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# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE, 1842.

{ No. 6.

Written for the Amaranth.

## ARGIMOU.

A LEGEND OF THE MICMAC.\*

BY EUGENE.

"I love the Indian. Ere the white-man came  
And taught him vice, and infamy, and shame,  
His soul was noble. In the sun he saw  
His God, and worshipped him with trembling  
awe;—

Though rude his life, his bosom never beat  
With polished vices, or with dark deceit."

### CHAPTER IV.

AFTER having made the necessary preparations, Colonel Monckton advanced towards Beau Sejour, which he proceeded to invest without delay. In the night, the troops worked hard at an entrenchment, commenced close under the guns of the fort; the remains of which may still be seen on its north-eastern side. This was effected, though the French kept up a continual fire from the ramparts, and the besiegers were not enabled to bring a single cannon to the assault. But important assistance was rendered by a heavy bombardment of the enemy's position, from Fort Lawrence; and to those engaged in the business of that night, it indeed was a stirring sight. The glacis of the fort was lit up with an incessant flash of musquetry and the broader glare of artillery, whose roar reverberated over the wide marshes and among the distant hills. Then again a ghastly blue light would throw its spectral illumination over the whole scene, disclosing for a time the operations of the sappers, and then leaving the stupified vision unable to penetrate the thick mantle of darkness that succeeded. At intervals, a shell could be observed, its lighted fuse traversing the air in elliptical curve, until it fell, with admirable precision and a hissing sound,

into the French redoubt; scattering death and devastation around. Sometimes one of these missiles would explode before it reached its destination, wasting its deadly contents upon the sky; in which it seemed as if a meteor had burst, throwing its red fragments among the stars, whose lesser ray was suddenly obscured by the power of the lurid gleam. The deserted habitations of the Acadians were soon enveloped in flames, and a cry of anguish rose within the fort as the peasantry witnessed the destruction of their beloved homes. But in the meantime their Indian allies were not idle, for in large bodies they hovered continually around the skirts of the foe, like troops of famished wolves; and many a wild shout of triumph, and reeking scalp attested the fearful work of retaliation carried on; though the victims were few, comparatively speaking, yet the terror they inspired was very great, for there seemed to be no certain security from their revenge, they struck so secretly, suddenly and home. For four days the besieged withstood the efforts of the English, when, reduced to a state of misery and ruin by the harassing bombardment, they offered terms of capitulation, which were acceded to; upon which the British troops marched into the fortress, and the French laid down their arms. It will be unnecessary to dwell upon this part of our story, suffice it that twenty pieces of cannon, with quantities of ammunition, were found in the place, which rendered its easy reduction the more extraordinary, for the besiegers had not planted any guns upon their batteries; but the dilapidated state of the buildings proved the extremity to which the garrison had been brought previous to their surrender.

The victors slept soundly that night within the captured fort, except those whose wounds denied them the blessings of repose. When the first streak of grey light appeared in the east, and the lingering ray of one pale star alone

\* Continued from page 142.

remained to herald the approach of day, a figure, wrapped in a watch-cloak, stood upon the rampart, seemingly the only being abroad at that early hour. His face was turned in the direction of the distant fort, which was enveloped in a veil of white mist, rolling in heavy volumes from the marshy ground below. Presently the dim clouds were tinged with a slight bordering of rosy light; it warmed, and brightened, when, bursting from his rest like a fierce warrior, the blood-red disk of the sun rose from the hills and penetrated the dense fog which, rarified by its beams, was slowly wafted up the valley before the fresh breeze from the bay, leaving the landscape in all its summer beauty, open to the enraptured view. A smile passed over the handsome features of the soldier, as he descried the object of his search embosomed in the foliage of the opposite hill, and his lip murmured with half-suppressed utterance, that appeared to be addressed to the heart of the speaker, as if engaged in earnest self-commune. That the reader may conjecture the origin and nature of those reflections, we have ascertained the following.

Edward Molesworth was a young Englishman of good family and prospects, who had entered the army when only a boy, and after serving for some years in various parts of the United Kingdom, received with enthusiastic joy the intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to the American provinces; for he had a strong desire, common to the adventurous spirit of his age and nation, to visit foreign lands, and realize some of those romantic dreams which, excited by the eager perusal of travels and wild tales of the New World, had become indelibly impressed upon his youthful imagination. And, verily, he had scarcely landed upon its shores before there was every reason to justify the assumption that one passage of romance in the history of his life was about to be fulfilled; for ere he was a fortnight at Annapolis Royal he had become as devout a votary as ever worshipped at the shrine of passionate love. And, O Clarence! wert thou not well worthy the homage of one true heart? when all who ever looked upon thy angel face felt themselves humbled before the divine purity, breathing like a sweet perfume from its ever-fresh and blessed the God who created that being in his image to teach them charity and kindness to every living creature. And thus is beauty not unworthy of that admiration which the heart of man involuntarily lavishes upon its possessor. If the eloquence of a flower lifts the mind to the

contemplation of Him who is an incarnation of all good—if the glorious rainbow is a pledge of hope to a benighted world, why should the lovely face of woman be less expressive than the lowly flower, or less hopeful than the evanescent bow? Like the one, it speaks of a clime where bright and fadeless forms are glowing in an atmosphere of love and happiness so ineffable, that the fading imagination offers as the only fitting emblem of such beauty, the most beautiful of created things. Like the other, it says to the sceptic, that harmony which streams like sweet music from every line, that eye which beams responsive to the soul's emotion—which melts and burns—can never be the offspring of undirected chance nor doth the spirit whose outpouring is thus made manifest, sleep in that beauty's grave!

Among the officers attached to the garrison of the place, was a Captain Forbes, who had been quartered there for some time with an only daughter—the sole living relic of a partner, long since removed from this transitory scene. Edward, attracted by the uncommon loveliness of Clarence Forbes, and thrown in continual contact with her father, soon became an intimate in the family; and the old veteran beheld with feelings of unmixed pleasure the mutual attachment that appeared daily to root itself with deeper power in the hearts of both. Admiring as he did the frank, generous character of the young soldier, he hailed, with parental gratification, the prospect of obtaining so desirable a protector for his darling child: for with the engrossing partiality of advancing age, heightened by the resemblance which she bore to the object of his first affection, and the surpassing measure of her own goodness and grace, did the old man love that daughter. The time glided on imperceptibly with golden wings, and Edward was ever at the side of Clarence, drinking intoxicating draughts of delight from her deep blue eyes, and listening to the soft melody of her silvery voice, until a new world of thought and sensation had started into existence at the touch of the great magician's wand. Little did he imagine, before he himself experienced its truth, the awakening power, the elevating tendency of that mightiest of human sentiments, stirring up the latent qualities of the soul, which expands beneath its ray as the buried seed by the warmth of the new-born spring bursts forth in foliage of bright and starless dye. As the glow of passion spread itself over every portion of his being, making the heart throb with a sense of tumultuous joy, strange and undefinable, his spirit caught a

higher aspiration for the noble, and the exalted. Turning from that loved face, radiant with affection's light, his mind insunctively dwelt, by association, upon whatever was most excellent in the natural and moral world. And so from the love of woman springs a desire for the beautiful and the good.

An avowal of feeling on the part of Edward met with no impediment to his happiness, and the moment which would unite forever the destinies of two fond hearts was drawing nigh, when the harsh trumpet-call to arms first woke them from their tranquil dream, and brought them suddenly back to the stern demands and realities of life. A blow was about to be struck, and the lovers saw with regret, that a delay would inevitably occur in the completion of their hopes: for both Edward and the father of Clarence were among the number destined to accompany the expedition then about to prepare for active service on the frontier. Captain Forbes would have wished his child to remain behind while he was engaged in the precarious struggle which would inevitably follow, but no persuasion or apprehension of the peril and privation inseparable from the nature of the undertaking, were sufficiently strong to overcome the force of filial solicitude; and—for who can unravel, even in his own breast, the intricate threads that form the web of every fixed purpose—perhaps the desire of being still near the idol of her young heart, was an additional inducement for Clarence to insist upon accompanying her father. Upon the arrival of the troops at Chiegnecto, she was placed within the protecting walls of Fort Lawrence, as a secure asylum during the progress of those hostilities which had terminated so successfully for the honour of the British arms. But poor Clarence was fated to undergo all the terror and disquietude which the danger of those most dear awakens so wildly in the bosom of her sex, which, however, received a terrible increase as soon as she learned that her father had received a wound while employed in the trenches; which, though not attended with fatal consequences, still occasioned great pain and debility, while the advanced years of the sufferer precluded any hope being entertained of other than a protracted recovery. It was then that the old man missed the unwearied attentions, the compassionate tenderness of his child, and upon the capitulation of Beau Séjour it was arranged that Edward should conduct the maiden to her father, with a sufficiently strong escort, enjoined rather from motives of prudence than necessity, as soon as the princ-

pal force of the English, which were about marching to attack the sole remaining post of the enemy upon the Gaspereaux, had taken their departure from the fort. Therefore is it, that the lover leaves his restless couch to welcome the approach of dawn, counting the sluggish hours that intervene ere he can behold the features of his betrothed once more, and vowing in his heart that nothing shall cause a further procrastination of an indissoluble union with one so necessary to his very existence. "O Clarence!" said he fervently, "wert thou mine forever, unalterably linked by the force of human bonds, as thou art already entwined with every feeling of my soul, perchance this vague disquietude, this fearful shadow of some unknown evil, would not haunt me with such melancholy fancies. Away absurd delusion! is the hope that never faltered in the hour of battle to sicken with despondency when there is nought but happiness before me, unclouded as the prospect of glorious beauty upon which I gaze. Let me banish all thought save delightful anticipation of meeting the beloved object of so much solicitude again. Is not the brightest jewel that can reward the ambition of man, the possession of a pure and confiding heart? That boon is mine; and it may be that the priceless value of the treasure is the cause of these groundless apprehensions for its safety, which force themselves so unaccountably upon my mind." Here the foreboding reflections of the lover were interrupted by the quick rattle of a drum, rolling aloud the reveille amid the deep silence of the morn, which speedily aroused the garrison from its slumbers, and caused the soldier to retreat from his lofty station towards his quarters beneath, as the sound of various voices began to issue from the shattered tenements of the fort.

In one of the upper rooms of the dismantled barracks, the windows of which, being knocked into one, afforded rather more fresh air than was at all agreeable to the feelings of the inmates, who, to remedy the work of their friends, had made shift to supply the deficiency by placing a few rough boards across the breach in the front wall, several half-dressed soldiers were busily engaged cleaning their arms and accoutrements, while the rude jest and hearty laugh kept equal pace with their not overburdensome labours.

"Tim," said a robust Emerald with red hair and face to match,—the natural ugliness of the latter, enhanced by a broad patch over the left cheek, who was furishing a bayonet with the rapid friction of a soft leather rag—

"Tim, a bouchal, win d' ye march for the Bay o',—what's this they call it? Those d—d French lingoos stick 'til yer mouth like a pratie skin, an not half as swate."

This was addressed to an individual who presented an appearance the very reverse of the former. His face was pale and emaciated, the ghastliness of which, was rendered more apparent from the black curling hair by which it was surmounted, terminating in a queue of regimental proportions behind. The two might have afforded a good example of the effects of dissipation upon different temperaments. The one lusty, warm, and sanguine, unnatural stimulation appearing only to create more energy in the man; the other shrunken, cold, and colourless, his hand tremulous the while, with the influence of nervous reaction upon the debilitated system, and looking as though you could not find one drop of blood in his placid, lifeless veins.

"The Bay of Vertc, perhaps you mean, Dennis?" was the reply to the foregoing question, "we have orders to start in an hour's time, and the Colonel you know is not the man to lag when there's work to be done."

Appearing satisfied with this information, the Irishman approached the other, and, in a hoarse whisper, said—"Comrid, have yis a dhrap left in the canteen? the air is raw an pearcin the morning, and the stomach widin me is a grownin wid the could I tuck in the trenches."

"Not a lap, not a squeeze!" exclaimed the first, petulantly, "you sucked it like a leach the last time I gave you the can, and did'nt leave what would wet the lips of a baby, leave alone, enough to give one an appetite for his breakfast before a long march."

Here the speaker cast an indignant look at the applicant, which, with the reproof was equally disregarded, as he shouted:—

"St. Patrick presarve us! I must have a dhrink, or maybe I'll drive mad wid the impression and the hunger that's a tearing inside o' me, och! och!" And here he forced a fit of coughing, to excite the compassion of his auditors. "Och! och! see that now, its fairly fetching the breath out o' me, it is."

"Dennis?" asked one, "who gave you the mark under the left eye, my boy, was it the enemy?"

"No, Jack, wan o' thim black ducks we skivered in the blockhouse beyont. By the crass—though I say it 'bat should'nt, Dennis Sherron was a haporth too much for the likes of he, anny way, and so I tould the devil, as I shoved my fark intil his mate basket."

"But the cut, Dennis?" resumed his questioner, what'll Biddy say when we go back with such a slash upon your handsome mug?"

"Ey St. George! you'r right there," struck in Tim, "depend upon it man, she'll give him a far unkindler cut than the knife of an Ingen, and more severer and inhealible."

A burst of merriment succeeded to this sally, but Dennis looked around disdainfully without vouchsafing any direct reply, quietly remarking, in allusion to the original subject of his discourse, namely—the movement of the troops.

"Twelve miles, is it, through the woods?—And an aisy an a pleasant walk yees'll all have, wid the mosquitoes, an the shkamin salvages a stringin an scalpin of yees."

"Be me shoul! its sorry I am that I cant kape yer company barring the hate an the drought. Why Tim!" and here he put his hand on the curly pate of the person addressed, "I say, Tim! The imps ud make a for-tin with that poll o' yourn, its the very moral of a Frenchman's wig, so it is."

"Hands off!" exclaimed the other, no way relishing the joke, and letting the butt of his firelock fall heavily upon the toe of his tormentor—"Take your paws off, you black-guard! and thank the Lord that your own is safe, for I'll wager, there's not a thievish finger among the Aborigines, would meddle with thy carroty top, for fear of being singed."

"Bravo!" "fire away, Tim!" "can you answer that, Dennis?" shouted several voices, while the old barrack room roared with laughter. But the ire of the Irishman was roused by the retort and its painful accompaniment, which sent him hopping about the floor, and deepened the hue of his cheeks, as he replied quickly and with emphasis:—

"Then be the piper that played afore Moses, an the holy saints to the fore! It's yourself ud be sorrifui for that same, you spalpeen; an faith, wor yer hair the shade o' mine, what wid the dhrink ye tuck an the imptness that's within, ye'd blaze up like a sky rocket, and lave hus, may be, yer two outlandish legs for a parable of muzzy Tim Patterson."

How far the rising cholera of the parties would have proceeded, it is impossible to say, for at that moment the first bugle sounded, and an orderly enquired at the door, if Mr. Molesworth's servant was within, as he had been asking for him below. Upon which, the dispute terminated, as Dennis, acting in that capacity, hurried away to obey the summons of his master.

## CHAPTER V.

At the appointed time, the troops, with the exception of that portion which was intended as a permanent garrison, were drawn up on the parade in the centre of the fort. In front, on their respective chargers, sat Colonel Monckton, the chief in command, and the Honourable Colonel Winslow, who was in charge of the New England corps, surrounded by a number of officers in the uniform of their several regiments, and further distinguished by the different degrees of that high, martial demeanour, only to be acquired by long and active participation in the practices of war; of which they were possessed. But, if, to the eye, the dashing equipments and soldier-like air of those holding commissions in the king's service, presented a more showy and chivalrous exterior, the simple and unpretending appointments and bearing of the Provincial officers were equally indicative of physical capability and stern determination to brave and endure whatever duty required or hardship imposed, in the prosecution of the present undertaking. While the group conversed gaily and without reserve, the roll was being called and the men told off. When the preliminary arrangements were concluded, the commander looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we must be moving now, the sun is getting up already, and there is a lengthy road before us. Remember the orders—there are to be no stagglers from the column, and keep a sharp eye about you: an Indian ambushmen would be no child's play in these woods. To your places—one more blow for His Majesty and merry England, and the campaign is finished!"

Colonel Monckton bent low in courtesy to his colleague as they separated, while the rest took their respective stations in the ranks.—The word was given, the troops wheeled into column, and to the inspiring sound of martial music, the gallant array moved out of the fortress, in compact order and animated spirits. In a few minutes the bayonets of the front files and a white plume were seen to glance for a moment ere they were hidden among the dark foliage that formed a rich belt beyond the glaucous; the main body slowly followed, and finally the rearward files also disappeared behind the trees, while the roll of the drums grew fainter, and at last ceased altogether to woo the listener's ear, as the warlike column penetrated deeper into the bosom of the interminable forest.

Some time after the departure of the British

force from the defences of Beau Sejour, or Fort Cumberland, as it was henceforth to be designated—having experienced a change of both name and masters at the same time—a party much more scanty in numbers and display, pursued the same route for a short space, when turning aside into a by-road which ran at right angles with the former, they descended gradually into the valley of the Massiquash, and stuck across the open marsh in the direction of some earthen mounds, the salient angles of which were visible upon the eminence beyond. These consisted of Edward Molesworth, mounted on horseback, while his servant Dennis, though fully accoutred, led another steed by the bridle, whose caparison sufficiently shewed that it was intended for a lady's use; and a guard of twenty men in the scarlet uniform of the king's troops. As the young officer conducted his small force over the river by means of a rude bridge that had been hastily thrown across to facilitate the transportation of guns and munitions, and also for the purpose of establishing a communication between the two forts, his thoughts were naturally engrossed with the object of the present excursion, and his heart bounded joyfully at the prospect of meeting his beloved. The beauty of the day, and the cheerful scene around, added to the healthful tone of his mind, no longer a prey to the anxiety which so strongly pervaded it in the morning, while every sense was conscious of an invigorating influence. The eye turned from the fair blue vault of heaven, to become dazzled with the sun-light that glittered over the warm meadows, the grass of which rustled and waved in the soft breeze from the sea that sparkled like a zone of moving diamonds beyond the fields. The ear drank the mingled music of a thousand living voices, keeping jubilee in the sunbeam, appearing to gladden the face of old mother Nature, as she smiled to see her children so happy, and decked herself in the choicest garlands to do the summer honor. The grasshopper chirped a merry treble from the ground, while the bobolink, swinging on the top of some long reed, bore the burthen betimes of his clear flute-like song; and anon the robber bee would rush like a ball athwart the track, blowing blithly on his wild bugle-horn, as he carried his spoils homeward; and the balmy odours of innumerable flowers and sweet shrubs, almost intoxicated with their fragrance. The tall grass reached the girths of the horses, and half hid the bodies of the soldiers, who kept close together, and cast suspicious glances on either side, as if expecting

to detect an Indian foe lurking beneath its ample cover; though, to all appearance, every trace of their subtle enemy had departed from the neighbourhood. But bitter experience of the fallacy of trusting to, what under other circumstances would be deemed a position of most perfect security, made them cautious and doubtful, even in a spot where peace seemed to have set its seal. That their fears were not without sufficient reason will be apparent, when it is related that the party had scarcely reached the rising ground at the termination of the valley, when the painted, serpent-like head of a crawling savage was protruded into the trampled trail they had left behind. He took a long scrutinizing look at the retreating soldiers, and a malignant gleam shot from his eyes, while his parted lips showed the white teeth in a triumphant grin, as he adjusted the wisp of grass which was secured to the back of his head by means of a withe passed round the swarthy brow. At the same time the meadow in the vicinity appeared to move, as if a number of converging breezes were playing over its surface. Meanwhile the unconscious party arrived at Fort Lawrence, within the palisades of which they were speedily admitted, and their commander ushered into an apartment, the arrangement of which indicated the presiding influence of female taste, speaking eloquently to the exalted fancy of the lover. A door at the further end suddenly opened, and the next moment the sweet, child-like Clarence was weeping on his shoulder, while she muttered in broken accents, "Dear Edward—my father!"

Kissing the tears that bedewed her soft cheek, the youth sought to relieve the anxiety of his beloved, by those endearing expressions which affection knows so well how to employ, allaying her overwrought fears for the safety of her parent. As the arrangements of Clarence had been previously completed, she hastened her departure with that promptness which an eager desire to visit the bedside of her father and a sense of duty seemed to demand on the part of his gentle daughter.

Bidding farewell to her friendly protectors, who regretted her departure, she left the fort under the guidance of Edward and the armed escort. With the consciousness that her best loved was at her side, the feelings of the maiden warmed with the elasticity of youth, and the loveliness of the scene and the hour, as they wended down the descent among the trees that whispered with their countless leaves overhead and around them: while the shrill drums of the cicada,

"Those people of the pine," filled the groves with incessant music, it seemed to follow the travellers until they emerged upon the plain. When the wide luxuriant landscape first presented itself to the gaze of Clarence she exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"Look, Edward, how very, *very* beautiful!"

Her companion turned, not in the implied direction, but towards the animated glowing countenance at his side, and smiled as he replied—

"Yes, dearest, but methinks, the face of earth has received an additional lustre, since traversed this same path, but a short hour since. There is a brighter tint to the yellow sunbeam, and the green leaves; the very heaven seems purer than heretofore. When comes this spell, this surprising witchcraft perhaps mine own love can explain the mystery?"

And the lover sought to read an answer in the half veiled eyes of Clarence, whose blushes gave sufficient evidence that she felt the compliment conveyed in his words.

Ah, Edward, did your betrothed ever appear so beautiful in your sight, as at that moment? The soft bloom upon her cheek, heightened by a flutter of pleasurable excitement: the light brown curls playing in the warm breeze, and tinged with gold in the sunshine: the clear expressive blue eye, now turned in the fulness of confiding love upon thine, then seeking the shelter of the dark fringed lid, with a diffidence irresistibly sweet. Look at the slight, graceful figure just rounding into womanhood, and think of the dove-like heart whose every throb is quickened by a feeling of tenderness for thee. Ah, what happiness is still vouchsafed to those within the enchanted circle of "Love's young dream." 'Tis sad, to think that the charm can ever break, and that as the weary years roll on, and the heart grows old in the pursuit of shadows, we should turn not to the false hope which we trusted, but to the memory—perchance, disregarded; wondering to see how bright and pure one solitary vision shines amid the painful and less blameless records of a later period. 'Tis very sad to find that retrospection cannot afford, after our vain search for happiness, aught that might ally itself with that blessing,—save the memento of a broken dream. As earthly objects grow dim to the mental eye, and a truer hope points upward to the calm heaven, the old man finds, as the light breaks amid the darkness, that the love of his youth and age are, in their effect, the same. Alas! that in this

world of ours, the fairest joys are the most fleeting: even as the beauty which, while we behold its glory, and acknowledge its power, passing unconsciously away.

But to return. We left our lovers wending their slow course over the valley, and communicating with each other in the confidence of mutual affection, nor thought they, that each moment they were approaching the brink of unknown danger—it might be destruction.

After indulging in one of those visions of felicity, which we are so apt to cherish, when like the soldier, our hearts are young and our hope undimmed, and which he painted in all those glowing tints with which love delights to clothe its creations; in conclusion, Edward said to his companion, just as the hoofs of their horses trod simultaneously upon the echoing planks of the bridge—

“Then, my own, will we make our happy home in the abode of my ancestors, and I will show you all my old haunts; the river where I used to fish—far clearer and more undisturbed than this beneath us; the woodland walk, the quiet dell, so dear to my childhood, but never, no, never half so much appreciated as when with sweet Clarence, I shall revisit those scenes, which I have often thought the most beautiful in all England.”

The whole party were now upon the narrow bridge which trembled with the heavy tread of the soldiery, when, suddenly, as if from the bowels of the earth, a terrific yell burst forth, and while it was yet lingering in the ears of the astonished listeners, a number of armed savages sprang from the grass that had concealed them, and rushed in a body to intercept their progress, and 'ere they could think of retreating, or, in fact, before their faculties had recovered from the shock of surprise, another band of enemies on the opposite side of the river had cut off the passage in the rear. Edward, as soon as his first alarm had given place to the instinct of preservation, gave one look behind, and seeing that their only hope of safety lay in the success of a bold effort to force their way to the bank in front, he shouted aloud in the energy of desperation—

“Forward, men—for your lives!” And, grasping the reins of the half-fainting Clarence, he dashed into the midst of the ferocious throng just as the Indians poured their irregular fire among the crowded soldiery, who were confined upon the scanty bridge, with deadly effect; for the swift plunge of several bodies into the dark water was heard to follow, which was hailed by a whoop of exultation from the re-

morseless foe. For a time nought could be distinguished amidst the smoke and confusion save the glancing bayonets and the gleam of uplifted knives and tomahawks around the spot where Edward disappeared. But he was soon seen cleaving his way out of the dusky circle, with the rapid sweep of his long blade, striking his opponents right and left, and warding off the blows aimed at his helpless charge. Yet his life must have been sacrificed had it not been for Dennis, who followed close behind his master and beat back his numerous adversaries with his bayonet's point, making deadly work upon the exposed bodies of the Indians, and accompanying each thrust with an Irish howl, which made an equal impression on their breasts. It was a fearful scene. The wood-work of the bridge became slippery with blood, which occasioned the death of some, whom the ball and hatchet had as yet spared; for in the frenzied rush of the soldiers to the front, many were precipitated into the flood below, who added to the screams and yells of their foes the sharper cry of horror and despair, as they sank grasping beneath its turbid surface, or were carried away by the rapid current before the eyes of their comrades, who were incapable of rendering them any assistance, and so they perished.

“Push on—push on!” shouted Edward, disengaging himself from the throng of natives, and followed by the remnant of his small party, who fought, back to back, against the numbers hemming them in on every side. But before the horses heads could be turned from the conflict to effect a rapid retreat, a gigantic warrior was seen making swift bounds towards them. When within a few paces the Indian flung his hatchet with a fierce whoop, which, cutting the air with great force and a whirring sound, buried itself in the chest of Edward's charger. Making a tremendous spring forward, that tore his hand from its grasp of Clarence's bridle, the wounded animal bounded with frantic speed over the plain, and after several plunges at random, fell heavily to the earth with his rider; but not until Edward had seen, with a pang of agony, the horse of his betrothed led away among a crowd of savages, and he heard a shriek which made his very heart cease to beat. Then all sense failed him, as he was dashed to the ground by the fall of his expiring steed. His fate would have been quickly sealed, had not the faithful Dennis bestrode his lifeless body, and clubbing his firelock, kept the enemy at bay. But succour was at hand. A gun from Fort Cumberland roar-



ed over the valley, and the harrassed soldiers beheld a detachment advancing up the marsh at double time to their assistance. Cheered by the sight, with a shout of defiance, they rushed again upon their foes, when, as if by magic, the latter suddenly disappeared beneath the thick grass, and they were left apparently alone with the unequivocal traces of the conflict, which were presented by the trampled and corpse-strewn meadow around.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Edward awakened to consciousness, his eyes gradually recognized the walls of his own barrack room, upon the bed of which he was lying, and from thence wandered to the figure of the garrison surgeon, who was busily engaged in fastening a bandage on his arm—upon which the operation of venesection had just been performed; and the earnest face of Dennis, also occupied in the execution of various duties connected therewith.

Slowly the bewildered senses of the patient were restored, and with their reviving perception came the appalling memory of the bloody onslaught at the bridge, and the capture of Clarence. With tumultuous violence, the crimson torrent rushed from its source, swelling every vein and artery upon his face, previously so cold and pale. Starting up in the bed, Edward grasped the doctor's arm with impulsive strength, and asked with emotion—

"Is she—is Miss Forbes?" He could not finish the sentence, but his arm trembled, and his countenance assumed an expression of intense agony that frightened the medico so, that he could not immediately reply.

"My dear Molesworth, I—I—really you are exceedingly irritable. I am not made of wood or iron, that you should use my member so unmercifully; besides, allow me to remark, you will cause the vein to bleed afresh, if your transports are not controlled. Dear me, I thought so—Dennis, the bason again, and another bandage."

Poor Edward pressed his hand upon his brow, through which a throb of pain suddenly darted, and sank back upon the pillow with a deep groan. A few minutes elapsed 'ere he again spoke, and then it was with an altered look and tone.

"Dickson,—which was the doctor's name—for God's sake, tell me unreservedly what is the result, or do my own thoughts too truly anticipate the tale?"

"My boy," answered the other, "now that you are more reasonable, I will relate all that

I know about the affair you mention." Here the doctor applied himself to the contents of a capacious snuff-box, with much formality and self-gratification, before he resumed the thread of his discourse.

"It might have been noon, or perhaps a half hour later, while engaged in an interesting discussion upon the chemical affinities, with my coadjutor from Massachusetts, which was rapidly approaching a climax, whence unquestionably I should have borne off the victory wreath '*vincit veritas*,' for, between us, these provincials are lamentably deficient in natural philosophy—just as I was about advancing in support of my hypothesis, a most remarkable instance of complex attraction between bodies in solution, that the abrupt explosion of a gas estranged our minds from the subject under consideration. On hurrying to the ramparts, we were quickly informed of the alarming cause, which you can imagine affected me in no small degree, as, upon occasions of such nature, I was well aware that professional services were indispensable. Therefore, after the men had left the fort to render assistance in your extremity, I followed with the operators, &c. *cetera*; and on reaching the field commenced an immediate examination of the bodies, for the enemy was no where to be seen, but unfortunately, though many could not have at first received mortal injuries, yet, yourself excepted, I found them all in *articulo mortis*, for with that barbarous, and, I may say, unscientific propensity, inherent in the savage mind, the integument covering the head and to which the hair is attached had been stripped entirely off; internally, they were scalped—therefore any effort of intellectual skill was useless. So true is it, that *littera emollit mores*, &c." Here the doctor, with a look expressive of contemptuous pity for those unsophisticated essayists in the science of anatomy, paused awhile to indulge in another modicum from his capacious box, 'ere he rolled on again the river of his words.

"But," asked Edward, almost exhausted with overstrained attention to the torturing prolixity of his companion, "what of Miss Forbes? 'Tis of her I spoke."

"Very good," continued the doctor, "I was coming to that point. When it was found that the lady had been taken prisoner a party instantly went off in pursuit, and for some time they were guided by the prints of her horse's feet, until the course of her captors deviated from the valley, assuming a western inclination over the high grounds, where all further traces were lost, doubtless from the unyielding nature

of the soil, which is more indurated than the alluvial deposition of the marshes."

Here the speaker was interrupted by a faint cry from his patient, who he found had fainted. After the usual application had succeeded in recovering him from the swoon into which he had fallen, upon the confirmation of his worst fears, Edward remained a long time silent and seemingly apathetic. At last he said :

"Dickson, do you believe that ' coming events cast their shadows before ? ' "

"No such thing," answered the doctor, who was not much given to sentiment or superstition; "the fact is, the human mind, influenced by cerebral excitation, is apt to give a feverish colouring to the suggestions of fancy, ever ready to draw irrational conclusions, and discerning, amongst its visionary jumble, a vague prophesy of the future."

But the patient shook his head, as if unconvinced by the metaphysical argument of the other.

"The nerves," resumed the doctor, enlarging with the loquacity of his profession, while he wiped the point of his lancet with a silk handkerchief, "the nerves, to employ a vulgar figure, bear the same relation to the body as one's creditors do to the individual. As long as the vital power can afford a sufficient recompense for their labours in its behalf, and is capable of discharging its obligations with punctuality, a mutual understanding exists between the two, which induces a cordial interchange of favours. Thus the nerves enable the body to carry on its various functions comfortably and correctly, and in return receives a tone, an elasticity, which is indispensable to health. But mark the change, the moment that, from sudden prostration, imprudent outlay, or a variety of causes, the supply ceases, or is irregularly transmitted; then these medullary cords, like a legion of vipers, start up to annoy and persecute the poor wretch, already a sufficient object of commiseration."

The doctor took another pinch. "What is to be done in such a case?"—he spoke feelingly.

"Thrash the dirty blackguards widin a hair's breadth o' th' devil," muttered Dennis, who was examining his masters soiled trappings at the other end of the room.

"Again I repeat," continued the doctor, "what is the *modus operandi* in such a crisis? The alternative is obvious, *ex necessitate rei*. You apply to a friend, who steps in with generous intention, and arranges matters—restoring the confidence, allaying the irritation of the parties, by the application of those remedies

which are capable of effecting the best and quickest compromise. Now, in this position, my young friend," and here the speaker's heart swelled with the thought, for with all his faults he was a kind man—"in this glorious reiteration stands the sublime profession of which I am a humble member. 'Tis our duty, *deo juvante*, to bind the broken reed, to administer to the wants of the bankrupt body, to correct the morbid irritability, the vitiated qualities of the arterial and nervous systems by means of emollients, sudorifics, refrigerants, sedative narcotics, and counter irritants, *cum multis aliis*," ("the dead languages," quoth Dennis,) "which the science of ages hath bequeathed as a priceless legacy to her disciples."

The doctor looked up as he finished his discourse with a warm glow upon his pleasant countenance, while, at the same time, he tapped, in a peculiar manner, the side of his box with the third finger of his right hand, as a prelude to the refreshing of his olfactories, after his laboured and voluminous illustration. But the complacent smile quickly vanished, and the suffusion faded when he noted the abstraction of his patient's thoughts; and leaving a few directions with Dennis, he took a rather precipitate leave, in no very enviable mood; for he very much doubted whether Edward had listened to one word he had uttered.

Who could picture to himself the lover's anguish, as hour after hour he lay upon his pallet watching the shadows creeping imperceptibly on the wall, and wondering at the deep silence around, when his heart and brain seemed bursting with intolerable agony. He thought till "thought grew almost madness," of his blighted hope, his sudden bereavement. The face of the loved and gentle Clarence seemed at one moment to beam before him in all its radiant beauty, then, like the change of a hideous dream, he beheld her in the grasp of ruthless savages, borne away, away, into the fairs of the wilderness; and that wild cry for help—will it ever cease to haunt his memory? O God! why is he here? Is there no aid, no power to save his own—his betrothed, from the horrors of captivity, or a violent death? Then, as the consciousness of his own helplessness, and the utter folly of attempting to track the savages in their native woods, forced itself upon his mind, his head would drop again on the pillow; and, as though mental suffering had destroyed itself with its own intensity, or existed as a thing distinct from perception, leaving the faculties prone to receive an impression of, and attach unusual importance to, the most

trivial objects. With strange inconsistency, and the interest of a little child, he nounced again the creeping shadow, and the very spot whence it had advanced since he looked before, thinking how dim and sluggish it seemed, and that no power on earth could make it move faster; but if it did, it would be a relief. Then some long forgotten scene that occurred years ago, when he was a boy, would be constantly recurring to his thoughts with wonderful distinctness;—though why, or how it referred or associated itself in any way with the present, he could not tell—but so it was. And the very air seemed stagnated and lifeless, and he would have welcomed the smallest breath of wind or noise as a blessing; any thing to break the dreadful spell that bound his senses in an unnatural mood—half apathetic, half distractive. And hard by, in the French chapel, an old, venerable man lay, pale and emaciated from suffering. The long, thin, iron-grey hair falls neglectfully beside the worn hands that are spread over his face to conceal its emotion from the eye of the stranger. But no movement is observable in the limbs of the sufferer, nor does any murmur escape from his lips, save, occasionally, a low, half-suppressed moan. Yet deeper and more blighting is the silent woe that wrings the father's heart for the loss of his child, than the wild phrenzy of the lover's grief. The green sapling, though bruised by the tempest, will be restored in time to its pristine vigour, but the aged tree retains evermore the scarred traces of the storm, which severed its last bough. The young plant bends to the blast that destroys its less pliable neighbour.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was on the morning of the second day after the event, narrated in the previous chapter, that Dennis entered his master's room, with the joyful intelligence, that the expedition to the Bay Verte, had been successful. The last strong hold of the French having yielded, followed by a general disarmament of the peasantry in that part of the country, to the number of 1500. When Dennis had delivered this important piece of information, which elicited a cold "us well," from Edward, who was sitting by the bed-side, with a thoughtful and dejected air, the faithful fellow subdued the natural liveliness of his manner, as he added—

"But there's more—yer honor, and maybe it 'ud ase the trouble an' th' sorry, that same."

"What is it, Dennis?" inquired Edward, without altering his listless position, as in doubt

whether any thing was capable of yielding him the slightest interest now.

"As I was sayin'," continued Dennis, "it was crassing the parade I wor, maybe a minute ago, when, who shud I mate but Sergeant Gallagher, of ours, on guard the day. And says he, 'Dennis,' he says, 'there's a Frencher, or Neathral,' yer honor, though that's nather here nor there, for aint they our natural barn enemies? An, says he, there's a black duck, no, a Frencher, who tould him that a black duck, in the bombproof—though, by the same token, it was proved an' found wanting, and says he, as I wor sayin, botheration, when wor I, yer honor?" Here Dennis, having twisted the thread of his discourse into an inexplicable tangle, stopped abruptly, and stood scratching his auburn head, with an expression of stupid bewilderment on his face, ludicrous to behold. Edward who was possessed, merely with an idea that his servant wished to tell him something, though what it was, he could not imagine, raised his head with a severe reproach, that, at any other time, would have ended in a fit of laughter, as he witnessed his confusion. At last, at the command of his superior, Dennis managed to say. "The longer short of it is this, yer honor. There's an Ingen prisoner in the bombproof, wanting to get word wid yerself, plase yer honor, respectin the scrimmage at the bridge, beyant, an' Miss Clarence—God be kind to her."

"Ha!" exclaimed Edward, starting up with sudden animation, for hope began to dawn again within him, and partially dissipated the gloom that overshadowed his soul. "There may be something in this. I will at once go to the prisoner. Heaven grant one ray of hope, and whatever human fortitude can do, that will I, even were it a thousand deaths, if it lead to the rescue of my beloved."

Such were the half-muttered reflections of the lover, as he left the staff barracks, where he was quartered, and crossing the open court reached the entrance of the low bombproof, which afforded sufficient ground for the mark of Dennis, for it was much shattered by the shells thrown into the fort, during its investment, and failed in yielding that shelter to the besieged, which, from its name, it would seem to insure. He was immediately admitted into the interior, where, unseen at first, in the dark vaulted chamber, he found the prisoner whom he sought, leaning with folded arms against the damp wall. Upon questioning the Indian, Edward discovered to his regret, that he could not understand the English

language, however, it occurred to him, that the natives were familiar with the patois of the Acadians, and as he spoke French fluently himself, through its means they might be enabled to converse. Nor was he deceived, for upon the interrogation, "who art thou?" a beam of intelligence flitted over the face of the Indian, and erecting himself with an air of pride, he answered in tolerable French—

"Argimou, the son of Pansaway."

"What wouldst thou with me?" rejoined the soldier.

"Listen," was the pithy reply. "The *Anglascou* are great warriors. The *Wemmooh* fought. They were driven away like dry leaves in the wind, but the red man never knew fear, nor showed his back to his enemies. His warriors were pierced by the long knives and spears of the stranger—like grass by the lightning, yet the eye of the *Sagamou* drooped not;—he never knew fear. But the thirsty spears were at his heart, ready to drink his blood, when a young brave spoke, and at the sound of his voice, death vanished away—like a ghost in a sick man's dream. Does my brother know who that lone warrior was?—look! or has he changed since he became a captive among the pale faces?"

As the Indian ceased speaking, he approached nearer the ray of light that issued from the half-open door, and, to his surprise, Edward recognized the striking features of the gallant chief, whose life he had been instrumental in preserving at the taking of the blockhouse, and whom he had not thought of since, supposing that he was liberated with the Acadians found arms at the capture of the fort. With generous enthusiasm, the young Englishman proffered his hand in friendship which was as warmly clasped by the other, while he resumed—

"Hear me, my brother. The same spirit made us both, and to each, though of a different skin, he gave the same heart to teach him what is good. Our fathers have said, the memory of a kindness is like the sun, it never grows cold or wanes; an Indian never forgets. Argimou's eyes are weary, for he sees nothing here to make them glad; he would look upon the great hunting grounds of his nation, the faces of his kindred; the air of a dungeon makes a warrior very sick, and pale as the blue-eyed stranger. But Argimou did not forget, and when he saw the young brave carried home like a man asleep, and was told that his heart was dark with grief, for its sunbeam had departed, then he said, I will speak to my bro-

ther, and we will go hence and follow the sunbeam, that he may smile again and be happy."

"Generous being," replied Edward, with emotion, "I believe what you have said, for my own breast tells me it is true. Guide me to the lost one and freedom and all that wealth can procure shall be yours." But with a look of proud disdain, the chief drew himself up to his full height, and answered with emphatic enunciation,

"Argimou is a warrior. He is not greedy, nor would he tell a lie to save his life."

Edward, observing, with ready tact, that an idea of any prospect of reward having prompted his proposal, appeared to wound the feelings of the Indian, forbore all allusion to the subject, asking when they should commence the pursuit of Clarence, and what force would be required for the service. To which, Argimou replied—

"Does my brother dream, or is his hair painful to his head, that he talks of marching a drove of palefaces through the forest—like blind owls? Their scalps would be hanging dry, in the council hall of Onanthio, at Louisburg, ere the moon is full. Listen, my brother. The *Milicetejick* have stolen the daughter of the stranger, for their *Sagamou* is a thief, and only he would be outlying when the war-path leads to the village of the *Micmac*. So that there is a long trail before us, and we must go alone, for a *Milicete* is a fox in cunning—and a serpent in deceit;" and here the warrior threw himself into an attitude of great dignity, ere he concluded, impressively, "but the *Micmac* is a moose, in the sharpness of his scent—a cariboo, in swiftness—a beaver, in wisdom."

After seeing that every comfort which the nature of his situation would admit of, was afforded his grateful friend, Edward, with an elasticity of thought and feeling, to which he had been for some time a stranger, proceeded to the quarters of the commanding officer, where he met with a hearty participation in all his plans and prospects of achieving the deliverance of the captive maiden. Unlimited leave was granted to him, and unconditional liberty to his Indian guide. While every assistance in providing the contingencies necessary for the undertaking, was cordially rendered by his brother officers, among whom he was much esteemed for his acquirements and amiable disposition.

In one respect, only, was Edward at a loss to decide. It was his wish that his servant Dennis, who had proved himself so valorous.

and, above all, so strongly attached to his master, should accompany them on the expedition, as he might be of valuable service in case of a recourse to violence being requisite. Yet, when he mentioned the subject to Argimou, it met, at first, with the decided disapproval of the chief. But after endeavouring to point out the many ways in which he could be useful on their journey, a reluctant assent was yielded, though evidently, rather in courtesy, than from a conviction of the chief's judgment, as he regarded the son of Hibernia, as a nondescript species of animal, of whose habits and propensities he was entirely ignorant; therefore both experience and sagacity told him to beware how he risked the safety of their scheme by such an uncertain accession to the party.— However, it was arranged that Dennis should go, and having provided every thing needful, the principal of which was a complete suit of Indian costume and its appurtenances for each individual, being adopted at the instance of Argimou, as most favourable for purposes of convenience and concealment, in case they should meet with any of the bands of armed peasants, known to be scattered about the country through which they would be obliged to travel; it was proposed to commence the journey at sunrise on the following morning.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVING now the lover absorbed in the contemplation of the prospect that had so unexpectedly presented itself to his despairing mind, let us return to the wretched object of all this solicitude.

When Clarence was borne off in the possession of the Indians, after witnessing, as she supposed, the death of her lover in the bloody onslaught at the Massquash, the transition was so instantaneous, and the speed with which her captors hurried her away, so great, that she had not time to comprehend in its fullest sense, the horrors of her situation. After the utterance of that one cry of terror, all further appeal to the commiseration of her friends was prevented by the ferocious menaces of the savages, who held her by main force on either side of the horse, and brandished their knives and tomahawks in the maiden's face, with significant gestures, which conveyed to the victim's understanding, the impression that they would enforce obedience with instant death, if she attempted to struggle or remonstrate. So that acquiescence was the natural consequence of extreme fear, for Clarence knew not at what

moment they might put their bloody threat into execution.

For some miles, the Indians held a direct course up the valley, 'till at length, being joined by the rest of the warriors, the whole party, whose actions seemed to be guided by the same gigantic native that had flung the fatal hatchet, apparently the cause of all her misfortune, left the low, marshy tract, using all those precautions which their sagacity and the rocky nature of the place where they made the upland suggested, to prevent pursuit; with what success, has been already related. Then winding for a time through the trees, in a line parallel with the river they had left; they crossed the road traversed by the troops that morning, and dipping down into the great prairie, struck directly to the westward, passing the Au Lac and Taoumar rivers, at their upper part, by means of floats and canoes, of which there appeared to be no scarcity. Being joined by another party, with prisoners, also on their return to the west, they again traversed an elevated country, undulating in hills and covered with broad luxuriant groves, untouched by the axe of the settler, through which the war-party advanced without effort or an instant's delay, though to the weeping Clarence, there seemed no path or sign of any kind to indicate the route. A halt was not made until they reached the bank of a river, of greater extent than those they had passed, watering a beautiful valley bordered on its further side, by lofty hills which were partially cultivated, while here and there, where the dark forest had been cleared away, might be seen a few huts of the Acadians, clustered peacefully beneath the shade of the gigantic trees. Here the Indians took a hurried meal of dried moose meat, and obliged Clarence to dismount, which was a relief to her fatigued limbs. But there was little time given to rest, for ere long they were moving again, and having embarked in canoes they crossed the stream, making the horse and Clarence swim over. Which being done, the band passed on, without relaxing their speed until their progress was stopped by the waters of a larger river than any they had previously encountered. Yet, after waiting an hour, they were enabled to ford it, as the tide then was at its lowest ebb. By the time that the passage was accomplished, the day was swiftly declining—the sun having sunk long since behind the lofty mountain in their front. Therefore, preparations for a bivouac were commenced, fires being lighted and packs thrown from the shoulders of the carriers, and divers rest

utensils extracted therefrom. While some collected fuel from the quantities of decayed trees around, or filled dingy kettles with water at the river side; others, again, cleared the underwood from the place, lopping off the lower branches from the fir trees, which were placed on the ground as a bed to rest upon. In the mean time, Clarence was deposited in a rude bed, hastily formed of green boughs, and with her arms bound, left to the misery of her thoughts, and the physical exhaustion that resulted from the harsh treatment and fatigue to which she had been subjected during the forced retreat of the savages. And then, in the comparative stillness and solitude which succeeded, she the gentle girl reflect upon the occurrences of that eventful day. She shuddered when she thought of the harrowing scene she had witnessed—the fatal blight that had fallen upon her promised happiness. The tones of Edward's voice seemed still like sweet music, to linger in her ear, as he expatiated upon the blessings which would accompany their union—the return to the home of his fathers with his own Clarence—the delight of visiting again the beloved spots so sacred to his memory, in the company of one still more sacred and loved than even they; these words seemed but a moment since, breathed in the warmth and eloquence of passion at her side, and now, what an unforeseen change had swept over the current of thought—life—even the face of nature itself. Her lover dead, herself in the power of unrelenting savages, separated forever from the familiar faces of friends, the encroachments of home and her poor father—would she survive the loss of his Clarence? Where would they take her? could help ever reach the captive through the fearful, trackless forest? and then—her fate? O God! who would attempt to pourtray the unutterable thoughts that weighed like a horrid phantom upon the soul of the wretched girl? And she, the tender—the child-like—nursed like a delicate flower with all those nameless attentions which, though unknown to herself, had their origin in the delight and pleasure every heart felt in contributing to the happiness of one, who made all that ever gazed upon her sweet face, themselves conscious of the same feeling—was fain in her desolation, to throw her wearied frame upon the cold earth, in the careless abandonment of grief. And while she lay, scarcely sensible of aught but her own sorrow, the shades of night gathered around, and condensed, as it were, in deeper gloom within the coverts of the dismal woods.

The thronging stars began to appear in the grey heaven, and as Clarence saw them twinkling palely through the fissures of the imperfect roof, she turned towards them, as to the only familiar things among the strange objects by which she was surrounded, wondering if there was no intelligence in their fitful, yet penetrating look, that they might take pity on her, for they seemed to her like so many eyes gazing down upon the world, and bearing witness to the deeds of wicked men. And, straightway, she thought of that *All-seeing Eye* which never slumbers, and breathed a prayer, pure and earnest as the heart from whence it arose, to the disposer of all things, the good and bad, the just and unjust, for mercy and protection. Was it not heard? Surely, never went there up a more fervent appeal to the throne of heaven, than that of the friendless girl, from the depths of the dreary wilderness. And she experienced a relief from the commune, for a feeling of composure shed a soothing balm upon her mind, as she became more trustful in the guidance of an inscrutable Providence. After awhile, some person with a lighted torch approached the place where the maiden lay, and set a bark dish containing food, by her side, saying, at the same time, a few words in the Indian language. Clarence, surprised at the musical tones of the voice, so very different from the uncouth guttural sounds of her conductors, looked up at the speaker, and beheld with astonishment, an exceedingly beautiful face bending over her, such as she had heard, were sometimes found among the native tribes, but which she had never before seen, and perhaps, had scarcely believed to exist, where every thing seemed, to her gentle mind, associated with barbarism and deformity. But the clear, pale face before her, was as lovely as ever visited a poet's dreams. Clarence read at once, in its soft lineaments, as in a brook, a world of tenderness, and the dark melancholy eyes seemed to look down upon her with pity and kindness, as though their owner yearned, with the warm feelings of her sex, towards the beautiful and helpless stranger. A sweet smile played like a beam of light, about the small delicate mouth for one brief instant, then as quickly vanished, as Waswetchul, for she only it could have been, having loosed the withes that fastened the arms of the captive, departed; having instilled more comfort into the heart of Clarence—less by the act than the expressive look of sympathy that accompanied it, than the most laboured protestations could have effected.

What a wild, strange sight was presented to the maiden as the night deepened, and the Indians gathered round a fire of blazing logs, the light of which was reflected on their scowling visages and ornamented dresses; glistening on weapons of various kinds suspended from the trees, and gilding the motionless branches of the pines that hung over them, until the band seemed canopied by an arch of foliage, though they were unroofed, save by the pale sky and its thousand stars. Inspired by the effects of the "fire-water," of which they had a copious supply, they danced, sang, and howled, in a perfect ecstasy of mirth, which a single word would have converted to the fury of revenge, only to be pacified by the immediate sacrifice of the prisoners. But their passions were restrained by the superior cunning of the chief, so that they contented themselves with the performance of all manner of antics and boisterous ebullitions of merriment, until they were tired. And throughout all the noise and confusion, the calm, plump countenance of an Indian babe appeared at the top of its wooden case, which was hung up against the upright bole of a huge pine, and with unmoved expression looked upon the wild gymnastics of its elders; while the coal-black eyes of the papoose rolled about from one side to the other as if scorning to evince the slightest interest or emotion on the occasion. And there it stuck, hour after hour, swathed like a Mummy in its little prison—an emblem of patience to all more civilized babies—without uttering a sound or a cry. At length the Indians threw themselves upon the fir branches, and with the exception of one who remained to watch, each wrapping his blanket or mantle of skin closely around him, was soon buried in sleep.

When all was silent, save an occasional groan which proceeded from one of the prisoners, the young squaw stole noiselessly to the nook where Clarence lay awake, and without a word or sign, threw a robe of fur over her, while she folded another around herself and laid down quietly to repose by the lady's side.

The delicate kindness evinced by this act, gave a feeling of comfort and security to Clarence; yet she in vain endeavoured to follow the example of her companion. Anxiety and restlessness kept her from sleeping through the long night, and it was only when the usual prognostics of the dawn appeared in the heaven, that she sank into a fitful, lethargic slumber, from which she was roused by Waswetchcal, and she found that the band was already in motion, and preparing for their departure.

With a sinking heart Clarence was again mounted on her horse, and led by an armed warrior; while in advance the huge chief moved rapidly forward, distinguished from his followers by an eagle plume fastened to the solitary tuft of hair on the top of his shaved head, and in succession came the individuals composing the party, threading the forest in a long serpentine line.

Passing to the northward of the mountains they made a course directly towards the west, never pausing a moment to satisfy themselves of the correctness of their route—never applying to each other for information in a matter that appeared to admit of neither the smallest doubt, nor requiring any uncommon sagacity to determine. Thus they travelled on through the wilds which seemed never to have known before the footstep of man, by the aid of those mysterious signs known only to the native. The upward glance of the leader at the moss on the trees, the peculiar inclination of certain plants, were as sure guides to those wanderers of the wild as the star and compass are to the voyager on the pathless ocean; the very language of Nature appeared intelligible to her dependant children.

It would be tedious to follow Clarence in her long painful journey, during which she derived great support from the presence and attentions of the Indian maiden; who, whenever she thought herself less likely to attract observation, would steal to her side, and reassure the captive with a kind look or a sunny smile. And each night, like a guardian angel, she soothed the fears of Clarence with her silent but gentle companionship. Suffice it, that after traversing a wilderness country, for the most part hilly, and interspersed with extensive lakes and water-courses, on the afternoon of the fourth day they approached the banks of a noble river, whose broad expanse was glistening in the sun. The bold outline of the shores, elevated in abrupt ridges or graceful curves, looked dark but majestic with the foliage of the thick woods, covering every point and eminence in primitive profusion; while far as the eye could reach, the dim hills blended with the water, that appeared to expand into a capacious bay.

With a shout of delight the Indians hailed the beautiful stream, as emerging from a dense wood they caught the first glimpse of the extensive prospect, and their pace was accelerated—each seeming eager to reach his final resting place. Following the course of the river, an hour's march brought them opposite a few

rocky islands covered with pointed pines. As they approached the shore by a well worn path the whole band sent forth a joyful cry, to give notice of their arrival in the neighbourhood, which was succeeded by the utterance of distinct notes, some of which were intended to denote the number of prisoners in their company, while others again, from their deep lamentation, were expressive of the friends that had fallen in battle since their departure. Ere long an answering exclamation, as of a multitude, arose from an adjacent point; and a sudden turn of the track they were pursuing, disclosed the thickly studded wigwams of an Indian village, the inhabitants of which were already in commotion; and from the gates of the palisades with which the encampment was enclosed an indiscriminate swarm was pouring out to welcome the returning warriors. With loud yells and howlings of joy or sorrow, as some individual was recognised or missed from the war-party, they gathered around in a confused mass, asking hurried questions, and making the woods ring with vociferous exultation, as they caught sight of the prisoners. These were immediately dragged within the palisades, exposed to the execrations and violence of a furious mob, among which the women and half-naked children bore a conspicuous part. Several rude hands were in the act of tearing the apparel from the shoulders of the terrified Clarence, when the chief sternly commanded them to desist, and leading her to a cabin of logs of superior appearance to the bark habitations around, delivered her into the keeping of an old haggard squaw, of malignant aspect. The apprehensions of the half-fainting girl were somewhat alleviated by observing as she entered that her Indian friend, the beautiful Waswetchul, also followed, and appeared to view the place as her customary abode.

Meanwhile a fearful scene was enacting in the centre of the village, which exhibited one of the darkest traits of the savage character. Yet, strange to say, at that time, or even in a later period, a parallel might be found among those who professed christianity, and affected to emulate and spread abroad among the heathen the charity and humble virtues of a pitying Saviour. How could they expect mercy from those to whom no mercy was ever given? Verily, example is far better than precept! It has been stated that there were two prisoners accompanying Clarence into captivity;—but they were very dissimilar in appearance. One was a Milecete Indian, who had been detected in giving information to the English of an in-

tended attack of his party, for the sake of a bribe; which had, consequently, resulted in discomfiture and the loss of several valuable warriors. Aware of the stern ordinances of his tribe, and their retributive denunciation of a traitor, he knew well that no earthly power could save his life. It was justly forfeited to the insulted laws of the nation, and with dogged sullenness he awaited his fate; but it was otherwise with his companion. He was a poor settler, from the British possessions in Acadia, ragged and emaciated with toil and severe suffering; yet still, to the last, a faint ray of hope burned at his heart and would not let him yield altogether to despair; but alas! he was quickly undeceived. For the women commenced piling a heap of dry stumps and brushwood round a green sapling, which had been deprived of its branches and driven upright into the ground.

When the pyre was ready, the white man was forcibly seized, and in spite of his desperate struggles and wild prayers for mercy, he was stripped, and after his naked body had been covered with a black pigment, they bound him with wet withes to the stake—and then he knew that his doom was sealed. An old, withered beldame, with a bear skin half covering her body, and a flaming brand in her skinny paw, now began a mystic dance in front of the victim. As she approached or receded from the pile, her voice sent forth a shrill discant, which could be likened to nothing but a witch's incantation; and she herself seemed a very incarnation of sorcery and sin. As the rite proceeded, and she waxed more furious and unceremoniously in her screams and distorted movements—calling upon the manes of the dead to cease their anger and rejoice at the sacrifice offered as a propitiation, by their forsaken friends, men similarly clothed, and with blackened faces, joined the powa dance, until, to the half crazed senses of the victim, a legion of demons seemed to be leaping and yelling around him. When the powouing was completed, the pyre was fired in many places, and the cries of the sufferer drowned in the mingled shouts and revilings of a savage multitude. Then as the hungry flames, like gliding snakes, were seen amid the thick smoke to crawl and lick with fiery tongues his naked limbs, they affected to spit on him, calling him a woman and a dog, and lavishing every epithet of scorn and detestation upon him, that their imaginations could devise, which seemed at last to rouse the fleeting faculties of the white man, and caused a momentary triumph over the most acute corporeal agony. Every feeling



but intense abhorrence of his cruel tormentors was forgotten for one brief instant: with a voice distinct and clear, which penetrated to the furthest limits of that pitiless crowd, he screamed a bitter curse to them and theirs, and as if the spirit had passed with the utterance of that dread legacy, his head drooped—his body fell. What did they there? It was dust that the fire consumed!

The mode of the traitor's death was different. He was fastened to a rock on the shore and stoned; but not until sufficient time had been allowed for the warrior to sing his death-song, which he did with a bold, haughty air, as though his death were a triumph instead of being a lasting disgrace to his kindred—for his name was henceforth to be a forbidden word among his people, and his deeds unremembered;—who would call his child after a traitor, or make songs in his praise? Yet the pride and self-possession instilled by habitual practice from his earliest years, and perhaps in some degree natural to the character of his race, effectually concealed any outward consciousness of shame; for not a single exclamation, save of exultation, escaped the guarded lips of the warrior; and though lacerated and bruised in a thousand places by the showers of missiles hurled at him in anger, he expired without a groan. When life was extinct, the mutilated body was tossed into the current of the river, as unworthy a place beside the sacred bones of his fathers. And here was seen a beautiful instance of the constancy of woman's love.—Along the beach and over the rocks, in the dim twilight, hurried a poor squaw; her hair floating dishevelled over her shoulders, and with a face pallid and contracted with an expression of torture and wild anxiety, watching intently a dark object floating down the stream. Now it approaches some point, and she strives to touch it with a long spear, then again, the deceitful eddy sweeps it away beyond her reach, and with distracted gesture she wrings her hands, and speeds on after the watery burthen. At last she has succeeded; the jutting rocks of yonder promontory impeded its progress. Joyfully the woman draws the treasure to land, and the faithful wife beholds the mutilated, half-recognized remains of her partner. Then with great labour she scooped with her hands a shallow grave in the loose soil, and laying the body therein, covered it up hastily, and after smoothing the earth over the place, rolled a large stone at the head of him who lay buried, for a memorial, and went her way alone—but without a tear.

The day after the return of the war-party, the chief entered the hut where Clarence was dressed with peculiar care, and decorated with ornaments of various kinds, among which shone several large brooches of polished silver. After having ordered the other inmates to leave the cabin, he seated himself in front of the maiden, in the Indian fashion, and with an air of grave importance and unusual condescension, addressed her in a strange jumble of English, French and Milicete words, the purpose of which was nearly as follows—

"Daughter of the pale faces, listen!—that you may be wise. Madokawando is a great chief; he says to his young men, do this and it is done. He has taken many scalps; he is a brave warrior. Go! ask the Anglasheou—they will say, Madokawando is very strong, he has drunk our blood—we can't touch him whom the Great Spirit loves. Ugh! the pale faces are fools and dogs that won't be content, but want the whole country. They run howling into the woods—all same one mad, very mad carriboo, when he run round—cos him head crazy. Open your ears, child! Madokawando could get much dollars for blue-eye's scalp. Wennoch very good man—broder to Ingin. But the chief say—no! Blue-eye will stay—be chief's wife—make fire—cook vittles, never leave him summer or winter, but always be like his own heart—that is very good. You see old squaw?" and here the suitor of Clarence pointed, with a disparaging look, at the door where his ancient spouse had disappeared. "You see that thing what go out? Him nobody. Me kick him away, all same like old mocassin when him worn out—dont be afear. When next moon comes, Modokawando's wigwam will be ready for the blue-eye. Now he go down Ouangondy, see Wennoch—him very good man—more better than Anglasheou.—Ugh! they would eat up every thing from Ingin, so he would starve; but a Milicete warrior laughs at the greedy-bellied wolves, and gives them to the crows for food. The chief has spoken!"

Here the savage rose with an aspect of grandeur and self complacency, like one who has finished to his satisfaction, a troublesome but necessary business, and stalked out of the chamber leaving his listener in no very comfortable state of mind, for although but half a dozen words in the whole of his speech were intelligible, still enough was understood to render her wretched beyond measure; and harassed as the poor girl had been already, by the fearful occurrences that so suddenly cloud-

ed the sunshine of her young life; the dreadful uncertainty of her fate caused an almost utter prostration of mind and body. Had it not been for the unceasing kindness of the beautiful Milicete girl, she could scarcely have survived the severe trials through which she had passed, and the vicissitudes which she was still slated to undergo.

(To be continued.)



Written for the Amaranth.

THE ROVER.

How bravely my bark, o'er the wild water dashing,

Thou would'st cleave the white foam of the silver-tipped wave,

When the storm-fiend's glance in the lightning was flashing—

It's brilliancy marring the glare that it gave.

When the loud thunder pealed through the dark vault of heaven,

And the breath of the tempest rushed on in its might;

And thou, little bark, o'er the mad sea wast driven,

Out-speeding the birds of the storm, in thy flight.

And at eve when the tempest's vain rage was subsiding—

And the storm of the morning had gone on its path,

No longer wert thou "mid the yesty waves" riding,

Or struggling against the roused element's wrath.

But like to the warrior from combat returning,

When victory over the strong man is won,

His bosom no longer with high hope is burning,

He has vanquished his foe and his labour is done.

Then so steady thy course, and so gentle thy motion,

Thou'dst return like a tired bird seeking its nest;

And at last, thou would'st float, the pet child of the ocean, [breast.

And gracefully sleep on thy mother's calm

Then at anchor, the breeze from the open sea straying,

Would woo into gladness, the still sunny deep,

And the waves would leap up in the gay sunbeams, playing— [sleep.

Like Eve when in Eden, first wakened from

Then thou would'st incline to the bright undulations, [free;

As a queen will acknowledge the love of the And royally bow to the sweet salutations,

That Zephyr had sent to do homage to thee.

Or 'like to the jewel which needlessly glistening

On the bosom of beauty, unimpassioned and cold, [tending,

Will tremble when first to her lover she's his— As he whispers the tale that she longs to be told.

But now thou art gone, and a fit tomb they've found thee, [didst ride—

The deep sea o'er which thou in triumph

Now rolls its wild waves like a dark shroud around thee,

On its surface thou lingered, in its depths thou'lt abide.

*Saint John, May, 1842.*



FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND WINE.

A GLEE.

Ye careless, smiling sons of mirth,

Of warm and generous soul,

Who share, with hearts of kindred worth,

The pleasures of the bowl.

When round the festive board convened,

When wit and mirth combine,

Jests abound,

Songs go round,

Hearts are warm, care is drowned—

If on earth bliss be found,

'Tis in friendship, love and wine.

Then fill the mantling goblet high,

'Till brilliants deck its brim,

And drink to her whose sparkling eye,

Would make their lustre dim.

The toast shall pass, the glee go round,

Such smiling fair is mine,

May she miss

No true bliss,

Dance and song, love's warm kiss,

Days and nights bright as this,

Blest with friendship, love and wine.



It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, should entertain those with whom they converse, by giving them the history of their pains, and aches; and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is, of all other, the meanest help to discourse, and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his headach answered by another's asking what news by the last mail.

## THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

READERS, you no doubt have heard of the old hermit of Niagara, as he is called, who has been seen wandering, for years, around these falls. Solitary as he is, he seems to be a fit watcher of these awful waters, "where God has hung his bow, and notched his centuries in the eternal rocks." And he *has* watched them in the sunshine and in the storm. He has bent above them in the burning noonday, and in the starry radiance of night, until his soul seems to have drunk in all their beauty, power and majesty.

I met the hermit for the first time, in the summer of 183-, as I was wandering beneath the Falls, now gazing on the magnificent concave, and then turning my attention to that round—that glorious sound

"Which rolls the wild, profound, eternal bass In Nature's anthem."

The hermit's frame was still erect, although the few locks of grey hair which floated around his lofty brow, spoke of age. His eye, however, was not in the least dimmed—indeed its lustre was oppressive. It was not until I had repeatedly touched his arm, that he observed me. Turning suddenly around, he gave me a steady look, and then marched slowly away. Remonstrance I saw would be useless, but determining not to be baffled, I followed him up the ascent, and then onwards to his cottage. My obtrusion was not perceived until we had reached his retired dwelling. The critical moment had arrived, and pleading weariness, I asked permission to rest myself on a rough bench, (the only one in the apartment.) He waived me impatiently to the seat, and then catching up a flute, commenced playing an old air of Spain. The tune itself was delicious, but the execution of the musician was the very soul of pathos and melody. Tears coursed rapidly down his withered cheeks; and must I confess it? yes! I wept with him. He accidentally discovered my emotion, and grasping my hand with an abruptness at once painful and surprising, exclaimed, "I feel now that I am human—that the long-sealed fountain has been loosed. Yours is the only hand which I have grasped since I landed on this shore. I feel that my race is almost ended. Yes, the grave will soon close over the wretched, and the outcast will find a home—a better home than this."

"Be not so desponding." I exclaimed. He mournfully shook his head, and continued,

"Desponding! Ah, no! I rejoice! Death comes to me apparelled in the bright vesture of an angel—and joyously do I give him wel-

come. Would you like to know my history? Is it for this you have sought my poor abode? Then you shall have it. Before I leave an earth whose brightest flowers have only distilled poison on my lips—whose most glowing prospects have faded, like evening rainbows, in the dark sky of every future—I confess that I would like one, at least, to know the causes which drove me from my native land, and exiled me to this solitary hut. The desire may be foolish, yet now feel it irresistible."

He paused evidently from emotion; and, profiting by the occasion, I assured him of my anxiety to hear his story. He then seated himself by my side, and commenced his tale, thus:—

"You shall have,

## THE HISTORY OF THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

"I was born in Spain. My parents were noble, and I was reared in accordance with my rank, and when I mention that I was the only child, you will readily imagine the attention given to my mind and manners. I have no recollection of my mother, as she died in my infancy. My father was a haughty Castilian Hidalgo, with pride in proportion to his wealth and rank. Well do I remember the smile of triumph that curled his handsome lips whenever the glittering cavalcade defiled through the castle's gate, or he turned to gaze on the long line of ancestral portraits which adorned its lofty walls.

"My preceptor was of the order of Saint Dominick—cold, stern and repelling. Yet, whenever interest demanded it, he well knew how to favor and flatter. To me, I must own that he was generally kind and affable, until a catastrophe occurred, which rendered us deadly enemies.

"This monk was the only person who seemed to possess any influence over my father, and not only aimed to control his spiritual affairs, but did not scruple to make inquiries into his worldly career. A single look from this churchman would often check my parent in the flood-tide of his passion; yea, I once heard the proud nobleman ask his pardon. This, to me, who had invested my sire with supernatural habiliments, was truly wonderful. I pondered over the circumstance for days and days, and the more I thought, the more profound grew the mystery. I had not yet learned the awful, soul-crushing, all-subduing power of superstition. But I was to learn it, and that terribly.

"My only comrade was the son of a noble

man, who, dying, had entrusted his heir to my father. To say that young Mendoza and I were friends, nay, even brothers, would be speaking too feebly. We were more, far more.

Our studies, walks, amusements, and, (when boys,) apartments were the same. Nature had showered her gems upon him, and, independent of his title, he would have ranked as one of her noblemen in any land. His mind, heart and person, were of a superior order. I remember him, also, as possessing, even when a boyhood, a remarkable eloquence, and none could withstand his powers of persuasion.—Oh! how the scenes of the past arise! Happy, angel-plumed hours of childhood—gone—gone—and for ever! Ye come like rosy dreams, drooping to the sweet tones of a moon-lit harp, through the portals of innocence! and now your memory gloom around me like weird shadows, called up from the sepulchral vault of years—sad as the song of autumn—mournful as the voice of midnight winds, and fearful as the lone anthem of the seas, which shall be by the storm-spirit. Oh! realm of the past! But why dwell on that past? What is there in it to allure *my* sight?

"I had thought my heart too fully occupied with its love for Mendoza to admit any affection for another. Time, the great teacher, taught me my mistake.

"In one of our excursions along the banks of the gentle Guadaluquivir, we were driven by a storm into a castle, whose frowning walls and melancholy appearance had hitherto repressed my wish to enter its portals. We were hospitably welcomed and ushered into the hall of reception, where we were met by the mistress of the castle. That moment sealed my fate! Donna Maria Alveno was the enchantress.—Beautiful as the most beautiful, she looked and moved and spoke with that freedom and dignity so often, in the south, produced by wealth and nobility. Yet there was nothing repulsive—her manner seemed to sit upon her like the cestus of the ancient goddess, adding new splendour to that which was before brilliant, and attesting the radiant seal of divinity.

"I loved! My whole soul was absorbed. It seemed that a light trancing, bewildering heart-awe had burst upon me. I had received a new existence—but a moment before undramed of.

"Our stay was short; but we were invited to repeat the visit.

"I unveiled my heart to Mendoza. At first he humorously rallied me, but perceiving that

her sallies gave me pain, he changed his tone, and seriously exclaimed:

"Carlos, do you know the history of your beautiful inamarato?"

"I do not," was the answer.

"Then you shall learn," he replied. "and that briefly. Donna Maria Alveno is an orphan, and her wealth is only surpassed by her loveliness. She is also related to an old race of Kings. Her temper is said to be imperious, and her manner always queen-like; and, to sum up all, twenty suitors have thrown themselves at her feet—but in vain: she scorns them all. No doubt she is looking out for an Emperor. Oh! Carlos, if you could only report a diadem!"

"But when did you learn this story?" I asked.

"From the right worthy, the most holy monk, our old preceptor," he replied.

"My heart was too full of love and bright imaginings to pursue the conversation; nor did we speak again until the castle had been reached.

"The very next day did I seek the castle of Donna Maria. I found her surrounded by a gay troop of suitors. The sharp pang of jealousy proved how deeply I loved the lady. She received me with a radiant smile and introduced me to her company. Merrily passed the hours—merrily to me at least. The bearing of Donna Maria towards myself was evidently different from that which she displayed to others. True, she was not the less stately when addressing me, but there was a something in all she said which the heart can feel instinctively, although the lips may not describe it.

"Several days passed in this manner, and every hour added new intensity to the flame which fired me.

"At last—oh! that evening! Memory! Memory! thou—thou art the curse of this fair creation! At last I found an opportunity to address her alone.

"Feigning an excuse for my absence, as my repeated departure had visibly caused suspicion in the family, particularly in the monk—I sought Donna Maria. Reaching her castle just as the gorgeous twilight was tinging its turrets with a faint golden radiance, and shedding over the whole scene a beauty caught only from the skies of Spain, I heard a soft, low strain of delicious music, accompanied by a voice sweeter even than the melody itself. Looking in the direction of the sounds, I perceived Maria seated beneath a magnificent magnolia, with her large, dark, lustrous eyes fixed on the glowing

heavens, while her delicate fingers ran over the chords of a guitar. Waiting until the air was finished, I approached. My footsteps caught her ear—she turned towards me, gave a low cry and suffered the instrument to fall. An instant—and I was by her side. I grasped her hand, and incoherently avowed my passion. It was returned. Yes! yes! from the rosy lips of the proud Donna Maria Aiveno I heard the words of love! Yet she would not promise her hand in marriage—not then—as she said.

“And we sat together under those blue skies, while the young moon, with her ministering star, slowly climbed their azure pathway.—Hours had now stolen away, when we heard a rustling among the leaves of an orange grove which stood near by, and turning towards the spot, I beheld a pair of dark, glittering, fiend-like eyes gazing upon us. Maria convulsively grasped my hand and whispered in tones of the wildest terror, ‘Protect me!’

“The figure, slowly pointed to her, cried—‘*Beware!*’ and vanished.

“When my astonishment had subsided, I asked Maria for an explanation of the mystery. She replied, in a kind but decisive voice, ‘Carlos, ask me no questions—it will be useless—I cannot answer you.’ Finding that importunity availed me not, I felt compelled to trust to my own vigilance and sagacity for a solution of the occurrence.

“Night had entered her noon before we separated.

“The next morning, I met the monk in the corridor of our castle. I scrutinized him closely; his countenance betrayed nothing—but those eyes, although subdued in expression, were the same. I could have sworn to them. I attempted in vain to nerve myself up to the task of questioning him—the habitual awe with which he had ever inspired me was entirely disabling, and after a few commonplace expressions, I took my leave. Why I at first suspected the monk I know not. Perhaps it was caused by Mendoza’s reference to him when relating the history of Maria, and perhaps by my knowledge of his being her confessor. That very morning my father ordered me to confine myself to our own domain.—This confirmed me in my suspicions of the monk. I made Mendoza my confidante, and he promised his assistance in extricating me from my difficulties.

“Weeks had rolled away before I found an opportunity to escape from my hated confinement—rendered doubly distressing by receiving no answer to several letters which I had de-

spatched to Maria. I determined to encounter the risk of discovery and visit her. The night favored me, and after an hour’s walk through the driving rain, I reached a steed obtained for me by my favorite servant. Soon did I stand in the hall of the Donna’s castle; and proceeding to the library, I dispatched a note, asking for an immediate interview. While the menial was obeying my commands, I saw an opened letter lying on the table, in the writing of the monk. I seized and read it, justifying the act by an appeal to the circumstances which surrounded me. The letter ran thus:

‘I repeat to you, ‘*Beware!*’ The secret is in my hands. Besides, you have vowed to obey my will. Break that vow if you dare!—I have never feared the silly wiles of those flatterers who surround you—Carlos I do fear—did I not educate him? He shall not wed you! I have sworn it! You know, when all things are prepared, your destination. Remember!

‘YOUR CONFESSOR.’

“‘Wretch! Wretch!’ I cried; ‘you shall not thwart me—Your life-blood shall first be sacrificed!’

“Ere the last word was fully uttered, I felt the letter torn from my hand, and Donna Maria stood before me. Her lips were parted and her cheeks blanched with horror, while she made several ineffectual efforts to speak. Silence becoming painful, I exclaimed,

“‘What? What does this mean? This letter? Your agitation?’

“‘Carlos!’ she replied, ‘you know not what you do. Did I not entreat you in my letters to cease your visits until I thought it safe? And yet you are here!’

“Bursting into tears, the beautiful girl threw herself upon my neck; and it was long before she recovered her self-command. The first words she uttered were, ‘If the monk knows this, we are both ruined. His keen, cruel eye marks our every movement—he may, at this very moment, be in the room!’ And she threw her eyes fearfully around the apartment. ‘You need not fear,’ I replied; ‘as I left him in the castle, where he is, no doubt, watching an opportunity to intercept other letters.’ ‘Then,’ the fond girl exclaimed, ‘for an hour at least we can converse in safety. But I entreat you again not to question me; be satisfied with what that fatal letter has told and leave the rest to me.’ Although chagrined at this inexplicable conduct, I loved her still more fervently. Does not mystery often tend to throw a charm around that which is already lovely? One long, long kiss, and we parted: when to meet again, I knew not, as she had extracted

a promise from me not to visit her until I received permission. Returning home, my servant informed me, that my absence had not been discovered.

"I found it impossible to close my eyes.—Anxiety and a wish for revenge chased sleep away from my wearied frame. I determined to obtain the secret from the monk, and compelled him, at the peril of his life, to abandon his purposes, whatever they might be, towards Maria. Some days elapsed before my decision could be carried into effect. I resolved to seek the intriguer in his room; and, putting my resolution into effect, I found him seated at his desk and busily engaged in writing. He received me coolly, and, with an offended air, demanded the cause of my intrusion. 'Could you not, he sarcastically inquired, have asked leave before entering my room? Begone!'

"'Traitor!' I cried—losing all self-command, 'you shall not escape me! Listen! were you not the person who stood in the orange grove? Who caused my father to interdict my egress from the domain?—Were you not the person who intercepted the letters of Donna Maria, and addressed a certain note to that lady, in which my name was mentioned?'

"'In truth, a variety of questions, young man! and all in a breath, too!' was his cool reply.

"'You shall not baffle me thus!' I cried; drawing my poignard, 'Answer me, or this steel drinks your life!'

"He smiled scornfully, and without moving from his seat, said, 'Fool! put up your weapon. Down! Down on your knees and ask my pardon, or this very day —.'

"I was too much excited to hear the completion of his sentence, but springing forward and seizing him by the throat, rather shrieked than spoke, 'Villian! answer, or you live not a moment!'

"The monk grasped a bell which hung by his desk, and shaking it violently, cried—'your life! not mine! while a fiendish smile played over his pallid features. The next instant, two servants darted into the room, and dragged me from my enemy. My struggles were in vain, and I was completely overpowered.—In a few moments the apartment was filled by the whole population of the castle, and among them I perceived my father and Mendoza.

"'What madness is this?' asked the former, addressing me. But before I could reply, the monk motioned my father aside. After a brief conference, I was ordered by the latter to my apartment. I had no alternative, and retired.

As evening closed in I heard the voice of Mendoza demanding admittance, which was refused. I then knew that I was a prisoner—yes, a captive in my own father's house!—Throwing myself on the couch, I found a restless sleep, from which I was aroused by a stern voice commanding me to rise. Before I could obey the order, hands seized me, and I felt myself hurried along the dark passages.—Surprize prevented resistance or even a remonstrance. On emerging from the castle, I could perceive that the aggressors were not of our own people. I was immediately gagged, lifted into a vehicle and driven off, with two armed ruffians seated on each side of me. Before daylight, I was the inmate of a cell in some prison, with whose location I was totally unacquainted. For days and nights I lay on the coarse straw, racked by a violent fever, and deprived of either natural or artificial light. The only person who visited me was a rough-featured savage looking man, who daily brought a scant allowance of bread and water: but I could only partake of the latter.

"I became delirious—I raved—I felt myself dying and still I could not die. Years, withering years seemed to be compressed into single minutes. Exhaustion must have produced a sleep from which I was aroused by a torch throwing its garish light into my eyes. I looked up and saw the monk, bending over me. His features exhibited an exultation, which he took no pains to conceal, while his cold, snake-like eyes glittered with an expression in which the very spirits of hate, malice and revenge seemed to hold their revelry.

"'You have failed!' he exclaimed. 'You have lost the game! You are beneath my feet and, if I choose, I can crush you!'

"I felt too weak to speak, and only replied with a smile of scorn.

"'Not conquered yet!' he whispered, in a tone of wonder, meant only for his own ears. 'Carlos!' said the monk, in a fearful, sepulchral voice, 'you are in my power. Yet I would not slay you, and I shall give you an opportunity to save your life. Sign this instrument—swear to obey its contents, and you shall be liberated.'

"The monk then read from a paper to the effect, that I should forever forego my love towards Maria—that I should not inquire into the secret alluded to in the letter found in her library, and leave Spain for one year.

"'Do you consent?' he asked.

"'Never!' I exclaimed—summoning up all my strength.

"I remember no more of this dreadful scene. I must have fainted. When I recovered, the monk had vanished, and once more I was left in that dark and dreary cell—alone.

"My constitution at last triumphed. I could now take note of time by the sound of a clock whose welcome vibrations were my sole companions. A year, as well as I could calculate, had elapsed, and I was still a prisoner. Yet a line from Maria, assuring me of her safety, would have made me almost contented. Her image was constantly before me. I thought of her, and her alone.

"The hour of my deliverance at last arrived. The clock struck midnight—the door was opened, and the same wretches who had conducted me to the cell, entered. I was immediately gagged, led out of my dungeon, and placed in a vehicle. We arrived at the castle about midnight, where they left me. I was astonished to hear sounds of revelry issuing from the halls. I entered the corridor, and proceeded to the banquet-room, where the greatest mirth seemed to prevail. The doors being open, I easily effected an entrance. The menials, on perceiving me, rushed shrieking from the room, leaving only my favourite servant, who seemed perfectly bewildered at my appearance. I had a hundred questions to ask. 'Where is the monk—my father—Mendoza, and Maria?' burst from me in a breath. He was still unable to answer me. 'Where is the monk?' I asked again.

"'He has gone, signior, I know not whither,' was his reply.

"'And my father?'

"'Dead! He died shortly after your disappearance.'

"'And Mendoza?'

"'In Lisbon, attending to the affairs of the castle.'

"'And—and,' I cried, gasping for breath, 'where is Donna Maria?'

"'She, too, has gone.'

"I could speak no more, but leaning on his arm, sought my chamber, and there fell into a profound slumber. It was high noon before I awoke. The faithful boy was standing by my bedside, with clothing and refreshment, both of which I greatly needed. After supplying myself, I entered into a closer examination; but elicited nothing of importance. I ordered a steed, and sought the castle of Donna Maria. The seneschal only remained of all who once had given such life and gaiety to the edifice. He admitted me, but refused to answer any of my interrogatories. I bent my steps towards

the library, and found everything there in the utmost confusion. Books, writing-materials and papers, were strewn promiscuously over the floor. Among them I found this paper," continued the hermit, as he took from his bosom a discoloured sheet. 'You may judge how eagerly I perused it, for it was the writing of Maria. The scroll was thus:

'Another day and it will all be over. Should I not make the sacrifice? Should I not hide the shame of my parents? Dead! Dead!—Alas, my Carlos! What more have I to live for?—the monk's order may be a blessing—is time—time—'

"I stood petrified with rage and astonishment. Here then had I a clue. My measures were adopted coolly. I determined to find the monk. Remembering that he often visited a monastery in the vicinity, I concluded to proceed thither in disguise, and make inquiries.

"That very day I saw the villain, and in him the Prior of the institution. My garb and features, so altered by confinement, prevented a recognition. In reply to his question for what purpose I had visited the monastery, I answered, that I was acquainted with affairs of moment in which he was deeply interested—but not daring to whisper them, even in those walls, I proposed a meeting that evening, in whatever place he might appoint. He consented, and named the very grove near which, as you will remember, Donna Maria and myself had met. And there we did meet! It was the deep hour of twilight. My disguise still prevented a discovery. But that garb had done its appointed work, and seizing the monk, I exclaimed, 'Now, villain, I have you! You shall not escape me again! Your life depends upon your answers! This! this!' I continued, as I held a dagger to his eyes, 'shall avenge my wrongs, and send your vile soul to its proper perdition, if you falter for an instant!' The monk appearing not surprised or appalled in the least, replied, 'I have no motive for secreting now.'

"'Where is Maria?' I asked.

"'Don Carlos!' said he, 'I will tell you all. I was resolved to promote my own interest in the property of Donna Maria. In order to accomplish this, I pretended to possess a secret which, if it did not transfer her fortune to another, would for ever blacken the reputation of her parents. She placed implicit reliance in my statement, false as it was. I agreed not to reveal the secret, provided she would enter a convent, and give up her wealth to the church. My zeal in producing such an act, I well knew would be rewarded by the very pest I now oc-

rupy. I saw that you were in my path—you only I feared—and you know the rest. Your father permitted you to be removed from his castle, expecting that your imprisonment would not continue above a week. He died naturally before the lapse of that time. When my purposes were accomplished, I released you. Now you know all."

"I could not speak, until, finding the wretch attempting to release my grasp, I cried, 'You shall not baffle me—I will arraign you before the King, and release Maria!'"

"Yes! from a nun's grave!" replied he, in a hissing voice.

"I could restrain myself no longer. One blow, and the dagger sank into the villain's heart. He fell heavily on the ground, uttered a single groan, and died.

"I know not what passed afterwards, nor in what manner I reached the castle. The first remembrance I have, is that of Mendoza leaning over me. He had heard of the monk's murder, and from the disguise, and the blood on my hands, correctly concluded that the wretch had fallen under my dagger. I felt no desire to move. 'Let them come,' I exclaimed; 'what have I to live for?'"

"Not much for yourself, it is true," he replied, "but shall Carlos—die on the scaffold?—shall he disgrace his long and glorious line of ancestry?" The words were electric. I did escape and Mendoza with me. The ship in which we happened to embark, was bound for America, and here we landed. Before leaving Spain, we took the precaution to secure a large quantity of gold, and this enabled us to live in independence. Many were our wanderings. But the hand of heaven had not stayed its vials of wrath: Mendoza died! I was left alone.—I sought these glorious waters—for in their eternal thunder I could sometimes lose the thoughts of the Past. Here have I made my mighty shrine—here have I hymned my songs of praise and breathed my prayers for forgiveness to HIM—the all-powerful and righteous. May these foaming waters be my grave."

The hermit ceased speaking, and waving me to depart, said—

"I feel that I should now be alone. We will never meet again: farewell!"

I grasped his hand and bade him adieu, with a choked voice and tearful eye.

The hermit spoke true: We never did meet again.

The next summer on my visit to Niagara, I learned that the hermit had departed from what, to him at least was a world of sorrow;

and as I wandered by the mighty-cataract, sometimes in the shaping spirit of my imagination, I could fancy that in the roar of its waters I heard the requiem of him who had so long hung over their foam and thrilled beneath their music—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."



Written for 'The Amarantth.

TO A LADY,

ON HEARING FROM HER AFTER A SILENCE OF FIVE YEARS.

On time's fleeting wing years have flown since I met thee, [heart;

When thy virgin simplicity won my young Those moments are gone, yet I cannot forget thee, [part.

Tho' fate for the present hath doom'd us to I remember thee still as I saw thee in childhood, With beauty adorning thy lovely young brow, Like a rose which sprang up in the shade of a wildwood, [thou!

Just bursting its petals—such then love wert I saw each new beauty, as sweetly it flourish'd, And pure was the love which thy presence gave birth, [was nourish'd, But each fond hope which then in this bosom Has fled like a sun-banished dew-drop from earth. [bound me—

But tho' sterner feelings in thraldom have Tho' sorrow within me has planted its sting, Yet, dearest, the spell which affection cast round me,

To life's latest moments unto me shall cling.

I remember thee still as thou once used to meet me, [spangled plain—

When wand'ring at eve o'er the flow'r How my pulse would vibrate as thy smile us'd to greet me, [strain.

And warble in sweetness love's soul-stirring Like some storm-blasted plant, those glad moments have perish'd— [fled;

Like drops in the ocean their beauties have Yet their mem'ry shall still in this bosom be cherish'd,

Until I shall silently sleep with the dead.

We grew up together in bonds of affection, Our wishes still follow'd like links in a chain,

And now, as I open the page of reflection, My heart's dearest wish is to meet thee again.

As the sailor when tir'd of the turbulent ocean, To his native village delighted returns—

So for thee, my fond one, with purest devotion, The taper of love in my heart brightly burns.

Fredericton, May. J. M., 69th Regt.



## The Cemeteries of New Orleans.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Then go not like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed

By an unflinching trust approach thy grave,  
Like one, who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

BRYANT.

READER! hast thou ever visited the Crescent City? If so it is a matter of history that thou hast stood within the precincts of those vast repositories of the dead with which it abounds. No stranger can remain there a day, without hurrying off to these great centres of attraction. And it is a source of real, though melancholy pleasure to retire, occasionally, from the bustle of the world, and hold communion with the unconscious tenants of the tomb. It exerts a healthful influence on all the better feelings of the heart. Such is peculiarly the case here, where "the pestilence, that walketh in darkness, and the destruction, that wasteth at noon-day," are so often and so severely felt. The conflicting passions that agitate the breast are, for the moment, hushed. We realize the vanity and the uncertainty of all terrestrial things. The desire for the wealth of this world is wholly absorbed in the stronger desire for the true riches of righteousness. An anxiety for the praise of men gives way, for the time being, to an irrepressible anxiety for the praise of our *Father, who is in Heaven*. Here it is we learn the import and beauty of that charming specimen of elegant eloquence: "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest return ye children of men!" And now, if ever, we feel our need of that sublime and consoling philosophy disclosed by the "Teacher of Nazareth," which irradiates the darkness of the grave with the felicities and glories of a "new heaven and a new earth."

The mode of burial here is peculiar, and arises from the necessity of the case—the thinness and dampness of the soil. Instead of committing the body of the deceased to the wet bottom of the earth—a custom that almost universally prevails—it is deposited in a sepulchre built expressly for its reception above the ground. These sepulchres are not, like that of the Saviour of mankind, hewn out of the rock, but are constructed of bricks, stones, or such other solid materials as taste, or wealth, or friendship may suggest. The opening into them is made in the form of an arch, as is only

of sufficient size to contain the inanimate form it is intended to receive. When the body is interred the mouth of the opening is so closed as to render it impervious to the air; and in this appropriate enclosure the relics of the weary and way-worn repose in calm and quiet sleep. I admire this method of interment. There are none of those revolting associations connected with it, that cluster around the practice as it exists in other sections of our country. The heart is not chilled with the thought of freezing dampness and the insatiate earth-worm.

The Catholic burying ground is the most magnificent affair of the kind I ever saw. No one can form an adequate conception of its richness and splendour, whose eyes have not beheld it as it is. I have read of the "city of the dead," but never, until my visit to this consecrated place, did my mind conceive the full force of the expression. It is, emphatically, a city of tombs: some of which are surpassingly grand and beautiful. Wealth has lavished its treasures, and taste and skill have expended their power to adorn and enrich this last home of man's mouldering dust. Four distinct parcels of land, each of which comprises about two acres in extent, and all of them in immediate proximity, are appropriated to the purposes of sepulture. These distinct apartments are literally crowded with every description of monuments erected to perpetuate the memory of departed worth and friendship. Many of them are very costly and elegant, and several are environed with iron railings, within which the loveliest flowers, of every hue and odor, are cultivated by the hand of surviving affection. They bud and bloom with superior brilliancy, and their perfume possesses the sweetest fragrance. They seem to sympathize with the solemn duty they are destined to fulfil. These cemeteries are crossed, at right angles, by gravelled walks of a proper width, and every thing around presents an aspect of unequalled order and neatness. Death is a bed of half his terrors, when we contemplate this delightful a retreat as this when the storms of this sublunary scene are for ever past. It is only those of a particular creed, however, who can find an asylum here.

But to me the Protestant grave yard appears like holier ground. And the reason must be perfectly obvious. The great majority of the inmates are our own countrymen, persons of our own religious faith, and natives of the New England, the Middle, and the Western States. The mode of interment is precisely similar to

that already described; but the inscriptions are all in our mother tongue, and they record names with which we have been familiar from childhood. In wandering, a short time since, amid its solemn aisles, my eye was arrested by a simple monument, here and there, enclosing all that is earthly of some of the intimate companions of my youthful days, who have fallen victims to the cruel ravages of the relentless Destroyer of the tropics. But they sleep sweetly now that "life's fitful fever" is over. Peace to their ashes!

One little incident arrested my attention and deeply affected my heart during a season of solitary musing in this cemetery. A neat and beautiful monument holds insured the ashes of a pious and devoted mother. Over that chaste marble pile a form of feminine grace and loveliness was bending in all the bitterness of unassuaged sorrow. She was, indeed, an angelic being, and seemed too delicate and pure to linger long on the shores of this wintry world. A lonely tear-drop sparkled in her eye, but it soon passed away, for the agony of nature drank it ere it fell. Her cheek was paler as the marble on which she leaned; and her heart appeared already broken by the intensity of her grief. I wept for her with all the tenderness of a child, who would not? and I exclaimed in thought—Bright and beautiful! banish thy sorrow! thy stay in this region of "dust and shadows" will be short. Soon wilt thou join thy dear lost friend in that blissful realm where sorrows never enter, and where farewell tears are never shed!

The Pottersfield, you are aware, is the vast garner-house of the yellow scourge of this climate. Here are huddled away with careless indifference the remains of such poor strangers as, friendless and alone, have died of the epidemic, and left no means to defray their necessary funeral expenses. No one sympathized with them in their sickness, and no mourning friends followed them to their long, long home. The frightful numbers, that swell the daily list of the dead in this city, during the prevalence of the acclimating fever, are taken almost entirely from these ranks. The disease itself is easily managed if taken in its incipient stages, and if the patient is treated with suitable attention; provided, always, that he is a person of correct and temperate habits. But such is not the case with him, who is destitute of home, of money, and friends. The gutter is often his first bed, and the carb-stone his pillow. And thus not till death stares its victim in the face that any provision is made for his relief. This

is the tragical winding up of the great drama of life in the history of thousands, who have been nurtured on the lap of affluence and affection, and who have started in the career of the world with the most brilliant promise of future usefulness and renown. A single misstep, it may be, has made them the wretched heirs of poverty and crime. How important the petition bequeathed to us by the Redeemer of our race—"Lead us not into temptation!"—*Ladies' Companion.*



### SONG OF THE SEA ROVER.

FILL, fill to the brim, the stars grow dim,  
And over the quivering sea,  
The high winds leap, in their onward sweep—  
Fill up, I will drink to thee!

Then away with care, let us dry the tear,  
That from feeling's fountain would start;  
While memory's hand, with its mystic wand,  
Stirs the deadened flowers of the heart.

Oh! I am not old, but my heart is cold  
To woman's beautiful smile;  
And a cheek's rich dye, and a dreamy eye,  
Cannot watch me with their guile.

But fill to the brim, the stars grow dim,  
And the moon woos the rising tide;  
I'm away for the sea—farewell to thee,  
My blythe bonnie barque is my bride!



### TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

SWEET child, may never sorrow cast  
One shade across thy sunny brow;  
But happy thoughts and joyous sounds  
Be ever thine, as they are now.

Ay, strike that strain—its silvery notes  
Thrill thy young bosom with delight;  
And send the beam of joy across  
Thy starless face—as morning's light

Falls on the rose-bud—cherub bright!  
Thou look'st as from the fields of Heaven;  
To earth a moment thou hadst strayed,  
Where human form to thee was given.

Oh! would that ne'er thy tender bark  
Might brave the sea of human life;  
Piercing through passion's tempest dark,  
And warring with the storm of strife.

But with that smile which sweetly lights  
Thy infant features soft and clear,  
Thus, ever live a joyous child,  
Gem of thy happy parents here.

## ROMANCE OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

## STORY OF ATHENAIS.

THE Grecian sage, Leontius, was lying on his couch, calmly awaiting the approach of death. His daughter, the beautiful Athenais, was bending over him, and bathing his brow with her tears. The fading beams of the setting sun illumined the apartment, and cast over the pallid cheek of the dying man, a glow that mocked the hue of health. As the weeping Athenais beheld this rosy flush, she hushed her voice of mourning, and, for an instant, a ray of hope irradiated her brow, and shone amid her tears, as a transient sunbeam sometimes gilds a stormy cloud, and sparkles amid the falling rain. Leontius beheld the change, and said in faint but tranquil tones—

“Deceive not thyself, my dear Athenais, with vain illusive hopes—they will but cheat thee into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow, and render the hour of grief, that *must* come, more painful to endure. Learn to look calmly upon the trial that awaits thee, and bear with becoming fortitude the loss thou art about to sustain. I feel that I must die. Even now the lamp of life burns dimly in its socket, and ere long it will be quenched for ever. Weep not so bitterly, my child, at this decree of the Gods. They are wise—they are merciful. They have granted me a long sojourn on the earth, and they are now conducting me peacefully and pleasantly to repose. Murmur not, then, at their dispensations, but bow submissively to their will, and pray for aid to strengthen thy spirit in the coming season of affliction.”

But Athenais renewed her lamentations, and her tears flowed more freely as she listened to her father's words. Grief had gained the mastery over her spirit, and, for a time, it ruled with despotic sway. Calmly Leontius waited till the violence of the storm had passed, and, in the hall of those passionate lamentations, he said,

“I grieve to see, my child, that all the lessons of wisdom and virtue which I have taught thee, have failed to lift thy mind to that elevation which I had hoped it would attain. But I despair not that thy soul will one day be as lofty and heroic as my fondest wish could desire. Thou art young, and thy heart is yet tender enough to take a deep impression from every passing touch. Let but a few more years roll away, and the breath of sorrow, like the beam of joy, will pass almost unheeded over thy spirit's fount of feeling, and wake only a ripple on its surface. Thus would I have it

And now, my dear Athenais, I have but a few more moments to linger, and I entreat you to listen to the voice that will so soon be silent forever. Hereafter it might be a source of deep regret to reflect that you had not heeded my dying words.”

This admonition had the desired effect—the young mourner dried her tears—lifted her beautiful head, and with a forced calmness and composure, listened to his words.

“In leaving thee, my child, to the evils of life, and the temptations of the world, I cannot leave thee without a protector, for thy excellent heart will be a guardian more vigilant and more useful than the wisest I could appoint—and in bequeathing my patrimony almost entirely to thy two brothers, I do thee no act of injustice, for thy youth and loveliness, and above all, the many virtues, constitute a dowry that queens might envy. What were riches to one like thee? What were stores of sparkling gems, and heaps of glittering gold? Hast thou not a beauty whose splendor can rival the diamond's light, and treasures of the mind whose value is above all price? These last, my daughter, are a legacy which none can take away. Time, who will steal thy youthful charms, cannot deprive thee of those fading treasures. They are exhaustless as the earth, and enduring as life. Thou art nobly portioned, and I die happy in the belief of thy welfare.”

The philosopher paused—a solemn silence reigned in the apartment, and it seemed the death was hovering near. Faint and faming grew the light of departing day—dim, and dimmer burned the lamp of expiring life. Low as the softest whisper of the leaves when stirred by the breath of spring, rose once more the voice of the dying sage.

“My daughter, see you not yon lingering radiance in the west—how slowly and majestically it gives place to the footsteps of night? How softly and sweetly the last beam fades away, and sinks to rest? Thus does a philosopher bid farewell to earth. Thus calmly and peacefully sank to his last repose. My such, dear Athenais, when thy sojourn here is ended, be thy closing hour. Blessings be with thee now and for ever. Farewell!”—So gently and so tranquilly had he sunk into the arms of Death, that the bereaved Athenais dared not disturb, with the voice of her sorrow, the silent and solemn scene. For many moments she sat fearless, motionless—almost breathless, gazing reverently upon the hushed and holy features of the departed. But as soon as the

awe, which that fearful visitor, Death, inspires every one, who, for the first time, marks his approach, had passed away, the young mourner gave full vent to her grief, and bending her blooming cheek to that marble brow, she wept with the bitterness of a desolate spirit.

Her father had been so dear—so immeasurably dear to her heart, that, in losing him, she fancied she had lost all that could render life endurable. Her mother had been dead many years, and Leontius had supplied the place of both parents. It was his eye that had watched over her in the troublous days of infancy, and his voice that had gladdened, with words of praise, the happy years of childhood. In the pleasant spring-time of youth, he had been ever near to guide and protect—to lead her steps in the path of virtue, and her mind to the fount of knowledge. He had been parent, companion, friend and preceptor, and Athenais loved as never child loved before. It is a sad thing, the first deep grief of a young, fond heart. As a desolating storm would bruise and blight the gentle tenants of a flower-garden, so does that tempest of the soul destroy its tender blossoms of feeling, and lay waste its beautiful buds of hope. But although terrible in its effects, it is transient in duration, and passes away like the cloud from a summer sky.

Youthful emotions are so buoyant and elastic, that they spring back to their former position as soon as the pressure of misfortune is removed. It was thus with Athenais. When the first violence of her anguish had passed away, she could reflect calmly upon her bereavement, and turn to the memory of her lost parent as to something holy and dear. She would sit for hours alone, recalling his every look and tone, and dwelling fondly upon his words of love. At such times she would remember all his precepts, and breathe a prayer that they might guide her safely through the perilous path of life.

With a spirit chastened by sorrow, she sought the home of her brothers. They had lived apart from her since the days of childhood, and they had none of those gentle and pleasant memories which linger so sweetly around the hearts of those who have been reared in the genial atmosphere of home. They received their sister as a stranger, and greeted her with the chilling words of unkindness. They feared she would become a dependant on their bounty, and consume a portion of the patrimony which they had so recently inherited. How strange a passion is avarice—how it contracts every lofty principle of the mind, and calls

every warm emotion of the heart. How it degrades every noble sentiment of humanity! Leontius had withheld his worldly riches from his daughter, in order to bestow all upon his sons, thinking no doubt, that they would gladly share the dowry with their only sister. But the spirit of avarice had entered their hearts, and they grudged the gentle Athenais a home. They frowned upon her when she asked their protection, and unwillingly granted the shelter they were ashamed to refuse. She would have turned away from such unnatural kindred, to seek a home among strangers, but she had been reared in retirement, and knew nothing of life save what she had learned from study, and she dared not go forth into the world friendless and alone. Thus, compelled to accept the boon so ungraciously granted, she became an unwelcome dweller with her inhospitable brothers. But though with them, she was not one of their family, for their firesides never shed a cheering radiance for her, and their household gods never smiled upon her spirit. She was desolate and unhappy—the memory of her father's love and kindness was ever lingering around her heart, making her altered situation more sad and more difficult to endure.

Still in the treasures of the mind, those which her father had deemed so rich a legacy, she found a resource and shield from despair.—There were moments when she could steal from the troublous cares that oppressed her, and forget, in study, and the intellectual pursuits she loved, the many ills to which she was subjected. But even these brief intervals of consolation were denied, and the last flower that bloomed in her darkened pathway, seemed about to perish.

A Roman of high birth, named Marullus, who saw Athenais at the house of her brother, became charmed with her beauty. He numbered more than twice her years, and was a man of corrupt character. He had led a dissolute life, and wandered through the garden of Pleasure, until there seemed not a solitary flower rare and beautiful enough to please his satiated fancy. Surfeited with pernicious sweets, and almost weary of the life that could afford him no enjoyment, he continually sighed for some novelty to awaken the sluggish emotions of his heart. That novelty he seemed now to have found in Athenais. Her beauty at first attracted his admiration, but it was her purity of thought and modesty of demeanour that fixed his attention, and inspired a love such as he had never known before. He looked upon her as a treasure which he had long sought

in vain, and which he was at last blessed with the hope of obtaining. He resolved to make her his wife, and accordingly sought an opportunity of declaring his love. He blindly imagined that his birth and wealth would insure success, forgetting that he possessed not a single quality that could win the affection of a pure young heart. Athenais, at first, gently but firmly refused his offers, but when he repeated them again and again, she became displeased with his perseverance, and repelled him with disdain. This seemed rather to increase than diminish his admiration, and he determined to obtain her at any sacrifice. He made known his wishes to the brothers, and besought their aid. Then was Athenais constantly persecuted with entreaties to become the wife of Marulles. Commands followed entreaties, and threats followed commands, until she had scarce a moment's peace. The brothers, seeing a chance of escaping the duty of maintaining her, whom they regarded as an incumbrance, were firm in their resolve to make her accept the offer, that they feigned to consider advantageous and desirable. They embraced every opportunity to throw Athenais into the now hated company of her admirer—they made her home more wretched than ever,—they wounded her heart by the most unkind and unfeeling words; in short, they made use of every means that cruelty could suggest, to force her into a compliance with their wishes. Weary of continual persecution, and overcome by despondency and grief, the unhappy Athenais knew not what course to pursue. Sometimes she was almost tempted to yield to the sad fate that threatened her, and then, the thoughts of sacrificing herself where she felt only dislike, and of being irrevocably united to age and vice, made her pure heart shudder with dread. At length she asked and obtained the boon of three days respite from solicitations, during which time she was not to be persecuted with threats or entreaties, or even spoken to on the subject that gave her so much pain. This favour was granted, on condition that she would spend the time in endeavouring to think more favourably of Marulles, and in learning to look upon a union with him as an event which she could not hope to avoid.

These three days seemed to Athenais, like a short respite granted to a condemned criminal. At one moment a joyous sense of freedom would thrill her heart, and then a dark remembrance immediately usurp its place.—Now a ray of hope would shoot athwart her spirit, and then the shadows of fear instantly

dispeil the light. Oh, how she longed for her father's counsel and advice, to guide her through the gloom that surrounded her path. But his voice was silent in the grave, and there was none to whom she could turn for consolation.

The last day of the three was drawing to a close, and Athenais had vainly striven to fortify her mind to meet the fate she dreaded with something like a spirit of resignation. With a heavy heart she went to the window of her apartment, and looked out upon the setting sun. As its last beams faded in the west, she was forcibly reminded of her father's dying hour, and a thrilling feeling of mingled awe and pleasure crept over her mind, as she fancied his spirit might be hovering near. Sinking on her knees, and lifting her tearful eyes to Heaven, she breathed an audible prayer.

"Oh, thou dear departed, if thou can'st leave the company of the immortal gods, to visit once more the scene of thy former life, look down, I pray thee, on thine unhappy child, and guide her safely through the perils that surround. The lessons of virtue which thou imparted, have failed to insure the promised happiness, and the rich store of wisdom which thou bequeathed, has not even purchased the boon of content. Oh, my father, without thy instructions are nothing. I am like a barque moving unguided over the waters, ever speeding to destruction. Life that was sweet while shared with thee, is now a burthen to wearisome to bear, and I pray thee, shade of the departed, beseech the merciful gods to take me from the earth, and give me a home with them and thee."

This invocation, which expressed so truly and touchingly the deep sadness of Athenais, was interrupted by the sound of approaching steps. She looked up; her female attendant Marina, had entered the apartment—fear and anxiety were pictured on her countenance, and Athenais felt that some new trouble awaited her. Rapidly, and in a low tone, Marina imparted her information. She had, a few moments before, overheard a conversation between the brothers and the admirer of her mistress. By that it appeared, Marulles, fearful of losing the prize he so ardently sought, had obtained from the brothers, permission to wait Athenais without further delay. Every thing was prepared, and an early hour of the following morning was the time appointed for the ceremony to take place. Their victim's wishes were to be no longer consulted; she was to be forced to the altar, and, if she there persevered

resisting their commands, she was to be confined in a gloomy and solitary apartment, deprived of every comfort, and only supplied with the smallest pittance to sustain life.— These were the cruel arrangements, and as the faithful attendant disclosed the plot, she wept at what she considered the inevitable fate of her mistress.

Athenais sat a few moments in deep thought, pondering upon the intelligence she had received, and revolving in her mind what course to pursue. There was not much time for reflection; only that night was left to decide and to act. The next morning she would be a prisoner in a dungeon, or a captive in a more fearful bondage still. At length her resolution was taken. She decided to steal noiselessly from the house—proceed without delay to the seat of government, and ask the aid of royal protection against her unnatural kindred. It was not a long journey from her brother's residence to the Imperial palace, and she felt that her desperate fortunes would give her energy and resolution to endure whatever fatigue or hardship she would have to incur.

The eastern Empire was, at that time, under the dominion of Pulcheria, daughter of Arcadius, and grand-daughter to Theodosius the Great. She was invested with the sovereign power, during the minority of her brother, the younger Theodosius. Although possessing a high, proud spirit, she was renowned for the justice and benevolence of her character, and Athenais felt, as she reflected upon what she was about to undertake, that the Empress might be awakened to womanly tenderness and pity for one so desolate and unhappy.

As soon as her design was formed, she proceeded to put it in execution. She fortunately escaped from the house without arousing suspicion, and with no companion but her attendant, proceeded on the journey. In due season, and without obstacle she reached the palace. Then, and not 'till then did she pause and hesitate, and think fearfully upon the ordeal she was about to endure. She had been reared in the simplest and plainest manner.— She was totally unacquainted with the forms and rules of a court, and dreaded to pass those lofty portals that seemed frowningly to forbid her entrance. But one thought of her friendless situation called back her courage and nerve her to the task. Without difficulty she gained admittance, and ere long, was ushered into the presence of the Empress. Nothing could afford a better illustration of the industry and simplicity of the females of that day, than

the sight which met the eye of Athenais, as she entered the stately apartment. A group of maidens were seated round the room, all engaged on works of embroidery, and in their midst, portioning out their respective tasks, and occupying herself, from time to time, with the same feminine employment, was the Empress of the East, the proud ambitious woman, who, at the age of sixteen, received the lofty title of Augusta, and wielded the sceptre with some of the wisdom, and much of the spirit that characterized her illustrious progenitor, Theodosius the Great.

As soon as Athenais beheld the benevolent features of the Empress, her fears were dispelled, and, advancing with graceful ease, she knelt at her feet. In the kindest manner Pulcheria raised the maiden, and bade her make known her wishes. That she might attract less observation, Athenais had arrayed her form in a plain and humble garb—her eyes were dimmed with tears—her features wore the languor of weariness and the gloom of anxiety, yet, despite these disadvantages, her beauty shone conspicuous and charmed the eyes of beholders. With a low but firm voice, she said—

“Illustrious Sovereign, you see before you, in the character of a supplicant, an unhappy, destitute and desolate orphan. If one who has no inheritance but Sorrow—no friend but Hope, and no shelter but Heaven, can claim your pity, then, most gracious lady, award that pity to me. Driven by unnatural kindred from an unhappy home, and flying from the persecution of one who would force me into a union whose ties were more fearful than death, I come to plead, with voice and heart, for the boon of your favour and protection. I am a humble maiden—born, reared and educated in retirement, I know not the language of a Court, and if my freedom of expression offend your ear, I pray your Majesty's pardon; but listen, oh, deign to listen kindly to my appeal. I know not what words to use, but I feel that the voice of Pity in your own breast will plead eloquently in my behalf. I am poor and miserable, but beneath my humble garb beats a heart filled with loyal and generous emotions. Grant me the boon I ask, oh, Sovereign, and the service, the devotion, I had almost said worship of that heart: shall be yours. Shield me with your gracious power, from the loneliness and sorrow that oppress my spirit, and life will be too short to pay the debt of gratitude I shall thus incur.”

The voice, the words, the manner of Athenais, all had a powerful effect over the Empress.

She immediately soothed the suppliant with words of kindness, and gave her many assurances of favour and protection. She ministered to her wants, and sought by every gentle means to make her forget the ills which she endured. Every passing moment added to the interest she had awakened in the breast of Pulcheria, and the latter at length began to indulge secret thoughts of making her the wife of her brother.

Theodosius was at that period about twenty years of age. Although possessing few of the illustrious qualities of his grandfather, the elder Theodosius, he was a youth of virtuous heart and fine endowments of mind. His education had been carefully superintended by his older and more imperial-minded sister, Pulcheria, and she had also scrupulously instructed him in all the graces and dignities of royalty. He was deeply imbued with the sublime spirit of Christianity; then fast dispelling the errors of Paganism from the world, and all his acts were guided and governed by its divine precepts. His mildness, his benevolence, and his piety caused him to be respected and beloved by all who surrounded him.

A short time after her fair suppliant's arrival at the palace, Pulcheria sought an interview with Theodosius. In tones of pleasure she addressed him—

"My brother, I have this day seen and conversed with a young Grecian maiden, who is, in every respect, worthy to be the wife of the future Emperor of Rome. Listen while I describe a being such as fancy never pictured to your mind. Imagine a form of lofty stature and graceful proportions, invested with all the charms of youth, yet merging into the richer beauty of womanhood; a brow white and pure as the unsullied snow-flake, around which cluster locks of the softest texture and richest luxuriance; an eye that eloquently expresses every tender emotion of the soul, yet darts around such fires as flash from the noon-day sun; a cheek where the first rose of spring seems to have nestled long and loving, and tinted its resting-place with its own delicate and beautiful hue; a mouth that expresses at once sweetness and intelligence, whose voice is music and whose smile, like the rainbow of peace, can charm away all storms from the heart. Add to all these external graces, a mind lighted by nature with the divine fire of genius, and stored by education with the wisdom and learning of a sage; a heart where every generous and kindly emotion has found a home; a virtue that has been tried in the fiery ordeal of war, and

found pure as the shining ore that emerges from the severest test, without spot and without blemish; a character, in short, my brother, which, like the sunbeam of Heaven, must shed universal brightness and gladness around."

Theodosius had listened with looks of wondering delight to his sister's glowing description of the young Grecian, and when she closed, he said—

"You have, indeed, dear Pulcheria, described a wondrous being—such an one as only the brightest day-dreams have ever imaged to my soul, and my spirit pines to behold her. But if she is all you so brightly picture, she is surely capable of feeling an elevated and noble attachment—a love founded on pure and divine principles. Such a love I have long sighed to awaken—such a true and sincere affection have I ardently wished to inspire. But, surrounded by a host of admiring friends and followers who applaud and flatter and offer me the servile homage of interested hearts, I still vainly seek and pine for that unalloyed affection which all desire to obtain. The attentions, the praises, the adulations which are paid to my rank, are not to myself, are distasteful, and satisfy me not; as the drooping flower thirsts for the dew, my soul thirsts for the language of truth—the words of pure and sincere esteem. If I could woo this young maiden as a lowly and humble individual, might I not win a love that the favoured of fortune seldom possess, as that kings often sigh for in vain?"

Pulcheria approves her brother's sentiments, and assures him that his desire can be gratified. They arrange that he is to gaze unseen upon the fair stranger, and then, unknown, seek to win her love. Concealed behind the drapery in his sister's apartment, he awaits the entrance of Athenais, who has been summoned to the presence of Pulcheria. With what delight he beholds her radiant face, and listens to her every voice! His radiant imagination finds the original fairer, if possible, than the picture his sister had so vividly drawn, and his youthful heart beats rapidly beneath the touch of Love. He can scarcely await the fitting season for the interview, and longs impatiently for the appointed hour.

As he led a quiet and secluded life, it was easy for Theodosius to practice the innocence and deception which he had planned, and in a humble garb he was introduced to Athenais, one of the tutors of the young Emperor. Pulcheria daily devised excuses for an interview between the young pair, and by that means the lover had the necessary opportunities to carry

in his plan. Every one who approached Athenais was instructed in the secret, and commanded not to divulge it, thus she had not the most remote suspicion of the truth. Feeling one of the timidity which would have characterized her intercourse, with him had she dreamed of his rank, and grateful for his respectful attentions, Athenais soon extended to the young tutor her confidence and regard.—

As she was long ere a warmer sentiment sprung up in her heart and lent a new charm to her life. When indeed all things wore a smiling aspect, and time sped by on the wings of joy. Athenais became daily a greater favorite with the Empress, and, receiving from her constant the most unequivocal marks of regard, she ceased to feel her dependant situation, and banished from her mind all thoughts of care.— She was grateful and happy—her heart, like a summer bird, warbled forth incessantly the music of delight. She was surrounded by every comfort and luxury of life; she loved and was beloved! What a contrast with her former friendless condition. With what happy dreams and anticipations she looked forward to the future. One day, while indulging in this pleasant frame of mind, she received a message from the Empress, bidding her to an interview. With a light step and a lighter heart she entered the presence of her benefactor.

"Well, my bird of beauty," said Pulcheria, "art thou not happy in thy new bower?"

The maiden's face was radiant with the sunshine of the soul as she replied—"Not even in the days of innocent childhood, when I wandered by the shores of my own blue sea or decked my brow with the flowers of my dear native plains, did my heart revel more gladly in the joyous sense of existence. I am no longer a friendless, houseless exile; for thou, dear lady, hast supplied the place of country, and home. What can I do to serve thee?"

"Listen, my dear Athenais; have I not in all things studied thy comfort? Have I not given thee a home that the greatest might envy, and clothed thee in raiment that queens might wear? Have I not bestowed attendants to obey thy slightest bidding and surrounded thee with luxuries that only the noble can gain?"

"Yes, my Sovereign, you have done all this and more. You have wiped the tear of woe from my eyes and plucked the arrow of grief from my heart. You have soothed my wounded spirit with the voice of consolation, and dispersed peace when despair was at hand.— You have converted fear into hope, and regret

into joy. You have awakened love in the heart where sorrow before reigned supreme, and made the life that was fast becoming a burden, a blessing and a delight. All this you have done, dear lady, and now what can I do to testify my gratitude? Name but the price, and, though it were life itself—the very life you have so cheered—it shall be sacrificed for your good."

"I want no sacrifices, Athenais; I am fully rewarded by seeing you happy, and to show my sense of your gratitude, I am about to confer a favor greater than any you have yet received. I am about to give you in marriage to my imperial brother, the young Emperor of the East."

As if a mighty spell had suddenly converted the maiden into stone she stood, pale, speechless, motionless, her hands clasped, her head bent forward, her eye fixed despairingly upon the Empress and her whole appearance indicative of the most intense amazement. At length she spoke,

"I pray thee, dear lady, unsay those fearful words. Mock not my misfortunes with such an offer. I am too humble and too unworthy to share the splendid destiny of thy brother.— Choose him a bride more suited to his birth, and more befitting his exalted station."

"Not so, Athenais—thy beauty, thy virtue, thy learning make thee his equal, and render thee, in all respects, worthy to be a monarch's consort. I have willed it, and thou must be his bride."

Then an expression of the deepest sorrow passed over the features of the maiden—she went forward and bent lowly at the feet of the Empress. "Lady, I entreat thy forgiveness, but I cannot obey thy bidding. My heart is already united to another."

Pulcheria received this announcement with the greatest apparent displeasure. She reproached Athenais for her ingratitude, and threatened her with punishment and persecution, if she did not instantly renounce her love. Finding reproaches and threats alike powerless to call forth this renunciation, she tried other means. She described her brother handsome, wise, valiant and noble. She represented the greatness, the pomp, the power his consort would enjoy—the splendors that would surround her, the luxuries that would minister to her comfort, and pictured all the charms of a regal station, in their most fascinating colors. But to all these temptations Athenais seemed insensible, and when Pulcheria had finished, she rose from her humble position, dried her



tears, and, with a look of dignity and a voice that trembled, said—

“Banish me from your presence—send me forth to the world friendless and miserable as when I sought your protection—torture my spirit with cruel threats and reproaches—kill me, if you will, but do not, dear lady, force me to renounce my love. It were sacrilege to tear away the image that lives in my heart, and seek to place another in its shrine. Here, in thy palace, I met a youth—humble, homeless, friendless as myself. The bond of sympathy united us. He spoke kindly to ears that had long been accustomed to the words and tones of harshness—What wonder that in those ears his voice became a music sweeter than all other? What wonder that, when he breathed the accents of love, my soul responded in a kindred strain? What wonder that, when he asked my affection, it was given him freely and for ever? With such feelings, oh, Sovereign lady, can you ask me to wed your imperial brother? No; that union were misery to us both. What is marriage without affection but a bondage of the most sad and insupportable kind?—a state of servitude that trammels, not only the body but the mind, and destroys even the freedom of thought. You tell me of the wealth, the splendors, the honors I should enjoy; oh, these would but gild the galling chains, and render them heavier still. Think not, dear lady, I am insensible to your kindness, for while my heart continues to beat, it will cherish with fervent gratitude the memory of your favors; but the very evil that led me to supplicate your bounty will drive me again from your presence, an outcast alike from your home and heart.”

A flood of passionate tears prevented the utterance of Athenais, and she could say no more. Theodosius, who had been concealed in the apartment, during the interview between his sister and the maiden, drank in every word with eager ear and delighted soul. As soon as Athenais was silent, he emerged from his place of concealment and sprang to her feet! “Here let me kneel,” he said in impassioned tones, “here let me kneel and pour forth my gratitude and my love. Know, excellent Athenais, that thy angel-affection is given not to the humble tutor, but to Theodosius himself, and lofy as is his birth, exalted as is his station, he feels that he is scarce worthy of the treasure he has obtained. Forgive, dear maiden, the stratagem I used to gain thy heart, and believe me when I say, my future life shall be a study to deserve the precious boon.”

Pulcheria shared the happiness of her brother, and Athenais, bewildered, yet blest, testified in smiles and tears and wondering looks her pleasure and surprize.

The nuptials were soon after celebrated with regal pomp, amid the joyous acclamations of the people; and thus the world beheld, what seemed more like a tale of fiction than reality, a humble maiden elevated by her virtues to lofty honors of the Imperial throne.

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