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# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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{ No. 11.

FOR THE AMARANTH.

## THE BANKER AND THE COUNT.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

*Adapted from the French.*

### CHAPTER III.

THE morning of the day subsequent to that in which the preceding events occurred, found Mathieu Durand walking at a leisurely pace, up and down one of the avenues of his magnificent park at L'Étang; and reading anew the writing he had perused with so much interest before, and of which Leopold had provided him with the required number of copies.

M. Durand seemed to be anxiously expecting the arrival of some one, for he looked frequently behind him, as if to watch for his appearance. At length he perceived a man at the other extremity of the walk, and although it was easy to perceive that his presence gave him much pleasure, yet he was studious to conceal it, and made as though he was not aware of his approach. For this purpose he continued his walk in the same direction, but at so slow a pace as to ensure his being soon overtaken by the other: and recommenced the reading of the paper, in which he seemed to be completely absorbed. Daneau soon came up with him, and saluted the banker, who gave him a friendly nod of recognition, saying—

“Excuse me for a moment, and then if you are not too tired, we will stroll along together.”

“You do me honour,” said the builder.

The banker did not reply, but continued his reading, while the other walked beside him.— In reading, M. Durand now and then shrugged up his shoulders, giving vent occasionally to some such broken ejaculations as these—

“Poor fellow—he is visionary—this is too preposterous—, and yet,” said he, at length, appearing much affected as he read on; and yet the man has a good heart—his in-

attention is honourable—; but I cannot consent to this exaltation. In truth,” added he, turning towards M. Daneau, “there is more gratitude among the poor, than among the rich.”

“I am convinced of it,” said M. Daneau.

“Look at this letter—it at first appeared to me ridiculous; but I could not read it through, without being affected by the evident good and amiable feeling that dictated it.”

“What is it, then?” said the builder, much flattered at being thus admitted to the confidence of the great man.

“A poor, but noble-spirited fellow, whom I once extricated from serious difficulties, and who has taken it into his head to testify his gratitude, by soliciting for me the votes of the electors in his arrondissement.”

“Well, this seems to me, a very natural idea. Has he yet put it in operation?”

“Not yet. He has fortunately submitted to me the plan of the letter he was going to write, and here it is.”

“And you do not approve of it?”

“See yourself if I can,” said M. Durand, giving the paper to Daneau.

The latter read it attentively, while the banker watched with ill concealed anxiety for the effect that this writing would have upon him. At last M. Daneau resumed—

“But this letter says nothing but what is perfectly true, in representing you as at once the most skilful and most upright banker in France. In enumerating all the services you have rendered to commerce and industry, he does nothing but repeat what every body knows.”

“I have perhaps done some good, but far from the amount they attribute to me.”

“My faith!” said M. Daneau, with honest enthusiasm, “if I had had to write such a letter, I should have said a great deal more.”

“I think there is quite enough as it is,” replied the banker, smiling.

"Pardon me, M. Durand, but have you any intention of putting yourself in the ranks?"

"Of putting myself in the ranks! Certainly not."

"But, in short, would you accept of the candidatureship if it were offered to you?"

"That is a serious question. The office of Deputy would be a very heavy charge, especially for such a man as I. Only consider, sir, if I were in the chamber, I should consider myself the representative and champion of the labouring and mercantile classes; and it would be a rough contest, to endeavour to uphold the rights of those whom the higher powers persist in trampling on."

"And those rights could not have a more noble representative, nor a better defender."

"I must allow that I should strain every nerve to sustain them, being instigated so to do, both by conviction and sympathy; for I am myself one of the people, and feel a lively resentment at the indignities to which I see them constantly exposed."

"Well then, sir," said M. Daneau, "will you allow me to add my name to that of the elector who made this requisition?"

"By no means," said the banker; "even though I were disposed to encourage such a requisition, I should not wish his name to appear prominently in it. He is a good fellow, but has, from imprudence rather than ill intention, suffered his name to become somewhat blown upon in the mercantile world."

"It is through your kindness that mine is preserved from the same predicament," replied M. Daneau, "and it will make me still prouder of it than ever, if you deem it worthy of being written at the foot of this letter."

"Why," said the banker, in an indifferent tone, "I am aware that your name being there, would induce many others, and if such a letter as that were signed by a considerable number of electors, so that I might be assured that it spoke the sentiments and wishes of many, instead of one grateful person, it would have a great effect in removing my scruples, and might induce me to come forward."

"I promise you in two days two hundred signatures," said the builder, anxious to requite in some way, the disinterested kindness of the banker to him. "Do you permit me to try it?"

"I am afraid it would be a useless attempt."

"That is my business," exclaimed Daneau, quite elated at the victory he thought he had gained over the modesty of the banker.

"Your business be it then," replied the latter, smiling; "since you force me to this, I

would wish it to be well understood that I am myself a child of the people. It is to the people I address myself; it is from them I wish to receive my commission, and it is for them I am determined to use it."

"They shall know it, sir, and you shall see that the people are not ungrateful."

"It is well, Monsieur Daneau; you are an honest man and I can refuse you nothing; yet hide this paper for the present and say nothing more on the subject to-day. Now let me shew you my house and grounds. As an architect you ought to take an interest in the former at least;" and thus saying, the banker and mason wandered about for more than an hour over the spacious and magnificent park, which, being laid out in the most approved style of landscape gardening, abounding with rare trees and foreign shrubs, and watered with purling streams and translucent fish-ponds, offered at almost every step some new object of admiration to the delighted mechanic; until they came to the princely mansion itself, an antique structure, which had belonged to one of the oldest and most considerable families in France, and which still retained the feudal moat and drawbridge of former times. Here, after having taken some hasty refreshment, the builder took his leave of the banker, eager to stir himself in requital of his unhoped-for kindness and condescension.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE evening being arrived, found a brilliant display of rank and fashion crowding the gay saloons of the Genoese marquis. Haughty nobles and wealthy citizens here met on neutral ground, yet not without some jealous heart-burning on the part of the female portion of both classes. The peeresses almost unconsciously preserved an air of distance and reserve towards their less aristocratic, though more purse-proud neighbours; which the latter,—fully alive to the indisputable claims of wealth in so luxurious and extravagant an age,—repaid by an air of defiance that drew a distinct line of separation between the two parties during the evening. This conventional line, however, though confined in great measure to the fair sex, did not appear to be universally observed even by them; for the two persons who, by their relative station and superior personal attractions, might fairly be entitled to rank as leaders of the two belligerent parties, were amicably seated side by side, and engaged in an animated conversation during the early part of the evening. The one of these, a tall and sedate looking girl, clothing the naturally

impassioned expression of her countenance in the chilling garb of coldness and hauteur, was Mademoiselle Flora Favieri; while the other, possessing a less dignified, though no less striking style of beauty, was of a small, fairy-like figure, with a fair complexion and graceful contour; though in her also, much of this native grace was disfigured by a disdainful and imperious expression, that was evidently the effect of the unbounded indulgence in which she had been nurtured, and the obsequious servility with which from her cradle her slightest wishes had been complied with. This last was Mademoiselle Delphine Durand, the daughter of M. Durand, and the richest heiress in France. Different, then, as were the characters and appearances of these two belles, there did not appear any want of congeniality as to their topics of conversation. Each complimented the other upon the elegance of her toilette; from thence they proceeded to discuss the various merits and demerits of the fashionable milliners and dress-makers in Paris, and both agreed that Mademoiselle Alexandrine of the Rue de Richelieu, was the queen of that useful class. To this subject succeeded one that is an invariable ingredient in the conversation of young ladies at a ball: that is, they amused themselves by ridiculing all the ladies of the party, and making satirical remarks upon all the men who passed before them as they sat.

After having turned a deaf ear to the many urgent solicitations that were constantly made for their hands in the dance, and having for a long time resolutely maintained this exclusive conversation, spite of the most repeated and determined assaults upon their privacy, they were at length interrupted by M. de Favieri himself; who, approaching with Arthur de Lozerac, presented him to his daughter, with these words, pronounced in that significant Italian style that leaves one in doubt whether the speaker is in jest or earnest—

"I have come myself, Flora, to make you acquainted with Monsieur de Lozerac, of whom I have spoken to you before."

Mademoiselle Favieri replied to Monsieur de Lozerac's salutation merely by a slight bend and an almost imperceptible smile, while on his part, Arthur saluted Mademoiselle Durand as a previous acquaintance, yet with reserve. As soon as he had retired, Delphine said to Flora—

"You receive M. Arthur de Lozerac then?"

"Oh! yes," said Flora, in a supercilious tone.

"Then I suppose you have been some time acquainted?"

"No. I never saw him 'till this evening."

"And how do you like him?"

"Oh! I don't know. I didn't look at him."

"I have heard him spoken of," replied Delphine, "as a very accomplished and gentlemanly young man, and he surely bears a distinguished name."

"And very handsome, is he not?" enquired Flora.

"Yes;" replied Delphine.

"Well, they have taught you the same story as myself, I see," said Flora; "this young man has friends, who announce him in this manner in all houses where there is a rich heiress unmarried."

"Do you think so?" cried Delphine, eagerly.

"So my father tells me."

"And is it with such an object that your father receives him here?"

"I should think not," replied Flora, scornfully. "A man whose fortune is deranged, and whose origin is somewhat suspicious, would suit neither the banker Favieri, nor the Marquis de Favieri."

"But, spite of that, he may possibly suit you," said Delphine.

"No!" cried Flora, in a tone that served effectually to lull any jealous fears that might have arisen in the fair questioner's breast; "a young milksop, who trembles before his father like a school-boy before the rod, and who always casts down his eyes before a woman as though she were going to devour him for love!"

"He can look at them, I assure you," rejoined Delphine, archly, "when he finds them to his mind."

"So I perceive," said Flora, "for he is gazing at you with mute ecstasy."

"Pooh! you are mistaken," replied Delphine, blushing deeply; "it is you he is looking at."

"We will soon prove that, for I shall leave you for a moment," and taking the arm of a gentleman who came up at the instant, she removed to another part of the room.

No sooner was Delphine alone, than Arthur hurried up and asked her to dance.

The young lady, whose eyes shone with a mischievous brilliancy at his approach, replied drily and in a low voice—

"You are a little too late."

"Are you then engaged for the whole evening?" said Arthur.

"I meant to say that Mademoiselle de Favieri is just gone."

"You know very well," exclaimed the young man, "that I did not come for her."

"Well, well, you had better not stay talking with me; you will be observed."

"Oh! I will withdraw, if you are afraid of being seen in my company."

"It is not for myself I am afraid," said Delphine, "but I dread lest your papa should scold you."

My readers will have perceived by this time, not only that the pretty Delphine was a spoiled child, pert and wayward, who had been indulged in every whim, and who consequently indulged herself in any kind of impertinence she chose; but also that this was by no means her first meeting with the diffident, but well-meaning Arthur de Lozeraie, over whom she felt she had gained an ascendancy, which she could not resist the temptation of making use of, and for whom, to do her justice, she entertained a sincere regard, although the error of her education somewhat warped the manner of it's showing itself.

But to return from my digression. No sooner had Delphine uttered these words, than Arthur, with an extraordinary exertion of courage, took the seat so lately vacated by Mademoiselle de Favieri, and again solicited her to dance.

Mademoiselle Durand could not entirely suppress a smile at the triumph she had obtained, especially as Mademoiselle de Favieri was a witness to her proceedings; yet she assumed a tyrannical air, and gave the timid youth a decided refusal.

"But you intend to dance with others I suppose?" said he.

"Perhaps I do," replied the tormentor.

"Very well, we shall see."

At this moment, Leopold approached to request the honour of her hand, but she replied—

"Excuse me, I have promised Monsieur le Viscomte de Lozeraie."

"Ah! you are an angel!" cried Arthur, in a suppressed tone.

"It was not for your sake I refused him, I assure you," said Delphine.

Arthur thought this merely a subterfuge, but there was some truth in it; for in following up the mischievous propensity for teasing her lover, which had just taken possession of her, she would gladly have accepted the invitation, had some young man of rank and fashion accosted her at that moment, instead of her father's clerk; but her vanity could not resist the temptation of making the poor clerk feel that

his pretensions were but little regarded beside the highborn M. de Lozeraie.

"Then you will dance with me?" replied Arthur.

"Neither with you nor any one else. Why don't you go and ask Mademoiselle Favieri?"

"I have no wish to dance with her, Delphine."

"Perhaps so, but if your papa wishes it, you must, you know."

Arthur, piqued exceedingly, made no reply, and the contradance was just going to begin, when he saw his father beckoning to him.—Vexed as he was at being thus compelled to shew his ready obedience, he instantly quitted his seat and went towards the Count, who said to him drily—

"Have you asked Mademoiselle Favieri to dance yet?"

"I have had no opportunity, sir; she left her seat just as I came towards her."

"Who is this young girl with whom you have been talking? You seem to know her."

"She is the daughter of M. Durand the wealthy banker, who——"

"Well, well," interrupted the Count. "I know who Mathieu Durand is—a sort of plebeian upstart—one of the canaille."

"They call him very honourable, upright in his dealings, and in every sense of the word an honest man."

"And what, the devil, should he be honest?" cried the Count, hurried beyond his usual guarded style of diction by his vexation at finding his son so much interested in the family. "You would not have him a knave, would you? At any rate, I will trouble you not to be so attentive to his daughter."

Arthur was sadly at a loss for a reply to the home thrust of his father, when he was luckily relieved by the coming up of the Marquis de Berizy and M. Durand himself, who accosted M. le Comte, and begged to be allowed a few moments conversation with him. They were stepping aside for this purpose, when Delphine approached, and said to M. Durand—

"Are we going to stay here much longer, papa?"

"Why, Delphine, the ball has scarcely begun," replied he.

"That may be," rejoined the spoiled child; "but I am tired of it and want to go home."

"Whenever you choose, dear, or rather as soon as I have spoken a word or two with these gentlemen on business."

"Good heavens! do you bring business even into a ball-room?"

"It seems to me," said M. de Berizy, smiling, "much more surprising that a young beauty, like you, should bring ennui to such a place."

There was something so dignified and paternal in the tone of the Marquis as he uttered this playful retort, that Delphine felt flattered by it, and replied, mildly—

"If I am ennuyed, it is because I do not know what to do with myself."

"What to do with yourself!" said the Marquis; "why go and dance, to be sure. I wish I were a young man for your sake, but here is a youth,—turning to Arthur,—who will, if I may judge from his looks, be delighted to relieve you from your ennui."

"I shall be too happy," exclaimed Arthur, with vivacity. A look from his father, however, embarrassed him, and an awkward scene would probably have followed, had not M. Durand said to his daughter—

"Come, Delphine, dance once at least to oblige me. This is surely not too much to expect at a ball." When Delphine, assuming a demure, submissive air, said—

"I shall obey you, papa." Then as the Count withdrew with M. de Berizy and Durand, she turned to Arthur, and said—"you see that I imitate you, and am a most obedient daughter."

Whilst Arthur and Delphine were dancing together—to their mutual satisfaction, M. de Lozeraie, the Marquis, and M. Durand retired into a little saloon, occupied only by a party of whist-players. M. de Berizy first introduced the Count and the banker to each other, and then said—

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for troubling you with business in the midst of a ball, but the opportunity is too favourable for me to think of letting it pass. I spoke to you yesterday of a forest I had sold. Monsieur le Comte de Lozeraie is the purchaser, and by the terms of the contract, he is to pay me the purchase money in three months. My object then, in speaking to you together on the subject, is to ascertain whether it will suit you, Monsieur le Comte, to pay this sum into the hands of Monsieur Durand, who has kindly consented to take charge of my funds; and also whether you, M. Durand, are equally willing to receive the deposit directly from the hands of M. de Lozeraie instead of from myself."

"I can have no objection to this arrangement, if it suits you, gentlemen, said M. Durand."

will release me from all responsibility to you, Monsieur de Berizy, I see no objection either," replied the Count, with hauteur.

"It is for you, M. de Berizy, and for your sake only, that I consent to this," retorted the banker, in a tone that shewed that his pride had taken alarm at the Count's insolent bearing. "I beg you will fully understand that."

"In truth," rejoined the Count, in a still more disdainful tone; "if I did not think it would accommodate you, Monsieur le Marquis, I should not swerve from the original terms of my agreement."

"I thank you both, gentlemen, for this extreme complaisance," replied M. de Berizy, smiling, "and I intend to avail myself of it. I am obliged to return into the country for a time, on business, and am delighted that this matter is so well arranged. To-morrow my attorney will draw up the necessary documents to empower Monsieur Durand to receive your payments, and to give you a valid discharge for the same, all which shall be strictly according to rule."

"Has Monsieur le Comte no observation to make, no precaution to take?" sneered the banker.

"My man of business shall call at your house to-morrow, sir," said Monsieur de Lozeraie.

"My cashier will receive him, sir, and he will receive also the money—if any is brought."

These two worthies, who seemed to have acquired for each other a mutual antipathy at first sight, bowed distantly and were about to withdraw, when the party at whist broke up, and Monsieur de Favieri coming in at the moment, said to one of the players—

"Have you been fortunate, Monsieur Felix?"

The Count and the banker both turned suddenly on hearing this name pronounced, and recognized the old man whom they had so shamefully received the morning before. As may be imagined, they were both surprised at seeing him at Monsieur Favieri's; but their surprise was much increased when they heard him reply carelessly to M. de Favieri's question:

"No, indeed! I have lost twenty four points in three rubbers. Fortunately, however," added he, drawing a pocket-book from his pocket, and throwing on the table a bundle of bank notes, "we played for only three hundred franc points."

M. Durand and the Count puzzled themselves to understand who this man could be, that had come to them as an indigent person, asking assistance, and whom they now found

"Provided that Monsieur Durand's receipt

at the house of one of the richest men in Europe, forming a party at whist, with persons who were notorious for the extravagance of their stakes, and losing with nonchalance, a sum that even a man of fortune must consider enormous. In his turn, M. Felix recognized the banker and Count, and passing before them with a serious air, and looking significantly at each in turn, he uttered the words—"pride and vanity," in a tone that was distinctly audible, and perfectly understood by both.

Neither M. Durand nor M. de Lozeraie, was a person at all likely to put up with such an insult; but the great age of the offender, added to the remembrance that each had of the indignities to which he had been subjected by them the day before, kept them both silent.—Deep in their hearts, however, did each nourish the recollection that the other had been a witness of his degradation, and thus was the mutual dislike that had already so mysteriously sprung up between them, heightened into a sentiment very much akin to hatred.

Sundry circumstances too, that followed their first meeting, served to fan this flame of causeless enmity; among which, a silly conversation that took place during the same evening between Arthur and his partner, contributed no small share.

This love-sick youth, being as simple as he was amorous, thought to make a great display of his passion by swearing to Delphine that he would never yield to the unjust prejudices of his father. The young lady naturally asked him what these prejudices were, and Arthur had the folly to repeat them. As an offset to this, the rich heiress could find nothing better to return, than a recapitulation to M. de Lozeraie, of the contemptuous observations of Flora de Favieri concerning him; attributing them, however, to her father, that Monsieur le Comte de Lozeraie might not seem to have all the impertinence on his side.

It is probable enough, considering the manner in which she had been brought up, that Delphine reported to her father the insolence of M. de Lozeraie; but we must do Arthur the justice to say, that he would not have revealed to the Count the observations of Mademoiselle Durand, had it not been for some extraordinary remarks of M. Felix, which made him attach more importance to them than he did when he heard them. The circumstances that elicited these remarks were as follow—

M. Felix having obtained an introduction to Arthur, during the ball, took him aside and told him that he had a few words to say to him

on an affair of money, in which his mother's name was seriously concerned. To this, Arthur replied, that he was as jealous of the honour of his mother's name, which he did not bear, as of his father's, which he did. M. Felix appeared charmed with this answer, but replied, gravely—

"Would to God that that which you do bear, were worth as much to you as that which you do not."

"Sir?" cried Arthur, with astonishment.

"We will meet again," said the old man, mildly, "and then you will know that I have a right to speak as I now do."

The consequence of this conversation was, that when M. le Comte de Lozeraie, who had observed his son's emotion on taking the hand of Delphine, thought it necessary to repeat the orders he had given him, not to seek a second meeting with her, he did not find so prompt and absolute an obedience as usual. Arthur took upon himself to expostulate, by representing to his father, that alliances between the nobility and financial men, were by no means so rare as to justify him in repulsing it with disdain. The Count, irritated by this shew of resistance, thought that he could not go too far in his attempt to make his son sensible of the baseness of his notions, and he concluded a precious tirade about the respect due to his name, with these words—

"I can easily understand how men of a new name, or even members of the old nobility who have compromised their rank and fortune by foolish speculations, may seek to withdraw themselves from the pecuniary embarrassments in which they have involved themselves by such alliances; but a person who owns the name and fortune of a Lozeraie, must be more scrupulous. Yes, Arthur, it is left to men like us to maintain those principles of rigid honour and integrity, which alone can ever restore to the aristocracy of France, the splendour and position they have so much sunk from."

"But, my father," said Arthur, "how is it that this name and this fortune have been the subject of such unpleasant animadversions this evening?"

This was sufficient to induce M. de Lozeraie to insist upon an exact recital of all that had been said; and Arthur did not escape from his father's strict examination, until he had been forced to repeat all the remarks of Mademoiselle Durand and M. Felix. Nothing could exceed the rage of the Count at this recital; but he vented it only against M. Durand, and Arthur was solemnly warned, that nothing in the world

could ever force the Court's consent to his son's union, with the daughter of an upstart peasant like Mathieu Durand.

Arthur had good reason to consider this decision as irrevocable, for on the morrow he received an order from his father to set out for London; and he left Paris under the full impression, that this removal was intended to separate him from Delphine, without reflecting that it might be still more to prevent his meeting again with M. Felix.

## CHAPTER V.

It is not to be supposed that this repugnance of the Count de Lozeraie was the only obstacle, that opposed itself to the union of Arthur de Lozeraie with the fair, but self-willed Delphine Durand; and indeed it is to be doubted whether one so mild and unromantic as Arthur, would have long retained his hold upon the affections of so volatile and capricious a young lady, had not a piquancy been given to the affair, by the unusually firm and decided refusal of her father to sanction it. In fact, weak and yielding as Mathieu Durand generally was to his daughter's wishes, he, in this instance, shewed himself inflexible. In vain did she assure him that she would die of despair, if she did not become the wife of Arthur; in vain was she seized with repeated and violent hysterics; nothing touched the banker. And yet Delphine had played her part pretty well. She had driven her two waiting women from the room,—turned her drawing master out of doors—thrown the music in the face of her music master—returned three hats to Mademoiselle Alexandrine, the most skilful milliner in Paris;—torn a dozen dresses, and broken a number of pretty little nic-nacs; but still these interesting demonstrations of her profound grief had found M. Durand inexorable, with regard to M. de Lozeraie.

"Is it his title that attracts you?" said he to his daughter. "If you wish it, I will marry you to a marquis or a duke."

"I wish to be Arthur's wife and nothing else," replied she.

"But," resumed M. Durand, "this M. de Lozeraie is a mushroom Count, doubtless the intriguing son of some bailiff, who has stolen the titles which he wears."

"But are you not the son of a peasant, yourself, papa?" cried Delphine; "you say so to every body."

"Oh! that is quite a different thing, Delphine," said the banker, with ill concealed

rage. "As for me, I boast of it—I glory in it—I am proud of it."

Delphine could not understand the species of pride that urged M. Durand continually to say that he was a man of the people, and yet to feel hurt whenever any one else attributed that station to him; so she did not dispute the propriety of the distinction established by her father, but returned to her original assertion, that she would die if she did not become Arthur's wife.

This humour lasted eight days, at the end of which time she learnt that Arthur had set out for London. From what has been already seen of Delphine's character, it will be easily imagined that her vanity was greatly humbled by this discovery. To say the truth, she had felt astonished and disappointed during the eight days that she had not met Arthur scaling the walls of the park, seducing one of the gardeners, or at least, bribing a chambermaid to gain access to her; proposing to carry her off in a postchaise, and threatening to kill himself at her feet if she did not comply with his wishes. As the blindness of self-love attributed to affection all the silly demonstrations she had made in favour of Arthur, she had not the least doubt but that the passion of a man, especially one inspired by her, would go much farther.—Cruel then was the disenchantment occasioned to her by Arthur's departure.

The rage and indignation felt by Delphine on this occasion would, one would suppose, have brought her demonstrations of a fictitious, or at least an exaggerated grief, to a sudden termination; but to confess to her father that she cared no more for Arthur de Lozeraie, would have been to confess that she was in the wrong; she therefore persisted in repeating as before, "I will have Arthur or death."

She had for some time given up the idea of succeeding in obtaining her father's consent, yet she obtained one kind of success which pleased her, and induced her to protract the game; for she chagrined her father, and alarmed the whole house. They watched all her actions—followed her in her walks—trembled if they saw her examine a knife or look out of a window high from the ground, all which pleased Mademoiselle Durand's vanity, and so worried her father, who became seriously alarmed at his daughter's pertinacity, that, after three months, he began to find his antipathy for M. de Lozeraie yielding before his anxiety for his daughter. An interview, however, which took place at this juncture, between him and the Count, under the following

circumstances, again changed the current of his feelings and rendered matters more unpromising than before.

Mathieu Durand having returned from L'Etang, and left his daughter there still in a most alarming state, was seated in the same cabinet in which we were first introduced to him; but he no longer wore that aspect of calm serenity, that air of supreme content that beamed from his countenance some months before. He seemed now to be swayed by alternate feelings of active joy and deadly chagrin. These various emotions were excited by the successive consideration of different circumstances. When he reflected that he had been named deputy by three colleges of the arrondissement, and one of the department, a glowing sensation of pride mounted to his head, and his eyes sparkled with satisfaction; but when he contemplated the road by which he had attained this eminence, and recollected that he had been compelled to sacrifice the stability of his affairs at the shrine of ambition, a chilling fear took possession of him and drove the colour from his cheeks. M. Durand was labouring under the fever common to great political gamblers, being sometimes affected with those burning transports, which in sick persons produce delirium, and lend them for the time an unnatural vigour; and at others, with cold shiverings, which prostrate them as if deprived of all strength.

It was only in solitude, however, that M. Durand gave way to these symptoms of anxiety concerning his affairs. When in public, he performed his part with the skill and *sang froid* of a well trained actor.

As M. Durand was informed that a number of persons were waiting in the antechamber for an audience, he had the list handed to him, and was not a little astonished to meet, among a considerable number of unimportant names, that of Monsieur le Comte de Lozeraie. Beside it was the name of M. Daneau.

The banker appeared to consider for an instant, how he should act, with regard to the Count, and then said to the servant—

"Make my apology to M. de Lozeraie, and tell him that my morning is entirely pre-engaged with business, and that I fear I shall keep him waiting too long; but that if he can make it convenient to call again to-morrow, or the day after, I shall be at his service. As to M. Daneau, tell him to wait; I have particular business with him: shew in the others."

When he had given this order, the banker quitted the arm chair on which he was seated,

and prepared to receive, standing, the various persons who came to visit him, that he might oblige them to shorten their visit. This slight difference between the manner in which he now received his visitors, and the welcome he gave them a short time before, when he asked them to be seated with so much courtesy, shewed that M. Durand thought it a waste of time now to listen to the requests of those, of whom he not long ago bestowed whole hours of his time. He first dispatched a half dozen electors who came to beg favours of him, which he took care to refuse, allowing that he was bound to uphold the interests of the people in the tribune, but not in the bank; that is to say in theory, but not in practice. In fact, M. Durand received and dismissed the electors with the dignified air of a man who felt horribly bored by their visit. He told them that he could not choose to commit himself with the government; and this phrase, repeated to all as an excuse for not complying with their requests, served to give them an exalted idea of the noble independence of their new deputy. In thirty minutes all the electors were despatched. An old contractor, however, of the imperial army, having presented him with a petition to the chambers, by which he reclaimed immense sums from the government, the titles to which he accused them of having fraudulently deprived him of, the banker read his petition from beginning to end, and said to him—

"Yes, sir, I will support this demand with all my influence. It is my pleasure and my duty to bring to light so shameful a robbery. Your claims have been disallowed, because they refer to an epoch of whose glory and whose engagements the present government make their sport. But the day of justice will come, sir, and it will not be the fault of me or of my friends, if you do not obtain entire satisfaction."

"Do you think so, sir?" said the ex-contractor. "Ah! sir, you restore me to life; for I will not conceal from you that, with the titles that you yourself think to be so valuable, I am reduced to the lowest state of poverty and misery. Indeed so low, that if I could but borrow a small sum upon the strength of the claims, to serve me until they are admitted through the medium of your eloquent intervention, I should be saved from destruction."

"It is a thing you can easily manage, should suppose," said M. Durand, advancing towards the door of his cabinet, as if to shew it to his *protege*, with a *nonchalance* which shewed him admirably qualified, in that respect to become a minister.

"If you think so," said the ex-contractor, following the banker with regret, "would it not be possible for you, M. Durand?"

"Me!" said the deputy. "Alas! no. My house is absolutely interdicted from transactions of this kind. I wish it were in my power; but notwithstanding this, when your petition comes before the chamber, you may securely reckon upon what you pleased to call my eloquent intervention." And thus saying, the banker opened the door himself, and bowed out the petitioner with an air of the most perfect politeness, which said as plainly as words—"Do me the pleasure to go to the devil!" After this, a person presented himself to submit to M. Durand a project of financial reform; which proposed no less than to suppress all patents, all taxes upon liquors and salt and the tobacco monopoly, and to make up the deficiency in the revenue, by reducing the salaries of public officers one half. The banker approved heartily of the principle of this plan, and declared that it was time to introduce a system of strict economy into the public expenditure, and to put a check to the impudent squandering of the people's substance that was now going on; and that then it would be possible to realize the ideas of the petitioner, which he bound himself to endeavour to bring to pass. When M. Durand had dismissed this great economist with the same ceremony as he had used towards his predecessor, he ordered the valet to introduce M. Daneau, and was not a little enraged when he was told that the builder was not in waiting; but had left word that he would call again during the day. On the other hand, he was much more surprised when he learnt also from his servant, that M. le Comte de Lozeraie had declared that he would wait until M. Durand was at leisure. This last circumstance afforded the banker such a feeling of exultation, that he forgot, for a time, the ill manners of M. Daneau, and directed the servant, in a loud voice, to introduce the others who were in the antechamber.—These were mercantile men, who, depending on Monsieur Durand's high character for beneficence, had come as M. Daneau once did, to explain their unfortunate position, and to ask from him the same generous assistance that the builder had so unexpectedly obtained.

The banker, upon the plea of his parliamentary functions absorbing all his time, referred all these to M. Tremont, to whom he professed to have now committed the whole management of the bank; and the cashier received them with that immovable stolidity of coun-

tenance, which seemed incapable of any expression whatever, and whose only words usually were—"Sir, that is utterly impossible."

Thus M. Durand, by laying the whole onus of his refusals and repulses upon M. Tremont, still retained to himself the full enjoyment of his reputation for kindness and generosity.

All these audiences then having been granted, M. Daneau's return was announced, and M. Durand, from a sort of irresistible, yet undefinable inclination, to drain to the last drop the pleasure of making the Count wait upon him, admitted the builder into his presence.

"I could have wished to have seen you sooner, sir," said the banker, somewhat caustically; "seeing that the subject on which we have to treat is an important one."

"You told me, sir," replied the builder, smiling, "when I first had the honour of an interview with you, that time was a capital we should not waste; so I have taken advantage of that, which the numerous visits you had to receive, gave me, to go and attend to some other business."

A smile of bitter disdain passed over the features of the banker, as he replied—

"You may perhaps find the business in hand the most important of all."

"What is it then, sir?"

"I think it necessary to inform you, that the credit you have opened with me will close on the fifteenth of this month."

"What!" cried the builder, quite astonished, "are you going to close this credit already?"

"I expect," continued the banker, without appearing to notice the poor man's exclamation, "that in one month from this time, you will reimburse me the four hundred thousand francs I have advanced you."

"In a month from hence!" repeated Daneau, with renewed terror.

"It seems to me," replied M. Durand, "that you ought to be prepared to do so. I furnished you, according to your request, with the funds necessary for completing your buildings. They are completed. We are now in the month of July, at which time, according to your calculation, they were to be in full operation.—This, then, is the time, I should imagine, to complete the transaction, to offer your houses for sale, release yourself of your obligations, by paying your debts, and to realise your profits."

"I allow it, sir; but you are too much a man of business to imagine, that a month is sufficient to accomplish all this. If I am compelled to put up for sale, buildings to the amount of three millions at once, I shall so depreciate

the property, as to absorb, not only all my profits, but also all the money I myself have put into the undertaking."

"That cannot be," replied M. Durand, with imperturbable phlegm. "You have put three hundred thousand francs into the concern, yourself; when you came to me, you had raised twelve hundred thousand francs on mortgage, and I have lent you four hundred thousand francs also on mortgage, making in all, nineteen hundred thousand francs laid out; so that from that sum, to three millions, the valuation you yourself have put upon the property, is far enough to leave you good scope for the profits."

"True, sir; but the four hundred thousand francs lent by you, went to pay some former engagements, as I told you at the time; I have therefore been compelled to make new ones, depending upon a continuance of your generosity, and have still, now that the buildings are finished, more than two hundred thousand francs of liabilities to take up."

"Well, sir, even that makes only two millions one hundred thousand francs, and you will then have nine hundred thousand francs profit, if your calculations are correct and honest."

"They are honest, sir," cried M. Daneau, with some warmth; "and they will prove correct, if you will allow me the time necessary to make a fair market of the houses."

The banker opened a drawer, took out a paper, and read some passages from it to M. Daneau. "You see," added he, "the terms of our contract are perfectly clear. I have lent you on mortgage, four hundred thousand francs for four months. This time expires to-morrow, and I should be quite justified in demanding an immediate and entire reimbursement—I do not do so, however; but give you a month's delay, and I think that in so doing, I go beyond what my own interests demand."

"In truth, M. Durand," said the builder, with a suppliant air, "it will be impossible for me to satisfy you so soon."

"In that case," replied the banker, coolly, "you cannot be surprised if I adopt the measures the law allows me, to satisfy myself."

"What!" cried the builder, in dismay; "an execution?"

"It depends on yourself to avoid it, by making prompt payment."

"But, sir, this is too hard. This is treating me with a rigour your former kindness forbade me to expect."

"I thank you, sir," said the banker, bitterly.

"I thank you, sir; but I am used to ingratitude, and can bear it. I did not treat you with rigour when I opened my chest to you; but when I require back that which is my own, then, forsooth, I am a rigorous man. It is enough. I know what remains for me to do."

"Oh! sir, sir," replied M. Durand, almost in despair, "pardon an imprudent word, which I disavow from the bottom of my soul; but I swear to you that to press me so is to ruin me. You know as well as I, that to procure purchasers one must appear not to seek them. They must be waited for until they come to you, and it is not in a month that such valuable properties can be disposed of at a fair remunerating price. Besides, should purchasers be obtained, they will ask for time, and if I do not obtain it myself, how can I grant it? The sale, then, will become impossible."

"Substitute another mortgage for mine; I have no objection," said the banker.

"And who would advance money upon security, that the house of Durand thought unsatisfactory? Depend upon it, M. Durand urged the unfortunate mechanic, "no one will doubt if you enforce the payment thus, that it is because you consider your funds in danger. No one will, for a moment, suppose that a man like you, the support of the poor, and the friend of the industrious,—you, who have lavished your fortune to assist honest men,—would be so severe towards me, if I had not deserved it by some dishonesty or breach of faith. And yet, M. Durand, I am an honest man. I am like you as you have often told me, a child of the people, who have acquired what little I possess by honesty and hard labour; and you would ruin both my fortune and my reputation! You are incapable of it."

The banker appeared moved by this appeal and said—

"Believe me, if I had not a pressing necessity for the money, I would not be so rigorous; but from the day on which I lent it to you, I had entered into an engagement for it at this time, and I cannot withdraw myself from it."

"In that case, sir," said Daneau, in despair, "I will see;" and he prepared to withdraw when the banker called him back, saying—

"Listen, M. Daneau. I do not wish to hurt it said that I have ever failed to help an honest man, and a man of the people, like myself."

The builder's countenance brightened, and he waited with anxiety for the coming proposal, which the banker himself seemed at a loss to utter. At last he decided, and resumed—

"According to your calculations, you have

two millions, one hundred thousand francs engaged in your buildings?"

"Yes, sir."

"Make me a sale of these buildings for two millions, two hundred thousand francs, and you will be quite extricated from your difficulties."

"But, sir," replied M. Daneau, with vexation,—astonished and disappointed at such an offer, and forgetting that this same man, who was offering to buy a property for two millions, two hundred thousand francs, had just before expressed such an urgent need of four hundred thousand francs,—“this would deprive me of all the profits of my undertaking.”

"How?" cried the banker; "how much money have you embarked in it?"

"Only three hundred thousand francs to begin with; all the rest has been procured by excessive borrowings."

"The result will be then, that with three hundred thousand francs you will have realized in one year, a gain of one hundred thousand francs; that is, thirty-three and one-third per cent on your capital. Now I do not know any commerce that gives such exorbitant results, and as to the banking business, about whose profits there is such an outcry, it is far from making one-fourth of such interest, upon capital that is often engaged upon very slight security."

"That may be," said the builder; "but in any case, do not forget that I have had to pay the interest of the money borrowed, and all the expenses of deeds, renewals, &c."

"True," replied the banker; "some allowance must be made for those things, I suppose."

"Then I shall have run all the risks of this undertaking, and laboured a whole year——"

"To gain one hundred thousand francs," interrupted Durand; "and not so bad pay, either, considering what you begun with."

"Well, sir," said Daneau, with one of those movements of resolution, induced by despair, "give me two millions, four hundred thousand francs, and it is a bargain."

The banker locked up the deed of mortgage in his bureau, and replied, coldly—"Monsieur Daneau, I have done all that I could to save you, and am sorry to see that I have done so to no purpose. Farewell, sir. Monsieur Tremont will see you about the liquidation of your account. With me this negotiation is at an end."

"But, sir,——"

"Pardon me, M. Daneau; my time is not my own, and when you consider that M. le Comte de Lozeraie has been waiting some hours for

an interview, I am sure you will agree with me that it is time he was admitted;" and so saying, he waved his hand as a gesture of dismissal, which the unfortunate mechanic found himself compelled to obey. Even during the latter part of this conversation, the banker had hastily scrawled on a slip of paper, which he now sent to M. Tremont, these words—

"Be firm in the affair of M. Daneau, and we shall obtain for two millions, two hundred thousand francs, a property worth upwards of three millions."

At this moment, the Count was introduced, and these two important personages were, for the first time, left *tele a tele*.

"Monsieur de Lozeraie seemed to feel an embarrassment concerning what he was about to say, that was evidently mingled with resentment, at the impertinent manner in which he had been left waiting several hours in the ante-room. This resentment, however, was scarcely perceptible in his countenance or manner, although the banker's keen penetration discovered, under the polished ease of his address, that he had sorely wounded the Count's vanity; and he felt assured that nothing but imperious necessity could have compelled such a man to pocket such an affront.

Monsieur Durand took care then, not to relieve him of his embarrassment by any of those simple, but usual exchanges of politeness, that would have given him time to break the ice.—He merely offered him a seat, and then taking one himself, at once put himself into an attitude of attention, without saying a syllable.

Monsieur de Lozeraie, therefore, found himself compelled to speak first, and being anxious to subdue the humiliating agitation that possessed him, he made so violent an effort to appear calm, that he plunged headlong into an impertinent bluntness, instead of stopping at the *juste milieu* of firm politeness.

"I have been pretty persevering, you see," said he, in a playful tone, which he intended should be gracious; but which savoured of rudeness. "I have waited your good pleasure, for I am come to acknowledge the sovereignty of riches, and I hope I shall not find it too tyrannical. The mighty generally shew themselves lenient masters to those who make them a formal act of submission."

M. Durand did not choose to accept of a conversation in this trifling tone; he therefore replied, gravely—

"I have very little time for a great deal of business, Monsieur le Comte, and this must

plead my excuse for having kept you so long waiting."

"Fortunately," replied the Count, "I have a great deal of time for a very little business, which may account for my spending so much of it waiting in your anteroom."

"Well, M. le Comte, unless you wish us both to lose more, pray explain to me the business that brings you here."

This appeal to the real object of his visit seemed to check the current of frivolity to which M. de Lozeraie was giving way; his embarrassment returned, and M. Durand could see more plainly than ever, that he held in his hands the most important interests of his enemy.

After a moment's silence, the Count resumed:

"You must remember, sir, the arrangement that was proposed to us both by the Marquis de Berizy, by which I consented to pay into your hands the price of a forest I had just purchased?"

"I remember perfectly," replied the banker, "that I *consented* to receive the price on account of M. de Berizy."

Monsieur de Lozeraie bit his lips with vexation, at this sarcastic repetition of the word "*consented*," which had, in fact, escaped him without any intention of impertinence; but habit had proved too strong for his resolution to be simple and polite, and he soon found that he had to do with a man, who was disposed to let nothing escape him that savoured of an assumption of superiority. He continued, however—"Of the two millions of francs that you so kindly undertook to receive from me, twelve hundred thousand have already been deposited."

"Yes, sir, and the remainder has to be forthcoming within this month."

"It is to obtain a few months delay for this last payment, that I now sue, sir."

"From me, sir?" replied the banker, with an air of surprise; "you must be aware that in this transaction, I am, as it were, merely the Marquis's cashier, and that he only can grant you such a delay."

"I anticipated such a reply on your part, and to overrule it, I think it right to detail to you the circuit stances that have put it out of my power to fulfil my engagements."

The banker assumed a listening attitude, and the Count proceeded—

"When I made this purchase, it was in the hope of seeing fall into my hands the exclusive contract, for furnishing the different supplies necessary for the expedition to Algiers."

"I understand you, sir," replied the banker, disdainfully; "you reckoned upon the enormous profits resulting from so *honourable* a speculation, to complete the sums necessary for the payment of your purchase."

"No, sir, the price of my purchase was complete at the time; but I was inveigled into this speculation, as you call it, by a miserable sharper, who, under the pretext of buying over the persons who were to procure me this monopoly, has defrauded me of an enormous sum."

M. Durand could not entirely conceal his exultation at this revelation, but replied to M. de Lozeraie—

"These reasons you can explain to M. de Berizy, who will understand them thoroughly."

"Not so well as you, I am sure," said the Count. "The Marquis is an old country gentleman, who has lived quite apart from, and a stranger to business transactions, whilst you, M. Durand who know how these things are managed——"

"I know nothing at all about such transactions as you speak of," replied the banker, with disdain. "We men of no name confine ourselves to such as are — — legal."

I cannot say whether the hesitation that induced M. Durand to substitute the word *legal* for *honest*, which he was going to use, proceeded from some remains of politeness, which restrained him from offering such an insult to a gentleman in his own house, or whether the remembrance of what had so lately transpired between him and M. Daneau, in which he had stretched his *legality* somewhat beyond its bounds of *honesty*, had any thing to do with it. At any rate, the Count replied only to the word pronounced, and, resuming his trifling tone, said with unaccountable heedlessness—

"It is true, that this affair is not exactly legal one, and therefore it would be a singular confidence to make to the Marquis de Berizy a member of the upper house."

"Do you find it then more politic to make such a confidential communication to a deputy a member of the lower house?" asked M. Durand, with sarcastic gravity.

The Count at once perceived the *gaucherie* he had committed, and thinking to pass it off with a tone of affected good nature, he exclaimed—

"Come, come, M. Durand, let us not pretend to misunderstand each other. You know as well as I do, how these matters are managed. You are a man of the world."

"I am a man of the people, Monsieur

Comte," replied the banker, with his usual insolent assumption of humility.

"Well, well, my dear sir, so am I, only a little farther removed; but, to come to business, will you, or will you not render me the service I have asked of you?"

"I do not clearly see what that service is."

"It is, that you would enable me to complete the contract I have made with M. de Berizy, by charging to your own account for a few months, the eight hundred thousand francs still due, and for which I will give you a mortgage upon the forest."

"For a few months only," said the banker, musingly,—who, though resolved to refuse his request, was delighted with the opportunity of learning so much of his affairs,—“you are sure then, of being able to reimburse by that time?”

"Quite sure, as by that time my son will have married an heiress."

This news rekindled, like a flash of lightning, the resentment of M. Durand for the Count's former impertinences, and he was compelled to force a smile, as he replied to him—

"Ah! you are marrying your son, are you? Of course you are making an alliance with some noble and illustrious family?"

"Oh! no; Arthur is engaged to the daughter of a merchant."

"A merchant's daughter!"

"Yes; but an English merchant. The daughter of one of the most considerable men in the city; and in England, as you know, such alliances are common. The commoners of England are not like our's, without family or ancestors. There is with them, a class that may be termed '*citizen nobility*,' with whom an alliance is by no means to be despised. I intend then to appropriate the dowry of my daughter-in-law, on the mortgage of one of my estates, to the payment of the sum due upon this purchase, and thus to liberate myself from my liabilities both to M. de Berizy and yourself."

M. Durand made no reply. M. de Lozeraie waited a moment for one, and then said—

"Well, what do you think of my proposal?"

"Think, sir!" said M. Durand, rising suddenly with a haughty air and disdainful manner; "I think that it would have been with much more propriety addressed to M. de Berizy, a man whom I suppose you will acknowledge as your equal, and consequently, more capable of understanding your feelings and principles, than a plebeian like myself. And if, in consequence of the enormous difference of

opinion that exists between a gentleman of the court and a gentleman of the country, the former fears to confide certain things to the latter, I think, sir, that the proposal would have been better made to the English merchant, than to the French banker;—to the *citizen noble*, than to the *citizen of the people*. This is what I think of your proposal, sir."

During this unexpected and caustic speech, a livid paleness had gradually overspread the features of the Count, who, finding that the humiliating restraint he had put upon himself for so many hours, had been to no purpose, now gave vent to his indignation. A flash of intense hatred darted from his eyes, and, assuming an air and tone expressive of supreme contempt, he said—

"You are Mathieu Durand, and I am the Count de Lozeraie. The distance that separates us might lead you to expect that I should not recognize an insult in any thing you may say; but you are mistaken, sir. Such boorish insolence shall not go unpunished, and as I have already stooped to subject myself to it, I shall not shun the further degradation of teaching you what is due to your superiors. You shall hear from me, M. Durand." So saying, he hastily withdrew.

Frederickton, 1842.

G. R.

(To be concluded in next No.)



For The Amaranth.

### FLIGHT OF THOUGHT.

Who may portray the *flight of thought*,  
The wanderings of the *mind*!  
Who its imaginings may trace,  
Its limits who define?  
Who say how far its boundless sway,  
Extends through earth or heaven?  
Or, who define the mystic power,  
To it by *reason* given?  
Who may describe in numbers meet  
The airy *flight of thought*?  
Who may unlink the magic chain  
By holy *mystery* wrought?  
'Tis it alone can span all space,  
And roam worlds uncreate;  
Or people spheres, whose music tones  
Ne'er rang thro' heaven's estate.  
Not bounded by creation's bounds,  
Illimitable—free—  
It ranges from the verge of *time*  
Into *eternity*.

In vain antiquity exalts  
 Its oblivious mantle o'er—  
 For *thought* can penetrate the veil,  
 And o'er its summits soar.

Far from all scenes of earthly toil,  
 From heaven's ethereal height,  
 It proudly wings its way along  
 With unimpeded might;  
 Bearing the fervent prayer of *faith*—  
 The ecstasy of hope,  
 Up to the mediatorial throne,  
 To heaven's eternal court.

It follows th' comet's streaming blaze,  
 Concentric into space;  
 Runs with the pencill'd ray of light,  
 And victory crowns the race.  
 It soars above the eve-tinged cloud,  
 Surveys the "water's" bed;  
 Brings up to view the dear lost ones—  
 Who slumber with the dead!

It rides upon the silvery spray  
 Of ocean's billowy breast;  
 And on the cloud-capp'd heights of *earth*,  
 Majestically rests.

It follows the winding river's course,  
 Lives with the orbs of night—  
 And floats where *omnipresence* reigns  
 In worlds of unseen light.

It soars 'mid threat'ning tempest's blasts,  
 In the dizzy whirlwind's might;  
 It lightly rides on the zephyr's wing,  
 And sits on the shades of night!  
 Pensive it plays on the deep—still tide,  
 Where moonbeams dancing play;  
 It revels in the balm of morn  
 And in the poet's lay.

It glows where sparkling diamonds lie—  
 Where priceless rubies shine;  
 It lives in India's spicy groves,  
 In Peru's golden mine;  
 And like the elfin bird \* of flowers,  
 'Tis ever on the wing,  
 And ceaseless flits from clime to clime,  
 A deep—mysterious thing!

From the prison's darkest cell it glides,  
 Untrammell'd forth to scenes  
 Of other years—of happier days—  
 Fled to the land of dreams;  
 For though the body may be bound—  
 The will by chains controul'd—  
 Yet none can stay the flight of thought—  
 The wand'rings of the *soul*.

\* Humming bird.

Liverpool, N.S., 1842.

WILHELMINA.

Written for the Amaranth.

GEORGE NEVERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

A LOVELY morning was that which followed the ball. Millions of dew-drops glistened in the early sunbeam; every thing seemed teeming with life. Joy danced on the rustling leaf—it mingled with the flow of the tepid fountains—it gambolled on the green lawns and the rugged cliffs; it whispered in the chirp of the tiny insect, and rang out in the melody of the forest songster. How then could man neglect to profit by its instructions! 'Twere impossible; and they who were accustomed to lengthen out their slumbers into the late noonday at home, acknowledged there the influence of nature over corrupt habits; and before the first chaunt to the source of life, had died away, the transient population of the village were astir, and were soon occupied with the various amusements which the place afforded. Who, that looked on the scene, would have imagined that among the groups of happy faces there assembled, there could have been found one exception—one heart that did not respond to the shouts of glee that sprang up on every side of him? It is not in such places as this, that we are accustomed to seek for misery. In the haunts of vice, and in the abodes of poverty—in the wretched hovel, and in the gloomy dungeon, which the man of the world and the pleasure-hunter sensitively avoid; we listen for the low wail that speaks of human suffering,—but grief and pain are not the less known to the wealthy of the earth, because we do not seek their abodes to find them.—There may have been many there on that morning, who could have stopped short in the midst of their revelry and pointed to festering spots on their heart's core, for which their sport was but a flimsy covering; and it would not be a great tax upon reason, to conceive that of the hundreds that whiled away the morning hours in that fairy place, there was not one who could boast of thorough happiness. Who is there that has not, in his merriest hours, felt his spirits suddenly droop, without being able to assign any adequate cause for the change! There would seem to be a principle in the organization of the mind, acting like a check-string in a piece of mechanism, and designed to neutralize the effects of pleasure, when rising to an injurious height, and this may have been

at work with those whose annoyances were otherwise the least. Certain, however, it is that one person arose from his bed weary and depressed; his spirits had not risen so high as to require a moderator, but they had been sufficiently elevated by the excitement which pursuit always produces, to admit of a sensible decline.

Nevers arose early, and left the hotel in the hope that variety and change of scene might dispel the gloomy thoughts which had made his bed any thing but a place of repose, and it was with a good deal of satisfaction therefore, that he heard the proposal of Morris, whom he met before he had proceeded many steps, that they should visit Capan Rock, more the lion of the place, than the famous Berkely springs themselves. A sharp morning ride on a mountain road, and the glorious panorama that burst upon their view on reaching the rock, might well have put all care to flight; and the cheerfulness with which George bounded to its summit, induced his companion to exclaim—

"I knew it would do—splendid! is it not? See, there speeds the Potomac;—through those low meadows, but all too lazily, winds the Capan river. There stretch the Alleghanies; and there,—to descend from the stupendous works of nature, to the art of man,—there, in long straight lines, traverse the Baltimore and Ohio railways, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canals." But Morris had touched a chord in the commencement of his address, which at once shut the ears of his friend, to his description of the various objects in the landscape before them. "I knew it would do," contributed as much as any thing he could have said, to undo all that the freshness of nature had done to wean the mind from the one absorbing topic that occupied it, and like a weight on the swimmer's head, pressed him beneath the surge, when he would have mounted it in triumph.

"Do you know I was just thinking," he said, after Morris had finished speaking, "how nearly I am situated like you were on the occasion of your first visit to Bath, this summer. I little thought when you were describing your feelings to me, on the Battery, that this neighbourhood should witness the downfall of my hopes."

"You forget, George, that you have not yet thought proper to confide to me the secret of your hopes. How then can I reply to you?"

"Yes, yes. I forgot—I supposed you knew all. It seems to me as if every one I met were looking through me, reading every thought

that rises in my breast. You shall know, Morris; but not now—no! it had better not be now."

"Just as you choose; but when I'm in trouble, I always look round to see if I can't find some one to whom I can open my heart. It's like getting rid of half one's sorrows, to tell them to another."

"True—I feel it so, but yet I think I had better not disclose it to you now."

"Well, then, perhaps 't is best; it might spoil my appetite for breakfast. Excuse my levity, George, for 'pon my soul I don't think your case—whatever may be the nature of it—is half so desperate as you imagine, so jump down, and we'll be off." Nevers made no reply, but taking Home's arm, they proceeded to where they had left the horses. As the friends emerged from the corner of a wood, in the immediate vicinity of the springs, the crowds began to pour in from a hundred avenues, in answer to the summons of the first breakfast bell.—What an unromantic affair is a breakfast bell! Hot rolls and chops; beef steaks and muffins float before the fancy in epicurean profusion. On pressed the crowds, regardless in the general rush, of their own gout or their neighbours' corns—small matters these, when the digestive organs have been toned by the pure air of an August morning at a watering place. On rounding the corner of a high rock, while yet some distance from the place of general rendezvous, the horsemen were met by the very person Nevers most wished to avoid—how unavailing are all human calculations! She—it was Louise Belmore—was coming from an opposite direction, and was about stepping on the main road, at not five yards distance, when her eyes met those of Nevers. The meeting and recognition were so instantaneous and unavoidable, that almost before he knew what he was about, Nevers was on his feet, blundering through a salutation. Surprise kept Morris from following the example; he had already risen in his stirrups, with the intention of dismounting, when he beheld them meet as old acquaintances, whom he had imagined to be strangers to each other; and it puzzled him exceedingly.—"Eh!—what!—is it so?" he exclaimed, mentally. "Do my eyes deceive me?—that blush! and Nevers, how pale he is! By the powers! it's out at last. How silly I should have looked, introducing them; but his precipitation has saved me from that." In this manner, Morris gave expression to his convictions, as he watched the meeting of the lovers—a meeting awkward enough to both parties, because it

interfered in a great degree with a determination which Nevers had partially formed, of leaving Bath that day; and Miss Belmore could not fail to remark, that his manner was reserved, and, as she inferred, indicative of dislike to herself.

When we can sometimes find in matters of minor importance, so many sources of vexation in trifles, to which at other times, we would impute no meaning; it is not to be wondered at, when love or ambition, the two great subjects of interest to the natural man, engross his attention, he should leap at false conclusions, upon events widely different from those which circumstances would lead him to expect. Had Miss Belmore been aware that in the very exaltedness of his attachment to her, was to be found the clue to Nevers' mysterious conduct, how much pain—how much mental suffering might she have escaped! She loved him, as Morris had rightly judged; she felt that her fate was linked with his, and yet when she asked herself why it was so, she could find no satisfactory answer. To some it may appear strange and improbable, that these young persons should conceive the same violent attachment for each other, on so casual and short-lived an acquaintance as theirs had been. It seemed so, even to her; for she had more than once since their first meeting, wondered why her thoughts reverted so often, and with so much pleasure to the event that had made her acquainted with Nevers, and as often had she convinced herself that it was not gratitude alone that prompted them. Now without once attributing it to design, she saw only the same fate involved in this second meeting; and yet, although her strong mind was deeply imbued with this romantic principle,—destiny,—creating a belief in the ultimate realization of her hopes, she was nevertheless agitated by the doubts which the strangeness of his manner forced upon her understanding; and when Nevers, who had walked with her to the door of the hotel, took leave, she found herself in no enviable state of excitement. She had been accompanied on her walk by a female friend, to whom she excused herself, and retired to her room on the plea of indisposition: entering there more fully upon a consideration of every word which had passed between them, and which she had no trouble in recalling to her mind; connecting the pressure which he had left on her hand at parting, with language of his, which might have been construed variously according to the inclination of the mind, she conceived at one moment the most un-

bounded hope, and on the next, with a sickening sensation would come the questions "why did he not speak to me last night?—why was he so reluctant to meet me this morning?—why did he seem in such a haste to get away?" and then, language which had before borne a favourable construction, became replete with naught but evil.

Undetermined as to the best course to pursue, in relation to Miss Belmore, Nevers had spent all the morning in his chamber, at one moment forming schemes which were dissipated by the next. Wearied and still irresolute, he had thrown himself on a couch, in the hope of finding repose, when a servant brought in a package with his address; hastily breaking the seal, his eye brightened as it ran over the contents. "The very thing," he exclaimed throwing it on the table; "I want excitement—I will deserve *her*—I will bring her a name; but what if I should fail!—ifs so soon! I have a queer temperament of my own—always hoping—doubting as often—bah! I will cast doubts to the wind;—let me be a man for once—I must let me see—yes!—I *must* be on the road to-morrow."

It will be necessary here, in order to render this part of the tale intelligible to the reader, to inform him that Nevers was a native of Rhode Island. His family were among the first settlers of the colony, and were consequently possessed of broad and fertile lands. These, which had descended to George's father, together with a high character for honesty and benevolence, had acquired for him considerable influence in the state, of which he had been an industrious representative in Congress, until the weight of years compelled him to seek retirement in the bosom of his family; his example had inspired George when very young to emulate his deeds, and they who had supported the old man, marked with a proud satisfaction, the ease with which the son bore of the prizes at the university; they identified the young man with the state—they adopted him as their own—they claimed his character and talents as State property; and they determined as we have before hinted, to make them serviceable.

The letters which he had received so opportunely, came from friends in Rhode Island, forwarded from New York, and contained invitations to become a candidate, at the election of state legislators, for the town of——. The requisition was well seasoned; it decided his resolution.

How often is a man's career through life

shaped by circumstances which have no necessary relation to its general aim! At another time, Nevers would have hesitated, if not altogether refused, to accept the invitation. He might have questioned his own capacity to satisfy so important a trust: now he embraced the proposition with eagerness; he determined to act with vigour—to apply all the powers of his mind, and if necessary, all the strength of his body, to gain an honourable reputation; he resolved to forget for a time, that he had loved till he could present himself before his chosen, with a name more precious than the hoards she would bring him as her dowry. But how was he to part with her?—should he leave without acquainting her with his intention?—should he say “good bye,” without a word of explanation? or should he express his regret that he was compelled so soon to leave her? Here was a puzzle. The first suggestion was not to be thought of; the second was too cold, and—should she love him, as he ventured to hope, would bear an air of cruelty;—should he adopt the latter alternative—but that would hasten the very consummation he was anxious to defer. He felt in fact, that it required a cooler brain than was his at that moment, to make a judicious choice of these several modes of proceeding, and so he left the matter to be settled together by the impulse of the moment when it should arrive. Perhaps there is no condition of the human mind more pitiable than that in which it is suddenly called upon to decide on a matter of critical moment in the ordinary routine of life. The necessity for immediate action arises up before it a thousand difficulties; like a body subjected to the effects of rarefaction, the matter assumes an unnatural extension, and defies the eye of the understanding to take a correct survey of it. It towers with its phantasmic shape far above its essential position, and laughs at the random efforts of the intellect to reach it; efforts which are fruitless, because they combat with a false position and are aimed at too high a point to prove successful.

It was somewhat in this state of mind that Nevers stood on the steps of the hotel the morning after his meeting with Louise Belmore; he had purposely deferred his leaving till he should be ready to start, in the vain hope that accident would assist him in his Emma, and now the time had arrived, and her impatient steeds stood champing their bits and chafing in their restlessness at delay, he looked like a man on the verge of insanity. “The horses are getting uneasy,” said the coachman, as one of the leaders, throwing out his

fore-foot against the lower step, started back from a splinter that flew off, causing the wheelers to back up, and nearly upset the vehicle.

“Come, George, rouse yourself; they’re all staring at you,” said Morris, seconding the appeal.

“So be it, then—good bye, Morris, and”——he continued, turning back; “tell her I go away on business—on—yes! say *urgent* business.”

So saying, he threw himself into the carriage; the whip cracked; and the horses bounded off at a pace that only American horses know how to take. The clear air of the morning, the merry chatter of the squirrels, and the rapidity with which he was whirled along, soon restored Morris to something like composure; and as his resolution had been taken, and it was now too late to change it, he left it with a sort of desperate satisfaction to be dealt with by the whirlpool of chance. “Yes!” he muttered, “’tis past now; and if another should woo and win her—but”——he might have added, for the thought rose to his lips, while they parted with a smile, in which a dash of malignity mingled with more tender thoughts at the possibility of her suffering in a slight degree the torments that he endured. “I think—I dare hope—nay! there can be no mistaking the nature of her emotions when we met.” But the thought never passed the threshold of his lips.

Leaving him to find his way to his place of destination—and verily there is no lack of means in these days of rail cars and steam ships for such an undertaking—we will take the liberty of mounting the back of Pegasus, *volens volens*, and take a speedier, and it might prove even a safer flight to the same point of attraction.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The constitution of the United States while it affords a goal for the widest, and perhaps the wildest ambition to the meanest individual, while it is admirably calculated in theory to distribute the greatest amount of blessings which the subject can enjoy, possesses also a bane which in practice clogs up the machine and renders its action fitful and uncertain.—This is owing to a variety of causes. The extent, for instance, to which the principles of democracy are carried out, engender the most absurd ideas of individual power and importance in the minds of the vulgar. The dissemination of knowledge, which is universal throughout the nation, and of which the legitimate effects should be to exalt it above other

countries, where learning is not so highly esteemed instead of dissipating, seems there only to foster such ideas; being among the mass of the people only elementary, it suffices to build up in the breast of each individual, a certain self-respect, which would be well enough if it did not, as it unfortunately does, magnify him to an equality with the law, which he thinks he is justified in breaking whenever his sovereign will bids him make the effort; each day is with him but another age of reason, fallacious like that of the French revolution, endangering and sapping the principles of order and gradation that seem stamped on the material and immaterial worlds as essentials to their existence. Freedom again is rank food for the passions under malignant influences, and these influences, aided by the ability of every one to read, are ever ready to start into existence on the least excitement; ungenerous dispositions tamper with the excited will, and use it as an effective agent in their corrupt machinations, while the only purity that exists in the state, relying on its own integrity and ability to save, becomes villified, and is impotent, because it resorts not to meanness to effect its purposes. Every department must be more or less influenced by the lamentable effects of placing unlimited power in the hands of a people too inflammable to reason, too prejudiced to judge. He who would legislate for such a people must submit to many mortifications; he must watch the motions of faction—he must draw resources from trifles, and if he wish to please—but to please is a hopeless result—he must pursue a course dictated by reason and measured by circumstances, and an approving conscience will be his surest and best reward amid the clamours of faction, the rage of the disappointed, or the vile taunts of elated enmity. But although fierce spirits are constantly springing into life under such a constitution of things, a wide range is given by it for the play of the nobler qualities of the soul. The virtues of the sages of antiquity may here be emulated; but to form the perfect statesman, there must be engrafted on the stem that bold unflinching courage which lends to wisdom and cloquence that vivifying power which alone can wield the multitude composed of such materials.

George Nevers was just the man for such a state of society: formed by nature with indomitable perseverance and unquestioned courage, he had husbanded until now, those latent powers that wanted only time and opportunity to burst forth in the glory of almost meridian splendour; but those who had watched

his smooth brow and the quiet smile that alone evidenced his perception of the activity of every day life, dreamt not of the struggle with which at times he suppressed his glowing fancies, and subdued the ardour that prompted him to an earlier participation in the political warfare that sent up its mad trumpet shouts, swelling his bosom with passion for the glorious strife. But these were the thoughts of his closet, when his lamp grew dim and the page whereon his eye wearied bade him ask himself why he poured over those dry folios when so many charms opened to him their honied petals.—And why is it that man thus neglects health and—we had almost written—happiness, but that is ever the object of his pursuit through paths mostly inaccessible, and seldom leading to the desired terminus? Why is it that he passes by the milder scenes of love and defers to a day so distant, the balmy joys which are open to every mortal? Why is it, but that a restlessness inseparable from his existence, marks the Divine care over the world by directing to its exigencies each man's peculiar talent, directed by self-love, 'tis true, but in its direction applying to aggregate advantage, and becoming vicious only when acting under simple will, unfettered by a sense of moral obligation.

Without tiring the reader with a detail of the events which took place on Nevers' arrival in Rhode Island, we will at once bring before his notice, so much as is necessary to introduce him to the different classes of actors that figured in the scenes described in this narrative.

The person who was to oppose Morris at the election was a man who had settled himself in the State some eight or ten years before; he had come, few knew whence, and he had brought little with him; but he was a man of considerable information, and as far as regarded the geography and resources of the Union his knowledge seemed unlimited. There were few places of importance which he had not visited at some period of his life; and this had given rise to various surmises as to his character and previous occupation. The suspicious reserve, and the wariness he uniformly exhibited, had given a character to suspicions which might have been true or false for aught they could gather of him;—he might have been a speculator or a peculator, or both at pleasure. But habits of industry and sobriety of deportment had in time vanquished the prejudices of the good people of —. His knowledge of the world and capacity for business insured for him in time an extensive, and—it was supposed

—a lucrative business; this he had pushed into every corner of the state, although some of his speculations induced doubts in the minds of his prudent neighbours, as to the soundness of his calculations; for some of them were known to be unproductive, and others were in their nature ruinous to any but a large capitalist. The equanimity with which he met his losses—the promptitude with which he satisfied engagements that had been the means of leading to them—and the surprising affability which he displayed throughout the whole of transactions which would have made most men peevish and unendurable, induced the supposition that his means were inexhaustible; and the result of all this was that he had become a popular man. A few distant allusions which he had made to the approaching election, showed his more immediate friends that he was willing to incur the responsibility of a representative of the people in the councils of the state; they had lost no time therefore, in determining that he should “run,” and they predicted a triumphant termination of the race. The time had now arrived when the true character of the man was beginning to develop itself.—Aiming, as some of those still thought, whose suspicions of him had been awakened at the outset of his career, at a higher point of ambition than the accumulation of wealth, and the respect of his countrymen in private life, he had fixed his mind upon a seat in the representative assembly, and was now about to convert his popularity to his individual benefit.

On the Wednesday night of the week preceding that of the election, we find him sitting before a bright fire, which threw a lurid glare over an apartment that displayed more splendour than taste in the material and arrangement of its furniture, and the ornamental designs which encumbered it. There was in fact just such a display as a man who prides himself rather on his exterior accomplishment, than his mental qualities is almost sure to make whenever the means are at his command. Costliness is the desideratum, no matter how offensive it may be to good taste. Ferrer—such was the name of the candidate and the owner of the house—sat with his feet braced against the top of the franklin, peering intently into the glowing coals, as if he were anxious to gather new ideas from their varying forms.

Another person with a vulgar freedom—which men of debased minds assume towards their superiors in point of wealth and worldly importance, whenever their services are re-

quired in the accomplishment of schemes which discover in the principal, a character little more exalted than his accomplice—l lounged back on a couch, while he puffed the smoke of a cigar in long spiral columns towards the ceiling, and watched it wreathing off when it struck, with as much nonchalance as if he had always been used to the luxury of a soft couch and a princeps. There was another object which frequently engaged his attention, in the shape of a large decanter that stood on the corner of a table at his head. The necessity for raising himself in order to reach it, and the tumbler that stood beside it, seemed his only source of uneasiness; and he cast sundry wistful glances round the apartment in the hope of discovering a less bulky piece of furniture on which to dispose of his favourite, and so place them between him and the fire; but he was fain to content himself with things as he found them, and his frequent applications to his glass were attended with a rush of blood to his head, every time he stretched out his arm to the table.

If this individual's thoughts had been fixed on any thing but the means of animal enjoyment at his disposal—at least if the same subject occupied the minds of both men—the latter must have appeared to any person acquainted with the fact, to have been possessed of great fecundity of reasoning as he sat in the self-satisfied state in which we have found him, during a long time that his companion remained buried in profound thought.

“And what do you think of it, Flamm?” said the latter at length, suddenly addressing him of the cigar.

“Think of it! why I've made up my mind from the first: there's no thinking at all about the matter. I tell you again they must know their man.”

“And is there no *other* way I can convince them of my devotion to their interests, than by telling them so at the hustings?”

“What *other* way would you take? ain't their cause righteous? What harm is therein telling them 'ristocrats, that you're for the people—a right down genuine democrat—a whole hog bristles an' all? you're not ashamed of yer constituents, are you?”

“Come now, Flamm, I think you and I understand each other by this time—the fact is, these men must be bought—or *sold*, if the term pleases you better—they are a strong body of voters, and must not be lost sight of; but still it will not do to avow our principles at the hustings, the better classes would take fire, and if they should, the game's up.”

"It might do very well, doctor, if you could fix it to your likin', but that's the tickler. I've bin among 'em already, and know their grit. Them's got the spirit of Americans in 'em; they like to see a man come up to the scratch boldly—no flinchin'—no fallin' back—a right good hand to hand fight. Universal suffrage is their watch-word—a new constitution—liberty to every man and no jugglin': that's what they want, and the man that wont promise 'em that, need'nt expect no support."

"But then you know, without considerable support from the friends of the constitution, the efforts of the patriot would be unavailing. If they require me to promise this much at the hustings, then my adversary would go in at once."

"That's just what they can't or wont see, and its no use tellin' on 'em nother. They'll say its all shufflin'. I tell you what it is, there's no man knows them gentry better than Jacob Flamm does: why bless your soul, if any man can ever put the leak into these Rhode Islanders, its me; but I know that if a misketoe can git on your hand without your knowin' it, he can't bite without your feelin it. Just so it is with these voters, you may lead 'em to the waterin' place, but hang me if you can make 'em drink unless you pump 'em out some water.—But I tell you what, a little water goes a good way some times, 'ticular when its not pure, eh Doctor; so you jist let somethin' leak out that the big-wigs can't understand, and I'll mix it up and make more of it. Yes, yes! you say a little—I'll say a good deal, and my agents will give it a second edition 'till we git it to the last man in the crowd."

"I don't exactly see how that's to be done either, there will be some of both parties round the hustings, and if the constitutionalists do not think I shall have made use of the language imputed to me, they will at least see through the plot."

"Don't concern yourself about that: why bless you! I can do this—I can keep the patriots back 'till most others have done pollin', then we can go up in a body and push every one away from the stand. Then what's more easy? the pollin' officer and reporters don't hear you say nothin' that can give offence to the constitution party, cause why?—you don't say nothin'; but the whole-figure men do hear you say so, cause why? me and my fellows tell 'em you say it,—clear as mud, Doctor."

"But you forget that the speeches are usually made at the opening of the poll."

"Bah! you can make as many speeches as

you like, or you can sham sick 'till the right time."

"And then I don't see how these people can be kept back until then; besides there are more voters attached to the same line of politics than those you profess to controul;—the—s, the—s, and a number of other influential men, they will require a pledge at the outset."

"Can't you reason with them before goin' to poll—can't you state the difficulty you're under, and wont they fall into the scheme? To be sure they will; some on 'em are dupes themselves, and some are schemin' to dupe others."

"Well! I must admit there's reason in what you say. But do you really think you can manage your part of the business as well as you profess?"

"Why, it's a great deal of trouble, but we must expect trouble when we're well paid—ch! master."

"Make yourself easy about that; but I'm sorry they can't be bought; I would not mind any sum—any sacrifice to make surè of my election."

"Why, as to that, there might be some might be hired to vote; but though most on 'em are poor, yet they've got the crotchet into their noddles that universal suffrage will make 'em rich, and so there's no buyin' 'em at a bargain. Promise 'em riches through universal suffrage, or what's the same thing, let me promise 'em, and you have 'em, body and soul, seed, breed, and generation, and little Zeke and uncle Hezekiah into the bargain."

Here, Flamm, with an air that bespoke entire satisfaction at his own oratory, which had left nothing more to be said, applied the seed end of his cigar, with his middle and fore fingers, to his lips, and sank quietly back to his former position on the sofa, which he had abandoned in the heat of the debate. Ferreter took two or three uneasy turns round the room, and then seating himself at the table, invited his guest to partake of some more liquor. "Yes," he resumed, after they had both filled their glasses; "these parties must be made to amalgamate for this purpose at least, and your scheme is the only one I can see that can bring it about; so let's drink success to it."

"Success! say I. Our party—that is, the party I belong to from station in society—I, you know brother, belong to whatever party I can make the most by—that's my maxim. I don't see any use denyin' one's self on principle—hurтин' yourself to help others, or rather a-tryin' to hilp 'em, for after all, you might not do 'em any good. Look to thyself, friend

Flamm, thou art the best friend thou hast in this world, say I."

"And the friend, too, that most people who pretend to something better, wait upon first."

"Yes! and as I was sayin', our party are goin' to try what they can do by force—they're a-goin' to try this one election, and if they can't get their rights by words—and the feeling is pretty general through the whole state—they'll have deeds."

"One will serve just about as well as the other; they are mad—between you and me—to expect their wishes will be gratified. They are decidedly the smallest and least influential party in the state; and with the feeling of the legislature against them on one side, and the pledge of the constitution of the United States for the support of the constitutionalists on the other, neither reason nor the want of it, nor yet a revolution can effect their object."

"Yes! master, and though they're ragin' with the hydrophoby, you're a-tyin' a tin pan to their tails; take care they don't turn round and bite you yet afore you're done with 'em."

Flamm's admonitory remark, whether it alluded only to the subject of their conversation, or was designed by the speaker for some knot-hole in the structure of his private affairs, had the effect of casting a gloom over the countenance of his host, who buried his head in his hands a few minutes, and then rising suddenly, remarked upon the lateness of the hour, and took a candle in his hand—hints too palpable to be mistaken. Flamm rose to his feet—drained his tumbler of its contents, and proceeded towards the door.

"Use every diligence, will you?"

"Trust me!" Flamm replied, slamming the hall door, and then went whistling down the street to all appearance as unconcerned and happy as if innocence itself were the only occupant of his bosom.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE allusion made by Flamm in the conversation recorded in the conclusion of the last chapter, to the determination of the anti-constitutional party to enforce their rights, was in reference to a meeting which had been holden a short time previously by the disaffected, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of accomplishing a change in the constitution of Rhode Island. This state is now the only one of the "old thirteen," which is governed by the principles and the letter of those chartered rights that were granted to them at the colonization of the country.—

Claiming their territory and deriving their authority to govern themselves under a charter of Charles II., which contained and conferred privileges peculiarly extensive and highly protective of their liberties; the inhabitants of Rhode Island were so well satisfied with it, that its authority as a form of government, suffered no diminution at or after the declaration of independence, when each of the other thirteen colonies adopted constitutions of their own penning. The real friends of the state, however anxious to meet increasing necessities by corresponding improvement, have never yet been able to discover the want of such a change as that sought after by the demagogues of faction.

In order that the reader may form a sufficiently correct idea of the state of parties, and the arguments on which the adversaries of the old constitution built their opposition, it may be necessary to remark here that one of the great leading questions that have agitated the nation since its existence as such, has been the right of each state to construe the constitution of the United States, and as a consequence capriciously to invalidate it in relation to such separate state. This claim is familiarly known to American politicians as the doctrine of nullification; and this species of political heresy, as it has been aptly termed, was at the period to which we refer, a favourite principle as applied by the citizens to the government of Rhode Island; in other words they assumed the right to declare that the rulers had broken faith with them, and that, although the minority, they had a right to set up another government, and to enact new laws in accordance with their sentiments.

This doctrine took its rise originally from the notion that the constitution of the United States was a compact between the people and the federal government, the terms of which, if violated, could not be the subject of inquiry by the courts of the United States, and the inference was that every individual who was supposed to have assented to the compact, was freed from all obligation to fulfil his part of the engagement.

Such, at least had been the theoretical deductions from the principle, and such was now their practical operation in Rhode Island.—The illusion of such a mode of reasoning will be perceived when it is recollected that mankind congregate in masses from an innate sense of fear, teaching the necessity of a mutual social compact, for the purpose of protection against outrage, and for assistance and sup-

port in great efforts. The necessity becomes confirmed as men advance towards perfection, and when convenience and pampered tastes give rise to complicated undertakings. The original consent of the first few associates or founders of states, is that which gives rise to future improvements; it justifies them; guarantees to posterity the enjoyment of them; and must therefore be taken to have contemplated a structure of government of infinite duration, depending upon no whim, and dissoluble by no exigency less authoritative than necessity. This necessity was never apparent to the majority of the people of Rhode Island, and therefore never existed, but the minority investing causes with effects, with no shadow of reason imputable to them; deriving little hope from a change of representation, and grasping at and applying this perverse principle to themselves, had asserted their right to repudiate the authority of the constitution, and had actually taken measures to construct another in its stead.

On the same night on which we have seen Ferreter laying out schemes for self-aggrandizement, George Nevers sat in a private room of an hotel, surrounded by a few friends who had assembled there by appointment. There were those indications of care and anxiety apparent on the countenance of the young candidate, which must naturally affect every one similarly circumstanced; but there were also that lofty tone and high bearing which bespeak disavowal of all unworthy means to accomplish an end, however desirable, and however calculated to work out ultimate good.

"And so you want no canvassing," laughingly asked a middle aged man, whose countenance displayed much ingenuousness of purpose, while at the same time the peculiar play of his lip, and the coldness of his eye denoted his acquaintance with the world in which he mingled.

"I do not exactly mean that," replied Nevers, to whom the question was addressed; "but I must repeat, that I have always been inimical to coercion in all its ramifications. Without referring to that restraint which the rich have it in their power to exercise over the unfortunate victims of poverty, and which the laws have very properly denounced; I think every man should be left to his choice, without the exercise by the candidate or his friends of any influence over him, beyond that of fair call through public means, such as the newspapers or public assemblages of the suffrage classes. The very moment you resort to private requi-

sition—to the system of canvassing, that moment commences coercion; and the extent to which this is carried, cannot be made the subject of calculation. The merchant engages the votes of his clerks—the banker of him whose necessities compel him to look to him for assistance, and carry your eye into all the relations of life, where interest or even friendship is of any authority, and you will find this practice operating to the subversion of that freedom of opinion and independence in action which should characterize above all other, the subjects of a democracy."

"I must admit your principle to be correct, but the difficulty is to carry it out in practice. How miserably poor would be his chance of success who should remain inactive while his adversary would be busily engaged securing votes!"

"I am well aware that the practice is common, and that men of character and standing resort to it, under the idea that it is not only justifiable, but praiseworthy; yet I am convinced that it is more from want of thought than from a conviction that the practice can be fairly defended."

"That it is justifiable, at least under the looseness of our election laws, I, for one, do not entertain a doubt, for if we should not fight our opponents with the same weapons they make use of, we would permit bad men to exercise an undue influence over the destinies of the country, which might end in anarchy and confusion. And as to its praiseworthiness, I can only add, that if the necessity be once admitted, there can be little question that every one who takes sufficient interest in the matter to ferret out unwilling voters, is worthy of public commendation."

"But what do you gain by it? You resort to it, to a certain extent, as you say, in self-defence; but do you not thereby drive the unprincipled to greater excesses—to more outrageous infractions of right? Take my word for it, you must ever fall short—you can never gain upon them one inch, unless you abandon yourselves to the same disregard of honesty."

"What then do you propose doing?—a political crisis is approaching, which calls upon the friends of the constitution to exhibit unusual interest in the election."

"Perhaps at present, there is no remedy for the evil. I must admit there can be no great harm, should no good result, under the circumstances, in making use of private influence to a limited extent. There are some persons—not a few, in fact, who do not take sufficient inter-

est in what is passing around them, to support that party their judgment favours; these I think, might with propriety, be urged to lend us their aid. There are some again who care not a straw who succeeds; it might be well to be beforehand in securing these; but when I admit this much, you must understand that it is only in consequence of the want of proper laws to secure our rights. It would be folly to expect perfection in any human regulation; but I think the evils I have spoken of, might be remedied to a great extent by the interference of the legislature."

"Until that is effected—and I shrewdly suspect 't will be a long time first, and when men have learned to practice forgetfulness of self—we must take such measures as the case requires, to counteract the evil tendency of the present excitement. The opposing candidate is, in my opinion, a very designing man. I believe he secretly favours the discontented, and has been working when we were least aware of it; there is something in his character that I can't understand. Heaven only knows what would be the result of their success throughout the State! They want to throw all power into the hands of men who do not know how to use it—they have their eyes fixed upon an agrarian system, and look on the property of the rich as already their own."

"Yes!" observed another speaker; "Ferreter has been seen holding several conferences with that troublesome fellow, Flamm, the wildest scoundrel that ever disturbed the peace of any community; and when we have such men to deal with, our measures should be prompt and decisive."

"True," said another, "and take my word for it, if Ferreter does not openly avow his principles, he is making them *felt* in the quarter where they will *tell* to his advantage."

As a detail of the plots and counterplots of the different parties which occupied the field of contention, cannot be very interesting to the general reader, and as their history would occupy too large a portion of the space limited for this tale, we will pass over the proceedings of the evening, and of the days that intervened between them and the time set apart for the election. That arrived with its usual attendants of noise and bustle—with its cold chills and its ardent hopes. At first the lists stood nearly equal, varying indeed occasionally, as the supporters of the different candidates came in bodies and occupied the stand to the exclusion of others. At one time, there was a call for Ferreter to give his opinion with regard

to the necessity of universal suffrage; but it was soon hushed by the industry of Flamm, who was seen hurrying from place to place, in the greatest haste. As the time wore on, much anxiety began to prevail among Nevers' friends, in consequence of a large body of voters, who were known to be unfriendly to the constitution, holding back. Although contrary to the advice of his friends, Nevers had openly expressed his views upon the excited state of the country, which he had pronounced reprehensible;—some hope was entertained that these men would not support either party, as Ferreter had not yet declared himself; and if they should not, the chances rather preponderated in the young candidate's favour.—These hopes began to run high as the election drew towards its close, Nevers numbering nearly a fifth more than his antagonist; but all at once a shout arose on the evening air; every eye turned in the direction whence it proceeded, and it would have been a source of amusing curiosity to a person wholly uninterested in the event, to watch the varied shades of expression that rested on the features of the assembled crowd. Confident anticipation and chilling dread, with every intermediate emotion were depicted there without fear of detection; for each man felt that his neighbour was too busy with his own thoughts to be curious concerning his feelings.

Flamm had managed his part admirably.—The people, whose shouts became louder every moment, had been kept back under pretence that they could render Ferreter, who was represented as *strongly attached to their cause*, more effectual service at this point of the contest, and their arrival decided the matter at once by giving him a majority of twenty.

Thus triumphed cunning and deceit, and thus it will ever have the opportunity of doing wherever the elective franchise is injudiciously extensive.

Exactly one month after the event just related, Nevers sat in Mrs. Stuffhausen's back parlour. The old lady was busily engaged knitting; but now and again she would glance at George over her spectacles, and although she uttered not a word, it was evident that her thoughts were busy with him, while he vainly essayed to fix his mind on an open book which lay before him. At length she asked—

"Pray, George, what book is that?"

"The Pickwick Papers," he answered, hesitatingly, as if he had forgotten the title of the work.

"The Pickwick Papers! why one would

have thought you were engaged in some intricate philosophical investigation." Nevers smiled, but made no reply. "Come now, George," she continued, "you might let me into your secret, for it is evident that something has been preying on your mind for some time back, and the girls say it is love."

Again, Nevers smiled faintly, but looked her this time full in the face. "If any one has a right to make the inquiry," he said, "it is you, my dear madam, and I feel I can lose nothing by telling you——"

"Here's Betty with the newspaper; just let me look over the deaths and marriages, and I will listen to you in a trice. Dear me, what's this :

**'EXTENSIVE FORGERY.**—Felix Ferreter, the lately elected member for the town of \_\_\_\_\_, in the representative assembly of Rhode Island, has been detected forging bills and notes, and other securities to a considerable extent. On the discovery of the fraud, Ferreter absconded, and immediately afterwards had the effrontery to publish a letter, attempting to extenuate his villainy on the ground of necessity, pointing at the same time, to his former good conduct, as a palliation of his guilt!"

"Monstrous!"

"And that's the man who triumphed over you!"

"Too true!"

Once more visions of happiness floated through the brain of George Nevers. The seat which would be declared vacant, on the discovery of Ferreter's crime, must be filled up; and who can say that his fond dreams shall not even yet be realized?

In a country like the United States, with a fluctuating population, composed of people from every civilized nation, intimacies must be formed, and friendship strengthened with less consideration than in those nations whose inhabitants are more permanent, and whose opportunities of inquiry into each others characters are more satisfactory. To a man like Felix Ferreter, therefore, every facility is offered by dissimulation, to impose upon the credulity of the public. Suspicion, it is true, is ever awake, but it scrutinizes more particularly faces that are altogether new, and ceases the sooner to attach to the man who has caution sufficiently prominent to enable him to curb his inclinations. This remark will apply with greater force to the western country, where the great tide of immigration is constantly moving; but society in the seaboard States, is also more or less tinctured with this peculiarity which enabled Ferreter, who was only one of the thousands that are ever on the watch to aggrandize

themselves at the expense of others, to effect his object; but he was also blessed with a peculiar power of self-denial, which enabled him to look through a long vista of years to the time when his ambitious projects should be ripe enough to venture on their development. He had worked hard—he had placed a restraint upon his inclinations—and he had exercised lenity towards creditors at the risk of loss, with a view to popularity; but he had overreached himself by the magnitude of his plans, and had been tempted to cover losses by forgery, rather than relinquish his darling projects. It was an act of madness, scarcely to be accounted for, as his hope of covering it must have been small, and it hurled him at once from the proud eminence he had attained.

Up to the time when our tale commences, unexampled prosperity seemed to attend man's every undertaking, and his genius and enterprise were pushing him forward daily through schemes of unparalleled magnitude and daring conception. Commerce flourished—arts and manufactures advanced with giant strides—new discoveries in science were opening out for the thousands that were ready to take advantage of them, fresh sources of wealth; and men neglected to worship at any other shrine than that of the god of mammon.

In the very midst of this cheering prospect came that general depression, which, like the breath of the sirocco, swept over the commercial world, drying up the fountains from which had sprung luxury and wealth, searing men's hearts with that hateful suspicion and cruel selfishness which marks a failure of credit; and with the hot sands of affliction, blinding them to the existence of all ties less powerful than those that have their origin in self-love. The storm was but just gathering, which was to scatter dismay through the proud ranks of the merchant, but 'twas with a fearful heralding it came on. As the lightning singles out the highest forest tree, so are the most prominent made to feel the first approach of the world's change.

The house of Belmore & Co., Philadelphia, had been carrying on an extensive business with many parts of the world, in which it had been eminently successful; but it sustained a shock at this time which made it reel to its foundation. 'Twas in vain that it called in its resources—in vain that it broke up its foreign establishments—in vain that it sacrificed its valuable shipping, and retrenched largely its expenditures for the sake of preserving its credit. Down it went—prop after prop gave way

25 each mail from Britain, each courier from correspondents on the continent, brought information of successive losses. During the winter of 183—, the members of this enterprising firm put forth all their strength, and continued to struggle on, almost against hope; but the following spring witnessed the death thro'ee, and before many weeks, not a wreck remained of that credit which they had so long and so justly commanded.

The father of Louise, who had been a member of the firm, had retired from business some years before his death, and while it was in the zenith of its prosperity, leaving his brother at its head. On his death he had appointed him the guardian of his daughter, and had entrusted him with his immense wealth, which he had empowered him to make use of as he should think proper, and as most conducive to the interest of his widow and child.

The repeated losses which he sustained induced Belmore to propose securing Louise, as far as was compatible with good faith towards his creditors; but the noble girl refused to accept of any security, and even proposed that he should convert large sums, which had never been employed in business, to his own use, in the hope of re-establishing his credit. This, of course, he refused to listen to—two thirds of her wealth having been sunk already.

Thus matters stood about the time that Home's marriage was announced in the Philadelphia papers; and the letter that accompanied a piece of his wedding cake to Rhode Island, announced to George Nevers, who was now a member of the House of Representatives of that State, the losses Louise had sustained in consequence of the utter ruin of her uncle.

Nevers was affected by the intelligence; but to a greater extent, and perhaps not exactly in the way that Home counted upon, for we have seen that he had never been informed by his friend, of the true nature of his difficulties—difficulties of his own construction, but which had served to perplex him more than any proceeding from other sources could have done.—They were difficulties founded, but only partially, on the possibility that suspicion might fall upon him from a quarter where, every one knows, there could have been no probability that they would attach: for woman is but too prone to reject warnings when her affections are engaged; too ready to construe the attentions of the other sex in favour of her own charms, and to forget that gold has a witching power over the heart of man.

With a lighter heart than he had known for many months, Nevers made preparation, immediately on receiving Home's letter, for a journey to Philadelphia. He felt, and perhaps for the first time with the same solemnity, that he was about to take one of the most important steps in life; but he wavered not, nor once questioned the propriety of uniting himself to one, with whose peculiarities of character he had not made himself acquainted; but such seems to have been only the result of a principle which man acknowledges—which he feels it would be unsafe to oppose, and which, whether he perceive it in all his other undertakings or not, in this at least, asserts for itself a dictatorial authority, and tacitly teaches that which it is so hard to believe, and yet so difficult to reject—that on which the mind becomes bewildered, and from the consideration of which it is repelled, as if by an unseen hand and a voice that says—"So far shalt thou come, and no farther."—we mean, the doctrine of predestination—a doctrine which assumes a knowledge of a subject, which, from its nature, must be incomprehensible to finite minds, because it includes secrets which it is not necessary should be revealed, and which it is therefore dangerous to inquire into. \* \* \* \* \*

Louise Belmore swept with a skilful touch the strings of a harp, while her lips breathed one of those rich old Spanish lays, which lead the imagination back to the days of chivalry, to its mailed knights and its troubadours.—Her heart was in the song, for she sang with a force and truth which feeling alone can lend, and the thought of him who had struggled with the waves and rescued her from death, when so many human beings were unexpectedly cut off in the spring-tide of life—and then she praised God for his mercies to her on that occasion, while she felt a calm stealing over her soul from the sublime contemplation of the goodness of THE ETERNAL, and of her own demerits, which she had seldom experienced before.

When she arose from her seat, a smile of happiness spread over her countenance, and her eyes seemed peering into futurity as she stood there alone, the picture of innocent and maiden loveliness. In the midst of her meditations she was disturbed by a sharp rap which echoed through the hall, and while she listened, as if in expectation, a well remembered voice thrilled through her heart, for she knew that he had come to claim her for his own.

As we have already extended this tale beyond the limits of its original design, we will

not take up the reader's time with a delineation of their emotions on meeting. It is sufficient for him to know that she listened with delight to his portrayal of feelings, which her own experience told her must be a faithful picture.

Time has proved that their love was no day-dream, and their union may be instanced as one of the many cases where blessings arise out of supposed calamities.

W. R. M. B.

St. John, October, 1842.



### MONEY MAKING;

OR, SUCCESS NOT ALWAYS HAPPINESS.

"WHAT is the matter with you, Harry?—When I parted with you yesterday, you were in high spirits, anticipating a delightful ride with your favorite friend, Helen Hazlehurst, and regarding every thing in life through a rose-coloured medium. Scarcely twenty-four hours have elapsed, and I find you as grave and sad as a world-wearied sage; what new whim has seized you?"

"A single hour, Frank, may suffice for the development of events which colour one's whole future life."

"What a philosophic remark! pray how long is it since you turned moralist?"

"Moments often do the work of years.—A sense of our duties and responsibilities, usually dawns slowly upon the soul, like the gradual unfolding of daylight to the eye of the sleeper, but sometimes it flashes suddenly and startlingly upon us, even as the lightning, which reveals his hazardous mountain-path to the benighted traveller."

"Upon my word, Harry, you soar an eagle's flight above my humble comprehension.—What has happened to you since yesterday?"

"Much, Frank: enough, in fact, to change all my future plans of life."

"You speak in riddles, my good fellow."

"I am going to quit college, Frank."

"Quit college, Harry! you jest, surely."

"In sober truth, I have decided to relinquish my studies, and try my fortune in the world of traffic."

"Are you mad, Harry, to abandon such a career as lies before you in professional life? and, to come nearer to present prospects, how can you bear to withdraw from the scene of your scholastic labours, after three years of hard study, when the reward of your talents and industry is just within your grasp? You are not—you cannot be serious."

"I knew you would be surprised, Frank, but I have something else to tell you, which will astonish you still more. You know how long I have admired Helen Hazlehurst, and how greatly her intimacy with my sisters, has aided me in obtaining an accurate knowledge of her character. She is one of those sweet gentle creatures, who, though unfitted to dazzle in society, cannot fail to inspire affection in the hearts of those who behold her in the domestic circle. I have long loved her earnestly and tenderly, but, scarcely conscious of the strength of my own feelings, I have never spoken to her on the subject until betrayed by circumstance, 'that unspiritual god.' Yesterday, a large party, among whom were Helen and myself, set out to ride, and we were all as merry as youth and healthful excitement could make us. As we entered the woods, the rest of the gay troop were considerably in advance of us, and while they cantered along the main road, I caught the bridle of Helen's horse, and turned into a by-path which met the road some two miles beyond. I know not what impulse prompted me to freak; it was a mere frolic, for I certainly had no idea of the consequences which were to result from it. Some how or other we seemed to grow less mirthful when we found ourselves alone in the green-wood. The sunset hour lent its softening influence to our feelings; we watched the beams of golden light which fell between the gnarled trunks of the old trees, tinged, here and there, a brand with its gorgeous hues, and throwing a rich glow upon the velvet-like turf, until we became silent and almost saddened by overpowering emotion. The quiet of the place, unbroken save by the trampling of our horses, or the whizzing of a bird above our heads—the loveliness of nature in her wildness, and the soft breath of the summer air, all contributed to subdue our hearts. At such a moment, marriage seemed sacrilege. Helen had never looked more beautiful; perhaps her conscious heart lent a deeper flush to her cheek, and a soft sparkle to her eye, for she seemed to grow more and more lovely, the longer I gazed upon her sweet face. I know not how it happened, Frank—I was excited—I awildered—but I remember that I gave vehement utterance to the emotions which oppressed me. Those words which, when heart responds to heart, are never spoken in vain, were breathed into the ear of the agitated girl, and that hour witnessed our betrothal. I cannot describe to you the intoxicating happiness of that moment. It seemed to me a dream, and yet, as I clasped the hand

of the gentle and confiding creature, I felt that I was indeed a blessed reality.

"Nothing could be more unpremeditated than this avowal, and, perhaps you will say, nothing could have been more indiscreet, but when you pass through a similar trial, Frank, you will better understand the force of the temptation. That hour decided my future destiny. I went forth a light-hearted boy, to whom life was, as yet, but a scene of enjoyment and preparation for future struggle: I returned laden with the responsibilities of manhood, for I had taken into my keeping the heart and happiness of a fellow being. I was happy, very happy, Frank—and yet, to you, as to a second conscience, I may disclose the after conflict of my heart. In the deep silence of night, when the voice of passion was stilled, and the language of wisdom made itself heard in my soul, I was conscious that I had committed a great error. What right had I, with my character, as yet, unformed by circumstances, my position in society, as yet, undefined, my fortunes uncertain, my education incomplete—what right had I to assume the voluntary guardianship of a young and innocent girl, whose ignorance of the world placed her entirely under my guidance? Years must elapse before I can claim the hand which she has pledged to me—years of toil for me—of patient suspense for her. My very love has taught me the selfishness of my conduct. In the weary watches of the past night, I have learned—what years are sometimes too short to teach—how fearful are the responsibilities of him who presumes to be his 'brother's keeper.'"

"You have committed an act of great indiscretion, Harry, it is true, but I cannot see any reason for such self-reproach; Helen is old enough to judge prudently for herself, and she is fully aware of your pecuniary circumstances."

"Yes, but Helen is one of the most unworldly creatures in existence; she has no idea of poverty or privation, no knowledge of the struggles which must be made by the young and poor American; she would marry me to-morrow if I were to express such a wish, because she relies implicitly upon my judgment, and I will not subject either her or myself to the miseries of a straightened fortune. I must find some short cut to the temple of Plutus—some rapid means of winning gold, and the pleasures of intellectual life must be relinquished for the pursuits of commerce."

"But why not complete your collegiate course before adopting any future vocation?"

"Because I should be obliged to sacrifice a whole year, Frank. No, if I must relinquish my hopes of fame—if I must leave to others the glorious chariot-race, while I wrestle and sweat in the dusty arena, let the strife begin at once."

"If Helen loves you, Harry, she will cheerfully submit to any delay which circumstances may demand, and even share your narrow means, if success should be denied."

"Never would I subject a wife to all the privations which must be the lot of poverty.—When I remember the patient toil of my poor mother, her uncomplaining industry, her close economy, nay, the household of drudgery to which she submitted during my childhood—when I remember the keen calculation of expenses necessary in our little family, and the slavish attention to wearisome duties which my father was compelled to give in return for his yearly stipend, I feel that I would rather live and die, a lonely and isolated being, than subject those whom I love to such a life."

"Yet your mother was happy amid all her trials; happy in the affection of her husband—in the welfare of her children—in the consciousness of her own usefulness."

"True, because a woman will submit to every privation more cheerfully than she can to a dearth of affection, but the legacy of my miserly old uncle has materially added to her enjoyments in later life. No, Frank, had I kept watch and ward over my heart, I could have been content to scorn dame Fortune's favors, while my eye was fixed on the glittering wreath of Fame, but now all is changed. I love and am beloved—I have been selfish enough to win what I cannot wear, and I must be content to hide my jewel within my heart until I can show it to the world in a golden setting."

The wisdom of twenty years could offer no arguments sufficiently cogent to overcome the impulses of mistaken feeling. Frank Hargrave was silenced if not convinced, and, after many conversations with his friend, resigning all hope of Harry's future companionship, he applied himself with redoubled diligence to the studies which were, to him, the preparation for a professional career. The close of the summer vacation saw him returning to his collegiate duties with renewed zest, while his friend, Harry Eustace, had already devoted his energies to commerce, and, chained to a desk in the dingy office of one of our 'merchant-princes,' was fast acquiring the knowledge of business which is necessary to win a moderate degree of success. It was a weary change to the

young aspirant for fortune's favor. Heretofore he had wandered in classic shades, until his soul became filled with images of beauty. To him, the labours of the intellect were as pastime, for he possessed the strength which could wield the powerful weapons of science, as well as the delicate perceptions which seize and enjoy the most minute charms in the moral and physical world. He was a poet, because, in youth, the language of enthusiasm is always poetry, and a scholar, because study has been the very element in which he lived. Now all such things were put aside. His books were laid by forever, his verses were condemned to the flames, and Harry Eustace was only the active and useful clerk.

Helen Hazlehurst was all that Eustace described her—a gentle, lovely, and loving creature, full of kindly emotions and innocent thoughts;—a being to be regarded with tenderness for the very weakness and helplessness of her relying character. Unfit for the glaring sunshine of gay life, and less able to bear the cold blasts of misfortune, she was like some rare exotic, which requires alike a refuge from the storm, and a shelter from the heat, ere its precious perfume repays the care bestowed upon its culture. Her beauty was of that delicate character which seldom outlasts extreme youth. Her pure complexion was so faintly tinted with the rose, her lips were so brilliant of hue, her teeth so pearly white, and her figure so exceedingly slender in its proportions, that the eye of experience gazed on her with pity as well as admiration; for of such creatures does consumption choose its most frequent victims. Yet there was so much of the vividness of life in her changeful blush, her sparkling eye, her elastic step, and her lithe form, that one forgot the frailty of her loveliness in its wonderful brightness. Her voice was one of unrivalled melody—its every tone was musical, and her song was like the warble of the forest bird. There was a frankness, too, in her manners, a jeyousness in her looks, and a free grace in every gesture, which could only result from the overflowing happiness of an innocent heart. Her unworldliness of character seemed to shed an almost infatigable charm around her, and inspired an involuntary respect for the purity which knows no evil, and suspects no guile. But such traits, lovely and feminine as they may be, are rarely combined with strength of mind. Helen was all that men seek in the idol of their earnest youth—all that woman might ever be, if she could be hedged round by defences on all sides, to guard her

from disappointment and treachery and sorrow. But alas! in a world like this, where freshness of feeling, like the dew upon the flower, is exhaled in the very morning of life, or, if still retained, must be hidden from view, like the honey-drop in the blossom's perfumed chalice, something more is required of woman than mere gentleness and timid reliance.—Without some latent strength of character, veiled by sweetness and tenderness, woman is but a plaything, a toy, a puppet to amuse the idle hour of listlessness, but utterly useless in the days of darkness and despondency. "How beautiful it is to love with the *heart* and with the *mind*!" exclaimed the gifted Madame de Staël; and only those who have felt the power of such a love, can fully appreciate the enthusiasm which prompted the remark. Helen Hazlehurst was not calculated to inspire such affection. She possessed all the qualities which are most lovely in childhood, or even in early maidenhood, but which, unless connected with some loftier traits, are apt to degenerate into commonplace feelings in later life.

For two years Henry Eustace continued to fill the station which alone could afford a competent knowledge of his future profession.—His days were devoted to business, his evenings to the society of Helen, and, as there were many kind gossips ready to spread abroad the tidings of their engagement, it was soon understood that she was to be left to the exclusive attentions of her lover. The error, so prevalent in society, which induces a girl, as soon as she becomes affianced, to seem utterly unapproachable to all others than her future husband—an error which tends to narrow her mind, and deprive her of one of the most effectual sources of intellectual improvement—was practised to its fullest extent in this case.—Everybody knew that Helen was engaged, and therefore it became necessary for every body to treat her in a manner differing as much from the familiarity which might be permitted if she were married, as from the attentive politeness which was her due previous to her betrothal. The young lover immersed in business from morning 'till night, felt no disposition to mingle in the gaieties of society, and Helen, happy in the few hours which she daily spent with him, cared little for the pleasures which had formerly attracted her. The life of both had become only a quiet round of monotonous duties and gentle affections, when an event occurred which disturbed the calmness of their feelings, just in time, perhaps, to prevent utter stagnation.

Eustace was not without friends who were both able and willing to assist him in his claims upon fortune; for it is the way of the world to cheer on a man in the pursuit of wealth, although many a stumbling-block would be thrown in his path if he were seeking the unreal gift of fame. An advantageous offer was made him, which seemed to offer every prospect of success, but it involved the necessity of banishment from his native land. The agency of a factory, and certain facilities for private speculation, awaited him in China, while only the slow accumulations of industry and economy seemed promised him at home. True to his sense of honour and duty, Eustace referred the decision to Helen, and frankly stated all the advantages of a temporary separation, while he described the small chance which was now afforded him of rapid success. He meant not to influence her decision, but, in his attempt at imperial argument, he evinced so plainly his own wishes, that the timid and self-distrusting girl, accustomed to rely implicitly on his judgment, decided against herself. With tears, such as had never before dimmed her bright eyes, she conjured him to do whatever was most for his advantage, and Eustace, impressed with the belief that he should be thus enabled to claim his bride, decided to accept the proffered good. Full of hope, and exulting in the prospect of a speedy return, he repressed his own sorrowful emotions, and soothed the grief of the devoted Helen. His friend, Frank Hargrave, received the last grasp of his hand ere the ship gave her sails to the wind, and as he stood upon deck, straining his eyes to behold the faint outline of the companion of his early studies, while the remembrance of a gentle and terful face rose before his mental vision, even the eager gold-seeker felt that wealth might be too dearly bought.

My tale is one of common life; there are no hair-breadth escapes, no crushing reverses, no overwhelming vicissitudes to disturb the quiet course of human events. In a country like ours, where nearly one half of the members of every large family are induced to look abroad for fortune, these things are of such common occurrence, that perhaps I ought to apologize for offering so commonplace a subject to the attention of my gentle reader. We hear daily of young and enterprising men, abandoning the pleasures of home and friends, and, after years of toil, returning to their native land, prosperous, and, as it would seem, happy. But may I not be pardoned if I venture to lift the golden issue which rests upon the heart, and show

the price at which the rich vestment has been purchased?

Eustace devoted himself to business with a degree of zeal and perseverance that could not but command success. In the excitement of his daily duties, and the engrossing study of all that could tend to the accomplishment of his designs, he gradually lost much of his poignant regret. His whole soul became absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, and his ideas of a competent fortune became so expanded, that the goal of his hopes seemed to fleet further on, the more rapidly he sped towards it. His letters to Helen were full of affection, and many a fantastic token of remembrance, carved with the wonderful skill of the singular people among whom he sojourned, came over the wide waste of waters, to cheer the lonely girl. But alas! it was with them as with all others:—

“The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,  
When each is lonely doomed to weep,  
Are fruits in desert isles that perish,  
Or treasures buried in the deep.”

Many a tender thought, many a gentle fancy, which, if uttered in the ear of affection, would have been as the sweet voice of an angel, softening the heart which life's cares were indurating, and cheering the bosom which solitude was gradually darkening, was necessarily lost in the distance which separated the lovers.—Months elapsed between the writing and the reading of the precious letters which were like winged messengers of love across the trackless ocean. Gradually, imperceptibly, unconsciously, there was a change in the style of those letters. Still tender and affectionate, they had lost much of the romantic fervor of early youth. Eustace learned to mingle tidings of the strange world in which he lived, with the outpourings of that love that once overflowed the limits of a single epistle. He wrote calmly, quietly, tenderly as one might address the wife of his bosom, the partner of his cares as well as his joys; while poor Helen's letters were mere transcripts of her monotonous life and its paralyzing effect upon her concentrated feelings. Shut up in the seclusion of domestic life, surrounded by persons, who, whatever might be their creed as to the 'chief end of man,' believed most religiously that the chief end of woman was to understand the mysteries of house-cleaning, manage servants, and make shirts, Helen made a merit of excluding all amusements, and devoting herself solely to those peculiarly feminine duties, which she had been led to consider paramount in a wife. Of the development of mind and character which

enables a wife to contribute so much more largely to a husband's happiness, while it fits her still better for the minor duties of life, poor Helen was utterly ignorant. An adept in every variety of needle-work, thoroughly versed in every department of house-keeping, exhibiting the most elaborate skill in the labours of the *cuisine*, and a perfect model of economy and notability, she was considered by her family, a very pattern for good wives. And so she was, as far as such accomplishments go towards forming that most desirable of earthly blessings. But essential as these things are in a wife, there are other qualities quite as necessary to the attainment of that perfect unity of feeling which can alone secure domestic happiness. While the husband devotes his chief attention to active life, and the wife gives her time and thoughts to the thousand minute cares which make up the sum of household duties, there should be some spot of neutral ground where both may meet,—some green and shady nook, as remote from the turmoil of the world of business, as it is from the monotonous hum of the ceaseless wheels which control the machinery of housekeeping. There should be other and loftier subjects of conversation between them than consultations about the next day's dinner or discussions about the last weekly bill. A woman's mind should be trained to those liberal views which enable her to understand and appreciate her husband's pursuits, even when she does not seek to share them.—The field of intellect should not be suffered to lie fallow;—if the soil be thin and poor it will at least yield a growth of fragrant flowers to charm the weary eye; and if it be capable of producing not only the perishing blossom, but also the rich fruits of wisdom, how greatly is the happiness as well as the usefulness of both increased. Helen had no such ideas, however. For her, life had but one aim and but one hope; by close attention to womanly duties she was accomplishing the first, and the return of her lover would fulfil the second.

Year after year elapsed, and still Eustace was accumulating wealth. Avarice is like jealousy, "it grows by what it feeds on."—How could he feel he had enough when every season was adding to his hoard? How desist from gathering the golden fruitage which fell at his very feet? Twelve years of unremitting labour had made him the possessor of an enormous fortune, and at length he became wearied even to satiety, ere he determined to seek his native land. In the course of his preparations for his return, many early associations were

revived, old friends were remembered with something like former affection, and tokens of regard were carefully treasured up, to be presented to many an early associate whose image had nearly faded from his recollection. His wealth was gradually transferred to America, and converting the overplus of his immense investments, into silver plate, which was doubled in value by the delicate and skilful workmanship of the Chinese, Eustace embarked for America.

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Late one afternoon, about a month after his arrival in New York, Eustace was seated alone in his apartment. Wealth can accomplish wonders, and the rich merchant was already installed in a splendidly furnished house, which only wanted a mistress to perfect its arrangements. Every thing around him was costly and magnificent. The looms of Persia had furnished the velvet-like carpets in which the foot buried itself at every step,—the delicate tissues of India shaded the open casements,—the exquisite embroidery of the Celestial Empire lay like jewels on each cushioned chair or converted each luxurious couch into a bed of flowers which might have deceived even Nature's self. Tall vases of silver filigree stood in the corners, filled with some strange and delicious perfume and diffusing a subtle odour through the apartments,—plants of rare beauty bloomed in those delicate jars to which China has given her own ancient name,—nondescript images, of silver and gold, and precious porcelain,—cups as delicate as a fairy chalice, and worth a prince's mansion for their fragile beauty,—were gathered in rich profusion in those orientalised apartments, while Chinese servants, clad in silk, and wearing slippers of the softest felt, glided noiselessly about, like shadows in a dream. Yet Eustace sat amid all this splendour, in silence and, as it seemed in sadness. A cloud was upon his brow, and the unquiet drooping of his eyelid told of many a melancholy thought.

Suddenly the door opened, and a pale, intellectual looking man, with the stooping shoulders and slender figure of an habitual student entered the room. He paused a moment at the threshold, and the next instant, the hands of both were interlocked in the warm grasp of unforgotten friendship. "Frank!" "Harry!" burst spontaneously from the lips of each, and a tear, welling up from the depths of a noble heart moistened the eyes of both.

"I have been all impatience to see you since I first heard of your arrival, Harry," said Har-

grave, "but I could not get away from business; and as I should have been ruined in the opinion of my matter-of-fact neighbours, had I come to New York only to see an old friend, I was glad to trump up some old and neglected concern as an excuse."

"Do you still live in the little village, Frank, where you took up your abode soon after completing your law-studies?"

"The little village! bless your heart, Harry, nothing remains little in this country; our village is now an incorporated city, and I have the honour to be its chief magistrate. Ha! ha! only think of Frank Hargrave, the mayor—"

"And you are married too, Frank?"

"Yes, I have one of the best of wives, and two as pretty and promising little ones as one could wish to see."

"Then I suppose you have made a fortune too?"

"No, no, Harry, fortunes do not grow here as fast as they do in tropical countries. I own a farm whose produce suffices for the support of my family, and my profession brings me an income of from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars per annum. I do not count my salary as mayor, for that is all consumed in the extra expenses attendant upon the office,—the honor, the honor, Hal,—is all that political rank affords in an economical republic. I am enabled to lay aside something every year towards the support of my old age, but riches I never expect to obtain. My whole estate would scarcely pay for such a thing as that," and Hargrave pointed as he spoke, to the superb silver table which stood beside his friend, strewn with costly Indian toys.

"You have come just in time, Frank," said Eustace, after a pause, "this is my wedding day,—I am to be married this evening."

"Ah, I am truly glad of it; poor Helen! she has waited long for you, Harry; her youth and beauty have faded, and yet, now that I look more closely at you, she is not more changed than yourself. What a bronzed and weather-beaten face you have brought back; you are more than half a China-man."

Eustace sighed heavily.

"Nay, do not sigh about it, Harry, I dare say you are as handsome as ever in the eyes of Helen."

"Poor, poor Helen!" said Eustace, despondingly.

"Rather say rich Helen," cried Frank, gaily "why, man, you have more gold and silver in this very room than we Yankees are accustomed to handle in a life-time."

"Yet would I give all my hard-earned wealth, Frank, for the gifts which you possess."

"What are they, pray?"

"Your freshness of feeling, the earnestness of purpose, the enthusiasm of character which makes you still as ardent as a boy, while I am a care-worn and world-weary man."

"What do you mean, Harry? You have realized every hope,—you have gained a princely fortune, and are now upon the point of wedding the object of your first love;—what more can be wanting to your happiness?"

"*The capacity for enjoyment, without which all else is valueless.* I have wasted my glad youth in toil, thankless, unshared toil,—I have denied myself the enjoyments of social life,—shut up my better feelings within my own bosom,—made even love my slave, rather than my master, and by the force of an indomitable will have won all that I fancied necessary to happiness. But I forgot to calculate the changes of years and circumstances. I did not think that the rolling wheels of time which were scattering golden sands as they flashed past me in my foreign abode, were crushing the simple flowers of life which bloomed in my native woodland home. I return to claim my bright and beautiful Helen, and I find but a spectre of the past,—a pale, spiritless, sad-eyed creature, whose every feeling is centred in a blind devotion to me,—whose mind is as child-like as in the days of her girlish beauty and simplicity, while her person is blighted by premature age,—whose very guilelessness, so lovely in her extreme youth now wears the semblance of weakness,—whose only charm now consists in her undying love. Alas! alas! the perfume of the faded rose alone remains, and my future life must be spent in a vain attempt to cherish the perishing flower."

"Good Heavens! Eustace, with such feelings why do you marry Helen?"

"Why do I marry? Can you ask such a question, Frank? should I not be a monster if I hesitated when the path of duty is so plain? Who condemned her young years to the blight of loneliness and hope deferred? For whose sake was the sweetness of that fair flower wasted? While she lives she shall be watched over with all the tenderness of remorseful love, but she will die, Frank,—even now the seeds of disease are sown, and I know that she will die;—yet instead of being agonized at the very thought of such a catastrophe, I can talk of it calmly, and without one thrill of the anguish which in earlier days would have rent my very heart-strings. Am I not then changed? I tell

you, man, *my capacities for love and happiness are dead within me.* Even as they who delve the mine lose their physical vigor and become old ere they reach their prime, so have my feelings become blighted and blasted by the poisonous atmosphere of gold. My locks are still unbleached, but *my heart is grey.* The necessity of loving no longer exists;—I am past all enjoyment of heart and mind. The excitement of money-making, like that of gambling, unfits the mind for quiet pleasures; my books, to which I thought I should return with new zest, are utterly distasteful to me,—I can never again be the abstracted and imaginative student. My early love, which in all my wanderings was like the star of hope, now gleams dimly and faintly through the mists of years,—I can be the kind husband but never again the passionate lover. To exhibit my wealth to admiring and envious eyes,—to live amid luxuries which I despise, although habit has made them necessary to my comfort,—to watch with regretful tenderness over the fading away of the only creature who loves me, while remorse is ever in my heart, because of my own inert affections,—such is my future destiny. You pity me, Frank,—oh! may you never know the pang of *self pity*,—the compassion for one's own self, which now stirs within my bosom when I behold around me so many means of enjoyment, and feel myself so incapable of appreciating them. I have made gold my idol, and verily I have my reward."

"You judge too hastily of yourself, Harry; had you remained at home the same changes might have occurred in Helen, and the same length of time might have elapsed ere you could marry."

"No, no, Frank, I cannot deceive myself with any such sophistry. Had I been here to watch over her failing health, to guide her gentle mind, to develop her latent qualities, to assimilate her to myself,—we should now be happy, for I should never then have learned how unsuited were our characters. Do you remember the story of the blind man who had been accustomed to consider his wife beautiful, because her voice was one of extreme sweetness, and who, when restored to sight felt more grief at the loss of that dear delusion, than joy at the acquisition of all the other blessings of light? Such is my fate; my love has been like the lamp enclosed in an antique sepulchre, burning clear and undimmed while shut up within my own bosom, but dying out into a feeble glimmer beneath the glare of open day."

Rarely do the predictions of sorrow fall. Helen became the bride of the wealthy and honoured merchant, while not one shadow of distrust rested upon the pure current of her faithful affection. Throned like an idol amid the countless luxuries which a lavish tenderness gathered around her, she was happy in her undoubting faith, happy in her husband's gentle care, happy in the realization of her lifelong dream of hope. Yet the forebodings of Eustace were fulfilled. Consumption had set its mark upon her, and gradually did she fade from the sight of those who loved her. She lived long enough to awaken a degree of pitying tenderness in the bosom of her husband which was in fact love, but love with all its griefs and none of its delights. And then,—when his very watchfulness over her welfare had become a necessity to the morbid and disappointed Eustace,—she closed her blameless life in quiet happiness.

"She has left me," he wrote to his friend Hargrave,—*"she has left me; I am now a lonely and unloved being,—solitary amid my fellows, without either joy or hope in the world. My wealth is a positive curse to me, since it removes from me the necessity of exertion which could alone divert my incurable melancholy. We are like the brothers in the beautiful Eastern Apologue, Frank; I have wasted the best years of my life in a vain search after the phantom Peace, while you have found the gentle goddess seated at your threshold. Grant that she may ever abide with you."*

## The Amaranth,

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