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# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

No. 9. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1841.

{ VOL. I.

Written for The Amaranth.

## The Trapper Firing the Village.

Fontaineville, for some years after its first being settled by the French, was a quiet little place; Aborigines and villagers lived upon friendly, and occasionally upon intimate terms. There appeared no rivalry nor jealousy. It were pleasure to see a group assembled after return from mass on Sundays or Saint days, in the evening, beneath the shade of a wide spreading sugar tree—their eyes sparkling with vivacity; telling over the scenes of past days, and the happiness reserved for the virtuous in times to come.

It may be necessary, for the information of the readers of The Amaranth abroad, to describe the dress and some of the habits of this people, denominated French Acadians; which will apply to the eastern shore generally, as well as to Fontaineville. The ordinary dress of the females consists of a dark blue short gown of domestic cloth; petticoat of the same, save its being striped dark blue, with a few shades lighter; wooden shoes; chemise of domestic linen, not unlike the packing cloth of commerce; a close cap of blue and white calico, with a tight band beneath the chin, protruding the cheeks considerably. The extraordinary, displays the cap bound round with bright scarlet worsted tape; the cuffs of the sleeves of the chemise of white cotton, neatly edged and dotted with needlework; a kerchief of musquito netting over the bosom; a sort of vest covering beneath the arms and across the breast, of bright scarlet bombazet; blue woollen stockings and leather shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes, with notches across the instep, of the size of the teeth of a carpenter's hand-saw; the same short gown as on ordinary occasions, flowing at the waist and compressing the breast much; petticoat bound

around the bottom with bright scarlet worsted tape, and a blue and white kerchief in the hand. There is an aperture in the posterior part of the cap through which flows beautiful hair, sometimes to the length of three feet and more. In winter, we observe in addition, woollen mitts, fancifully dotted with scarlet on a blue or white ground, and a plait and ball affixed to hang them up by; also a fancy cotton kerchief over the head, pinned on either side to the cap. The wedding dress is another article. There is an attractive power in a female's wedding dress in all civilized countries, and the eye naturally falls involuntarily upon it; few of my readers there be who will not have come within the scope of this magnet. Here it is a family affair, handed down from generation to generation;—it is a substantial calico of white ground, covered sparingly with a blue running vine, of dimensions adapting it to the small or great, high or low of stature;—not much unlike our grandmother's loose gown with the bosom removed; a white cotton close cap, with a stiff border, ornamented with needle-work; several bouquets of bright scarlet ribbons; a tin, silver, or brass ring on the finger; and the residue as on any extraordinary occasions.

The ordinary winter dress of the males consists of a stout blue domestic woollen cloth jacket, with black iron buttons; vest of the same; trousers of like cloth, shewing several inches above the ankles, and at the bottom near a half yard in width, the seat falling more near the knee than to the place usually assigned it by others; domestic linen shirt with large collar; woollen stockings, and moccasins; a huge sealskin turban, and woollen mitts. In summer, the trousers and shirt are of like fabric, straw hat and large leather boots. We frequently, however, see them with the fur turban in the hottest summer day, and a straw hat in the coldest day of winter. The extraordinary and wedding dress approaches near to

the ordinary. An embroidered vest, scarlet worsted or black silk cravat, plated hat with scarlet ribbons streaming wide, and shoes, mark the difference.

The marriage ceremony being performed in chapel, the party returns home, where the table is spread with cakes and a large pot of soup. The manner of making this soup is not intricate;—first there is a layer of salt pork, next comes one of fish, then filled up with sives, potatoes, onions, wheat, pimento, corn, pepper and water. If there be not chairs—and it seldom happens that there is—and benches sufficient, the females sit down on the floor, somewhat like a tailor on his board, or rather a manner between the tailor's position and that of the dairy maid whilst milking her cow.—And here is to be observed, perhaps, the most chaste and contented people on the face of this globe;—for the luxuries indulged in by others they have but little taste. Content with the customs of their forefathers, their leisure hours are spent in social chit chats in groups including the aged and youth, and in dancing or amusing plays—a happiness surrounds them that many in the gay world of folly and fashion outwardly seem to scorn, but inwardly sigh to obtain. The wife feels herself wholly at her husband's will in all matters which do not infringe upon her religious duties—will toil unceasingly and perform all the drudgeries with cheer, and it is a rare case to hear of severity being practised by the husband. We may not, however, ascribe this wholly to the natural inclination of his mind, but more particularly to the councils of their priests—who being men of refined taste, set their faces against all rashness and undue coercive measures. Averse to straying from the footsteps of their ancestors, they have made but little improvements in agriculture or mechanism. They have no regular hours for eating or sleeping further than their wants for the time being may dictate.—Their food is simple—pork soup being the favourite dish, or rather pot, around which all assemble, and each dips for himself with a spoon until sufficed or the pot be emptied. In retiring to bed they do not disrobe. The females are all industry, whilst the males idle away their hours with a short tobacco pipe in their mouth, perched between the canine and incisor; which from constant application of the pipe, appear as if filed for warlike purposes. Whether lying at the fireside, or riding about the settlements, on horseback or in waggons, this filthy accompaniment is ever conspicuous. They, however, attend strictly to their religious

exercises. There are a few exceptions to the general rule, for now and then we find a man rising above the common standard, very industrious and shunning the pipe. The majority are semi-temperate and respectful, yet most are fond of a cup of the *poisonous stuff*; and some few who have been long employed in the English settlements and learned a smattering of English words, with all the evil, and but few of the good qualities of their associates or employers, turn their new acquirements to a bad use. Their language differs widely from that spoken in France at the present day; by a long absence and non-intercourse with that country, they have digressed vastly in the pronunciation of words, whilst many have been ushered into the vocabulary, unknown in that country. Few are to be found who can read, notwithstanding the indefatigable exertions of their priests, who are a happy selection, holding them more within the bounds of virtue and moderation than probably any other people collectively known. As to writing, the following may not be an inapt illustration:

An Acadian living at the distance of ten miles, owed a trader twenty pounds of pork—an Indian had some wares to dispose of and wanted pork in payment, he had to pass the house of the Acadian on return to his camp, and the trader offered him an order to receive the pork; the Indian replied that he could not read the paper—the trader bid him get a man in the settlement to read it for him, whereupon the Indian commenced feeling over his pockets, and at length said he had lost a grain of powder the week before on the trader's sand beach, and must seek it. The trader took the hint, and weighed out the pork. Such is the difference of fashion—education and habit in this our Province of New-Brunswick, between what we meet with at Fontaineville and other French settlements on the eastern shore, and what we see in our more costly decorated and less happy towns.

Celestin Beausoleil was born at the island of Arichat, in the Province of Nova-Scotia, and led a sea faring life in his early days. His modest and upright demeanour attracted the attention of the late Duke of Kent, whilst in Halifax, N. S., and he was employed on missions by that noble Prince; who caused him to be instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic and navigation—for which Celestin ever after spoke with the utmost gratitude. Shortly after the departure of the Prince, Celestin removed to Fontaineville, and became, as it were, the father of the village. To do good, and avoid of

fending, was the study of this amiable man—and at his dwelling, in the evenings, the inhabitants often assembled to offer up their prayers to the Supreme Being for his mercies for the past, and to ask favour for the future.

Kete-poo, a remnant of the Aborigines, frequently pitched his rude tent near the premises of Celestin; and when the chase or the fishing failed, he was sure to find wherewith for his wants from Celestin's liberal hand, as well as in severe storms to partake of his fireside. Kete-poo was considered by Celestin as an honest man, and though subject to some of the frailties of his race—an acute observer and the best trapper and marksman within many miles. In short, Kete-poo had stood unsurpassed for years, and prided himself not a little on his prowess—particularly in trapping bears. He would roam over a wide space of country and return at certain seasons to Fontaineville, frequently with much peltries, dried meat and dressed skins;—these he would from time to time dispose of at the settlements among the traders. But with all the benefit of his skill and luck in collecting furs, he was still no better off than when he first set out. The high prices paid by him for what he required—such as powder at sixteen shillings per pound, shot at five shillings, flints at one shillings and six pence each, fox-traps at sixty shillings, tobacco at twenty shillings, rum at ten shillings per quart, and other articles in like proportion, in lieu for beaver skins at twenty shillings per pound, weighed out by a certain pressire of the foot of the trader in one scale, kept Kete-poo always a debtor to Celestin's pork barrel and sack of meal.

Kete-poo was not unconscious of the erroneous weights of the traders, but having dipped too deep at first, it was no easy task to regain the water's edge, and submitted to the necessity of the case, hoping that each successive year would free him from the trader's books. Celestin ever had an aversion to trading, and preferred to gain his livelihood by tilling the soil, and to purchase only such extras as what few peltries he could catch near by would pay for at the time;—and he would now and then advise Kete-poo to give his attention to agriculture. But, a few days sufficed for Kete-poo to remain in what he considered a squaw's business, and he would quickly relapse into the habits of his forefathers. Yet, with all these, Celestin had implicit confidence in Kete-poo as a man of the best intentions, and would mildly chide those few who doubted his integrity. In return for Celestin's kindness in

lending him pork and meal, Kete-poo exhibited his gratitude—he would hunt a stray cow or pig for Celestin until finding it—would seek the best sugar places and direct him thereto, and at the return from the hunt would sell him venison at a less price than to the traders.

Thus years rolled on, each successive finding them on the same friendly terms that the former had. Celestin might loose his purse, but his integrity was ever to be found. Kete-poo might loose his peltries with the traders, but his faith was found to be firm and his reputation thought unsullied. Yet how soon may all traces of friendship vanish, and the best friends become the most deadly foes! And who can trace the movings of the savage mind! Kete-poo was a famed trapper, and any encroachment upon that fame, you may imagine, was bitterness to his soul.

About this time there occasionally visited Celestin's house, a man lately arrived from near the American lines—he was engaged in the lumbering business on the banks of the upper streams of the Shediac river. Celestin thought well of this man: his candour and knowledge of the world naturally led Celestin to desire his company as often as convenient. For some few weeks there had been great destruction among Celestin's flock. Now the Bear is singular in his habits, he will one year pounce upon a flock at a long distance from a settlement where he made his incursions the year prior, and seemingly to await its renewal before his return. Let us say a little of this more than frugi-carnivorous-mammiferous animal, with a large disproportioned head and elongated snout, ears small and pointed, slug-gish body and limbs, feet with five toes armed with hooked claws, extensible lips adapted to gathering berries, a peculiar convex facile outline difficult to describe—mostly all covered with a thick black woolly coat inclining to brown and gray, and as he advances in age, he advances in ferocity.

The flesh of sheep, and lambs and berries are his favourite food; but when slightly pressed by hunger, scarce any kind comes amiss;—pigs, calves, fish, green pease and corn, apples, mice, rabbits, moss, grass, leaves, and insects of all kinds. He will destroy large cattle by strangulation or pounding upon the fore shoulder, enter dairy houses and extract therefrom butter, cheese and milk; and from smoke-houses, meat and fish. The female makes a bold resistance when her young are attacked, and woe to the unwary who crosses her path. The 'hug' of the bear is described by those who

have sustained its pressure, as terrible in the extreme; resembling at each successive movement the turn of a vice—the flexor muscles being very strong and capable of action for an almost unlimited time. He accomplishes his desires among the flock and herd, not so much from his swiftness of foot, as his fixing terror. He is an expert climber and burrower. The torpor we hear frequently expressed cannot apply fully to the bear of this country—for in winter he is found not altogether inactive, and feeding upon leaves, bark, moss, mice, and other small animals; and comes out from his den in the spring, not emaciated, but in good flesh, except when some ill luck has forced him from his chosen quarters. His flesh is seldom eaten by any who had ever beheld him alive, though necessity or a morbid appetite may render it food. His fat or 'grease' is well known as a remedial agent in cuts, bruises, and corns, among the country people; and forms the basis of innumerable Quack medicines—such as ointments, panaceas, &c. With this slight description, the writer would gladly leave this uncouth destroying animal; but he is still to be disposed of.

Kete-poo had for the four former years trapped several, but at the opening of this season not one was observed, and the villagers began to think themselves free from these enemies, until they noticed the decrease of Celestin's flock. Shortly there were said to be many on the banks of the upper streams within a few days, and James Quoddy (as we shall call Celestin's new acquaintance,) had seen two crossing the road on his last visit; and as he had trapped several about the lines in former years, considered himself well skilled in the business of trapping, and readily persuaded Celestin to join him. Quoddy wanted several skins, and offered Celestin a good price for his part of all which they might secure. In the solicitude for his flock, Celestin had forgot that Kete-poo was to be at Fontaineville from a hunting expedition in three days, nor did he consider at this juncture that Quoddy was intruding upon the premises of Kete-poo. Little did he even dream of this new connection causing him so much sorrow and pain! The material was in being collected, and one trap nearly finished by noon of the same day; and as Celestin was returning with some tools from his house, met Kete-poo and a strange wild looking Indian at the turn of the path.—Celestin made the usual salutation, but Kete-poo with reddened eye and hurried step merely replied, "Quoddy man make you trap, he

catchum bear, he hab long leg." Scarce twenty minutes had elapsed, when Kete-poo with his squaw and papposes were seen darting their light canoe down the stream with almost the quickness of lightning; in a moment after, the wigwam was in flames and consumed.—Celestin moved to and fro, with heavy step; his countenance paled and he was sad of heart; he reflected on the years of good will between himself and Kete-poo, the many good turns made each other—he saw now his error, and the flames arising from the wigwam seemed to denote "this shall be thy portion." He felt that he would have given his last sou to appease the offended one. That he had offended he was convinced, and had transgressed too far to ever regain the friendship of Kete-poo.

The evening brought more than the usual number of the villagers at prayer, and Celestin poured forth the sorrowings of his heart fervently. A little group lingered until late, wondering who the strange Indian could be, and what his business—they dreaded the tomahawk and firing of the village. The morning found no balm applied to the wounds of this suffering people: those who slept were troubled with dreams of the village being destroyed, the aged slain, and the youths carried into the interior, bound with withs—some roasted alive suspended from trees, whilst others were put to more ignominious tortures. That day a messenger in haste arrived to inform Celestin that Aaron Daily's child had been carried away by the Indians from Buctouche; five days passed, and that Daily knowing him, Celestin, to be on good terms with every man, and especially with Kete-poo, desired Celestin's good offices to recover through Kete-poo, his lost child. All his worldly goods were at the disposal of Kete-poo; but seek and restore his only—his darling child. Ah! thought Celestin, what would not Kete-poo have done to serve me two months since. How he would have scorned the offer of pay for executing a kind office. But now alas! I have probably changed him to a monster, and may be—but he would not allow his thoughts to roam further, and smothered them.

Quoddy arrived in the afternoon in Celestin's canoe with salt from the lower settlement on his way to the camp, and told of a great collection of Indians at Memramcook, about forty miles distant—that something extraordinary had brought them together, there could not remain a doubt, and the firing of the villages and taking off the children, was most likely the object—that Kete-poo having much influ-

ence with these barbarians, was at the bottom of the plot. It is true he had lived for a long time on friendly terms with this village, but it was only to mature his plans of destruction.—An Indian was, is, and ever will be an Indian, and his ferocious heart would never be softened. James Quoddy was a man approaching forty years of age, rather tall and stout withal. He was a discerning man, and his experience of the world led him to judge correctly in most matters, as well with the red as the white man. Brought up to the Presbyterian form of worship, he was no bigot; his object being to do good among his brethren, he would assist at prayers in the various congregations at the different settlements; for however astray these might be from the true path, an humble individual can often do much to enlighten the ignorant mind. In the absence of the appointed dissenting preachers, Quoddy would deliver an impressive sermon, which the inhabitants of the settlements ever considered as surpassing what they had heard before. In the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal congregations, he was also devout, and had the good will of these people—so that James Quoddy was one who lived in peace with all men.—Such a man at this crisis was thought by many at Fontaineville an interposition of providence to assist in averting the storm, and although it had partly arisen from jealousy towards this man, he was looked upon as most capable of devising measures to allay its fury. Reader! many a man with honest and virtuous intentions has been sacrificed by the unthinking. Many a brave and pious mind scalped and bound by reckless savages, intent upon the destruction of the whole race of white men. Behold the tomahawk—the scalping knife—the victims bound to bent saplings over a slow fire, the pine nots inserted in the flesh, and the fire put thereto;—a sad, long, lingering, cruel death! yea, many a one is thus tortured, equally as wise and virtuous as James Quoddy. Four anxious days had at length passed away, and dark clouds appeared at the setting sun, these dimmed the little cheer which the village had exhibited through the day.—Quoddy was amid the group to aid in advice and joining in prayer. The clouds thickened and dread darkness covered the land—this was the time for the onset of the murderous tribe—the lightning flashed—the thunder pealed—the rain poured down in torrents, and immense hailstones pattered on the earth. All was horror and dismay; then at a distance was seen a house enveloped in flames, and each thought

he could discover the savages dancing around with uplifted tomahawks, and hear the shrieks of the dying. The rain continued for some hours, when a calm succeeded. Celestin assured the villagers that the house at the distance must have been struck by lightning, that the Indians could not have ventured out in such a storm without perishing. The party accordingly broke up, each making way to his respective cabin; and Quoddy having some pressing business at his camp, mounted his horse promising to be back again by the next sunrise. Celestin's workshop stood at the west of his dwelling, the door entering at the north opposite the window where he slept.—This shop, made of rough logs raised the one above the other at right angles, with beams of three by four inches in size, passing through, held many little etceteras as well as his tools. One of the beams had been removed from over the work bench to afford more convenience, and the hole in the west wall remained. A small box undesignedly had been placed immediately over this hole to contain small chisels and gimblets, articles highly necessary in all country places.

To look at this shop and the loop hole at the west, a military man would suppose it thus placed and fitted for defence—the hole being at the precise height for firing through. It had, however, never entered Celestin's head to use it to such purpose; and though not lacking in courage, his deep sense of religion would never have suffered him to fire upon a human being. The hole at first was neither beneficial nor otherwise, but ere long it played a most conspicuous part. Minks delight to take up their abode in and about Fontaineville—small fish are in plenty, and birds in abundance, so that they live by less labour than in many other places. Notwithstanding the plenty food for these stealthy animals, Celestin's poultry yard was so encroached upon that it became necessary to remove the feathered tribes at night to the workshop. Here, also, there appeared no safety for a while; night after night fowls were missing. A steel trap of small size was next placed at the hole within, but their sagacity had prompted the intruders to draw it through the night following the first setting. Then a trap of larger size was procured, and many of the sly ones caught; afterwards Celestin had several traps at the water's edge, and these would only occasionally succeed—and then every one would be filled. By chance, he had never intimated the place and manner of catching his minks, and early every morning would

remove the trap from the hole until near his retiring to bed. Kete-poo was not a stranger to the habits of minks, nor to the methods of entrapping them; and well he knew that Celestin did not get so many as he had at times from his traps at the shore. Yet I have already said that the savage mind is difficult to trace;—we do not know all that he fingers, nor all that he sees—and the cause of the failure of the traps at the shore will be shewn ere long. The villagers being gone, Celestin entered the workshop to examine the trap, and took therefrom a fine mink. Setting the trap again he retired with his prize. Still something whispered this was to be the last: he turned the little animal over and over, examining it attentively, and unconsciously exclaimed—“the last! the last! this night may end our sufferings!”

Nights had passed without Celestin indulging in sleep, and he set himself in a large chair to court repose: but, alas! scarce fifteen minutes had elapsed before the house at the “Lion’s Den,” on the opposite side of the river, appeared in flames—then the barn—and almost simultaneously, the whole village!—Screams of the dying and tortured fell upon his ear soon after! To attempt to escape were fruitless, for in a moment his own house was surrounded by the hideous yells of the savages, and the torch applied in all quarters. He sued for mercy but no mercy was in their steeled breasts. The tomahawk had sunk deep in the brains of his wife, and his children were in being scalped or hurried away for more dreadful tortures. In his agony he cried aloud—the knife of Kete-poo entered his breast and he sunk lifeless on the floor! When he recovered from this state of syncope, his wife was at his side unharmed, bathing his temples with *l’eau du vin sauvage*.—This was a dream.

The dawn of Saturday, long to be remembered Saturday, came, and Celestin somewhat bewildered from the effect of his dream, walked over the floor several minutes leaning on his wife’s arm. Recovering a little from the shock, he crossed the path in quest of his two remaining sheep and the unproductive bear traps—but not a solitary bleat greeted his ear; he searched the field but not a living creature could be seen. Arriving at the north-west angle of the fence, he discovered traces of blood—and then the intestines of both sheep lay before him;—following the marks of blood to a trail at a few rods distant, a horse, yea, a horse tied to a small tree with evident marks on the ground that he had been standing a few hours. On

his back was placed a large flushing jacket folded, and over that, suspended two long sacks, one on either side—the mouth secured by a bunch of woollen yarn; and near by lay five minks tied together, and a chopping axe. Celestin recognized the horse, the contents of the sacks, the jacket, the yarn which his wife had spun, and the axe from his door; and exclaimed—“what is man? But here is the horse, where is the owner? what delays him?”

He turned himself towards his house, and when near by the north end, met Kete-poo in full face. A long knife was suspended in a leather sheath from the side of this, you may say, horrid monster; his clothes rent in shreds, and the blood pouring down his face and limbs. What a sight, you will say—a daring savage seeking revenge, armed with a scalping knife, meeting the man whom he sought unarmed, defenceless. Celestin’s thoughts, at that moment were not as your thoughts, reposing on a sofa at ease and in quiet;—and gentle reader, pause, I say pause, ere you draw your conclusions—there are more dreadful deaths, lingering, torturing deaths than even the knife of a savage can cause. This Indian, now the terror of this devoted village, had a package bound on his back covered with birch bark running up the back and turning over at the top forming a complete roof or shield against the rain, and a blanket thrown loosely over covering the sides. This package so carefully put up did not contain powder and other combustible matter, as we might suppose from its appearance; no, it was a stolen child! Do you realize the boldness of this Indian, now in open day light with a stolen child bound on his back facing a white man in the village, as a defiance to the power of the settlement. The inmates of the house discovered Kete-poo, his knife and his package, and doubted not that his boldness was prompted by dozens lying concealed in the woods. Wife and children felt their lives to be at stake; and earnestly wished that that man of courage, Quoddy, was there to shoot Kete-poo, the leader of the demons, and destroyer of their peace. Here was no time to loose, and Celestin’s wife caught a scythe and would have severed the head from the body of the Indian, had not Modeste her daughter held her back by the arm, reminding the mother that the council of her father was always to await the orders of a superior, and she had ever instilled the same in the breasts of herself and the other children. But a frenzy had overcame Madeline, and in throwing herself from the hold of her daughter, stumbled forward upon the wear-

pon and became sorely wounded. The sun now arose, and Kete-poo dignifiedly raised his head and said—

“Celestin, here me. When I met you in the wood with your tools, I had passed near to where Quoddy was fitting a trap; I had been sent for in haste to meet a council at Memramcook; for two days and two nights my eyes knew not sleep; I was anxious for the matter pending before the council, and I felt deeply and wrathful at your being deceived. Quoddy was my enemy: I had reason for being his, but this I kept in my own bosom, seeing you had confidence in him, and you never asked my opinion of that man. Knowing that differences had arisen between the red and white men, prudence bid me remove my squaw and papposes, as during my absence, the insinuations of Quoddy might have been the means of an outbreak upon them, which all your calmness could not still. I had but five hours left to meet the council. Ap-teche-camouch had sought me long,—he was like myself, hungry and weary. My squaw in the haste has been careless, and the fire consumed my all except some skins left in the woods seventy miles away. Celestin, I return to you as always—in peace. Here is a letter for you.”

“*Memramcook, Friday night,  
Half-past ten o'clock.*”

“SIR,—

“By the timely arrival of this excellent man, Kete-poo, and his liberal counsel to his stubborn brethren, a child belonging to Aaron Daily, of Buctouche settlement, lately carried away by some Indians, will be conveyed to you by his hands. The night is dreadful here—thunder, lightning, rain and hail, surrounds and covers us; but, notwithstanding, to avoid the snares of the captors, he engages to set out, and to see your face by the next sunrise. Loose no time in restoring her to her affectionate parents, and use every secrecy possible—for among the whole tribe of these Indians, Kete-poo is the only one that I know to be faithful, and you might be surprised on the way or this good man loose his life. In doing this charitable deed, you will receive your reward from the source of all goodness.

“Yours, &c.

“\_\_\_\_\_,”  
“Priest.”

“TO CELESTIN BEAUSOLEIL,  
“Fontaineville.”

Kete-poo waited in silence whilst Celestin read the letter, then drawing him a few paces to the right, and pointing to Quoddy standing beside the workshop with his arm affixed in the hole, said—“Ah! ha! see your Trapper!”

Fontaineville, Parish of Shediac, July.

For The Amaranth.

A ROVER'S EXCLAMATION.

ON storm plowed ocean's rolling wave,  
My bark now gaily bounds—  
Around me foaming billows lave,  
With angry surging sounds.

My flowing pennant floats on high,  
Delighted with the breeze,  
That rushing moves with swelling sigh,  
To hail it on the seas.

And wild the joyous sea birds spring,  
Through clouds above the deep;  
Swift! swiftly on with ceaseless wing,  
Where rapture leads they sweep.

While I, self exiled, wake to life  
That man can seldom feel—  
Oh! what is like the passions' strife,  
When all rests on our steel.

There is joy in every scene of earth—  
There is bliss where e'er we roam;  
Let ocean lend the stars her mirth,  
To me she swells a home.

Then on, then on! in mad'ning haste,  
Here's welcome to the gale,  
How e'er it rends the æther waste,  
My bark shall woo its wail.

Then on, then on! in wilder flight,  
My motto still, “The Storm,”  
Till my roused spirit yields its flight,  
And cold waves clasp my form.

St. Joh's, July. FREDERICK.

TO MY SISTER.

Thy little fingers on my cheek—  
I feel them playing hide and seek;  
Thou'rt tossing to the gentle air,  
The parted masses of my hair;  
Thy warm breath fans my pallid brow,  
Dear sister once—an angel now.  
I saw thee in thy coffin-bed,  
With mocking pillow 'neath thy head;  
With muslin fine, and laces trim,  
To decorate each lifeless limb.  
Death's token was upon thy brow,  
And yet I see thee living now.  
Alas! 'tis fancy. Thou art not,  
Yet art eternal. In no spot  
Cribbed or confined, thy infant soul  
Takes in at single glance the whole.  
Creation opes its book to thee,  
And life no more is mystery.

## ROBERT WYLIE, OF TOWNSEND.

BY SEBA SMITH.

THE family of Robert Wylie, of Townsend, exhibited a happy picture of hardy industry, jound health, and unalloyed contentment.— He had emigrated from Ireland to the Province, (now state) of Maine, about the year 1730, bringing with him his good wife Eleanor and three small children. The vessel which conveyed him across the Atlantic, made its first harbour at Townsend, fifteen or twenty miles to the eastward of the mouth of Kennebec river on the coast of Maine; and Robert being delighted with the novel appearance of the country, resolved to look no further but to pitch his tent at once, and set about procuring an honest livelihood by the sweat of his brow. Having been crowded out of his native country by an excessive population, he thought it a signal happiness to find a place where he could have "elbow room enough," as he was wont to express it; and in order that he might enjoy that privilege in its fullest extent he declined stopping at the eastern cove of the harbour, where several settlers had already located themselves, and removing about a mile from them, he took possession of the high land which forms the western cove and which was then covered with a thick growth of pine and spruce, and here and there a vein of oak, beech and maple.

Having fixed upon this spot, he desired his captain to set his family and goods on shore. Accordingly the yawl boat was brought alongside of the vessel, and Robert's possessions, which were contained in one chest and two or three baskets, were let down into the boat; his wife and little ones followed, and Robert himself shaking hands with the captain, and giving him a hearty "God bless ye," jumped on board, and a couple of sailors soon rowed them to the wild shore which was destined for their future place of abode. Having deposited their few chattels upon a sloping rock that stretched along the shore for several rods, the sailors turned their boat from land, and one of them with an honest look of sympathy remarking, "I'm thinking ye'll find hard picking there, Robert," they pulled away for the vessel. Eleanor sat upon the rocks by the water side with her youngest boy, who was hardly a year old, in her arms; she cast her eyes around her, the pathless waters were rolling on one side, and a pathless forest was frowning on the other. No living object, save her husband and children, was wit hin sight or

hearing. Her bosom swelled with a sigh, and a silent tear stole down her cheek.

"Don't you think, Robert, the captain would be willing to take us back again to Ireland, for I cannot see how we shall live here, and be sure I wouldn't be willing to see our dear wanes starving."

"Nelly, Nelly," replied her husband, affectionately, "now don't let your heart be sinking for trouble. With God's blessing we'll do well enough yet; and I'll not be afraid but we'll live to see the day, when this wilderness land shall bud and blossom as the rose. Only think how much better land this is, than Ireland. What had we there, Nelly? Never an inch of land, that we could call our own; but must live tenants at will, upon the land of another. Here, every man, if he please, can have land enough to keep all the herds of Abraham and of Lot. If one goes to the right hand, another can go to the left, where he may have room enough and to spare. In Ireland, when we had paid our land rents, or tithes, and our excise, what had we left, Nelly? Sure, scarcely enough for ourselves two meals a day, and a morsel for the wanes. Here, what a man raises is his own, and nobody can take it from him. We have enough with us to make us comfortable for one year, and by another year, if God gives strength to these arms, I'll warrant ye we'll be a good stretch ahead of want."

"So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd."

In truth, Robert was too good a calculator, not to have something always in readiness for a rainy day. Besides a comfortable little sum of money in his pocket, he had provided a small store of provision, and by means of his gun and his fishing tackle, he could lay both the woods and the water under contribution as often as he pleased. He therefore had but little apprehension of want. Eleanor, whose heart had been much relieved by the natural eloquence of her husband, now rose cheerfully, wiped the tears from her eyes, kissed her babe, and laid it on a blanket in the cavity of a smooth rock, which was overshadowed by the branches of a wide-spreading oak. She then repaired to the fire which had been already kindled by Robert just above the bank, and having unpacked a basket of cooking utensils, set about preparing some food for their dinner.

In the mean time, Robert, with an axe upon his shoulder, dashed a few rods into the woods upon the brow of the hill, and in an open area, that looked out delightfully upon the harbour, commenced the erection of a little log cabin.

He was healthy, youthful, and vigorous; an active and laborious life had given him great corporeal strength, and his person, which was hardly above the middling height, was obviously stout and brawny. Under these advantages he drove his work with great rapidity.—The walls of his cabin were built of small logs of spruce and cedar, and the roof was covered with bark. It was so far advanced as to serve them only with a mere shelter the first night; but at the end of three days it was so well fitted up as to afford his little family all the comforts which they could have found in an edifice of the gayest architecture. They soon became settled and contented in their new habitation; a pathway was opened through the woods to their neighbours, and Robert set himself to work in good earnest to make him a farm.—The sound of his axe was heard early and late; the forest fell before him, like grass before the mower; and in a few years the wild woods around him had given place to fields of springing grain, and pastures of grazing cattle. His little cabin had been superseded by a dwelling of more finished workmanship, and of dimensions more convenient for his increasing family; he had all the necessaries and comforts of life at his command, and Eleanor never renewed her wish to return to Ireland.

After the lapse of a dozen or fifteen years, Robert began to turn his attention to the fisheries, and finding in them a more productive source of ready money than in farming, he pursued the business to considerable extent.—Providing himself with a suitable vessel, he took with him his two oldest boys, who had now arrived nearly to the strength and stature of manhood, and spent a considerable portion of the summer season in the cod-fishery on the coast of Maine, or at the banks and bays farther to the northward and eastward. In the fall of the year he would market his fish at Falmouth (now Portland) or Boston, and return home with a supply of goods for his family's use, and his pockets well replenished with money, to spend the winter at his leisure in the enjoyment of domestic happiness.

The sixth summer Robert designed to go round to the gulf of St. Lawrence, and accordingly fitted out for a cruise of three months.—On this occasion he took leave of his family with more than ordinary anxiety, in consequence of rumours which had been afloat, that the Indians were assuming an attitude of hostility in different parts of the country. As he could get no positive intelligence of their depredations, however, and as he had never been

molested by them since he had been in the country, he at last persuaded himself that the rumours were groundless; and having made all necessary preparations, and being strongly entreated by Eleanor "not to make himself uneasy about her and the wanes," he set sail with a tolerably cheerful countenance, though his heart had not lost quite all its heaviness.

Eleanor sat in the door of the cottage and watched the vessel gliding lightly over the waters, and its little flag floating gaily on the air, till it had crossed the outer bay of the harbour and was lost behind the distant islands.

At the end of three months' successful fishing, Robert and his two sons weighed anchor and put away before a fair wind for Townsend. He had never before been so long absent at one time from his family, and never had he been so impatient to reach home. On the morning of the third day, Alexander, his second son, seemed troubled and melancholy. He watched him some time; the boy was evidently much affected.

"Ellec, my boy, what is the matter?" said the affectionate father. A tear started into Ellec's eye.

"Nothing, sir, only I've been dreaming a little."

"Dreaming? Poh, I hope you are not so weak as to let a foolish dream trouble you.—But what is it you've been dreaming about?"

"I don't think it's true," said Ellec, "only it makes me feel bad to think of it. Last night after I had stood my watch on deck, I went down into the cabin and took a nap. I can't remember all I dreamt; but somehow it seemed as if five or six Indians came to our house and killed little Esther and threw her into the water, and carried off mother and the rest of the children prisoners; and when we got home nobody could tell us any thing about them."

"Oh fie, boy, that manes just nothing at all," said Robert. "Didn't ye hear something said about Indians taking prisoners and killing folks, before we left home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, wasn't ye thinking about home and about the Indians, just before you went to sleep last night?"

"Yes sir, I'd been thinking something about 'em."

"Well, there's the secret, Ellec. We always dream about what we think most about. But it doesn't mane anything; so don't trouble yourself any more about it; but go and trim that foresail to the wind; if this breeze holds, we'll be at home before sunset."

Ellec obeyed the command, and Robert sat musing at the helm. He was not superstitious, and had none of those vulgar notions concerning dreams which are so common among mankind; and yet Ellec's dream on the present occasion kept crowding itself upon his mind. He would drive it from him by every means in his power, but still it would return. He called upon the boys to adjust a rope in one place, or trim a sail in another, but however busy he might be, still that dream was uppermost in his thoughts. He sung and whistled to get rid of it, but it was all in vain; it still clung to him like a shadow, and was gathering its weight like an incubus around his heart. He called Ellec to him again.

"How come you to be thinking of the Indians last night before you went to sleep?"

"Well, I don't know, sir, I was thinking about going home, and how glad we should be to see the folks again; and then all at once it come into my mind, what if the Indians had been there and killed them all?"

"And did you dream they were all killed?"

"No, sir, only little Esther; I thought the rest were all carried off into the woods, where we couldn't find 'em. But I don't think it's true; it only made me feel bad when I waked up, to think what if it *might* be so."

"Ah well, well, Ellec, it's only a dream; you shouldn't mind any thing about it. Come, take the helm awhile; I am in hopes we shall see the folks all well yet before sunset. Don't think any more about that foolish dream, Ellec; there's nothing in dreams."

Robert walked the deck, but with all his resolution he could not put his philosophy in practice. The Indians, thought he, surely will not come any the more for the dream; but then it occurred to him again that they *might* have come, even if there had been no dream. He looked upon the dream itself as nothing, and yet somehow or other he wished the boy had not dreamed it. Towards night the wind began to grow more languid, and Robert grew more impatient. It had been blowing in one direction several days, and he was now fearful it would not hold out to carry him home. He walked the deck with a quicker step; he looked off upon the water and anxiously watched the signs of the wind; and then he would examine the sails one by one, and see that every inch of canvas was made to draw. The breeze continued light, but steady, the remainder of the day, and just as the last rays of the setting sun were resting upon the mast-head, they doubled the southern cape of Fisherman's

Island, which gave them once more a distant view of home. The house was about four miles distant, and was plainly discernible.— Robert's heart grew lighter as he beheld it.— Still, it was but the house that he saw—perhaps all might not be well within, and a chill crept through his heart at the thought.

"There is our house," said Ellec, as he brought it full in view.

"I see it," said Robert, and he kept his eyes fixed upon it, as they drifted moderately in towards the harbour. The wind continued to die away, and they moved along with a tantalizing slowness. The twilight shades grew deeper and deeper, and when they had arrived within a couple of miles of their habitation it was almost lost in darkness. Suddenly a light darted from the house and gleamed upon the water, like a brilliant star in the horizon.

"The folks are at home," said Ellec, "for they have just lit a candle."

They gazed a moment in silence.

"That light appears to me too large for a candle," said Robert.

"I'm thinking," said William, "that mother has seen the vessel, and has kindled a brisk fire to get us a good supper by the time we get home."

Robert watched the light for a moment or two with increasing uneasiness. Did his eyes deceive him, or did it grow larger and brighter every moment? His strained eyeballs were rivetted, and he stood motionless and almost breathless, when a red column of flame suddenly burst through the roof of the cottage, streaming high into the air, and casting a long reflection upon the water, like a fallen pillar of fire, that reached quite to the vessel's side.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Robert, "it's all a-fire. O God, protect them."

For a moment he seemed to faint, and almost sunk upon the deck. Then suddenly rousing himself again, he directed the boys to lower the yawl into the water. They all jumped into the boat, and William and Ellec seizing the oars, stretched their nerves for the shore, with all the vigour that youth and fearful anxiety could supply, while their father steered the boat, and at the same time urged on its speed with his utmost might by means of an extra paddle. They shot over the water like an arrow; but the flames spread over the dwelling with such rapidity as to leave no hope of arriving in season to arrest their progress. Already the fire was streaming from every window, and had spread from one end of the roof to the other. They had arrived within fifty rods of the shore.

"The house must go," thought Robert, "but where is my dear family? Why do I not hear the least sound from them?"

The cold sweat stood in heavy drops upon his face, as these thoughts passed through his mind. At length, that horrid stillness was broken by a loud shriek from the shore, that pierced their hearts like a dagger.

"'Tis mother's voice," said William, and springing with a desperate effort to quicken their speed, his oar snapped in two, and he fell backward into the boat. Ellec, starting to save his brother's fall, lost the hold of his oar, which fell into the water, and the boat being under quick way, it was soon several rods astern.— There they were, left at this painful moment without the power of moving, except with a small single paddle at a very slow rate. Robert, whose decisions were always rapid, and generally judicious, at once dropped his paddle, slipped off his boots and outer coat, and plunged into the water.

"With lusty sinews throwing it aside,"

and stretching forward towards his blazing cottage. The boys immediately followed his example, and all being expert swimmers, they soon gained the rocky shore, and hastened up the sloping bank, when lo! Eleanor came running down to meet them.

"My dear Nelly," exclaimed Robert, "are ye all safe? Where are the wanes?"

"Safe," she replied; "they are all safe at the eastern harbour; but heaven knows how long we may be safe here, for there are Indians in the woods. You see there what they have been doing," continued she, pointing to the flames of their dwelling; "let us hasten as fast as we can to the other harbour."

She had scarcely spoken when three or four men were seen to pass between them and the fire, and come with quick step down the hill. Eleanor shrieked and fell to the ground. Robert sprang between her and them, resolved that the first blow should fall on himself, and seizing a stake from the fence by his side, he stood firm and collected, with a determination at least to sell his life for the most in his power. The men approached, but instead of the barbarous savages whom he expected, they proved to be his friends and neighbours from the eastern harbour, well armed with muskets. As soon as they were discovered to be friends, his attention was again turned to Eleanor, who was soon so far recovered from the effects of her terror as to be able to walk; and it being deemed advisable to retreat as soon as practi-

cable to the other harbour, they fired a gun, that the savages, in case they were lurking any where near, might know they were armed, and then set off at a quick step through the woods.

During their walk, Robert had an opportunity to learn from his wife the particulars concerning the destruction of his dwelling, and the escape of his family. John and Robert, the two oldest boys who remained at home, had been out in the afternoon about a mile into the woods, near the head of Campbell's Creek, in quest of roots and evergreens for beer. About two hours before sunset they came running in with great terror, and informed their mother that six or seven Indians were in the woods coming down by the side of the creek. Upon which she immediately collected her children, left the house, and fled as fast as possible to the eastern cove; and thus probably escaped a cruel death, or a still more cruel captivity. She had been expecting Robert for some days, and her anxiety for his return being increased by the present occurrence, she had walked out about sunset, upon an eminence that overlooked the harbour, when to her great joy she beheld and recognized her husband's vessel coming over the outer bay. She watched it some time as it drifted in toward the harbour, till she saw the yawl leave the vessel and move quickly toward the shore.— She then began to reflect what must be Robert's feelings on finding the house entirely deserted; and immediately resolved to hasten and meet him at his landing. But those hideous Indians again crossed her mind; perhaps they were now lurking round the house, and her life might be the forfeit of her temerity.— But Robert would be exposed to the same danger—this thought decided her. If he escaped, she probably would escape too; if he should fall, she chose to fall with him. One of the neighbours met her and remonstrated strongly against so hazardous an undertaking; but she was inflexible; nothing but death should part her from Robert in the hour of danger, and she hastened into the path that led to their cottage. Several of the neighbours snatched their muskets and followed to protect her. As she emerged from the woods into the opening, the towering flames of their burning dwelling flashed full in her view. At once a hundred Indians seemed to her startled imagination to rise on every side of her. Then it was that she uttered the loud shriek, which had been heard by her husband in the boat. Again the thought of Robert and her sons roused her, and she rushed forward and met them on the

bank. As the Indians were not seen again, they probably were few in number, and being fearful of a surprise, had fled immediately after firing the house.

When Eleanor had finished her recital, and the fears of her bosom had in a measure subsided, her thoughts returned again to the desolation of their home.

"Well, it's all gone, Robert, the house and every thing we had in it," said she, as the tears started into her eyes, "and now we have not where to lay our heads."

"A feg for the house," interrupted Robert, "I tell ye, Nelly, I care not a feg for the house; no, not the snap of my finger, seeing that no harm has come to one of ye. We can build another as well as we did that. My arms are as strong yet, thank heaven, as ever they were; and besides, we have some stout boys now to help us. But one thing mind ye, Nelly; I shall stay at home after this. We'll live together while we live, and God grant we may go together when we die."

#### THE DYING CHIEF.

The stars look'd down on the battle plain,  
Where night winds were deeply sighing,  
And with shattered lance near his war-steed  
Lay a youthful warrior dying. [slain,

He had folded round his gallant breast  
The banner once o'er him streaming,  
For a noble shroud as he sunk to rest,  
On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield  
By the rushing Gaudalquiver—  
While dark with the blood of his last red field,  
Swept on his majestic river.

There were hands which came to bind his  
wounds—

There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping—  
But he raised his head from the dewy ground,  
Where the lands high hearts were sleeping.

And "away," he cried, "your aid is vain,  
My soul may not brook recalling—  
I have seen the stately flower of Spain,  
Like the autumn vine leaves falling.

"I have seen the Moorish banners wave,  
O'er the halls where my youth was cherish'd  
I have drawn a sword that could not save—  
I have stood where my king hath perish'd.

"Leave me to die with the free and brave,  
On the banks of my own bright river;  
Ye can give me nought but a warriors' grave,  
By the chainless Gaudalquiver."

*Westmorland, July.*

J. A.

For The Amaranth.

#### THE SENTINEL.

On his lonely post, at the deep midnight,  
The sentry his watch is keeping;  
While his comrades all, have sunk to rest,  
And the drowsy world is sleeping.

As he paces on his lonely walk,  
Beneath the moonlight streaming;  
On all around, say what the thoughts,  
That are in his bosom teeming?

Does he think of battles lost and won?  
Of the toils of his arduous profession?  
Of honours, of triumphs, eagerly sought,  
That court, but elude his possession?

Oh! no, oh! no; from the world shut out,  
Its glare no longer blinding;  
His thoughts are as free as the summer wind,  
As the slave freed from chains most binding.

And they are away, beyond the wide sea,  
That between him and home is rolling;  
They revert to the scenes of his early years,  
They are sad, they are sad, yet, consoling.

They recall the loved faces of those he left,  
The fond voices, and bright eyes glowing;  
E'en the sparrow chirping amid the woodbine,  
Around his lov'd home growing.

Ah where is now the brother's grasp?  
The sister's smile, and greeting?  
They were barter'd for casual empty fame,  
Than the morning dew more fleeting.

Oh! what can repay the sacrifice,  
Of man's heart-cherish'd feelings;  
That dormant by day,—at the midnight hour,  
Arise with their strong appealings.

*Fredericton, July, 1841.*

L. E.

WHEN the soft summer breezes, loaded with the sweet odours of our forests, rustle and stir the leaves, how beautiful is the dying of the great sun! By slow degrees he descends from his lofty altitude—majestic and in solemn grandeur, he nears the distant mountain tops, and soon his disc is hid from view. The vast and illimitable islands of clouds come tinged with gorgeous hues, becoming fainter and fainter, but still solemn and grand, and gradually fade from the firmament; twilight throws a dull hue upon them,—the forest birds pour forth their evening song; and then a small luminary, distant, but bright and beautiful, comes forth, and usurps the place of the great sun. †

Written for The Amaranth.

EDITH MELBOURN.

## A Sketch.

BY MRS. B—N., LONG CREEK, Q. C.

The small seaport of Duncliff, situated on the Irish coast, is amongst the loveliest places this world contains. Nestled, as it were, at the foot of a range of highly cultivated hills, it is securely sheltered from the bleak gales of winter; while the deep water of its ample bay, forms a safe harbour for vessels of the largest size—which there ride secure, when the storm "bows the topmast of the Royal Armada."

Although a bustling little place, there is yet an air of quiet and rusticity in the shady streets of Duncliff, which none but the dweller in a large and populous city can enjoy. The low-roofed cottage, with its white walls and shadowy tree, stands close to the dusky office of the merchant. The ancient Maypole yet holds its place on the village green, and towers above the marble pillars of a new Exchange. The gay shops of the jeweller and milliner, stand side by side with the boat-builder's shed, and the hut of the fisherman. The beautiful environs are ornamented with the villas of merchants, whose fortunes have been gained from the deep and the 'homes' of retired veterans, who have spent their youth on the blue sea—stand along the white beach of the bay. But there is one spot in Duncliff, which, to my mind, would hallow it, were it altogether destitute of other beauty—and that is its church and lonely burying ground. Oh! how unlike the dark unwholesome cemetery, with its mouldering damps, and impenetrable gloom, is the warm sunlight, the bright green grass, and the waving trees of that lovely place of rest; and to whom can it be dearer than to the weather-beaten mariner, to know that after all his wanderings in strange lands, he shall at last repose beneath the trees where he has played when a child;—to know that the birds will sing above him—that the flowers of the earth shall bloom upon his breast, and the spray of the ocean he loved so well shall dash its diamonds upon his grave. No marvel was it then, that the graveyard was a favourite resort of these old toilers of the deep. Many a tale of sorrow might be traced in the simple annals of the tombstones, and with many of these were the old sailors of Duncliff connected. There in one corner was the grave of a young girl—a white rose planted by some hand, as an emblem of her who reposed beneath, shed its leaves as if weeping for

the dead. By this grave, late and early, might be seen the bent form and white locks of an old sailor—that girl had been the love of his youth. They had plighted their vows, and were to have been wed when he returned from sea, but a false friend brought her tidings of his death—he sought her love, and at her father's word, she gave him her hand, but her heart was with the dead. Her lover returned the very day she was a bride—he sprung forward to embrace her, and in that embrace her spirit fled. The young sailor again left his home—he was absent many years: when he returned, age had set its signet on him; but he came to sleep in his native land and rest by the grave of her he loved in his early days.

Another was the grave of a widow, whose only child, reckless of her prayers, had gone to sea. The mother's heart broke in grief for her son—she died, and long after, the corpse of the wanderer was washed to the foot of his mother's grave, and was laid by the side of her whose days his wilfulness had shortened.—Many a tale of the sleepers around have I heard, when wandering in the church-yard of Duncliff; but there was one story of the living inhabitants of the village, which interested me much. I heard it also among the tombs, and it was relief, after so many scenes of woe as were related to me. It was a tale of faithful love, rewarded after years of sorrow and suffering.

On the only bleak or dreary looking spot near Duncliff, stood a lonely cottage. Its walls were built of rough grey stone, and drooping plants of ivy, gave it a more melancholy aspect. No other appearance of vegetation was visible, for the sharp sea breeze and salt spray forbid the approach of delicate flowers within their precincts; indeed the owner of the cottage seemed to care little for the beauties of the external world. It was built in a low sandy nook, formed by a receding of the tall cliffs. The only view visible from it, was the opening of the bay and the wide expanse of ocean beyond. Miss Melbourn, the owner of the cottage, was sister to the wealthiest man in Duncliff. Often had she been pressed by her brother to share his splendid mansion, but the offer was always declined, gently but steadily; for gentleness and steadiness formed Miss Melbourn's character. Why she fancied such a residence, was a mystery; but as she was single it was set down as one of the foibles with which celibacy endows its votaries; although, indeed, a love of loneliness does not often characterise the old maid of thirty-two. In

her youth, Miss Melbourn must have been very beautiful;—and even now, although her dress was divested of every ornament, she was still handsome.

Why she remained *Miss Melbourn*, was a question which caused many a bright eyed spinster to doubt her own attractions; but with a sentimental sigh it was said, "Edith Melbourn had no heart—that she was one of those beings who had never loved, but had been marked from her cradle to be an old maid in this world, and to lead apes in the next." In the opinion of a great part of the world, there can be neither virtue nor happiness after a certain age has been passed outside the pale of matrimony; but Edith Melbourn might well have raised the character of old maids and enhanced them in public estimation. Of happiness, in the common acceptation of the word, she did not certainly seem to enjoy much: for often in her most cheerful moments, a look of agonising woe would pass over her face, and a deadly sorrow was visible in the mild lustre of her eyes. But Edith's feelings, whatever they were, lay buried in her own bosom. None, even of her own relations, knew she had ever suffered a disappointment. The disposal of her father's wealth would have been a severe trial to another, and have been sufficient to have embittered the feelings, but by Edith it was totally disregarded in her grief for his death. Nurst in the midst of riches, and known even as the favourite child of her father, her name was not once mentioned in his will.— Surprise was naturally manifested—she alone seemed to be neither surprised nor displeased. Her brothers instantly made arrangements that she should inherit her full share of their father's property, but she firmly refused their offer, and with a small annuity left her by a maternal aunt, retired to the lonely cottage on the beach.

A few months after the death of her father a boy, the child of a deceased friend, came to reside with Miss Melbourn, and was the only sharer of her dwelling. Why one possessed of so narrow an income should burthen herself with the support of another was thought strange, and still stranger was it, that as the boy grew older, Edith debarred herself of every luxury, almost of every comfort, to give him the most expensive education. No matter what denial she herself suffered, William Osborne was maintained in a style far above what her means would without denials have permitted. Several times had her brother urged her to send him to sea, promising to aid him by all means in his power in that line of life, but the

look of horror with which Edith heard him, induced him at last to drop his proposal, and she was allowed to indulge her whims with William as much as she pleased; while some laughed and some were angry at her folly.— The love with which she regarded her *protégé*, was such as in another would have excited suspicion of nearer tie between them; but no shade had ever rested on the fair fame of Edith Melbourn, and her deep affection for the boy was reckoned but as one of the fickle fancies of an old maid.

About sixteen years after the death of her father, Miss Melbourn, one calm autumnal evening, was seated at the open window of her solitary dwelling; the golden sunset was shining brightly on the blue waters, but Edith saw not its beauty—her brow was sad and mournful, and her eyes were suffused with tears. A young girl was seated by her side, and Edith's hands were clasped in her's;—it was the only daughter of her brother—her own namesake, and the very image of what she had been at her age. A fair and lovely being was young Edith Melbourn, and this evening she felt glad and happy as she was innocent and beautiful. She had come to ask her aunt to her wedding, which was to take place in a few days, with her first and only love—a brave and handsome Lieutenant, with a blushing cheek. She related her tale of love, when suddenly Miss Melbourn starting from her seat, exclaimed—"Edith, my own Edith! give up this love if you hope for peace in this world or happiness in the next! give it up—wed not, oh, wed not a sailor! trust not the faith of that loving heart—oh, trust it not on the treacherous deep!" and bursting into a passionate flood of tears, she felt overpowered with agitation. Edith was astonished—never before had she witnessed such emotion in her quiet and generally apathetic aunt. Miss Melbourn recovered, and placing Edith's hands in hers, said—

"I know, my dear niece, you are surprised at me, but listen to my story and then judge for yourself. You think, Edith, when I tell you to give up this your first fond love, that I, your strange, cold-hearted aunt, have never known the feeling, but believe me, I have loved; oh! how deeply—how fondly, none can ever know; it has lasted through the wreck of every earthly hope, and it burns now as pure in this blighted bosom as when it gladdened the sunny dreams of youth. Seventeen years ago, Edith, I was all that you are now—they said I was beautiful, but I thought not of that. I felt happy and rejoiced in the very gladness of

young existence. Alas! how soon was it darkened. Of my mother I have but a faint recollection—she died while I was a child, but there was a remembrance of her last kiss and dying prayer, that used to float across my childhood like the memory of a sweet dream. My father was a man of strong passions and stern unyielding temper. If he received what he thought an injury, it was never forgotten. I believe it was his sternness caused the death of my mother—to me he was kinder than he had ever been to any one, but he was changeable and uncertain in his temper. At one time his fondness knew no bounds—every whim, every foolish fancy was indulged—every wish gratified;—the next day, perhaps, he would drive me from his sight, and the slightest fault was punished with the utmost severity.

“At one time my father had been very poor; his great riches came suddenly by a law-suit gained over a man who had once been his friend, but his marriage with one whom my father loved, dissolved the friendship and put enmity between them. He died immediately after the law-suit—his wife soon followed him, and my father gained great praise by adopting his orphan son. William Tracey, the boy whom my father had taken, was little more than a year older than myself. We studied together from the same books—we learnt from the same masters, and for years he was my constant and only companion. I had no sisters, and my brothers were much older; thus William and I grew from childhood together and our love grew with us. My father's treatment of him was generally kind, yet had in it more of display than reality. Before strangers his conduct to him was that of the most affectionate parent, while in secret he was often cold and harsh; but whatever was his kindness, William seemed to have no confidence in him; and when enraged at him, one look from William's clear blue has quailed the stormy spirit, and he seemed to cower beneath its glance. As soon as he was old enough my father sent him to sea. This was the first grief I knew, and was, alas! the commencement of my sorrow. At first, William's voyages were short and I often saw him;—oh! how sweet was the period of his return to me—dearer far was he from a knowledge of the perils he had passed, but soon even the pleasure of welcoming him was to end, he was to depart on a long and dangerous voyage. The evening before he sailed, we met to take a long farewell; a sudden storm obliged us to look for shelter—this cottage was then deserted and we entered it—why need I de-

scribe the parting of young and loving hearts like ours? the tears of agony and tenderness—the grief was sharp; but the knowledge to each of being so beloved softened the pang. The storm abated and we returned homewards; it was almost dark, and as we left the cottage a figure glided from another door and vanished among the cliffs.

“Next morning William sailed, and in the evening my father required my presence in his own apartment. I followed with a beating heart, for something in his manner told of what was to come. Oh! never may child hear from a parent what I heard there. The black tale of his own baseness he told me—how he revenged his wrongs on Tracey by a tissue of false evidence and perjury, but his death, he said, had disappointed him, for he had hoped to see him grovelling in the lowest beggary, and to enjoy his misery. He had merely adopted William to finish his vengeance, unsatiated on his father; he said he had seen our love and encouraged it from the beginning. He had been in the cottage the preceding evening and witnessed our parting; thus far, he said, his schemes had worked well. William had gone in fancied security of my love, and that the blight of disappointment was to wither his heart in youth. He told me to prepare instantly for my marriage with Mr. Courtenay, a man whom I had never seen; while he planned and laid out further woe for William. Hardly could I believe my senses, as I listened to the malice of his words, that it was my father who spoke. Next day I was seized with a severe illness, and a violent fever ensued; my recovery was slow, and I heard nothing more of Mr. Courtenay.

“The months rolled away, and William's vessel was daily expected. I cannot tell whether I wished him to come or not; at first I prayed he might rather sleep beneath the waves than live to be the victim of my father's cruelty;—but oh! who could think of death to one so beautiful, so young, and so loving as my William. A few days before he returned, my father ordered me to pay a visit to my aunt, a sister of my mother's, who had often invited me to see her, but never before had I been permitted to accept the invitation. I was glad to be spared meeting William, for I felt as if I had been a sharer in my father's schemes. My aunt's residence was in a distant village on the coast; she was then suffering from an affection of the eyes, in consequence of her illness she saw no company, and the loneliness of her life was exactly suited to the state of my feelings.

There was at that time residing with my aunt a young girl named Mary Carlton, a fair and gentle being, too gentle indeed to stand the storm of sorrow which fell to her lot. She was betrothed to a young sailor, who was expected in a few days to arrive, when their marriage was to take place. He did arrive, and judge of my surprise when I found the ship to be my father's and William Tracey her commander. She had been bound for another port, but stress of weather and want of some repairs had forced them to put in there. I thought then that heaven had smiled on my fate, and I rejoiced in its blessings. Alas! when my troubles came, I thought heaven had forsaken and left me to the mercy of some other power.

"I need tell you nothing further but that Mary was married and at the same altar, with no other witnesses, William Tracey and myself were united. I forgot my father, forgot every thing but the one beloved object of my soul; yet in the midst of my happiness a cloud would steal across my mind that I had done wrong. I persuaded myself I had saved my father from further crime, as he could not now regard William but as his own child, and harm to him would fall doubly on me. In a few more days William again left me, full of truth and love and hopeful of gaining wealth to wean me from my father. I knew my father was avaricious, but I feared he loved revenge better than gold. William thought it was his poverty alone my father could object to, and I could not deceive or unfold my father's character to him, when I trembled to think of it myself, and damp the glowing feelings of his breast with the demons of doubt, of fear. We parted then to meet no more. The sea rolls over that beautiful face which beamed upon me then—that loving heart is cold, and that bright spirit has passed from earth! But so hard was my fate that even the knowledge of his death came to me like balm and relieved me from the torturing agony of believing him unfaithful.

"The voyage was to last twelve months—long before it would expire I expected to be a mother;—from the observation of my aunt I was safe, as she was now totally blind, but what alternative could I have, should my father desire my return. He was then so earnestly engaged in the pursuit of wealth that for a time I believe he forgot everything else; however, the dreaded summons at last came: the fear of meeting him was so strong, that I took ill, and the night I received his message

my child was born. Mary Carlton had been confined the day before—her infant was dead, and to her affectionate care I confided mine. He passed as her own, but, alas! he was soon deprived of her care, for she died suddenly and his infancy was tended by a hireling; for I, a mother of sixteen, dare not even see or remain near my child.

"Immediately on my return my father told me he had finished his arrangements with Mr. Courtenay, and that my marriage must take place instantly. Almost dead with terror I ventured to say I loved another; his face grew dark with rage, and he almost screamed at me to name the man. I murmured the name of William; he caught me by the arm and forcing me on my knees made me swear never to marry him, and I did swear never to do that which was *already done*;—he cared not if my heart was broken so his own evil passions were gratified.

"About three months after this my father entered one morning with an American newspaper in his hands, and pointing to a paragraph, desired me to read there, and then trust the faith of the Tracey's. My head grew giddy and my eyes dim as I read—it was the announcement of the marriage of 'Captain William Tracey, of the barque *Minerva*, of Duncliff,' with a lady in New-York. It was there too plain, too distinct, to leave an instant's doubt on my mind of its being the same person, and my father had a letter informing him of his intention to leave the ship there. I was then deserted and forsaken; I could not weep, my brain seemed burning and a heavy load was on my heart. A stupid delirium seized me, and I joined in and even hurried the preparations for my wedding; the very hour it was to take place at last arrived, and then the first tears fell from my eyes—oh, what a relief were they!—what a life of misery have they saved me from! I wept freely, and I prayed for strength to keep those vows which the guilty deceiving William had broken. My father came to lead me to the altar;—my heart was strengthened, and in a clear voice I declared to him my marriage, and the impossibility of wedding another while those vows existed, which, although they had been broken by William, were still binding to me. How can I describe my father's look—it bore not the image of man, but the distorted features of a demon. I shrink from him as he sprung towards me; he tried to speak, but the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he fell a corpse at my feet!"

"I must pass over the long dark interval of

sorrow which I then endured—a sorrow, Edith, I cannot tell, and God grant you may never know—the withering chill of a blighted heart, to feel the boon of life a burthen, and hate the light of day for glaring on your woe. Every grief was mine, and I even accused myself of my father's death—but he only fell a victim to his own ungoverned passions; he had thought to punish me for daring to love William, by erasing my name from his will, but I was well pleased to find it so, for I liked not to share those riches, knowing the greater part had been gained by guilt. My aunt died a short time before my father, and with the legacy she left me I purchased this cottage. It was endeared to me as being the last place in Duncliff where I had seen William, and its lonely walls seemed to echo the tones of his voice as he breathed those vows of constancy and truth which my heart still fondly cherished.

"I was not seventeen—yet life contained no joys for me: still so closely were my thoughts linked to the things of earth, they had no room left for heaven; however, I enjoyed some pleasure in the society of my child, but I dared not own him as such without betraying his father's guilt, and that I could not do. He was thought to be the son of Mary Carlton, and he bore the name of Osborne, which was that of her husband. I have told you that Mary died suddenly, and I now discovered what had torn her heart and forced the spirit to fly its frail tenement. Among some articles of hers which had been sent with my son, I found a paper carefully folded and bearing marks of having been once blistered with tears; it was an account of the shipwreck of the "Minerva," and the total loss of all on board but short time after leaving the port where I last parted with William. At that time, communication was not so rapid as it is now, and a length of time elapsed before any concerned knew aught of the matter. My father had himself caused the advertisement of William's marriage to be inserted in the New-York paper, and the letter he said to have received from him I saw afterwards, and found to be only an imitation of his hand. I know not if he knew of his death, at all events, his hatred to the Traceys, living or dead, would have been the same. Time was when Mary's fate would have been mine, but a worse sorrow had pierced my heart and I rejoiced to mourn William dead rather than know he lived in falsehood to me. Now he might live enshrined in my soul as he once had been, and truth and love will hallow his memory. I might now have acknowledged my son, but

my marriage would have been difficult to prove, and a stain might rest on his birth; as it was, he was thought to be whom I said, and I might love him with a mother's love and the world know nothing of it.

"Such, Edith, has been my life, and such is often the fate of her who weds a sailor. Few, it is true, have the troubles to contend with that I have had, but even had my father been kinder, would it not be woe enough to mourn the husband of my heart entombed in the dark cold wave, snatched from me without a moment's warning—to fold my child to my widowed bosom, and to know that a father's smile will never greet him, or a father's care guide him through the path of life. Think of this, dear Edith, and pause before you trust the wild and faithless deep with the keeping of your heart's treasure."

Miss Melbourn ceased, and Edith throwing her arms round her aunt's neck, exclaimed—"And it is you we have all quizzed so often as our cold-hearted formal old aunt. Dear aunt, will you forgive me?"

"I do—but have my words made any impression?" said Miss Melbourn.

Edith looked in her aunt's face—"Yes, dear aunt, they tell me that were you to wed again, that sailor husband would be *again* your choice."

Miss Melbourn pressed her niece to her bosom. "True, Edith, you speak true; give your hand, love, where you have given your heart, and may God bless your union."

The morning dawned that was to witness the bridal of young Edith Melbourn, and cloudless the sun rose from his ocean bed. The church bells rang gladly on the breeze, and gay colours streamed from every vessel in the harbour, and their bright hues flashed in the sunlight. Since the first break of day a muffled stranger had been pacing the beach in front of the lonely cottage of Miss Melbourn; often had he gazed on the ragged walls, as if they stirred some thrilling recollection in his memory, and his step was more hurried as he passed on. An old fisherman was near the spot busied with his nets;—of him the stranger enquired the reason of the ships displaying their colours.

"'Tis for the marriage of Miss Melbourn."

"Edith Melbourn?" exclaimed the stranger.

"Aye, the very same," said the old man; "and I warrant me, a fairer bride was never seen in Duncliff." His last words were unheard, for the stranger was already far from him.

Miss Melbourn had arisen from her couch

that morning after a dreamy, restless night.—She prepared with a nervous agitation to which she had long been a stranger, for her neice's wedding, and never before since the days of her seclusion had she looked so well. A colour, bright and delicate as the bud of the moss rose, tinged her cheek, and her dark eyes beamed with the lustre of happier days. The reflection in her glass surprised her, and a sigh of sadness escaped her bosom. William Osborne had also been invited by Edith to accompany Miss Melbourn. Their morning orisons were said and the psalms for the day were read by William, as was their custom. In them occurred those sweet words which have so often brought comfort to the wounded soul—"sorrow may endure for the night but joy cometh with the morning." Never before had they fallen so sweetly 'on the listener's ears—often had she paused upon them, but now they engaged her very heart, and their music lingered on her lips as she repeated them again and again to herself.

The church was gaily decorated for the bridal, and as the wedding party passed, flowers, beautiful and bright, strewed the pathway of the young bride. The murmur of admiration and the blessings which greeted her died away, all save the voice of the clergyman as he said those words before them which mortal tongue may not unsay—when suddenly the door burst open, and a man, breathless with agitation, rushed towards the altar. "Cease," he exclaimed, "at your peril—I charge you she is my own—my own wedded wife."

A cry echoed through the church, and Miss Melbourn, the aunt of the bride, fell forward into the extended arms of the stranger;—it was William Tracey, and the sorrow—the agony—the despair of years of woe, were forgotten in that long embrace, and hope and enduring love met with their reward. No other eye could recall the bronzed but still noble and handsome features of that face, to their recollection—but what change can dim the eye of love. The tones of his voice greeted her again, and the lamented lover of her youth held her to his heart. The tale of his absence was soon told—he had been saved from shipwreck to be captured by an Algerine Corsair, and his life might have been passed in slavery, but the daughter of the Dey had been converted to Christianity. At her father's death she became the wife of his successor, and the first act of her power was to free all the christian prisoners; thus after a hopeless captivity of sixteen years William Tracey was again free.

What words can tell Edith's happiness as she beheld her son in the fond embraces of his father. The psalm of the morning rose to her mind, and she said, "True, oh! most true, hath my 'night of sorrow passed, and joy has come with the morning.'"

For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

I LOVED thee once—this fading form  
Too truly tells how I have loved thee:  
This brow with grief and anguish wrung,  
Tells how thy faithlessness hath moved me.

I loved thee once—and in thy smile  
Decmed not this world was one of sorrow,  
Thy presence did all care beguile,  
While hope portrayed a radiant morrow.

I loved thee once—this bursting heart  
Tells that I shall forget thee never,  
Tells, oh! how bitter 'tis to part,  
Without one last farewell—forever.

I loved thee once, in those bright days,  
When swiftly passed each happy hour—  
When revelling 'neath thy love's warm rays,  
So gently bloomed the timid flower.

"That flower which lived in love and light,"  
As feeding with the spell that bound it,  
Yet deeply does it feel the blight  
Which man's false vows have thrown around  
it.

St. John, August.

H. S. B.

Who will be hardy enough to assert that a better constitution is not attainable than any which has hitherto appeared? Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated, in the science of politics alone, by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts—the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man—to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every other art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection? Where would be the atrocious guilt of a grand experiment, to ascertain the portion of freedom and happiness that can be created by political institutions?—  
*James Mackintosh.*

LOVE.—Love is the epitome of our whole duty; and all the sweetnesses and endearments of society that can be, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with it but parts and expressions of it.

## INDIAN GRATITUDE.

BY MRS. E. S. SMITH.

A MERRY shout rung upon the wandering breeze, as a group of glad children emerged from the confinement of a school-room into the gay sunlight and balmy atmosphere of summer. There was a music in that shout, breathing the very spirit of freedom, happiness, and hope; a music which echoed all the rapturous feelings of childhood, and which burst from the heart and lip only in that sunny period of existence.

It was a beautiful sight to see these fairy creatures, tossing the curls from their beaming eyes, and dancing away over the pleasant landscape that surrounded them. Their career afforded an apt illustration of the manner in which we perform the sweetest portion of the journey of life. Now they would speed onward, with the fleetness of the wind, after a butterfly that flitted before them, and anon they would linger by the way-side and gather wild flowers to garland their joy-illuminated brows. Thus they went on, meeting pleasure at every step, and finding, in each successive object that presented itself to their eyes, a new source of enjoyment.

After varied roamings here and there, the light-hearted wanderers found themselves upon the banks of the river that skirted their homes. It was a beautiful stream, and it presented a fine picture as it went sparkling away in the mellow sunlight, through the green and pleasant hills that enclosed it. But the children had no eye for its beauties; their attention being suddenly and entirely absorbed by a novel, and to them, startling object. Drawn upon the shore among some overhanging bushes which had prevented their seeing it until they were quite near, they beheld a frail bark canoe. It contained a young Indian woman, who held an infant, and a dark-browed man who bent his piercing eyes frowningly upon the little group of tremblers before him. Many of these children had never seen an Indian, for the tribes once inhabiting that portion of country had long since departed to more western climes, but they had all heard vivid and terrible descriptions of the red-man; and all listened to tales of savage barbarity until their cheeks paled and their frames shuddered with apprehension. The sudden hush of their merry voices, and the quick shadows that settled upon their bright faces, told the alarm with which they regarded the strangers. For one moment they stood spell-bound by fear, and

the next they turned and fled from the spot.—But, one of them, a pretty and resolute-looking little girl, still remained. She stood gazing at the boat and its occupants, with a timid curiosity, that expressed itself most eloquently in every lineament of her innocent face. She appeared desirous to obtain the good will of the strangers, but she knew not how to make the first advances towards acquaintance. At length she remembered having heard that the Indian race were peculiarly susceptible to kindness, and that they never forgot a favor. Yielding to the impulse awakened by this reflection, she turned and darted away. It was nearly half a mile distant, but her rapid footsteps soon traversed the intervening space. There she gathered a basket full of gifts—fairy play-things, toys, trinkets, cakes and fruits, were all mingled together in hurried and strange confusion. With a load which was almost too much for her strength, she hastened back to the boat and laid her offering at the feet of the strangers. They received it with many simple expressions of gratitude, and the little girl, finding her benevolent desires still unsatisfied, took from her neck a costly and beautiful string of coral, and clasped it around that of the infant. The smile of delight that beamed upon the face of the mother at this act of kindness to her child, and the grateful expression that crossed the dark features of the father, were more eloquent than words, and the giver felt herself amply rewarded. At that moment, another Indian, who had been to the neighbouring village, and for whom the strangers had been waiting, returned, and they prepared for departure. As they sailed away the little girl stood looking after them with that deep feeling of satisfaction which warms the heart after the performance of a generous deed. She then left the spot to rejoin her companions, and soon forgot, in wild sports and joyous pastimes, the simple act of kindness she had performed.

Years after this little incident, and far away from the spot where it transpired, a proud steamer was ploughing its pathway through the tranquil waters of a noble river. The season was spring, in its first brightness and beauty; the time morning, in its first flush of rosy loveliness, and the scene one of Nature's fairest in its wildest state of magnificence.

The boat was ascending the Mississippi river, and as it crested along through that picturesque region, many an admiring eye was bent upon the fine and ever-varying landscape.—Among those who seemed most gratified by

the exceeding loveliness of the scene, were two persons who were themselves the objects of much admiring attention. They were both young, both beautiful, and both happy—happy to a degree beyond all measure, if the radiance of the face revealed aright the sunshine of the soul. The gentleman possessed a handsome and dignified face, with a form such as our dreams bestow upon a hero of ancient days.—He seemed a fit protector for the lovely and delicate being at his side, who looked up to him with an expression of firm and trusting confidence, which was itself a perfect type of the holy faith of woman. It was easy to discover that this young couple had chosen to tread the path of life together, and that, as yet, their way was strown with the most beautiful flowers of hope.

From their youth, beauty, and superior refinement of manners, the newly married pair, for such in truth they were, seemed the "observed of all observers." But none gazed upon them with more apparent interest, than a group of Indians, who composed a portion of the boat's passengers. These Indians were the last remnant of a once powerful and warlike tribe, who were now leaving their homes and heritage to seek a resting-place in the wild regions of the far west. One of these dark-browed men, in particular, manifested a peculiar admiration for the young bride. He gazed earnestly and unceasingly upon her face; he lingered near to catch the sound of her voice, and wherever she moved, his eyes followed her, as if they were fascinated by some magic spell.

The boat was passing through a portion of the stream wider and more picturesque than any it had yet traversed. The river had become narrower, the current much more rapid, and dark rocks and high hills frowned in savage grandeur on either side. As the crowd of passengers were gazing in voiceless admiration upon the wild magnificence of nature, the silence was suddenly broken by a fearful noise. There was a mighty shock—and then arose the mingled sound of many voices, crying out in tones of agony and terror—"We are lost!" The steamboat had struck some hidden and fatal obstruction in the river, and her strong timbers were crashing and severing like a frail sapling in the stroke of the thunder-bolt.—There was no time for deliberation—no chance for selecting a mode of preservation—the boat was rapidly going down, and the many terrified beings, thus suddenly menaced with destruction, sought each the readiest means of avoiding death. Some leaped boldly into the

rapid current and swam stoutly towards the shore; others, who could not swim, clung eagerly to some frail object which was to be their support in the deep waters to which they were about to commit themselves, and many ran wildly about upon the decks, frantically calling upon some loved name, or seeking some dear friend who had, perhaps, already met a dreadful doom.

Among those who acted, in that trying moment, with firmness and composure, the young pair above alluded to, were conspicuous. As soon as the husband became assured that the destruction of the boat was inevitable, he calmly divested himself of some portion of his attire, whispered a few words of encouragement to his companion, and then twining his left arm around her slender waist, he leaped into the water. He was an expert swimmer, and imagined that he could easily bear his light and lovely burthen in safety to the shore. But this hope was destroyed by an unlooked for accident. In springing from the boat he struck his right arm violently against a floating plank, and when he endeavoured to raise it he found it rendered powerless by the shock. This was truly alarming, but with great presence of mind he entreated his wife to cling firmly to the support thus thrown in their way. All that he could now do, was to lay hold of the plank himself, and look around for assistance. There was none near—nothing that met his eye could afford the faintest hope of rescue!—As he felt the powerful current rapidly bearing them down the stream, he strove to raise his disabled arm to guide their frail support towards the shore. But his efforts were vain, and the remorseless waters seemed eagerly hurrying him on to destruction. He could have resigned himself calmly to the fate which now seemed inevitable, but for the fearful thought that his beloved wife must share it.—This agonizing reflection, added to the pain of his wounded arm, rapidly diminished his strength. Despair began to paralyze his energies, and he struggled in vain against the faintness that was fast overpowering him. He imagined himself dying, and called out to his companion—

"Cling firmly to the plank, dearest, and God will send thee aid. I die—farewell!"

"No, no!" she screamed, in the shrill accents of indescribable anguish, while she loosed her hold of the plank and clung frantically to his sinking form. "No, no, if thou must perish, I will not be saved. Better far to die with thee than live to lament thy loss." At the

same moment she relinquished all efforts to keep herself from sinking, and resigned herself to a power which she believed to be death. But it was only insensibility stealing over her, and after a time she awoke as from a strange and troubled dream. The noise of rushing waters seemed still sounding in her ears, and her form yet seemed tossed about at the mercy of the restless waves. For some moments she vainly endeavoured to recall the remembrance of what had occurred. She was lying upon a little island in the middle of the stream. Some person was carefully supporting her head; and looking up to ascertain who was near her, what was her astonishment to behold the dark featured Indian who had so strangely and earnestly regarded her during the voyage. This brought the remembrance of the recent catastrophe vividly to her mind, and uttering a faint low cry of anguish, she darted a glance of fearful inquiry around.— That look was answered by beholding its object lying near, weak and almost exhausted like herself, but safe from the terrible fate that had threatened him. Then joy, unutterable joy, took possession of her heart. She asked not how they had been saved, she cared not to know—it was enough to see the beloved one whom she had last beheld sinking beneath the wave, now safe and unharmed before her; and a sense of holy gratitude and tranquil happiness, excluded all other thoughts.

The greeting of the young pair was such as might be imagined between persons, like them, rescued from the very grasp of death. When the first deep gush of fervent happiness passed away and allowed other thoughts to arise, they turned to their kind preserver to offer the warmest acknowledgements for the service he had rendered them. He received their thanks with a smile, but when they spoke of reward for his noble deed his features expressed dissatisfaction. His reply to their offers of reward was characteristic of the Indian race, for it expressed all that was necessary in few but fitting words. It also explained that which before appeared mysterious in his conduct.

“Maneko,” he said, “wants no recompense; he would scorn to receive pay for what was only an act of duty. The beautiful white girl has forgotten the poor Indian whom she long ago befriended, but he can never forget her.— The gift she took from her own fair neck still rests upon the bosom of his child, and the remembrance of her kindness is still warm in the heart of his wife. Many times have the forest leaves withered in the breath of Autu-

since the little white girl smiled kindly upon the strangers. She was then like a spring flower just opening its beauties to the light, and she is now like a tall tree standing in the pride and glory of its summer loveliness; yet, Maneko remembered her again, despite the change, and his heart warmed with the desire of returning her kindness. It has pleased the Great Spirit to grant him an opportunity, and now his soul is satisfied.”

And thus it was! The grateful Indian had recognized the fair young bride as the child who had, a number of years before, conferred upon him a slight, but never-forgotten favor. In the fearful moment of the boat's destruction he had resolved to save her, or perish in the attempt. For some time his kindly intentions were frustrated by the confusion of the scene, and by the disappearance of the lady and her husband. When, at length, he did discover them, they were floating far away down the river, and it required his utmost exertions to reach them. Even then he would not have been able to save them, if they had not been near a little island, which afforded a safe and secure resting-place to the insensible couple and their almost exhausted preserver.

Thus were two young beings rescued from a fearful death, and restored to hope and happiness, life and love, by the influence of one little act of kindness. Surely deeds of benevolence are like

“Flower-seeds by the far winds strown;”  
they take root in almost every soil—they spring up in the most rugged and lonely places; and they shed light and grace and beauty around the most desolate scenes!



### THE RAINBOW.

I LOOKED upon the glittering bow  
That belted round the fleecy sky,  
When all was lone and still below,  
And all was bright and calm on high.  
And oh! as dazzling and as fair,  
Thought I, enraptured—just like this  
Bright glowing thing that hangs in air,  
Are youth's fond fairy dreams of bliss.

While thus romantic fancy cast  
Around, her warmest, sweetest ray,  
Each varied colour faded fast,  
Till the last faint tint died away.  
Oh! then I felt, as from my sight  
It melted in heaven's sunny blue;  
That if our dreams, like this are bright  
Alas! like this, they're fleeting too.

## THE LAST OF THE BRIGANDS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

AFTER a residence of some months in Italy, I was on the eve of departing for Paris, having feasted my eyes upon the various wonders in the land of the Cæsars, still there was one which I regretted not having seen more than all the others. This was no less than a brigand—a *bona fide* brigand, about which personages so many tales have been told, ballads sung, and dramas founded. So anxious was I to behold one of these romantic gentlemen, that I almost was tempted to make an excursion into the mountains, and at the hazard of my liberty if not my life, scrape an acquaintance with a Massaroni or a Rinaldo Rinaldini. How far I would have carried my purpose into effect, I cannot answer, as it was anticipated by my beholding "*the last of the Brigands,*" as Cooper beheld "*the last of the Mohicans.*"

I had halted at Civitta Vecchia, with some other travellers, and sought accommodation at the only habitable hotel of the city, but with my usual luck, I found the house completely full, and the contents of the larder consumed by five English families, who had arrived about some two hours previous. Weary, hungry, and out of spirits, I requested to be shown to a couch, so that I might, at least, forget my disappointments, in slumber; but in this I was likewise unsuccessful; the last had been given up to an admiral, and "they could give me no bed," so said a pretty Italian servant maid.—"*N'mporte,*" I cried; "in that case, I imagine I shall have to take the ground for my couch, and the sky for my covering," and I was about withdrawing from the hotel.

"No, no, sir," interposed the host, "you shall, at least, have shelter, but you must content yourself for some hours, until I can make accommodation for you."

"Willingly!" I replied, "and in the meantime I can view 'the Lions' of your city.—Pray what is worthy of observation in Civitta Vecchia?"

"Nothing at all, sir, nothing at all, unless you can procure admission to the citadel.—There you will see the famous Gasperoni and his band, the terror of Terracina, and the Pontine Marshes."

"Enough, my good friend," I cried, in ecstasy, finding, when least expected, the wish of my heart about being gratified; "enough; say no more. From whom can I procure this admission?"

"If you call upon your Consul, I have no doubt but he will at once oblige you."

I was not long in doing so. He received me politely, and handing me an order for admission, desired a soldier of the Pope, who was in attendance, to wait upon and conduct me to the citadel.

The citadel of Civitta Vecchia was erected under the superintendance of Michael Angelo, who was as excellent an architect as he was an artist. It is ornamented with statues, and designs in fresco. Large bastions overhang the sea which washes its base, and all betokens its construction to be of the most durable material and workmanship. The place, however, is almost left to defend itself. There are only a few soldiers, and some rusty cannon, for its guardians, but these are more for show than substance. The principal defence consists in the pontifical escutcheon nailed against the door, which is regarded with respect, fear, and veneration.

On our road, the officer spoke of Gasperoni, informing me that he had committed as many as forty-five assassinations with his own hand. "There is something," said he, "which always makes me shudder when I stand in the presence of this horrible bandit. He has desolated, in seventeen years, the whole country around, slaying, burning, and destroying, but listen, and I will tell you one of his most terrible acts.

"A few years since, an English nobleman, with his daughter, a young female of great personal attractions, was stopped, on his way to Naples, by Gasperoni, who took from him his gold, and every article of value, and then permitted him to depart, but detained the daughter, whom he carried off with him into the mountains, until such time as the father would send a ransom for her. The unhappy nobleman, on his arrival in Rome, foolishly set a price upon the head of the Brigand. The indignation of Gasperoni was roused against the aristocratical pretensions of the Englishman, in daring to set a price upon the head of such an *illustrious chief*, who had declared war against the Pope, and in fifteen different battles subdued the pontifical dragoons. 'It was an insolence,' the brigand said, 'he could not suffer,' and, accordingly, one morning the nobleman received a small box addressed to him, which, on opening, he found, to his horror, to contain the head of his daughter."

At this recital I started back several steps.—I almost repented that I had sought admittance to the citadel; it was like entering a den of

tigers; nevertheless, my curiosity was aroused, and having reached the fortress, I made bold to venture within its walls.

To our left rose a high bastion, mounted with several rusty cannon, which overlooked and commanded a spacious court, in which some twenty or thirty brigands were walking listlessly about. By a flight of steps we descended. At our entrance, they all stopped short, and saluted us with awkward politeness. I returned their courtesy, but felt by no means at ease in the midst of such sanguinary guests.

We regarded each other for some time, without speaking, 'till, at length, I ventured to inquire for their chieftain, *Gasperoni*. All of them at once pointed to a man who stood in the door of what appeared a little apartment. He deigned not to advance, but contented himself by saluting me with an air of stoical indifference. A conversation I feared would be difficult to establish, and assuming an air of *nonchalance*, which I had by no means in my heart, I said, "Well, *Gasperoni*, I trust that you find yourself comfortable in this citadel?"

"As well as any one can, where there is no true freedom!" he answered, shrugging up his shoulders, which was with him a continual habit.

"But you could easily, I think, obtain it, if you thought it worth your while. You are, comparatively, quite unguarded."

"True signor, but myself and comrades have pledged our word to remain here until such time as the Pope shall grant our pardon; he has also promised us liberty, but he seems to have forgotten it," and shrugging his shoulders again, and crossing his arms, dropped his head upon his bosom.

The guide drew me aside into a corner of the court, and said, "I will explain all that has past, signor. *Gasperoni* had become tired of the life he had led for fifteen years among the mountains. One day, when confessing to the curate of a village, he informed him it was his wish to abandon the calling of a brigand, and requested his advice how to obtain pardon for his crimes. The priest promised to write to the Pope, and endeavour to further his wish, and, if possible, procure permission for him once more to mingle with society. For this *Gasperoni* felt thankful, but stipulated expressly that his comrades should also partake of the remission. Negotiations were accordingly entered into between the priest and the head authorities. The government had a great interest to gain in disbanding the brigands. They had completely desolated the route to Naples,

assassinated travellers, exacted contributions, and committed all kinds of dreadful excesses. The soldiers who were sent against them, it was found, drank with them, instead of fighting. The country people also sided against the military, because they were certain of always receiving some portion of the booty taken by the bandits. The only troops who were really faithful, were the dragoons of the Pope, but then the mountains were inaccessible to a body of horse, and served as capital strongholds for the brigands. At last, government agreed to treat with *Gasperoni*, through the medium of the priest, and their answer was, that the Pope consented to grant life to *Gasperoni* and his band, on condition that they made a formal act of Christian submission, and were content to remain prisoners in the citadel of *Civitta Vecchia*, 'till such time as he thought fit to extend to them their liberty. The terms, *Gasperoni*, for a long time, considered, but at last overcome by the influence of the priest, and on a solemn promise that he would intercede with the Pope in person, for their pardon and protection, they consented to deliver themselves up, and marched voluntarily to prison. Several years have now passed over, but the grace of the Holy Father has never been extended to them, and I fear me it never will.—Moreover, the Pope has given them all he promised; he will keep them here if he does right to society, for they are a set of dangerous men."

I placed myself exactly opposite *Gasperoni*. He had not the least resemblance to the brigands whom we see represented upon the boards of our theatres. His features were regular, and a mild and intellectual expression played upon his face. His hair was black, and fell behind him in long plaited masses; he spoke good-humoredly, and in an easy and careless manner, but his action was stiff and awkward, unlike the rest of his countrymen in this characteristic. I was informed by my guide, that he seldom deigns to converse with strangers, and but little with his band, as if he felt himself superior to all around him, but that when excited, his face becomes pale, his eyes inflamed, his language quick and expressive, his lips convulsed, and his whole frame powerfully agitated. Such was the brigand who stood before me—the man who had committed five and forty assassinations in his time.

"What is your true name?" I asked of him. "It is said that you are sometimes called *Bar-bonne*."

"That is my name in the mountains, but my real name is *Antonio Gasperoni*!"

"You have a high reputation in Italy; they talk of you like Cataline or Spartacus, and other illustrious compatriots who declared war against their country."

At this he smiled modestly, and bowed his head, while I continued the conversation.

"What induced you to take to the mountains?"

"A quarrel that I was involved in at Naples."

"A quarrel? Ah, Gasperoni, that was too little a cause to make you mingle with such society. There must have been some reason greater."

"Yes! for in that quarrel I killed mine enemy."

"Ah! that alters the case. How long have you followed the profession of a brigand?"

"Seventeen years!"

"You have been wounded, I conjecture, have you not?"

"I have."

"In battle?"

"In battle!"

"With the soldiers of the Pope?"

"Soldiers!" he exclaimed with a sneer.—

"No, with the dragoons."

"I have heard of your affair with the charcoal burners; it was a brilliant one, and which has won you favour in the eyes of all Italy!"

At this his whole visage changed; for a moment his eyes glared with the most frightful brilliancy, and the next a deep gloom overshadowed his countenance.

"Will you have the kindness to relate to me the particulars of the affair? I should be pleased to hear it from your own lips."

"Willingly, signor; it is a simple matter, and to which more importance has been attached, than it ever was deserving of. Listen!"

I did so, and in which I was joined by the band, who anxiously clustered around their chief, to hear the narrative of that action, in which some of themselves had been actors.

"There were seventeen of them," said he—"seventeen of the myrmidons—these imps of darkness. They had sold themselves to the soldiers of the Pope. For myself, I believed them friends. We ate and drank together in the same cabin. I had placed no sentinel, depending on their confidence—a great fault, Signor—a great fault; nevertheless, I was on the alert. Well, in the middle of the night, I heard the footsteps of soldiers; they were yet a league off, but my ear would not deceive me. 'Treason, comrades!' I shouted. 'Treason; stand to your arms!' In an instant they did so; escape was useless; we were completely

surrounded. The enemy advanced 'till within twenty paces of the cabin, when I ordered my band to fire. The engagement was furious.—With my own hand I killed four, and would have doubled the number, but for a wound which I received in the arm, behold!" and he pulled up the sleeve of his jerkin and displayed the scar of a frightful gash. "We endeavoured to effect our escape, but on every side we were hemmed in. They were determined to capture or kill every man of us, and had it been the pontifical dragoons, they would have accomplished their purpose, but by our determined valor and desperation, we contrived to force their ranks, with the loss of only two of my comrades; but this was nothing. Three days after, in the silence of the night, I descended from the mountains. I conducted my band to the cabin of the charcoal burners.—The miserable wretches were asleep. We knocked. A voice within cried, 'Who's there?' Open! I replied—open to your *friends the soldiers!* They knew my voice. One of them cried, 'Open not, it is Gasperoni!' With one blow of my musket I burst in the door. We entered, burning with vengeance. We massacred all that could be found, all it was just, was it not? The true reward of treason. I counted fifteen dead bodies. Others, I knew were still lurking in the cabin. I fired it in every direction. Ah! ha! ha! ha! then rose the screams of agony, the shrieks of terror, and the cries for mercy, but my heart was steeled. Slowly but surely did they perish a sacrifice to my vengeance. Yet three—three contrived to elude me. At their escape I shed tears of anger. 'I will find them yet,' I exclaimed, 'I will find them if Italy contains the caitiffs,' and I *did* find them. But how, how, you would say? Listen! Two years after this punishment of treachery, in company with some of my band, we entered a little *auberge*, on the sea coast, in quest of refreshment. We were completely unknown. Around a table were several peasants seated, and among them I discovered the fugitives from my vengeance. I said nothing; they thought I had not perceived them, and they quietly secreted themselves in a dark corner of the cabin. As I raised the wine I had ordered, to my lips, I drank '*Confusion to all traitors.*' My companions looked upon me with surprize; they could not comprehend my meaning. 'Behold, then!' I cried, pointing to the trembling creatures. In an instant were they dragged to my presence. 'Welcome, signors, welcome! I have been searching for you every where, and

now that we have met, we must not part without some strong remembrance of each other.' They fell at my feet pale and trembling; they prayed for mercy. 'Mercy!' shouted I; yes, 'such mercy as the tiger shows to the yearning, expect from Gasperoni!' I beckoned to my headsman; he approached, and with the weapon of his calling, the next moment they were lifeless at my feet. 'Have I not spoken the truth?' said he, appealing to his band.

A sign of the head and hand was simultaneously given by each of them, as a moral certificate of their chieftain's veracity.

"Yet strange things are said about you in the world, Gasperoni."

"Yes, yes, I am aware there are a thousand lies afloat about me."

"The daughter of the English nobleman, who offered a premium for your head—he—"

"It is not true," he cried, interrupting me.

"I know what you would say. You, like the rest of the world, have been deceived. I never killed a female in my existence."

"Yet you have carried off many into the mountains, have you not?"

At this question he smiled, and tossed his head with an air of self-importance, winking his eye, and compressing his lips, as if to say, "that is my own affair, signor."

"Doubtless, Gasperoni, you regret the life you have quitted. If the holy father should grant you pardon, how would you employ your liberty?"

"I would be an honest man—return to Naples, and seek for employment."

"That, I fear, you would find difficult. Have you any acquaintances there?"

"None, signor! but I am tired of the life of the mountains. I have lived there fifteen years, but then I was young, and the singularity of the life pleased me; but I am now growing old. I suffer from my wounds, and am in need of repose."

"Are all these your comrades?"

"All of them!"

"Is he that you call your headsman here?"

"Yes, signor, behold him!"

Had a serpent glided into my hand, I could not have been more alarmed. The fellow was standing at my left side, and most familiarly placed his arm within mine. There was something hideous in his aspect; his figure was long and meagre, his eyes grey, his flesh cadaverous, and his look quick as the lynx's, while he was busily employed in regarding attentively my apparel, as if he should like to have been its owner.

"What is thy name?" said I, thinking to divert his attention. He turned his grey eyes upon me, his lips parted slowly, and in a harsh low voice he replied—"Geronimo!"

"Thou wast the executioner for Gasperoni, wast thou not?"

"Oh! yes," he answered, in a kind of imbecile manner.

"Hast thou killed many in thy day?"

"Oh! yes! thousands! I like to kill—kill you, if Captain say so;" and he clenched my arm firmly.

I started back from his grasp; a burst of laughter broke from the group. Geronimo took no heed, but coolly pursued his occupation of examining my costume.

"But, gentlemen," said I, addressing the party, "you all appear contented and happy, and, from your appearance, I should judge you are well taken care of."

A bandit with an enormous paunch came from among the gang. "Oh, yes, signor," said he, "the Pope does not neglect us. We eat well, drink well, and sleep well—are comfortably clothed, and have besides, two *pauls* each, *per day*."

"Two *pauls*; how does that happen?"

"Why, you see, signor, it is the policy of the government to treat us well. It is to their advantage to keep us from the highway, to prevent passengers from being robbed and murdered."

Before I departed from the citadel, I examined them particularly, but saving Gasperoni and his headsman, there was not one worthy of the pencil of the artist. They had the countenances of good easy burghers, who might have been confined "*on suspicion of debt*."—I know not if they had ever worn the picturesque costume of the brigand, such as the artists have given to the Neapolitan bandits, but their garments then were of the style of the lower order of Italians; grey pantaloons, brown vests, and blue stockings, destroying all poetry of their profession. They showed none of the beautiful attitudes which we so much admire in the lithographs, when standing or reclining among their native mountains, under a bright Italian sky. They were indifferent to all around them, their arms crossed, their eyes inexpressive, and their brows unruffled. Such was the band who, for fourteen years, had desolated the neighbouring country—had made the soldiers of the Pope tremble, fought battles with the dragoons, and rifled the rich Englishmen; those self-elected taxers of the Appian way.—Probably they will die in the citadel, waiting

for their pardon, and thus the race become extinct. It will be good for the traveller, but bad for the artist. The country of Italy, without brigands, is like the desert of Syria without caravans. Thus every where is poetry stifled by morality and civilization. The east still retains, in some parts, its primitive habits, but even the Turk is beginning to assume those of the Christian; his sherbet is exchanged for the grape, while the Sultan has his coat and his boots imported from London, and his beaver from Paris.



For The Amaranth.

THE VISION OF THE DROWNED.

THE light summer breeze has filled our sail,  
The skiff speeds onward, and we hail  
The varied prospect round us spread—  
Each tree-clad rock, each mountain head;  
Each farm house and its fair domain,  
Of waving fields, of ripening grain;  
While groups of trees left here and there,  
Lend a wild grace to soften where  
The bright green bask'd, the fitting aid,  
Of their umbrageous, dusky shade;  
And farther back the forest hoar,  
And dark blue hills beyond it soar—  
A fitting back-ground for a scene,  
So grave, so gay, so wild, serene.

Away our light skiff gaily dances,  
O'er the blue lake's rippling sheet,  
And the sunbeam's parting glances,  
Seemingly the wavelets greet;  
And the gold-fringed clouds reclining,  
In the distant western sky—  
With eve's deep'ning grey combining,  
Fascinate the gazing eye.

The breeze is rising—inshore keep,  
For round that rock the wind will sweep  
With eddying whirl, and should it meet,  
And briefly fill our close-hauled sheet—  
The chances are that we may sleep  
Within the bosom of the deep.  
Haste—lower the sail—too late—too late—  
The boat's upset—we meet our fate!  
We—I only know that I  
Urged all my strength, and vainly try;  
As on my ear the groan—the cry,  
Came faint, then ceased—to gain the shore—  
But vain my toil—the waters o'er  
Me gather'd, and I struggled—sank  
Into the deep—the rest a blank.

Oh in this world that is fair with flowers,  
With silv'ry rills and lovely bowers;  
No sun—but all is bright and clear,  
And heav'nly music swells on the ear;  
And radiant forms are gliding past,  
Of angelic figure, to me unknown;  
And the splendour of glory around them cast,  
Proclaim them of being above my own;—  
And voiceless tones seem whispering,  
But not—and yet I feel,  
An interchange does to me bring  
What I cannot reveal.  
A holy calm—a joyousness,  
Too great—too deep for words—  
The brightest gift of speech affords  
No terms that can express  
That pure and hallowed happiness.

A sharp pang through my being pass'd,  
For a moment darkness round me cast  
Its shade—and then insensible,  
I woke to life—and when I'd tell  
Of that fair vision 'neath the wave,  
Some smil'd, while others wise and grave,  
Would tell me that my open eyes  
Deceived, and straightway to the brain  
Conveyed the scenes that o'er me came,—  
The trees, the flowers, the bright blue skies,  
And that the angelic beings were,  
The fishes that round me gamboll'd there—  
And that the lake's faint murmuring,  
Was the music of my imagining:  
It may be so—but can the brain  
Receive the eyes' services, and retain  
Their information—yet not give  
An intimation that we live,  
Nor record of the past;  
For nought retained I of the strife,  
The cares or joys of human life,  
While 'neath the waters cast.

Frederickton, August, 1841.

L. E.



ESTIMATION OF THE WORLD.—They take very unprofitable pains who endeavour to persuade men that they are obliged wholly to despise this world and all that is in it, even whilst they themselves live here. God hath not taken all that pains in forming, and framing, and furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by him to live in it should despise it; it will be well enough if they do not love it so immoderately, to prefer it before him who made it.

I ENVY no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less.—*Sir T. Brown.*

## HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

## The Good Lesson.

THERE is nothing in the world more thoroughly tedious and annoying than having the charge of a treasure-party; yet he who enters the Company's service, and is unlucky enough not to have been appointed a staff-officer, is tolerably sure of having to escort specie from place to place during some eight months in every year. Without an English person to speak to, sleeping nightly under canvass, obliged to start every morning at about three o'clock, to avoid the heat of the day, the wretched subaltern is forced to trudge some twelve miles per diem through ugly jungles and sandy plains, during more than half the time he continues to be a lieutenant.

I was myself an officer of this rank when I was in India. Consequently I often partook of the above unpleasant duty. It was when thus employed that I one evening caused my tent to be erected near Augherdeep, and had already ordered my Bobichi to cook my dinner, when a party of natives from the neighbouring bazaar called me from my tent. To my small surprise, I found they acted as an escort to a young European, who had evidently committed some heinous crime, as they had tightly and strongly bound him with cords. To the unhappy prisoner I turned for an explanation; but his manner was so incoherent, so violent, that I could learn but little from him, and I sought the solution of the mystery from a quiet, respectable Baboo, who appeared to be the chief of the party.

"The unhappy gentleman," said the old man, "while sleeping on the deck of his boat, which is fastened to the shore a little below our village, was struck by a *coup de soleil*, and instantly went raving mad. His servants, who appear much attached to him, put him on shore, and have placed him under our care, with strict orders to prevent him injuring any one, as they feared to keep him on board."

The captain, who by this time seemed partly to have recovered his senses, asked in a tone of suppressed passion, "What do the rascals say?"

"Don't you speak, Hindostaunee."

"Not a word—not a word, or they dare not treat me thus. But by all that is sacred, I'll trounce them yet for their conduct. In the meantime be good enough to order them to take off these cursed cords, and then tell me what they say,"

He was instantly released, and I began to explain what the Baboo had told me. Before

it was half done he started off in a tangent so violent that the men again attempted to put on the cords; when, before I could interfere, the furious young man had knocked down the old chief, and three of his principal followers. I instantly directed two of my sepoy to advance, to whom the apparent madman quietly submitted himself.

"Oh! sir," addressing himself to me,—“oh! sir, it is all very well. If *you* choose to join these robbers, and take their part, who doubtlessly would have murdered me had you not come up, it is all very well. You have the might on your side, and consequently the right; but, as sure as I stand here, so sure will I report you, and ask for a court-martial on you as soon as I arrive a Berhampore, where my father commands.”

I confess he startled me. General Gaskell, the commandant at Berhampore, was my oldest and my best friend and patron. I therefore motioned to the soldiers to stand back, and asked him whether he was in earnest in this assertion.

"Earnest, sir; of course I am."

"You mean to say you are the boy I have so often nursed in my arms, and who is expected in India by the next fleet."

"I am Tom Gaskell, if that is what you want to know; and, as I suppose I must submit to a regular cross-examination, I had perhaps better tell you who and what I am at once. I am a cadet going up to do duty with the Tenth Native Infantry. I came out by a single ship, instead of waiting for the winter-fleet; and here is my commission as an ensign," and he handed me the said document.

The black people around us seemed to be surprised at the prisoner's mildness; and I really began to feel that I had been rather hasty, and sought a still farther explanation from the young ensign, who now began to recover his good-humour.

"Upon my life I cannot tell anything about it, except that yesterday I thrashed my crew and servants all round for having awoken me by their cursed noise at six in the morning, and that they soon afterwards told me the man who had gone on shore for provisions had returned, and said there was famous shooting near the village. Upon which I landed; but no sooner did I get to the spot that they had pointed out, than I was seized, and carried to an infernal go-down, where I lay all last night, and was marched up and down all the morning through the native bazaar, while every one kept salaaming to me in mockery."

"You mistake; they meant to worship you. A maniac with them is a being worthy of adoration."

"But, my dear fellow, I'm not a madman."

"Perhaps you were delirious for a short time after the stroke of the sun you received."

"Hang it!" cried Gaskell, again beginning to lose his patience, as the Baboo and his satellites jumped back; "hang it! how can you be so stupid? I tell you I never had one. It is all a falsehood from beginning to end."

For a moment I felt perplexed; then dismissing the native escort, I undertook to take charge of the supposed lunatic myself, taking care, however, to make this explanation in Hindostanee, for fear of hurting the young man's feelings; and then proposed to walk with him down to his boat. This we did; but on our arrival nothing of the kind was to be found. This puzzled us, and we were about to return, totally at a loss to unravel this strange mystery, when we were met by an official messenger, who came trotting on foot, at a rate far beyond that at which these letter-bearers usually travel, who was making up for the house of the principal Baboo. When I stopped him, and asked what despatches he bore, he instantly delivered a packet to me addressed, to my no small surprise, to my youthful companion, who seemed equally astonished at thus receiving a missive in his father's hand-writing, more particularly since the General could scarcely have had time to hear of his arrival.

He anxiously read it, and then gave it to me. Its contents were as follows:—

"DEAR TOM,—Thank Heaven, you are safe, though you scarcely deserve it. One of your runaway crew has just arrived here in breathless haste, to tell me that your passion has been so ungovernable that you have severely maimed several of your servants, and that, fearful of consequences, they have been forced to land you; and through a well-invented deceit, have caused you to be detained as a madman in the house of the principal Baboo at Angherdep. Though I affected anger at their thus deserting you, and apparently pardoned them with reluctance, yet I heartily rejoice at the good lesson they have given you, and feel grateful to them that they did not retaliate on you more severely. Always remember a man is a man, whether he be black or white; and that every native is protected by British laws. Drop these foolish passions, and fancied ideas of superiority; and bear in mind that the most feeble, and those who appear most quietly to submit, are the most sure to repay an unkindness. I will myself be with you with a spare palanquin in an hour after you receive this.—Till then, God bless you, and mend your temper.

"Your affectionate father,

J. GASKELL."

My crest-fallen friend, the General, and myself, had a merry evening of it, though, I confess, wholly at the expense of the former, who has since become one of the best-tempered fellows and mildest masters in Bengal.

#### FIRE AND WATER.

OUR legislators have wisely drawn the widest distinction between murder and manslaughter: the plotted malice, or fore-planning of crime being the real vice of the act. The mere deed of taking life is justifiable in many cases.—The distinction between these two crimes is so nice as to be often mistaken; so Jerry Jackson was perfectly right in never relating the following story, of which I was a witness, and consequently in the eye of the law a "particeps criminis."

Jerry and I were on our way down to Calcutta from Cawnpore, having received leave of absence for four months. We had left that station about six days, and had been amusing ourselves the whole morning shooting the ill-omened birds that hover over the river, and occasionally float down the stream, perched on the dead body of some deceased Hindoo, who (as all the world knows) is after death, piously burnt by his sorrowing relatives, and thrown into the river to become the meal of the carnivorous prawn, or the flesh-feeding birds, that never lack the most dainty fare in the Ganges; for he who travels on that stream will not fail to meet with twenty or thirty putrid corpses floating on its rapid surface daily!

As I said before, we had been amusing ourselves trying to hit these despoilers of the dead with a rifle-ball, and, when tired of the sport, had entered the cabin to take our tiffin, leaving our guns loaded on the deck of the budgerow, which, by the by, is a far more comfortable boat than either the Lord Mayor's barge, or the Rotterdam treckshuyt. Going up the stream, a vessel of this kind will travel little more than fifteen miles in a day; coming down, we often skimmed over three times that distance. At the moment I have selected for the opening of this sketch we were, however, floating about thirty yards from the one side of the river, to avoid the strong current which runs in the centre at the rate of about five miles an hour. Our dandies (boatmen) were coolly swallowing their rice and ghee, allowing us to drift along, when we were suddenly alarmed by the distant but violent screams of a female. We instantly rushed out to discover the cause of these sounds, to which, however, our black servants appeared to lend no attention.

The group whence they proceeded were on the opposite shore, about two hundred yards off. We could distinctly see them. An old female was lying on a bedstead close to the edge of the water, tightly held down by two men, while a third male and a young girl were apparently pouring cold water in large quantities over the struggling woman.

Of course we supposed it some practical joke, and turned to our head dandy for an explanation.

"Make die old woman," answered he, without the slightest emotion.

For a moment Jerry thought the boatman misunderstood him, and he repeated the question: the same reply was given.

"What! do you mean to say they are murdering the woman?"

"No, sahib, no. Those old woman children make die mother."

We stood petrified—puzzled; totally at a loss to comprehend the scene, considering it wholly impossible that children could thus publicly be murdering their own parent, or that such an act could thus be perpetrated in noon-day, while a party like ours stood looking on with apathy. We therefore made further inquiries, and learnt the following facts.

The old woman, having been given over by the doctors and priests, had been brought down by her family to the water's edge, at the time when the tide was lowest, in order that, with the returning rise, the waters might carry her off, and the god of the stream receive her into everlasting life. The better to secure this, the more effectually to shorten her pains, those who had thus exposed her to (what they considered) certain death, had stopped her nose and eyes with mud, leaving her mouth only open, that she might the better supplicate the river deity. But alas! the best schemes sometimes fail, and this pious plan of securing immortal bliss to a parent had miscarried. The tide, by some accident, had omitted to carry her away, and the old woman was discovered by her affectionate children alive and kicking, just when they ought to have found her swallowed up by the god of the Ganges. This was a disgrace not to be borne. Not only was it a slur on the unhappy female, whom the waters had refused to receive, but on her whole family; in fact, on the whole tribe. To evade this stigma, her own children were now drowning her on the pallet where she lay, blessing her all the time they kept suffocating her with water.

"Good God!" cried Jackson, "that is downright murder. Cross directly to the spot."

"What for?" replied the dandy, who steered. "It is probably too late to save her; and besides, sahib, why should you do so? Her fate is come."

"Not so; she may yet live many happy years," chimed in our friend Jamieson.

The native, who was really an intelligent man, with a smile of compassion at our total ignorance of Indian habits, instantly replied,

"Happiness, sahib, is no more for that old woman. You save her life,—what then? She is a Hindoo; she will be worse off than a dog; none will receive her; none will know her; her own children will fly from her. Cursed by all, she will wander a stranger, despised by all good men. She will envy the pariah dog that the Englishman shoots for pleasure; for she will know less kindred than the wild animal that forages amidst the carrion for his meal."

"Never mind that," cried I; "cross the stream: she shall at least have the choice of life."

"The river runs too fast. To go over is impossible."

Jerry Jackson joined in the general murmur we set up, and the menaces with which we threatened our crew, if they did not instantly make the attempt we desired.

An Indian is sullen, and submissive when opposed. We could get no answer. The boat steadily glided on.

We now began to shout; but all seemed equally futile, for the wretches went on in their work of murder, heedless of our cries, or the prayers of the poor doomed creature. We saw her once struggle so fiercely against death, that she rolled off the pallet. The man and woman again lifted her on it, and held her tightly down, while a third approached her with a pot of water. She screamed; he applied it to her mouth; we could distinctly hear her almost unearthly screech; he put it to her lips, and thus began to stifle her.

Jerry Jackson could bear no more. He seized his rifle, and in a minute the proposed murderer rolled over,—whether dead or not, I have never heard to this hour. We hurried on, fearful of the consequences. If that shot was mortal, say, reader, was Jackson a murderer, or a justified avenger?



EDUCATION.—He that makes his son worthy of esteem by giving him a liberal education, has a far better title to his obedience and duty, than he that gives him a large estate without it.

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JEST AND EARNEST."

IN a room which, sooth to say, was somewhat moved from the basement story, sat Arthur Jervis. His elbow was placed upon a small table near the fire, his head rested upon his hand, and he appeared buried in meditation. The subject of his meditation was his own situation. He was without money, and therefore without friends, and he was an author by profession. At five o'clock he was to call on a bookseller, who had promised to read his manuscript and give an answer. This would be the sixth trader in brain-work who had done these two same things—or, to speak more certainly, the last—all of which had been in the author's disfavor. Arthur Jervis amused himself bitterly by imagining, with the vivid minuteness which anxiety gives, the coming scene. He has entered the rich bookseller's door, his request to see the principal, after some careless and irritating delay, is granted. The principal is disguised in an appearance of wisdom, and commences the interview by an ominous shake of the head. The book is clever—very clever, but in the present state of the market he really could not undertake it without a name. If Mr. Jervis had done anything before, the work might take; but as it was, he must beg to decline; for the trade would never look at a first work. Mr. Jervis bows, says a few words not very distinctly, and, with a miserable affectation of proper unconcern, puts the manuscript into his pocket and walks out of the shop.

"And thus," thought Arthur, "will it be.—Five times before it has been so; and this, the sixth, will surely not be different. If I could only get before the public," exclaimed he, rising and pacing the room; "If I could but get before the public I feel that I should do. The booksellers politely advise me to publish at my own expense. At my own expense! Tenpence would not be enough—and that is about the extent of my fortune: a little more or less, it may be ninepence—it may be elevenpence! I remember," continued he, speaking aloud to himself, for lack of better company, "I remember the enthusiasm and yearning love for the world and all in it that I felt when I composed that work. It seems to me now like a pleasant dream. Then I believed men destined to reach a state but little below perfection. The prevailing vice, hatred, discord, and deceit, I

considered the necessary effects of the existing forms of society: and as these were originally founded in ignorance, so I believed that the increase of knowledge must infallibly cause their gradual fusion into those of a more rational description, and that truth and love and justice would at last over the whole world be something more than names. The present superior power of evil I considered temporary, and designed to evolve the future superior power of good; so I bore patiently with men as they were, by thinking what they might be, and would be. Charity seemed to me mere mild wisdom, and harshness but brutal folly. This was, then, my creed, which had completely saturated my mind and tinged every thought and action; and under its influence I wrote my first work. What is my creed now? I have none. Man may be improvable; but I know well that he is bad enough as it is—and when he strikes me shall I not strike again? He has done nothing to make me love him—nor will I. Whilst the world continues a deadly struggle of brother against brother, who would stand still and preach harmony of happiness, and so be trampled to death? No!" exclaimed he, pacing the room more rapidly; "I will not constitute myself a teacher of common sense when the teaching of common sense brings poverty and contempt. If I write at all I must write sincerely; and, since I find it is so difficult to publish my thoughts, I will write no more. I will descend into the arena, and cant and cheat, and love and hate, like the rest. If God have given me talents, and I use them badly, and for myself alone, let society alone be responsible! God, who gave them, knows that I began life with the best intentions; but necessity makes me a worldling."

As he uttered these words the little Dutch clock, which ornamented one side of the apartment, struck five. Arthur stopped short in his hurried walk. "It is the time of my appointment," said he, "and, before I go, this is my determination:—When the rich bookseller returns me my manuscript I will not hawk it about again. I will preserve it as a record of a former state of mind now quite passed away. Once I loved men: now I hate and despise them; and if I prudently conceal my real feeling from them, it will be only that I may more effectually turn them to my purpose."

So saying, he proceeded to his little bed-chamber, which was adjoining, poured out some cold water, and bathed his heated forehead; then changing his coat and taking up his hat, he stirred the fire carefully together,

and locking the door of the room, put the key into his pocket, and sallied forth.

It was a cold cheerless day towards the end of February. The sky was overcast, and the countenances of the passengers seemed to have formed themselves to accord with it: every face wore an expression of care and dissatisfaction. The streets were covered with mud, which the reckless vehicles scattered on all sides; policemen walked along, scowling, as if just in the humour to catch thieves; women selling apples and gingerbread on stalls by the path-side looked miserable and not well pleased with their situation in life, and when they saw a policeman, or were obliged to move to let some rich and beautiful lady alight from her carriage, they looked still less pleased.

Arthur marked all this as he went on his way. It was the food most agreeable to his misanthropic mind. He arrived at the bookseller's, and, on sending in his name, was at once admitted.

Mr. Rawlings was seated at his desk in the counting-house. Files of letters and papers were strewn thickly around, and a huge ledger was lying open before him. He requested Arthur to take a seat, and commenced operations thus:—"Well, sir, I have read your manuscript, and like it much—very much. I should certainly imagine it to be a first work; for there is an evident want of power fully to work out the meaning; but there is stuff in it, Sir—there is stuff!"

"Ah!" thought Arthur, "after the bit of praise that every one is pleased to bestow upon me, comes the regular edition—want of name, and state of the market. People can afford to praise when they do not intend to buy. Number six will be like numbers one, two, three, four, and five!"

Mr. Rawlings having refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff, proceeded:—"But the want of name—the want of name, Sir, I must tell you, is a formidable—a very formidable objection; and, in the present state of the literary market, the chances of success are greatly against a work by a totally unknown author."

"The very words!" thought Arthur, "I could have foretold them, every one. He does not know how often I have heard them before."

Mr. Rawlings continued: "Still, as I have said, I like the book. It is good, sir; and the man who wrote it will do better. So, if we can agree about a price I should have no objection to publish; but you must be moderate. The risk is great, sir, I assure you—very great!"

Arthur was quite taken by surprise. He had

given up all hope of deriving advantage in any way from his literary labours. Alone in the world, and suffering from extreme poverty, how could he have refused anything that the bookseller had offered! He would gladly have accepted a ten-pound note; but, in a calm, self-possessed voice, and with an air of gentlemanly indifference, he named—three hundred pounds.

"Three hundred pounds!" exclaimed Mr. Rawlings. "No, no, sir; recollect I have no name to put on the title page. Come, we'll say *two* hundred for this, and *five* hundred for a work to follow it; you shall not have to complain of *me*. The book shall be a hit—a hit, sir, and by this time next year, the people will know your name well enough, or I'm mistaken."

Why should I relate how the bargain was concluded; how Arthur shook hands with the worldly bookseller, and left the shop—another man! Everything, too, seemed different;—the air warmer—the sky not so cloudy, the people more contented; and when he turned the lock of his poor apartment, and entering, saw the fire burning smilingly, as if to welcome his return, he sank into a chair and tried, but in vain, to think over soberly his new prospects. An entire change had stolen over his mind. The ferocity called forth by poverty was gone. Indignant hatred, by the magical influence of money, had become gentle disapproval. "Yes," said the young author, "I return a repentant wanderer, to my old cheering creed; and, since it is my destiny, will endeavour, in an humble spirit, to become one of the world's teachers; a learning teacher. Nor will I lose the pleasures around me, whilst telling of these far distant. Though looking forward to a bright future I will not believe the present utterly dark. I have experienced kindness, and will think better of all for the sake of one."

The old Dutch clock struck six. An hour ago Arthur Jervis was not so happy; and now he set about preparing a cup of fragrant and refreshing coffee.

MORAL. Charge not all mankind with baseness even in their existing rudimental state of progress. In ten thousand grains of sand there may be one grain of gold—and who knows but you may light on it?



PERFECTION.—He that seeks perfection on earth leaves nothing new for the saints to find in heaven.

For The Amaranth.

## THE LAMMER GEYER.

An eagle looked from his eyry high,  
 As he heard the wind of the storm sweep by;  
 And his warring eye grew fierce and bright,  
 With the onward rush of the tempest might;  
 He lay 'midst the trophies of prowess past,  
 Around on the rock of the mountain cast;  
 And his kingly heart swelled high with pride,  
 As he glanc'd afar on his empire wide.—  
 But his pinions droop'd on his aged breast,  
 With a weight of years and a wish for rest,  
 And the flickering ray of his tearless eye,  
 Gleamed like a star when the clouds flit by—  
 No more on the spread of his wide wing borne,  
 May he sail in the breeze of the dewy morn;  
 And his blood-stained talons no more may bear,  
 The quivering prey to his mountain lair;—  
 The raven plume on his time-worn brow,  
 Was soil'd and torn by the tempest now;  
 Oh the warrior-bird's stern heart was chill!  
 But his soul was true to its nature still;  
 And free as the hills of the white Alps near,  
 Was the fearless breast of that Lammer Geyer!  
 He looked once more on the setting sun,  
 As it veil'd its glow where day was done;  
 But he could not now, with his dying gaze—  
 Defy the full light of its midday blaze;  
 He heard the wild crash of the torrents' roar,  
 As it foam'd and dash'd in its path of yore—  
 And a sudden fire o'er his spirit pass'd,  
 As he pour'd his song on the wailing blast.—  
 "Aye sweep thou on with thy storm—wild sea!  
 "I once was swift on my course as thee;  
 "And the shiver'd rock, and the up-torn oak,  
 "By the whirlwind's rage or avalanch stroke,  
 "Was not more felt in its desolate way,  
 "Than my swoop frou high on the cow'ring  
 prey.—  
 "I have pierced the clouds when the lightnings'  
 wrath,  
 "Has curled its tresses around my path!  
 "The thunder's voice I have laughed to scorn,  
 "When the ice-cliffs fell with their bald heads  
 torn!  
 "And viewed the storm of the winter night,  
 "Rage with its withering blast and its blight;  
 "Who fearless gazed on its course alone,  
 "Save I—and the *Eternal One!*—  
 "If I e're could weep, I well might shed,  
 "One bitter tear o'er this weary head;  
 "If I could bow, I might to see  
 "Of all around nought changed—save me!  
 "It recks not—for I would rather die,  
 "With the pow'r of the heart's sov'reignty

"Within me still, than lingering, bind  
 "A slavish chain on the soaring mind.  
 "I have lived 'midst the winds of heaven, free,  
 "With their music wild, for my lullaby;  
 "I go!—with storm upon earth and wave,  
 "For a fitting dirge o'er the eagles grave!"

The gale passed on—and up on high,  
 An insect soared right merrily;  
 He lit on the head of the mountain king,  
 And brushed the dew from his sunny wing,  
 And wondered to see that form so cold,  
 With the eye concealed in its shrouding fold;  
 When the cheering sun-beam, so warm and  
 bright,  
 Beckoned him onward to life and light—  
 So he spurn'd the touch of the pow'rless clay,  
 And upward roamed on his thoughtless way,  
 He knew not that winter would crush his  
 pride,  
 And soil his wing with the rainbow dyed;  
 And lay him, with him of the mountain side.

St. John, August, 1841.

EUGENE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Scrap from the Forest," by "K"; and "A Tale of the West Indies," by "W. T." have been received. "Clara's" Sketch came too late for insertion in this number, but will appear in our next.—We hope to hear from her again. "Midnight Musings," has some merit, but will not answer in its present shape—rhymes are *not* poetry. 'Alicia,' is the production of a youthful mind, and exhibits more fancy than judgment.—We think the author might *try again* and be more successful. A great many favors, which we cannot particularise, are under consideration.

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