK.

The lake of Como, the most delightful of all the lakes at the foot of the Alps, is surrounded by mountains, eight or nine thousand feet high, descending towards the lake, and generally terminating in hills resembling terraces.—Near Nobialo, however, the mountain extends its long chain of high and precipitous rocks quite into the lake. The name of Orange Rock has been given to this mountain, in consequence of the orange colour which the rocks derive from the presence of large quantities of iron ore. The road, which conducts the traveller from Italy into Germany, runs along these rocks at a great elevation above the waters of the lake. It is so narrow, that it can be traversed only by pedestrians, and in some places so dangerous, that a single false step is inevitable destruction. A body of Russian troops, attached to the army of Bellegarde, were compelled to attempt this difficult pass; but a large portion of those Scythian adventurers miserably perished in the lake beneath, or upon the rocks projecting into the intermediate space. A disaster of later occurrence, however, has given a more painful interest to this locality, the narration of which is calculated to excite the deepest sympathies of our nature. The following is a translation of the story as it appeared in an Italian publication, for which it was furnished by the curate of Monaggio, a man of undoubted veracity.

A small village upon the Alps, above Domaso, was the birth-place of Rosalie. At the age of sixteen, resplendent with health, beauty, and youthful spirits, she was the pride of her native village, and the envy of all the maidens of the three neighbouring parishes. Her mother, who had enjoyed the advantages of a city residence in her earlier years, had taught her many accomplishments; and a maternal uncle, a professor of belles lettres in Perugia, had cultivated her mind with great assiduity.

In accordance with the usage of the neighbourhood, she wore a dress of woollen stuff, cut after the fashion of the Capuchins. This singular apparel, used in Sicily by certain devotees of the Saint from whom the maiden derived her name, had been introduced thence by inhabitants of those mountains, who have long been in the habit of repairing to that island for employment. But the belt of polished leather, with which Rosalie confined her robe about her waist, was always bright, and fastened with a buckle of burnished silver. The collar which fell over her well-formed shoul-

ders, and covered her bosom, was of snowy whiteness, and added to the youthful vivacity of her appearance.

Her father led an honest and laborious life in Palermo, where he consoled himself with the hope of returning in a few years to his native hills, to enjoy in the bosom of his delightful family, the fruits of his labour and economy. Rosalie and her mother attended to the cultivation of a beautiful little farm, which had belonged to their family for something like three centuries. The innocence of her life added lustre to the charms of the delicate girl.

A much-frequented fair is held once a year at Gravedona. Among the youths who attended this fair in 1805, for the purpose of amusement, and not for business, Vincenzo * * * was by far the handsomest. He was a native of Monaggio, a considerable village upon the opposite shore of the lake, and was the only son of a man, who, from a pedlar, had accumulated great wealth by the dishonest means of contraband trade. Vincenzo saw Rosalie as she was negotiating the purchase of some ribands, and was much struck with her pleasing appearance, perhaps her singular dress, although neither unknown nor new to him, contributed to attract his delighted gaze. He followed her through the crowd for a long time admiring her graceful carriage, and that beautiful form which was but ill concealed by her claustral dress. At length she and her mother left Gravedona for Domaso, and still he followed her. Although not generally timid, he was so much awed by the modest demeanor and commendable reserve of the maiden, that he kept at a respectable distance without daring to address her.—Fortune came to his aid, however, and gave him an opportunity to interpose himself between her and an enraged animal, which she encountered in the way. This enabled him to make her acquaintance, and obtain permission of both mother and daughter to escort them home.

Who can portray the blessedness of those moments when virtuous love first dawns in youthful hearts? The dangerous service rendered by her deliverer, awakened, in Rosalie, a sense of gratitude which was but the precursor of a more tender feeling. Her modest thanks were so tremulously spoken, and her ingenuous countenance beamed with such evident sincerity and kindness, that the enraptured youth dissembled not when he declared this the happiest event of his life.

Upon their arrival at Domaso, Vincenzo re-

hesitantly took his leave; but not until he had learned from Rosalie's own lips, that her pious mother usually conducted her to [the] very ancient church of Gravedona on the first Sabbath of every month. This discovery, by affording the certainty of again beholding the lovely maiden, alleviated his sorrow at parting. Men who have been coarsely reared, and from a state of destitution have acquired wealth, ordinarily feel the value of a good education more than others. Vincenzo's father, who was one of these, had determined that nothing should be wanting in the education and accomplishment of his son. Possessor of a large and constantly increasing fortune, it was his ardent desire, that Vincenzo should emerge from the class in which he was born, and his proud hopes aspired even to a noble alliance for his son. The youth, however, of a philosophical disposition, and naturally inclined to the softer affections and sympathies, fed his well-regulated mind with no vain aspirations.

When the desired Sabbath arrived, Vincenzo was seen in his light bark at an early hour, crossing the banks towards Gravedona. After waiting a long time at the church, he at length discerned the approaching maiden, whose face became suffused with a modest blush on seeing him again.

I will not undertake to narrate their conversation, nor how Vincenzo obtained the mother's permission to visit the humble dwelling. The course of these events may be easily imagined by the reader. I will only say, that through the year subsequent to this interview, Vincenzo crossed the lake to Domaso every alternate day, generally returning to Monaggio in the evening. Love was the pilot of this little bark, Hope led him forth, and Memory cheered his return. Rosalie's ingenuous manners, her affectionate heart, and the brightness of her cultivated intellect, had so fascinated the youth, that he firmly believed he should have loved her with an affection no less ardent, even had she not been, as she was, adorned with singular beauty.

Conscious that his affection was reciprocated with equal fervor, Vincenzo began to take measures for the accomplishment of a union so much desired. The mother of Rosalie was authorized by her husband to dispose of the daughter's hand, and her consent was obtained. But the steady refusal of Vincenzo's father opposed an insuperable obstacle to the marriage. The tears and entreaties of the youth were lost upon the proud and ambitious old man, who obstinately persisted in forbid-

ding what he considered an unequal alliance. At length, in reply to his son's continual solicitations, the father angrily exclaimed, "It was not to enable you to marry a peasant girl, that I have endured so many fatigues in amassing wealth; nor was it that you might ally yourself with the plough, that I have caused you to be so delicately reared."

Aware of the ambitious views of his proud father, Vincenzo had feared that he should find him at first opposed to his wishes; he had, nevertheless, hoped that he would finally yield to his tears and supplications. But this inexorable refusal came upon him like a thunder-bolt. Stunned by the blow, he repaired to Rosalie's mother for sympathy and advice.

"My daughter," replied the discreet mother, "can never become your wife against your father's will. I feel for you, Vincenzo, and yet more do I compassionate my poor daughter, who may not have strength to sustain this cruel intelligence. But honor and maternal duty alike compel me to say to you, that from this day, you must see Rosalie no more, except to offer her your hand with your father's consent. You are too considerate, not to be willing to submit to this indispensable requirement."

At this moment the daughter entered. Vincenzo had not courage to speak to her, but, pressing her hand, burst into tears. Rosalie, at once divining the meaning of these tears, fell to the earth in a swoon. Her mother took her in her arms, and motioned Vincenzo to depart. The latter returned to his father, threw himself at his feet, and solemnly assured him, that, by prohibiting these nuptials, he would destroy his only son. But the vain plebeian, unchangeable in his purpose, coldly replied by directing him to prepare for an immediate journey to Milan, whence he should not return until he had eradicated this unworthy passion from his breast.

His grief at seeing himself deprived of every hope of possessing Rosalie, the severe but just prohibition of her mother, his unwillingness to depart; and, in fine, the struggle of love, anger and despair in his bosom, so wrought upon the unhappy youth, that he took to his bed with a raging fever.

Forty days had passed since the afflicted Rosalie had obtained any tidings of Vincenzo. When one morning she received the following letter, in which she recognized the characters of her lover, though traced with a trembling hand.

"For more than a month, oh! Rosalie, I have been confined to the bed of sickness, a victim to my father's inflexible will and my inhuman destiny. I feel that in a few days I shall be numbered with the dead. Oh! Rosalie, if you have the least feeling of compassion, do not let your faithful lover descend to the tomb without an opportunity of bidding you a last adieu! My father has departed for Como, where he will remain for three days. There is no one with me but my kind and affectionate aunt.

"Pray, Rosalie, pray persuade your good mother to the most holy work of bringing you to see me. Will she deny this last consolation to one who is dying for having too dearly loved her virtuous daughter. If she will yield neither to your prayers nor mine, say to her that duty, and even religion, impose upon her this sacrifice. She may save from death—

"Ah yes! your presence, the mere sight of one for whose sake alone the light is dear to me, the mild beaming of your eyes, the words of sympathy and compassion—who knows but they will remove my strength, and snatch its prey from the yawning sepulchre?

"But at all events, I desire to see you. Yes, I desire, I must see you! I must press to my pale lips that dear hand, of which I am denied the possession. Death will then appear less terrible; and if you once more assure me of your love, it will perhaps enable me to wait with tranquility, the awful moment of dissolution."

What were the feelings, what the agony, of the wretched girl, on reading this sad letter! To embrace her mother, and to conjure her to comply with Vincenzo's request, and then to weep, and weep, and weep,—such was the part to which the unhappy one had recourse. How could the tender heart of the mother resist so many tears, so much sorrow? The despair and grief of Rosalie became so excessive, as to cause her mother to tremble, not only for the life of Vincenzo, but for that also of her daughter.

"Since you are so resolutely bent upon this visit," said the mother to Rosalie, "I am disposed to gratify you; but how is it possible to proceed to Monaggio at the present moment? Hear you not how furiously the storm is raging? Stefano, who has just arrived from Domaso, says, that even the courier from Lindo found it impossible to cross the lake, and was compelled to take the circuitous route by land."

"And we, dear mother, must take this same route; I know it is a long distance from here to Monaggio, nearly fifteen miles—but God will give us strength, my mother, and we shall save Vincenzo. Yes, my mother, we shall rescue him from death; it will be a deed of mercy, and heaven will reward you. I will tell him, that, because he loves me, he ought

to live, as his Rosalie would infallibly follow him to the tomb."

"I will do every thing in my power to please you, my dear child; but are you really aware how difficult and dangerous this land route is in certain places? Does not even the idea of passing the Orange Rock, in the midst of this terrible storm, fill you with terror?"

"Oh! my mother, my mother! is there any peril which can discourage one who loves, and sees the object of that love perishing? I shall walk upon the brink of that deep precipice not less securely than the young kids upon our mountain-tops. As for you, dear mother, you can have Stefano by your side; he is strong and active, and will safely sustain you over the most difficult passes."

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the two females left their village, accompanied by their neighbour Stefano. They stopped a short time at Dongo, to procure refreshments, but Rosalie could not be induced to partake of them. At Rezzonico they made another short halt, and thence proceeded to Acqua Seria.—The heavens were obscured, the weather was tempestuous, and it was now nearly sunset.—The Orange Rock, formidable in the brightest hour, and most favorable season, was now rendered frightful by the raging elements, and approaching night. Again they started. A strange terror possessed the mind of Rosalie's mother, which made her shudder. She would have given every thing she possessed in the world to avoid attempting that fearful passage, but could not bring herself to disappoint her daughter by proposing to stop. The latter now that she was near her dying idol, seemed to become a different being from her former self. She no longer appeared to see, hear, or attend to any thing; she was not alarmed by the wind, the rain, the darkness. She seemed to be in a state of hallucination, and firmly to believe that the power of love could prevail over nature, and even death itself.

The mother, supported by Stefano, proceeded cautiously along the difficult path cut in the rocks high up in the Orange Rock. Rosalie, absorbed in her own thoughts, followed her, heedless of the peril. They had already passed a considerable portion of the distance, when a sudden cry froze the blood in the mother's veins. Turning instantly, she saw—a cruel sight!—saw Rosalie, whose foot had slipped in the most dangerous pass, precipitated headlong down the dread abyss. No power on earth could now save the falling girl. Her tender limbs were torn and bruised by the

rough projecting points as she bounded from rock to rock, until she finally disappeared in the lake below. Alas, it would have been a harrowing spectacle for any human eye! And yet a mother was destined to sustain the horror!

She would have thrown herself down the precipice after her poor child, but Stefano withheld her by main force. With great difficulty he then conveyed her to Gaeta, where they remained until the corpse of the maiden was found, and rescued from the fury of the waves. The distracted mother, after bathing it with her tears, caused it to be transported to Domaso. The funeral rites having been duly performed in the little church of that place, it was interred in the cemetery not far from the shore of the lake, to which the maidens of the neighbouring village make a pilgrimage every year to scatter flowers upon her grave.

This unhappy event was studiously concealed from Vincenzo. Receiving no reply to his letter, nor hearing any intelligence from Rosalie, he came to the conclusion that her mother persisted in her rigid prohibition. Youthful vigor and latent hope gradually restored him to health. As soon as he recovered sufficient strength, he determined, at whatever risk, to see the beloved maiden once again.

Circumstances delayed his arrival at Domaso until three hours after sunset. Finding it too late to go up to the village of Rosalie, he went to lodge at the house of a friend who was acquainted with the state of his heart, and not ignorant of the deplorable fate of the object of his affections. He was a man of prudence and discretion, and as such was held in great esteem by Vincenzo. Fearing that, if Vincenzo were at once informed of the sad occurrence, the blow would be heavier than he could bear, the kind host took an opportunity, during supper, to mention that Rosalie and her mother had gone to visit her father at Palermo, he having sent for her, on hearing that Vincenzo's father had refused his consent to the nuptials. Nor was this statement entirely without foundation; as her mother, unable to endure the sight of places and objects which constantly renewed her grief by reminding her of her beloved daughter, had removed to the residence of her husband in Sicily.

Vincenzo sighed deeply at this intelligence, but observed, that on the following day he would at least revisit the house where he so often wooed her who was dearer to him than life. Meanwhile he began to meditate a voyage to Sicily, and, as usual with lovers, in-

dulged in a thousand dreams of happiness to come.

Early the next morning, Vincenzo, in company with his friend, proceeded to the deserted cottage of Rosalie. Upon coming in view of the well-remembered house, covered with the spreading branches of luxuriant vines, he was seized with an unusual tremor, and his eyes overflowed with tears.

A little dog, which Rosalie had raised with great affection, and upon which he had bestowed the name of Fortunato, came out to meet him, wagging his tail in token of welcome recognition, but with pendent ears and a melancholy whine, which seemed to say, "Rosalie is no longer here." The old servant of the house was seated on the threshold. Her sorrow for the death of Rosalie was little less than that of the mother: for she had carried her in her arms when a child, loved her as a daughter, and was beloved with a filial affection in return. At seeing Vincenzo, she gave a sudden cry, and burst into tears. Vincenzo's companion motioned her to be silent, and covering her face with her hands, she made way for them to enter the door.

Vincenzo desired first to visit the garden.—It was then the beginning of March; a monthly rose was blooming there, in a vase which he had formerly presented to Rosalie. He plucked the rose, and bathing it with tears, exclaimed, "How often has Rosalie presented to me roses from this vase! It was the object of her peculiar care. But how much more fragrant were the flowers gathered by her hand!" Then seating himself upon an angle of the wall, extending along the eastern side of the garden; "Here," said he, "was the dear girl accustomed to sit and watch the road by which I came every second day to make my protestations of eternal love." He wept while examining these dear places and indulging these affecting recollections; but his sadness was tempered by that consoling confidence which hope inspires.

He also wished to see the little chamber where Rosalie passed her innocent nights.—The diminutive room was stripped of all its furniture, nor did he see even the little couch where her placid sleep had been cheered by the golden dreams of love. Upon the naked walls on one side hung a wooden crucifix, and on the other a picture of the saint whose name she bore. The gloom of the little chamber, formerly adorned with simple furniture and flowers, the silence which pervaded it, the sense of solitude and desertion, disquiet-

ed the heart of Vincenzo, and vaguely suggested to him the idea of death. "If my friend, with a merciful and considerate deception has hidden the truth from me! If Rosalie should be no more! Ah dreadful thought!" His mind now reverted to the tears of the old servant, and he seemed to hear the voice of the departed maiden issuing from the depths of the tomb.

Vincenzo instantly fled from the house in which he had passed so many happy hours; nor had he even courage to turn and look upon it. He seized his friend's arm for support, but dared not interrogate him. The death of Rosalie had become for Vincenzo a dreadful truth, of which he was conscious, but feared to have the certainty. Two months he remained in the house of his friend without ever uttering a word, and taking scarcely food enough to sustain life. At length, having one day wandered into the the cemetery, he observed a grave covered with fresh violets. Poor Stefano had just scattered these flowers upon the last resting place of his good and beautiful neighbour whose unhappy death it had been his lot to witness. Vincenzo questioned him, and the good man could conceal nothing from the despairing lover.

The next morning Vincenzo was missed by his sympathizing friend, and for a long time no tidings of him could be obtained. After many months, however it was ascertained that he had betaken himself to a deserted hut, upon the summit of the gigantic Legnone, where he spent his days in wandering about the rocks and snows of that bleak region, until mental and physical suffering had finally ended his miserable existence.

In his portfolio, which was afterwards found by some mountaineers, were carefully preserved the letters which it seems he was in the habit of writing every evening to Rosalie, the same as if she had been yet living to receive them. Should those letters ever be published, they will at least serve to show, how different is the real language of an impassioned heart from the cold style invented by romancers.



HINDOO CRUELTY.

LINGEE DORAJEE, a respectable trader in jewels, had a daughter called Yamma, whose beauty equaled the lustre of the finest diamond.

This charming young Parsee, or Peri, was about fourteen years old, an age at which the female figure attains perfection in India.

"She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight."

Yamma's prospects were bright in the star of Venus. In her tribe, women are treated with the greatest consideration: they act an important part in the public and private concerns of their husbands, go unveiled, and, in point of personal freedom, they are under no restraint beyond that which delicacy and the customs of their mothers impose.

Such was the lovely Yamma, and such were the promises of hope, when it was her fate to be rescued from imminent peril by the intrepidity of Captain S—. She had had accompanied her mother, in a covered and gorgeously decorated hackery, to a garden-house, which belonged to her father on Colabah.— They staid in the garden rather later than their attendants wished, pleased with cooling fruits, neat walks, silver streams, and shady trees.— The golden banana, glittering mangoe, and imperial jack, attracted their gaze and touch. At length their bullocks, in splendid housings, proud of the music of their silver bells, which played in suspension from their necks, approached the bed of the tide. The raft was beginning to ply in the lower part of the channel but the carriage-road, along the crest of the high rock, was practicable, though the rising tide might be seen glittering in streams along its black ravines. The drivers and runners calculated that the bullocks would cross before the tide covered the rocks, and they urged them at full speed. A strong breeze, however, came into Bombay harbour, with the flow from the ocean; and before the hackery reached the shore, the ladies saw, with terror, that the devouring element was floating them, that their footmen were swimming, and in great agitation, striving to keep the bullocks' heads towards the land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The mother and daughter mingled their cries and wept, in pity, more for each other than for themselves; but their agony was drowned by the roar of the flood, and the crowd at the ferry were too much absorbed in their own views, and too distant, had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

At this dreadful, awful moment, Captain S— was galloping from the fort; and, hoping that he should be in time to cross the rocks, he made directly for the course so the hackery, saw the life-struggle of the men, heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong docile Arab, and Captain S— being exceedingly fond of field-sports, had ac-

customed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed to the hackery, and Captain S—, having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a fairy, before him; and, with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide.

Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamma's was transparently so. Indeed she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus rising from Ocean's bed, that S— pronounced her, in his own mind, the loveliest of the creation. He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

I wish, for Captain S—'s sake—I wish, for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that this acquaintance with Yamma had here terminated. Captain S— used every means in his power to win the love of Yamma. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers, or religious mendicants, and fortune-tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her; for S— had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adoration. She listened to the magic of his address; she forgot all the customs of her tribe; she afforded her lover opportunities of seeing her; he visited her in the character of a Hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother and follow him for life. Unfortunately they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S— was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamma was returned to her enraged and disgraced family.

The heads of the tribe were assembled, and an oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamma was introduced, arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich jeweller, Limjee Dorabjee. After certain ceremonies, her mother and grandmother approached her, where she sat like a beautiful statue; and presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said, in a firm tone:—"Take your choice."—"Farewell, mother! farewell, father! farewell, world!" replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup; "Fate ordained that this should be Yamma's marriage"—and she drained its contents! Her leaden eyes were watched 'till they closed in death: she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead.

When S— heard that Yamma was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered, according to the customs of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne. "My horse! my horse!" cried he; and as he patted his war-neck, the scise saw the fire of his tear-starred eye, and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom. He heard the hoof thunder on the ground, and his master's voice urging his spirited steed towards the foaming surf—then a loud explosion, as of breaking billows: and, on gaining the sea-shore, he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, but he never saw the brave S— and his Arab courser more.



The Nobleman and the Mechanic.

A FRENCH TALE.

THE Marquis d'Almar held a station in which he presided in the King's chamber. He united the double advantage of rank and fortune. He owned a splendid house in Faubourg Saint Germain which he took the greatest pleasure in ornamenting with every thing that art could afford, that was costly, remarkable, or beautiful. In one of the galleries, opening into the garden, he had a library, containing the finest ancient and modern works. A learned clergyman had made this rare collection, the Marquis having never read anything but the novels of the day. The changes he was continually making in this library, of which he was so proud, had drawn to his house a young Carpenter, named Philip Delacour, the first workman to a ship-builder, residing in the Square of Saint Sulpice. He had already fitted up the whole library, and by his skill and assiduity had gained the esteem of his employer. There scarcely passed a week, without his making some change in the distribution of the books.

In a word, he did all he possibly could, to please the Marquis, who was not only capricious, but exacting. Philip was the only person who had the faculty and the patience to execute his orders. He was of a lively and good disposition, and notwithstanding his leather apron, there was a certain dignity in his person and expression of countenance, that betrayed the feelings of a gentleman. The Marquis himself, had noticed this, for more than once in the conversations, the modest workman made the lord feel that there are individuals in every class, who are not only worthy of esteem, but who may by their good

behaviour, raise themselves to the highest honours.

The Marquis had a son named Theodore, a child seven years of age, who was always called the Count. He was the most familiar, and at the same time, the most pleasing and agreeable child of his rank. He had for a tutor a young student, under the protection of the Marchioness, whose sound principles, learning and judgment, protected the young Count from adopting the false prejudices in which his father had been brought up, and which led him into error. The Marchioness was a woman of strong mind, constantly occupied in forming projects for her son's happiness, and in secretly seconding the efforts of the tutor to make this amiable child, not a vain and dashing coxcomb, solely employed in arranging his hair and moustachios: in gaining, seeking love adventures, &c; but an honest, laborious, and well-informed man; one who could be useful to his country and to himself.

Although so young, Theodore was industrious: he made without help, a little chariot, a wind-mill and many other toys of his age.—His mother and tutor encouraged him in this employment, for which he showed great taste, and in which he applied, without being conscious of it, the first principles of Geometry. He had a turning machine, proportioned to his size, and all the tools necessary for making any thing he might undertake. It may be well supposed that he sought the presence of Philip whenever the latter came to work at his father's house. He was continually walking around him, loading him with questions, and asking him to mend the handles of such tools as he had broken during the week.

The journeyman, delighted at finding so much taste for mechanics in the child, took the greatest pleasure in teaching him how to form curves, squares &c., called him his little apprentice, and amused himself in initiating the child into all the secrets of his art. He was flattered to see the son of a great lord seeking his advice, and thanked him, sometimes by a friendly pressure of the hand, and sometimes by the most ingenuous expressions of affection and gratitude.

One day when they were alone in the gallery, and Theodore, who was remarkable for his intelligence, was holding up for Philip's inspection a box of Ash-wood, that he had made for his mother, the journeyman was so much pleased with its just proportions, and the neatness of its execution, that he took the child in his arms and embraced him with all

the affection of a master enchanted with the progress of his own pupil. The Marquis entered at this moment, and already vexed that his son had acquired such a taste for mechanics, and wounded by the familiarity of the journeyman, reproached him in the most bitter terms; then ringing for his servant, ordered a basin of water to be brought, and, taking a sponge from a rich stand at his side, washed the Count's face several times to efface the traces of the plebeian kiss that this kind-hearted boy had given his son. The former turned pale with indignation, and, immediately throwing down the tools which he held, left the room—giving the Marquis a look full of grief and *disdaim*, which seemed to say, "I did not deserve to be so treated."

The Marquis remained motionless. Always wishing to prevent such scenes as could compromise him, he declared positively that he did not wish Theodore to indulge any longer in that occupation, which he considered beneath the rank in which he was to be placed at Court. He, however, requested the master carpenter, in whose service Philip was, to send him another workman to finish a piece of work commenced by the latter.

The master carpenter, an old soldier, was obliged to come himself, and he could not help candidly owning to the Marquis, that his men, on hearing Philip's complaints of the insult he had received, had all sworn that not one among them would enter his house.

"How is that," said the lord, "would those rascals form a conspiracy against me? It is a good joke, upon my word! It is really capital!"

"Faith," said the man, "notwithstanding all the respect I owe you, I shall take the liberty of saying that if you thought your son, my young master, was tarnished by the kiss of a workman, you might easily have washed his face in another apartment, and not have insulted, in so unfeeling a manner, a worthy young man, who had committed no other fault than that of giving way to his good feelings—that was exposing yourself to just reproaches. Each one of us, sir, has his dignity as a man; and he is but a coward, who submits to any injury without revenging himself."

The carpenter left the room at these words, lest he might not be able to repress the indignation which he felt, vowing never to work for a man who showed himself unworthy of the noble name he bore. The old soldier related what had passed between himself and the Marquis, as soon as he entered his work-shop, and felt his friendship much increased for Philip.

The latter, who was remarkable not only for his zeal, became each day dearer to his master, and frequently took his place in very difficult jobs. The brave old man was subject to attacks of the rheumatism and gout, the fruit of his numberless night watches during the war. In this way he was often confined to his bed for several months, and it was at such times that he felt happy in having Philip for his first apprentice. He directed the work in the several work-shops, with such zeal and judgment, that his master gave him a share in the business.

By degrees he raised himself to the head of the house, and his master, feeling each day that his strength was failing, and wishing to ensure the happiness of his only daughter, a young girl as remarkable for her personal charms as she was for her excellent qualities, gave her in marriage to his young partner, who had never ceased to show himself a skilful carpenter as well as the best of men. Philip Delacour was now at the head of the immense establishment, so celebrated throughout Saint Germain. He was employed by the most renowned artists in the erection of their buildings, for they were certain of finding in him exactness and great honesty. His most sanguine wishes of success were realized. His wife, who was of a very happy disposition, had made him father of two children, thus crowning their sincere and devoted attachment.— There was not a single architect who did not seek advice from Philip. If a quarrel arose among his workmen he was chosen their arbiter, and always succeeded in re-establishing harmony among them. If a decision became necessary between a proprietor and a contractor, he was entrusted with it, because it was known beforehand that his judgment would be grounded on equity, and no one ever thought of appealing to a higher power after his opinion had been given. Honoured with general esteem, and every day augmenting his fortune, of which he was not proud, a happy father and a devoted husband, Delacour was known and loved in the whole neighbourhood. He had already bought the large house in which he lived, and his extensive speculations increasing with his credit, he found himself obliged to give up the trade which had raised him to his present rank to a younger brother. He now attended particularly to buying houses to be repaired, and lots on which he built several large mansions. In a short time he was ranked among the principal landholders of the capital. He made an immense fortune,

and, joining prudence to the most happy speculations, retired from business at the age of forty-five, devoting himself to his wife's happiness, and to the education of his two daughters, who added new joy to his life, and promised to become the delight and support of his old age.

Mr. Delacour bore on his open countenance that security which is the effect of a good conscience, and that happy independence, at once the true source of a man's dignity. He had gradually acquired, not only the education, but even the manners of a wealthy landholder; being always busy in doing good, in gaining all hearts to himself, he was invariably spoken of with the greatest respect and consideration. He lived with his family in a large mansion in Belle-Chasse street, and, without any ridiculous display, enjoyed all the comforts and advantages that wealth can afford. Mrs. Delacour was distinguished among good mothers, and she was truly loved by the poor. Daily she could be seen giving alms to the sick, and she did not feel satisfied that she had done her duty unless she had relieved some poor family during every day. Mr. Delacour was inscribed on the list of sworn electors for the department of the Seine; he was even a member of the great college; and his real estate amounted to more than seven million of francs.

The time had come for renewing the members of the deputy chamber, and the ministry was not only displeasing to the people, but even braved all their opinions and made every effort to re-establish despotic power in France. The Marquis was among those who seconded the machinations of the king's perfidious counsellors. He had often heard of Mr. Delacour, so renowned for his immense fortune, his charity and kindness, but he never imagined that his honourable citizen was the journeyman to whom he had offered so grievous an insult.— Delacour's face, in fact, had assumed a different expression: his *endopoint* altered him so completely that it was impossible to recognize him.

The Marquis, from the information he had received in the neighbourhood, had noted Mr. Delacour as an elector in whom confidence could be placed. Accordingly he accosted him in the *Hotel de Ville* with those honeyed words which the would-be great generally make use of to deceive; he flattered the elector, who recognized him immediately, and determined to divert himself at his expense. He pretended to pay the greatest attention, and to feel the deepest interest in all that the Marquis was

telling him respecting the party which alone could re-establish France in her ancient splendor, and enable her to resume her rank among monarchical governments. He even went so far as to allow the gentlemen of the king's chamber to break out into open invectives against the plebeian candidates. At last a courtier, certain of triumph, and in one of those moods in which pride and presumption fall, pressed affectionately the hand of Mr. Delacour, whom he imagined to have already won to his party. The elector, repressing with some trouble a convulsive movement, which the Marquis took for gratitude at the great honor he had just conferred on him, disappeared in the crowd to execute a project of vengeance, which was suggested by the recollections of the insult he had received when a mere journeyman.

He left the room, repaired to the nearest coffee house, and offered ten francs to any boy who would follow him with a basin, a pitcher of water, and a napkin. His proposal was immediately accepted. He then returned to the enclosure where they were preparing for the election, and seeking the Marquis, who was still busy in obtaining candidates for the ministry, he pointed him out to the boy, at the same time ordering him to go and entreat the lord to wash his hands to purify them from the touch of a *plebeian*. The boy followed to the letter all Delacour's commands, which occasioned the greatest surprise both to the Marquis and the bystanders. Having pressed the hands of a great number of electors while endeavouring to gain their votes, he could not imagine who was playing him this trick.

He then declared to the astonished spectators, that having touched none but honest people he could not conceive the motive of so cutting a joke. The more his anger rose, the more the boy persisted in offering him the water. The scene attracted a great number of electors, a general laughter prevailed throughout the enclosure, and Delacour enjoyed in silence the vexation and confusion of the Marquis, and was relieved of an oppressed feeling, which had not left him for years. He waited at the door for the boy who had fulfilled his order with such exactness, and gave him double the promised reward, on condition that he would never discover to the lord who was the author of this trick.

Delacour, who was indebted for his fortune to his own industry, had the right of being among the electors of the Seine. Providence had designed him to attend an important ses-

sion in which several flagrant crimes were to be adjudged; there was one in particular which involved the honour and life of a young officer of the King's Guard. This brave young officer had had a quarrel, in a public place, with the Count of Egmont, the eldest son of a French Peer, who, in addition to the impetuosity of youth, held in utter contempt all who could not, like himself, boast of noble birth.—The young officer was the son of a very wealthy merchant, and, without the arrogance and vanity of the young count, was modestly proud, and of a very decided character. They agreed to fight with pistols in the presence of four witnesses. Luck gave the first fire to the count. The officer placed himself at the distance of ten paces, holding his pistol which having a double trigger, at the moment his adversary was preparing to fire, accidentally went off, mortally wounding the count, who reeled, and, sinking, faint and breathless, cried, "I die assassinate!" The officer's witnesses defended him and swore that their companion was incapable of committing so base an action.

Those of the dying man declared that nothing but the great celebrity of the count for duelling, could have determined the officer to employ such means to avoid an inevitable death. They grew angry threatened each other, and the family of the dying man wishing to be revenged for so cruel a loss, and convinced from the facts related by his witnesses, that he had been assassinated, prosecuted the officer, who, in spite of the testimony in his favour, and the additional proof of an honourable and irreproachable life, was brought to justice.—Mr. Delacour was appointed head of the jury, composed of several mechanics, whose confidence and esteem he had won. The members of the high family of the deceased were determined to avenge his death, and consequently came to solicit of the Sworn Electors justice and protection, begging him to punish the criminal with all the severity which so great a crime merited.

On the other hand, the relations and friends of the officer hastened to undeceive the honest and impartial Mr. Delacour, and to destroy the fatal impressions which many persons had given him. Among the latter was the Marquis of Almar, whose wife, being both aunt and godmother to the officer, made use of all her influence to preserve this unfortunate young man from the cruel fate which awaited him. The Marquis and Marchioness called several times to implore the support of the head of the jury, in whom neither could recognize the jour-

neyman who had worked at handicraft twenty years before in their mansion. Delacour received them with all the attention which their generous solitude deserved.

Still he was uncertain what judgment to give; but the discussion of the case, particularly the examination of the officer, convinced the Elector, not only that he had not the least part in the firing of the pistol, but that it was an accident, caused by the double trigger of the fire-arm, which Delacour presented to the jury for inspection; and being himself an excellent mechanic, he was able to explain its make to them, and prove that the slightest motion was sufficient to discharge it. This opinion, expressed with candor and honesty, prevailed over the doubts entertained in regard to the innocence of the accused; and, according to the authentic proof given by his advocate, that the two champions had not known each other before their quarrel; and that by this means the officer could have had no personal interest in depriving his adversary of life. No one could look upon a truly brave man, as the author of an assassination, and his acquittal was voted unanimously.

Many persons observed, when Mr. Delacour pronounced, in presence of God and man, that the accused was innocent, a lively and deep-felt emotion of joy beamed in his countenance. This decision was confirmed by the clamorous applause of the people, who are often in such cases the most honest and enlightened judges. Early the next morning, the Marquis, accompanied by Theodore, who was then seventeen years of age, went in a carriage and four, to see Mr. Delacour, and thank him, and express their deep-felt gratitude. They were ushered by an old French domestic, named Francis, into a dining room, where the father and mother, with their children, were finishing an excellent breakfast, with that contentment and innocent gaiety which ever characterize a family living in perfect harmony. Delacour offered a seat to the Marquis, and received him with the deference due to his rank.

He at first received from him all those protestations of esteem and attachment, so familiar in the mouth of a great lord who thinks he humbles himself, and then a pressure of the hand, which produced a slight convulsive movement, that Delacour tried to conceal by smiling, not yet daring to purify by water this new plebeian touch. In a short time the conversation became animated, and the honest Philip showed such frankness and dignity that the Marquis, carried away by this irresistible

ascendancy of the truly good man, pressed anew Delacour's hand, and, rising to leave him, threw his arms round his neck and embraced him. The moment had now come—it was impossible to let so favourable an opportunity pass. Addressing the old servant, he said,

“Francis, give the gentleman water, and all that is necessary for him to wash his hands.”

The old man left the room, and soon returned, bringing with him a basin with water, and a napkin on his arm.

“What does that man mean?” said the Marquis, stupified, and suspecting him for having been the author of the trick at election time.—“I cannot imagine upon my honour.”

“It is a law which you imposed upon me yourself,” answered Delacour, smiling, “and you have made me feel but too well the distance that exists between us, for me ever to forget it.”

“How is that? On the honour of an honest man I do not yet understand.”

“Do you not remember that you were one day seen washing your son's face, to wash away the disgrace of a kiss given by a young journeyman, named Philip?”

“Heavens! if it were he,” cried out Theodore, regarding him attentively from head to foot.

“The lesson, you will agree, was too severe to be forgotten, and fearing lest the kiss you have just given me should tarnish your noble blood, and that your gentleman's skin should be tainted by my plebeian hide, I thought it my duty to make you atone, by this purification, such a forgetfulness on your part—which the shades of your ancestors might murmur at.”

These words, pronounced with a frank and cunning gaiety, caused the Marquis a strange surprise. He was forced to recognize the young carpenter in this wealthy man, who was honoured with public esteem, and had become one of the members of parliament.

Motionless, and with downcast eyes, he knew not what to answer, but Theodore, coming towards Delacour, and pressing him to his arms, returned the kiss he had received, and, pledging him eternal friendship, repaired the fault committed by his father. The prisoner whom Delacour had with such joy released, embraced him in his turn; crying,

“Heaven owed you so just a satisfaction.”

The Marquis himself was obliged to confess that he had deserved such a lesson, when Delacour, pressing his hand with affection, begged that all might be forgotten; then, turning towards his children, he said,

"See how time shortens distances and equalises conditions. Beware of ever offending your inferiors. Fortune is so capricious that she may, by a single revolution of her wheel, raise them to your condition in life, or level you to theirs. Never forget that a citizen, with industry, honesty, and perseverance, may one day rival the most wealthy landholder, merit the esteem of the public, and obtain the honourable title of Sworn Elector."

INDIAN STORIES.

"I once saw an elephant kill another with a blow of its trunk," said Captain Hardcastle, a veteran officer, who had spent nearly the whole of his life in India. "Ahem!" said the major. "That's right, Hardcastle," said Tom Madcap, "come it strong." "It is a fact," persisted the captain. "It was when we were entering the Deccan, a long time ago now.— We were marching through one of those deep narrow roads they have, a thing you might call a ravine, ten miles long, so narrow that there was only room for one elephant at a time. This was a young female, and next behind her was an old male, and whether he had been teasing her, or how he provoked her I do not know: but all of a sudden she wheeled right round, up with her trunk, and gave him just one blow on the head; down he went, and we thought he was stunned, and were rather astonished at that, but when we came to examine the matter, by Jove! the poor brute was as dead as a stone." "What a vixen!" said Mr. Mac Gallaher who now began to eye everybody with a species of drunken cunning, and seemed to be getting an idea into his head that Captain Hardcastle was inclined to practise on his credulity. "There is a particular spot in an elephant's head," continued the narrator, "where the skull does not effectually protect the brain; this is the place you always aim at when you are shooting them; and whether her instinct made her aware of this spot, or that she merely hit it by accident I do not know; but she did hit it, and the brute, as I said, died instantly; and the worst was, that we had no means of moving him, he stopped up the road completely, for not an elephant would go near him, and the column was delayed under a blazing sun for seven hours; for the only way we could get rid of him was by having up the pioneers with their tools, and cutting the body into pieces." Here Mr. Mac Gallaher cast a grim and ominous glance at the unconscious speaker, he seemed very

much inclined to be quarrelsome, without exactly knowing how to set about it. "You see mighty strange things in India, sir," said he. "Very strange, indeed," said the captain.— "Did ever you see an elephant caught in a trap, sir?" continued Mr. Mac Gallaher, waxing more wrath. "Never," said the captain cracking a walnut. "Did you ever hear of catching a weasel asleep?" thundered Mr. Mac Gallaher; and Captain Hardcastle raised his eyes from his plate to answer this unexpected question, when the surgeon of the regiment, who had also a store of Indian anecdotes, unwittingly interfered, and transferred the Milesian's wrath to himself. "Talking of catching elephants in a trap," said he, "I have seen something much better worth seeing than that, for I once saw a tiger caught with birdlime." "A tiger caught with birdlime!" roared Mr. Mac Gallaher, completely confounded by what seemed to be the intolerable insolence of this last assertion. "Do you mean to tell me that, sir?" "Indeed I do," returned the doctor, "and a very curious sight it was. I would not have missed it for anything. I was on a botanical tour in the north of India, not very far from the territories of his Majesty of Oude, (may his sauce live for ever!) when the man in whose house I was lodging, told me that a tiger had been tracked to his haunt, and that he was to be killed in the course of the day, after the manner of their forefathers, if I pleased to see it; and, accordingly, towards evening found himself, with half a dozen of the natives perched up in a tree, which commanded a capital view of a dark out-of-the-way sort of place, where they assured me he was sure to come. I could see no preparations for taking him; but they explained to me that the ground all about was covered with leaves, the upper sides of which were smeared with birdlime, and that if he once trod on one of these leaves he was done; which, indeed, might have been the case, as far as nobody being inclined to dispute it with him; and sure enough he had not gone five steps before he did pick up a leaf on his fore-paw. He stopped dead short, lifted up his paw, and took a squint at it, as if he did not much like the look of it, and then gave it a bit of a shake, a sort of gentle pat that would have knocked over a bullock like a nine-pin. The leaf remained, and the next thing he did was to rub it against his jaw, where it stuck. He got into a passion, but as all this time he had been picking up more leaves, the more he tried to remove them from his face the more of them stuck there. They got into his nostrils, and

drove him half mad; they began to get into and over his eyes, and almost blinded him; and all this time the natives about me were in a state of the highest delight, grinning and chattering about me like so many monkeys.—All of a sudden he gave a frightful yell, and took a roll on the ground; that of course covered him half over with them. He howled most hideously, and by this time he had got his eyes quite stopped with them, and after a few minutes of this sort of tarring and feathering process, he was considered to be so completely deprived of all power of self-defence, that one of the natives just walked up to him and let an ounce ball into his heart as coolly as you'll shoot a jack-snipe.”—*Harry Mowbray.*



THE BANK NOTE;

OR, WOMAN'S LOVE AND MAN'S REPENTANCE.

“Wealth may gild over the misery of vice;
But conscience will always pierce the covering.”

It was midnight! Disease and health, virtue and crime, famine and the epicure, were now gone hand in hand together, and for a few short hours thoughts and imaginations, as varied as their names, were sunk in sleep, whilst the wildest of fashion's children, the creatures of dissipation and hereditary folly, with the panderers to unhallowed and unlawful passions, and all the other numerous forms of destitution and depravity that, phantom-like, haunt the midnight air of London, were busy deepening the gulf into which poor humanity had already fallen.

From one of the largest houses in ——— Square, upon the evening just described, sounds of music, mirth, and revelry, were plainly distinguished, and, despite the lateness of the hour or its disagreeableness, numerous carriages with their attendants were waiting around its portals, whilst a little old man, (called by a singular contrariety the link-boy,) who for several hours had, in company with his pitchy compilation, been alternately dashing himself into the road, and beneath the horace' girths, under the idea that he was lighting the company, was now amusing the lacqueys with some eccentric reminiscence of his equally eccentric life.

Lady Harnden was the name of the proprietress of the establishment to which we have introduced the reader; and it had never been so full, or so fashionably attended; and, despite the coldness of the season, and the various essences with which the place was perfumed,

the vast suite of apartments were crowded to an extent that rendered a position near the window far from disagreeable. Half withdrawing the curtains, and gazing upon the cheerless scene without, a young and fashionably-dressed man remarked to another who was standing near him, that the last galop had completely disabled him, and the cold night air was quite refreshing.

“I could not feel the heat of these apartments, Sir Henry;” was the reply, “for I have been too busy gazing elsewhere.”

“And where may that have been?” inquired his companion, carelessly. “An object that could rivet the attention of one so discriminating as Vivian De l'Orme must indeed be worthy of another's observation.”

“You flatter, Sir Henry,” replied the other, “but I was thinking Matilda Saville will be a very pretty woman!” As the young man spoke, he pointed out to his companion amongst the group of beauties, one, who, from her dress and general contour, pre-eminently shone.

“Will be a pretty woman?” exclaimed the young baronet, with considerable animation in his manner. “By Heaven, she is one already. Who is she? What is she? and where does she come from?”

“She is the daughter of a half-pay officer, and comes from the region of the shuttle and the loom—Manchester!”

“Indeed?” said Sir Henry. “Well I imagined she must be a stranger, as I had not seen her before. But really this is quite romantic; let me see, poor and pretty, a stranger, and the daughter of a half-pay officer; the last the very *ne plus ultra* of a romancist.”

“Add to this,” interrupted De l'Orme, “that she is seen by a young baronet, who loves her to distraction upon first meeting her in a ball-room.” The words were uttered in a half-laughing tone, but they were not responded to by his companion, and he continued, “But we are wrong; she is not quite so poor as she is beautiful, having great expectations from her aunt; that magnificent-looking woman yonder, who is almost as tall as yourself.”

“That!” exclaimed Sir Harry. “That, why surely that is Lady Featherfield, the widow of a distant relation of mine.”

“True; her husband was an Irish peer, and was killed at a steep-chase. Did you know him?”

“I but slightly recollect him; for I was but a child when he met his death; but I will accept his grand-looking relict, and make her introduce me to her lovely niece.”

As he uttered these words, Sir Henry Cathcart (for such was the name of the last speaker,) stepped gracefully forward to a chair, where reclined the person of a lady apparently about fifty, adorned in a style of profuse magnificence, harmonizing with her portly and massive figure.

The dialogue which we have just been narrating, took place between two individuals as opposite in their characters as they were in personal appearance. Vivian De l'Orme was a young man of French extraction, about twenty-two years of age, with a cast of countenance decidedly foreign, joined to a person of diminutive stature; he had for a considerable period been the most intimate friend of Sir Henry, and although a man of very confined intellect, yet nevertheless was endued with that spurious sort of understanding denominated *cunning*, which is frequently found to be of more use in an abstract sense to the possessor, than those stores of original ability and erudition that are so rarely to be encountered in this every-day world. Sir Henry Cathcart was his junior, having just attained his majority; and, by the death of both his parents at a much earlier age, was now the sole inheritor of a handsome fortune and estate. His figure offered a strange contrast to that of his companion, being tall, majestic, and commanding, whilst his character was frank, open, and generous. In short he was what the world would term a fine-looking young man, possessing all the appearance of an aristocratic descent, possessing all that absence of hauteur so peculiarly the attribute of the *true* gentleman.

Lady Featherfield, the lady to whom he was now advancing, must certainly have once been beautiful, if beauty is ever consonant with a style of face which presents us features upon which we can dwell with pleasure, but no expression on which the imagination can hang with rapture, resembling in a remarkable degree some splendid structure wherein fashion is wont to dwell, and which we acknowledge to be well formed and accurately designed, but notwithstanding all its ornamental pillars and decorative balconies, insufficient to attract more than a mere passing and unadmiring gaze.

"I would not ask my friend De l'Orme," commenced the young baronet, "I would not ask him to present me to your ladyship, for when I mention my name I flatter myself you will not consider me in the light of a stranger—Henry Cathcart."

The eyes of the gorgeous widow were turned for an instant upon the fine intellectual countenance of the speaker, as if reflecting where they had before met. Suddenly she appeared to recollect the features, and exclaimed, "Ah, Sir Henry, I'm delighted to see you.—Why, what a height you have grown to; it is near six years since I have seen you, that really I had nigh forgotten you. Dear me what an alteration a few years does make at your age." There was a decided emphasis on your, and smiling complacently as she bethought herself of the comeliness of her own person, awaited his reply.

"Pray, Lady Featherfield," said Sir Henry abruptly, (impatient of farther delay,) did I hear aright, that that beautiful young creature yonder is your niece?"

"Yes; that is my sister's child—she is rather pretty, certainly. Not my style of beauty, though; but still she is attractive amongst some men!" As she spoke she beckoned the object of Sir Henry's inquiries towards her, and taking her hand, said, "This is Sir Henry Cathcart, my dear, who has been pleased to pass some very flattering encomiums upon you, and of whose approbation you ought to be proud, for I hear that he is a connoisseur.—Do you admire tall or little women most, Sir Henry?" added or interrogated the baroness parenthetically to Cathcart.

"I admire both," was the gallant and ready answer; for her ladyship was full five feet nine, and Matilda scarcely above the ordinary size of her sex. (A size which, *en passant* in the present day appears degenerating into lilliputianism.)

"But which most?" retorted her ladyship; "for all men have their tastes."

"Upon my honour, Lady Featherfield, wherever beauty is, I gaze and admire, without thinking on its peculiar merits or order; if I may use an architectural term," replied Cathcart. "Who could say that St. Paul's is not equal to Westminster Abbey? Indeed I acknowledge it to be the grandest; but I prefer the latter individually." Thus dexterously obviating the necessity of offending the aunt, and delicately insinuating his intense admiration of the niece. As a more than adequate counterpoise, Sir Henry applied himself to the pleasing task of eliciting the mental powers of Matilda Saville by a not affected display of his own accomplishments and sentiments. He found her intelligent, amiable, and confiding, but slightly imbued with a taste for the romantic and sentimental.

Sir Henry Cathcart was decidedly a young man of superior mind, if not of very surpassing abilities, and, moreover, united to a person of eminent elegance, a peculiar faculty of pleasing. The growth of love is not to be estimated by any standard with which we are acquainted; and we would fain add that our hero was deserving of the confidence and admiration which he seldom failed to excite; that morally as well as mentally he was a person to be respected.

But alas! the elements of virtue are not to be attained, (or if to be attained, at least it is an exception to a general rule,) amongst those with whom he was in the habit of mingling—men not undistinguished in the ranks of fashion, and even intellect, but for the most part votaries of dissipation, vice, and irreligion.

Cathcart continued to speak, and Matilda hung enraptured upon the words that fell from his lips, full as they were of fancy, of refinement, and of elegant, if not poetical, sentiment; and in the course of a single hour experienced in her romantic views more pleasure than she ever had before. Sir Henry had travelled much, although so young; he had beheld the gorgeous remains of Rome's once imperial grandeur; had climbed the snow-capped Alps, and roamed in the fair valley below; ocean, and river, hill, cataract, and lake, were all subjects on which he could expatiate with all the charms of a lively feeling; and its effect was not lost upon a mind like Matilda's. We do not say that she immediately became enamoured of the handsome and clever young baronet; but he knew enough of her sense to feel that his company was not indifferent to her; and, as he rose to leave, he pressed her to remember their "first meeting," and to grant him on a future occasion the honour of a second.

"Well," inquired De l'Orme, "what do you think of her?" as Matilda with her aunt left the room.

"She is a beautiful girl!" replied his companion, "quite a heroine in her language, rather too romantic; but that will wear off!"

The Frenchman smiled, and to his companion's inquiry, answered with something of a sneer in his tone, "I was thinking how strange things come about. Nobody would have thought when we entered this house there was the remotest chance of your getting a wife so soon. Though Lady Matilda Cathcart would sound pretty enough, and how much nearer the relationship would be between you and the noble-looking baroness."

"You are jesting, Vivian," said Sir Henry,

"I fear that cannot be, for I have lost heavily, as you know, of late, and much as I respect, nay love, Matilda Saville, I could not afford to take her portionless; besides I don't think I shall ever marry at all.

"The Devil! What is your reason for setting up a la Benedict?"

"Wives are generally bores;" was the laconic reply, "at least so they say at the club." The finish of the sentence bespoke how much he was guided by the mistaken laws of fashion.

Three months after the above conversation, the London season being over, Lady Featherfield and her niece left town for a distant part of the country. It was reported that ill health led her to choose such a retired spot, though there were others in which her creditors' claims bore a prominent position. By a singular coincidence, a few days afterwards, Sir Henry Cathcart, who had a hunting-seat in that very part of the country, for the first time in his life, took a fancy to visit it, and with surprise learned who were his neighbours. The baroness was delighted—"Her old London acquaintance to be so near them; it was extraordinary; it was charming."

Cathcart now had numerous opportunities of meeting with Matilda alone. The romantic feeling which he had noticed in London, was here ten-fold increased; and often would he find her by the side of some pleasant stream, attended by a favourite dog, and lost in the pages of some fashionable author, unconscious of his appearance till he had reached her side. It was upon such occasions as these that he wound himself around her young heart, until, at length, she loitered but for his coming, and the views that once pleased her were dull and spiritless without him.

Lady Featherfield had heard of these repeated meetings, and only prolonged the moment of her interference, that she might, as she afterwards stated, the more surely secure her niece as his bride; nor was she awakened to a sense of her improper supineness, till she learned her niece had eloped with the young baronet. The particulars of their criminality, the arguments by which Sir Henry prevailed upon Matilda to forego virtue's name, we must pass over; suffice it she had fallen; and as her lover lifted her from the carriage-door, the morning after the elopement, he exclaimed, "Now am I blessed in the memory of our first meeting."

It was on a gorgeous summer's evening several years after the above events, just as

the day-god was sinking below the horizon, and crimsoning with his latest lustre the western sky, that a pale, but still beautiful woman, of about twenty-five years of age, was reclining upon a sofa, in a neat but elegantly furnished boudoir, from the windows of which was a full prospect of Hyde Park. As its occupant gazed upon the scene, her large blue eye dilated for a moment, and then a tear filled its place, accompanied with sobs, rendered doubly painful from the agonizing, but fruitless attempt to suppress them.

"Alas!" she murmured unconsciously. "in a little while I shall have quitted this weary scene for ever; in a little while Matilda Saville will exist but in name; and that alas will be one that conscience conjures up as too odious to give utterance to."

There is nothing, perhaps, can present a more melancholy spectacle to the eye of fallen man, than the picture of a young and beautiful creature, ere the heyday of life is passed, lying stricken with a painful and lingering disease. Matilda Saville, for she it was who now occupied the little chamber, was in the last lingering fatal grasp of a consumption. A hectic flush occasionally overspread her thin transparent skin, and her eyes became preternaturally bright. But it was the disease of the mind that thus oppressed her; and its agonizing gloom had overshadowed her soul, and nullified the usual and often efficacious attentions of the leech. It was after a reverie of more than usually intense mental suffering, that she gave utterance to the language above described, and then she again relapsed into a train of thought so acute, that though her features bore more the impress of somnolency than life, the cold drops of perspiration that chased each other down her brow, bespoke how deep a wound conscience's dart was making.

"I will bear it no longer!" she exclaimed, springing with the excitement of the maniac from her little couch. "This, this, shall decide it!"

With the same wild, unnatural effort, she crossed the room and reached down a small mahogany case; it was locked, but in a moment the poker had shattered in the lid; the exertion, however, was too much for her; and ere she could make herself mistress of its contents she had swooned upon the ground.

Scarcely had the poor misguided victim of seduction and disease, fallen from the effects of her exertion, ere the little door of the boudoir was thrown violently open, and a young

man, his hair dishevelled, his neckcloth loose and disordered, and his whole countenance inflamed, either from drink or the most violent excitement, entered the apartment, followed by one who from his dress was evidently a servant.

"Away, sir, to your duty," exclaimed Sir Henry Cathcart, for he it was who had thus suddenly entered the chamber. "The villain dies! Where is the key of my pistol-case.—Where is—" The words froze upon his lips! And the excitement of the madman and a would-be murderer were changed instantaneously to the wild, vacant gaze of unutterable despair. For a moment, and a moment only, every nerve seemed paralysed. Then, with one long loud shriek, or cry, he pointed to the fallen form of his mistress, and exclaimed, in a tone of excruciating bitterness, "Scoundrel! this is thy work; did I not charge thee not to leave her, even for an instant, and now she is dead, and her own hand has robbed me of the only charm that could now render life supportable. Honour, fortune, friends, wife! all, all gone! What has Cathcart now to live for?"

* * * * *

A few hours after the above, in another chamber lay Matilda Saville; her hand clasped in that of her lover.

"I have lost all!" exclaimed Sir Henry.—"The dice were loaded; the villain De l'Orme and another had been playing with me for six hours, when I made the discovery. Maddened by my losses, I hastened from the house and despite my dress, and the surprise of the passers by, made for your boudoir, where I knew my pistols were, intending to seek summary justice upon the villain. You know the rest—my horror at finding you, as I thought, for ever taken from me, and my joy at having you again restored."

Matilda arose, and with difficulty placed her emaciated, but still lovely hands, upon the hot brow of her seducer. "Harry," she exclaimed, "promise me faithfully that you will never again touch those fatal dice; say you will never game again?"

"What have I to game with now, even had I the will?" he exclaimed. "Lost, ruined—a beggar; and by one to whom I have been more than brother—the villain De l'Orme. I am a beggar—yes, Matilda, a wretched beggar."

"Not so!" answered Matilda, "you gave me once, in happier days, ere I was the wretched being that I now am, a note for one thousand pounds. It was to buy jewels for my wedding day; that day will never come. I have

never spent it—it is here. Take it, Harry. I shall die soon, and I shall die happy in the consolation that it will assist you. Take it, Harry, and God bless you with it." As the deeply injured girl spoke, she produced from her bosom a bank-note, and presenting it to her lover, continued—"There, Harry, it is warm from a heart that has ever loved you, but will soon cease to beat. I have always worn it there; knowing your gay life, I thought the day might come when it would be of service." Then, throwing her arms around his neck, she wept.

"No, no!" gasped Sir Henry, "no, Matilda, you must not die; there are brighter days in store for us yet; dearest, we will be happy again, though I have deceived you." As he spoke the tear of true repentance stole down his cheek, with a gush of old and warm affection, and he added, "No, Matilda, no; I have nothing—nothing now but you."

Looking in his face, with a gaze that told how true she spoke, she replied, "Do not attempt to deceive me; it is useless. I am certain that I shall not survive many days, perhaps hours; but I would ask one last request, renounce your present life. There are but two paths lead to happiness, virtue and the grave; if our feet have strayed from one, perchance our souls may gain the other." Matilda sank down exhausted.

"What a villain I have been!" exclaimed Sir Henry, as he gazed upon the form of his dying mistress, and recalled her image as he had first beheld it in placid innocence. His feelings were those of mingled agony and remorse. He had loved Matilda as well as he could love anything on earth; and her solemn and pathetic appeal had awakened thoughts his heart had always before been a stranger to. He felt that he had seduced and afterwards neglected her; but her gentle tenderness and amiability of character, her patient and unrepining endurance, and her last proof of unceasing love in providing against distress for one who had so basely deceived her, and afterwards by his excesses brought poverty to her dying bed, was something more than human, it was a warmth that even friendship, strongest of man's ties, was too cold to reach; it was worthy of its name—it was WOMAN'S LOVE!

"You shall not die, Matilda!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "Much injured woman, the church shall first unite us. Live to call me husband, as in thy heart I feel I have ever been."

With a power almost supernatural, Matilda raised herself from the bed, and grasping his

hand, exclaimed with a faint smile, "My husband!" There was a pause of a moment; it was a fearful struggle, the tongue refused its office; the eye-ball sank; and she breathed rather than spoke—"REPENT." The next instant Sir Henry Cathcart's arms supported dust.

"It was my WIFE'S first, her last request!" he exclaimed. *Reader, he faithfully obeyed it.*



THE PEASANT PRIEST.

IN the pretty little village of Bertrand, on the banks of the Loire, where that river is but a streamlet issuing from the mountains of Ardeche, lived two brothers, of the names of Rupert and Gervais, proprietors of the same farm, which had belonged to their ancestors for ages. Rupert, who was the eldest, by some years, was, in person, tall and athletic, with a countenance on which ever rested a melancholy, nay, a sullen expression, and by those unacquainted with him, might be regarded as almost repulsive. Yet among the inhabitants he was respected for his strict probity and industrious habits. His fields were cultivated with the greatest care, his dwelling was the model of neatness, and his garden was ever the first to put forth its buds and blossoms, on the approach of Spring. His brother, Gervais, was, in appearance and looks, entirely opposite; symmetrical in figure, and handsome in features, with a buoyancy of spirits that made him the life and spirit of whatever society he entered. Rupert was esteemed by the elders of the village as a staid and worthy youth, who promised to tread in the steps of his father, and like him, die a respected and wealthy farmer; but Gervais was the favourite among the junior members, and especially with the maidens of the village, and not a day occurred without his achieving a conquest over some rustic heart.—But although endowed with all that captivates and pleases in the exterior man, his heart was naturally cold and selfish: not a thought, act or feeling, but what was tinged with deceit and avarice. By his brother, Rupert, he was loved with an affection which savored more of a paternal than fraternal character—he laboured for him by day, and watched over him by night, deeming no task or sacrifice too great to contribute to his happiness.

In the same village, resided a beautiful girl, by name, Ninette, the only child of a small farmer. By the youths of the hamlet, she was admired and sought after above the rest of her companions; but though respectful and affa-

ble to all, she could only see in Gervais the man on whom she felt she could bestow her hand. But Gervais was too much absorbed in himself—too much occupied in coquetting with every grisette, to feel and appreciate the affection of the fond girl, and he only condescended to notice her at church or the village festival, to gratify his vanity, in showing his ascendancy over his companions in matters of the heart.

For some time affairs thus stood, when a circumstance occurred which entirely changed their aspect. The son of the *Sieur* of the village having arrived at manhood, a grand *fête* was given on the occasion. The day was beautiful in the extreme, such days as are known only in the clime of sunny France, when the air is as balmy as the winds of Araby, and not a cloudlet is seen in the azure depths of the heavens. All ages were present—the old man with trembling steps and whitened tresses, the happy father and his youthful offspring, the blushing maiden and the manly youth, all swelled the *fête* to wish success to the future lord and master of the soil. The day sped on—the feast, the dance, the game and the frolic, lent to it wings of angel swiftness, and it was only when the shadows of twilight began to darken the landscape, that the happy throng were reminded to seek their respective homes.

It so happened that Rupert's path lay the same as that of Ninette's, and he respectfully offered her his protection, which was as respectfully accepted. As they proceeded on their way, a strange feeling took possession of his heart. He appeared to have inhaled a new existence; the voice of Ninette fell upon his ear singularly melodious; never, 'till that moment, had she occupied any place in his thoughts—but now she appeared to him a being of angelic beauty—his manly frame trembled if it came in contact with her's—he dared hardly gaze upon her—with difficulty could he reply to her remarks, and when at length they reached her dwelling, and she graciously bade him good night, he felt as if something of inestimable value—"something—he knew not what," was lost to him for ever.

In the meantime, the young Gervais, with a party of boon companions, remained upon the scene of festivity 'till a late hour, when, in the midst of their merriment, they were suddenly surprised at a bright blaze arising from the village. It was apparent a fire had broken out, and each supposing it might be his own home, started for the scene of conflagration. When they reached the village, it was discovered to

be the dwelling of Monsieur Bonhomme, Ninette's father, and so rapid was the progress of the devouring element, that the inmates had been deprived of escape, and were threatened with inevitable destruction. A thousand devices were suggested and adopted, for their rescue, but all proved ineffectual. Fiercer and fiercer waxed the flames, while the shrieks of the inmates became more and more appalling. Poor Ninette stood at the window of her apartment, her hair dishevelled, and her arms stretched forth, imploring assistance. The floor already crackled beneath her feet, while the dense smoke curled around, depriving her of sight and feeling. Was there not one brave and bold enough to risk his life for a helpless woman? Where was Rupert? he that but a few hours before would have died to save her, why was he not among the assembled throng—had slumber so deeply bound him, that the shrieks of Ninette could not arouse him? Yet hold—who is that man, who dashing through the terrified spectators, plunges into the flames and rushes up the narrow staircase, amid burning rafts and falling timbers, to the room of Ninette? It is Rupert! He seizes her fainting form, casts over it a mantle, and through the jaws of the devouring element, retraces his steps, reaches the open air, and depositing his precious burden in the arms of her aged and weeping parent, falls senseless, maimed and blackened, on the ground.

As soon as Ninette was restored to sensibility, her first inquiry was for her preserver.—"It is Rupert!" exclaimed the crowd—"the brave—the generous Rupert."

"And where is he?" asked Ninette—"lead me to him—let me thank my deliverer."

To Rupert, who was now receiving the offices of kindness and attention, she was conveyed.

"Rupert, dear Rupert!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms, "how can I ever repay you for this inestimable gift?" and she wept and sobbed upon his bosom.

It was the first time he had ever felt the fair soft arms of woman entwined around his neck; he felt her bosom, too, beat against his own, and his blood, which, 'till now, had been, as it were, congealed like a frozen current, at once dissolved, and coursed swiftly through his veins. He could not reply—he felt, too, her warm tears dropping on his neck, and her balmy breath cooling his scorched brow, and tears coming to his aid—the brave peasant wept like a very boy.

And where was Gervais all this time? Why

did he not share in the universal joy at Ninette's deliverance? why was he not the first to assist his brother? No? the selfish youth stood at a distance regarding the gratitude and kindness lavished upon Rupert with feelings of envy, almost akin to revenge. Never before had Ninette appeared so lovely in his eyes—her dark glossy tresses had fallen over her shoulders, white as the lily of her native vale, terror and thankfulness had sent the blood in blushes to her cheek—she stood like a seraph descended from Heaven to minister to his suffering brother.

From that night he resolved that Ninette should be his own, and during the confinement of Rupert, he spared no opportunity to pursue his suit—his attentions were unremitting, and the simple and confiding girl felt proud and happy at the thought of having won, at last, the affections of the only man she loved.—When Rupert had recovered enough to behold her, she hastened to his presence, and in the fullness of her heart, informed him that she hoped, ere long, to call him her *brother*.

The feeble Rupert could not define the true meaning of her words. The hope that she might be his bride was the grand incentive which had carried him through his illness—but now the mystery of her words sank heavily into his heart, retarding his recovery. Gervais, with his characteristic hypocrisy, faithfully attended the couch of his brother, but he hinted not a word of his intended marriage with Ninette, nay, whenever her name was mentioned, by some artifice he contrived to change the conversation, and divert his brother's attention to some other object, and when Ninette did visit him, he took especial care ever to be her attendant.

Rupert's health being at last restored, he again pursued his avocations. He, however, soon saw that Ninette's regard for him was engendered only from gratitude, and that her affections were placed upon his brother. The blow was a severe one, yet his generous nature, after a secret and severe struggle, conceded the treasure to Gervais, consoling himself with the thought that she would be ever near him, and if not his *own*, she was, at least, the wife of his dear brother, the idol of his affection, the sacred charge bequeathed to him by their departed mother.

It was resolved that on the following spring, Gervais and Ninette should be united. The young folks thus considered as plighted lovers, were received by their neighbours with kindness and rejoicing. Rupert, deeming himself

the *confidant* of his brother, and the saviour of Ninette, freely intruded himself on all occasions, on their society.

It happened that one evening a *fête* was given by a neighbour, whose daughter had just been wedded. Gervais, Ninette, and Rupert, were of the party. In the midst of the festivities, Ninette was particularly attentive to Rupert—called him her "dear Rupert"—"her guardian brother"—and in the enthusiasm of the moment, when her deliverance by one of the guests was alluded to, she took from her neck a little locket, and placing it around Rupert's, bade him "wear it in remembrance of one who should ever love and esteem him."—Poor Rupert's eyes filled with tears, and in the extacy of the moment, he innocently clasped her to his bosom, imprinting upon her lips a fervent kiss. Gervais beheld the action with a savage glance; the fiend of revenge took possession of his heart, and feigning illness, left the apartment, telling Ninette he would return ere the festivities were concluded.

Sick at heart, and burning with jealousy—feeling too, that his brother was a barrier to his extravagant indulgencies, he resolved, in a moment of passion, to rid himself of him, and placing himself at a certain portion of the road, where he knew he must pass, awaited his coming. The night was one of uncommon loveliness, the full moon careering through the fields of heaven, and peace reigned all around. Yet the tranquility of the hour soothed not the sea of passion raging in his bosom. He had not waited long, ere Rupert approached. His feelings burst forth in the most passionate exclamations. He accused his brother of treachery, of supplanting him in the affections of Ninette, nay, denounced him as the individual who had fired her father's cottage, on purpose to win her heart by a display of his courage. Rupert listened to him with surprise, deigning not to exchange one syllable of explanation or recrimination. At last he referred to the locket presented to him by Ninette, and demanded its return.

Like a smouldering volcano, burst forth the feelings of Rupert, and he fiercely declared he would surrender it but with his life. Gervais, aroused to madness, averred he would have instant redress, and drawing a poniard, told Rupert to defend himself; but Rupert coolly folding his arms, smiled contemptuously upon him. Irritated by his calm demeanor, Gervais plunged the weapon in his bosom, and Rupert fell senseless and bleeding on the ground.

With the dawn of the morning, he awoke to

consciousness, but the ingratitude of his brother, as well as his reflection on the neglect and coolness of Ninette, made him resolve never again to meet Gervais; and with difficulty gaining his cottage, and securing considerable effects, with the dawn he departed for Orleans.

Arrived in that city, he decided upon entering himself as a brother of the Carthusian order, among whom, in due succession of time, he was appointed to officiate in the church of St. Jerome; and from his spotless character and strict attention to his sacerdotal duties, soon won the esteem and affection of all.

Time, the obliterater of human events, had erased all remembrance of the sudden and singular disappearance of Rupert, and Gervais having obtained the hand of Ninette, felt it would be best to depart from a place where he was tortured by remorse, and the continual dread of his brother's again appearing. With this resolution, he departed for Orleans, (having sold out the farm,) and there established himself in a mercantile calling.

Still he was unhappy. The smiles and attentions of a beautiful wife, with a blooming family springing up around him, and all the blessings of fortune he could reasonably desire, could not restore peace to his bosom. At length, tortured beyond endurance, he resolved to unburden his soul by confession, and accordingly repaired to the church of St. Jerome.

The shadows of twilight had fallen upon the world, when he entered the confessional.—With a trembling voice, did he unburden his soul to the priest. The darkness which reigned within the church, prevented his beholding the features of the holy man. Yet he distinctly heard that his voice was tremulous with emotion as he imposed upon him a severe penance for his sanguinary crime.

Yet to Gervais, his atonement brought no comfort. Occupation or amusement cheered him not, and sleep was to him the tortures of the damned. At last, goaded to despair, he rushed to the prefecture of police and there made a full confession. At first they were inclined to discredit him,—to regard him as insane, but when he recapitulated his avowal, and investigation was made, the facts were found to correspond exactly with his assertion. He was therefore imprisoned, convicted, and sentenced to suffer the last penalty of the law.

The day of execution had arrived. Gervais, pale and trembling, had ascended the scaffold. The executioner had actually seized upon him

to finish the sentence, when a murmur was heard among the multitude, and a priest of the Carthusian order, was beheld forcing his way to the scaffold. "Stay, stay the sentence!" he exclaimed—"he is innocent, I am his brother for whom he is about to suffer. Gervais! Gervais!" and the next moment he was in the embrace of the culprit.

Gervais spoke not, a vacant stare settled on his countenance. A strong trembling took possession of his frame, a deep and heavy sigh burst from his bosom, and he fell a corpse at the feet of Rupert.

Rupert gazed upon the lifeless body, the spring of his heart was opened, and he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears—then retiring from the scaffold, he bade farewell to the brotherhood of Jerome, and buried himself for ever in that living charnel house, the Monastery of LA TRAPPE.

—●●●●—

SERENADE.

WAKE! lady, wake! that gentle eye,

The voice of music bids unclose,

We stand beneath thy lattice high,

To woo thee from thy soft repose:

The spell of sleep is not so strong

But wizard words the charm can break;

By the deep powers of mighty song,

We bid thee wake—fair lady, wake!

Wake! lady, wake! upon the lea,

The stars look down serenely bright;

The moon hath fled beyond the sea,

That thou may'st reign the queen of night!

Arouse! no cloud is in the skies,

No ripple on the tranquil lake;

Lift the fair lid which veils those eyes!

Sweet lady, wake!—fair lady, wake!

THE AMARANTH

Is issued on the first week in every Month, by ROBERT SHIVES, Proprietor and Publisher—and delivered to City subscribers at the very low price of 7s. 6d. per annum;—Persons in the Country, receiving the Amaranth by Mail, will be charged 1s. 3d. additional, to cover the cost of postage.

Agents for The Amaranth.

HENRY S. BEEK, Bookseller, &c. *Frederickton.*

OLIVER HALLETT, Esq. *P. M. Hampton, &c.*

N. ARNOLD, Esq. *Sussex Vale.*

JACOB BARKER, Esquire, *M. D., Sheffield.*

W. J. COLEMAN, *Halifax, N. S.*

JAMES W. DELANEY, *Amherst, (N. S.)*

AVEY B. PIPER, *Bridgetown, (N. S.)*

JOHN HEA, Jr. *Miramichi.*

H. W. BALDWIN, Esq., *Bathurst.*