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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 3. } SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1843. { No. 10.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

On a cold, dark, winter's morning, just as the train was starting from —— station, an individual, unencumbered with any other luggage than a very small carpet-bag, bustled up, rather than was conducted to the carriage, in which he found a seat. What with unmuffling his chin from the coat collar which shrouded it, and depositing the above-mentioned carpet-bag, to his own satisfaction, under the seat, the train had fairly started before he could look round at his travelling companions. They were, for the most part, of a very ordinary description; and, apparently, rather cross and fidgety than otherwise, probably from the dispirited effect of having risen in the middle of the night—i. e., by candle light. Opposite to our hero was seated a female figure. As she rode in a "first-class" carriage, it was according to rule to infer that she was a lady; and the expression of her countenance, as well as every gesture, sanctioned the inference, though must the point have been decided by her dress, it would have admitted of some dispute. Her cloak was of common materials, and shabby: and her bonnet was unbecoming, which was worse than shabby. Nothing happened particularly to mark the journey. The most important occurrences which might have been noticed, were the avidity with which two gentlemen discussed politics, being happily of the same way of thinking; the temporary popularity gained by an old lady who about midday drew forth, and offered for general consumption, certain delicate edibles and lady-like cordials; and the childish distress of her little granddaughter at the long dark tunnels. This, under different circumstances, might have annoyed the politicians; but in the height of their present good humour, they vied with each other in assuaging the child's tears by caresses and droll stories; and the only taciturn travellers were our hero and his *vis-a-vis.*—Once, the former made a movement as if to take out his watch, but started, surprised and annoyed at something, and certainly no watch was forthcoming. Alas! the young lady did not possess a watch, or, I am sure, she would have told him the time; and she was the only one who noticed the movement.

Arrived at the Grand Junction, where "many lines met," the passengers quickly alighted, and the greater part disposed of themselves, in one way or other, in an incredibly short space of time. The young lady, however, was evidently disappointed and perplexed, having expected that a servant would be there to receive her; and the gentleman without a watch, who followed her into the office in which he had asked permission to wait, became suddenly in a state of painful perturbation. The truth was, that in haste or excitement of mind, he not only left his watch behind him, but had lost his purse! After a moment's hesitation, he advanced towards the person who received the fares for the line of road, on which our traveller had about thirty miles still to proceed, and evidently with some repugnance, mentioned the predicament in which he was placed.

"My mission is most urgent!" he exclaimed, "having been called to attend most probably the death-bed of a relative whom I have not seen for the last dozen years. I had my purse when I paid my fare hither in London; and in my haste, for the train started earlier than I expected, I must have dropped it, instead of slipping it into my pocket. If you will allow me to give you my name and address, and will suffer me to go as far as ——, you may rely on my sending the money to you immediately after I arrive It is of the first importance that I should not be detained here, which otherwise must be the case till I can

hear from my friends," said the stranger.

"I should be happy to oblige a gentleman, I am sure," said the man, "but it is quite against our rules—perhaps, however, you have something of value you could leave as a sort of deposit—otherwise, I assure you, I dursn't; be so good as to step on one side, here are two or three gentlemen waiting for their tickets."

The stranger paused till the office was again free; and then, with a flush that might have been taken for that of guilt, he continued—

"My good man, I grieve to say that I inadvertently left my watch in London—nor can I much wonder, in the agitation of mind, my hasty summons——"

"Oh! he, he," cried the man, with a laugh which he intended to be very expressive—"it won't do in our part of the country—very sorry, but the sooner you make yourself scarce, the pleasanter it will be for yourself I'm thinking."

There was an insolence implied in the man's tone far beyond the expression of his words; but the short pause was broken by a sweet voice, which trembled as if almost frightened at its own boldness, and the words—

"I will lend you a sovereign, Sir," fell upon the stranger's ear as the sweetest music he had ever heard.

"God bless your young unsuspecting heart!" he exclaimed, with emotion, as, taking off his hat, his eyes met those of his fellow-traveller; and certainly at that moment he wondered that he had not before observed their marvellously sweet expression. Meanwhile, the ungloved and delicate, but ringless fingers of the young girl, dived into a purse which looked strangely long because it was so nearly empty, and drew from it one of the two sovereigns it contained.

"To whom am I indebted for this timely and generous loan, and where can I have the pleasure of returning it?"

"I am going to reside, I believe, within a few miles of this place, at my aunt's, Mrs. Lawford; if you direct it to Mary—to Miss," she added, as if doubtful if she dared really assume the lady-spinsterial appellation—"to Miss Marston, it will reach me."

"But your aunt's address," said the stranger "I am so ignorant as not to know it; oblige me by writing it, that there may be no possibility of a mistake," and, drawing a card from his pocket, he asked the money-taker, in the frigid accents of contempt, "if he would furnish the lady with a pen and ink."

"Oh certainly, my dear, if *you* wish it," said the insolent fellow, addressing himself to Mary. She, however, had found a pencil, and the pen and ink were unnecessary; but the red spot of suppressed anger burnt on the stranger's cheek, although he had sufficient mastery of himself to conceal the verbal expression of it. And he gave the wisest reproof to the menial's impertinent familiarity, by offering his arm to Mary Marston, and conducting her to a seat, at some distance, saying, as he did so—"You must allow me the honour of remaining at your side till your servant arrives."

Mary would not have been a true woman had she not been touched by the delicacy of the stranger's attention; but though gentle and refined, and well born as many of her sex's paragons on whose fair brows gleam the jewelled coronets of rank, she was a portionless orphan, over whose opening youth hung the dark and threatening cloud of poverty; or, in a more expressive phrase, she was *a poor relation*, accustomed to slights and neglect, too trifling to be made a matter of complaint, and yet sufficiently palpable to have marvellously depressed a naturally sensitive heart. No wonder, then, that she sensibly felt his deferential manner, when she reminded him that the train by which he desired to reach —— was on the point of starting.

"I can wait an hour for the next!" he exclaimed—"such a delay would be very unimportant, compared to that from which your confiding goodness has saved me."

But his politeness—or that something better of which politeness is only intended to be the outward sign—was spared the test; for at that moment a servant bustled into the office in which they were waiting, and after making some short apology to Miss Marston for his negligence, led the way to a carriage, into which the stranger handed her, remained himself uncovered until it turned a corner and was hid from his view.

The eyes of eighteen, however bright, are apt to see matters through a lens peculiar to youth; and if the truth must be owned, to them the shady side of thirty appears the very sere of life; but though the stranger had evidently passed that bright barrier which divides a glittering from a golden decade, the outline of his noble figure, and finely-mounted features, was more firmly impressed in Mary's memory than that of any other *living* person.

—

Midwinter had passed away; for though snow lay on the ground, the days had lengthened, and a bright sun gleamed upon the icicle

which hung from the verandah of Mrs. Lawford's drawing-room, retained probably in their fantastic pendules by the keen easterly wind, which seemed to penetrate through every crevice. In an easy chair, drawn close to the blazing fire, the old lady sat knitting, while her two daughters were busily occupied with the many-tinted Berlin wools. At a table near the bay-window stood Mary Marston, in the midst of her morning duties. She had conferred with the cook touching the state of the larder, she had combed the poodle, and dusted the china, and now she was tending some rare hyacinths, much prized by Mrs. Lawford, who had a passion for floriculture. But a sad accident had happened—one of them had slipped from her cold fingers (she had not been near a fire that morning,) and the flower had snapped from the stem. A bright drop stood in each of her soft dark eyes, for she had been chidden somewhat harshly for her carelessness. Her heart was too full of regret to make excuses, and she only murmured, "I am most unlucky."

"Now I do not think you are," said Matilda Lawford, who was a good-natured girl, and wished to bring round the mind of her mother, a most irritable-tempered woman, to a pleasant subject. "I know we all thought you very lucky to have a present of the splendid bouquet the very night of our ball. Was it not a piece of sheer luck to come so apropos?—And you were a dear girl to divide it between us. Everybody thought the flowers were from our own conservatory."

"Surely you were not so silly as to undeceive them," chimed in the matronly lady; who, besides being ill-tempered, was one of those weak and narrow minded mothers, whose children, if they have good qualities, possess them *in spite* of evil culture; "we should have had quite as fine a show," she continued, "if that stupid Ellis had not let out the fires on Christmas-eve: and there is no use in proclaiming one's mortifications."

"I think the greatest piece of luck was getting back your sovereign with the flowers!" exclaimed Hannah, in a tone which proclaimed her to be a great deal more "her mother's daughter" than Matilda. "I am sure *I* never expected you would see it again. And the white and silver purse in which it was returned, is a love of a thing, just fit for a card purse." (Miss Lawford was eight-and-twenty, and had lately grown a desperate whist-player.) "I don't think you ever use it, do you, Mary?"

This was not the first "gentle hint" her cousin Hannah had given with reference to the white and silver purse; but Mary, unusually as quick at understanding as ready to yield, seemed unaccountably dull or uncomplying whenever this subject was named. But the arrival of the postman changed the conversation; and among the letters was one for Mary, which being rather an unusual occurrence, excited a proportionate degree of interest.

The contents were scanned in a few moments; but short as they were, they alternately blanched and flushed the cheek of Mary Marston. Then, bursting into tears, she dropped the letter, exclaiming—

"It is a hoax—a cruel hoax; it cannot be real!"

But that official letter was no hoax. Indeed, the steady, old-established firm who signed themselves her "most obedient servants," would have shuddered at the perpetration of anything so outrageous. No, no; the fact was too well authenticated for doubt or hesitation on the subject; Mary was no longer poor and dependent—old Sir Digby Randle, known throughout the county as a most eccentric character, and whose death had been chronicled three days before in the *Herald*, had bequeathed Mary, by a codicil to his will, the sum of ten thousand pounds, in trust for her sole use till she should become of age, when it would pass into her own hands! The strange part of the story was, that not to her knowledge had Mary Marston ever seen, or been seen by her kind benefactor!

—

The icicles had departed, and the frost-bound streams were again ebbing gently along as they sparkled in the sunshine; the birds were trilling merrily, and the trees were unfurling their pale green leaves, hoary winter departed, and the spirit of youth was again abroad in the world. On a morning early in May, Mary Marston commenced her journey, by railway, to the metropolis. But though a few months older than when we introduced her to the reader—though her worldly knowledge was somewhat increased, and her purse extremely well lined—it was not considered proper, expedient or safe for her to travel, as she had done before, unprotected. Accordingly, on old dependent of the family, whose office was something between nurse and housekeeper, was deputed as her attendant to London, where she had other near relatives to receive her. We do not attempt to account for this different arrangement, we but state the fact, and shall only observe that on this occasion she wore a

remarkably pretty bonnet, one indeed which was quite the *chef d' œuvre* of a country milliner. A strange coincidence, however, occurred, for she was handed into the carriage by the very same gentleman to whom she had lent the sovereign on the former occasion, and who it appeared was returning to town by the very same train as herself. Indeed he took his seat as before, exactly opposite to her; but after a smile of recognition had passed between them, Mary observed an expression half-mirthful, half-scornful, pass over his face, as old Nurse entered the carriage; but it was evidently not occasioned by patrician distaste at the prospect of a plebian fellow-traveller, for he paid the respect due to age, and assisted her in with care and attention. It was somewhat remarkable that no attempt was made to admit any other passengers into the vacant seats of the carriage our travellers occupied. What passed on the journey has therefore never been clearly ascertained, for old Nurse pleads guilty to having fallen asleep, and the other parties, to this day, refuse to give any account of their conversation.

About a month after this event, Matilda Lawford received a long letter from her cousin Mary. It treated of divers matters; and towards the end, just on a corner of the paper, communicated the fact that she, the writer, was engaged to be married, of course to the handsomest, cleverest, and most delightful person in Europe. She added, however, that he was not rich, being yet "struggling at the bar," and expressed in touching language her own thankfulness to Providence, for that fortune which would always relieve them from the pressure of poverty. The postscript, however, contained the pith of the letter. It run thus:—"I may as well tell you at once what you must know sooner or later—don't quiz me!—but Mr. Raymond is the stranger who sent me the beautiful bouquet, and the white and silver purse. He managed to procure an introduction to uncle William, who knew him very well by report, and has visited here constantly since I came to London."

One surprise, however, was to mount on another; for the next morning's post brought a short and almost incoherent letter from Mary. From it enough was gathered to contradict some of the assertions contained in the former epistle, for it stated that though Mr. Raymond had been for some years "struggling at the bar," he was no longer a poor man, but sole heir—after the payment of a few eccentric legacies—to the immense wealth of Sir Digby Randle, who it appeared was his mother's elder and half-brother." "Slanderous tongues had poisoned truth," and they had been for years separated; but on a sick bed the heart of the kind old man yearned for his only relative, and when they met, and the past was explained, the pent-up feelings of Sir Digby gushed forth, and he seemed anxious only to live long enough to make amends for past neglect, by granting, almost forestalling, every wish of his nephew. What induced him to leave Mary Marstor a legacy, or how Digby Raymond discovered the precise hour of her return to London, and how he contrived that the remaining seats in the carriage should be unoccupied, we pretend not to determine; but we know "love or money" can perform wonders. Why he passed himself off as still "a struggling barrister," is another affair; but it was just the conduct that might have been expected from a man who, having found a heart which poverty had failed to render supicious and selfish, and knowing its princeless value, was inclined once more to test it; but—by the opposite ordeal.

THE MISANTHROPE.

The day of my destiny's over,
 The hour of my fate is unfurled;
I must wander unfriended alone
 Through the strifes of this desolate world.

Though mem'ry may tell in its dreams
 Of joyousness *once* in my heart,
No word shall acknowledge the truth,
 Nor gesture the secret impart.

Though affection yet lives in my breast,
 And holds o'er my heart its controul,
No longer shall Hope in its flight
 Excelling, bring joy to my soul.

No more shall the welcoming smile,
 Or affectionate greeting declare—
That there lingers within one fond thought,
 Untinged by the shadows of care.

Not again shall the vipers of earth
 Find the place of my darken'd retreat;
Sweet fellowship find in my love,
 Or the sword of my deep vengeance meet.

But abstracted from pleasure and joy,
 Afar from the comforts of life,
I will live 'till the messenger comes
 To relieve me from sorrow and strife.

The day of my destiny's over,
 The hour of my fate is unfurled,
I must wander unfriended—alone—
 Through the woes of this desolate world!

Bridgetown, N. S., 1843. ARTHUR.

THE PAGE.

In those romantic days of "knight-errantry," when a love, stronger and holier than now exists, subsisted between the sexes, a simple page, stimulated by a blind devotion, aspired to the heart and the hand of a blooming daughter of his lord. He was a young man just maturing into decisive life, possessed of an elegant person, a brilliant intellect, and a warm and susceptible heart. The object of his idolatrous attachment was a beautiful girl of sixteen, lovely, amiable and attractive, and concentering in herself all the matchless combinations of female excellencies. To a soul that thrilled to the most delicate touches of tenderness and sympathy, she added a soft and symmetrical frame, a gifted mind, and a surprising ease and gracefulness of manners. She knew, and she admired the manly dignity, the modest demeanor, and the other estimable qualities of the youthful page, and all unconsciously to herself she loved him.

It was on a delightful evening in early autumn, that a development, which enhanced their mutual happiness, unexpectedly occurred. In a smiling and variegated garden that lay in the rear of her father's dwelling, Mary, for such was her name, was reclining beneath a green arbor, which was over-hung with the clustering arms of the honey-suckle, and perfumed with the odors of a thousand delicious flowers. In a sort of half-dreaming mood, and not suspecting that a single human being was near her, she was whispering in audible tones into her own ear the feelings which were throbbing in her innocent bosom. Egbert,—the hero of the scene,—stood in a thick coppice in immediate proximity to the arbor, and listened with an impassioned earnestness, until, unable to constrain himself any longer, he burst in upon her retirement and threw himself at her feet. Mary was thunder-struck at his first appearance, and had almost fainted under the intense excitement, which the disclosure had produced, but Egbert succeeded at last in soothing her agitated spirits with his tender language and benignant smiles. He avowed his ardent and irrepressible love, and deplored in all the anguish of a stricken heart, the conventional barrier, that prevented a union of kindred souls. A moment's pause ensued his outbreak of feeling. At length Mary observed with emphasis, while the tears sparkled in her bright blue eyes, "Egbert, I *will* be yours! It is indeed cruel and wicked in the extreme to separate, by arbitrary power, those whose hearts are one and inseparable. To-night I will meet you here again. Adieu, till then!"

Moonlight was bathing the landscape with its mellow streams of liquid silver, when the two fond and impassioned beings were again seated together in the same shady retreat, which was hallowed by their solemn pledges of mutual love. Some minutes transpired ere a word escaped from the lips of either of the lovers, save in the tones of recognition, for their hearts were too full to speak. And how long they would have remained in this mute position, it is impossible to surmise, had not the shrill shriek of the night-bird, just over their heads, dissolved the troubled revery of Egbert, and impelled him to inquire,—"Well, Mary, is my fate for a lonely and sorrowful life *irrevocably* sealed?"

"No, Egbert!" she earnestly replied, "our doom is yet unsettled, but I do not despair.—God will order all things wisely. We *shall* be united. To-morrow, after the grey dawn has passed away, my father will visit the hated object to whom I have been long betrothed against my will, and if he consents to a dissolution of the imaginary ties that bind us, I can then be wedded to the man whom I most love. If he will object,—but I will not even dream of so unhappy a result,—it cannot be. We shall meet again under happier auspices than now. Good night!"

With these few and hasty words Mary darted from his sight, and was soon bowed in humble prayer, for she was a pious girl, in her private chamber.

Egbert has passed a sleepless night in consequence of the conflicting emotions that agitated his bosom; and as he looks out eagerly, on the ensuing morning, for the purpose of watching the venerable knight, who may be seen mounted on his steed, and proceeding on his love-errand, what mingled emotions of hope and fear beam from his honest countenance!

The old man's business, through the combined influence of shrewdness and skill, is finally completed to the joy of those young and guileless breasts. The loathed and wealthy suitor yields up his claim with reluctance, and the noble and generous parent hastens back to acquaint his only and darling child with the issue. His consent is freely given, notwithstanding the disparity in the rank of Mary and Egbert; and the happy pair, before another moon smiled sweetly on the verdant and flowery arbor, where their pure hearts were first

consecrated to each other, were united in that blissful bond which only death can dissolve.

ON THE GRAVE OF DO-HUM-MEE,

THE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN PRINCESS, AT THE GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

They've laid thee down to rest
Far from the land which gave thy spirit birth,
And the green mound is not of kindred earth
They've heaped upon thy breast.
The flowers that spring around thy early tomb
Recall not Childhood with their sweet perfume.

Far from thy fathers' graves
They've laid thee in thy bridal robes, alone!
And the low breeze that comes with solemn tone
From off the ocean waves
Is not the sound that sweeps across the wild
Where thou wert nurtured, Iowa's free child!

The gentle flowers of Spring
That ope their petals to the sun's warm ray,
Torn from their native soil, will fade away;
The wild, free birds which sing
Upon the Summer bough, and soar on high,
Deprived of Freedom, will but pine and die.

So with thy spirit, Do-hum-mee!
Thou couldst not linger where the Pale-Face dwelt;
Thou couldst not worship where the White Man knelt;
The crowded city was no place for thee,
The giddy throng who bend at fashion's shrine
Hold no communion with a soul like thine!

Child of the flowery plain,
The wide-spread prairie, and the green hill side,
How will thy hunter miss at evening tide
The soft tones which welcomed him again,
When, from the hunt returned, with weary pace
He sprang to clasp thee in his warm embrace.

Gone to the Spirit Land!
Gone like the mist that curled o'er sylvan lake!
Gone like the impress which Time's footprints make
Upon life's golden sand;
With every surge that rolls on Memory's shore
Some trace is lost, till all is seen no more.

So hast thou passed away!
Yet oft shall daughters of the Pale-Face come
To strew fair flowers around thy simple tomb!
Still at the close of day
The moaning wind shall sing in accents wild,
A deep, sad requiem to Iowa's child!

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

(From The Montreal Literary Garland.)

CHAPTER I.

"Awake ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies,
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder, through yon engine's roar,
In every peal she calls "Awake! Arise!"
Say is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?"

No event of modern times has excited a more intense interest in the whole world, than that which was aroused by the Peninsular war—when two great nations met hand to hand, on a foreign battle-ground, and the sierras and the olive groves of Spain were deluged with alien blood, and her rivers crimsoned with the tide that courses through patriot veins; when the military talents of a Napoleon, a Wellesley, and a host of names but just inferior, were tested—while the fair and beautiful country of Spain, the seat of the desolating war, was made the sport both of friend and foe. But fatal as was the effect of this war upon the Spaniards, it aroused the spirit of Gonzalvo and the Cid, which was not yet quite extinguished in the bosoms of their degenerate descendants; it only lay dormant, smothered by the sloth and indolence of ages, and the cruel and unjustifiable oppression of Bonaparte kindled it into a flame of patriotism and bravery, which though untaught and unguided, did much towards the salvation of their country, and the final defeat of the French conqueror. When Napoleon, fearful of the influence of a Bourbon dynasty, so near his own imperial dominions, and led on by his insatiate thirst of power, determined to obtain the control of Spain, as he had of almost the whole of Europe, he little thought of the opposition he would have to encounter. He knew the Spanish Court was harrassed, and divided by the domestic broils and dissensions of the Royal family, and that the influence of the infamous Godoy, over the weak Charles, had rendered him exceedingly unpopular among his subjects, and he therefore imagined, they would willingly receive from his hand, a new king, and a new order of government. He dreamed not of the spirit hid beneath the heavy cloak, and dark sombrero of the Spaniard, which needed only a little more oppression, to be exercised

rom its inner life, and to come forth with new nergy, robed in the panoply of war, and with he sword of patriotism unsheathed to resist is all-defying power. The people rebelled in eart against their own weak and effeminate *overnment; but they* were too haughty, too roudly jealous of their own rights, to allow reign dictation, even from him who had portioned his own family with the crowns and sceptres of half Europe.

Exasperated by the unexpected opposition he encountered, the Emperor bent all his energies to accomplish his will, and the Peninsula must have inevitably been crushed, and its neck bent to the French yoke, in spite of its newly wakened life, had it not been for the timely ssistance of England, who stretched forth her and to the aid of the suffering nation. The ea was soon covered with the vessels that ore her gallant army to the shores of Spain, rom whence many were destined never to return, but to consecrate by their death the banks f the Ebro and the Douro, Corunna and Ciudad Rodrigo—for who can think of, or visit unmoved, the places where so many brave ones ied, fighting for the oppressed?—where a Moore lies buried, his martial cloak his only all, and the booming guns of the enemy his ast sad requiem.

Of all the brilliant achievements to which his campaign gave rise, none remain more rominent on the page of its history than the allant defence of Saragossa, the beautiful and eroic city, which, though desolated and almost destroyed, rose Phœnix-like from its own shes, successfully combated the invader, and aved the banner of triumph and victory over s broken ramparts, ruined churches, prostrate convents, and the thousands of its slain who filled the breaches; men, women and hildren, who, falling with arms in their hands, estified to the general feeling which animated hem. This siege gave room for the display f many daring and heroic deeds, which the old historians of the Peninsular war have passed over in silence, or with that slight mention which is even worse than silence. The omance of history, which could illuminate its ark pages, and brighten even the sad details f blood-bought victory, are excluded from the matter-of-fact histories of the officers, who, hemselves actors in the great panorama, ould only see what was immediately about nd around them, and were not always conscious of the hidden springs which put in motion some of the cumbrous machinery of the war. But there is one of these events which not even the silence of historians could consign to oblivion, but to which enduring fame has been given by the pencil of Wilkie, and the glowing pen of Byron. Who that has ever looked upon the speaking face of the fair "Maid of Saragossa," the Spanish "Joan of Arc," as sketched by that master hand, she stands in the freshness of her youth and peerless beauty, Minerva-like, hurling the thunderbolt of war, and inspiriting the drooping soldiery, while with moistened eye she turns a lingering gaze upon her dead lover, without wishing to know more of her eventful history? A leaf or two only has been gathered; but they cannot be gazed at too often, or preserved in too many ways, and we would now endeavour to trace the outline of the gallant deed of this heroic girl, to which Saragossa owed her first deliverance from the invading French.

At the close of the 4th August, 1808, the besieged city of Saragossa was in a most distressed state, completely overlooked by the French, who had gained possession of Monte Torrero, an eminence which commanded the whole city, and from whence they poured a raking and destructive fire, for the defence and support of the troops they had sent to storm a breach in the convent of St. Engracia, through which they hoped to effect an entrance into the city, which had now held them at bay for several weeks. But the Spaniards, fighting for their homes, their lives, their liberty, had met and driven back the assailants with desperate energy; hand to hand they had grappled with the foe and succeeded in repulsing them, though a few of the most determined of the combatants had obtained and kept possession of the Cosso, the public walk formed on the line of the ancient Moorish rampart, just without the walls of the city. A fearful scene had closed the day, and added to the devastating horrors which already surrounded the devoted Spaniards. A discharge of the French howitzers had set fire to a Spanish magazine of powder, which blew up, destroying many houses, and burying under their ruins hundreds of the inhabitants. And, as if this were not enough to complete the terrible picture, which Death, with skinny-hand and blood-red palette, was sketching, a more fearful feature was added to the scene, by the firing of the public hospital, from whence the wretched inmates, making their escape, mingled with the combatants, and the ravings of madmen, and the feeble cries of drivelling idiots, swelled the discordant sounds, which ever follow the stern spectre of carnage and war, that was now stalking

through the stately streets of Saragossa, and bathing in the rivers of blood which deluged the olive grounds and vineyards of its beautiful country. The day, which had opened with the early attack of the French, seemed interminable; but at last Night drew her friendly curtain over the heated sky; the sounds of the fierce conflict ceased, the lightning flash of the iron-mouthed cannon faded away in the darkness; the French withdrew silently to their camp, many a one bearing a wounded comrade on his breast; the fearful din of strife in the beleaguered city was hushed, and nought but the low groan of the dying, or, at times, the shrill shriek of the roaming maniac, rose on the still air. All who had homes left, sought them, and the women and children were ready to welcome their hardy defenders with all the soothing cares which the weary and heart-sicken soldier requires.

At the door of one of the humblest houses in the city, stood, straining her eager eyes as if watching the approach of some one, a young girl, her mantilla thrown back, her dark hair falling loosely about her pale and anxious face. To a question asked by an individual within the house, she replied, "No, mother, he comes not: my heart misgives me, he is among the slain. Would to 'Our lady of the Pillar,' I knew where he had been stationed—I would seek him there." She pressed her hand heavily upon her heart, as if to still the rising emotion; "Ah! well," she added, "he has fallen in a noble cause. I would he could have been spared a little longer, that he might have seen his country saved, or we might have fallen together in the general ruin." She gave one more piercing look into the thick darkness, which had settled like a brooding cloud over the city, then re-entered the house, and busied herself in aiding her mother, who was binding up the wounds, and attending to the wants of some half-dozen soldiers who lay stretched upon the floor. As if to forget her own cause of anxiety in aiding others, she brought wine and bread for the fainting and suffering men, and moistened their parched and feverish lips with the grateful juice of the grape.

"Where is Pedro?" asked one, as she gently lifted his head, to give him the refreshing draught.

"I fear he is with the dead," answered she in a low voice, struggling with her emotion.—"Could he have crawled hither, he would have been with us, knowing our anxiety, and that we have none but him. Have you seen him to-day?"

"Late this afternoon I saw him fighting a[t] the convent of St. Engracia; he was with Pa[-] lafox, and was then unharmed. I was ju[st] fainting from the blow I had received; but thought I saw Our Lady with her ange[ls] warding off the strokes which were aimed a[t] him, and the balls which flew whistling ab[out] his head. Ah! there he comes!"

As he spoke a tall figure entered the roo[m] so begrimmed with smoke, and dust, and blo[od] that none but the eye of lover or friend co[uld] have recognized him. The girl sprang fo[r-] ward with a cry of delight, and almost fell a[t] his feet. The young cannoneer raised her, a[nd] as he did so, she felt drops of warm blood fa[ll] upon her face. Starting up, she looked hu[r-] riedly at him:

"You are wounded! she cried; "why d[id] you not come before?"

"I could not, dearest Agostina," he repl[ied] "I have but just received my orders from o[ur] Captain-General for to-morrow's duty; b[ut] come, you must dress this wound upon m[y] head—nay, pale not so; it is a mere scrat[ch] that I shall be well repaid for, by your care [of] it."

Agostina led the way to a small inner roo[m.] She found, on examination, a long but not de[ep] sabre-cut upon the head, which Pedro told h[er] had been received in warding off a blow fro[m] Palafox. He was exhausted from the fatig[ue] of the day; but the cares of his lovely nur[se,] the bread, olives, and cooling grapes, whi[ch] she gave him, soon revived him.

"Ah, Agostina," he said, "could I have h[ad] such refreshment as this from your dear ha[nd] to-day, I could have battled more vigorou[sly] with the enemy. I was faint and weary, a[nd] nothing but the remembrance of you sustain[ed] me. It has been a fearful struggle: at tim[es] I thought we must give way. It chills m[y] blood to think of the gallant fellows cut do[wn] by my side, rank after rank, till the breach w[as] filled with the bodies of the dying and the dea[d;] fresh supplies of the French poured in, and th[ey] would have gained possession of the city h[ad] they not got entangled in the 'Arco de Cine[ja]' which was so long and crooked they could n[ot] find their way out: thanks to our blessed Lad[y!] Our people then rallied, fell upon them, he[m-] med them in and scarce left one to return a[nd] tell the tale to those without; this slight su[c-] cess encouraged us, and we fought like bra[ve] men: but this cannot last long; our resourc[es] are becoming exhausted, our men weary a[nd] dispirited, and I fear we must soon yield unle[ss] succour is sent us. Palafox hopes for a re[-]

forcement; his brave spirit is never prostrated; and Father Consolacion too, he puts new life into us; with the image of our Lady in his arms, he passes from one part of the city to another, encouraging the combatants, relieving the wounded, and shriving the dying, and he bears a charmed life; balls are flying around; sabres clash about his head, but he escapes.—And the women, Agostina, they have been ministering angels to-day, with their baskets of wine and fruit, their cheering words of hope; they have mingled among us, giving new strength to the wearied arm, and adding fresh fuel to the fire of our *patriotism*. I looked for you, dearest; I thought your brave and impatient spirit would lead you forth among our ranks."

"I deemed it no place for women, Pedro, where blood and carnage were, and I thought it would better please you to have me remain at home, and tend the fainting and wounded who were brought to our threshold; but to-morrow I will be by your side, and far happier shall I feel than in this weary watching,—ah! you know not—you cannot tell, how long and dreary this day has been; the dread booming of the cannon, every shot from which, we knew was the messenger of death, the thrilling, heart-rending sounds of strife, have rung in my ears, and a thousand times have I fancied I heard thy death-cry rising above the warring sounds; but angels have protected thee. Ferdinando says he saw them guarding thee and thy leader at the breach of St. Engracia, and they will still watch over thee. The right, the truth is on our side, and can we doubt that we shall have a heavenly host to aid us. When did the Holy Virgin ever fail to bless the righteous cause? she has been seen more than once leading on her angel army to our aid, and she will not now desert us. But what is to be done to-morrow?"

"That depends upon the point of attack chosen by the foe; Palafox will take his station at the Portillo, and has assigned me my post there also, as chief connoneer; ramparts of sand bags are to be placed there, and I hear even now the preparations for the morrow's defence going on, in the low murmur, and the heavy footfall; those who are not too weary with the day's exertions are repairing the outposts, filling up the gaps, raising barricades, and putting up all impediments in the way of the invaders. A proposal has been made to lay a mine under Monte Terrero, and explode the French camp, but it is too rash an experiment, we have not men to spare for so dangerous an undertaking, we must confine ourselves to the defensive, besides in its explosion it might destroy half our city, and we have already suffered enough. Our trust must be in our righteous cause and our Lady, who will not permit her chosen abiding place to be destroyed. But heard you not, sweet one, the rumour of surrender? The insulting Desnouttes sent to our noble captain a *demand for the* giving up of the city, on the plea that as it could not possibly resist much longer, it would save many lives and much destruction of property, if it were quietly yielded, and he pledged *himself to allow us great* privileges, and almost the honours of conquerors, if we would submit."

"What was the answer of our general?" said Agostina, with an emotion which showed how dear was the honour of her native city to her proud Spanish heart.

"He drew his sabre from his belt, and holding it menacingly before the messenger: "Say to your leader 'War to the knife!'" this was all the reply he vouchsafed, and, turning away, he resumed the directions he was giving for the erection of the palisades, and the mounting of the howitzers, on the side of the Ebro, for a rumour has reached us that Napoleon disapproves the mode of attack pursued by Lefebvre, and has ordered him to cross the river and attack us where we are supposed to be the weakest. The fell tyrant has been heard to say, 'Saragossa *must* fall;' he has decreed it, considering it the point of union for the three provinces; he feels that its possession is essential to secure his position, and I confess, Agostina, *when I think what he is*, who has said it, I tremble. What did he ever *will* yet, that failed? Every thing he looks upon becomes his prey, and nought can oppose him. My heart sinks at the dreary prospect for my country. Evil light upon the foul Godoy who has brought this ruin upon us."

"Hope, hope, dear Pedro; trust in God, the right, and our Lady, we shall yet live to see tranquil days. A prophetic spirit seems to come upon me, showing me, as in a magic glass, the end of this struggle. I see you, dearest, sharing the honours with Palafox, welcomed with loud vivas wherever you appear. Saragossa is once more free, she raises her head triumphant; her vineyards and olive gardens flourish, and the sound of joyous revelry is heard where now echo the groans of the dying and the wail of the mourning. But it is time for you to seek rest, I will call you at daybreak. Till then sleep in peace.

2

With graceful care she arranged a light couch which was in the room; her lover threw his wearied frame upon it; she knelt for a moment at his side, uttered a fervent prayer for his protection and safety, then noiselessly gliding from the room, she left him to that repose he so much needed. She herself slept not; her excited spirit could find no rest, and she listened to the many sounds, which rose from the different parts of the city, indicating the preparations which were going on for the morrow's combat. The hum and buzz grew louder and louder as the day dawned; and with the first grey light, the drums and trumpets sent forth their stirring appeal, rousing the sleeping soldiers, and summoning them to another day of bitter strife, where most of them were to lay down their lives, a willing sacrifice for their country's good. Refreshed and full of ardour, Pedro bade farewell to Agostina and her mother, and to relieve their anxiety and shorten the day to them, he promised, if it were possible, he would come to them at noon, to tell them how the fight was speeding with them.

With sad heart and tearful eye, Agostina watched his departing form, till a turn in the street hid him from her view; then prostrating herself before the image of the blessed Virgin, she poured out her full heart in an agony of supplication and prayer. Soon wild cries rose in the air; the roar of the cannon, the shouts of "Viva el Rey," "Avance tirailleurs," "Viva Fernando Septimo." "Viva l' Empereur," "Morte, Morte;" the tramp of the cavalry as they forced their way down from Monte Torrero; the clashing of sabres; the shrieks of the wounded; the maddening yell of raging strife, grew hour by hour more fierce. The timid, appalled, crowded into the darkest corners of their homes, endeavouring to close their ears against the dread tumult, but in vain.

With feverish anxiety, Agostina waited for the promised visit from her lover; but he came not, and as the day wore on, remembering the half expressed wish of the day before, that he had had bread and wine from her hand to refresh his weary spirit, she filled a basket with delicious grapes and wine, and drawing her mantilla closely about her face, with a beating heart sallied forth to the gate of the Portillo.

CHAPTER II.

"Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career.
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host;
Who can appease like her, a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve, when man's flushed hope
is lost,
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand before a batter'd
wall?"
"Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Marked her black eye, that mocks her coal
black veil,
Heard her light lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace—"

"By our Lady of the Pillar! I leave not this post till we conquer, or I die!"

As these words broke the dread silence of fear, which had nearly paralyzed the defending army of Saragossa, the few remaining soldiers grasped their sabres with renewed fervour, and responded their loud vivas; the wounded raised themselves to look at the speaker, and the fire of hope and courage sparkled once more in the eyes of the dying. And who was it that produced this electric effect on the heart-weary patriots, who were hopelessly struggling for their freedom and their homes? Was it their leader Palafox, inspired with fresh zeal? Was it Cuesta with a band of reinforcements? or was it Julien, the Guerilla chief who was known to be lurking in some of the neighbouring sierras? No, it was a woman who with the heart of a Cid, beating beneath her heaving bosom, thus put new life into the discouraged soldiery of Saragossa. A woman young and beautiful, who, but the day before would have shunned to look upon the dying, and whose cheek paled at the sight of the flowing blood which, mingling with the waters of the Ebro, had dyed its pure stream with the still purer current of patriotism. She looked the very genius of her country, as standing upon the cannon, the blazing torch with which she had that moment fired it, held in her right hand, while with eyes uplifted, she made the vow to conquer or die. Once more, loud pealed the battle-cry about her; soldiers, who wearied and dispirited, had cast away their arms and given up all hope of victory, now seized them again. On they rushed, gathering strength with every step, they poured through the gate of the Portillo, cheered by the flash of the cannon, which the heroic girl still fired, and whose death shots, falling thick and fast among the enemy, did fearful execution; their sortie was irresistible; animated by no common impulse, as they bore down upon the flying foe their victorious shout rose above the din. O

they pressed, treading beneath them, hundreds of the light soldiers, who, unprepared for such an attack, were borne down by the resistless onset. They pursued them almost to the verge of their camp, when the French recovering themselves, commenced a destructive fire with howitzers, which drove the Spaniards back within their own defences; but the result of the day was glorious, hundreds of the French troops lay on the field of blood, while comparatively few Spaniards had fallen; and from this moment they considered themselves the conquerors.

That night the name of Agostina rang from one part of the city to the other. The soldiers carried home the tale of her intrepid daring.—Mothers and children blessed her. "Viva el Agostina Saragossa! mingled with the midnight shout of encouragement and defiance, as the freshly inspired patriots repaired again their breaches, and added new defences to their battered walls. But where was she, the heroine of the day—heard she those shouts? Did her heart swell within her, with haughty triumph, as she found herself hailed as the deliverer of her native city? Did this proud consciousness rejoin the broken chain, from which the brightest link had that day been wrenched? Ah, no! Any one who had passed along the narrow street where she lived, and paused at the door of her mother's house, might have heard the low wail of a woman's sorrow—the subdued sobs of that bitter anguish, which can never be felt but once in our short lives, for the deep agony of such a trial makes all after ones seem light in the balance. There, when her name was wafted to the skies, in shouts of triumph, knelt Agostina, by the lifeless body of her lover, her hand upon that pulseless heart, whose every beat through life had been for her; but which now, unconscious of her presence, sent back no answering throb to her fond pressure. What to her blighted hopes were the tones of victory? What cared she for the applause of the nation, when the ear to which it would have been sweetest music was deaf to the sound? For a brief time she felt as if her country's slavery could have been nothing to her, had her lover been spared; and she chid, with bitter lamentations, the gallant leader, for not yielding to the demand of a surrender, which had been made upon him; better to have had a French governor, she thought, and spared the blood of our bravest and best, than thus to give victory by the desolation of our hearts. But this mood of mind did not continue long, even the dead face upon which she gazed seemed to reprove her for it, and ere the dawn she could look upon the lifeless patriot, and feel it was a glorious fate which had snatched him from her, a martyr to the cause of liberty, who would be canonized in the hearts of his freed countrymen.

For several succeeding days the Spaniards waited not for the attack of the French, but made vigorous sorties upon them, till, wearied and exhausted, by continual conflicts, in which they gained not a step, Lefebvre Desnouttes determined to raise the siege, and, accordingly, as a cover to his escape, on the night of the 13th, he kept up a vigorous discharge of cannon and shells upon the city, which terrified the inhabitants more than the conflicts of the day. What then was their surprise and delight, when the sun rose, to see its beams reflected from the lances of the retreating foe, who were already far off on the road to Pampeluna.—Then burst forth the sound of acclammation and rejoicing; this first great triumph was looked upon as the herald of brighter days, when the conqueror of the world, vanquished, the usurper hurled from his seat, their own beloved king restored, they should stand forth among nations, the proud defenders of their own liberty, the only ones, who had dared defy the scourger of the earth, and who had stopped with their own bodies the wheels of the triumphal car, in which he had proposed to ride over their crushed liberties. And under God and our Lady, they felt they owed this great deliverance to the hand of woman; had not Agostina at the very moment when the most contagious depression had seized upon the soldiery and people, when the cannon, deserted by their cannoneers, kept no longer, by their threatening fire, the enemy in check—had she not, as if heaven sent, appeared among them, their dread foe would have inevitably obtained possession of the city. And what was it that led her thither; was it the eager spirit of the Amazon, or anxious patriotism? No, it was the ministering and loving heart of a woman, which enabled her to face danger and death, to bring refreshment to her lover and his weary comrades. And what was it nerved her hand and steeled her heart? It was the sight of that lover dead at his post, the torch in his stiffened hand. No one had filled his place, she stooped over him, not to shed a tear, but to take the burning torch with which she lighted the most magnificent pyre ever offered to the names of the loved and lost.

The events which followed the rising of the siege of Saragossa have been truly chronicled.

On the 20th, Ferdinand, amid the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, was proclaimed king. The infamous conduct of Godoy, the weakness of Charles, having so disgusted the people that they willingly accepted the abdication of the feeble father, and hoped in the youth and energy of the young Ferdinand to find a protector, and one who would gallantly espouse the cause of the people, who had been so long oppressed; drive out the intruding foe, and restore the liberties and privileges which had been taken from them. It was well no prophet rose to tell them of the vainness of their hopes, and to show them the seas of blood through which they were destined to wade, ere the foreign foe was quelled; and even then, not peace but internal dissensions were to continue their rack and ruin, till their fair country became a bye-word in the mouths of nations. Could they have foreseen this, the words of joy and revelry which ushered in the day of proclamation, would have died away in sad murmurs, and the joyous shouts would have ended in groans of despair; but the cloud destined to overspread their horizon with thick darkness was unmarked, because it was no bigger than a man's hand, and that day was as bright a one as was ever recorded in the annals of Saragossa.

Fernando Septimo was proclaimed king.—Agostina, before the assembled crowd gathered to witness the honours paid to their king, received the reward of her heroic daring, in a pension for life, and a small shield, on which was wrought in golden letters, the word "Saragossa." On the people too was conferred a general boon, through the hands of their chieftain, Palafox. In the name of Ferdinand, the inhabitants of the city, and its suburbs, of both sexes, received the magnificent immunity of entire freedom from any disgraceful punishment, except for the crimes of treason and blasphemy.

Thus ended the first siege of Saragossa; and thus, almost for the first time, were the Imperial armies foiled; but Napoleon had said "Saragossa must fall," and in obedience to the mandate, ere four months had passed, another French army presented itself before the walls of Saragossa. After two months of the most exciting warfare, unparalleled bravery, and prodigious feats, the noble and heroic city was compelled to surrender to superior force, and just six months from the day on which Ferdinand was proclaimed king, with such outpourings of hopeful enthusiasm, the brave garrison marched out with the honours of war, and Marshal Lannes took possession in the name of Joseph, of the noble city.

But though conquered, like Troy, the gallant defence of Saragossa has given it a name and place in history, which will ever remain growing brighter and brighter as time throws its halo of romance and traditionary lore around it; and long after Napoleon's fame has become like a "tale that is told," or is viewed like the dim shadow of some majestic tree at twilight hour, shall the story of Saragossa's glorious defence glow from the canvass of Time, and serve as a beacon light, like Marathon and Thermopylæ, to kindle the patriot's fire, and support the sinking courage of the oppressed.

TO ADELAIDE.

[*From the Montreal Literary Garland.*]

Yes—thou art young, and passing fair;
But Time, that bids all blossoms fade,
Will rob thee of the rich and rare—
Then list to me sweet Adelaide;
He steals the snow from polish'd brow,
From soft, bewitching eyes, the blue;
From smiling lips the ruby glow;
From velvet cheeks their rosy hue.

Oh! who shall check the spoiler's power?
'Tis more than conquering love may dare;
He flutters round youth's summer bower,
And reigns o'er hearts, like summer fair.
He basks himself in sunny eyes,
Hides 'mid bright locks and dimpled smiles,
From age he spreads his wings and flies,
Forgets soft vows and pretty wiles.

The charms of mind are ever young,
Their beauty never owns decay;
The fairest form by poets sung,
Before their influence fades away.
The mind, immortal, wins from Time,
Fresh beauties as its years advance;
Its flowers bloom fresh in every clime—
They cannot yield to change and chance.

E'en over Love's capricious boy,
They hold an undiminish'd sway;
For earthly storms cannot destroy
The blossoms of eternal day.
Oh! deem these charms, sweet Adelaide,
The brightest gems on Beauty's zone;
Make these thine own—all others fade—
These live when youth and grace are flown.

THE GIPSY GIRL'S PORTRAIT.

"There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a *magic* like thee."—*Byron.*

The warm, rich tints of an Italian sunset were mirrored in the unruffled waters of the Parano, and the few snowy sails gliding on its bosom moved so slowly as to heighten rather than diminish the repose of the scene! A young artist, as yet uncheered by the voice of fame, worn and weary and harrassed by poverty, which so often cleaves to genius, left his easel, where rested a picture, which of itself might have given him immortality, and approached an open window where the fresh breeze bathed, as in balm, his flushed brow and throbbing temples. As he marked the harmonious blending of light and shade in the lovely landscape before him, he became more and more convinced, that by a careful study of nature, he could produce the same magical effect on canvass, and his before pale and languid countenance became lit up with enthusiasm and conscious power. So rapt was he, that a low knock, twice repeated at the door of his humble studio, failed to arouse him.—The latch was then lifted, and a stranger entered, whose distinguished air and costly apparel indicated him to be a person of rank.—He was very youthful, apparently, not twenty, yet his remarkably handsome features, while they showed him to be spirited and impatient of control, wore an air of refinement, which is alone the gift of high intellectual culture.

"Good evening," said he, addressing the painter; "you are, I presume, Antonio Allegri."

"Yes, signor, that is my name."

"Will you permit me to examine your pictures?"

"With pleasure, if the productions of so young and humble an artist can afford you satisfaction, and if the failing light will permit you to do so."

"Ah, this rich, western light, is just the thing to make them appear to advantage," replied the stranger.

He proceeded to examine several pictures which hung against the wall, with evident admiration, among which was an altar-piece, a Madonna, and the Penitent Magdalen. After having stood for some time before the latter, he abruptly turned to the artist, who stood modestly by, hardly daring to hope that his works would meet the approbation of one who, though so young, was evidently no unpractised connoisseur.

"I have found the right painter at last," said he. "You are already unrivalled in *chiar oscuro*, and there is a loveliness and grace in your female figures that I have never seen excelled. This Magdalen, in particular, shows your fine conception of female beauty, and that you are equal to portraying on canvass the most beautiful woman I ever saw, or that I ever imagined could exist. Will you undertake the task, Messer Allegri?"

"Nothing, signor, would please me better than to be permitted to attempt to paint a female, so perfectly beautiful as even to exceed your ideal of perfection as well as my own, for I must confess that those are some of the happiest moments of my life, when I behold, springing into life, as it were, beneath the touches of my pencil, the beautiful visions which my imagination has formed, and which alike haunts my waking and my sleeping hours. Direct me where to wait upon her, and I am ready at any moment."

The stranger smiled, partly at the young painter's enthusiasm, and partly at his own thoughts.

"She dwells, at present," said he, "in neither palace nor cottage, which will increase the difficulty of your task. It is Marozia, the beautiful gipsy girl, whom I wish you to paint. You have doubtless heard of her, but never can have seen her, else you certainly would have introduced her into some of your pictures."

"No, I never have seen her."

"Can you paint from memory? for wild and timid as a fawn, I wish her still to remain *so*, otherwise one great charm of her beauty will be for ever lost. The idea of sitting for her portrait, would, I fear, embarrass her, and make her appear awkward. If you have the power of evoking at will, whatever takes a strong hold upon your imagination, and Marozia cannot fail *to do so*, the difficulty of your task will vanish. I hope, however to be able to conduct you to a spot where you can, without her knowledge, obtain a sketch of her. Should I fail in this, do you think you can depend on your memory?"

"I think I can, but can tell better after I have seen her. Should she take a strong hold upon my mind, she will not be apt to soon leave me."

"To-morrow morning, then, I will call again. Good evening, *Antonio da Corregio*. I predict that the day will come when the town of Corregio will derive its greatest celebrity from having been your birth-place."

"Are you ready to commence your task?" said the stranger, as he entered the studio of Corregio at an early hour the following morning. "If you are, take the materials necessary for sketching, and go with me. First, however, you should know that the name of your employer is Giuliano Orsini."

"I am not only ready but impatient," he replied, and in less than five minutes they were in the street.

They pursued their way at a rapid pace, and soon left the town behind them.

"Yonder is somewhat of a steep hill," said Orsini, after they had walked several miles, "but we must ascend it if you would gain a sight of Marozia at a time when it will be possible for you to make a sketch of her form and features, and when she will appear to the best advantage."

They proceeded up the toilsome ascent in silence, which having gained, Orsini made a sign to Corregio to stop, while he, himself, stepped cautiously forward to a point which terminated so abruptly on the opposite side, as to form a sheer precipice of more than one hundred feet. He approached almost to the edge, and grasping a small tree with roots firmly imbedded in the soil, bent eagerly forward.—Having gazed downwards a minute, he turned, and advancing towards Corregio with his countenance lit up with the most brilliant smiles, softly whispered—

"She is there. Now follow me, for you must have a more commodious station than the one I have just left, or your art will be of little avail."

He conducted him along a circuitous path of easy declivity, which terminated in a platform eight or ten feet square, covered with rich mosses, and completely screened from the rays of the morning sun by the overhanging precipice and the luxuriant vines depending from the crags. Here they commanded the view of a most lovely and sequestered spot, on one side reaching quite to the verge of the Parano, and on each of the others, hedged in by wild, irregular masses of rock, over which crept the dark foliage of vines, from the midst of which often rose the almond tree with its profusion of pink flowers, waving gracefully over the stern, dark cliffs, like a brilliant plume over the brow of some savage chief. The slant beams of the sun broken into a thousand gems of light wherever they touched the rippling wave, poured a single stream of golden radiance through an opening into the recess, which, prevented by the surrounding shrubbery from falling directly on her person, formed a kind of halo above a young girl who was so wondrously beautiful, that Allegri, at first sight of her, with difficulty forbore giving voice to his emotions of enthusiastic delight.

She was seated on the rich carpet which nature had spread over the spot, in such a manner, that one foot was concealed by the drapery of her dress, while the other, with an elastic sandal, and of exquisite delicacy, as regarded both shape and size, was half buried in moss and flowers. Her hair, jet black in the shade, but brightening as if tinged with gold whenever tinged by a gleam of sunshine, was of surprising luxuriance, falling over her neck and shoulders in a cloud of soft, rich curls, and descending so low as to mingle with the herbage. She had evidently unbound it with the intention of arranging it anew, for a half woven wreath lay in her lap, and many newly gathered flowers were near, some strewn on the ground, and others contained in a delicate wicker basket. She had, however, apparently been arrested in her graceful task, by the sight of a white hare, which, at first, creeping timidly towards her, finally nestled down close to her side, and she was now extending towards it her small, symmetrical hand, in order to caress it. Her large, liquid eyes were beaming with surprise and innocent joy, and a smile broke into dimples round the corners of her beautiful mouth, revealing her pearl-like teeth, as she bent towards the timed animal that had thus strangely sought her companionship.

"You must sketch them both," softly whispered Orsini, "and the picture, when completed, will be a type of innocence."

The platform on which they stood, was so nearly on a level with her own mossy seat, that the young painter found no difficulty in taking an accurate survey of her features; the thick foliage of the vines, in the mean time while it afforded sufficient opening for the purpose, effectually screening both him and his companion from her view.

The sketch, which was soon completed, was so spirited and life-like, that when Corregio held it up for Orsini to look at, he clasped his hands with a look of so much enthusiasm and delight, that the artist felt more than rewarded for his labour.

It would have been difficult for Orsini himself, to have clearly defined the nature of his intentions with regard to the beautiful Marozia. Wealth, joined to exalted station, had hitherto afforded every facility for the gratification of a refined taste, and a judicious educa-

on had prevented any wish to run into those recesses, and to partake of those coarse pleasures which often proved so alluring to the youth of the age. He was naturally haughty, but this trait sometimes yielded to a temperament ardent and impetuous. His imagination, moreover, was extremely excitable, often proving a kind of prism, which invested objects with its own rainbow colouring.

At first, he met the beautiful gipsy girl by chance, but afterwards took some pains to cross her path, and she must have been blind not to have seen that he regarded her with looks of the liveliest admiration. His personal appearance was in every respect calculated to take a strong hold on the mind of an imaginative girl, who had no employment during the long and bright summer days beyond pouring out her heart in some bird-like song, braiding her long, glossy hair with flowers, or otherwise arranging her toilet; for being the only daughter of the queen of her tribe, she took no share in the labours of those less favoured by birth. Orsini had persuaded himself that he should be satisfied with the possession of her portrait, and under the influence of this persuasion, had engaged Corregio to paint it.

"Yes," said he to himself, "she inspires me with the same feelings of enthusiasm as the *chef d'œuvres* of sculpture and painting. I will place her portrait with my already rich collection, and it will be the gem of the whole."

But the artless girl had neither statue nor picture on which to exhaust those new and sweet emotions which had begun to visit her in her moments of solitary revery, and Orsini more than realized her ideal of manly beauty, even at those times when Fancy hovered over her with her richest dreams.

Orsini watched the progress of the picture with intense interest. Not a day passed that he did not visit the painter's studio. At last he had the satisfaction to find the artist adding those few effective, though almost imperceptible touches which make the figures on the canvass appear to live and breathe.

"These eyelashes," said Corregio, "must be a little longer, or they will not give the eyes the brilliancy and tenderness we so much admired. The lips, too, must be more pensive, and of a richer red, and I must throw a little more light among those curls, for although so dark, they should look as if sunbeams were nestling among them."

"There—not another single touch of your pencil," said Orsini, as Corregio, falling a little back, stood contemplating the picture. "The features, colouring, expression—all are perfect. For a few days, I will suffer it to remain where it is. Here is what will, I hope, reward you for your time and labour. As for the genius which guided your pencil, it is priceless. Well can I imagine that an artist, with such a work glowing into life beneath his hand, must experience a serene exultation, which wealth, and even fame, could never give."

As he finished speaking, he laid a purse on the table and withdrew.

Though there was no one to whom his last remark could better apply, for no painter ever loved his art for his own sake, better than Corregio, yet he had maintained a long and bitter struggle with poverty, and when on examining the purse, he found it contained more than double the sum he had ever received for one of his best pictures, every nerve thrilled with joy.

When Orsini left the studio, he directed his steps to the secluded spot, whither, a week or two before, he conducted Corregio, to enable him to take the sketch of the gipsy girl. As he expected, he found her there.

At the moment of his entrance into her favorite haunt, she rose, and uttered an exclamation of almost wild joy. She, however, instantly checked herself, and with the rich and eloquent blood mantling her cheeks, and her eyes cast down so that their dark, liquid orbs were entirely veiled, she drew herself up into an attitude of queenly dignity, and awaited his approach.

"Marozia," said he, taking her passive hand, "why is not your hair braided with the gems I gave you—and the rich robe—why do you not wear it?"

"Giuliano," she replied, in a sad voice, yet rich and sweet as the music which the wind steals from the lute, "I know all, now. You are of noble blood, and not the lowly born wanderer you suffered me to believe. You did wrong. Here are the gems—take them back; the robe, I shall never wear it more. Nay, take them," she said, perceiving that he was going to utter a refusal. "As I have said, I know all. Preparations are making for your bridal, and I cannot keep them. Their flash would be to me as lightning, to sear and wither my heart. The lute you gave me, I will keep. Its voice is very sweet to me, and I weep when its chords thrill beneath my fingers."

Orsini stood for a few moments without speaking. He felt that he was guily—that by a reckless obedience to impulse, he had planted thorns in the before flowery path of the beautiful and innocent being before him. The ef-

fort he made to cast away these painful reflections, and assume a gay and playful air, was unavailing.

"It is true," he at length said, "that preparations for my bridal have commenced. I have long been betrothed to the daughter of a princely house, and for important reasons, our nuptials are to be speedily celebrated. I would say to you, come and dwell in my palace at Naples—be a handmaid to the fair and noble Alfonsina, did I not know that one, who loves like you the freedom of the breezy hills, and the green and shady arcades of the forest, would pine and droop in the cold shadow of its marble walls."

"Would not your presence be better than the freedom you speak of—better than the light of the sun? But I must not dwell there, I know I must not. To die there is the only boon I ask now. You go to wed one whom you call fair and noble. Giuliano, it is not vanity that tells me that *I* am fair when I bend over the clear fountain, nor is it pride that bids me feel that this heart is as full of high and noble impulses as her's, on whom slaves have waited since the moment of her birth. All this is nothing, I know. The chained bird cannot mate with those that are free. And if I have no right to mate with them, I have no will to serve them. You, Giuliano, would I be willing to serve even to the meanest drudgery—but no—I could not—it would too sorely gall my spirit to wait the bidding of her who, though she may wed you, can never love you with the pure and exalted fervor of the gipsy girl."

"Marozia," he replied, "I know well that your's is a heart worthy to beat in the bosom of a princess, but your own good sense teaches you that it is necessary for us to part. For my own sake, as well as yours, I wish that we had never met."

"Oh, no—wish not that. The dream has been too sweet. It has brooded upon my heart like the celestial bird my mother has told me lives in the Eastern clime."

"Think of it *only* as a dream, dear Marozia. Farewell—be as happy as you are innocent."

He turned to leave her, but with a single, fawn-like bound, she placed herself before him.

"Giuliano," said she, "you will meet me here no more."

"It will be impossible. Early in the morning I start for Florence."

Plucking a flower that grew near, she crushed it in her hand, and threw it at his feet.

"Look," said she—"it is an emblem of Marozia. You will rejoice in the light of ma summers, when she, like that flower, lies the dust."

"Say not so—the thought makes me misera ble. I know that I have been guilty of mu selfishness, for to purchase the rapture of spen ing a few minutes by your side, I risked poison ing your peace for ever. I leave you, but sh never forget you."

Long after he had left the spot, he staid h footsteps to listen to the music of the lute h gave her, which came floating by in strai sweet and sorrowful, which, to his excit imagination, appeared like the notes of a fune al dirge.

Orsini, as he had told Marozia, started ear in the morning for Florence, where resided Al fonsina, his affianced bride. On his arrival, h found that the family had made preparation t celebrate the marriage in the most splend manner. Alfonsina, a dark beauty, with nigh black hair, dark, flashing eyes, a haughty l and the stately carriage of a queen, met hi with a calm smile, which, to those best a quainted with her, seemed to be the mask o some secret discontent. If the bridegroom ob served it, he took no notice of it, and content himself with paying her those attentions exac ed by the customs of society, and with the her parents and friends were well satisfied. I she, herself missed the ardor and devotion sh had anticipated, she scorned to complain.

On the day of the bridal, she was arrayed robes of almost regal magnificence, nor wa the garments of Orsini less sumptuous. Aft a few days had been spent in partaking of th festivities in honor of their marriage, they s out for Naples, where was Orsini's family sea The exterior was remarkable for nothing ex cept its simplicity and dignity, but the insi was rich with the treasures of art, among whi were a splendid collection of paintings, man of which had been selected and purchased b the young heir and proprietor.

To the picture gallery he paid an early vis The portrait of the gipsy girl had preceded h and his bride, and it was now his purpose t select a spot for its reception where it wou receive the benefit of a suitable light. Phao his servant, who stood by, awaiting his orde respecting it, felt tears springing to his eyes a he gazed on the portrait, for there was som thing in the style of its beauty that seemed ak to sweet and wild music, such as brought bac to him the memory of his boyhood, when h was free as the antelope of the hills.

"Place it here," said Orsini, at length-

there is not a better light in the whole gallery."

"Beside this Madonna, signor?"

"Yes, it is not unworthy the place. Holy Mother," he added, half audibly, "receive the original under thy protection."

"Already at your favourite employment?" said Alfonsina, who at this moment entered the gallery. "The picture of some saint, I presume," glancing at the portrait.

"No, it is the portrait of Marozia, the beautiful gipsy girl."

"I have heard of her," was the reply. They were unimportant words, spoken in a calm voice, but there was a scornful curl of her lip, and a keen flashing of her black eye, which might have revealed to Orsini, had he observed them, that the sight of the portrait had awakened, or perhaps only revived feelings of bitterness and jealousy.

"A singular contiguity," said she—"the picture of a gipsy girl pressing close upon that of the blessed Mary."

"Were the blessed Mary herself here, she would not spurn the original of the portrait—fear not, therefore, that I am guilty of profanation in placing together their pictures."

"Surely not," she replied. "I was only thinking that at some time when bending in adoration before the Madonna, your eyes might chance to wander to the more beautiful gipsy."

The same scornful smile as before distorted her beautiful lips, as she turned and left the gallery. This time it did not escape the notice of Orsini, and, perhaps, had the just and full value of domestic peace impressed itself upon his mind, he would have ordered the portrait to be removed from the wall, or, at least, to a place less conspicuous. In the room of it, a feeling of resentment made him determine to suffer it to remain, and the look of the deep and mournful tenderness with which the large, brilliant eyes seemed looking into his, had no tendency to shake his resolution.

Months passed away, and Orsini heard nothing of Marozia. He had the generosity to hope, yet could not bring himself to believe, that she had forgotten him, and was happy.

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"Is this the Orsini palace?" inquired a youthful female of a gentleman who was passing along one of the principal streets of Naples.

"It is," he replied, slackening his pace, for although the gloom of evening prevented him from discerning her features, there was something so sweet and musical in her voice as to arrest his attention.

3

The building to which she had pointed, instead of being loaded with an excess of ornaments, as were many of the larger edifices of Naples, was plain almost to baldness, but the brilliant lights illuminating the interior, revealed glimpses of splendor rarely equalled.

It seemed as if at the moment of his reply, she was assailed by a sudden and sharp pain, for she pressed her hand against her side, and leaned against a pillar for support. The light shed from the palace windows gleamed full upon her face, and revealed features pale, but so exquisitely beautiful, that the person who had replied to her inquiry, involuntarily expressed his admiration aloud. Scarcely five seconds had elapsed, ere she recovered herself, and with hasty steps and a determined air, entered the hall of the palace, unopposed by those in attendance, for they imagined from her unhesitating manner that she had been summoned by the mistress of the mansion. Her steps did not falter as she ascended the splendid staircase, and pursued her way along the corridor.

"I must see him once more," said she, in a low tone to herself, "and if I had asked leave to enter of those I saw waiting in the hall, they would have prohibited me from entering."

A light gleamed from a half open door, and she entered. At first she started back, for she thought herself in the midst of a numerous and motley assemblage of human beings. It took only a few moments, however, for her eyes to become accustomed to the light which filled the apartment, and then she became conscious that she was in a picture-gallery. Orsini had ordered it to be brilliantly illuminated, having invited several connoisseurs to examine a number of pictures which he had recently added to his already rich collection, among which was the portrait of Marozia. The poor girl, sad and weary, sunk down upon a seat covered with damask cushions, and placing a lute by her side, which had been suspended by a riband passed over her shoulders, she supported her head on her pale, wasted hand. The intense desire to behold the owner of the palace, which had nerved and sustained her during a long and toilsome journey, now that she was beneath his roof, yielded for the moment to utter exhaustion, and her eyelids drooped heavily over their dark orbs, so that their long lashes rested on her cheeks, sunk now from the full, soft outline of health, and pale as Parian marble. A few moments of forgetfulness came over her, from which awaking with a start, her attention was arrested by a portrait which hung directly opposite to her. She sprang to

her feet, and, with her right hand thrown back so as to grasp the edge of a table standing near, stood gazing at it with an earnestness that absorbed every other faculty. The blood, which at the moment of her perceiving the portrait, rushed to her face, almost instantly receded, leaving on each cheek a single burning spot, like the glow of a live coal through a transparent vase, while a mass of dark, rich hair fell back from her uplifted brow, and fell over her shoulders nearly to her feet.

"Yes, it is—it must be my portrait," said she, at length, heaving a deep sigh, her figure relaxing at the same time into a less constrained posture.

Footsteps were on the marble floor, but she heard them not, and a tall, stately lady, clad in a robe of rich silk, with diamonds glittering among her jet black hair, after advancing within a few yards of her, sunk back into the deep shadow of a pillar. The rich blood, which, at her entrance, seemed melting through her cheeks like red wine glowing through a pure, porcelain cup, almost instantly gave place to a ghastly paleness, and the soft brilliancy of her black eyes was changed to a keen, burning lustre that seemed as if it might wither her on whom it fell. The young and innocent creature, whose presence had wrought in her so fearful a change, continued to gaze at the portrait, for the objects grouped around it, were as dear to her heart as they were familiar to her eye, and a sweet, wild air, which she had often sung in that sequestered spot, broke from her lips. Her lute, round which was bound a wreath of flowers, long since faded, for they had been plucked by Orsini as he one day sat near her, and carelessly thrown into her lap, lay on the seat whence she had recently risen. The flowers half concealed a gem of surprising brilliancy, which, with many others, enriched the instrument. It caught the eye of the lady who stood still shrouded by the shade of the pillar.

"It is the same," said she to herself." "The jewel which hundreds of times has sparkled in my hair, adorns the lute of a vagrant."

The paleness of her already ghastly countenance fearfully increased, and an icy coldness crept over her 'till her limbs became almost rigid. Slowly, and with a determined air she unlocked a clasp, enriched with diamonds, which fastened the girdle of her robe. A sudden pressure of her finger against the side of the clasp, caused a portion of it to fly back, which revealed a cavity containing a number of drops of a clear, colourless liquid, resembling dew. With a steady hand she poured it in a small, silver cup upon the table, to whic she added some water, and then igniting w a candle the coals contained in a brasier, plac it upon them and hurried from the gallery.—In a few moments a light wreath of vapo arose from the vessel, diffusing through the a mosphere a grateful odor. A strange feeli of languor began to steal over the young wan derer, and she again sunk down upon the se where she had rested at her entrance. Th thought came into her mind that she was dy ing. She took up the lute and passed her han over its strings. The music which her un steady hand elicited, was broken and fitful, a if the wind had passed over the instrument.

"Yes, this must be death," she faintly mu mured, "for *he* taught me the air and still cannot remember it."

Every moment the feeling of languor in creased, weighing down her eyelids, as with sleep, 'till at last, they entirely closed. A memory of sorrow had passed away, and voic from the free hills and the flowery glades the forest, where she had revelled like the sum mer bird, seemed floating around her soothin and comforting her as she fell into her la sleep. The dream faded to be revived no mor Her left hand still grasped the lute, and th other rested heavily on the strings where dea had stilled it, in her last effort to awaken th song Orsini had taught her.

Fifteen minutes had elapsed, when footste were heard in the hall, and voices in the chee ful tones of careless conversation. The lad who had recently visited the picture galle started at the sound, then with a hasty b stealthy step approached a side door of th apartment. Carefully muffling the lower pa of her face with a portion of her robe, s threw it wide open that the poisonous effluv if any remained, might escape. She then cre cautiously towards the spot where reclined h victim. Her eyes, which glittered with snake-like brilliancy, sought the pale fac which lay half buried in the crimson cushio and the jet-black curls, that descended so lo as to sweep the floor. Death had not disto ed the features, which in their repose look so beautiful, one might have imagined the fresh from the chisel of the same immort sculptor, that fashioned those of the Venus d Medici.

"I have failed—she only sleeps," said sh and stooping down she raised the hand whi rested on the lute. The chill of death w there, and instantly relinquishing it, a slig

shudder, at the same time passing over her, it fell heavily back to its former position.

At this moment she heard some one approaching. She bent one more searching look upon the lifeless form before her, and then snatching the silver cup from the brasier, poured water on the almost extinguished coals.—This accomplished, she glided through the open door and closed it behind her, just as the person she had heard advancing entered by one opposite.

It was Phaon, the confidential servant of Orsini. The remains of the beautiful girl, whom he at first imagined to be asleep, at once drew his attention, and at the first glance he detected the resemblance between her and the gipsy girl. A second look revealed the truth. He saw that she was not asleep, but dead.—He sought his master, and in a low voice requested him to accompany him to the gallery alone. Orsini telling his guests that he should return in a few minutes, hastened to comply with his servant's request. Phaon opened the door and pointed to the corpse. Orsini rushed to the spot, for he knew that those long, rich tresses could belong to no one but Marozia.—He was prepared by the appearance of his servant, for something painful, and he felt, even before he saw her white, still face, that she was dead. It was with a throb of wild anguish that he thrust a portion of her raven hair aside that veiled her bosom, and which seemed to partake of the fearful immobility of her already stiffening form, that he might lay his hand on her heart and assure himself that its pulses were indeed stilled. And then he thought of the deep wrong he had done her in winning her young, and guileless heart without end or aim, except that he might pass more pleasantly an idle hour. Feelings of tenderness and sorrow and keen self-reproach were all alive in his bosom, not unmingled with those of deep humility; for he was conscious that in moral purity, humble as was her station, she was far his superior.

"Go, Phaon," said he at length, "and tell my guests that I shall be detained half an hour, and that then I will rejoin them and conduct them to the gallery."

When he was left alone, he knelt beside her and wept. They were the first tears he had shed since he had mourned the light griefs of childhood, and they now fell bright and fast on the cold, beautiful face of her his own hand had crushed. Fifteen minutes or more had elapsed when Phaon returned.

"Assist me," said Orsini, "to remove this couch to yonder recess."

The servant obeyed, and his master, throwing over the body his own rich mantle, told him to say nothing of what had happened.

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It was a rich, golden sunset, and Orsini stood in the sweet, sequestered spot on the shore of the Parano, described near the commencement of this story, beside a low mound of earth, covered with fresh sods, on which bloomed a profusion of wild flowers. The breeze had freshened with the coming on of the evening hour, and made gentle music among the green boughs, and awoke the silvery murmurs of the wave. Sometimes it seemed to him that a note like those of Marozia's lute, which were wafted to him after parting with her for the last time, was blended with the low, fitful music. Tears started from his eyes, but they were less bitter than those wrung from him in the first moments of anguish and self-reproach; for he had, ere he slept that night, made a vow, never again to trifle with a loving and trusting heart. The feeling of composure that immediately visited him, made him almost imagine that the spirit of her he had wronged was hovering near and approved of his resolution.

He never suspected the part taken by his wife; but, haunted by her own guilt, she almost immediately retired to a convent. Her dying confession revealed her crime.

TURKISH KINDNESS.

We were much struck, on all the roads in Asia Minor, at the great number of fountains which we met with. They are invaluable to the traveller over the parched and dried-up plains, and are often the result of the pure benevolence and genuine native hospitality of the Turkish peasant. In some places, where there is no spring or supply of water to form a running stream, the charitable inhabitant of a neighbouring village places a large vessel of water in a rude hut, built either of stone or boughs, to shade it from the sun: this jar or vessel is filled daily, or as often as necessity requires, and the water is sometimes brought from a distance of many miles.—*Hamilton's Researches in Asia Minor.*

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.

THE COVENANTER'S PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

Not in a temple made with hands we worship thee, oh God!
But in this drear and lonely place, of heather and of sod.
Not beneath groined and fretted roof, where meek devotion's eye
Is lured from heaven, by crimson gauds and panes of curious dye:
But where the tempest whistles through our loose uncovered locks,
Where all above is lowering sky, and all around us rocks.
Not in the proud humility of surplice, alb or stole;
But in the garments of our craft, we offer up our soul.
Yes! in the garments of our craft, with hands embrowned by toil,
We call on thee to cleanse our hearts from earthly taint or soil.
We know that thou art mighty, and we feel that thou art kind;
That thou canst hear our suppliant prayer above the rushing wind;
That thou canst see our upturned eyes in this sequestered dell,
And that thy shield is over all, who serve and love thee well.
Lord! look thou down upon us now, as thus we bend the knee.
Lord! make us strong in this thy cause to bless and worship thee.
Lord! pour upon our thirsty souls the sweet dew of thy grace.
Lord! let thy people see thee in the spirit face to face.
Lord! let thy people hear thee, now the haughty spoiler comes;
Now the saints' blood stains the ingle side, the fire consumes our homes;
Oh, nerve our hearts to daring deeds, that we may flesh the sword
On all who scorn thy holy name, who scoff thy holy word.
Behold, oh God! the thousands of the fierce Amalekite,
Have sought in these our fastnesses to goad us to the fight.
Aye! even here we may not draw a free religious breath,
But like a wilderness of wolves they hunt us to the death.
Lord, God, Jehovah! full of faith, and earnest trust in thee,
We go to cleave our conquering way through yonder human sea.
We go, but not with roll of drum, or shattering trumpet blare;
Nor silken banner, gold-inwrought, that mocks the troubled air;
But solemnly and steadfastly, as serious men should move,
Thy Word our only breast-plate, our only shield thy Love.

THE DREAM.

Methought morn on the distant hills
Its mellow light was flinging,
And warbling o'er the mountain rills
The sky-lark's notes were ringing.

I gazed upon my native vale—
My eyes with pleasure beaming;
Each well-known rock, each mount and dale
In dawn's first flush was gleaming.

Amid those scenes of boyish glee,
My mind was backward wandering
To days when life was young and free—
Uncurbed by care's meandering.

The village school, the youthful games,
Each jealous of excelling,
Ere gold or fame—ah! phantom names,
Had won me from my dwelling.

A mother's words came to my mind,
An aged father's blessing;—
A little brother's greetings kind—
A sister's fond caressing.

I sought the cottage of my youth,
In yonder copse retiring,
Where my loved parents taught me truth,
And checked my vain aspiring.

Ah, me—a ruin marked the spot!—
The green grass o'er it growing,
For death had fallen to their lot—
In time's unwearied flowing.

I turned away absorbed in grief,
To seek the lowly dwelling
Of those to whom death brought relief—
From cares incessant swelling.

No costly monument was there,
To mark where they were lying;
But gowans grew in clusters fair—
And soft winds o'er them sighing.

Rear marble to the hero's name,
With wreaths his grave bestrewing;
A nobler tribute fell to them—
From true love's founts bedewing.

St. John, 1843. G. G. M.

DONALD FAY;

OR, THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN IDLE MOMENT.

DONALD FAY, the hero of our tale of true life, had been, at the time of his marriage, sixteen years before the story opens, a thrifty young farmer on Bergen Hill; no one bade fairer to arrive at independence. His landlord was indulgent, and leased him his house, barn, and forty acres, at a rate that, with industry, he easily paid the first three years, and laid by something for a "rainy day." Sarah, his wife, was an excellent, frugal, and industrious partner, just such an one as a young farmer, in his condition, needed, a "help-meet" truly in every thing he did towards advancing the prosperity of his situation. She had presented him, also, with a little girl, a year after his marriage, and the interesting prattler, as it reached its third year, he felt united him closer to its fair mother, and was an additional spur to his industry. There were many ways by which Donald increased his profits, and turned all his labours to advantage, which are unknown to farmers living at a distance from a great city. His little farm was but three miles from New York, on the south side of Bergen Hill in Jersey, and an hourly ferry, at that time, gave him easy access to the market. Besides butter, eggs and poultry, which Sarah took to market twice a week, he, himself, hired and sent in a man with milk every morning to a large number of regular customers, the receipts from which were no small income at the year's end; besides, he found in the city, a ready cash market for his pork, veal and mutton, for his hay, corn and other produce. Thus Donald Fay was a thrifty farmer, and promised, one day, to be as rich a man as Henry Brevoort and others, who began the world in a small way, like him. Three years he had been thus prosperous, and as he was not intemperate, there seemed no prospect of any check being put to it, so long as he remained in health, and his wife proved so frugal. But Donald was avaricious! The more money he made, the more he loved it; and at length he began to think he did not make it fast enough. He had calculated, and found that it would take him a good many years to get as rich as some of his neighbours; and he was ambitious to be rich! This was the period when lotteries—those curses which are paralelled only by distilleries, filled a large share of the public mind. Every body was talking of them, and every body felt tempted to leave the honest and laborious toil by which they lived, to arrive suddenly at wealth by a lucky turn of the wheel of Fortune. The mania filled the land, and men became discontented with labour, and leaving their benches, their ploughs, their hammers and their anvils, flocked to the lottery-offices to win riches by a turn of the lottery director's hand. But Donald Fay had been too attentive to his farm, and the routine of his daily business, to pay much attention to the subject of lotteries; and if he ever spoke of them, it was without thinking of himself, or of improving his position in connection with them. But it chanced that one day he had sold off the mutton, veal, turkies and geese he had brought to market, a little earlier than usual; when, instead of going directly home, as he should have done, he lingered about the market, idly looking at the other seller's stalls, and proudly, in his heart, comparing them with his own neat stand, clean bench and polished meat-hooks. But idleness is a dangerous indulgence; time accidentally gained, should be twice improved, instead of indolently spent. Five idle minutes after Donald had closed his stall, laid the foundation for years of future sorrow.

While he was carelessly lounging through the market, a lively young butcher who had often come out to his farm the year before, to buy of him sheep, and a beeve or two to kill for market, but who, having become intemperate, had, of late, so neglected his business, that he rarely now had money to purchase even a single lamb, came up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah, Donald, my man, glad to see you! how do you come on out there to Bergen?"

"Oh, very well, James," said Donald, not feeling quite at ease in the society of his quondam friend, since he had taken to drinking.

"Very well, hey, Donald!" repeated Jim Talbot, with a slight sneer; "I don't call it very well to rise early and go to bed late, the year round, just to get together three or four hundred dollars to put in bank at the end o' the year!"

"I think, for a poor man like me, who am nothing but a small farmer, and a tenant at that, Jamie, I would do well to lay by four hundred dollars clear of the world each christmas!"

"Hoit, man! You will always be a 'poor man,' as you say, and a tenant, too," said Jim, loudly; "you don't know what is for your interest. You want to be a rich man, Donald; now tell the truth."

"Yes, I would prefer to be independent,"

said Donald, his eyes brightening at the thought.

"I know it—I see it in you! You work like a *dog*; *but riches don't come of hard work*, nor never did! I have learned that, and so have knocked off, this eight months," said Jim, a little tipsily.

"But I don't see that you are growing any richer the last eight months," said Donald, with a smile, glancing at Jim's old coat, greasy vest, and badly worn trowsers, while a glance a little lower showed him that his shoes were through at the toes, and sadly *one-sided* at the heels

"No, not yet; not yet, my boy," said Jim, with a hiccup; "but I am going to be, d——d soon too! I guess you'll stare, Donald. lad, when you are driving along Broadway in your milk-cart, to see me ride past you in my own carriage."

"Guess I should, Jamie."

"You needn't look so incredulous, Donald. But come with me into Burling's cellar, and take a mug of ale. You don't drink, I know, but ale wont hurt you."

"No, Jamie, I thank you. But how are you going to get rich so all of a sudden?" asked Donald, his avarice, which was ever topmost in his heart, roused by his late friend's words, trifling and scarcely worthy of a sober man's attention as they were.

"Come down in the cellar, and I'll talk with you. You'll be glad to learn it, and repent all your life if you don't. I can show you how to get rich without such a slave's life as you have of it. You do work hard—d——d hard, don't you, Donold?" and Jamie hung his arm familiarly over Donald's shoulder.

"Why, I do work—yes, perhaps I work hard, Jamie—but then I have to, or I'd never get along," answered Donald, already beginning to feel the insinuating temptation to idleness that irresistibly followed Jamie's words. "Let me hear your plan, Jamie?"

"Come along into Burling's," said Jim, pulling him by the arm; "you needn't drink—though a pint of ale wouldn't harm a baby.—Come along, and I'll talk with you. I've always been a friend to you, Donald, and I want you to profit by it as well as myself. Come!"

Donald suffered himself to be led by Jim Talbot from the market house to the cellar beneath it, a place which he had never suffered himself to enter during his three years' marketing there; but he excused himself on the plea that Jamie probably had some scheme in view *for him to improve his fortune, and which it* would not be prudent for him to let pass without learning the nature of it, and seeing what facilities it afforded for enriching himself; in a *word, his avarice chose to consider it a matter* of business! for as all "business" involves the acquisition of money on one side or the other, so all interviews relating to the acquisition of money are "business engagements." Thus reasoned Donald's avaricious disposition with his conscience, which condemned him for going into a drinking cellar; and so avarice led him into his first temptation.

After Jamie had got into the dark, damp and noisome apartment, with its broken floor, its little dirty boxes, to hold two men placed on each side, with its smoky atmosphere and crowd of topers, swearing, hugging each other, and drinking, and singing songs, Jim led him to one of the blue painted boxes, holding him the while fast by the arm, as he saw he didn't like the place, nor the company, and was inclined to retreat.

"Come, Donald, never mind these—let's take seats in this snug box; we can drop the curtain, and here, with our elbows on the table between us, talk as we like, and be as private as a lady's parlor."

Donald, now that he had got into the cellar, was by no means sorry to escape from view *into the little dark nook, from the front of* which Jamie held up a dirty, greasy piece of sixpenny calico, which he had dignified by the appellation of "curtain." A narrow board, which the same personage had dignified by the name of a table, was placed lengthwise within it, and covered with a coarse towel, which, for Jamie's sake, might, in courtesy, be called a table-cloth. It was covered with filthy blotches of all sorts of abominations that had been partaken off it for the last three weeks, and sent up to Donald's nose a compound odor, that, like Paddy Goulan's pole-cat, had no particular smell—but not a very 'perticklerly sweet one.' At the farther end sat black japaned castors, the muddy-looking and broken-nosed cruets containing articles that evidently were meant to represent pepper, vinegar and mustard; near it stood a glass salt-cellar, containing a whity-brown material, with the imprints therein of the fore-finger and thumb of some previous occupant of the box.

Before entering, Jim had tipped the bar-keeper a wink which he understood, from a sometime knowledge of his customer's habits, to mean two brandies; so they had hardly got *seated, before he lifted the curtain, and placed*

n the table a dirty waiter, containing two stiff asses of brandy and water.

"*No; but one brandy, Burling—this gentle*an drinks ale," said Jim, placing sixpence on e waiter to pay for the two glasses, at three nts each.

"I thank you, Jamie," said Donald, decided-, "I wont drink any thing. I never do, you now I am a sober man!"

"Oh, yes, the gentleman is a sober man, om," said Jim, significantly, to the keeper of e cellar, a little offended at the moral superi-ity over him the words implied; "but never ind, he'll drink with me! Take away the andy, and give us a mug of Albany;" for m bad now resolved he should, at all events, ink with him.

"No, no, I don't wish it," said Donald.

The man had already disappeared, and soon turned with the ale foaming white above the *of the pewter mug.*

"Set it down, Tom. Now, Donald, here's our health, and success to our being rich men! ake it, take it up, man—what, wont you drink at toast?"

Donald half-extended his hand towards the ug—coloured, hesitated, and then drew it ack.

"Now, then, if a man considers himself too od *to drink with* another," said Jim, setting own, untasted, the glass he had lifted to his outh, quite offended; "I don't see what he ed trouble himself about him for; you may ay poor for all I will show you a way to get ch, Mr. Fay; if I aint fit to drink with, I aint t to sit with;" and with these words Jim got to leave the box.

"Stop, Jamie," said Donald, forcing a smile; glass of ale is neither here nor there, between ends. So sit down, and I'll drink with you r this once, though I don't need it, if ye'll ever ask me again."

"Well, this once, then, Donald!" said Jim, ollified, and sitting down; "I hate to see a llow so stiff up, that he thinks nobody good ough for him just because he keeps sober.—D——n such fellows! Give me a boy that'l ke his glass with a friend, and grasp his hand er it as if he had a warm heart in his breast. ere, then, is to you, Donald," added Jim, uching Donald's mug, which he had taken his hand; "and success to our enterprize."

Jim's brandy and water went quickly the ay of all brandies and water, in the hands of n amateur like him; Donald's ale disappear-d less quickly, but he finally emptied his mug, r the first taste of it inspired a peculiar thirst, which, though he did not intend to drink but little of it, he could not help yielding to.

"That's a friend, now, Donald," *said Jim,* taking his hand across the board, and squeezing it in a very tipsy friendly way; "I like to see a man come down to a level with his friends."

These words struck Donald very unpleasantly, and he felt uneasy and sorry he had taken the ale; the reflection forced itself upon him—I have indeed come down to the level *which he would drag me to! Instead of ele*vating him to mine, by dissuading him from drink, I have suffered myself to fall to his! and he inwardly resolved never to drink another glass again under any circumstances. Avarice had thus led Donald to take the first step in intemperance!

"Well, Jamie, now you have got me down here, and made me drink with you, let me *know what is the way of getting so soon rich* as you spoke of?"

"Well, you see, Donald, it's a dull life this, to work till we are old and worn out, to get rich; and I have made up my mind, as I told you long ago, to quit it! I mean to live like a gentleman."

"But how, Jamie, how?" demanded Donald, impatiently.

"Why, you see, I was yesterday down in Nasssau street, and, being thirsty, I wanted something to drink, in coursè; so finding, you see, I had, somehow, left my purse at home, I hadn't a red cent—no, not a red cent, Donald! A fix, wasn't it for a gentleman to be in that means to ride in his carriage! So, thinks I to myself, I must have a drink if I have to work for it—because, it was a all-fired ways to get at my purse!"

"I dare say, Jamie," said Donald drily.

"Yes, and so I looked about for a chance to do an odd job, for a minute to get a sixpence; and I saw a fellow ragged as a beggar leading an old worn-out horse with two bags filled with street-pickings across his back. Says he, seeing by my looks I wasn't very particular what I did, 'hold my horse till I just go up them are steps, and I'll give you three cents.' I didn't like the chap's looks over much, nor his horse's neither, but when a man's dry, he'll do any thing to get the metal to pay for a drink."

"Water don't cost any thing, Jamie."

"Water don't quench my thirst, Donald; water was only made to mix liquor in—raw water gives a man the cholic. I told the chap if he'd pay me in advance, (for I didn't believe

he had three cents, and I knew if he went off, his old horse wouldn't bring me that,) I'd do it. Well, he launches out the coppers and hands them to me and I takes hold o' the rope to hold the critter—though he looked more like an animal in danger of taking root on the ground right where he stood, than moving of his own free will. He hadn't been gone up the steps more than two minutes, when he threw up the window over my head and told me 'to let the old horse go to the devil—for he didn't want to see him or his bags again.' I didn't stop to be told a second time, but hitting the critter a kick, set him moving, while I stopped and wondered what the fellow had got since he went up. So, thinks I, I'll see; and climbed up the stairs after him. At the top was a door set all round with red and green pasteboard signs, with 'Lottery Office' on it as large as life. Over the door was, 'Wheel of Fortune,' 'The Mint,' 'The way to Wealth,' 'The Ladder to Riches,' and all such things. I walked in, and there I saw this ragged chap lolling over a pile of gold and silver and bank notes that two chaps were counting out to him as fast as they could move their fingers, and there wasn't fingers enough at that for all the money heaped up before 'em. Well, the old fellow looked like a basket of smiles! He no sooner saw me than he sung out, coming and hugging me round the neck"—

"Hurrah, I've drawn a prize—ten thousand dollars! down cash! Hurrah!" and he run back to his money again.

"A prize," said I, staring at the gold.

"Yes, sir," said a man who had been writing, and came up to me, as perlite as a pair of tongs bowing to a poker, "this gentleman has drawn a prize of ten thousand dollars. He came in here two weeks ago and bought it—saying it was the last money he had, and he had been four months getting that; and now to-day he has brought his ticket and finds himself a rich man, as if by magic. You had best purchase a ticket, Sir—Whole's, $16; halves, $8; quarter's, $4; eighths, $2." And he shoved in my face a little pile of blue and red tickets.

"Money down, fifteen per cent off, the very hour the prize is drawn. Best buy, Sir! No way like this to get rich!"

"I tell you, Donald, the sight o' the gold made my eyes water; and when I thought if only I had sixteen dollars how rich I could be, I began to make up my mind to try and raise the wind. While I was thinking about it, and gloating on the money the ragged fellow was tying up in a pocket handkerchief they sold him, I began to think you would like to k[illegible] this; and as you had plenty o' money [illegible] wouldn't mind sixteen dollars, you migh[illegible] to try your luck. So, I said, I'll tell you a[illegible] it when you come to market this morning; [illegible] you see, Donald, I've been as good as [illegible] word."

"I thank you, Jamie, indeed, and in tru[illegible]" said Donald, warmly grasping his hands; [illegible] then I doubt if it would be right to ventur[illegible] a lottery. It is a species of gambling [illegible] thinking."

"No more than if you buy a calf for five [illegible]lars, and keep and fat it till it netts you [illegible] as a beeve. It is venturing a little to rec[illegible] more. Come, let us have one more drink! Here, Burling, give us two more glasses—and brandy."

"No, Jamie, indeed!" protested Don[illegible] though fainter than he had done at first, [illegible] the one glass he had indulged in had weake[illegible] his resolution, and increased his thirst; wh[illegible] at the same time, it had, from his uniform [illegible]briety, flown into his head, and added to [illegible] excited hopes, created by Jamie's narra[illegible] made him a "little happy." Jamie saw t[illegible] and felt that he had to make use of but a li[illegible] more persuasion, after the ale should be broug[illegible] to induce him to drink a second time with h[illegible] for next to his fondness so characteristic [illegible] inebriates, of having some one hob and [illegible] within his cups, he felt as degraded drunka[illegible] all do, a pleased revenge in bringing a s[illegible] and steady acquaintance of better days do[illegible] to his own beastial level.

"But I cannot venture a lottery, Jamie," [illegible] said, after Burling had placed on the table [illegible] replenished glasses; "it is a sin, and G[illegible] would not bless it."

"None of your Methodistical cant, [illegible] Donald; you would over-reach a neighbo[illegible] a fair bargain, and never think to ask Go[illegible] forgiveness for it in your go-to-bed prayer[illegible] Here you've only got to plank the hard [illegible]ter of your own honest earnings, and wait [illegible] turn of a wheel to know if you are to be w[illegible] twenty thousand or a hundred thousand d[illegible]lars."

"But I can't play in a lottery, for it, Ja[illegible] it goes again' my conscience. I should n[illegible] enjoy the wealth come of gambling. It's [illegible] great temptation to an honest man, the[illegible] Jamie."

"And many an honest man hath suffe[illegible] himself to be tempted and thanked Heave[illegible] it! But never mind, let it go; I only th[illegible] to do you a favour, knowing you worke[illegible]

ard to get money. Come, drink off your ale." And Jim watching his opportunity, secretly poured into it half of the brandy out of his own glass.

"I don't want it, Jamie," said Donald, taking it up, "but seeing it is you, and the last glass, I'll do it to oblige you. Here's to you kindly, Jamie."

"Then here's to you, kindly back again, Donald," answered the plotting Jim, who, having no money himself, had laid and matured this plan to get Donald to buy both for himself and him. He now, that it had progressed so far, resolved not to be defeated in his own expectations of wealth, the basis of which was to be Donald's purse—the purse which he very probably alluded to when relating his adventure with the ragged chiffonier and his horse. He knew enough of Donald's principles to know that he *would* be likely to refuse, much as he loved to grow rich, to adventure money in a lottery; he therefore, determined to tempt him to drink, trusting to his avaricious curiosity to lead him into the snare.

"That ale is good, very good—but I think something stronger than the last mug," said Donald, with the tears gushing from his eyes. "I think it has got into my nose! I'll drink no more, Jamie, dear."

"It won't hurt you. It does a man good to take something once in a while. A cold water stomach is like a wet rag. I wonder temperance people don't mortify inside for want of proper keeping! Spirits is the pickle to keep mankind in!"

"*Yes, yes, good—pickle—good!*" *hiccupped* Donald: on whose brain the mixed ale and brandy was taking effect "He, he, he!—You're a d——d good fellow, Jamie."

"I knew you'd say so—I knew it, Donald! Now you're coming out! You'd be a gentleman if 'twant for your confounded sobriety."

"So, s-s-so, sobriety?"

"Yes, I said sobriety, Donald," answered Jamie, who saw with pleasure his friend was getting into the condition he would see him; "you are a good fellow, too!"

"A, a-m I—am I! Jamie! I say, Jamie," and Donald put an arm round his neck; "Jamie, I say?"

"Well, Donald?"

"Do you know, I think—I think, you are a good fellow."

"You just told me so."

"D-d-d—did, did I, Jamie?"

"Yes."

"Then you're I devilish good fel-fel-fel—I say—Jamie?"

"What, Donald?" answered Jamie, whose own experience now telling him, the time was come to make his friend do any thing.

"I say, you know where that, that lot—lot—"

"Lottery," cried Jamie eagerly, completing the word Donald drunkenly stumbled at.

"Yes, lottery! I say, Jamie, do you know?"

"I'll go with you there, now," said Jim rising and taking Donald's arm.

"That's a good fellow—didn't I just say you was a good fellow?"

"Yes—come along!"

"I am coming—I mean to buy a ticket, Jamie."

"Well, let us go," said Jamie persuading and coaxing him as if he feared his game would slip his net, and he led him out of the box, whispering to Burling to order a hackney coach.

Without resistance, but giving his will wholly up to Jim's direction, he suffered himself to be led quite tipsy, to the coach. Jim jumped in after him, and the driver receiving his orders, drove in the direction of Nassau street.

"I—is—is this *your* coach, Jamie?" asked poor Donald, as they drove rapidly along.

"Yes, Donald, my boy," said Jim, elated; didn't I tell you I was going to ride in a coach of my own?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I recollect! I say, Jamie, I want to buy one of those lottery tickets, hey?"

"You shall, Donald; we are going there now."

"You are a goo-good fellow, Jamie; give us your hand, Jamie."

"Have you any money with you, Donald, lad?" asked Jamie in a low solicitous tone.

"Money! yes, Jamie I always have money; what should I do without money; I never leave my pur-pur-purse at home, Jamie," said Donald with a drunken shrewdness often seen in men in his state. and winking tipsily at Jim.

Jim did not blush, though nature tried to for him, but the mirror in his cheek through which she would have reflected was too thickly coated with vice and hardihood. He felt, however, that Donald had his wits about him, and that he must play his hand with caution. "Count and see if you have sixteen dollars, Donald."

"Sixteen! s-s-s-sixteen dol-dollars," he repeated, taking out his pocket-book, with the kind assistance of the hardy Jim, and opening it; "sixteen—yes—here is ten—five—that's fif-

teen, a'nt it, Jamie?" he hiccupped, and looking up with a vacant stare.

"Yes, Donald."

"Yes—I thought—thought so! but that a'nt sixteen, Jamie."

"There is a twenty and five, besides," said Jim, eagerly.

"I know that, but I only want sixteen—here's a one to—to—to make it!" and he drew a one from between two leaves of the pocket-book.

"Oh, but you will buy two tickets, Donald?" said Jim, quickly.

"And what will I buy two for, Jamie?" asked Donald with characteristic caution.

"You will give me one, you know, Donald, dear, for telling you;" said Jim in his most insinuating way.

"Oh, no, man Jamie! Sixteen dollars is too much to lose, without throwing away six-sixteen on you, Jamie. What do you want a ti-ti-tick-ticket for, Jamie? You are too poor to want a ticket. You'd get drunk."

Jamie's feelings were hurt, by this unkind cut—in plain terms he was angry at Donald. Donald took out the sixteen dollars, and began to shut up his pocket-book, preparatory to replacing it in his customary receptacle. Jim saw at a glance, that he would get no ticket with Donald's leave. He was not so drunk, but his avarice would be sober. He was not "drunk all over." Jim felt that the crisis had arrived for himself; and that unless he could manage adroitly, he would have lost his morning's work, to the sole benefit of his avaricious friend; this disinterested issue was no part of his original tactics.

Donald had began to tie it with very tipsy fingers, when Jim managed, as the carriage jolted in crossing the gutter, to knock himself against him, and throw the pocket-book to the bottom of the carriage.

"Oh, confound this hackman! I'll pick it up, Donald," cried Jim, stooping down so that Donald could not have stooped himself, if he had wished to, and while seeming to be feeling for it, he slipped out the twenty dollar note, and concealed it in his cuff, and handed him the book, though not without first assiduously blowing and brushing the dirt off. "Here it is—not hurt a bit;" and he thrust it into his friend's pocket and made him button his coat over it, lest, he said, "some rogue should pick it!" What a pleasant circumstance it must be for a drunken gentleman to have at such times, a "friend in need!"

At length, they alighted at the Lottery Office, and Donald, after a little delay, for a man in liquor, invariably makes a slow bargain, the ticket was purchased, and he placed it in his pocket-book without missing the note Jim had stolen. They then returned to the cellar, when Jim dismissed the hack after paying the hackman a dollar, leaving nineteen for himself.—He could not, nor did he now try very hard, to persuade Donald to drink again; and the friends soon afterwards parted; Donald Fay to go home with a head-ache to wake up the ensuing morning late, feverish, and worst of all, with a heavy conscience; Jim to purchase one-sixteenth of a ticket, and spend the night and the whole of the following week, frolicing on his remaining eighteen. Thus, in one of these individuals, intemperance had led to poverty, deception, and finally to crime; in the other, a few idle moments had found the way to dissolute companions, intemperance and gambling; throwing down the bulwarks of principle, and letting in vice and folly to run riot over the moral guerdon of the heart. Suffice it to say that Donald's ticket was a blank, and he himself became a ruined man—a drunkard and an outcast.

TO CELIA ——.

As the moon-beam steals softly
  At eve o'er the stream,
At the hour when the fairies
  In flower cups dream:—

As the starlight rests gently
  On streamlet and sea,
While the soft air is laden
  With charm'd melody:—

As the brooklet light flowing
  Seems blithesome and gay,
While its wavelets of crystal
  Bound on their bright way:—

As the dew-drop at morning
  Rests on the soft flow'r,
While the zephyr's light whisper
  Is heard in the bow'r:—

May thy days be like star-light—
  The zephyr and stream,
And as bright—flow as gentle
  As youth's rosy dream:—

As the brooklet and dew-drop
  Bright, sparkling and free
May each hour clear and sunny
  Flow onward with thee!

The Herring Fisherman of the Bay of Fundy.

We must commend to the kindly regards of the reader a most singular being—the herring fisherman of this Bay. Few that see him.—He is neither so moral, so intelligent, so willing to pay his debts, or so temperate or industrious as he might be;—still he is an improved and improving man. Bred to the use of boats from his earliest youth, he displays astonishing skill in their management, and great boldness in his adventures. He will cross in the stormiest weather from island to island, and go from passage to passage, through frightful whirls of tides, which suddenly meet with a loud roar;* and he will drive headlong, as it were, upon rocks and bars, merely to show how easily he can shun them, or how rapidly he can "go about." He is neither a landsman nor a seaman, a soldier nor a marine, but you would think by his talk, that he could appear to advantage in either of these characters. He is neither a merchant nor a mechanic, and yet he can buy and sell, mend and make as expertly as either.

In the healing art he is wise above all others; and fancies that he possesses a sovereign specific for every ailment which all the world besides considers as incurable. He holds nautical instruments in high derision; for the state of the moon, and the weather prediction of the almanac, the peculiar sound of the sea when it moans, and the particular size or shape of a "cat's paw," or 'glin" in the sky, lead him to far surer results. He will undertake nothing upon a Friday, and can prove by a hundred incidents how infallible are the signs and omens which he believes in. He thinks to die in his bed, true it is, that he has been overset, that his boat has sunk under him, and that a vessel has run over him; but he is still alive and why should he suppose that he can be drowned? His "fish stories" are without end. In politics, he goes for the largest liberty. He has never heard of easements or prescriptions, but he occupies, at will, both beach and upland, without any claim to the right of either, and will browbeat the actual proprietor who has the temerity to remind him of their relative positions.—Against speculators he wages perpetual war; why should we not? since it is they who put up the price of flat-hooped, fine, middlings flour, and put down the price of fish and oil!

And who shall do justice to his dress, and to his professional gear? The garments which cover his upper and nether man he calls his *ile sute*. The queer shaped thing worn upon his crown is a *sou-wester*, or, if the humour takes him, a *north-easter*. He wears neither mittens nor gloves, but has a substitute which he has named *nippers*. When he talks about *brush*, he means to speak of the matted and tangled mass which grows upon his head, or the long red hair under his chin, which serves the purpose of a neck-cloth, or of that in front of his ears, which renders him impervious to a dun. His boots are *stampers*. Lest he should lose the moveables about his person, he has them fastened to his pocket by *lanniarks*.—One of his knives is a *cut-throat*, and another is a *splitter*. His apron of leather or canvass is a *berrel*. The compartment into which he throws his fish as he catches them is a kid.—The state of the moon favorable for "driving" he calls *darks*. The bent up iron hoop which he uses to carry his burning torch is a *dragon*. The small net with an iron bow and wooden handle is a *dip-net*, because it is with that he dips out of the water the fish which his light draws to the surface.

His *set net* is differently *hung*, and much larger; it has leads on its lower edge, to sink it its width in the water, and corks upon its upper edge, at regular intervals, to buoy it up, and preserve it nearly in a perpendicular direction so that the herrings may strike it and become entangled in its meshes. Nor does his dialect end here. Chebacco boats and small schooners are known to him as *pinkies*, *hoggies* and *jiggers*. He knows but little about the hours of the day or the night; every thing with him is reckoned by the tide. Thus, if you ask him what time he was married, he will answer, "On the young flood last night;" and he will tell you that he saw a certain man this morning about "low water slack;" or, as the case may be, "just at half flood," "as the tide turned," or, "at two hours to low water." If he have fish to sell, and is questioned as to their size, he will reply that they are "two quintle" fish, by which he means that fifty will weigh one hundred and twelve pounds. If he speaks of the length of line required on the different fish-grounds, he says that *two shots* are used on the banks and in the Bay of Fundy, and but *half a shot* at the Labrador; by a *shot* he means thirty fathoms or the length of an ordinary line. He is kind and hospitable in

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*The ordinary rise and fall of the tide is twenty two feet. The rapidity with which it rushes by the points of land, and through the narrow straits between the islands, creates dangerous cross tides, eddies and whirlpools.

his way; and the visitor who is treated to fresh smother, duff and jofloggers †, may regard himself as a decided favorite.

Though the man we have described is no countryman of ours, and was to be seen playing the soldier on the easterly side of the St. Croix, during the recent troubles on the Aroostook, we have bestowed considerable time upon him, because some of his qualities of character and forms of speech are common to most of the class to which he belongs; and because his nets, knives and other gear, are in general use. In days gone by, both he and many of our fishermen were lovers of strong drink. In a petition to Congress sent from Marblehead in 1790, which contains a number of calculations as to the losses and gains of the fishing business at that period, and which claims relief from the onerous duties imposed upon the articles used in constructing and fitting out fishing vessels, it is stated that the impost paid to the Government, on the quantity of molasses necessary for a vessel of sixty-five tons and eleven men, was only ninety nine cents, while that on rum, for the same, was just fourteen dollars! This was a melancholy state of things, it must be confessed; but worse occurred before a better, inasmuch as, some twenty-five years later, masters, whose own sobriety was above suspicion, and whose notions of economy were rigid, would often require for a voyage to Labrador eight, and even ten gallons of rum for every man on board. Masters who now contend that one tenth of this quantity, or indeed that any quantity is necessary for drink on a similar voyage, are seldom found or employed.

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† Pot pie of sea birds, pudding and pancakes.

THE MIGNONETTE.

'Twas when the summer's golden eve
  Fell dim o'er flower and fruit—
A mystic spell was on me cast
  As I drank of some charmed root;
It came o'er the sense as the breeze swept by,
  Like the breath of some blessed thing—
Again it came, and my spirit rose
  As if borne on an angel's wing.
It bore me away to my native land—
  Away o'er the deep sea foam—
And I stood once more, a happy child,
  By the hearth of my early home:
And well loved forms were by me there
  That long in the grave had lain,
And I heard the voices I heard of old,
  And they smiled on me again.
And I knew once more the dancing play
  Of the spirits' gladsome youth,
And lived again in the sunny light
  Of the heart's unbroken truth:
Yet felt I then as we always feel,
  The sweet grief o'er me cast,
When a chord is waked of the spirit's harp
  Which telleth of the past.
And what could it be that blissful trance,
  What caused the soul to glide,
Forgetting alike both time and change,
  So far o'er memory's tide?
Oh! could that deep mysterious power
  Be but the breath of an earthly flower,
'Twas not the rose with her leaves so bright
  That flung o'er my soul such dazzling ligh
Nor the tiger lily's gorgeous dyes
  Had tinged the hue of my spirit's eyes—
'Twas not from the pale, but gifted leaf
  That bringeth to mortal pain, relief.
Not where the blue wreaths
  Of the star-flower shine,
Nor lingered in the airy bells
  Of the graceful columbine.
But again it cometh—I breathe it yet,
  'Tis the sigh of the lowly mignonette,
And there, 'midst the garden's leafy gems
  Blossomed a group of its fairy stems.
Few would have thought
  Of its faint perfume
Whilst they gazed on
  The rose-bed crimson bloom;
But to me it was laden
  With smiles and tears,
And the faded hopes
  Of by-gone years.
And many a feeling long buried deep
  Was waked again from its dreamless sleep
That bringeth me back the breeze of home—
  That kissed my brow at eve,
In youth it seemed with me to joy,
  And in woe with me to grieve.
Oft have I stood in the bold moonlight
  Where it clustered the lattice pane,
And felt that he who framed that flower,
  Would hear my voice again.
Then welcome sweet thing, in the stranger lan
  May it smile upon thy birth,
Light fall the rain on thy lowly head
  And genial be the earth—
And blessed be the power
  That gave to thee, all lowly as thou art,
The gifts unknown to prouder things,
  To sooth and teach the heart.

Long Creek, 1843. Emily S——n.

MUSEMENT OF AN IDLE HOUR.

In his "Last Day," Dr. Young uses poetic cense with a vengeance; where he represents n angel

> "Lengthening out the boundless space,
> To spread an area for all human race."

would not charge the Doctor with ignorance f philosophy, as here he exceeds the learned ocke. Yet, how that which has no bounds, an be enlarged, surpasses my circumscribed eas altogether. Perhaps his just judgment as overpowered by the momentous, and awful rcumstances of the "Last Judgment,"—the ugust Judge—the innumerable host of angels —the vast assemblage of the spirits of just men nade perfect—and the vastly superior number f miserable offenders—no wonder both philoophy and mathematical correctness forsook im in the contemplation—for, he writes as ne who feels the serious importance of his ubject. Amazed and confounded at the multudinous mass of Beings assembled, he exlaims:

> "How vast the concourse! not in number more
> The sands that spread along old ocean's shore—
> The leaves that tremble in the shady grove—
> The stars that gild the spangled vault above."

Should the earth remain for ten thousand illion of years, there would surely be room nough for them in boundless space: even supposing each person after the resurrection, to be s gigantic as Milton's angels. But, the Docor has stretched his imagination far beyond ruth, in respect to number—some may say, e had the authority and sanction of divine ruth for this license: but, when it is said— thy seed shall be as the sand on the sea shore, nnumerable;" it is not intended that they hall equal, much less, exceed the grains of and in number; but, that they shall be so umerous, that it would be vain and difficult to nd the number.

Some person, recently, made this remark in y hearing, "That if all the dead from Adam own to the present time were to arise, there ould not be room for them to stand, however lose together, on the surface of the whole arth. I am not deeply skilled in arithmetic, n fact it never was my hobby.

> I'd rather spin two lines of rhyme,
> Than measure substance, space, or time.

But however, I took slate and pencil, fully esolved to find if the opinion, or assertion of his person was correct, and, to ascertain as nearly as requisite, what space would hold all he human race, allowing 900,000,000 in every generation, from Adam down to the present year, and each generation 33 years. I own this is giving too much, but let it pass. Now if we allow 3 feet of space for each man, woman and child, I think it will be amply sufficient; as such persons, or monsters, as Goliath of Gath, or Lambert of Leicester, are very rare.

A square mile of 1760 yards on its side, gives 3,097,600 yards, which, multiplied by 3, the number of persons a superficial yard will contain, produces 9,292,800. Then, an area of ten miles square, will contain more than the living population of the globe; if nine hundred millions be the maximum,—viz: 929,280,000. The whole number of generations of 33 years each, in 5843 years, is 177: then, 900,000,000 by 177, will produce 159,300,000,000: or, to those who wish numeration made easy, one hundred and fifty nine billions, and three hundred millions. A square area whose side is 131 miles, will contain 159,473,740,800 human beings; exceeding the number of dead and living by 173,740,800. Talk about the valley of Jehosaphat, and the valley of the Mississippi no longer—there wants no larger a field for the area of the great Judgment court, than the small *Province of New-Brunswick*, if the world should stand two thousand years longer.

Now for old Doctor Young's grains of sand not exceeding the number of beings assembled at the *general judgment*. If we allow five grains to the side of ⅛ of a superficial inch, one inch will contain 1600, and, one foot 230,400: consequently, a square, whose side is 850 feet, will contain 166,464,000,000: or, to those who do not like such a "dread array" of numerical figures, one hundred and sixty six billions, four hundred and sixty four millions; which, according to the above calculation, exceeds the number of the human race, dead and alive, by seven thousand, one hundred and sixty four millions.

> "The leaves that tremble in the shady grove—
> The stars that gild the spangled vault above,"

may pass without much remark—yet, there is much exaggeration, in respect to the leaves—but,

> Against the sands,
> I raise both hands—
> Old Doctor Young,
> 'Tis highly wrong
> By pen or tongue,
> In prose or song,
> To heap o'er truth, or blind the throng—
> Then mind thyself, poor poetaster;
> And shun the errors of thy master.

How far hyperbolical language is justifiable, I cannot say; yet, I fear, the major part of poets may be classed with liars; if writing what is the opposite of truth may be called lying. J. R——N.

St. John, September, 1843.

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P. S.—Let no one infer from the above remarks, that I think lightly of Doctor Young; on the contrary, I esteem him highly, he is one of my favorite authors: and, if under any necessity, I would rather part with Milton than with Young. J. R.

Hope for the Best.—There is reason for this. It is a world of change we live in. Night is followed by day. Who, that has had gloomy prospects, did not after a while find the heavens to smile again! Hope then for the best, child of misfortune. Events may soon take some more favorable turn, or in your present condition some fresh resources of happiness may be found, of which you are not aware.—Human life is ever fluctuating, and as unforseen calamity often surprises the prosperous, so unexpected light may arise to gladden those who are bewildered in darkness. This at least is certain, that whosoever we may be that are afflicted, we shall not always feel our misfortune with the same poignancy with which we feel it now. Time which on all things lays its lenient hand, will soon assuage the anguish of our grief. The mind will learn to accommodate itself to circumstances. Sources of consolation will appear, which we never imagined before, and the time will come when we shall look back with wonder, at the despondence which oppresses us. Such is the law of Providence. Have faith in it, do your duty, hope for the best, and all will be well with you in the end.

"L' ENNUI."

(*Translated from Voltaire.*)

This tiring listlessness of soul,
  Born of constraint and leisure,
Doth far more of our time engross
  Than either grief or pleasure.

To be employed, is to be blest,
  We pine when idle, and sigh;
The mind must be fed as a fire,
  Which, if neglected, will die.

St. John, 1843. Rodolpho.

For The Amaranth.

LINES ON PARTING.

Oh! when we part, 'tis then we feel
  What happiness we've shared;
'Tis then we prize each look, each smile—
  Each breath of love we've heard;
And sigh when we recall again
  Each sweet, fond parting word.

'Tis then that we each day retrace,
  Each hour that fleeted on,
And deeply mourn our thoughtlessness
  Of bliss which on us shone,
Inspiring our heart's inmost core—
  Fond love's most sacred throne.

'Tis then that scenes once heedless view'd
  Sweet memory recalls;
The perfumed groves, the silvery stream,
  The playful waterfalls,
Rippling 'neath some moss-grown tow'r,
  And glittering 'gainst its walls.

The bowers where we've sat and sung—
  The flow'ry wreaths we wove,
With jessamine twined, and fragrant rose
  All redolent of love;
While calm eve's sky, with varied tint,
  Glowed bright and pure above.

The very portal where we've stood
  Has its peculiar ties;
The latticed window, ivy-twined,
  Some tender thought descries,
And with it then, how many more
  Within our hearts arise!

Ah! sad it is, to think that fate
  Should us so often sever
From such sweet scenes, now for a time,
  And now perhaps for ever;
But time or change, where'er we roam,
  Can ne'er efface them—never!

'Tis absence then, that truly tries
  The secrets of the heart,
'Tis then alone, we really know,
  What pang it gives to part—
From those most dear and fondest too,
  'Tis *then* we feel its smart.

Should we, perchance, e'er meet again,
  Though sorrow hath beset,
We happy hail each wonted smile,
  Which oft before, we met:
We'll talk o'er happy by-gone days,
  And banish past regret!

St. John, 1843. Rodolpho.

STANZAS,

saving from that common fate, of being orn to light a cigar, "OCCASIONAL VERSES," *read by Mr. James Montgomery, the Christian Poet, at the Sheffield Soiree, in honor of the Royal Nuptials. Published in the Halifax (N. S.) Guardian.*

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ir, unassuming flower of poesy,
I save thee from a common desecration:
at well might light, in meek Montgomery,
A flame of just, and righteous indignation—
see this tribute of his loyalty,
Consign'd to such a shameful degradation,
royal wrath, well might Victoria frown,
this vile act, as treason to her crown.

e watchful Guardian's columns could not guard,
From outrage vile, the Royal Nuptials' song;
r shield from insult, Sheffield's Christian Bard;
Nor save the royal pair so deep a wrong—
vereign and Poet share but low regard,
However flatter'd by a courtly throng—
, what of these? whilst here I find, O shame!
e king of kings—the great Jehovah's name.

nceforward none may blame the grocer dame,
Who wrap'd her snuff in leaves of an old bible—
r give that subject an approbrious name,
Who calls his king a knave, altho' a libel—
line a trunk with Byron's works of fame,
Or roll up curls with Milton's were a foible,
r this, what punishment is too severe?
s well th' Attorney Gen'ral is not here!

nceforward let no Bard be such an ass,
To rack his brain for fame—a vain illusion—
wever well he write, alas, alas,
His fame must wait his body's dissolution—
hilst yet alive, his works, like kindred grass,
May meet with fire, or snuff, or worse pollution,
an this was doom'd to meet, each verse and line,
est modest Bard, Montgomery, of thine.

he who never wrote a word impure,
Nor rais'd a blush on modest maiden's cheek,
hose song divine should evermore endure,
The chaste, humane, the modest and the meek,
treated thus, my muse, art thou secure?
Restrain thy tongue—no more presume to speak;
r let thy wounded feelings rise in war,
ould thy poor fragment light a fop's cigar.

Although I ne'er have seen the author's face,
Strong ties unseen, a kindred spirit bind—
All bards are brothers—neither time nor space,
Can break the bonds fraternal, of their kind—
And, rescu'd now, from such a deep disgrace,
I'll safely keep this offspring of his mind—
This sparkling gem, this flower of beauteous bloom,
May charm some eye when I am in the tomb.

St. John, 1843. J. REDFERN.

VANITY.—We conceive Vanity, to be a species of *petty pride* by which humanity distorts its nature, and thus renders itself ridiculous to men of sense.

Of all the infirmities with which the human mind is afflicted, the disease of vanity is, perhaps, the most pitiable. Pride, although evinced on worthless pursuits, is, to some extent, tolerable, inasmuch, as it is occasionally a becoming, as well as an inherent quality of our nature. *Inconstancy* is a deplorable evil, inseparable from the human heart, and therefore partially excusable. *Intemperance*, when, through the weakness of the understanding, we suffer it to rule our reason, renders us, at once, objects, both odious and indelicate; yet, not utterly hopeless. But, alas! VANITY, that voluntary creation of a vitiated judgment,—the food of coxcombs; the lure of fools; and the ridicule of reason; surpasses them all,—because of its detestable insignificance—its abominable pusillanimity. What then, we inquire, is its effect? In what consists a competent remedy for this sad and pitiful disease of the human mind? Shall we grieve, because our nature submits to so dire a calamity? Shall we despond, because we possess no efficient panacea for the loathsome evil? Nay, rather let us *laugh* at the self-created victim of public derision, whose delight is nonsense, and whose surname is Folly;—bearing in mind the import of the experienced fact, that amongst the sons of vanity, *ridicule* frequently effects what the best directed *reason* too often fails to accomplish.

To him who is the prey of vanity, life is little better than the shadow of a dream. Observe the Hero, whom, alas! depraved taste, pampered by a vitiated judgment, has pronounced the most elevated and renowned of human characters;—what is he, but the mere *bubble* of a corrupt, debased, and unholy ambition; not less demoralized in principle than barbarous in occupation! What, we calmly ask, are the grand objects of his risks and pri-

vations; his strifes with, and his brutal slaughters of his fellow creatures? Are they not the clamorous plaudits of an inhuman, ungrateful, and unstable public, who, like children in quest of baubles, fondle to-day, what they despise to-morrow? Who, then, is he that barters his peace and happiness, his benevolence and virtue, his moral worth and inate humanity for such shadowy rewards,—who is contented to hazard his life in pursuit of a phantom which, when, if ever overtaken, may elude his uncertain grasp at the first fickle charge of the *Ignis Fatus* which directed his ill chosen and desperate career? Behold!—VANITY is his name! He is the offspring of Weakness and Folly, produced at the shrine of False Pride.

To produce a faithful portrait of Vanity, in the abstract, demands an exercise of patience and composure which few men possess to advantage. As an assumed trait in the human character, it is so contemptible, that men of understanding will not readily stoop to draw a picture which not only disgusts their imagination, but, to which, the purposes of language are almost inadequate; and hence, men of mind are often compelled to ridicule what they want words and patience to rebuke. Observe the man, if such an appellation he deserve, who neglects his present duty and interests to reflect how he will conduct himself when in a more elevated position; yet, to which, perchance, he may never arrive. Is he not feeding himself with air, while his bread is eaten by another, who, amidst the few scattered incidents, with which fickle fortune deigns to strew his path, wisely seizes the rejected boon, and thanks high heaven, he is not Vain.—What, we emphatically inquire, binds the eye of judgment, and hides the heart of man from his natural perception, even when others best see his nakedness and folly? Alas! VANITY, his self-created evil genius!

Let us now examine its practical effects. Is not the heart of its victim surrounded by continual uneasiness, while it *appears* contented? And, why? Because its unnatural anxieties far exceed its wonted gratifications. The child of Vanity extends his fantastic conceptions far beyond the probable expectations of reasonable hope. He foolishly bespeaks the incense of praise, even when he is laid low; never reflecting, that he who promises the reward, will either deceive his confidence, or justly compensate his insipid folly with ridicule. As he who pledges his wife to remain in widowhood, lest she disturb his soul in the world of spirits, so is he who expects that praise shall reach his ears when he is dead[illegible] cherish his heart in its shroud. Like also [illegible] the giddy butterfly who sees not her ga[illegible] drapery, so is he who attireth himself in g[illegible] ties, that others may admire him. still thoug[illegible] less, to the last, of the humble sources whe[illegible] he derives his imagined importance.

To what purpose, says the son of Vanity[illegible] secret, is my vesture of Tyrian dye, embr[illegible] ered with gold, and perfumed with Arabi[illegible] most delicious aromatics? To what end [illegible] my tables groan with dainties, or my equip[illegible] rival that of my less tasteful neighbour, if t[illegible] meet not the gaze of those whom I wish to [illegible] tonish? Go, vain man: give thy unnecess[illegible] raiment, or its equivalent, to the poor and [illegible] naked: give the superfluities of thy board [illegible] the hungry and the destitute: and share [illegible] the unfortunate and forlorn, the exuberanc[illegible] that wealth with which thou hast reared [illegible] thyself monuments of Folly: then shalt t[illegible] be praised, because thou hast deserved the [illegible] ward; and thy posterity shall rejoice in he[illegible] ing it, as a just tribute to thy memory. [illegible] vain man, and whilst thou dost ponder on th[illegible] things, remember, that, as thy emblem, [illegible] Tulip, which is gaudy without fragrance, [illegible] conspicuous without use, so is he who wo[illegible] push himself into notice without merit.

YEARS rush by us like the wind. We see [illegible] whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward i[illegible] tending, and we seem ourselves to witness [illegible] flight without a sense that we are changed; [illegible] yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as [illegible] winds rob the woods of their foliage.

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