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THE

AMARANTH;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

New and Popular Tales, Poetry, History, &c.

VOLUME II.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

1842.

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THE AMARANTH.

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THE SUTTEE.

It was during one of those lovely sunsets so peculiar to the Eastern world, that I arrived at a small village on my route to the Northern Division. The day had been excessively hot, and I was doubly enjoying the refreshing breeze that came from the sea at no great distance. Sunset in India is indeed a glorious sight. The golden hue is spread over every object, and towards the great orb itself the brightest shades are presented of variously tinted red. I had stood on the brow of a hill watching its rapid decline, and gazing on the lovely scene before me.

In the valley was the humble village. The neighbouring wells were surrounded by the water-drawers, the Pecottah was at work, and the melodious and peculiar song of the men as they drew the bucket and caused nature's stream to flow over the parched fields, threw a singular charm over the whole scene. All wore the appearance of happiness. I had listened to the wild chaunt, and had gazed for some time, when I saw a procession slowly winding its way up an acclivity to my right: it seemed to me to be a mournful one, as it was attended by a number of fakeers* dressed in yellow, while the horn sounded its dismal notes before them. There were several women in the group; but my eye was particularly attracted to the centre, where three females were walking robed in the purest white. The sun was just dipping below the horizon, and I knew it would shortly be dark, as no lengthened twilight gives its softened hue to the Eastern landscape; the departure of the sun is the harbinger of almost immediate darkness. I felt an irresistible impulse to follow the procession, which had nearly reached a small pagoda on the top of the hill; and yet I felt that in doing so I might be benighted before I could reach the bungalow that was to be my shelter till morning, where also my servants and baggage were waiting my arrival. My curiosity, however, got the better of every other consideration. I mounted my horse, which for the last mile or two I had been leading by the bridle, and descended the hill on which I had been admiring the lovely scene. I soon reached the level ground; but before I had ascended the top of the other hill, the procession had all passed into the pagoda. I again dismounted, and having tied my horse's rein to the branch of a large banian tree which grew near the building and half overshadowed it, I walked towards the entrance. I knew the custom of the natives too well to intrude within the forbidden ground; I therefore quietly waited till they should again emerge from the gloomy interior.

At a few yards' distance I saw an old woman, who had been kneeling to the setting sun, and now that it had gone down, she was about to depart from the temple. I stepped up to her to inquire the nature of the procession I had seen, and as I was fortunately conversant with the Malabar language, I distinctly understood her, though the pronunciation was different from that to which I had been accustomed. She informed me that the three widows of a great man in the neighbouring town were going to burn themselves on the morrow, at daylight, with the remains of their late husband: the present procession was for the purpose of prayer in the pagoda, for the last time, at sunset.

"Oh!" continued the old woman, "it is a pity, a great pity that all must burn, and one of them too so young, and as lovely as the sun: she has been his wife but one week, and that much against her own inclination. Well, some of his people carried her away from her own village about twenty miles off. Poor child! her's has been a short life and a sad one."

"But," said I, "did not her parents try to

* Native priests.

recover her, and to punish the villain who robbed them of their child?"

"Not they," said Betha, (for that was the old woman's name,) "they got presents of gold and camels, and they thought the child lucky."

As the old woman finished, the people began leaving the pagoda, and observed the same order of march as on entering. I pressed closely to them to try to catch a look at the three devoted females, and an opening in the crowd soon placed me near them. They were, as I have said, all dressed in white, with garlands of flowers round their necks; they had a thin muslin scarf fastened on the top of their heads, and hanging down so as almost to conceal their features. They wore no ornaments. The two who were nearest to me were evidently old, while their eyes bespoke the most perfect indifference to their fate. Not so the third; her sobs were those of a breaking heart; her hands were clasped, and her eyes were turned to where the sun had gone down, as if to take a last farewell of the departing light. I crossed in the rear of the procession, and went to the side where she was: her agitation and her movements had been such, as to throw the veil quite down on her neck, and to display to my view one of the most lovely faces I ever beheld, for her skin was fairer than that of the fairest Indian. Her black hair was braided across a fine open brow, which gave a generous character to her face, while the large tears rolled down her cheeks from a soft black eye and long lash. I ventured closer, and softly whispered, "Can I serve you?" She turned her head quickly towards me, and rested her eye for a moment on my face; then suddenly clasped her hands as if imploring protection. These motions were observed, for the circle of Brahmins closed quickly round her, and the noise of the tom-toms and horns soon overpowered every other sound, although I fancied I could hear a cry for assistance. I hastily untied my horse, and with the bridle hanging over my arm, still followed the procession. I noticed that the old woman, Betha, to whom I had before spoken, had joined the centre of the group, and was evidently close to the object in whom I felt so deeply interested. They all entered the village, and then disappeared within the walls of a court in which was a large and handsome native house. They had to enter two by two, the gate being very narrow, and I again caught the eye of the lovely victim.—But there was now a gleam of hope in it. They had all passed in except the crowd, who merely attended as spectators of the sad scene.—Among them I discovered Betha, whom I beckoned to follow me. It was now dark, with the exception of a faint light from a moon in first quarter: we passed through several stre[ets] till we came outside the village, when I plac[ed] a few rupees in her hand, and said,

"Can you not assist me, my good Betha, [to] rescue that lovely girl from so cruel a fate? [I] will convey her to her parents, or wherev[er] she chooses, so that I can only place her [in] safety. I will give you ten pagodas† if you w[ill] manage to introduce me into the house she h[as] entered; or to get her brought to this spot. [I] would give double the sum, but I have it n[ot] with me at present."

Betha shook her head: "I fear," replied sh[e,] "it will be impossible; she is guarded so clo[se-]ly by the other women; but I will do all I ca[n.] Come with me."

Accordingly, she led me round to the ba[ck] of the bazaar, which was now lighted up w[ith] torches at the different shops, and entere[d a] low mud shed, bidding me bring my hors[e] also. "Here you will not be seen," said sh[e;] "rest till I return, and for your life's sa[ke,] whatever you hear, do not leave this plac[e."] I promised to obey her, and she then left me.

I waited long and anxiously; the noisy tu[r]moil of the bazaar lasted some time, and t[he] different venders wrangling and extolling th[eir] goods amused me for a while. When this h[ad] ceased, shop after shop was shut, and light a[f]ter light was extinguished, till at length all w[as] quiet. I ventured to look from my hum[ble] shelter, but the darkness of the night co[uld] make but a few things visible at any distanc[e.] I again sat down on the mat laid for me, a[nd] began to think of the probable conjecture[s of] my servants as to what had become of me. For the last two or three weeks, I had ne[ver] been later than sunset on my halting-grou[nd,] as I generally travelled five or six miles ea[rly] in the morning, and the same number in the [lat]ter part of the day; therefore it was proba[ble] my people would think I had been waylaid [by] Thugs, strangled, and by this time buried; [or] that I had been devoured by a tiger, or so[me] other wild beast. I thought of what they mig[ht] do. They might perhaps rob me of my ba[g]gage, or if their honesty was proof again[st] touching the property of a man merely s[up]posed to be dead, they might start off and g[ive] the alarm to some of the neighbouring villag[es,] and thus bring me publicity when I requ[ired]

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† One pagoda is about the value of seven shillings.

concealment, on which so much depended for the accomplishment of my purpose. These thoughts brought my mind back to the poor victim, and I considered what I should do, if I contrived to get her safely from the village; for I had no palanquin in which to enclose her, or any other means of conveying her away in secret. Hour after hour passed away. I took out my watch and traced the hands with my fingers; it was half-past twelve. Surely, I thought, the old woman would not deceive me, nor keep me thus to prevent me from interfering at all. I started up at the bare idea of such a design, which was, on consideration, very probable; it wanted but four hours to the commencement of the horrid sacrifice. I loosened my horse from the place where he was tied, and was determined to try myself to get into the house, or to do something, (I hardly knew what), when I heard a slight noise at a little distance. I again secured my poor horse and went to the door, when Betha made her appearance. "I have kept you long," said she, "But I have succeeded. Come with me." I followed her, and by a round-about way we gained the back part of the house I had seen the procession enter. "Now," said Betha, "Mynah is on the other side of this wall. I have been into the house and have spoken to her; she is now praying for blessings on your head, and declares she will be your slave for life. She cannot pass the outer gate, but if you can get her over that wall, she may be saved. She is out of the house, and now sheltered under those trees." I seized the old woman's hand, and having thanked her for her kind exertions, I began to reconnoitre the wall that was to be scaled. I saw that I could easily accomplish it, but how to get her over I scarcely knew, for it was about fifteen feet high. I had on my sling-belt, and my sash, which tied together might make about seven feet in length. Betha understood in a moment the purpose for which I was measuring the wall, and immediately untwined from her body the long cloth which encircles the native women, as a kind of petticoat: this was about a yard in width, and more than two yards long; this might do, I thought. The wall was built of stones, and these roughly put together; the edges might to man be a pretty secure footing, but to a frightened girl would be likely to prove treacherous, and offered little or no security. I felt about, and fancied I discovered some parts which projected more than the others; these I tried, and after a few attempts at length reached the top, when I fearlessly sprang into the court or back garden. I had scarcely gained my perpendicular, when Mynah, the beautiful victim, bounded to my feet, and clasping my knees, "Save me, save me!" cried she, "from this horrid death! I will be your slave! My life shall be devoted to you. Oh! save me, in mercy save me, Englishman."

I raised her up. "Trust to me," I replied, "and I will do all I can for you; be firm, compose yourself, for we have no time to lose."

I fastened my sling-belt tightly round her waist; at the end of the belt was tied my sash and Betha's garment. I then felt about for the largest edges of the stones in the wall, and by guiding her foot from one to the other to the height of about four feet, she managed to keep her hold, for despair gave her double strength. With one end of the cloth tied to my ancle to make it as long as possible, I quickly mounted the wall, on which I strode across, and untied the cloth from my foot, which was then at full stretch. I begged Mynah to protect her body from the wall with her hands, while I trusted to my strength to pull her up to the top.—This I happily effected, and had the satisfaction of seating her on the top of the wall for a single moment. I next wound the woman's cloth and my own sash round my arm, and then gradually unwound it till she was within a few paces of the bottom, when I told her to jump when she had found a projecting point where she could place one foot, and I would let go my hold: the next moment she was safe on the ground. I soon descended myself.—Mynah flung herself into my arms, kissed my hands and feet, and her emotion was so great that words were denied her. "This is no time or place to give way to these emotions," said I, "we are still surrounded with dangers, our very breathing may be heard in this still hour of night. Lead on, Betha, to the hut by as near a way and as quick a pace as possible; we can now only look to my horse for safety."

We wound our way through several narrow streets: it was quite dark, for the moon had long since set; and as we passed silently along, the poor natives on all sides were asleep, being in groups of three or four, wrapped round with a large cloth or sheet, to prevent the musquitoes or other insects from annoying them.—Most of the common people sleep in this manner; some indeed who have good houses, repose on the terraced roofs. We soon reached the shed that sheltered my horse; brought him out, and tied Mynah on him, and then paying the ten pagodas to the old woman, I led him

forth. We had to go through a long bazaar before we reached the road; after that it was more than two miles to the bungalow where my own people were to be. When we had fairly passed the village, and entered into pretty good ground, I mounted before Mynah, and urged my tired steed into a quicker pace. But the road was so uneven and also intricate, that it was upwards of an hour before we arrived at the house. All was quite dark, and so quiet, that I very much feared that my servants had been alarmed for my safety, and had returned to the last halting place.

However, after calling some time, my horse-keeper‡ and head boy made their appearance, and told me the rest had all gone on to the next village, thinking they must have mistaken. Lights were soon obtained, and on looking at my watch, I found it past three o'clock. Poor Mynah had thrown herself on the ground after being lifted from the horse; her fear and agitation had been so great that she was now quite exhausted, added to which, food had not passed her lips since the previous morning, and we were too near the fatal village to venture on a halt. I had not one morsel of any thing to refresh her; for my baskets with all the necessaries had been taken forward. One bullock was still at hand; of this I availed myself to mount Mynah, and having whispered to her the necessity for exertion, and that eight miles' march would in all probability bring us to a place of safety, she arose, kissed my hands again and again, and allowed me to place her on the bullock. In the mean time my poor horse had been refreshed with food and water, and with the horse-keeper to guide the bullock, we started.

I left Casse Sing, my head boy, behind, with orders to get a fresh bullock from the village to carry my trunks, and should enquiries be made regarding a female, to be sure and give no information; and if enquiries were made about me, to give them to understand that I had gone another road. It was six o'clock when we came within sight of the bungalow where we were to receive refreshment and rest. I fully expected to be traced to this spot, and had made up my mind to resist to the last any attempt to recover Mynah. I hoped, by forced marches, soon to get beyond the district, and my intention was to restore the girl back to her parents. I begged her to keep concealed in one of the inner rooms, and to take plenty of nourishment and rest, that she might be able to start again as soon as the heat of the day was passed. After making a hearty breakfast, I retired to my cot, which was in a separate room, and ordered one of the horse-keepers to be stationed near the gate to prevent any entrance, stating that I wanted rest, and did not wish to be disturbed. I soon fell asleep, nor did I awake again till three in the afternoon, so thoroughly was I overcome by weariness. Perhaps I might have slept much longer, had not I felt something touch my hand, and startle me, and on opening my eyes, Mynah was kneeling beside me on the ground, her cheek leaning on my hand. Her beautiful face was lighted up with smiles; her veil was off, her dress tastefully arranged, and happiness was beaming in her black and expressive eyes. "Ah, Mynah," said I, "you have rested well I see, and are able, I trust, to continue our march. Now tell me, where would you wish to go?—which is your own village?—and I will lead you back to your parents, who will be so rejoiced to see you again." Mynah started from the ground; she clasped her hands, and uttering a wild cry, ran out of the room. I thought she had seen some one in the compound, that had frightened her. I therefore sprang from my cot, and hastened to the window, but all was quiet, and the gate was shut. I could not account for the poor girl's sudden burst of alarm. I dressed myself, called for dinner, and then went to the room where Mynah had slept. She was sitting on the mat, weeping most bitterly. I quietly raised her towards me. "Mynah," said I, "what means this? Have I done any thing to frighten or offend you? Tell me freely, my dear girl. I will do every thing to please you and make you happy. Speak to me, and do not sob thus piteously."

"O Englishman," she exclaimed, "send me not away from you; let me live and die with you; I will be your slave, I will watch over you day and night; I will learn to pray to your God for you; I will serve your God to please you, only do not, do not send me away. Yet if you must part with the poor Mynah, take her back, and throw her on the funeral pile. She now cares not for life, if you send her from you."

It was some time before she could sufficiently compose herself to tell me her history. She was but fifteen; her father and mother had betrothed her when only three years old to a youth of a neighbouring village, whom she had never seen, but who, she had heard from report, was a most cruel man. He had had one

‡ Groom.

wife whom he had beaten to death, so that Mynah's prospects of happiness with him were not of the brightest character. She had in vain entreated her parents not to give her in marriage to such a man. The engagement had been made with his father, who was now dead, and it must now be fulfilled. She was to have been married two years ago, but the youth had been sent down to Madras on suspicion of having been an accomplice in the murder of a Zemindar§. He had not yet returned; but when he did come back, the marriage was to take place. Mynah had been drawing water one day at a neighbouring well, when a man with an elephant came up to her, and asked her to show him the nearest way to the next town; she put down the chatties, and did so, leaving her companions at the well, who had not the least suspicion of any ill befalling her. When they were quite clear of the village, the man suddenly seized hold of her, and having placed her on the elephant, they moved on at a quick pace. It was late at night when we arrived at the house of the chief; all the people in the house were in a bustle and confusion, for the chief had been taken ill and it was supposed he had taken poison, but by whom administered was unknown. He lingered in great agony for three days, and then died. So ended Mynah's tale. "You know all the rest, my only friend," added she; "were I to go back to my parents, they would not receive me, owing to the disgrace of my not having burned my body on that of the chief; or if they did, I should be an outcast from their caste, and a slave and a reproach to every one."

"Never shall that be the case, my dearest Mynah," I said: "I will take care of you, and protect you."

We arrived safely at our destination; and two days afterwards, my servant Casse-Sing came in with the bullock and trunks which he had in charge; he infomed me that no enquiry had been made respecting Mynah, from the first hour after day-light on the eventful morning. The Brahmins were enraged at the loss of the sacrifice, and began making a stir to find the girl, thinking that she was concealed in the house. Casse-Sing went to the funeral-pile to see the suttee take place, and there he was made acquainted with the loss of one of the females, and rightly conjectured where she was. He added, that an old woman brought a native dress amongst the crowd, and said that she had found it near a well, at the same time weeping and beating her breast. She assured the people that the poor young child had certainly drowned herself. The dress was proved to be Mynah's, so that no further search was made after her. We conjectured that it must have been Betha who had given this account of Mynah's disappearance. This poor girl has behaved to me in a most exemplary manner, showing her affection and gratitude on all occasions. She nursed me in a long and dangerous illness: night and day she was ever by my bed-side; and to her unremitting attention and care do I owe, under Providence, the preservation of my life.

§ A native officer.

THE LAWYER'S DREAM.

He slept, and dreamt; and round him opening saw
An Office huge, where sped the work of Law;
Where one Attorney in his hands combined
The varied business of all human-kind,
Dressed like a gentleman in black, but clean,
And for white linen wearing flame serene.
Alone he wrought, and in his face enorm
Was seen the image of a frozen storm;
And, like wan lightnings over midnight snows,
From his fixed eyes the gleams at whiles arose.

Old Adam stood before the table there,
With trousers often patched, and coat threadbare,
And looked a bankrupt; gazing on a pile
Of bonds and deeds, with bills on many a file.
Large maps of all the earth were hung around,
Mines, cities, kingdoms, isles of fertile ground:
At each the ruined owner stared, and read
The dark word *Mortgaged* there, and shook his head;
While his anxious friend with easy glance
Pursued his eyes o'er India, Chili, France,
And with a pen's quick stroke seemed dotting down
Each wealthy realm, and each imperial town.

Conversation.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable; this conversation is cruel, and the comparison, which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours, is excruciating.

ANCIENT RUINS IN YUCATAN.

BY THE CHEVALIER FRIEDRICHSTHAL.

I LANDED in the month of December, 1838, at the mouth of the river S. Juan, in the Central American state of Nicaragua, with the intention of exploring that unknown part of the western continent. I proceeded first to the large lake, bearing the name of the state, and penetrated into the interior of the province of Chondales, on its north-eastern shore, inhabited by some scattered tribes of Mosquito Indians, and passed round its northern shore to the city of Grenada.

After having visited the interesting islands of the lake, the largest of which, from its innumerable burying-places, seems to have been another Meroe of the extinct nation once settled in those regions, I directed my steps to the neighbouring lake of Managua, then crossed the Cordilleras, and took the route, bordering the Pacific, towards the southern gulf of Nicoya. I ascended and measured the most important of the isolated volcanoes to be met with in this track, collected many geological specimens, and a rich booty of mountain plants. Having passed the Aguacate mountain, I ascended to the high plain of Costarica, almost surrounded by extinguished volcanoes, among which one, situated between the city of Caotago and the shore of the Atlantic, rises to the height of nearly 12,000 English feet. At the commencement of the rainy season I descended through the wild forests of the river Zarapiqui to the northern harbour of S. Juan, and embarked for the United States, touching in my passage at Jamaica, St. Domingo, and Cuba.

Highly gratified with the results of this first voyage, and animated by the accounts of the American traveller, Mr. Stephens, respecting the antiquarian riches of the southern provinces of Mexico, I left the States in the month of July, 1840, and entered the peninsula of Yucatan at its eastern shore, resolved to connect with my physical and botanical researches an examination of these ancient monuments.—The actually independent State of Yucatan bears the appearance of a poor and sterile country, far inferior to the lands on the Atlantic borders in general. Its crust of stone marl is in many parts of the inhabited districts, to a great extent, bare and without any alluvial soil. The deepenings and basons only, peculiar to that kind of formation, where mould is accumulated, are fit for cultivation. There are, however, on the north-eastern coast, and in the south of the peninsula, very rich woodlan[ds], but these are in possession of the indolent [In]dians, who scarcely produce enough for th[eir] own immediate wants. There are no mo[un]tains, and only a chain of low hills in the w[est], and not even a single river throughout [the] whole monotonous plain; consequently, [the] breeding of cattle is attended with great d[iffi]culties.

It is 350 years since the Caucasian race f[irst] set foot on the soil of the western contin[ent], but wherever the Spaniard held his domin[ion], jealousy and avarice excluded all other nat[ions] from intercourse with the monopolized coun[try]. The accounts of the first conquerors con[tain] many notices of the splendid buildings w[hich] they met with in Mexico and Yucatan; [the] Ecclesiastical chronicles of the country g[ive] likewise some superficial descriptions of s[uch] buildings. Ignorance and avarice, howe[ver], not only forbid the government to publis[h to] the world any particulars of these remark[able] works, but fanaticism left no means untrie[d to] destroy the most innocent objects conne[cted] with the heathens, and it succeeded; not e[ven] a tradition remains among the tribes of [the] Maya Indians respecting the former sta[te of] the country. Thus, too, those interesting str[uc]tures, the only witnesses of the power a[nd] knowledge of past ages and nations, have g[ra]dually fallen to ruin without having even [ex]cited the attention of the conquerors; and [hie]roglyphics, and statues, and bas-reliefs, w[hich] covered their walls, and from which, in t[heir] perfect state, important information might h[ave] been obtained, are now disjoined, fallen, a[nd] broken, and mere antiquarian curiosities. [I] have no means of determining the numb[er of] those ancient works scattered over the sur[face] of Yucatan, but they are very numerous. Th[ey] are found sometimes isolated, sometimes [in] large masses, which, according to appeara[nce], are the remains of great cities. This trac[t of] country, which extends from the coast of [the] Laguna do Terminos to the north-east, ex[hi]bits an almost uninterrupted range of mo[numents] and towns, till it reaches the sanctuaries [of the] island of Cozumel.

Three different epochs of art may be dis[tin]guished in these structures; and they bear [un]doubted traces of identity of origin with th[e re]mains of Palenque. This is especially the c[ase] with the earlier works, which are compose[d of] large rough blocks, put together without [ce]ment; and such are the buildings at a p[lace] near the Hacienda Aki, situated twenty-se[ven] English miles E.S.E. from Merida. At C

mitza, eighty-four miles further off, but in the same direction, and having much the appearance of a sacred city, we find doorways and interior walls decorated with human figures and symbols carved in stone; we meet there, too, with colonnades, though of clumsy structure, surprising for their extent; at one place 400 pillars lie prostrate on the ground, which once belonged to one single edifice. On the contrary, at Usmal, a place situated between Merida and Campeche, which Mr. Waldeck has already briefly noticed, there are scarcely any ornaments to be found in the interior of the buildings; but the stone-work of the outside walls is more sumptuous and more neatly finished. Neither is there any trace whatever of any large building or portico with pillars.—I cannot here attempt a detailed description of the different objects which came within my observation, but I will endeavour to give some account of the principal characteristics which distinguish all these buildings, as it may serve for comparison with the accounts of others.—These distinguishing points are:—1. The apparently sudden erection of whole cities. 2. The accurate reference to the east in the erection of all sacred buildings. 3. The foundations consist of a sort of concrete of mortar and small stones. 4. The walls, both internally and externally, are covered with a range of solid stones cut to parallelograms of 8 and 12 inches in length and 5 to 7 in height; the interval filled up with the same concrete mass as used in the base. Nowhere is there any trace of the employment of bricks or Egyptian tiles. 5. The elevation of all the buildings, without exception, by means of one or several terraces of more or less considerable height.—6. The usual manner of construction was limited to one story; the shape of the buildings was long and narrow, and as there were no windows, the depth was limited to two rooms, of which the inner one could have no more light than was obtained through the communicating door. The doorways, which are generally square, are six or seven feet high, and of equal breadth; traces are yet to be seen in some few instances of holes or stone rings, showing that the doors were so constructed that they could be shut on occasion. 7. The height of the edifices rarely exceeds twenty to thirty feet. The outside walls rise generally from the base, without break, to about half the height of the building, when there is a variable number of cornices, which, after a plain or adorned interval, close likewise the upper edge. The most important buildings exhibit in this upper space an astonishing variety of heiroglyphics and elegant figures; even statuary was employed to increase th splendour. The constructions of an inferior order have at the same place ranges of small half columns. There are further, as well inside as outside of the buildings, long rough stones, projected from the walls, usually arranged one above the other, and increasing in size from below. 8. The ceilings of all interior spaces consist of acute arches, closed on the top with a layer of flat stones. The proportion of the walls to the sine of the arch, varies from 2: 1 to 1: 2.—Stones cut to the shape of a wedge, with oblique heads, were employed to form the sine.—9. The arch supports a flat roof, the surface of which, instead of being slated, is covered with a concrete of ground stones and marl, very consistent and thoroughly petrified. The same kind of composition covers the floors of the apartments. The roof itself is frequently bordered by a kind of raised filagree or pierced stone work. 10. The application of timber for lintels and rafters, the first of which still bear traces of the original carved characters.—11. The outside of the walls does not present any mark of rough cast or painting. The interior of some structures is, however, covered with a thin layer of a very fine stucco, on which the colours are still to be recognized; the bordering at the basis of the walls generally being sky blue, the upper part light green, the arches showing the traces of fantastical figures in varying lively colours. In regard to the carved figures in the sides of the doorways, it may be noticed that the colouring of the uncovered part of the body is of a dark yellow, the vestments green and blue, the background of a dark red. Their attitude is always directed to the entrance. 12. Vent-holes exist in every room below the cornice. They are of a square or round form, three or five inches in diameter, and more or less numerous in different buildings. There are niches also in the apartments and corridors, in some cases with symbolical signs and hieroglyphics, carven circles, hewn rings, &c.

The relief used in these representations is flattened on its surface, and besides the outlines, the background is generally chiselled out, though sometimes the artist was satisfied with carving the outlines superficially in the rock. The most common ornament on sacred buildings was a winding serpent, generally representing the rattlesnake of this country. As to the local impression of the architecture of all these buildings, I have still to add, that the re-

fined conceptions of the artist have evidently been executed in a very inferior manner, for the stones are often very carelessly joined together, showing intervals of several inches filled up with mortar. The same neglect is also observed in the choice of stones, there being frequently very little correspondence in regard to form and size. We may reasonably, therefore, suppose that the aborigines of the country were unable to execute the works planned by their conquerors. We met, however, particularly at Usmal, with sufficient proofs of a more advanced art in the execution of their sculptures; and their skill in plastic shows itself in the idols and figures of clay, which are frequently found in the urns of their sepulchres, which are superior to anything, in regard to art, which the nation produced.

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

Oh, be not angry, chide her not,
Although the child has err'd;
Nor bring the tears into her eyes
By one ungentle word.

When that sweet linnet sang, before
Our summer roses died,
A sister's arm was round her neck,
A brother at her side.

But now in grief she walks alone,
By every flowering bed;
That sister's clasping arm is cold—
That brother's voice is fled.

And when she sits beside my knee,
With face so pale and meek,
And eyes bent o'er her book, I see
The tears upon her cheek.

Then chide her not; but whisper now
"Thy trespass is forgiven:"
How canst thou frown in that pale face?
She is the last of Seven.

Disease.—It may be said, that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness and innocence.—*Addison's Anecdotes.*

For the Amaranth.

MY FATHER'S HALL.

My father's hall—my father's hall—
Thy roof is gone, thy rafters bare:
The ivy clothes thy ruin'd wall—
Nor sound of human voice is there.
No more from windows brightly glancing
Streams the blaze of festive light,
Nor music's strains, nor light feet dancing
Breaks the deep silence of the night.

My father's hall—my father's hall—
Upon thy broken, moss-grown floor,
The crumbling fragments sadly fall,
It bears the foot of man no more.
Nor the light laugh of childhood ringing
Around thy quench'd hearth, greets my e[ar]
Nor the lov'd songs we join'd in singing,
All, all are gone;—and where, oh, where!

My father's hall—my father's hall—
The sound of prayer and hymning stra[in]
Wake not the echoes of thy wall,
The oft-breath'd orisons were in vain.
Nor children round a mother bending,
Uplift the gentle voice and eye,
To greet the smile on them descending,
And th' invoked blessing from on high.

My father's hall—my father's hall—
Ruined and tenantless and drear,
Bending 'neath desolation's pall—
I scarce repress the starting tear.
Where are they gone, the best and dearest.
Objects of pride, and hope, and care—
None to dispel the gloom thou wearest,
All, all are gone—and where, oh! where'

Fredericton, December, 1841. L. E.

BILLOWS.

Gently, with sweet commotion,
Sweeping the shore,
Billows, that break from ocean,
Rush to our feet;
Slaves, that, with fond devotion,
Prone to adore,
Seek not to stint with measure,
Service that's meet—
Bearing their pearly treasure,
Flinging it round,
Showing, the while, the pleasure,
True service knows,
Then, as if bless'd with leisure,
Flung on the yellow ground,
Taking repose!

THE BATTLE FIELDS OF SCOTLAND.

Battle of Sheriff-Muir.

The foot of Ochill hills was the scene of this sanguinary engagement—the battle of Sheriff-Muir. It was fought in November 1715, between the insurgents commanded by the Earl of Marr, and the royal army under the duke of Argyll, and, in history, is occasionally distinguished as the battle of Dunblane. On the evening before the battle, the insurgent forces occupied the same station at Ardoch—now the most perfect of the Roman stations in Scotland—which Agricola did in the third year of his expeditions.

On the fatal morning in question, the right of the royal army and the left of the rebels having advanced to within pistol-shot, at their first interview, were instantly engaged. The Highlanders began the action with all their accustomed ardour, and their fire was little, if at all, inferior to that of the best disciplined troops. But Colonel Cathcart being ordered to stretch to the right and take them on the flank—a movement which he executed in the most gallant manner—gave a decisive turn to the contest on that part of the field, while General Witham, with three battalions of foot, rapidly advanced to the support of the Duke, who was now pursuing the advantage so suddenly obtained by the first manœuvre. The Highlanders, though compelled to retreat, retreated like the Parthians. They harassed their pursuers—rallied so frequently, and repulsed the royal troops with such obstinacy, that in three hours they were not three miles from the first point of attack. But, to all appearance, they were completely broken, and the duke resolved to continue the pursuit as long as light would serve. He was suddenly recalled, however, by the circumstances of there being no appearance of the divison of his army under Witham, while a large body of the rebels were strongly posted behind him. Witham's division, while advancing, had fallen in with a body of Marr's [illegible], concealed in a hollow way full in front, while a squadron of horse stood ready to charge [illegible]m in flank. In this situation they were at[illegible]ked by the Breadalbane men, supported by [illegible] clans, a great number of them cut to pieces, [illegible] the remainder driven in among their own [illegible]airy, who were thus thrown into confusion. [illegible] the rebel squadron on the right fallen in [illegible]he same time, that portion of the royal ar[illegible] had been entirely cut off. This neglect on [illegible] part of the insurgents decided the day.—[illegible] broken battalions were brought off with comparatively little loss, but, unable to join the other part of the army under Argyll, or to keep the field against the superior strength of the rebels, they retired towards Dunblane, thence to Corntown, and at the end of the long causeway that communicates with Stirling bridge, took their station to defend the pass.—Had the rebels pursued them, Stirling itself would probably have received the former victors.

The battle of Sheriff-Muir reflected little credit upon the skill and experience of the commanders on either side; but, although in itself as indecisive as any action on record, it was followed, nevertheless, by consequences which are supposed only to attend the most signal victories, and, in the language of the day, "broke the heart of the rebellion." Both armies claimed the honour of a triumph, from the fact that the right wing of each had been victorious. The rebel army lost, on this melancholy occasion, the earl of Strathmore, Clanronald, and several persons of distinction. Panmore, and Drummond of Logie were among the wounded. Among the causes which the insurgent leaders assigned as an apology for their indecision, was the conduct of *Rob Roy*, who, in the absence of his brother, commanded the M'Gregors, and on the day of battle kept aloof waiting only for an opportunity to plunder.

Written for the Amaranth.

WATERLOO.

Hark! a trumpet sounds in the dismal north,
And a horseman leaps from its portal forth;
The clouds are rolled in his path away,
Like the valley's mist by the breath of day.
He hath put his skeleton armour on,
And the lightning plays on its bars of bone:
In his tongueless jaw rings the thunder peal,
While the red sparks skip from his lance of steel,
From each fleshless rib the cold rain drops pour,
The wind in their arches doth shriek and roar;
'Twixt the teeth of the giant there comes no
breath,
And the name of that horseman is—*Death!*

Saw ye the wild hunt on Belgium's plain,
Where *Gallia* pluck'd at the *Lion's* mane?
The fierce Boar came from the Rhine, and the
spear
Of the Pole was there, the German musquiteer,
And the northern Bear:—ha! ha! how he
scream'd;

That warrior bird—how his bold eye gleam'd,
When an empire's crown from his head was torn, [morn.
And the proud wing pluck'd of its pride that

He rides—he rides, through the serried ranks!
And the dead are piled by his charger's flanks;
Where'er the squadron's charge is met,
By rattling shot, or bayonet,
That grim huntsman speeds in his path of fear.
With the mercy ball for a pioneer.
He lifts up his arm, and an eye is dim—
His sword is dropped from the palsy'd limb;
He lowers his lance, and the lines are shorn,
Like the mower's grass, or the reaper's corn!

There was a gathering in the still midnight,
For a soldier lay by his watch-fire bright,
And saw neath the beam of the pale moonlight,
With measured tread from the slaughter'd dead,
An army marching on;—
Tramp, tramp! to the beat of a phantom dram,
With corselets of white ivory, they come!
The bright stars peep through their visors pale,
The night air creeps in the jointed mail;
The cavalry ride in the foremost rank,
And the sabres clash on each hollow shank;
Some clutching a brand in the gristly hand,
And some a sever'd bone;—
Tramp, tramp! through the hours of the live-long night,
Troop after troop—'twas a wonderous sight,
And they grinned as they journied by,
At that sample of poor mortality.
There were forty thousand skulls, I ween,
With the eyes scoop'd out and the joles so lean:
They file away in their conquerors path,
And the name of that leader is—*Death!*
Oh the vulture filled his ravenous maw,
Where the *Eagle* play'd with the *Lion's* paw!

St. John, December, 1841. EUGENE.

THE CHOLERA SUMMER:—"It was an awful crisis. The cry of 'the Plague!' had been so long silent in the Western world, that our terror of that fearful scourge was become a matter of almost forgotten tradition; and modern physicians are so babaroneted and beknighted,—wear so many Orders and issue their own with such an air of omnipotence,—that, under shelter of the College, one had begun to fancy oneself immortal. Yet at the announcement of this fearful malady,—this death of agony and disfigurement,—the College itself grew white as its own magnesia,—confessed its ignorance—and implored the aid of Parliament to enlighten its understanding and a[...] its measures. * * The rich became sud[...] solicitous about the state of the poor: no[...] cause rebuked by the approach of judg[...] to come, but because misery was suppos[...] be the nest-egg of this brood of death. A[...] family in one's neighbourhood was [...] serious consideration. The little blue [...] we had thought only disgusting when th[...] sult of cold and hunger, became impleme[...] destruction when connected with the i[...] the Cholera.—The very beggarwoman [...] asked alms of us, might approach us [...] malice prepense.—There was infection i[...] tatters; and she had evident intentions [...] sassinating the man of twenty thousand a[...] by collapse, the sickly infant in her arms [...] an accessary before the fact. We wer[...] termined, however, that the indigent c[...] should not work their wicked will. In fo[...] countries, the populace rose in many [...] where the Cholera prevailed, protesting [...] the authorities had poisoned the cisterns [...] wanted to kill off the superfluous popul[...] In England, the *rich* arose, (in England [...] always the rich who rise,—in parliame[...] elsewhere!) and protested that the lower [...] ses wanted to Cholera them in cold bl[...] But with the aid of magistracy, they were [...] ly enabled to put down this diabolical att[...] as the Times used to call such things w[...] was in the habit of calling names. They w[...] washed the cottages,—they flannel-pett[...] the old women,—they inflicted worsted s[...] ings over the barelegged,—they drenche[...] starving poor with mutton-broth, they [...] the hungry with good things.—Blankets [...] forced upon the inmates of hovels by [...] of dragoons, and the Riot Act was read [...] ever some wretched hamlet refused [...] clothed and fed. If any one of our E[...] artists had possessed a spark of gen[...] might have designed a better parody upo[...] bein's Dance of Death (which those wh[...] not admired at Basle, have seen in the e[...] vings of Hollar,) showing forth the Grea[...] ple of Great Britain, beguiled into the vir[...] Faith, Hope, and Charity, by the influe[...] the Cholera Morbus; a Marquis terrified [...] lavishing chaldrons of coal,—a Duchess [...] struck into a dispensation of fleecy hos[...] a Baronet convulsed into an emission of W[...] flannel."

Rich and Poor--The difference between [...] man and a poor man is this, the former eats [...] he pleases, and the latter when he can ge[...]

THE ENGLISH STONES.

BY GEORGE AGAR HANSARD.

The sun shone upon the magnificent landscape which adorns the shore of the Severn in the vicinity of Blackrock Ferry, on the morning of the 16th of June, 1647, where it displayed the face of nature yet tranquil and serene, also revealed a scene highly illustrative of the dreary and desolating effects of civil war. The village of Caldecot presented to the view a mass of smouldering ashes. The broad and once verdant pastures that once surrounded its castle, till then deemed impregnable, were broken up, cut and hollowed into innumerable trenches, and covered with mounds of earth and stones; sufficiently indicating the spot where the besieging army had fixed its leaguer. Dead carcases of men and horses, filling the air with pestilential odors, lay scattered up and down, and choked up the Severn brook which laves the green knoll on which stands the once stately residence of the 'haughty Bolinbroke;' still magnificent in its decay. From the sole remaining corner of a massive square tower, the principal part of which had been blown up with gunpowder, rose a lofty flagstaff bearing the Parliamentary ensign, the cross of St. George; that seemed to wave, as it were, in haughty mockery of the few tattered fragments of the royal standard which still hung beneath.

At a short distance, and close to the brink of the New Passage, stood a capacious hotel, in more peaceful times the scene of extraordinary bustle and animation; this ferry being the only medium of communication between South Wales and the opposite English coast. Strangers of all rank; Welsh drovers, with large herds of horses and cattle, bound for the great marts of Bristol and the neighbouring marts; country gentlemen, with short frieze cloaks and rusty rapiers, having their wives and daughters mounted on pillions behind them, according to the fashions of the age; military officers from the castle garrison, in embroidered buff coats, plumed steel caps and jingling spurs; with a proportionate number of beggars, gipsies and itinerant traders, constituted the motley assemblage that generally congregated around the inn for about two hours before the time of high water. But now the city of Bristol, closely besieged by General Fairfax, no longer afforded a safe or desirable market; the garrison of Caldecot were either killed or taken prisoners, the native gentry had either fallen in the field, or languished in poverty and exile; the ferry was almost deserted; the boats lay rotting at their moorings; and the once flourishing hotel of Blackrock became an asylum for the swallow and the jackdaw, that flew fearlessly in and out of its battered windows and doorless porch.

Among the most material sufferers by the unhappy change which the country had undergone was Giles Gilbert, the well-known fisher and ferryman of the New Passage. Returning home along the wide expanse of sands which the ebbing tide leaves dry, melancholy and disheartened, with his little son, the constant companion of his labours, after many hours of unsuccessful exertion with his nets, he encountered upon the edge of the verdant area of Sunbury Camp a couple of his neighbours, equipped with the usual implements of those who are employed in collecting shell-fish. Like Gilbert, they had formerly been engaged in the double occupation of fishermen and sailors, and like him too, they bore all the external indications of the enervating effects of poverty.

"Good morrow, Giles," said the elder of the two, "what sport toward? but it boots not to enquire; the empty net is proof enough. Methinks the thunder of old Noll's batteries have scared away the very fish from these shores, as well as the travellers from the Ferry—these be terrible times."

"Sooth," replied Gilbert, "things are sadly changed; 'tis hard, for instance, to believe that yon black and battered pile, through which the kine and horses now make their passage as carelessly as through the old parson's barton, be the same stout old castle of Caldecot, where, ten days ago, a hundred tall fellows kept watch and ward, with shotted culverin and arquebus in rest? 'Twill be long, methinks, ere cavalier again come curveting beneath its iron portcullis."

"Hist! hist!" said the younger, starting from the ground on which he had been stretched, "I hear the tramping of horses. Cavaliers or Red-coats, 'twere ill to bide their coming; so I'll just conceal myself behind yon rock, until they be passed."

"Stand fast, neighbour," said Giles, "they may be honest wayfarers bound to the Ferry; and will in that case want our assistance—these be no times to throw a chance away."

"And get repaid with the pummel of their swords upon thy costard, as thou hast before experienced," said the first speaker, hurrying away towards the place of concealment; "they shall swim the Severn, as old Wintour of Withecross did the Wye, for me."

Giles and his companion hastened toward a

huge gap in the lofty agger of the Roman entrenchment on which they had been standing. The opening effected by the cannon of Cromwell, is still visible, and affords a prospect of the castle and open country.

Leaping their horses over the numerous ditches which intersected the plain, two cavaliers were seen advanoing at full gallop towards the dismantled castle. For a moment they halted before its ruined gateway, and one of them, raising his hands toward the rebel standard, appeared to address some conversation to his companion; then, turning their coursers' heads, they spurred onward to the water's edge, through the opening, whence the two fishermen had retreated at their approach. Here again they commenced an early parley, of which, to judge from gestures and significant glances, Gilbert and his companion appeared to be the subject, who, on their side, were no way backward in scrutinizing the bearing of the strangers. The chief of the party, as might be inferred from the respectable deference manifested towards him by the other, who though nearly twice as old, remained uncovered whilst he spoke, was a man of between thirty and forty years of age, about the middle size, robust and well proportioned. His dark, oval countenance was distinguished by an air of settled melancholy, heightened perhaps by the ample mustachios and pointed beard so prevalent in the seventeenth century. He wore a large slouching Spanish beaver, which, like the ample plume that drooped over his face, had once been black; but was changed by the effects of time and the weather to a light russet. A buff coat, miserably torn and discoloured, appeared beneath a suit of rusty disjointed body armour, and, in a word, his whole appearance, like that of his attendant, who displayed, if possible, even a greater degree of wretchedness, when coupled with the uneasy and restless countenances, suggested the idea of men long exposed to peril, fatigue and want.

Their colloquy, however, had not endured many minutes before the younger individual turned his horse's head, and hastily motioning Giles to approach, fixed his large, dark, melancholy eyes upon him, and said:

"Art thou acquainted, friend, with the passage of the river hereabouts? Canst thou guide us to the Ferry of the Blackrock?"

"I can," said Gilbert, doffing his bonnet as he spoke.

"And the boats?—we would pass with all speed to the other side—canst thou command them?"

"We are ferrymen here, and will be afloa[t in] ten minutes, an' it please your honour."

"Lead on, then," exclaimed the stran[ger,] casting a hurried glance in the directio[n from] which they had approached, and putting [their] horses in motion, in a few moments they s[tood] upon the pier at which the boats lay moor[ed.]

Stimulated by the prospect of a reward, [and] impressed with the hope that the occurre[nces] of the day might be the herald of better [for]tune, the two men used the utmost alacri[ty in] getting the cavaliers and their jaded bea[sts] into the boat; then hoisting sail, they d[rove] rapidly through the surf, and in about tw[enty] minutes ran safely into Chisel Pitt, on the [op]posite shore.

The air of watchfulness and anxiety w[hich] had in the beginning characterized their [de]meanor, gradually subsided as the two str[an]gers saw themselves beyond the reach of [pre]sent danger.

"Helmsman," said he who had before [spo]ken, pointing to the child that lay quietly n[est]ling in the straw beneath the quarterdec[k of] the vessel, "is this curly-headed boy thy so[n?"] and, ere the father could reply, he had s[tept] aft and lifted the child into his arms; "[hast] thou more beside?"

"He is the only one remaining out of [four,] an' it please your worship," said the boat[man.]

"Ah, true, thine is a perilous vocation; [and] at times, men say, even the broad ocean [has] less danger than these same narrow chann[els;"] then, lowering his voice, he added, whil[e his] features assumed that air of deepened sad[ness] which seemed to be their congenial expres[sion,] "Died they young? and wert thou near [them] when they perished?"

The father dashed away with the bac[k of] his hand the tear that moistened his bro[nzed] and weather-beaten cheek; but his voice [fal]tered not as he replied, "My boys, gentle[men,] have found the soldier's grave; they fell f[ight]ing for the King at the battle of Mar[ston] Moor." The strangers exchanged signif[icant] glances; but at the same instant the ke[el of] the vessel grated harshly against the lan[ding] place, the mainsail was hardly lowered [ere] Gilbert and his comrade leaping ashore [busi]ed themselves in getting out the horses. [The] younger of the two cavaliers now drew f[rom] his girdle a purse, which he poised for a [few] seconds in his hand, and then said, "D[ear,] unless thou art richer than thy master, I [fear] these honest fellows will have slight caus[e to] thank us for the trouble we have given th[em;] their generosity, then, is our only resour[ce."]

[illegible] stepping ashore, he advanced towards Gilbert, who stood holding his horse's bridle, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said:

"His poor thanks, at the present moment, is all the recompense Charles Stuart has left to offer those who peril life for his sake. The monarch of three kingdoms possesses not withal to purchase a meal's food, or to procure him a shelter whereon to lay his head. For two days and nights have we scarcely tasted bread, or laid our wearied bodies upon a bed.—The enemy, like bloodhounds, are at our heels, and to the swiftness of our horses alone do we owe even a temporary safety at the present moment." Then, drawing his glove from his right hand, and presenting it to the astonished Gilbert, he smiled and said. "Take and preserve this—'tis but a sorry guerdon for a king: yet, though the sun of our misfortunes be obscured, it is not set—thou mayst one day restore it to me when seated on the throne of my ancestors, at Whitehall: fail not—we will redeem it then and there with its fill of broad pieces." Then untying a small jewelled ornament which hung concealed within his vest, he threw it over the infant's neck; and, after kissing its rosy cheek, leaped upon his horse, and, waving his hand to his preservers with an air of mingled courtesy and dignity, wheeled round an angle of the road, and in an instant disappeared from their view.

* * * * * * *

The boat lay again at her mooring on the ferry of the Blackrock, and Gilbert and his companion were in the act of furling the sails when the clatter of hoofs were again heard, and a band of more than fifty troopers galloped furiously towards the water's edge. Their leader, an athletic, grim-looking figure, immediately sprang from his horse, and, advancing towards the astonished boatmen, furiously demanded if one or more individuals answering [illegible] description of cavaliers, had recently pas[illegible].

"This is a public ferry," said Giles, dogged[illegible] evading the question. "Cavaliers or Round[illegible]ds are equally unquestioned—when they [illegible] their fare."

"I tell thee, traitor," said the officer brand[illegible]ing his drawn sword, "from certain intelli[illegible]nce, we know that Charles Stuart, and [illegible]er malignants, have been seeking a pas[illegible]ge here for some days past. Say, whom [illegible]n thou hast just put over, armed and mount[illegible]?—answer truly, or by ——," and he swore [illegible]orrible oath, "thou shalt swing at the yard arm of thine own vessel before we quit this spot."

"Whether king, courtier, or cavalier, I know not," answered the sturdy boatman; "this however, I'll vouch for, the men were marvellously ill-favored. Take a fool's advice," continued he, "and seek your game elsewhere—your labour in this direction is in vain."

As the officer stood for a few seconds debating with himself what course to pursue, his eye rested upon the glittering ornament still suspended from the infant's neck. "Ah! spawn of Satan! where got you this?" he exclaimed, pouncing like a tiger upon the child, and tearing the jewel from its neck. The royal arms, conspicuous within its centre, too plainly told that his prey had again escaped him.—Foaming with rage, he dashed the pummel of his sword into the father's face, and then turning to his men, shouted, "Dismount and on board! and you knaves!" addressing the ferrymen, "put every vessel in sailing trim, and in your own boat pilot us in safety to the other side, or by the powers of darkness, ye shall dearly rue the good thousand pounds we missed this morning."

Muttering curses, the troopers leaped their horses into the boats, and fastening the several tow ropes to that occupied by Giles and his comrade, a light breeze quickly wafted them within a stone's throw of the opposite shore. At some distance from this spot is a reef of flat rocks, known by the appellation of the "English Stones," separated from the main land by a sort of lake, calm and fordable at low water, but through which the returning tide rushes with fearful impetuosity. Arrived at the edge of the fatal spot, the boatsmen purposely run all the vessels aground, observing that laden as they were, it was impossible, in the present state of the river, to approach any nearer to the shore, and that the soldiers might easily trot their horses over the surface of the reef, and wade through the shallow intervening channel.* Blinded by rage, unsuspicious of treachery, and ignorant of the tide of the place, they leaped upon the rock, when their betrayers instantly launched in deep water, and throw-

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*When Cromwell was informed of the transaction, he immediately issued a precept for the abolition of the ferry; nor was it revived until the year 1718. Its renewal was connected with some legal proceedings between Mr. Lewis of St. Pierre Park, and all the guardians of the Duke of Beaufort, we believe respecting a right of fishing. The affidavits referring to the suit are still preserved among the family papers at St. Pierre.

ing up their caps, raised a loud shout of "God save King Charles!" In the ears of their victims it sounded like the knell of death; for, on reaching the promised ford, they beheld its white foaming waves, and the current running with that irresistible rapidity peculiar to the Severn sea.

In vain the soldiers spurred their horses from side to side, brandishing their weapons, and addressing their enemies alternately in the language of furious menace or of abject supplication. They continued inexorable; lying at anchor out of reach of pistol shot, and sternly awaiting the catastrophe, which they well knew to be inevitable. This was not long delayed. The last rays of the setting sun gleamed upon the polished corslets and plumed skull-caps, as the whole body was observed, moving slowly in single file towards the water's edge. They halted for a moment, ere man and horse plunged desperately in, were instantly hurried away, and their bodies cast ashore for several successive days, were the only intimation their party received of their fate

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Elizabeth, Queen of England, passionately admired handsome and well-made men; and he was already far advanced in her favour who approached her with beauty and with grace. On the contrary, she had so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence. When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people,—the lame, the hunch-backed, &c.—in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her delicate sensations. The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the Queen's graces was by an action of gallantry, which perfectly gratified her Majesty, not insensible to flattery. He found the Queen taking a walk; and a wet place incommoding her royal footsteps, Raleigh immediately spread his new plush cloak across the miry place. The Queen stepped cautiously on it, and passed over dry; but not without a particular observation of him who had given her so eloquent, though silent, a flattery. Shortly afterwards, from Captain Raleigh, he became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the Queen's favour.

OUR errors are too frequently the source of our own chagrins; and we are generally unfortunate because we know not how to appreciate good and evil.

THE BURNING OF THE TOWER.

The Cybele of cities stands veiled with the nig[ht]
But why are the turrets that crown her [so]
bright?
Those halls which for ages were silent and [d]
Shine forth as when lit for some banquet of [...]
But what mean the thunders that peal on [the]
breeze?
Ah! surely no sounds of the revel are these
The Tower hath a guest, though in silence [it]
came,
The festival there is a banquet of flame.
Ho! London, awake thee! though many [ha]
been— [s...]
Aye, many and changeful—the sights thou h[ast]
Of gladness and sorrow, of splendor and pow[er]
What pageants have glittered or gloomed f[rom]
thy Tower—
The lists of the tourney, the altar of pray[er]
Court, dungeon, and scaffold alike have b[een]
there; [fle...]
And bright were the banners its battlem[ents]
But ne'er had the Tower such a gala befor[e]
With terror and tumult from hovel and ha[ll]
They come, for one beacon hath summ[oned]
them all, [fo...]
The far-seen and fire-crested summit, w[...]
Falls fearfully bright on the city below.
O! Queen of the waters, it shines on thy [...]
Through all thy deep hidden viens vast as t[...]
art;
It startles the dream of the captives' repose
On th' eyes of the dying it gleams ere t[...]
close—
It bursts in its power on the halls of the g[...]
Like trumpets that summon to judgment aw[...]
For the rod of the Prophet smote only [...]
flood,
But this turns the sky of thy midnight to bl[ood]
How vainly you strive the destroyer to qu[ell]
O brave hearts of Britain, who served h[er]
well!— [sp...]
In war, you have shattered both sceptre[...]
But flee, for a greater than Britain is here.
Thou stronghold of Glory, though wide [...]
thy fame, [na...]
And minstrel and story have hallowed [...]
Yet in thee were found the dark stains of [...]
past,
And see, an avenger hath entered at last. [...]
Long, long, hast thou boasted the treasur[es]
Thy victors hath gathered from nation's a[...]
The realm of the North gave her iron-b[...]
toil, [...]
And lands of the sunrise their gold-cove[...]
But trophies of ages are perishing now,

Is the wrath of a spoiler yet mightier than thou:
Who spares not the ransomed from Ocean's
deep ire,
For strong to destroy is the angel of fire.—
'Tis past, and thy harvests of earth's battle
plains,
Are gone, but, O England! the anchor remains,
Like Hope mid the ashes of Fame's funeral pile,
And long rest upon it the hope of the isle.

WOMAN, AND HER INFLUENCE.

The elegant and brightly-lighted apartments of Mrs. Dashkoff were echoing to the clear, soft notes of the piano, which, obedient to the graceful touch of Miss Sydney, gave forth the most refined and classic tones that music ever spoke in. The snow-white walls, encircled at the top with a gilded rod; the expansive mirrors reflecting to one another the mild lustre of numerous *or-molu* chandeliers and branches, which hung from the ceilings, or were fastened upon the walls; the courtly and high-bred company that were assembled there: all these, and the delicate melody, and the odours of choice flowers, made an atmosphere of fine and high enjoyment, to whose elegant impression the spirit was not slow to equal its own more thoughtful sympathies. I thought that the rich influence of the hour seemed to be felt by all who were present; for *though* there was music, they were silent. A certain meditative sentiment seemed to rest upon every person's countenance; as if each paused in his own thoughts, to note the completeness of the scene, and calmly to breath the enjoyment. Private concerts I do not greatly affect; they are generally, to me, like Milton's Nightingale, "most musical, most melancholy." But when, at an [illegible]ening party, music comes in unexpectedly, [illegible]t at the right moment to relieve the excite[illegible]nt of conversation, or to refresh its fatigue, [illegible]oothing and restoring virtue is diffused, lend[illegible] grace to thought and interest to vacancy. [illegible]m naturally modest, and am content with [illegible]at is perfect. I reclined upon an ottoman [illegible]r the wall, and gave myself to the pleasure; [illegible]nest to express the finer essence of delight, [illegible]d taste the subtlest influence at the moment. This and such are the scenes in which wholly [illegible]ass my days; from which I draw an exqui[illegible] comfort, and a large improvement. In my [illegible]uth I was a reader of books; and neither a [illegible]rrow nor a superficial one. I made them the [illegible]ple of my studies; I found them the best [illegible]ace and ornament of leisure. Now, I prefer the great volumes of nature and of man. I once was content with fancy and its bright airy forms, with brilliant speculations, and ingenious turns of thought; I now seek truth, and the precision of truth. I find in printed volumes nothing but vagueness, tenuity and repetition; and in none, except a few, such as Tacitus and Milton, do I meet with that powerful action in the author's mind which stirs a corresponding re-action of the *whole* mind of the reader; the greater part of one's faculties doze over the page. But the passages of life enclose a boundless meaning; ever significant in proportion to the observer's capacities.—They are like the writing on the magical scimetar of Vathek; to the uninstructed gaze, a confused and idle glitter; but to the learned eye, a sentence of wisdom, with a new meaning every day.

Hither I come also to enjoy; feeding my spirit with gentle sentiment and genial thought: the mild flashes of refined wit, the elegances of manner, and the charms of art. The drawing-room is my easy chair, my home. I live in society. I associate with none but the refined and thorough-bred. Vulgar people give me pain. Unrefined company sullies my mind, and depraves that delicate taste which I labour to keep unperverted. I hate people whose minds are spotted with six per cents and par. Like the brokers' sales, they are flat, or without interest. The instructed, travelled, practised and highly-polished man in the world, whose mind is redolent of the choicest essences of learning, and whose taste is refined even to sensitiveness, who discards all common-place extraneous matter, and gets at once at the truth of thing, who understands me at half a glance, and with whom I can converse in short-hand,—I revel in the conversation of such. With the pure grace of the artless maiden, unsoiled, unsullied, unsophisticate, I can hold communion that knows not to be fatigued; and from her crystal tones that tell of natural feelings, or the simple thoughts of an untempted innocence, draw the inspiration of an exalting wisdom; or sit in silence by her beauty, and inhale the enchanting excellence of her presence. In this Babylon of bricks and business, of the brokers and the broken, we form a separate circle, which stands like St. Petersburgh, surrounded by a morass. My effort is to live amused; and I believe that on the gaities of the world there floats a more delicate, yet deeper wisdom, than that which is extracted from its business; a graceful wisdom that is not poisoned by that dark infusion of passion

that out-flows from wounded interest. Many a little adventure of private history meets my eye, as its *denouement* breaks like a bubble on the current of society; of some of these I shall, from from time to time, present slight sketches to the public. As I find that this Magazine lies upon the tables of all persons of fashion, I shall employ it to reflect back upon the world my observations upon the world. My tales will have at least one point of curiosity, that being born of one parent, there shall be no connection between them.

While the music proceeded, Mr. Cleland sat beside one of two ladies on a small ottoman, near to where I was reposing. He is a person with whom I have formed rather a close acquaintance, without having made the least approach to intimacy or confidence. He possessed a strong and even piercing intellect, and through an assumed triviality of manner there often shone gleams of a noble aspiration. Yet he professed to be only a trifler. Yet did that character not sit well or gracefully upon him. His wit was forced, and something coarse.—His mirth was too vehement. He seemed to me to have a fine character, that yet had been ruined. His large, open and generous features usually bore a sneer, that certainly was not native to their expression. His conversation was synical, and especially contemptuous on the subject of women.

"Beautiful," said Cleland, as the music ended, and he critically tasted a glass of champagne: "beautiful, no doubt, as the roseate fingers whence the sounds are shed. 'Tis one of her own smiles set to music; or her smile is a symphony played mute. I suppose that Miss Sydney has constructed that smile, and selected an overture so full of sentiment, to persuade us that a woman can have a soul; as a dew-powdered rose in the morning light would have us believe that it is blushing from an access of feeling at the presence of the lord of its homage, the sun. Such is the farce and imposture of appearance."

"The soul, I suppose," said Miss Jones, as she glanced at the manner in which he seemed to analyze his wine; "the soul, I suppose, is that part of the body by which a man judges of the flavour of champagne!"

"No doubt," said he, "that is one of its least earthly functions; is it not written, spiritual matters must be spiritually discerned!"

"The apostolical gentlemen whom you quote," said Miss Jones, "has spoken so unfavourably of the natural man, that you have deemed it a christian duty, no doubt, to become affected. Permit me to congratulate on your success in attaining the true go[illegible] good-breeding."

"The compliment is valuable from on[illegible] skilled in that accomplishment. Miss J[illegible] is in another respect equally possessed of [illegible] gospel spirit: healthy nature she shuns, [illegible] adopts and takes it up only when it is [illegible] Some people, by the by, mistake ill nature [illegible] wit; I suppose, upon Walpole's principle, [illegible] fogs are taken for warm weather. Bu[illegible] touching souls, there is a smaller supply [illegible] that commodity in the world than is comm[illegible]ly imagined. After accurate observation, I [illegible] persuaded that there are never more than [illegible] five souls in the world at once. A whole n[illegible] shall often have but one soul in it, divided among its inhabitants; each more em[illegible] person having a segment or sparkle of a [illegible] Even a single *solar* beam shall be split in[illegible] parts to form the allotment of individuals: [illegible] blue ray shining in the learned female, yellow colouring the malignant; heaven's [illegible] hue, the violet, tinting the spirit of the [illegible] while the souls of the inexperienced are g[illegible] and those of the ingenuous are plainly [illegible] Some men have an entire soul to thems[illegible] some have more than one. Napoleon, f[illegible]stance, had not less than two souls [illegible] share."

"Certainly Mr. Cleland has a soul and a[illegible]

"Miss Jones is still superior; she is so[illegible]

"Because she wont be sold," said I. [illegible] thought the allusion unfair; "and none [illegible] is worthy to receive as a gift so fair a s[illegible] But will you continue your remarks tou[illegible] souls; since, 'to touch the soul,' says [illegible] Pope, 'is the just office of art?'"

"The soul," said Cleland, "is one [illegible] most elegant inventions of a refined age. [illegible] a rude contrivance it was known to Plat[illegible] king David. With them it was an unt[illegible] tireless bird, that chanted its wild carols [illegible] the rocks, and washed its white feathers [illegible] fleecy clouds; and was by no means a s[illegible] in good society. In its perfect state, it [illegible]sentially the product of a highly civilized [illegible] of society and a very advanced stage [illegible] arts. It is the faculty by which young [illegible] enjoy the sonnet of an admirer, in spite [illegible] flattery; and which gives a tender sublim[illegible] the intercourse of elderly gentlewomen [illegible] their cats. It is a thing not to be made [illegible] by too much use. I never wear my soul [illegible] full dress and occasions of state. Since [illegible] and ruffles are no longer worn, it is the [illegible] which distinguishes a gentleman."

[illegible] might then be inquired by the malignant," [illegible] Miss Jones, "why Mr. Cleland is not [illegible]istinguished."

"Because he is extinguished by Miss Jones' ar[illegible]isms."

"But the soul, I suppose, like a candle, can [illegible]ly be extinguished by want of air; and Mr. Cleland can never want abundance of airs."

"Certainly not, while he is played upon so skilfully by Miss Jones."

"By-the-by, Cleland," said I, "they have lately made some extraordinary improvements in the soul in New-England, by which it has become possessed of marvellous powers. By means of these new-invented souls, a woman sitting in one house knows what is passing in the house of another at a distance; and is able to tell the contents of a written paper which she has never seen."

"I doubt the novelty of the invention," said Cleland. "As to knowing what passes in a neighbour's house, it is not surprising a New-England woman should do that; 'tis but a new version of the old quality of curiosity, and shows what stores of knowledge the long exercise of that faculty has given them. And in all former times, to know the contents of written papers that were never seen, it has only been necessary to assemble the priestesses of Gossip around the table, and to propitiate that divinity by a cup of tea."

"Mr. Cleland," said a lady, "as you deny that the music which we have heard was inspired by any soul, will you not favour us with a performance to have one."

Cleland approached the piano, and presently broke out with a ridiculous *buffo* song, full of humour and a satire more diverting than refined. The company laughed, but I thought the mirth was not won without some expense [illegible]gnity. Mrs. Dashkoff, as she paid her [illegible]pliments to him at the conclusion of it, I [illegible]ght, indicated as much; for her thanks [illegible] expressed with a particularity which seem[illegible] show that he had condescended a good [illegible] in order to amuse.

[illegible]ss Keppel, with her commanding beauty [illegible] intellectual air, was standing by the man[illegible]iece alone. She seemed to regard the [illegible]ersation which I have described, and the [illegible] which followed it, with calm and distant [illegible]empt. Indeed, there was little in one or [illegible]e other which could interest or please the [illegible] and passionate soul of Mary Keppel.

[illegible]leland rose from the instrument and ap[illegible]ched her. There was an unwonted sneer [illegible] irony upon his face.

"Is not that a creditable display?" said he.

"Very good, undoubtedly, in its way," she replied, deliberately. Then paused for a moment, and added with a searching and impressive tone, "But it is quite worthy of the exalted spirit and lofty intellect of Mr. Cleland?"

My friend seemed to feel the reproof deeply, but threw off the feeling by an effort.

"Oh," said he, "'tis thus I amuse myself. I live but for trifles; the world and its honours I despise unutterably."

"First, *prove* that *you can* gain them," she replied, "as I believe you can, and then you may sincerely despise them."

"I detest, I scorn the world," said Cleland, who seemed vexed beyond his control.

"There is an order of souls who are 'too proud to be vindicative,' too great to feel contempt, who stoop not to note affronts and count insults with the world; who rise to the clear regions of moral grandeur and dignified virtue; and who, freed from the petty passions of common life, enjoy a glorious rest in the consciousness of honourable toil. What is life but a perpetual struggle between the greatness of the soul and the belittling influences of the world? See you not, that if you yield to littleness, the world has vanquished you? Shall wounded greatness take vengeance on the world by destroying itself? In this earthly strife there is but one way to win the triumph; and that is to be calm under every smart, to be great under the keenest wrongs—ever to preserve your soul in dignity. You contemn the paltriness of the world; can you not rise to the feeling of sympathy for its errings? You speak of hate; can you not feel the more exalting power of love!" and her voice broke upon the word. "But if the gentleman and purity of Henry Cleland is departed, where is his intellectual pride? —where his manliness of heart!"

These words were spoken low, but in a deep tone and a voice that quivered with passion.—They were heard by none of the company but myself, and I was asleep; besides I was talking to somebody, by very intelligent somnolent nods. An old fellow like myself was authorized to feel a paternal interest and curiosity in the heart-affairs of these young persons. As a man of honour, I feel no remorse at being a listener; as I communicate such secrets to nobody—but the public; and never make any use of them—except to print them. It was plain that there was a secret history between these young people; and when there is that in the case, I always feel as much curiosity as Mr. D'Israeli himself. My friend seemed to

labour with a suppressed emotion, which caused his whole frame to quiver.

"And is it you," he said, "who taunt me with that question, 'Can I feel the power of love?'—Brightest and most admirable of women, hear me!—Receive the confession of a soul that hath been destroyed by pride. In those earlier years to which you have so kindly, so graciously alluded, I was permitted to enjoy your friendship. Need I say what was the effect on one infinitely susceptible to every thing that is lovely and excellent!—I loved you, not in heart only, but with my whole nature and all my being. The most splendid aspirations and the noblest resolves attended that passion; for the dwelling-place which love for such a being made its home, must needs become the abode of every thing that is great and pure. Like another aspirant, I was determined to become 'just the greatest and most glorious thing on earth;' that I might be worthy of your regard. How well do I remember the day on which I approached you to pour forth the utterance of my worship! You received me coldly—with a jest! Perhaps it was accident; perhaps it was but whim; perhaps your usual friendliness seemed frigid to a heart that burned as mine did. That reception wounded and tortured me with dismay and anguish almost to insensibility. I was enraged and maddened through all the depth of my spirit; not at thee, at myself, at the world, at every thing but thee. My love was *of* my soul; but my soul was pride. I resolved never again to feel one soft or kind emotion; to harden myself in callous selfishness; to mock at tenderness; to fight against feeling. That I might not seem to be the dupe of any of the hopes of fancy or the heart, I determined to dedicate my life to all that is their opposite. Still, with a dumb unuttered fervour do I love thee; but it is too late. My life is bowed and crooked from its course. I have no cause to think you would do me the infinite honour to feel an interest in my fate; I must sternly perish in my pride."

Miss Keppel fixed her eyes upon him, moist with a half-formed tear; and despite of effort, her bosom heaved with emotion. Never did woman—speaking not with one feature, the lip only, but speaking with every feature,—so plainly say, "I love you."

Cleland seemed to be subdued and transformed in nature by that irresistible gaze. The stern bitterness of his face passed away; the heavy cloud of bad pride seemed to roll off from his character, and its native sunshine to break forth.

"*Might* I yet hope?—*Would* you deign to receive my adoration, were I to fling off false unworthy feelings, to recover my an[illegible] generosity of sentiment, and do such ac[illegible] would make me equal to your esteem? O[illegible] fer me to be but your accepted worshipp[illegible] I will be all that you would wish me. [illegible] know I that, of angels and of men, love [illegible] their eternity and our mortality, the mig[illegible] charm, the most exalting bliss. Will you [illegible] mit me but to hope?" Her eyes were [illegible] down, and the carmine blush which su[illegible] her face rendered her more beautiful tha[illegible] rora. Once she raised her eyes and fixed [illegible] on him; then cast them down again, and [illegible] pered, "I will."

A month afterwards Cleland came to s[illegible] I never saw a man so changed; from tha[illegible] ness of artificial character which he had [illegible] attained to, he was wholly relapsed into [illegible] nuine and natural fervour. All his bitt[illegible] and sarcasm were gone, and a fountain o[illegible] nial sympathy and fine philanthropy in [illegible] stead. He talked of philosophy, poetry [illegible] golden studies. I was astonished at the c[illegible] in his parts; for whereas before, his fa[illegible] had seemed uncommon but not prodigio[illegible] now showed an impetuous force and fu[illegible] of capacity that amazed me. His unders[illegible] ing seemed quite unbounded in its powe[illegible] extent; I had not conversed long before I [illegible] I was speaking to a man of real genius [illegible] had a hundred book-projects in his head [illegible] from the ardour and intelligence which h[illegible] played, I make no doubt that he will do [illegible] things in literature. And these change[illegible] the worse and for the better—to paraly[illegible] to inspire, were wrought merely by the [illegible] of a woman.

To me, who have had a bachelor hear[illegible] from my birth, these things are very st[illegible] A beautiful woman is, to be sure, a del[illegible] object to me; a flower whose passing [illegible] rance is charming; a fruit whose genero[illegible] vour no taste more delicately can enjoy. [illegible] that the favour of a woman, granted or [illegible] held, should change the state and order o[illegible] lives, topple Reason from her seat, and [illegible] the reins on the neck of the Passions, to [illegible] the car whither they will—somebody m[illegible] plain this, for I cannot. I have been s[illegible] fine women ever since: for when you ar[illegible] ing with such an inexplicable piece of fire[illegible] there is no knowing whether you may [illegible] blown up at any moment.

What reason and prudence cannot [illegible] force seldom accomplishes.

THE LIFE INSURANCE.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

In a little village, a few miles out of London, [illegible]ded, not many years since, an officer named Hazelton, whom ill health had compelled to retire upon half-pay. His cottage (a life-interest in which was his only patrimony) stood at some distance from the high-road, so completely embowered in shrubbery, as to be almost hidden from the view of wayfarers, and in this calm retreat, with the remnant of his once blooming family, he sought rest from the fatigues of his arduous profession. His career had been characterized by the usual vicissitudes of a soldier's fortunes. With the imprudence so common among men of his vocation, he had married early, and his pretty but portionless wife, had shared with him all the privations of a soldier's life, and all the discomforts of a narrow income. When, in obedience to the call of duty, he braved the frosts of a Canadian winter, his delicate wife was his uncomplaining companion; and when he toiled beneath the burning sun of India, she lightened his cares by her cheerful endurance of equal suffering with himself. But she had been called to bear more severe trials than those to which the physical frame may be subjected. One by one their lovely children had fallen beneath the stroke of death, until, at length, only three survived, and then it was that the courage of Mrs. Hazelton failed: and, actuated by the dread of loosing the few that yet remained, she implored her husband to retire from active service. Several years elapsed, however, before he was able to effect such a design, and it was not until his health was completely broken by fatigue and his mind weakened by excitement, that the family sought refuge amid the shades of rural life.

But misfortune seemed to pursue them even [illegible] and they were destined to suffer no less [illegible] the misconduct of the living, than from [illegible] bereavement of the dead. Henry Hazelton, their only son, was desirous of following [illegible] father's profession, and every effort had [illegible] made to procure him a commission. His [illegible]ts submitted cheerfully to the privations [illegible]sary to secure him the advantages which [illegible] deemed necessary to his success, but their [illegible] were made in vain. Almost the first [illegible]aken by the young officer on entering the [illegible] was to marry a woman of low birth, [illegible] years his senior, whose coarse beauty had [illegible]ted his wayward fancy. From that time, [illegible]k lower and lower in the scale of society. His commission was staked and lost at the gaming table, and in the course of a few months, a disgraceful brawl ended his career ere he had attained his twentieth year. This last affliction proved too great for the much-enduring wife and mother. She sunk under such an accumulation of misfortunes and soon followed to the grave her erring son.

Captain Hazelton was thus reduced to the very depths of despair, and when he looked his last upon the face of her who had been his faithful companion through so many years of anxiety, he felt that he had indeed drained the cup of sorrow to the very dregs. Indeed, care had done for him the work of time, and his mind had long been sinking into that debility, which comes upon men in the decline of life, and marks the period of second childhood. At the time of her mother's death, Blanche Hazelton had scarcely seen fifteen summers, and her sister was ten years younger. Death had broken many a link in the chain of kindred, and when the voice of her dying parent, consigned to her care the little Emily, Blanche felt that she was henceforth to be a daughter, no less than a sister to her heart. To supply the place of a companion to her desolate father, and a mother to her young sister, now occupied her every thought; and she seemed suddenly transformed from the merry-hearted child, into the thoughtful, patient woman. Indeed, her situation called for the exercise of every womanly virtue, for her fathers's querulousness increased daily, while his imbecility of mind became more and more manifest.

The thought which seemed to trouble Captain Hazelton most, was the destitute condition in which his daughters would be left in case of his death. He dwelt upon the difficulties and dangers which would surround them, until by his weak indulgence in grief, he hastened the approach of the very evil he most dreaded. It had been suggested to him, that by effecting an insurance on his life, he might secure a maintenance for his children, and the imbecile old man pondered over the idea until it became a perfect passion with him. He grew morose and miserly, scarcely affording himself the necessaries of life, in his desire to save money enough to pay the requisite premium; yet, with the cunning that so often belongs to partial insanity, he closely concealed his motives and intentions. Blanche was sadly at a loss to account for his strange conduct, but submission was her only course, and, while she thought to diminish the privations of her father and sister, she endured her own without a

murmur. But the intellect of the Captain failed too rapidly, and ere he could affect his purpose he sunk into a state of utter imbecility. Such was the situation of the family in less than two years after the death of Mrs. Hazelton. Hour after hour the old woman would sit, fretting over his folly in not having at an earlier period of life, effected the wished-for insurance; and Blanche well knew that the frail tenure of her father's life was their sole dependance for the very bread they ate and the roof that sheltered them.

Time passed on, until Blanche had nearly attained her twentieth year, and then occurred the long-dreaded change. Captain Hazelton retired to bed as well as usual, and Blanche watched beside him, as was her custom, until he fell into a tranquil sleep, when she left him to his repose. But, alas! he "he slept the sleep that knows no waking," and the worn-out soldier had thrown off the burden of life with as little apparent effort, as he would have flung down his knapsack at the end of a toilsome march. Blanche was now overwhelmed with sorrow. But the poor have no reason of mourning—there can be no folding of the hands in impotent grief—no closing of the weary, tear-swollen eye, when the daily wants of the body, demand the exercise of all the energies of the mind. In less than a week from the day which consigned her father to the tomb, Blanche received a summons to resign their little cottage into the hands of the heir-at-law. The sale of their humble furniture, the arrears of her father's half-pay, and a small pension of twenty pounds per annum, constituted all their worldly wealth. But Blanche possessed a determined and resolute spirit, and she did not doubt but that she could, by her industry and economy, provide for the wants of Emily and herself. It became necessary, however, that she should find another place of abode, and her thoughts involuntarily turned towards London, as being the spot most likely to afford her the means of employment. But she knew not a creature in the wide city, with the single exception of the widow of her brother Henry. This woman, having contracted a second marriage, now kept a small millenary and ready-made linen shop, in London, and although Blanche shrunk from applying to one whose coarse manners she had always disliked, yet her unprotected situation left her no alternative.

She found Mrs. Marsden, her sister-in-law, living in comparative comfort and by no means disposed to turn a deaf ear to her proposals, when she found that Blanche had sufficient funds to pay her expenses for the pre[sent.] Thoroughly selfish in all her views, Mrs. [Mars]den had never forgiven the Hazelton [family] for their opposition to Henry's marria[ge,] but from motives of interest, she would [not] have listened to them for a moment. [But] while Blanche had money, she was wi[lling] to become a boarder, and she did not [doubt] her tact in getting rid of them before [she] should become chargeable to her. B[ut] Marsden, took a very different view of th[e mat]ter. He was one of those mysterious individuals, insinuating in manners, pl[easing] in appearance, easy of address, and gent[leman]ly in deportment, who are always to be [found] in the neighbourhood of theatres and hotels, and whose means of life are so [not ap]parent, as to awaken the curiosity of ma[ny an] honest plodding citizen. Indeed, whi[le] Marsden *seemed* to owe his livelihood to [the] shop," his language, dress, and manners [were] decidedly above it; and those skilled in [such] matters, would have had no difficulty [in di]vining that he was more accustomed to his station at a faro-table, than behind a [coun]ter. He had been much struck with Bla[nche's] singular beauty, and he immediately sug[gested] to his wife, that she should offer her a s[ituation] as shopwoman, trusting to her personal [charms] to attract customers. Mrs. Marsden [eagerly] caught at the idea, though she well knew [that] in all probability, this was only the fir[st step] towards some profligate plot, which wo[uld en]rich her husband, at the expense of her [young] relative's destruction; but, it was agr[eed to] defer making the proposal to Blanche un[til she] should have become somewhat famil[iar] with their mode of life, and, in the mean [time] they concluded to offer her a small com[pensa]tion for her services as one of the semps[tresses] to the establishment. Surprised and gr[atified] by the kindness of her sister-in-law, B[lanche] readily accepted the proposal, and rej[oiced in] having thus secured a certain refuge fr[om fu]ture want.

Blanche was, at this time, a creature o[f rare] beauty. Her figure was symmetry its[elf, her] complexion was of dazzling fairness, an[d her] cheek wore that rich peach-like tint, so [rarely] seen except in early childhood. Her f[eatures] were exceedingly regular, and her dark [hair] fell over a brow and neck of perfect b[eauty,] while her whole face was lighted up b[y that] glow of health and cheerfulness, whi[ch can] make even an ordinary countenance attr[active.] To these charms of person, Blanche ad[ded a] voice of wonderful sweetness and pow[er.]

notes were almost bird-like in their clearness, and few listened to the rich gushes of song with which she beguiled her da[illegible] task, without pausing to catch the latest accents of such bewitching melody. Yet her voice was quite uncultivated—nature had done every thing for it, and science had never set limits to its exuberance of sweetness. Such was Blanche Hazelton,—such was the being destined by one to sit behind the counter of a glove and linen shop, and by submitting to their impertinences secure the custom of the ill-paid clerks of the neighbouring warehouses,—and doomed by the other to a fate, which we may not name without a shudder.

Mrs. Marsden had been in the habit of eking out her small gains, by letting her second floor to a few lodgers, but when Blanche became an inmate of her family, she had only one apartment to spare, and this she was so fortunate as to dispose of to a distinguished musician.—This man had listened to the exquisite voice which was ever carolling its simple songs, until he became fascinated with its sweetness, and inly resolved that such powers should not be wasted in obscurity. He sought an acquaintance with the songstress, and the sight of her surpassing beauty only confirmed him in his design.

"With such a face, such a voice, and a year's instruction what a splendid addition she would be to our opera!" thought he. But it was a thing not to be proposed too suddenly, and, awaiting his opportunity, Signor Rubinelli contented himself with watching the beautiful girl in silence. Little aware of the different kinds of speculation, of which she was the object, Blanche pursued the quiet tenor of her way, rejoicing in the thought that a course had been opened to her, which would lead her far beyond the reach of the destitution she had once dreaded. She had been struck with the noble appearance of the lodger, and had felt the power of his magnificent black eyes as they flashed upon her, when she accidentally encountered him, but it was not until she heard his splendid voice, that her interest in him was [illegible] aroused. Professing strong love for music, it was not strange that she should have [illegible] pleasure in listening to his piano, while she [sat] at work in her little back room: and she gave herself up, with the artlessness of a child, to the pleasure with which it inspired her.

Rubinelli was not slow in perceiving the impression he had produced, and gradually overcoming her reserve, as he became better acquainted with the family, he at length proposed that she should become his pupil in music.—By this means he discovered her precise condition, and learned, to his great joy, that to her daily labour, she would soon be indebted for her daily bread. He then unfolded all his plans, and Blanche was wonder-stricken when she learned that she had but to utter a word, and the gates which shut in the fairy-land that lies within the precincts of the theatre, would open to admit her. She could not believe that her powers were equal to such a display, and she shrunk with natural delicacy from a destiny which would thus make her 'the load-star of a thousand eyes.' But the prospect of future fame, the certainty of being thus enabled, if successful, to secure a competency for Emily, and perhaps a latent desire to find herself an object of especial regard to the handsome foreigner, all were powerful incentives to the mind of the lovely orphan. The Marsdens were little qualified to afford her advice, as their only object was to serve their own interest, and whether or not she accepted the dazzling offer of Rubinelli, they had already determined to make her, in some way, a means of amassing wealth for them.

Blanche pondered over the exciting thoughts which so brilliant a prospect awakened, until the world of dull realities around her, seemed wearisome and hateful to her. The romance which belongs more or less to the character of every woman, had hitherto been latent in that of the beautiful orphan. She had lived amid sordid cares and anxieties all her life long, and the dark beauty of Rubinelli's face was the first thing that awakened her heart to a sense of deep and strong emotions. When she sat alone, thinking over the bright scenes which fancy depicted as forming the life of an actress, she felt like one in a dream; Rubinelli seemed like some powerful enchanter, whose touch could turn this dull earth into a paradise, and she scarcely dared acknowledge, even to herself, how essential he had become to all her ideas of happiness. Surrounded by privations, tempted by the prospect of brilliant success—urged on by a growing attachment to the tempter, it is not strange that Blanche should have decided, even as Rubinelli wished. She consented to become his pupil, and, according to a custom common in such cases, an agreement was drawn up, by which he bound himself to give her proper instruction, and fit her for the stage, upon condition that the proceeds of her professional engagements, for two years after her first appearance, should be appropriated to his use, reserving only a maintenance for herself and

sister. There was something in this business-like arrangement which pained Blanche exceedingly. She could not bear to deal sordidly and calculatingly with one on whom she looked with such romantic interest, but the wily Maestro quieted her feelings, by assuring her that such a plan was necessary, in order to ensure her future appearance under his auspices.

Nothing could exceed the vexation of the Marsdens when they were made acquainted with the terms of this agreement, which Rubinelli had been careful to keep out of their view, until it was quite complete. They had hoped to be benefited by Blanche's association with them, whether her future destiny was to be that of the humble sempstress, or the brilliant actress, but they now knew that they had been over-reached by one more cunning than themselves. They sought to shake Blanche's resolution, by telling her of the fatigue, the drudgery, the almost martyrdom to which she must submit, before she could hope to appear before a fastidious public. They endeavoured to alarm her by the thought of her sister's destitute condition, in case her health should fail beneath the severe exertions she would be compelled to make; but Blanche felt that her course was taken, and it was now too late to retrace her steps.

Their representations, however, were not without some effect, and, remembering her father's favourite project, Blanche determined to insure her life, previous to entering upon her arduous career. In this design she was warmly seconded by Mr. Marsden, and her sister volunteered to accompany her to the office. Her extreme beauty, her graceful manners, but, above all, her high health, which, in such a place, was the best of all recommendations, secured her a most favourable reception, and she found no difficulty in effecting an insurance of several thousand pounds, at a comparatively low premium. The facility with which this was obtained, seemed to suggest a new scheme to Mr. Marsden, and he earnestly advised Blanche to take advantage of her present blooming looks, in order to secure something more than a bare competence to Emily, in case of her sudden death. Ignorant of the details of business, and desirous of affording every advantage to her darling sister, Blanche eagerly caught at the idea, and gladly appropriated the greater part of her little property to the payment of premiums. Accompanied by her sister-in-law, she visited *five* different offices, and actually effected insurances for one and two years, to the amount of *sixteen thousand pounds*. The policies were placed in the hands of Mr. M[illegible] den, as trustee for the young Emily, so th[illegible] might be enabled to draw the monies, if, by [illegible] unhappy chance, they should fall due. [illegible] ing thus, as she thought, secured Emily a[illegible] all contingencies, she devoted herself t[illegible] new task, with a zeal only proportioned t[illegible] desire of success.

Rubinelli did not hesitate to strength[illegible] every possible means, his influence ov[illegible] susceptible girl. He saw that for his sak[illegible] submitted uncomplainingly to a degree o[illegible] bour almost exhausting, and that his app[illegible] tion was sufficient to repay her for every [illegible] tion. Selfish and calculating as he wa[illegible] yet could not be insensible to her innoc[illegible] tachment, and he inly resolved that, if h[illegible] cess equalled his expectations, the agre[illegible] between them should be cancelled by a [illegible] riage bond. But the crafty musico had p[illegible] more than forty years amid the falsehoo[illegible] dissimulation of a theatrical life. He [illegible] lime the bird without entrapping himself. [illegible] he meant to keep himself free 'till he sh[illegible] see the result of his pupil's efforts.

How seldom are the depths of life sou[illegible] by human thought! We listen to the s[illegible] voice of the queen of song—we watch, [illegible] awe-struck emotion, the tragic grace of [illegible] stately actress—we gaze with delight upo[illegible] enchanting movements of the agile dance[illegible] seldom do we think of the means by w[illegible] such fascination has been wrought. We k[illegible] nothing of the fearful exhaustion of the b[illegible] of life which those bird-like notes have [illegible] the singer—we have never witnessed the [illegible] risome taskwork of the worn-out frame w[illegible] alone could perfect the graceful gestures o[illegible] mimic heroine—we cannot imagine the te[illegible] of the painful practice which was requir[illegible] those twinkling feet could attain their airy [illegible] ness. The life of the humblest peasant is [illegible] of ease compared with that of the brillian[illegible] tress, or the fame-crowned hero of an [illegible] Their lot is one of false and hollow splen[illegible] while bodily fatigue, weariness of soul, exha[illegible] tion of intellect, and sickness of the hear[illegible] its fatal consequences. Bright as may b[illegible] path at first, such, sooner or later, mus[illegible] end, and the few shining exceptions which [illegible] be pointed out, only prove the truth of [illegible] neral rule.

Hour after hour did Blanche labour da[illegible] fit herself for her new vocation. Her lo[illegible] music failed before the wearisome tasks [illegible] allotted to her, and she almost learned to [illegible] the sweetest strains that ever thrilled on a[illegible]

man's ear, unless they issued from the lips, or echoed beneath the finger of Rubinelli, and her

"Eye, ear and heart, were all awake."

How insidiously the love of this man had taken possession of the heart of Blanche! In all her dreams of the future, his image was ever present, and her highest ambition was to prove herself a worthy pupil of her master.—But did her deep affection meet with its deserved return of reciprocal affection; Rubinelli was flattered by the evident affection of the beautiful being who hung upon his every word; he respected the purity of her feelings, and he calculated her chances of success. He was a worldly and selfish man, with some good yet glimmering through the ashes of a wasted life, and though Blanche, in comparison with him, was a creature of a higher sphere, he was capable of appreciating the excellence which he could not imitate. She had improved beyond his hopes, and he secretly determined to make her his wife as soon as a successful *debut* should have confirmed her claims upon the attention of the musical world. By frequent attendance on the theatre, and a careful observation of the striking and effective points in acting, he familiarized her with much of the mystery of her future profession; but despite her resolute character, she had many misgivings as to the bold step she had taken, and it needed all his seductive flatteries to reconcile her to herself in her moments of despondency.

The period of trial at length drew near, and it was announced that the fastidious Maestro Rubinelli was about to bring forward a debutante of wonderful beauty and talent. The lovers of music were all on the alert, and for weeks previous to her first appearance, every seat in the opera house was taken. Blanche passed the time in a state of feverish excitement. Again and again did she practice her [illegible] until her lungs were perfectly exhausted. [illegible] Rubinelli predicted for her the most un[illegible]ded success. The character of Rosina, [illegible] favorite opera of 'Il Barbiere di Sevi[illegible] was fixed upon for her debut, as being a [illegible] particularly calculated to display the beau[illegible] her person, and the rich tones of her voice, [illegible] it required a less elaborate style of acting [illegible] a more tragic character. Rubinelli, skill[illegible] the mazes of the human heart, had so [illegible]ght up her feelings as to be in little doubt [illegible] reception. He had more than hinted [illegible]ffection for her, but at the same time, he insinuated that nothing but the most bril[illegible] success could ever induce him to yield to his passion; and Blanche felt that on her first appearance as an actress, depended not only her future fame, but her whole future happiness.

The appointed hour arrived, and on the night of the -- of December, 18—, Blanche Hazelton, radiant in youthful loveliness, burst upon the view of assembled thousands. For a moment she paused, trembled, and grew faint, but the whisper of Rubinelli, from behind the scenes, reassured her—her beautiful lips parted to give utterance to the exquisite melody with which Rosina enters upon the scene. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*" The sound of her voice, so long familiarized, by constant exercise, to the most difficult music, seemed to restore Blanche's self possession. Her timidity vanished, the glow returned to her cheek, and her grace of manner was no longer restrained by her fears. Her success was perfect. The audience rose almost tumultuously as the scene closed, and when, in compliance with their wishes, she was led forward by Rubinelli, who had been, for years, a favorite with the public, their names were blended in the acclamations of the multitude. That night seemed to decide her destiny, and Blanche returned to her home, a successful actress, and the affianced bride of Rubinelli.

The next morning the papers were filled with praises of the young and gifted songstress. Every one was in raptures with her graceful timidity, her brilliant beauty, and her exquisite voice. The lovers of music anticipated a rich treat during the coming season, and the Monsieur La Porte, the manager, congratulated Rubinelli upon the flattering prospects of his young pupil. But how did the morning dawn upon the young debutante? Did she awake from dreams of happy love and gratified ambition, to listen to the voice of the lover, and hearken to the plaudits of society? Wearied with fatigue and excitement, she had retired to her room, after a joyous supper with her family, and her absence from the breakfast-table occasioned little surprise. But when the day advanced towards noon, and still she was not visible, even Rubinelli became anxious. Mrs. Marsden repaired to her apartment, but no answer was returned to her repeated calls; and feeling or feigning great alarm, Mr. Marsden at length forced open the door. What a scene presented itself! Reclining, as if in sleep, but with her beautiful lips parted as if by the touch of pain—her large eyes wide open, upturned and fixed in glassy dullness, lay the young and lovely Blanche. Death had struck

her in the midst of her triumphs, and, while the flowers which strewed her pathway yet lay unwithered around her, she had fallen lifeless in the midst of them.

Do you ask, gentle reader, *how she died?*—It was said that excitement and the fatigue of an overwrought brain had overcome her: and the fearful word '*apoplexy*,' was applied to the sudden blow. But the revelations of time were of truer import. Months had passed away—the gentle Blanche was laid in her early grave, and the Marsdens, taking with them the unhappy child, Emily, had removed to Paris, where an application was made at the Insurance offices by an agent of Mr. Marsden, for the payment of the sums due the trustee of the deceased on the policies. When it was discovered for how large an amount, and in how many different offices the life of the hapless girl had been insured, suspicion as to the unfairness of her death, was first aroused, and payment was refused. A legal investigation now took place. It was proved that the day previous to Blanche's death, Mr. Marsden had purchased a small quantity of that deadliest of all poisons, *prussic acid;* it was also proved that on the night which witnessed her triumph and her destruction, Blanche had partaken of a supper with the Marsdens and Rubinelli; it was testified by the latter, who was still suffering from the disappointment of all his plans, that she had there eaten of a custard, prepared expressly for her by her sister-in-law, and flavoured according to her taste, with '*peach-water*'—but that no other of the company tasted of the same dish, as Mrs. Marsden, knowing Blanche's fondness for the flavoured, had only made a small quantity with this particular condiment. Of course it was exceedingly difficult, after so long a time had elapsed, to establish the guilt of the parties concerned. But there was testimony enough to invalidate the policies, and, of course, to exonerate the offices from the payment of the amounts insured.—The Marsdens had hoped to gain more from her death, than they could from her success in life, but they reaped not the benefit they had anticipated. Only their residence in a foreign land preserved them from the more serious consequences of their undoubted crime, and the little Emily owed her maintenance, in after life, to the interest which her sister's fate had excited. Such was the end of Blanche Hazelton. Youth, beauty and genius, had been offered up a sacrifice on the shrine of Mammon. The *life-insurance* had been to her the *price of blood!*

THE PEARL-WEARER.

[It is recorded of a pearl-diver, that he (from over-exertion or some other cause) [illegible] mediately after he had reached the land, from which he had plunged; and that, among the shells which he brought up, was one contained a pearl of surpassing size and b[illegible]

Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single peerless, priceless pearl,
(All filmy-eyed,) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eye
The ruby's blushes,—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn,
The flower of gems, a lily cold and p[illegible]
Yet,—what doth all avail?
All its beauty, all its grace?
All the honours of its place?
He who plucked it from its bed
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthly dwelling,—dead!
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil, by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem!
What need'st *thou* a diadem?—
Thou, within whose Eastern eyes
Thought (a starry genius!) lies?—
Thou, whom beauty has arrayed?—
Thou, whom Love and Truth have m[illegible]
Beautiful,—in whom we trace
Woman's softness—angel's grace—
All we hope for,—all that streams
Upon us, in our haunted dreams?

O sweet Lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied!
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and snaky vine
'Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold!
But be Thou for ever known
By thy natural light alone!

One way to make men speak well of [illegible] to do them good.

THE ART OF LIVING.

That may justly be regarded as a masterpiece in the science of life which enjoins upon us to make it a point to taste some comfort every day; to arrest the on-driving hours in the mad dash of their forwardness, and compel them to unbosom that enjoyment which may justify their mission and accomplish the end of their creation. That war should support war, is a maxim which Napoleon copied from the greatest of the Cæsars: and in this campaign of life, the moment which is, should be made to yield that sustenance of enjoyment which is necessary to make the moment tolerable. We should call home the winged steeds of thought and sentiment from their far pasturage in the fields of the future, and oblige them, yoked, to unfurrow from the bank of time we stand on, that harvest of pleasure which was appointed for our support. To have lost a happiness that was in our power, occasions a remorse of the feelings; and to have profited of all the happiness the past contained, diffuses a serenity like that of a satisfied conscience. He who at the close of every day can say, with Horace, "I have lived," shall find that contentment, companioned by national gratitude, brings peace to curfew toil, and makes gentle slumber sit upon his pillow. By such a system we approach our state to that of gods, with whom existence is fruition. It is in the harmony of nature; for "bodies" says Bacon, "move violently to their centres, but rest in their centres." It protects our virtue, for nothing drives men into the violence of wickedness so powerfully as the thought that life is slipping by with their gaming happiness: "Goodness," says a strong thinker, "does not make men happy more certainly than happiness makes men good."

Every moral error and every fault of judgment carries after it some retribution so inseparable from its substance and so apportioned to its degree, that it may be reasonably considered as a part of itself. The natural punishment of the lust of wealth is that it causes men's minds to live in the future: and nothing is more fatal to comfort than that. In the inland parts of old countries we discover a class of persons, who, as their fathers did before them, expect to close their days in the precisely same position in which they opened them; whom, like the moralist's humble friend,

> "The modest wants of every day
> The toil of every day supplies;"

who never can be richer than they have always been. These men, having nothing to look forward to, are philosophers by compulsion. Desire comes not to unpoise their lives. They live in the present. When the labour of the day is over, they look about for some social pleasure; they taste it and are content with it. The hour which is around them, *that* is the residence of their thoughts. As we approach the commercial cities, we find men engaged, not in sustaining themselves nor in comforting themselves, but in advancing themselves; to whom one gain only opens out the prospect of a greater; and who resting never in what they are and have, think only of the higher power and pleasure the coming year will bring them. And when we reach a great mercantile nation like this, we see a whole people living, in thought, on that which is not yet; and sacrificing life itself on the altar of hope.

Hope, no doubt, is an essential pleasure; and a keener and more poignant bliss than contentment ever feels. But the hope-system, like the credit-system which gives it birth, though it is a greater power, is tottering and uncertain, and in its greatest splendour most unstable.—But he who has learned to make mere existence pleasant, and to tint common life with the hues of satisfaction, has his funds invested in real security; of which, though the income is small, the principal is safe. Drafts on the future must at some time be paid; the speculator pays his in bankruptcy; the hoper, with despair.

Hope is, indeed, a blessing; nay, an apostolic virtue, linked with faith and leading in charity. But let us not deceive ourselves by a confusion of words. There is a hope of the fancy, and there is a hope of the heart. The one is but reverie and open-eyed dreaming; the other is a confidence of satisfaction in the future, founded on a sense of comfort in the present. The former is an airy joy dwindling as years wear and the blood grows cooler; but he who looks with satisfaction on the use which he has made of the past, feels a hope based on experience, which grows brighter as declining life pales upon us. "To him who is conscious of nothing unjust, pleasant hope is ever present, and is the kind supporter of his age, as Pindar also says. For elegantly hath he said, O Socrates, that the man who has lived justly and rightly hath sweet hope smiling upon him, the gladdener of his heart, the comforter of age, the chiefest of the powers that rule our unsteady course."

The habit of living in the present is necessarily promotive of moral virtue; and so, of personal comfort. It calls upon us to subdue

all evil passions; for it is pride, hate, jealousy and envy that make the actual a painful home to our thoughts, and drive us forth into the future. No man can dwell complacently, much less deliciously, on the scene which is around him, unless he has plucked out these stings of the temper—those whip-armed furies of the soul.

No doubt there is in all the passions, even the wickedest, a substantive felicity when first the nature yields unchecked to their influence: and it may be doubted whether even the fiends, in the very paroxysms of their devildom, do not enjoy an ecstasy that devils only know. There is a deliciousness in tampering with vice; in smiling again to the soft blandishments that shoot from its eyes, and letting it lay its warm hand along the kindling soul. There is a rapture in abandoning the spirit to the boundlessness of sin. Hot gleams of glory are flashed over our days by passion; and he that strengthens himself in his wickeness, shall be strong. (I will not abide it but that the whole truth shall be seen.) Yet the pleasures and the powers of passion are fragmentary: both alike are temporary and deciduous. Reduce it to a system, and it is misery; make it a practice, and it is a paralysis. Burke hath said in ever-memorable words,—"Vice is not a *rational* thing." The *philosophy* of life is virtue. The centre of every complete scheme of happiness —the true expression of the law of human well-being—is virtue. I derive not this from revalation, nor from theory; it is an ultimate fact in the condition of man—an actual, historic truth—before all revelation and beyond all theory. As we at present generalize on happiness, we approve our system by showing that it betters us.

Causeless hatred, like the demon in Spenser, born of no parent, but engendered of the corruption of pride, and a sullen coldness towards our fellows, are among the most fatal of the conspiracies which the heart enters into against its own serenity. Why should we gloom our days with such unprofitable tempers? Life is as a window in the tower of Time, through which the beams of eternity shine in and warm the soul: it is already flecked with bars enough; why should we darken the little light that reaches us by wanton soiling of the glasses? That glass, through which the eternal ray visits us, is sympathy. That is the soul's faculty of enjoyment; if it is deadened, joy is as music to the deaf. The daily intercourse of men with men, which is either perfectly apathetic or positively painful, would become a high pleasure if we were to open the pas[illegible] sympathy, and to instruct our hearts to [illegible] the sympathies of others, that the arid [illegible] nels of form and ceremony might be fill[illegible] the genial current of friendship and goo[illegible] ing. Love is, in itself, a *state* of happ[illegible] and wiselier selfish than the haughty a[illegible] vain is he who subdues the stubborn p[illegible] pride into its gentle tenderness. I hav[illegible] been astonished to find how much kind[illegible] heart and systematic philanthrophy th[illegible] worldly and polite men I have ever know[illegible] tured within themselves: politic exp[illegible] had taught them that it was necessary [illegible] comfort, and was a cheap source of v[illegible] joy.

Pride, too, which keeps in the issues [illegible] heart till they fester the heart, must b[illegible] quered by him who would enjoy his p[illegible] existence. Jealousy and envy, which a[illegible] cases to be mitigated only by that which [illegible] poison the healthy mind, must be era[illegible] In short, nature's instincts for pleasure [illegible] erring guides to virtue; and evil temp[illegible] passions arise from seeking a partial ha[illegible] only. He who should seek the higher [illegible] ment at all times from every thing, for [illegible] and for future, would need become a p[illegible] good man.

Those who let go the day which is, a[illegible] ter in their bosoms passions which mus[illegible] their quest for satisfaction far into the [illegible] do they not forget the mortality of [illegible] The arum-plants they till may blow in [illegible] dour, but the flower will wave over th[illegible] ter's tomb. Are hours such cheap co[illegible] ties, that, like pebbles by the sea-side, [illegible] amuse ourselves by flinging them aw[illegible] the ocean of oblivion? "This time, O [illegible] mont. because it is an incorporeal th[illegible] not subject to sense, we mock ourse[illegible] fineliest out of it, with vanity and m[illegible] deed; not seeking an end of wretched[illegible] only changing the manner still."

Vanity is, indeed, the tyrant tem[illegible] closes up the soul's avenues to enjoym[illegible] surrounds us as with a fosse that sepa[illegible] from the truth and the experience of l[illegible] the *virus* from which all the various [illegible] that despotize over the heart are comp[illegible] and if that were extracted from the c[illegible] the "sting of disability" would be [illegible] every passion. In fact, every figure [illegible] successive masquerade of the passions [illegible] one performer in a thousand disguise[illegible] off the concealment, and the features [illegible] will be found under every vizor. S[illegible]

[illegible]nnable darts of fate and fortune are nu[illegible]us enough, without our arming all the [illegible] events of society with arrows, and giving [illegible]to the smiles and glances, and the idle [illegible]ns of mankind, a point to pierce the too [illegible]tive spirit. No man is happy who is not [illegible]ndeed; and what slavery is so utter as [illegible] subjection to the opinions, the acts and the [illegible]ches of the world. Vanity laps the soul [illegible] in insensibility, and charges fancy, as a [illegible] of the soul, with a susceptibility to im[illegible]ssions of pain or pleasure, that gives to gra[illegible]ification the uncomfortable delight of a dream, [illegible]nd to disappointment the agony of a defeat [illegible]ndered exquisite by disgrace. But to enjoy [illegible]ruly, the composed and rational spirit should [illegible]self, and not by reports of its emissaries the [illegible]assions, take cognizance of pleasant objects; [illegible]nd drawn in within itself, and conscious to [illegible]self, should feed on happiness.

[illegible]t which I meant for something like "a [illegible]ong," hath almost "turned out a sermon."—[illegible] recapitulate the heads of my doctrine [illegible]nd hasten to a conclusion.

The spirit, in its calmness and self-recollect[illegible]d power, is, it seems to me, the great function [illegible]f our highest enjoyment. To preserve it from [illegible]toxication; to find all our enjoyments with[illegible] ourselves and within it; to keep its sensi[illegible]ilities always cognizant of the actual and the [illegible]resent; and to habituate it to a moral, analy[illegible]is which shall extract from every object what[illegible]ver it contains of pleasant, is to elaborate [illegible]om existence an enjoyment that wisdom [illegible]wns and virtue ratifies. Thus is the future [illegible]ver echoing before us with the natural music [illegible]f past delights; and life, like the western [illegible]oud, is glorified by the ray of a sun that is set.

CONTENTMENT.—To a Young Girl.

This life is not the vale of woe,
[illegible]Which stories paint in declamation,
For countless blossoms round us glow,
[illegible]Which breathe the sweetest exhalation.
[illegible]n let's enjoy our sunny hours,
[illegible]or mourn anticipated gloom;
[illegible] folly to neglect the flowers
[illegible]ecause they may not always bloom.

[illegible] fools for rank and honour seek,
[illegible] envy not their elevation;
[illegible]bition's path is wild and bleak,
[illegible]ontent is in an humbler station.
[illegible] sweet content, dear girl, be thine,
[illegible]ealth, friendship and a faithful lover,
[illegible] never let the dove repine,
[illegible]ecause the eagle soars above her.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

The cold blast at the casement beats,
The window-panes are white;
The snow whirls through the empty streets—
It is a dreary night!
Sit down, old friend! the wine-cups wait—
Fill, to o'erflowing, fill!
Though Winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 'tis Summer still!

For we, full many Summer joys,
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams we dared!
And, as I look upon thy face—
Back—back, o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is Summer still!

Yes, though like sere leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strown,
And cherished flowers lie dead around,
And singing-birds are flown—
The verdure is not faded quite—
Not mute all tones that thrill—
And seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis Summer still!

Fill up! the olden times come back,
With light and life once more!
We scan the Future's sunny track,
From Youth's enchanted shore,
The lost return. Through fields of bloom,
We wander at our will;
Gone is the Winter's angry gloom—
In our hearts 'tis Summer still!

TO AN ATHENIAN BEAUTY.

The spirit of mine eyes is faint
With gazing on thy light;
I close my eyelids, and within
I see thee shining bright,
Glowing through the mist of gloom,
Like flower-bird at night!

Thy beauty wanders by my side,
In shady grove and lea;
I hear thee in the bird that sings,
Upon the myrtle-tree;
Thy face, from every woodland stream,
Smiles fondly up to me.

On fount and tree the moonlight sleeps;
Thy Beauty will not part—
Within my weary lids it dwells.
O lovely that thou art!
And from thine eyes, the sweet breath falls
Like odour on my heart!

A SUMMER'S EVENING RAMBLE.

"Up! up! and go forth to the pleasant path, through the green fields, and by the beautiful river," said the sweet voice of one standing by me. "Up! up! and away."

"But, Cousin Edith—"

"Nay, sir, I know what you would say; I have, during the day,

> 'Mingled with the jostling crowd,
> Where the sons of strife are busy and loud,'

and now released from the thronging cares and constant din of business, I seek this retired spot, and find—"

> "How calm and quiet a delight
> It is, alone
> To read, and meditate, and write."

said I, interrupting her, and uttering the *alone*, quite significantly emphatic; but however delicate the hint might be, the manner of conveying it made but little impression on my determination and persevering cousin.

"Alone! yes, and lonely! you strive in the race after wealth; you stifle generous emotions, and render exalted feelings subservient to the ruling desire of gathering together gold and silver, of increasing in stocks, and ships, and lands; and even when returned from the burden and the heat of business, you devote hours to calculations, as to anticipated successful returns, instead of enjoying 'the breath of heaven's sweet air.' Turn your eyes to the beauteous prospect before you and see,

> 'The lanes are full of roses,
> The fields are grassy deep,
> And leafiness and flow'riness,
> Make one abundant heap.'

"Edith, a rose could not bloom more brightly than your cheek; the dew-drop on that rose, in the brilliancy of its shining, could not exceed the lustrous beaming of your eyes; the motion of the leaf, stirred by the gentle breeze, could not compare with the graceful waving of the hand, and the richness of the prospect is increased by the sweet herald of its beauty. But remit a portion of your rebuke, and acquit me of devotedness to a pursuit so absorbing as that of becoming rich. It is true, you see before me the figured sheet, but there are friends here with whom I converse, whose society I covet, with whom I live over hours which are past, and with whom I mingle my sympathies, silently, but yet, not less touching or sincere. The scene which you have pointed out, is indeed beautiful, but when the roses have faded, and the leaves have fallen—when the freshness and beauty are gone, what is there remaining to cheer the sight? Ah! to the ...ousness of hope succeeds that feeling of ...liness which withers life. I know and fe... searching truth of some of the lines in o... these messages of my silent friends—

> 'The very flowers that in the May breeze s...
> Bloom out together, and the blessed star...
> Of night, walk not the pathless heavens a...
> But twinkle, though unseen, in blissful t...
> Of sympathetic light; all beauteous thin...
> Hold mystic fellowship; and man,
> Without a brother heart, how darkly doom...

Edith's penetrating eyes rested on me, ... sudden glow spread over her expressive ... tenance, rendering it still more beautiful. ... blush retreated, and the tear-drops fill... eyes, as she said, "Have I been so much ... ror, in imputing want of feeling!"

"Come, Edith, we will go forth, and ... verse awhile with nature. Now, Edith, ... rest on this grassy mound, in the ... shade beneath this aged elm tree, and ... template the scene around us. There ... ancient church with its modest spire, an... der, the river throws back the beams ... sun, as the willows bend, and wave to a... with that soft and graceful motion wh... artist finds it difficult to arrest for his pa... or the poet to delineate in his numbers. ... 'solemn stillness' is undisturbed, save b... joyful twittering of the swallows as the... ter around the vane, or seek the eaves ... porch; by the low and varied sounds of ... fulfilling their short summer of existence ... by the hurried but not loud dash of the w... as turning from its regular channel, it p... tates itself over a small ledge of rocks. ... is a gradual descent of the ground from ... church to the river, and the kindly fe... the villagers have prompted them to pre... and to ornament the quiet spot. A low ... encloses the last resting-place of mo... and the heaped up earth is covered with ... sod, and friends often come, in fond and ... ful remembrance, to speak to each other ... departed; perhaps, to shed a tear; assu... to have their hearts thrill with chastened ... that the companions of their early day... buried, where their virtues are known ... appreciated.

"Among the many records of the frail... of human life, you may perceive yon pla... of marble, and perhaps read the lines ins... thereon; to me they are as familiar as h... hold words.

> 'Sweet maid, associates fondly though...
> 'To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bi...
> But thou hast left a being fraught
> With wiles, and toils, and anxious fe...

For us, remains a journey drear;
For thee, a blest eternal prime,
Uniting in thy short career,
Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.'

"Laura Gale was indeed a 'sweet maid,' and at the mention of her name, she seems to be before me, as when she gained and delighted friends by the unstudied exhibition of genuine feeling. There is the countenance lighted up with winning smiles, stealing over the features in soft succession; there are the expressive blue eyes, in whose lustre the soul of purity and truth was contained; the unconstrained natural demeanor; the modesty of manner. These outward qualities were the heralds of the bright affections, and the well-regulated principles within, and while her merry laugh was in heartfelt unison with the friends of her innocent mirth and pleasure, her sympathies were mingled with the grieved and burdened spirits. Were any of the poor villagers in sickness—there was one who provided the necessary attendance, and the delicacies so acceptable to the languishing; and she might be seen often at the bed-side, watching the restless slumbers, supplying the many wants, whispering hope and consolation, and soothing the hours of affliction, by generous and assiduous kindness. She had a sensitive spirit, but it was not of that morbid sensibility which weeps at the recital of imaginary distress, and shrinks from the duty of relieving the really necessitous; she felt for the woes of others, and that feeling was not suffered to remain inactive, but was exerted in prompt and beneficent action.

"Her father was the clergyman of the district. Laura was an only child, and as her budding graces and virtues were unfolded, the happy parent felt and expressed his thankfulness to the Providence which had assigned so fair a plant to his protection, and in dependence on supreme aid, nurtured it with deep and unbroken affection. And she flourished like a morning flower, and, alas! like it to, she suddenly drooped. It blossoms, blooms, and imparts sweetness and fragrance to the senses; its lively and varied colours please the eye; for a little while, the sunbeams gladden it, and in the hour, when it seems most thrifty, indicating full and rich maturity, the sudden storm bows its lovely head and withers its beauty, but the perfume remains, marking the spot where it grew amid its kindred buds.

"As has been said, the villagers were the recipients of her kindness, but there were others who were admitted to a more intimate association. Among those who participated in this charming intercourse, was one, whose presence caused a deeper glow upon the cheek, animated the eyes with additional brilliancy, and whose words had an irresistible influence, seeking their way to the heart, where they were warmly received, and carefully treasured. I am not repeating a story of love, so I will only say, that it was determined by them, that they would unite their sympathetic interests in the 'sanctimonious ceremonies' of marriage. The announcement of this intention did not create any uncommon stir among the villagers, for their sagacity had already predicted the occurrence of such an event; their curiosity only extended to the time when this design was to be fulfilled.

"The morning of that day was bland and beautiful. The sky, as if in accordance with the gladsome feelings of the inmates of the village, shone forth in loveliness; but, ere that day had closed, a deep shade was thrown over its brightness, and of joy—

'The tone
Was hush'd and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder, on the distant wind.'

There were many persons gathered in the church, whose happy faces reflected the emotions of still happier hearts; her father, the venerable friend and single-hearted counsellor of the villagers, with placid joy upon his open countenance, commenced the service, and when the troth of each had been plighted, in fervency and truth, while the ready tear trembled in the eye, he invoked the blessings of Heaven upon the beings before him.

"The congratulations were many and undissembled, and were received in a spirit correspondent to the warmth with which they were tendered. The bridal party returned to the home of her childhood, which she was shortly to leave, and mingled in innocent festivities. The hour of the departure arrived, and Laura shared in the kind and dear charges oft repeated, the heartfelt embrace, the parting kiss, and the warm pressure of the hand, those endearments which the female nature so well understands, and so feelingly exhibits on such occasions. There was yet one to whom to bid farewell; she turned—was received into the arms of her waiting father, and with suppressed sobbings, hid her face in his bosom. 'Blessings be on thee, my dutiful child! blessings be on thy life. Thou hast been to me as 'my companion, my own familiar friend.' Image of thy now sainted mother, thou hast her excellencies and virtues; in thy new sphere of

duty, continue to intimate her worth, and be happy.' He bowed his head, and the gushing tears attested the fulness of his heart. He raised himself, but the form of Laura was motionless. There was the same benignity of expression upon the face; the richness of beauty upon the cheek; but the life-pulse had ceased its beating, and was for ever at rest. She died of an affection of the heart, and

'Was call'd home, ere from her brow
One radiant trace of truth had fled.'

It is not for me now to depict the grief of the bereaved parent, the anguish of the stricken bridegroom, or the sympathetic concern of friends. The sudden summons of death at such a time, and under such circumstances, is terrible, and so it was felt to be.

"On the following day the church was opened, and a coffin was placed before that altar at which its inmate had knelt in maiden bloom and modesty, to ratify a convent of affection. How changed the scene! The father, who had united his daughter in her loveliness, to one whose heart beat in responsive and hallowed unison, sat with bended head, yet his face exhibited the calmness of resignation.—Afflictive dispensation had removed his last earthly comfort, and feeling the bitterness of his present loss, he had grieved; but his sorrow was that of one in whom the hope of immortality forbade the expression of murmuring. His daughter had lived a life of piety, and could her death then be otherwise than happy! 'Her sun had gone down while it was yet day, but it was to appear again with renewed and undying splendor in a new Heaven. Although alone, yet he, trusted to the faithfulness of a friend, whose dealings, if now enveloped in mystery, would hereafter be explained, and his wisdom and love be made manifest.

"The young husband seemed as if unable to realize the certainty of the scene before him.—Were his hopes to die thus early, even in the freshness of their being? It could not be!—And yet, why the saddened looks and swelling bosoms around? why the coffin and the pall? why those solemn words—'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust?' Alas! his hopes had expired, and were about to be entombed with the lowly being who called them into existence. The coffin was conveyed to the grave, the earth was thrown upon it, the green turf placed over it, and she was left to 'the starless midnight of the tomb.' On each returning anniversary of her death, fresh flowers are put by friendly hands over the place of her sleeping, and some friends may often be observed to linger there in sw[...] collection of virtues which have been [...] which were suddenly quenched.

"But see! the sun has gone down, an[d the] softened tints of the sky indicate the app[roach] of evening. Let us return homeward, [...]ing of her of whom you have just heard [...] our reflections may be in this wise:

'Be thy name whispered, where the silve[...]
Stealeth the leaves of clustering roses thr[...]
With bright and freshening powe[r]
And where the waters follow to the play
Of earliest sunshine, o'er the sands awa[...]
At morning's hour.

Be thy name whisper'd, where the boug[h is] stirr'd
To the last nestling of the wearied bird,
Its silent mate beside;
And where the voice of mirth hath ceas'd [...]
And far o'er fading paths the shadows fa[...]
At eventide.

For, thou, whose beauty to the dust hath [...]
Wert soft or joyous as the eve or morn;
And therefore these should be,
In hearts fill'd up with visions to the las[t]
Of thy young smiles, and winning accents [...]
Memories of thee.

Be thy thoughts counted, where the sta[rs] bright
Within the chambers of the dreamy nigh[t]
Thy kindling thoughts, and deep;
And where through summer clouds, the [light-] ning flings
Quick, tremulous sparks from its fla[...]
To banish sleep.

Thine outward loveliness! where'er they [...]
Light, blooming forms and ever graceful [...]
And voices sweet and gay,
There duly, fondly, ere the joy be done
Shall rise to faithful lips, the praise of o[...]
Gathered away.

Thy grave! not far and lone its last rep[ose]
As cold o'er some, alas! the mould doth [...]
Dead in a foreign land;
Thou! with familiar things are gently [...]
And oft may they who with thy c[...] stray'd,
Beside thee stand.

Thy rest! thy rest! go, where the sun is p[...]
His golden glories unto souls adoring,
Beneath this blessed even;
Hath peace, hath confidence, not h[...]
E'en 'mid the lowly temples of the ear[th]
THOU ART IN HEAVEN.'"

Poverty has in large cities very differ[ent ap]pearances. It is often concealed in splen[dor] and often in extravagance. It is the car[e of a] very great part of mankind, to conceal the[ir in]digence from the rest. They support thems[elves] by temporary expedients, and every d[ay is] lost contriving for to-morrow.—*Dr. Joh[nson].*

Reflections at the Close of Day.

The departure of day is a natural period for meditation. Another portion of our brief existence is stricken off. The hopes that enjoyed—the employments that occupied it, re laid aside, and the mind which was, perchance, too much elated or depressed by surrounding objects—subsiding, takes more accurate note of time, and of itself. Light withdraws its exciting vehicle, and silent Darkness, the sister of Contemplation, resumes her reign. The solemn regency of stars comes forth on the mighty concave, bearing witness that God remembereth his great family, around whom he hath drawn the curtains of repose. Perhaps the moon, silvering hill and vale and stream, glide on her course of beauty, the hostage of a more glorious orb, which shall soon revisit the firmament. Seem they not all to utter the promise of Divine love—"Seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease?"

Let us look back upon all the changes of the parted day. Let us take our leave of it, kindly and tenderly, as of a friend who must return to us no more. It brought us gifts from the "Better Land,"—opportunities of acquiring knowledge, of confirming good resolution into habit, of seeking the happiness of others, and of increasing our own. May we be enabled to couple the memory of its gifts with their faithful improvement. May it have spoken to us of Him who sent them and itself to us in mercy, and found listening and loving hearts. And if, as we retrace its lineaments, a tear of contrition should mingle with them, may it be accepted by Him

> "Who, from his throne of glory hears
> Through seraph songs, the sound of tears."

Ere we bid farewell to the day whose mantle has faded at the gates of the west, let us inquire if any event has marked it in the old time that was before us. Perhaps it was the anniversary of some revolution in the history of nations; of the birth or death of some illustrious individual—or, in the domestic annal, it may have [illegible]ayed some feature of joy or sorrow, of [illegible] or adversity, which it is both fitting and [illegible]ry to retrace and depress. The habit of [illegible]ing our recurring days by the peculiar [illegible]ments which appertain to them, imparts a [illegible] of individuality which heightens their im[illegible]nce, and might aid us in so arresting their [illegible]g course, as to number and apply them [illegible]sdom. It is a useful practise, to arrange [illegible]matically, in a manuscript book a list of events which have distinguished every day in the year. They may be gathered from the scroll of history, from general reading, especially biographical, and from the heart's treasured legends of friendship and domestic love. To recapitulate in the evening the events thus commemorated, among other subjects of meditation, will often have a tendency to rekindle gratitude to an unwearied Benefactor.

At this very moment, during years that are past, nations may have been organizing amid the pangs of revolution, or the horrors of war. Is our own country at peace? and under the protection of laws, which give confidence to the weakest, and guard the rights of those who have no where to lay their heads? How many may have mourned the fate of their dearest ones slain in battle: or, musing on their adventurous course upon the deep, shudder at the thought of the tempest and the iceberg, and the shipwreck! Are those whom we love, safe? How many are now suffering from sickness, or bending, with broken hearts, over the couch of the dying! Are we in health? Are our dear ones untouched by the destroyer?

Souls are at this moment going forth, some rent unwillingly from the body, terror-stricken, unprepared. Is our own ready for the summons? Oh! how great is the value of each fleeting day, which, by lengthening our probation, gives us opportunity to repair what has been omitted, to repent of what is amiss, and to take stronger hold of that only hope, which is [illegible] the soul as "an anchor, sure and steadfast."

The spirit of our grateful prayer should rise upon the downy pinions of night, for the refreshment of sleep. How sweet, yet mysterious, is that balm which, shed on the closing eyelids, soothes the weary multitude from their pain, and cheats the worldly-minded from their "carking care," and divides the bad, for a while, from their evil practices, and renews the Christian to "run his way rejoicing."—The sad of heart lays down his burden; and an act of oblivion passes over all that had distressed him. The traveller ceases to count the leagues that divide him from his native land, and the prisoner to measure the walls of his dungeon. The galley-slave bows his head upon the oar, and is as great as a king. The sea-boy forgets alike the storm that rocks the mast, and the home that he had too rashly left. The voyager, with the tear of parting on his cheek, slumbers deeply, notwithstanding

> "The visitation of the winds,
> That take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds."

The poor beast of burden, whom no eye pitied, tastes the compassion of sleep; and the camel in the desert starts no longer at the bells of the caravan. The wearied school-boy forgets his task; and, perhaps, in some curtained chamber,

"The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,
Whom, snoring, she disturbs."

The child, who, in the passing day, took its first little lesson of sorrow, sobs slightly in its broken dreams, and, turning upon the pillow, seeks pleasanter visions. The infant, on the arm of its happy mother, wears a smile, as if it heard the whisper of angels.

With such beautiful ministrations of mercy, does the Father of our spirits surround the close of every day which he giveth us; alluring us, by the sober twilight into which it fades, to those acts of meditation which compose the mind, and then shedding on the eyelids that holy refreshment of sleep, which prepares the body for renewed toil. Ever mindful is He of the creatures whom he has formed; in his care for the spirit that can never die, not forgetting the frail flesh, nor in his provisions for the flesh, overlooking the spirit. So may we remember Him, at the birth and death of every fleeting day, and so do His will, that our evening meditations may help to lead us where there is no more night, and where no contrition may draw its sorrowful shadow over the eye of the soul.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Avarice.—To what crimes are not men impelled by the cursed thirst after gold. Avarice is one of the most odious passions that can strike root in the human mind, and we should ever most cautiously guard our hearts against its influence, for when its ascendency is once established, all the best and the most estimable feelings of our nature become paralyzed, or altogether supplanted, by this selfish and detestable passion.

Mr. Shives,

Sir,—The solution of the third question in the last number of the Amaranth is inaccurate. The effects of heat are inversely as the squares of the distances from the centre whence it is emanated, which in the present case is the centre of the sun. Now, the surface of the sun is only *one* of its own *semi-diameters* from the centre, whereas, by the question, the ear[th] 106 *whole diameters* from the same centre: co[n]sequently, the earth is 212 times as distant fr[om] the centre of the sun as the surface of the s[un] is; and, hence, it follows that the intensity [of] heat must be 44,944 times as great at the s[ur]face of the sun as it is at the earth.

In Brewster's Ferguson's Astronomy [the] mean distance of the earth from the sun is st[at]ed at 95,000,000 of miles, and the mean diam[e]ter of the sun at 883,246. Taking these data it must be upwards of 46,225 times hot[ter] at the sun. R. Matthewson.

St. John, December 30.

QUESTIONS.

1.—Upon the extremities of a solid cylind[ri]cal brass lever of uniform density, 12 feet lo[ng] and one inch in diameter, are acting at ri[ght] angles, forces of 20 and 168 lbs. avoirdup[ois]. Required the place of the fulcrum to prod[uce] equilibrium in vacuo, the lever being in a ho[ri]zontal position, its specific gravity 8 335, a[nd] 27·726 cubic inches of distilled water, weighi[ng] one pound avoirdupois.

2.—A ship and a privateer start at the sa[me] time from 32° 35m. north latitude, the ship s[ails] due east at the rate of 6 533 miles an ho[ur;] the privateer after sailing due north for 4 da[ys] 8 hours and 12 minutes, at the rate of 10 mi[les] an hour, sails at the same rate on such a cour[se] by the *mariner's compass*, as to come in co[n]tact with the ship. Required, her course, di[s]tance, circuity, departure, and difference of lo[n]gitude, supposing the earth spherical and t[he] compass invariable. R. M.

☞ We intend furnishing our subscrib[ers] with a title page and index to the 1st Volu[me] of the Amaranth—the hurry and confusion [at]tending the getting of our office to rights si[nce] the fire, has prevented it accompanying our l[ast] number.

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