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THE AMARANTH.

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POETS.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

GENIUS, seems to be something, which requires from its possessor the greatest possible sacrifice. It is a gift which Nature bestows but rarely on her children; and when she does, she frequently withdraws all other blessings. The heart endowed with this inestimable treasure, must too often beat to the measure of sadness; and the spirit lighted by this divine fire, must too often bend to the burden of woe.

Of the many brilliant characters who, meteor-like, have illumined the world, few have tasted the real sweets of existence, or known the enjoyment commonly meted out to humbler individuals. 'Tis true, genius creates a world of its own, where it reigns and rules with unlimited power; but the heart is so constituted, that fairy pleasures of this ideal world will not long satisfy its cravings. For a time it may roam in the regions of fancy and revel in the delights of imagination, but it will return from its wanderings, like a wearied bird from a long flight, and seek a repose in the resting-place of earth. The greatest minds that can exist are but a "mix'd essence."—

"Half dust—half deity."

Sometimes guided and governed by the diviner portion of their nature, they soar away into the loftiest realms of thought; and, like the lark, breathe their soul's music at the very portals of heaven. But, alas, the meaner impulses of mortality soon lure them back to earth, to seek amid its lowly scenes humbler and less holy joys. Thus, with a strange inconsistency of character, the gifted oftentimes turn from their ennobling visions and pursuits, to fix every thought and every hope upon some frail and fleeting treasure of the heart, which, if perchance they lose, they mourn with bitterness peculiar to the inspired and elevated soul.

But it is well, perhaps, that sensitive minds have the foible (if foible it be) of clinging too fondly to earthly blessings, and mourning too deeply over their loss, for many a noble spirit would else slumber on unconscious of its power, and many a heart beat to its latest day, ignorant of the inestimable it enshrined. Adversity is the ordeal which tests the intrinsic qualities of the mind, and renders all its shining properties more brilliant and pure. Genius, which sometimes sleeps forgetful of its high destiny, is ever awakened by the touch of sorrow, and guided by the same power to the performance of its glorious tasks.

From the earliest periods of the world, there have been many instances recorded of the influence misfortune has had in awakening the energies of the human mind. This seems to be particularly the case with regard to the worshippers of the muse. With many of the greatest poets who have ever existed, grief, in some shape or other, has been the hidden but powerful agency that urged them on to fame. Let us look for a moment at the lives of some of these, and see if this be not true.

DANTE, the brightest luminary in the heaven of Italian poetry, furnishes an example. His heart was early touched by the rude hand of sorrow, and the response was a strain of music that will linger on earth for ever! In his boyish years, he fixed his affections upon the fair "Beatrice," whose name he has rendered as immortal as his works. That love coloured his whole existence, for death snatched his beautiful away in the spring-time of her loveliness, and the poet was ever after a mourner for her loss. But he bewailed her not with tears—his imperishable lays were the offerings he laid upon her tomb; and though she has gone to the grave, she was recalled again to life to dwell for ever in the fairy and beautiful world of her boy-lover's sublime poetry. Her memory became the spirit of his inspiration—the

subject of his daily thoughts, and star of his after life. His imagination invested the loved and lost one with the attributes of divinity, and this apotheosis was approved by the world. Not only in his own mind, but in the minds of all who bent above his glowing page, she became an immortal goddess—the holy and beautiful spirit of his works! Dante had other troubles besides the loss of his early love. The party to which he had attached himself, and with which he had performed many a good deed for his country, was conquered by an opposing power, and the poet was stripped of the honours he had gained; banished from his native city and condemned, if he ventured within its bounds, to an ignominious and fearful death. Thus deprived of domestic happiness, deserted by fortune, and doomed to wander an exile from his dear native city, his “beloved and beautiful Florence,” he sought in his divine art, that consolation denied by everything else, and gave his undivided soul to the spirit of poesy. It was then he produced works which surpassed the promise of his happier years, and won for him the unfading chaplet of fame.

MILTON, the bard of high and holy themes, is another example. While the light of prosperity beamed around him, his mind, though towering far above its fellows, took not that eagle flight into the regions of thought that it did in after years of gloom. When misfortune came upon him in many forms; when his house was desolated by repeated losses, and darkened by repeated troubles; when infirmity, sickness and blindness, showered their accumulated evils upon his devoted head, his genius then shook off all earthly trammels, and soared to an amazing and unequalled height. When the visible world, with all its beauties, was forever shut out from his view, his mental vision lifted itself from earth and sought the glories of heaven. That a glimpse of these blessed regions was granted to his view we may not doubt, for the light that beams upon his page is surely a ray from celestial worlds, and the holy strains that vibrate from his lyre, are surely borrowed from the harmony of an angel choir.

Another, and a melancholy example, is to be found in the singular career of Byron. His first lesson in the school of adversity, was the knowledge of a personal defect, which, slight as it was, engendered a morbid sensibility that was near akin to grief. This first taught him to rely upon the resources of his mind, and to plume his spirit for a flight into the realms of poetry. But not 'till he was assailed by criticism, and his haughty spirit withered beneath

the lash of sarcastic reproof, did the Promethean spark that slumbered in his soul, kindle into a flame of startling and scorching brilliancy. But, even then, the deepest fountain of poetic feeling was unruffled and unawakened, until a colder and keener blast of sorrow swept over its surface. Not 'till his home was deserted—his hearth desolate, and his heart the ruined receptacle of blighted hopes and buried joys, did he breath forth that music which awed and enchanted the world. When friends forsook and kindred frowned; when the world looked coldly upon him, and

“Hatred’s shafts flew thick and fast;” when the deep, passionate love of his noble but erring nature, was cast back upon his aching heart; when the cup of life had lost every sweet, then, and not 'till then, did he strike the lyre with magic power, and produce that melody which resounds in every land, and awakens an echo in every heart!

SHELLEY, the deeply erring but highly gifted child of song, is also an example. He, too, was early taught in the severe school of affliction, and his otherwise tender and gentle nature, borrowed from grief a strength and elevation of thought, which gave his works at once a character beautiful and sublime. With a heart warmed by the kindest feelings; a soul alive to the purest sentiments; and a mind imbued with the true spirit of genius, he was indeed worthy to be loved and admired in life, and honored and lamented in death. But alas! he had a dangerous and, as many thought, demoralizing belief, which caused him to be frowned upon by the good, and persecuted by the bad, until he who *loved all living things*, and who would not harm the lowliest of God’s creatures was looked upon as a monster of guilt and wickedness. Had the mistaken and misguided world, granted him that clemency which his sensitive and gentle nature required and deserved, might he not have been won from the erring creed into which he had fallen to a better and juster view or divine things? His false belief was the only shadow that rested upon the brightness and beauty of his character, and that was a fault to be punished by his Creator, and not by his fellow-man. None but the all-seeing eye could penetrate the depths of that strangely constituted heart, and learn what was in truth its feelings and belief; and none but the Being of infinite wisdom was fitted to pass judgment upon the errors he alone could understand. Do we turn from the light and warmth of the sun, and despise its genial influence, because there are spots upon its sur-

face? No, we forget the shadow that rests upon its brightness, and reverence with grateful hearts its cheering and life-giving power. Thus should the world have forgotten the blemishes that sullied the character of Shelley, and remembered only the better and brighter attributes of his heart. But instead of this, he was censured by those who mistook his principles, and condemned by those who knew him not. Banished from the society he was fitted to adorn—deserted by fortune, whose favors his genius should have won, and depressed by bodily pain and sickness, he was well prepared to “teach in song” what he had learned in suffering, and to decorate his lays with the gems of thought which he had gathered from the stormy waves of grief. Weary of scenes where he had known but care and sorrow, and sick of the world that had used him so ill, he retired, with one fond and faithful friend, to a calm retreat in a brighter and more genial clime. There, with her whom he so beautifully styles his “own heart’s home,” he passed his few remaining days, and devoted his mind to the pursuits he loved. There, beneath the bright sky and balmy atmosphere, amid the breath of flowers and the music of murmuring waves, he gathered those bright fancies and beautiful images, which are the true attributes of poetry, and which constitute his greatest charm. There he wooed and worshipped the muse, who disdained not to lavish upon her erring votary, her highest and most precious favors; and there he penned those productions which will be admired so long as one spark of poetic feeling lingers in human hearts—productions which the world will yet learn to read, as a skilful flower-gatherer would cull his fragrant treasures from a wild and luxuriant garden—selecting only those which are beautiful in hue and grateful in perfume; and loving them not the less, that they grew amid rank and pernicious weeds. Ages may pass away ere the works of this poet are fairly and fully appreciated; but so sure as the morning sun dispels the shadows of night, the step of advancing time will dissolve the mist of prejudice that now lingers around his name.

FELICIA HEMANS, “the sweet song bird of England,” next claims attention. And here it may be as well to remark, that, to women in particular, the endowments of genius have too often been an inheritance of pain. Her heart is peculiarly fitted for love—so formed and fashioned for all the pure and gentle delights of affection, that nothing else can afford her the same amount of happiness! and genius

though it may win many things beside—admiration, praise, friends, fame and fortune, it can never by its own power subdue that master passion to its will. This is the reason why women of splendid abilities have so often turned from the plaudits of a multitude, and sighed for the lot of some lowly but well-loved individual. Thus Sappho, whose lays, rich and glowing as her own sunny clime, had won for her such wealth of fame, cast away or counted as naught, all the honours she had gained, and destroyed herself because she could not command the love of one coveted heart. Thus Properzia Rossi, the celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, slighted and despised the lofty triumphs acquired by her art, and died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. Thus Madame De Staël, with her great and glorious endowments of mind, was heard to say, that she would willingly resign all her shining talents, and all the undying fame they had brought her, for the poor and perishing gift of personal beauty. And thus highly gifted women, in all ages of the world, have generally been the least successful in the pursuit of happiness.—But like illustrious men, they travel with a surer step to fame when their way lies over rugged and unlovely scenes. Adversity is to their hearts, what a stormy blast is to a bed of flowers—it may bend and bruise, and sometimes break the fragile things, but it is sure to call out all the sweet and precious perfume that lies hidden in their depths!

Mrs. Hemans is a striking proof that

“Strength is born

In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts,”

and her tuneful lays tell us that her mind must have been severely tried in the fiery ordeal of woe, ere it could have produced such pure and unalloyed treasures. We know not the exact motive of her griefs, yet we feel that she suffered much, for we hear, in every tone of the sacred melody she awakens, the voice of a sorrowing thought, though resigned spirit. In all her productions, there is the evidence of a heart formed for happiness, and deserving the highest allotment of earthly bliss, and yet how different was her lot? How peculiarly sad her fate? We have only to listen to a few strains of her heart-touching music, to know that her path was ever darkened by

“a shadow-tinging thought

With hues too deep for joy.”

Her songs are like the murmurs of the ocean shell, pining for its lost home; or like the warblings of the prisoned bird, mourning for its native heaven. Her poetry nullows every-

thing it touches with beauty, but it is the pensive and almost painful beauty of an Autumn landscape. One of the clouds, and of course the darkest that ever lowered upon her spirit, was the estrangement of her husband, and their consequent separation. Such a trial would almost wing the life-blood from any female heart, then how severely must it have tortured one so sensitive, so gentle, so loving, as her's? It was after this painful event, when her beloved children were worse than fatherless, and she more wretched than a widow, that she wedded her soul to the muse, and became the enchantress of the heart. Then, when the sun of happiness had set for ever—when earthly hopes were all blighted, and earthly aspirations all forgotten—the efforts of her genius acquired a character more lofty and lovely, and her music caught “a wandering breath of that high melody, whose source is in heaven, and whose vibrations are eternal!”

These are only a few of the many examples that could be given to show the beneficial influence which misfortune sometimes exercises over the human heart; and now the question arises, whether these gifted beings would have attained the same degree of excellence in their vocation, if their respective careers had not been so strikingly marked by the desolating effects of grief. It appears that they would not, for we have seen that not one of these persons gave the entire energies of their mind to the divinity they worshipped until the ties which bound them to earth, and its enjoyments, were nearly all severed. Then, and not 'till then, they merited and obtained the loftiest triumphs of their art. This will induce us to believe, what is really the case, that, as the stars of heaven are only visible in the season of darkness, the best and brightest attributes of humanity are unseen and unknown until the hour of gloom. The pages of history are replete with instances which prove this fact, for we there learn, that it has ever been in disordered and dangerous eras of time that the master spirits of the world have arisen to perform their glorious deeds. As in the actual world, it is even from lands startled by the loudest din of war, that the voice of heroism peals forth its loftiest tone; so in the moral universe, it is even from hearts shaken by the severest storm of grief, that the voice of poesy pours out its highest and holiest strain. Were it not so, we might be disposed to imagine, that the gifted in all ages of the world have been too severely tried, but as it is, we feel that “He who ordereth all things aright,” has in this particular

also, manifested the unerring wisdom of his ways.



STANZAS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BRIGHT eyes! though in your angry ray
Such deep disdain there be,
This truth you cannot now gainsay,
That you *have* looked on me.

Spite of the boasted effort there
My daring hopes to slight,
What pain can with the bliss compare
Of basking in their light?
Though victim to your proud disdain
My wounded spirit be,
Bright eyes! I smile amid my pain,
For ye *have* looked on me.

The effect of all your proud disdain
And haughty scorn is this,
Not to have added to my pain,
But to enhance my bliss.
Then, what though angry lightnings play
Where pity's glance should be,
This truth you cannot now gainsay
That you *have* looked on me.



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

My treasure on the sea,
Father in heaven, I consecrate to thee!
Guard thou the mother's hope with tender care
Yield to the pleadings of a mother's prayer.

Watch o'er my wayward boy,
Lest evil thoughts his lonely hours employ.
And his untainted heart be taught to sin,
And the fierce tempter strive his soul to win.

Upon the slippery deck
Be thou his strength; or 'mid the fearful wreck
With thy sufficient arm his form enclose,
Nor add his anguish to my weight of woe!

I give him with my prayer
And helpless sorrow, to thy holy care!
I would have kept him still, but free and bold
His spirit pined to leave my narrow fold!

A mother's love is deep,
But thine, oh father! will not, *may* not sleep;
Thou canst alone, my troubled spirit read—
Its depth and height are thine, its strength that
need!



THE last argument of the poor, whenever they have recourse to it, will carry more, perhaps, than persuasion to parliament, or supplication to the throne.

WILTON HARVEY.

Compound Interest.

"He that lendeth to an ignorant man, getteth him an enemy without cause; he payeth him with curses and railings; and for honour, he will pay him disgrace."

JUST at the close of the year of our Lord 17—, a man with a shuffling, lumbering tread, ascended the well-worn steps, which are the common access to half a dozen lawyers' offices in Wall-street, and turning into one, well furnished with tables and busy clerks, he, after in vain casting his eye around for the principal, inquired for 'Lawyer Gretton.'

"Mr. Gretton is in the next room," replied the head clerk. "Tell me your business; I can probably do it for you."

"No—no—you an't the man that can do my business," replied the stranger.

"Tell me what it is, and I can best judge whether I can do it or not."

"Do you say," pursued the inquirer without being repulsed by the clerk's reply, or at all daunted by his supercilious manner; "do you say Lawyer Gretton is in there?" pointing with his elbow to the inner room. The clerk had resumed his pen, and the man was obliged to repeat his question, before it was answered with a careless "Yes." The man muttered, "that he could not wait; that time was money;" and threading his way through chairs, tables, and busy students; he opened the inner door; while one of the clerks said to his neighbour—

"Burton might have known that a man with such a bullet head and high broad shoulders as that fellow's, would have his way; nothing less than a cannon-ball would stop him."

"Mr. Gretton, I am wanting to speak to you," said the stranger, for the first time taking off his hat.

"I am busy," replied Mr. Gretton, casting a careless glance at the man; "you must call again—shut the door;" the stranger lingered; "you see I am already engaged, and there are two gentlemen waiting for me."

"I suppose I can wait, too; it is a broken day, and I shall have to break another if I go, and come again."

Apparently there was something in this remark that quickened Mr. Gretton's memory, for turning his eye towards the speaker, he said, "Ah, Ross, is it you?—very well, sit down, I will attend to you as soon as I have finished with these gentlemen."

ROSS was a tall, strong built, labouring man, as his dress, his hard-bound hands, and stoop-

ing shoulders indicated. His brow was prematurely fretted into myriads of wrinkles; there was a remarkable blending of acuteness and ignorance in his face; the first indicated by the rat-like brilliancy of his deep set, piercing eye; and the ignorance most emphatically expressed by a sort of staring wonder (so to speak) in his open dropping mouth. His nose, short, flat, and broad at the nostrils, completed the far more brutish than human expression of his physiognomy.

A lawyer's office was a new scene to him, and he was intent on its revelations, and as it seemed, astounded by them, for when the clients who had preceded him were gone, he advanced eagerly to the desk, and putting his finger on a bank note which Mr. Gretton had received from one of them, he said, "Excuse me, Squire Gretton, but that is a hundred dollar note, an't it?"

"Yes, it is, Ross," replied Mr. Gretton, laying it aside in his note-book with an accustomed air.

"And won't you tell me what he meant by calling it a retainer?"

"He gives it to me, Ross, to retain me in his cause."

"That an't all!"

"Yes; that is, he makes sure of my not being employed by the opposing party, and of securing my best services."

"And that's all! You have not worked for it! have not stirred your foot—made a mark of your pen—turned over a leaf of a book—it's bounty money—when you come to do the job, you are to be paid over and above all this?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well—well—and that gentleman with the furred coat, that you talked to ten minutes—just ten by that clock there—for just the breath you spent in them ten minutes, did he pay you that hundred dollar note?"

"Yes, Ross; and now, if you please, as I take it for granted you have come for that purpose, we will look over our papers."

"There's a difference!" continued Ross, without heeding Mr. Gretton's last suggestion, "and why? can any one tell me that? Here you stand by your comfortable fire, and your very breath turns into money; and I, I to earn that hundred dollars must be up early and late; must shiver in cold days, and sweat in hot ones; must crack my bones with lifting heavy timbers; must drive nails week after week, and month after month; there's no fair play about it; it's condemned hard, and that's the end on't."

Perhaps had Mr Gretton taken the trouble, he might, by changing his estimates, have turned the current of Ross's feelings. Difficult as it is for a man who works with his hands to comprehend the toil and weariness of intellectual labour, Ross might have been made to understand the money value of Mr. Gretton's education, the cost in pounds and shillings of those preparatory studies, which had made ten minutes of Mr. Gretton's worth months of his labour. He might possibly have understood what we believe the political economists call the accumulated capital upon which the lawyer was now receiving the income. And if he could have had a little farther insight into the anxious hours Mr. Gretton had endured during his slow approaches to his present assured condition, while he had a sickly wife, looking to him not only for bread, but for luxuries which habit had made necessities; and still farther, could he have seen in Gretton's pale brow, and sunken cheek, the curse of intense sedentary occupation, the too sure prophecy of the short career that awaits our professional men, he would have returned to his hammer and nails with a tranquillized and unenvious spirit. But thus it is. It is, for the most part, man's ignorance that makes his breast the abode of discontent, distrust in Providence, envy, and covetousness. It is not of the depths of his ignorance that come his repinings, and railings, and calls for Agrarian law.

Mr. Gretton smiled at what seemed to him merely a rhapsody, and saying, "Perhaps, my friend, you would think the play fairer if you knew more about it," he drew a paper from a file, adding; "as the year is drawing to a close I suppose you have come to see how your debt stands. Have you any prospect of paying off the mortgage?"

"Less than ever. My wife has been sick, and there's been a doctor's cursed bill to pay, and Jemmy must be dressed up for school, and that costs money again; but for all, Jemmy shall be a lawyer if I die for't."

Mr. Gretton did not notice the ineffable grin with which this was said.

"But you have a good business," he replied; "a carpenter is sure of employment in our city, and you are an industrious man, Ross."

"God knows I am that; but it comes in at the spile and goes out at the bung. Come, Squire, you may look it over; I know pretty well how it stands; I calculate the interest that runs up each day when I go to bed at night; it amounts now to 200*l.* 5*s.* 7½*d.*

Mr. Gretton smiled. "A trifle more, Ross."

"It can't be!—it can't! I've gone over hundreds of times; I've chalked it out what I've been at my work; I've writ it down over and over; I've calculated it again and again the night when there was nothing to take of my mind. It is 200*l.* 5*s.* 7½*d.*, and no more, not a fraction."

"At simple interest you are right; you forgot to calculate the compound interest."

"Compound interest!—what's that?—what that?"

Mr. Gretton explained. Ross swore that as he never agreed for it, he would never pay it. Mr. Gretton, who was conscious of having been forbearing, and of having waited at some pecuniary sacrifice, was provoked, and threatened to foreclose the mortgage at once, and have done with it.

Ross was calmed, not satisfied. "I have worked hard twenty years," he said; "I thought to have a house over Jemmy's head that he'd never be ashamed of. I built it with my own hands; every nail I've driv myself, and now all to go to pay that compound interest; it's too bad."

It was evident, that to Ross's apprehensions the whole debt was merged in this unlooked for addition to it. Mr. Gretton pitied the man's ignorance and disappointment, and said soothingly, "You will get through with it, Ross. Pay what you can, and I'll wait for the rest. Saturday is New Year, a holiday for you and me. I will come up to Cherry-street and look at your premises, and bring the mortgage with me, and you may then make a payment; that will save you the trouble of coming to Wall-street again."

Ross merely nodded his head acquiescingly, and left the office without speaking a word. A moment after, Mr. Gretton's son, a boy of nine years, came in, his coat muddied, and his forehead bleeding. "Stanley, my boy, what is the matter?" said his father.

"Oh, nothing, sir; I am not hurt to signify. I met a horrid looking man coming down the office steps, and he ran against me and knocked me down. I know he did not see me, but he might just have said he was sorry for it."

Ross was unconscious of the offence against the boy; he was brooding over the compound interest, which seemed to him so deadly an injury. Like a good portion of the ignorant world, he could entertain but one idea at a time: that filled his field of vision; the "compound interest" seemed to him more than the original debt; and his gloomy meditations ended with a mental oath that, come what would, he would

verpay Gretton a farthing of the "compound interest."

A Holiday.

Nature's vast frame—*The web of human things,
Birth and the grave.*"

Stanley Gretton stood high in the first class lawyers in the City. His father, an affluent merchant, failed just as his son was completing his education, and, in the beginning of his career, Gretton had to struggle with privations and embarrassments; but he brought talents, industry, and a manly spirit to the contest, and conquered. He was now, at perhaps the happiest period of human life, verging on forty, with an established reputation, and a rapidly growing, and well earned fortune, with the strong consciousness of matured powers, and with no premonition of decay.

His wife, whose health had been fatally injured by the loss, early in her married life, of two girls, one after the other, had recently, after a long interval, given birth to a third, who, with one son, a charming boy of nine years, added to the brim their cup of domestic happiness.

Mrs. Gretton's confinement absolved her husband from his social dues, and he spent New Year's day, one of his few holidays, in her room. "Declarations," "conveyancings," "injunctions," "ejectments," all were forgotten in the pleasure of dandling "the little pill-m between life and death." Never had Gretton felt a pleasure, at fixing the attention of judge and jury, to be named with that of watching the eye of this baby of three weeks. He might have comforted Ross to have looked and seen that the holiest joys of the rich and the poor were of the same nature, on the same level.

"This is the happiest New-Year's day of my life, Mary," said Mr. Gretton to his wife. "Your health promises to be better than it has been for many a day. Our sad losses are in a measure made up to us in this dear little girl. Stanley is not a boy to be ashamed of," exchanging glances with the bright boy who stood at the bed-side caressing the baby; "the clouds have blown away, and the future looks very bright to me." Mrs. Gretton had not the cheerful disposition of her husband; sorrow and ill health had dimmed those bright tints from her horizon, that promise happy days to come. She sighed, and said the future did not look so bright to her. "I don't know why," she added, "perhaps it is because whenever

happiness is but spoken of, I feel the void left by my dead children; but, besides, my dear husband, I am afraid you are working too hard. The gray hairs, Stanley, are stealing in among the black, and it seems to me the lines in your face are every day deepening."

Mrs. Gretton thus gave her husband an opening, which he had been for some time seeking, for a communication that he rather dreaded to make. There always seemed to her a great preponderance of danger in risk of every kind, and she was nervously susceptible on anything approaching to what is called speculation in the trafficking world. After a little preliminary hemming, Mr. Gretton began:—"To tell you the truth, Mary, I do feel my office business to be wearing on me, and I mean soon to give myself a long holiday. I am not going to be a slave to business much longer. I am taking a cross-cut to Dame Fortune's temple; you look alarmed—now for your old bug-bear, Mary—your horror of speculation."

"Rather a reasonable horror, since both our fathers were ruined by it. I have always told you that I can content myself with the most humble fortune. I do not desire wealth for myself, nor for my children. We have been happy—we *are* happy without it; in truth we have more of it than we need; then what temptation is there to adventure on an uncertain, troubled sea."

"The sea is of your own creation, Mary, and all its dangers of your own imagining. My voyage is to be a short and a very safe one, and if I am disappointed in the end of it, no dishonour can ensue. I am but where I began—I have enough to pay all the debts I have contracted. My profession will be left to me, and thank Heaven, that yields me enough to content any man."

"Then why not be contented?"

"I say so, too, father," echoed his boy; "I am sure we have everything in the world to make us contented."

Mr. Gretton was silenced for a moment; he looked at his wife and children; wherever he turned his eye he saw the signs of comfort and affluence; he felt that the incense of contentment should rise from his domestic altar; and a stern voice within his breast told him he had been indulging unreasonable and sordid desires. But self-love is full of subtlety; it wraps itself in its own vaporious exhalations, and winding about its tortuous path, escapes the direct pursuit of conscience. "We have enough in our worldly condition for contentment, certainly," resumed Mr. Gretton, "for content-

ment and gratitude; but if an opportunity of improving my fortune falls in my way, I cannot think it wise to step aside to avoid it. I am tired seeing other people seize golden occasions that I have let slip through my fingers. Now, Mary, you know if I had taken your Uncle Henry's opinion, and joined him in his cotton speculation, I should have been as rich a man as he was."

"Yes, Stanley, and if you had yielded to his entreaties, and ventured in his gold mine speculation, you would be as poor as he is."

Mr. Gretton was absorbed in recalling his missings, and did not heed his wife's rejoinder.

"And if I had purchased those lots in Hudson Square," he continued, "that were offered to me five years ago, I should now be a rich man."

"And what an escape you had in not joining in that tempting purchase of the Swanton lots. They would have swallowed up all our present competency. I know I am no judge of business matters, but these modes of getting rich appear to me but gambling under another name. You do not pay any labour for the acquisition; you do not give any equivalent for it; you throw the dice, and it is all a chance whether it be gain or loss."

"And I can't, for my part," interposed young Stanley, who was allowed to mix in the little domestic discussions of his parents, "I can't see what you want to gain for, father. Since we have got a little child, I can't think of anything we want; and it was only this morning mother said she wanted nothing but a cradle, and Doctor Morton laughed and said, 'happy woman! even that is a superfluity, for your baby is much better without it.'"

Mr. Gretton felt rather annoyed with the secret conviction that his wife and boy, the weaker party, as his manly estimation deemed them, had the better of him in the argument, and he rallied to overwhelm with a torrent of reasons the stream that, if clear, he thought shallow. "Come here, my boy," he said, "I am delighted to find your mother so satisfied, and you as moderate in your desires as if you were seventy instead of nine."

"I am not so very moderate, father, but it seems to me, now I've got my sister, that we have every thing we want; that is just the fact of it; and who can be richer than we are? Why we would not take the world and a hundred worlds on the top of it for that little mite of a baby."

"We are rich, and you are wise, my son; but, perhaps, not so much wiser, as you think,

than your father. Now listen to me, and I will tell you why I should like to enlarge my fortune."

"Well, sir, I am listening," he replied, striking his cheek with the baby's soft little hand, and then, self-convicted of his utter engrossment with his new treasure, he quitted the side, and came to his father—"I mean I will listen, sir," he added.

"Thank you; to beguile then, I am tired of my profession."

"Your profession! my dear husband!" exclaimed his wife, "I thought you loved it."

"And so I do, and honour it, but in this country there is no controlling the amount of your business; it rolls up like a snow-ball, and never melts away; I am overburdened; I have no time for my family, for my friends, for society."

"But you had, when you limited yourself to your office business; it is only within the few months that you have brought home my drafts, and accounts to study till late at night."

"Oh, of course, for a while I must have trouble with this concern; I am the only lawyer in it, and there are nice legal points to be investigated. But there is no tedious process sowing the seeds and waiting for the harvest; the golden harvest is ready to our hand."

"Now you have come to the point, father, what do you mean to do with it when it is reaped?"

"I mean to go and see the old world with my family."

"With your family! Oh, how pleasant to go or stay, now we can call ourselves a true family."

"Yes, my son, with my family. You see, Mary, and are thinking, as you often say, that home is the only place for an invalid; but I have yet to learn the power of money. In Europe it will procure every comfort and luxury; and when we are sated with travel, we will return and quit this toilsome, artificial city life, and have a country-place, and fill it with the adornments we will bring home with us. Neither, my dear boy, do all my projects begin and end in ourselves. I have good friends, worthy people whom I want to aid, and I am not as I would now. And Mary, I believe is not vanity that tells me I can do something better than plod in my office. I should like to serve my country; there are objects that I beat at heart; I would do something to be remembered."

There was a generosity bordering on generosity in Mr. Stanley's interpretation of his

res that silenced his wife. She was a pattern of conjugal deference, very apt to feel the dignity stirring within her husband, and to be herself obedient to its intimations. The boy was silent, too, but he looked perplexed rather than satisfied.

"Do you understand me, my son?" asked his father.

"Oh, you sir, I understand you—but—"

"But what?—speak out fairly my boy—you and I are sworn friends you know—I open my heart to you, and you should open yours to me."

"Well sir, I was only thinking—don't you remember, father, one evening when Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith were here talking of stocks, and lots, and so on—of who had made money, and who had lost it—that when they went away you said you were very tired, and it was such vulgar conversation, and I don't remember exactly what you said, but it seemed to me you was very much against riches, father.—You said it was not the rich men who were the benefactors of their race; I remember this, because you made me write down a list, and I have the list yet, in my little old yellow pocket-book; it began with Washington and Franklin, and you laughed and said they were not half as rich as Mr. Jones, or Mr. Smith—so I was just thinking, father, you might 'serve you country—do something to be remembered,' as you said, without being a rich man."

It can never be known how much the father's right suggestions, from an unclouded mind thus unexpectedly returned upon him, might have wrought upon him. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a note. "How odd!" said Stanley, "a note on brown paper!—oh, do let me see it, father." He spoke too late—the paper was already in the fire: a scrawl on which hung life and death!

"It's nothing, my son," replied his father, "mere"; a word to remind me of a promise I made to see a man on business this afternoon."

"This afternoon! Cannot we have one holiday free from business?"

"Excuse me this time, Mary. This appointment is not quite in the regular way of business; I made it to save a poor whimsical fellow's time, or rather his feelings, for he grudges every minute that does not turn into money; one of my fellow-worshippers of the god Mammon—you are thinking—but you shall hold a better opinion of me one of these days. Come along with me, Stanley; we will get our afternoon's walk out of it, and be back to your

mother's tea. Now pray, dear Mary," he added, turning back, "don't brood over my speculation. I have not seen you look sad before since your girl was born, and I reproach myself for it; take heart of grace, my child, if worst comes to worst and I fail, I hurt no one but myself—I can pay every debt I have incurred, I have still my profession, and I give you my solemn promise that as this is my first it shall be my last speculation—to tell you the truth, you and Stanley have already made me half ashamed of it. I believe you are wiser, Mary, as you certainly are better than I am."

"Oh, if I appear troubled, Stanley, it is only because I am so happy now, that I dread any change; I shall be perfectly satisfied with whatever you think best," she concluded reverting to her customary state of passive acquiescence; as if there could be stability in this world, the very essence and condition of it being change.—But so even the timid lend themselves to the delusion of security, forgetting that the most frightful storms gather in the brightest days.

We have done Stanley Gretton injustice if we have given the impression that he was a lover of money, or covetous of gain; he was neither, but a man of pure heart and lofty purpose, desiring the acquisition of riches only for the power they give to effect good and generous objects. If he over-estimated their power, and mistook the mode of pursuing them, it was because he had caught the disease that infected the atmosphere in which he lived; the disease to which all actively commercial countries are liable, as the physical atmosphere is to the visitation of influenza and measles.

Mr. Gretton and his son pursued their course up one of the principal streets. The New-Year's day is an affecting anniversary, one of those eminences in human life from which we naturally look before and after; and, taking this survey, Mr. Gretton's heart overflowed with a quiet joy from the sense of security in the possession of God's best gifts. The course of his reflections was manifest in his conversation with his boy; he told him of his struggles with poverty in his youth—of his self-dependence—of the happiness of success resulting from courageous effort. His sentiments, his very words, from subsequent circumstances, were remembered, and probably were more effective on his son's after conduct than volumes of moral precepts given on ordinary occasions. The days were at their shortest, and they were delayed for a quarter of an hour by a friend who stopped Mr. Gretton to consult

him on business. As they parted, "you had best turn back, Stanley, with Mr. Miller," said his father—"it's getting late, and every minute will seem an hour to your mother, while we are both gone. I shall be back in time for her tea—if I am not, tell her not to wait for me."

Thus they parted, the father walking rapidly off in one direction, the son running in the other with the light heart and feet of childhood, neither father nor son feeling the slightest premonition of what awaited them—not one of those obscure anxieties that, arising spontaneously from the sadness of human experience, are afterwards interpreted into the shadows of coming events.

"Is my sister asleep?" asked Stanley, bursting into his mother's room.

"No," replied his mother, smiling at the dignified designation of the little morsel of humanity in her arms, "but where is your father?"

"In Cherry-street, I suppose. It was Cherry-street, was it not, he said he was going to? It was so late he sent me back, and I was so afraid of finding the baby asleep that I have run all the way, so he'll not be here this long while—my father said you must not wait tea for him. Mother, how long will it be before my sister will sit up at the table with us? then we shall have one for each side of the table, and I can sit opposite to her where I can always look at her—oh, mother! mother! I can't tell you how happy I am! I have got a sister, is the first thought when I wake in the morning, and the last at night; to tell you the truth, mother, if it were not for you and father. I would rather we were poor than rich, for if we were poor I could work for her day and night, and teach her and serve her, but now if father gets his great fortune, I can do nothing for her."

"Never fear, my dear boy, love is the spirit's food, and, rich or poor, your love will be your sister's best treasure." Stanley continued to pour out his full heart, and for a while the mother was absorbed in her children, but after a little time she began to wonder her husband did not return. The servant came twice unbidden to ask if he should bring the tea things, and Mrs. Gretton, remembering it was his holiday evening, told him to arrange the tea-service, and go; and there it remained untouched. The fond brother sat down by the nurse, and unsuspecting of any possible danger to his father, he laid his head on her knee and fell asleep with his cheek touching the baby's: thence he was removed, in most happy unconsciousness of impending evil, to bed. The tea-kettle con-

tinued its wearisome song till the last coal of the chafing-dish died away. The nurse having secured her own tea, remonstrated against Mrs. Gretton deferring hers, repeating the aphorism so satisfactory to the unanxious, and vexing to the fearful, "there's no use in worrying, ma'am, nothing can have happened; I wish ma'am knew some folks' husbands there's one of my ladies—I don't mention her name, for to make it a principle never to tell secrets of families where I nurse—but ma'am can guess; it an't far off; he's never home till after 12 o'clock; and there's Mrs. Upham—oh, that's a slip, I did not mean to mention her name—she never thinks of asking if her husband is at home or not; to be sure, it's a comfort to have a regular husband like Mr. Gretton, but then it makes one dreadful anxious, so it has its disadvantages." Nurse's buzzing, as may be supposed, had rather a tendency to increase Mrs. Gretton's restlessness, but never dreaming that possible, she continued: "Ma'am don't consider it's New-Year's night, and the city is full of parties; Mr. Gretton has run in to some friend's house, and time, as it were, runs away much faster with a husband abroad than with a wife sick at home."

Even this equivocal comfort Mrs. Gretton would gladly have received, if she could, as the evening wore on, and hour after hour struck Ten, eleven, twelve came, and the nurse insisted with professional authority on the poor lady composing herself. The candles were extinguished, the night-lamp lighted, and the attendant laid herself down and realized Sancho's description of sleep; for sleep and the blanket covered her at the same moment. But there was no sweet approach of sleep to the alarmed wife as she lay listening to the signal sounds of the wasting night; the quick tread of people hastening to their homes; the roll of carriages returning from parties; the loud voices of festive rioters dying away in the distance. To these succeeded the awful eloquent silence wraps the thronged city at the dead of night, interrupted only by the watchman's rattle suggesting the evil things that are prowling about the unconscious and defenceless.

Poor Mary Gretton! All the nerves in her body seemed resolved into the sense of hearing. Every three minutes she raised her head from the pillow, and laid it throbbing down. She drew her baby close to her bosom, and tried to calm herself with its soft breathing; the beating of its little heart, seemed rather to excite her nerves, and again she laid it from her; and though she had not put her foot

the ground since her confinement, she rose from her bed, crept to the window, raised the sash, and thrusting her head out, gazed up and down the street as if her look could bring the desired object. But he came not, and she shrank shivering back to bed, and finally, towards morning, she sunk to sleep, faintly hoping that possibly, for one moment, she had lost herself, and during that moment, that her husband had come in, and with his usual, but now most ill-timed considerateness, had gone noiselessly to his own apartment. She started with the first ray of light, and waking the nurse, begged her to go instantly and see if Mr. Gretton were in his room. He was not; there was no sign of him there; "but," the nurse added, after having given this dismaying intelligence, "I dare say, after all, Patrick turned the bolt of the street door when he came in last night. What a goose I was I did not think of that before." Mrs. Gretton said she had given him express orders not to touch it, but bade her go instantly and see. She did so, and returned, looking, herself, pale and frightened. We know not how, in our weakness, we lean even on the weakest reeds. The nurse's alarm now redoubled her mistress's. She sprang out of bed and rang the bell violently and repeatedly, while the nurse was exclaiming, "Gracious me, ma'am, are you crazy! You'll get your death of cold; you'll bring back your old complaints worse than ever. I never, never!—Ma'am, I can't be answerable for the consequences." But not one word did Mary Gretton heed. "He does not hear," she cried; "call him!" "Patrick—no, Stanley, Stanley! Stanley! he'll go quicker. Oh, here is Patrick! Go, Patrick, for my brother—for Mr. Wilton Harvey; tell him my husband is—no, tell him to come to me—go, for God's sake, go!"—The household were now all astir, and all thoroughly alarmed. Mrs. Gretton rushed into her boy's apartment, adjoining hers, and terrifying him almost out of his senses with the apparition of his mother, out of bed, wild and haggard, with her hair streaming over her shoulders, she communicated the cause of her distress. The boy, thus suddenly awakened, caught his mother's panic, and expressed his terror in cries and shrieks; but he soon recovered a most characteristic self-possession, that calmness which comes from inward power and devotion to others, and which sometimes manifests itself in early childhood. "Dear mother," he said, "don't be so frightened; nothing has happened; I hope father was kept out late, and went to my Uncle Wilton's to

sleep. Dear mother, how you are shaking; get back into bed; thank you, mother, now you will lie quiet while I am gone." Thus entreating and soothing, he calmed her in some degree, and bidding the nurse do everything to warm and compose her, he was dressed and out of the house in half a minute. But warm or quiet she could not be made, and her brother found her out of bed, and walking the room like a maniac. Other friends came, and everything was said and done that the kindest zeal could suggest or execute. The most thorough search was instituted. A thousand conjectures were made, and the next hour proved them fallacious. Placards were issued, and advertisements sent to the evening papers.—Mr. Gretton's clerks were examined, and his office-papers ransacked for some clue to the person to whom he had gone to do business. Stanley remembered he had spoken of Cherry-street, but no reference among his papers could be found to that street. The head-clerk recalled the ill-looking fellow who had so sturdily insisted on seeing Mr. Gretton, but he had never been seen at the office before or since; and there was no reason but his ill-omened visage for fixing suspicion on him. Mr. Gretton was not known to have an enemy, or a controversy with any one. Day passed after day, week after week, and month after month, and no tidings came of the good citizen, the devoted husband, the fond father, who went forth full of projects and hopes, well-earned honour, and well-founded assurance of a holiday afternoon in a well-ordered city to do some ordinary business. That he had suffered by violent hands none at the time doubted. Subsequently, when the speculation in which he had taken part utterly failed, when his whole fortune was wrecked in it, and the reputation of some of the parties concerned was implicated, it was suggested that Mr. Gretton had foreseen this, and not having courage to face the issue, he had voluntarily withdrawn from life. None who knew him well cast this shadow on his memory, but to few can a man be so intimately known as to defy suspicion.—Mr. Gretton had mixed himself up with men of lax morality. These men had corruptly speculated on the covetousness and credulity of the public at a time of feverish pecuniary excitement, and a man who had adventured simply with the hope of doing good, and blessing others by the acquisition of money he did not want, had lost a competency earned by honourable labour, had left an impoverished family, and a blemished memory. This, with

slight variations, is the history of many honest, industrious, but most fatally deluded men, during the monetary fevers in our cities.

That "little family," on which the New-Year had dawned so auspiciously, in whose very name young Stanley had taken such innocent delight, was broken up for ever; God's happiest temple on earth, a virtuous home, made most desolate. Whose was the crime, and where the criminal, was to remain a dreadful mystery! The exposure on that dreadfully anxious night, and the despair that followed, were too much for the susceptible frame of Mary Gretton. She languished a few weeks, and died. Stanley and the baby-sister, whose birth had been hailed with such love and promise were adopted into the family of their mother's young brother, Wilton Harvey, a most kind and generous man, who had just happily begun his commercial career in the city.

We conclude this prefatory part of our story with the words of the wise man, sad in our application of them as they are wise: "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house."



SONG.

Oh! sing no more that gentle song,

Wake not its notes again,

Though wildly sweet they steal along

Like some bird-warbled strain.

For thee I hear, as once I heard

A voice whose every tone

Was music, and my heart is stirred

To know I am alone.

Alone, alone! the thought will bring

Back youth's bright sunny sky;

And hopes, ere yet, with noiseless wing.

Old Time, with Death, swept by.

The flowers are crushed, the hopes are gone.

As leaves in autumn's blast,

But oh! they come to thy sweet song.

Like shadows from the past.

As stars look on the rolling deep,

As moonbeams on the spray,

As night birds chaunt, while waters sleep,

Thy wild notes o'er me play:

Then breathe no more that simple air,

Wake not its melody,

For now, alas! the song is said,

That once was sweet to me.



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

For The Amaranth.

THE STAR AND FLOWER.

A POEM.

'Twas the warm summer time,
The green trees were bending o'er the
world

In their deep slumber; the Angel of Night
Threw her raven hair over the wide arch
Of heaven, and bade the spirit of the stars
Retrim their flaming torches in its curls.
The wind had hung his harp above the throes
Of the Eternal, and the sweet flowers
Were hiding their soft faces in the shade
Of their folded leaves; all, save one, and she
Was beautiful above the fairest there,
Of all her sleeping sisters; pale and sad,
And tender beyond thought, gazing ever,
With a peaceful, untrifling look, upon
The face of heaven, and lo! the rich light
Of one glorious star streamed deepest
Into her snowy breast, ruffling its deep care:
And trembling she beheld the spirit pause,
Checking his skiey flight, and on his wing
Radiant hang pois'd, while he returned
Her wond'ring look, but, blushing deep, she
droop'd

Her virgin head, for oh! he was too bright
To look upon unscathed; the locks of gold
Shed luster o'er his broad, prophetic brow,
Majestic with the spell of mighty thought:
And in his eye sat pity and regard
For earthly things; he knew that they would
perish.

A burning, mystic girdle, graven deep
With characters divine, embraced his loins:
His right hand held a lyre whose tones were
mute,

And in his left, an ever-blazing torch
Incessant gleam'd, amid the lamps on high.
One moment, from his solitude, upon
That bow'd and gentle Flow'r the spirit gaz'd:
But when she rais'd her head again, his face
Was redd'ning in the portal of the west:
It vanish'd from the sky, and then she felt
A loneliness unknown before that hour,
Which made her yearn for the returning day
To herald forth that lovely star again;
And nightly did the spirit linger o'er
The tender Flow'r, until she learned to bear
His presence without fear; ah! could she trace
Expression's eloquence, the god-like form,
The earnest sympathy which seem'd to draw
His interest unto her, and tender back
No passion for such love. The thrilling chord
Of his wild lyre resounded through the vast

Of heaven, and the children of the world,
 Unconscious of the strains, slept on.
 She, only heard the sweet impassion'd song—
 His message was to her, and in her face,
 As from a scroll, he read her deepest thoughts,
 And this was all.

Her love was never told
 In stronger utterance, than the guileless lines
 Upon her fair, young face, breath'd simply forth,
 Yet was it never doubted; for he sang
 His nightly roundelay amid the stars,
 And with the dews of heaven, treasur'd deep
 Within her inmost cell, she form'd a lake
 That mirror'd soft the ray of that lov'd star;
 And so within her pure, and gentle heart
 His image ever dwelt. Alas! how strange
 And sad it seem'd,—that love, so fond, so vain,
 In a thing that the wind might wither, in
 A form that e'en then was drooping beneath
 The gaze of its belov'd; and he—the high,
 The long-enduring—will he knew the spell
 Which bound him to the world, was breaking
 fast;

That thought shed paleness on his nightly
 brow,

And tunc'd the fervent music of his lyre
 With a melancholy tone, like the wail
 In the mid-air when the winds are gathering,
 Or the moan of a spent wave, when its strength
 Upon the shore is broken; yet it gave
 A magic to the strain, that won the ear
 Of angels as they journey'd through heaven,
 'Twas so tender—so unutterably sad!
 The sky grew dark; from out the troubled
 north

A thick mist crept upon the joyous earth,
 And a wild rush of storm on high, proclaim'd
 The demon in his wrath. All living things
 Ran trembling to their dens; the giant trees
 Was'd painfully their knotty arms, and shook
 The leaves as worthless things from off their
 boughs,

A tribute to the winds; the groaning earth
 Sent forth a voice of tribulation sore,
 And war and devastation drank their fill
 Of murky ruin steep'd within a bowl
 Of blood and tears. The sun rose thrice and
 wan'd;

The crescent moon with all her twinkling hosts,
 Three times embraced the world, yet saw it not,
 And when the death-cloud op'd its horrid jaws,
 And melted into blue and peaceful air,
 The spirits scarcely deem'd their gaze aright,
 All was so chang'd,—save the oid steadfast
 hills

That lifted still their hoary brows on high,

Their everlasting heads;—yet even they
 Look'd furrw'd by the strife. Where was the
 Flow'r?

Go ask the pit'less wind which bore away
 That atom on its breast! go seek the grave
 Of all those blighted things for one torn leaf
 To bear unto its loved one in the sky,
 And ye will find it not! Time journey'd on,
 Sprinkling the hills and glades again with
 Flow'rs,

Wreathing the ruin of the past with smiles,
 Looking as though they too would never die—
 So bright, so fair.

'Twas the warm summer time,
 The green trees were bending o'er the still
 world

In their deep slumber; the Angel of Night
 Threw her raven hair over the wide arch
 Of heaven, and bade the spirits of the stars
 Retrain their flaming torches in its curls.
 But she that once reflected tenderly,
 The image of a star within her heart,
 And rais'd her pale, fair face unto the sky
 Of ev'ning, from a valley in the hills,
 Had long since passed away, even as
 A rain drop in the ocean of the past,
 Or a sweet odour with the wind's low sigh;
 And in the ranks of yon resplendent stars,
 One torch was ever quench'd; his brothers
 fill'd

The dome of heav'n with song to win him back,
 And sent a messenger from sphere to sphere,
 To call the Angel home, but all in vain;—
 His light had ever vanish'd from on high.
 If thoughts of some wild hearts be not a dream,
 There is a world beyond this changing scene,
 Where beauty never fades, and the pure air
 Is fill'd with lute-like tones that never die,
 Remember'd voices, that on earth were lov'd
 And grieved for; breathing with endless life
 On hill and vale, the trees and Flow'rs are
 there,

And streams are bright beneath a cloudless
 clime,

And the eye weeps not where there is no wrong,
 For love doth like an atmosphere, sustain
 All with its nourishment, and light doth break
 From every heart, a bright and evel's day,
 Near which the sun would pale, if such there
 are;

Perchance, that mourning star has laid his
 head

To rest beside his love, and pours the fire
 Of his wing'd harp unto the list'ning Flow'r
 Ever—for ever!

Choose Wisely the Wife of thy Bosom.

Go, my son, said the eastern sage to Talmore, go forth to the world; be wise in the pursuit of knowledge—be wise in the accumulation of riches—be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

When the rulers of thy people echo thy sayings, and the trumpet of fame sounds thy name abroad among the nations, more beautiful will the sun of thy glory set, if one bright cloud reflects its brightness, and sullied for ever will be the splendour of the rays, if like a dark spot she crosses its surface.

Consider this, then, my son, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for little will all else avail thee if thou choosest not wisely the companion of thy bosom. See yonder, the maidens of Tinge. They deck themselves with the gems of Golconda and the rose of Kashmere—themselves more brilliant and beautiful; but ah! take not them to thy bosom; for the gem will grow dim, and the rose wither and naught remain to thee of all thou didst woo and win.

Neither turn thyself to the proud one who vaunts herself on having scanned the pages of Vedas, and fathomed the mysteries of the holy temple. Woman was not born to wield the sceptre, or direct the counsel; to reveal the mandates of Brama, or expound the sacred verses of Menu. Rather be it here to support thee in grief and soothe thee in sickness; to rejoice in thy prosperity and cling to thee in adversity. Reflect then my son ere thou choosest, and look to her ways whom thou wouldst make the wife of thy bosom.

A wife! what a sacred name, what a responsible office! she must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crime of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there.—A wife! she must be as pure as spirits around the Everlasting Throne that man may kneel to her, even in adoration, and feel no abasement. A wife! she must be the guardian angel of his footsteps on earth, and guide them to heaven; so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon its firm foundation; so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile.—Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife; and reflect well ere thou choosest.

Open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose

not thy head on the breast which nurseth care and folly, and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed; and expect not honour from her who honoureth not the God that made her:

Though thy place be next to the throne of princes and the countenance of royalty beared upon thee—though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name be honoured from the east to the west—little will it avail thee, darkness and disappointment and strife be thine own habitation.—There must be passed thine hours of solitude and sickness—and thou must thou die. Reflect, then, my son ere thou choose, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in other things—little will it avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

**THE FUGITIVE FROM LOVE.**

Is there but a single theme
For the youthful poet's dream?
Is there but a single wire
To the youthful poet's lyre?
Earth below, and Heaven above—
Can he sing of nought but love?

Nay! the battle's dust I see!
God of war!—I follow thee!
And, in martial numbers, raise
Worthy pacans to thy praise.
Ah! *She meets me on the field--*
If I fly not, I must yield.

Jolly patron of the grape!
To thy arms I will escape!
Quick, the rosy nectar bring;
"Io Bacche!" I will sing.
Ha! Confusion! Every sip,
But reminds me of *her* lip.

Pallas! give me wisdom's page,
And awake my lyric rage!
Love is fleeting, love is vain;
I will try a nobler strain.
Oh, perplexity! my books
But reflect *her* haunting looks!

Jupiter! on thee I cry!
Take me and my lyre on high!
Lo! the stars beneath me gleam!
Here, oh, poet! is a theme.
Madness! *She has come above!*
Every cord is whispering "Love!"



An enlightened people are a better auxiliary to the judge, than an army of policemen.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY MRS. B—N.

Story of Deara, Princess of Meath.

LOFTY were the hills, and clear the streams, which owned the sway of Eric, King of Meath. Brave were the warriors who fought beneath his banner, and fair were the maidens who guarded them for the fight. Rich were the halls of Eric, with the spoils of conquered foes; but richer than the red gold and glittering gems, was the lovely daughter of the chief—Deara, the beautiful De-ra, the peerless flower of Inis-fail, whose name was enwreathed in song and whispered in melody, throughout the green vale. As a sunbeam amid the stars, was the daughter of Eric. Queen-like and majestic was her form, yet light and graceful as a daisy on the hills of Erin," the flowers bent not beneath her tread. Dark as the deep waters of a mountain lake, shone the eyes of Deara, and as the beams sparkle on its waves, so did the light of soul illumine their soft lustre. Like threads of waving gold, fell the tangles of her hair, around a neck, graceful as the swan's, and white as the cygnet—lovely as the first blush of the young rose, was her cheek and smiles; the bright emanation of a happy heart played round the parted coral of her fairy lips. Great was the fame of Eric; but greater was Deara's, and unconquered chieftains and proud kings bow'd before her, vanquished by her beauty.

Among those who sought her hand, was O'Rourk the gallant Prince of Breffini. Richer far richer were the other suitors; but when did gold sway the purpose of an Irish heart? And to him did Eric betroth the hand of his daughter. Mighty was O'Rourk in the hall of council, as in the field of battle—he was famous in the land for stainless honour, and unvalued bravery. Like Bayard of France, he was styled "*sans peur et sans reproche*" and Deara fancied that she loved him. Yet it was not fancy, for the warm deep glow of young love was not the feeling she had for him. She but esteemed his virtue and admired his valour; love lay buried in her heart like a hidden spring, which was one day to gush forth, and overwhelm her in its strength. In truth, O'Rourk was not one to win a maiden like Deara; he was unskilled in all the gentler arts of peace, and could but speak as the sage adviser, or the fearless leader of a host. The forty years he had lived, had not been all sunshine, and their how had begun to mingle with his raven hair. Many a deep scar furrowed his brown cheek,

and his lofty brow shewed the traces care and thought had imprinted there. Never before, had O'Rourk known love, and it now glowed pure and bright as each other feeling of his noble spirit. The daughter of Eric might not be wed in secret, and splendid was the festival of her bridal. All the nobles of the land assembled to the palace of Eric, and each vied with the other in the number of their followers, and grandeur of their equipments. But far superior to them all, was Mac Murtagh, the young King of Munster. The armour of his warriors glittered brightest, and his banner floated higher than the rest. Mac Murtagh had just succeeded to the treasures and kingdom of his father. Youth yet bloomed on his cheek, but his name was not unknown in the annals of bravery. Tall and graceful as the mountain pine, was the form of the young chieftain, and his eye of clear Milesian blue, beamed like the glance of the falcon. Well was Mac Murtagh graced in the most courtly graces of the time, and so thought Deara, as she glided by his side through the dance, or listened to the soft strains of his harp, as it breathed forth praises of her beauty. Coldly did she hear the lay of the other minstrels, but when his tones fell upon her ear, a blush soft as the fading light of day, tinged her cheek; and those who can trace the feeling of the heart in the language of the eye, might have read love in the gaze of Mac Murtagh, as it met the soft glance of Deara.

Six days of the festival passed, and in song and revel sped the hours. The noon of the seventh found Deara before the altar as the bride of O'Rourk. The plighted path of an Irish maiden might not be recalled, or hers would have been so then, for Mac Murtagh had told his love, and she had heard the avowal; the passion each had for the other, burned all the brighter for concealment; and in her bridal hour, the brow of Deara wore a look of sadness. Strange did the simple plainness of O'Rourk appear amid the gay assemblage of the guests—to him it seemed as if the glory of Erin had departed, when he saw her sons, the descendants of "Bryan, the brave," arrayed in silk, and glittering with jewels; and in part he was right, for luxury had crept in and paved the way for the fall of the lovely island. But as yet, some true hearts beat there, and truer and braver than O'Rourk's, as he stood amid the festal throng, in the rude garb of a Milesian warrior. By his side gleamed a huge falchion, which had belonged to Uffa, a gigantic Dane, who had ravaged the coasts of Erin, till he fell

by the hand of O'Rourk. Since then, it had gleamed in his grasp like a meteor through the fight, and his bearing now, seemed prouder, as he rested on its iron hilt. What a contrast did he form to the fair and delicate girl by his side; her white veil floated round her like a summer cloud, and radiant gems flashed on her brow. Beautiful did she look, as the genius of her native isle; and alas! in after time, it seemed as if the fate of Erin had been twined with hers. Her hand was clasped in O'Rourk's—her voice murmured the marriage vow, but her eyes and thoughts were where Mac Murtagh, folded in his silken mantle, bent o'er the golden strings of his harp. The few stern men who formed the vassals of O'Rourk, advanced to do the lady homage, and his mother, the aged Princess of Breffini, with her female attendants, and the old minstrel of the house of O'Rourk, were present, gave the bride her blessing; and the minstrel tuned his harp to the nuptial song of welcome. But in vain did he strike the note of joy—no sound would vibrate from its chords but woe—the deepest woe; in vain did he try each art he was master of, still did its silvery tones give back the echo of sorrow. The old man dropped it from his hand, and tears flowed from his eyes. O'Rourk had arisen to chide him, when Zelma, the attendant of his mother, sprang forward and sweetly the strings poured forth a strange wild music. It seemed a song of triumph, and yet it had not a pleasant sound. 'Twas not the soft sweet melody of Erin, but bore in its foreign cadence, the tones of gratified revenge. Hardly could the wine-cup of Eric, or the night song of Mac Murtagh dissipate the dreary feeling left by Zelma's music. Strange was the appearance of Zelma, and strange was her story.

A Spanish rover had made a descent on the western shores. The inhabitants fell fast before him, until O'Rourk came to their assistance, and pursued the Spaniards to their ships. The other warriors returned laden with the treasures of the rover, but the only spoil of O'Rourk, was Zelma, the daughter of the pirate whom he saved from drowning. Her height was hardly that of a child of six years. A serpent had coiled around her in her cradle—its poisonous breath had mingled with hers, and her growth was for ever stopped; yet every limb was moulded with the most graceful symmetry. The dark olive of her complexion, and the deep black of her lustrous eyes, told she was a descendant of the Moors. The nature of Zelma was that of her native land; the heart that would die for what it loved, and the unforgiv-

ing spirit that thirsts for vengeance 'till the latest hour. Although her form was that of a child, Zelma's heart was a woman's, and the gratitude she felt towards O'Rourk, as her protector, turned to love; it was unanswered, and changed to hatred, deep and inextinguishable. The generous heart of O'Rourk was grieved, and his kindness to her increased. Zelma concealed her feelings, and "bided her time. With the keen eye of a woman, she read the thoughts of Deara and Mac Murtagh. Her scheme instantly flashed on her mind, and the music told as truly of her feelings at the time as the notes of the ancient minstrel were prophetic, of what the marriage of Deara would bring on the land.

Twelve months had the daughter of Eric been wedded to O'Rourk; entwined with her very existence, was his love for her, as the sun is to the earth, or dew to the flower. Without her, life to him would have been a barren waste—a dreary world without one ray of light. In the intensity of his own love, he thought not that hers might be less strong, and alas! it was so, for Mac Murtagh was so fondly remembered, although in time he might have been forgotten. The brave are always pious, and the devotions of O'Rourk now called him on a pilgrimage, to a distant shrine. The night after his departure, Deara sat in her lonely bower; Zelma entered with intelligence that a wandering minstrel sought shelter in the castle. An unnatural radiance lit her eyes. Deara desired her to conduct him to her presence. The minstrel entered, and his harp tuned to please the lady, but scarcely had the soft tones floated on the air, when the hue of her cheek grew deeper, her bosom heaved with emotion; the minstrel flung back his mantle, and Deara fell upon his bosom—it was Mac Murtagh! Zelma had gratified her revenge; she had conveyed to him intelligence of O'Rourk's absence, and of Deara's continued love, and that night the faithless lady fled from him. Beautiful and bright in the radiant moonlight, smiled the vally of O'Rourk before, as he rested on the last hill top. The heart of the Chieftain beat quicker as he gazed upon the beauties, and thought that the eye of Deara might be resting upon it also, as she looked forth for his return. The flush of rosy light faded softly from the western sky; twilight ushered the stars and pearly moon through the calm heavens, and the shadows fell deeper on the blue lake. As night gathered around, the sadness shaded the brow of O'Rourk—the gloomy walls of his castle rose against the

at no light beamed from its battlements to welcome him; the lamp of Deara, whose rays had been like starlight on his path, was dark. Stung with terror, he flew to her apartment— and death robbed him of his treasure? "ah! no, the young false one had fled;" and there by the harp whose fairer tones so oft had soothed his care, but she who had waked its music, now smiled upon another. Bitter are the sorrows of woman, but what are they to me "tears of warlike men." Each drop that fell from the eyes of O'Rourk, burned but the memory of its cause deeper in his soul; he wept—a low fiendish laugh sounded through the apartment, and a form sitting through the darkness whispered "remember Zelma." A short time after, the plains of Erin echoed to the tread of armed men, their spears flashed in the morning light, and the Irish banner, with its glittering "sun-burst," was unfurled to the breeze. O'Rourk had claimed redress from his country, and the native chieftains rallied round him; while Mac Murtagh sought protection from England, and Strigul, the English Earl of Pembroke, with his followers, now defended his castle from the assault of O'Rourk. Long and fierce was the battle, but the Saxons were rapidly giving way to the victorious Irish, and the last portal of the castle had been gained, when Deara, the cause of all the bloodshed, appeared on the battlement; her hands were spread beseechingly forward, and her voice, even through the din of battle, reached the ear of O'Rourk. For an instant he paused, and an arrow from the bow of Strigul, pierced his gallant heart—he fell. The English were conquerors, and King Henry who had enraged his subjects by the death of the pious Becket, glad of any means to propitiate them, immediately joined the Earl of Pembroke, and took possession of the country, and thus the "emerald gem of the western world, was set in the crown of the stranger." The instant of O'Rourk's death, a loud shriek rent the air, and Zelma, springing from a turret of the castle, was buried in the deep waters of the moat.

Years after, when a second English monarch swayed the sceptre over Erin; one morn the bells of the Holy Island told of a sinner released from pain. The song of death rose upon the breeze, and floated o'er the still waters—it was Deara, the once beautiful and beloved bride of O'Rourk, who after years of penance and of sorrow, had bid adieu to earth. She lived to witness the havoc of her country which she herself had caused, and each groan drawn from the bleeding bosom of Erin, echoed deeper

through hers; but at length she slept, and beautiful is the land of her rest. The stranger, as he wanders in the summer eve's last light, marvels at its loveliness, and while he breathes its balmy air, learns to forget that "it is not free."

Long Creek, (Q. C.), February, 1842.



LOVE AND SELF-LOVE.

A DREAM OF THE HEART.

WE had been conversing on various subjects, my friends and I: among the rest, Love was made a theme, and we exerted our imagination to find things in nature worthy of comparison with a sentiment so difficult to comprehend or define, so full of form, and yet so spiritual.

One said it was like an April shower, which power brings forth the richest blossoms that lie generating in the green places of the heart, and leaves them to perish in the first storm that passes by, or to be trodden down by the footsteps of our more earthly passions. She became eloquent with figures all bright and changeful, she likened Love to the rose that unfolds its damask heart—pours forth its fragrance to the first passing breeze, and so fades away—or, it was a rainbow spanning the heavens with its belt of radiance, and melting away tint by tint as the eye gazes upon it, or, perchance, it was represented by the glowing colour that settles on a sunset cloud, beautiful but brief.

She was a bright happy creature that made these comparisons—one that looked as if Love might indeed make a nest in her heart, and brood there for ever. But her idea of the passion which shapes the destiny of so many of our sex had found birth in a careless fancy, amid the festivity of lighted halls, and in an atmosphere of selfishness and adulation. She had yet to learn how pure, lasting and fervent is that love which lives in the soul, and lights up the gentle eye of woman. She had found a false stone glittering, for a time, in the place of a jewel—a stone sometimes purchased at a fearful price, often detected too late, and, by many, treasured through life, and mistaken for a gem whose light few hearts can entirely understand.

Another spoke; her rich lip trembled; her eye, which seemed almost dull before, lighted up with a bright and beautiful expression, and her voice made the heart thrill as it listened. Love, she said, was a fixed star, set in the heaven of a woman's life, and reflected for ever

and ever in the fountains of her heart, shedding a holy light upon each wave as it gushed up and subduing the atmosphere which surrounds it, to a pure and tranquil warmth.

My friends had departed, and with the tones of the last beautiful speaker still whispering in my heart, my head fell upon the sofa cushions, and I slept.

A little time, and lo, it seemed as if the souls of those two young creatures lay before me, worlds filled with beautiful and fragrant objects, haunted only by myself and the possessors thereof. The first was a wilderness of beautiful things. Hills flushed with wild flowers, slopes of rich grass, thickets bursting into blossom arose upon my vision. Swelling hills lay mellowed and purple in the horizon, and a sky of tranquil blue brooded over all. There was a sound of waters murmuring in the distance, but thistles and wild blossoms, with unpruned and fruitless vines, wove their tendrils over the fountain, and lay murmuring in their shadow with a monotonous sound, as if content to sleep for ever in the feeble light which flickered through the wild foliage tangled above it. The atmosphere was fragrant with the scent of flowers, but few trees were there, and the blossoms were wild flowers that seldom generate fruit.

The owner of this world was one that had linked Love to the rainbow—the rose and the evening cloud—a fair thoughtless girl, mirthful and happy from want of deep feeling. It was seldom that she entered the inner world of her own heart, but in my dream she wandered there almost for the first time in her life. The gentle spirits which should have cultivated her realm, were asleep among the purple hills afar off, and she scarcely knew of their existence, or how sweet their sweet ministry might be. She summoned the lighter graces from a lawn where they were grouped together, beckoned the spirits of dance and song from a hillock where they were sporting in the warm light, and while they were grouped in attitudes of grace about her looked carelessly over her realm. She was bewildered by the combination of lovely and rude objects that surrounded her. Shrubs of opposite and sometimes of powerful nature were entangled in one fragrant thicket—the laurel and the sweet wild rose bloomed together; the blue-eyed violet looked meekly up from a net-work of night shade that had grown over it, and their mingled breath filled the air with an enervating and sickly perfume. Flower and weed all was luxuriant, wild and unhealthy. The maiden seemed con-

tent that it should be so, and with a smile upon her lips, moved carelessly towards the fountain. She sat down, parted the leaves away from the brink with her hand, and looked into the waters. A partial light fell upon them enough to throw back her own beautiful image, and with that she was satisfied. She was gazing on the fountain, when a dove started up from a neighbouring thicket, lighted upon the foliage which her hand kept back, and its graceful shadow fell upon the waters. It seemed about to plunge down, and bathe its wings there, but in the attempt, it broke the reflection of her own features, and with an impatient creature she frightened the poor dove away. Then came another bird; its notes were like those of a dove, but his plumage was soiled in contact with rude objects. He bore a great diamond in his beak, and his wings were cumbered with the pearls and jewels hoarded beneath them. There was a glitter in the bird's eye unlike the soft tenderness natural to the dove's; the burthen which they concealed, bent his wings to the earth, and he never soared upward for a moment. This bird alighted upon the maiden's shoulder, and looked boldly down into the fountain. She would have driven him away also, but as she lifted her hand, the bird opened his beak, the diamond dropped into the depths of the fountain, and with a slight flutter of the wing, a shower of pearls and precious stones fell upon her loose tresses, and broke the surface of the fountain with a hair and glittering shower. Then the waters became smooth again. The bird still kept his station, and his image was reflected back within her's. It was but for a season, and after his departure, many a passing shadow and bright ripple came over the fountain, but none rested there. As each new object passed by, she smiled upon the image of Self, and it smiled back from the stagnant waters as she calmly murmured that "Love was a rose, a rainbow and a sun on the evening cloud, beautiful and brief." Still came new objects to the fountain, and as they darkened it with a shadow, but none left his image there. At last age crept slowly from the thicket of hemlock that had been suffered to grow near the fountain. The graces grew cold and shrunk away at her approach, and the spirit of song lost half the harmony of her voice. Vanity, who had ever guarded the fountain, still kept her place, and shed a silvery mist over them, which concealed the approach of age from its own r. Then, a host of selfish and repining spirits stole into the places left vacant by the graces, and after that, no being sought

to supplant the image of self, that never for a moment gave room to another. She had placed the false stone in her bosom, and still treasured it as a gem. In my dream, years swept by; the green places of that world withered, and became parched and arid from neglect. The purple light died away from the distant hill, the mildew of time fell upon all the rich foliage that had concealed the fountain, and exposing to view a shallow pool, stagnated by time, and an old woman bending over it more and more enamored of the wrinkled features dimly reflected at her gaze.

The scene of my vision changed, and a world of tranquil and surpassing loveliness arose before me. Statues of pale marble were grouped about, surrounded by flowering shrubs of exquisite beauty and perfume. Tall trees, heavy with fragrance, rich and green, towered above them, and a soft holy light lay tranquilly sleeping on the grassy hills, and slopes that broke quietly to view amid the vistas of a grove, where flowers and fruit were clustered and ripening together. A fountain of bright waters gushed up with a sweet rippling melody in the centre of the grove, and a group of bright winged spirits such as make their home in a good heart, hovered about it. The owner of this world was there, for she loved to cultivate that beautiful region, and had learned to appreciate and hold communion with the fragrant treasures, and the bright spirits that dwelt within it. She had been taught to watch the growth of each delicate flower, to prune the too rife foliage, and to tear away the weeds that ever spring up in a rich soil. She looked up to the soft tranquil sky that bent over and blessed her little world. A star of exceeding brilliancy burned in its blue depths, and its rays were flung back from the waters of the fountain, as she approached and bent over it. The deep well gave back no reflection, for her image was blended with that of another who worshipped there, and forgotten in the union.— They dwelt together—the fair girl and that other noble being to whom she had given her realm, and no human shadow, save his, ever fell upon the deep fountain that welled up its pure waters for ever at his feet. To her, Love was, in truth, what she had declared it, a fixed star, which could not go out, or be dimmed by any, save a divine hand.

In my dream, years went by, and though clouds sometimes gathered above that tranquil world, and storms swept over it, they but left it greener and more beautiful than before, and there, trembling above it was the star of love,

bright and unchangeable as the heavens which gave it birth.

Still I gazed, and lo, the angel of death came down, and folding his dark wings over the lord of that little realm, bore him away to the place prepared for him in Heaven. A shadow fell upon that fair being then, and the good spirits which inhabited her kingdom gathered with a gentle grief about the fountain, to comfort her. Memory came with her trembling pencil, and perpetuated the loved image that had so long been mirrored by its waters. Faith, hope, charity and patience, came meekly from the grove, and pointed up to heaven where the star of love was still shining. As she followed their meek eyes, a thousand golden threads fell down upon the troubled waters of the fountain, and formed a chain of light which linked it with the skies.

Still I gazed! the fruit which hung upon the trees, ripened with a gradual and healthy progress, the flowers grew more delicate in the clear pearly atmosphere, and the few weeds indigeneous to the soil, gradually disappeared. A little time and the angel of death came down again. A moment, and all was darkness!— Then I saw the world on which I had been gazing, enveloped in a cloud of light, and with all the beautiful spirits that had dwelt there float from my view, 'till it faded gently like a dove cleaving its way through the heavens.



TO ———.

A PRICELESS boon, a ceaseless dower,
Beyond the miser's treasur'd gold,
Enchanting with a magic power—
"The merry heart that ne'er grows old."

A sunlit vision in a dream—
A home of happiness untold—
A brilliant star—a sparkling stream—
"The cheerful heart that ne'er grows old."

A rainbow 'mid the tempest's wrath,
It bids the drooping eye behold
A light to cheer life's fading path—
"The trusting heart that ne'er grows old."

Be merry, cheerful, trusting, still,
The joyousness around impart,
Through every change of good or ill,
Oh, keep the rainbow in the heart.



EVERY period of life has its peculiar prejudices; whoever saw old age, that did not applaud the past and condemn the present times?

SYBILLINE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

ONE evening in December, in the memorable year of 1772, in a *café*, in the Rue Montholon, was seated a mixed party discussing the events of the present time, and speculating on those of the future. The greater part were citizens, while the lesser, from their costumes, appeared to belong to the military profession. The laugh and gibe occasionally broke forth, but their conversation was more that of seriousness than mirth. Apart from the company, in a corner of the room, stood a young soldier, with his back against the wall and his arms folded upon his breast. He appeared to be completely buried in thought, and regardless of every object around him. His features were beautifully modelled, inclining almost to feminine delicacy, and his hair of a rich glossy brown, fell in flowing ringlets down his back. His stature was that of the middle size, with a person correctly formed altogether presenting in form and feature, a study for the artist or sculptor. So silent was he that he had been completely forgotten by his associates, and it only whilst one of them in tossing off his glass of *vin ordinaire*, in prefacing it with the toast of "Destruction to the Bourbons!" that he quickly raised his head and casting his flashing eyes towards the drinker, ejaculated in a short quick tone—"Remercier Monsieur!" that his presence was remembered, and hailed with shouts of welcome.

"Ah! ha! Monsieur Bonaparte, are you still there?" cried one of them; "we thought you had gone to keep the mice company in the garret."

"Or to the Odeon to take lessons from Talma—when do you appear, Lieutenant? we hear that you are about to change the sword for the buskin."

The young man surveyed the speaker with a frown upon his brow, and a contemptuous curl of the lip.

"No offence," continued the speaker, seeing that the young soldier did not take his ribaldry in the best of tempers. "But you and Talma are so constantly together, we thought you had some serious designs of becoming a follower of Melpomene."*

* It is well known, that Talma was the intimate friend of Bonaparte, on his first coming to Paris, and so poor then was the young soldier, that he refused not to accept of the kindness of the tragedian in procuring for him, free admission to the theatre. This was not forgotten by Bonaparte when he had ascended the ladder of fortune.

"Bah! you are a child, Captain Berryer, waste your words upon fools, they are only for such society," said Bonaparte.

"Ha! ha!" shouted Berryer, "the little gentleman is angry."

"And most complimentary withal," added another of the party, "if your words are to be wasted upon fools, you have had a numerous assemblage around you sometime, Berryer."

A loud laugh followed this remark, and Bonaparte rising, took his place at the table. A deep gloom was settled on his countenance, and as he seemed in no way disposed to join in the merriment, but politely uncovering, begged his companions not to imagine that his remark alluded at all to them. "But," added he, "I retract not one word I have applied to Berryer."

In an instant Berryer was on his feet, and the others followed his example—but Bonaparte remained coolly seated, and filling out a glass of wine, as he looked a volume of scorn at Berryer, quaffed off the liquor and quietly replaced the glass upon the table.

"You shall answer this, Lieutenant," cried Berryer.

"When, where, and how you please," firmly and coolly, answered Bonaparte. "Here, at this very moment, and on this very spot," and drawing his sword, he stood waiting the assault of his enemy.

"Not here! not here!" shouted half a dozen voices. "This is no place to settle such a fair."

"All places," cried Bonaparte, "are proper. The church should afford no safer shelter than the field where your honour is to be vindicated."

"Enough!" answered Berryer. "Enough! Gentlemen, pray do not prevent me," and breaking from them he drew his sword.

A circle was in a moment formed, and the two combatants stood face to face, cool and determined. A profound silence reigned in the room, which was only broken by the sound of their swords, as the combatants each sought for an advantage of assault.

At last, Berryer, thinking he perceived an opening in the guard of his adversary, thrust home, when Bonaparte, quick as lightning disarmed him. The sword flew whirling into the air, and descending, was caught by a female, who unseen and unheard, glided like a specter into the circle.

"Hold!" she exclaimed. "Stain not your name by a drunken frolic. The future Emperor of France must war with nobler enemies!"

As she said this she looked like a sybil in the moment of inspiration. She might have been about twenty-five years of age, tall and commanding in person—browned with the suns of foreign climes. Her eye was dark as the raven's, and of unspeakable brightness—her hair, which descended in thick black ringlets over her shoulders, was braided in front, and her brow encircled by a brilliant scarlet kerchief. Her garment was a loose flowing robe of green, fastened at the waist by a blue silken scarf, which descended nearly to the ankle; and her feet were encased in richly ornamented slippers of red morocco.

The party were surprized at her appearance, and it was some moments ere the silence was broken. At last Bonaparte said—

"Who are you and what want you here?"

"I am the genius of your fate, Napoleon.—In my hand I hold the rudder of your soul—to good or to evil I can direct it. Forbear—seek not to imbue your hands in the blood of your friend," and saying this she dropped upon her knee, and placing the sword of Berryer at his feet, cried—"Hail, Emperor of France!"

A loud laugh burst from all around save Napoleon, who, impressed by her sudden and singular appearance as well as by her words, stood transfixed to the spot, gazing upon her.

"Mock me not," she replied to their derision.

"I speak the truth—there is not one of you but shall yet behold *him* the conqueror of the world—the Emperor of France! Look! look, behold that star, how brightly it gleams," she continued, pointing to the window through which, in a dark December sky, one bright and only star was glowing in unspeakable brilliancy; "it is the star of his glory. Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz—bloody will be your fields—but they are his passage to the imperial diadem.—Behold how it waxes, it glows in accordance to my words, and yet dark clouds seem to threaten to bedim its glory. Ha! they prevail. Rout, carnage and confusion, are on his track. The sceptre falls from his hand—he bends in submission. What now passes o'er its disk? Interminable seas—a barren rock his home and a grate in the regions of his enemy," and uttering a loud scream, she rushed from the apartment.

Her mysterious speech, had created a strange feeling in the bosom of every one present, but more especially in that of Bonaparte, who stood like a statue, gazing upon the star. At that moment a loud roll of drums was heard, and Barras, one of the directors of the Conven-

tion, entered, and addressing Bonaparte, told him he was appointed to the command of the Conventional troops, with full power to act as he deemed proper for the restoration of peace to Paris.

"Ha! ha! ha! said I not rightly?" shouted a female voice at the window. All eyes were in an instant turned towards it, where, for a moment, the face of the sybil was seen, flushed with joy and waving her hand above her head.

"'Tis strange!" half aloud muttered Napoleon.

"What is strange?" inquired Barras, amazed at the apathy evinced by Napoleon on receipt of his good intelligence.

"Nothing, nothing Monsieur," he replied; "a strange female has been among us, who pretending to the art of divination, has covered me with glory and shame in the same breath. Behold!"

At this moment a brilliant light arose from without illuminating the whole apartment; but, in place of the sybil was seen a beautiful female with an imperial diadem encircling her brow. In her left hand she held another, while with her right she pointed to Bonaparte.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" exclaimed Barras. "Is this the effect of a fevered imagination—or do others see as I do?"

"It is no deception!" shouted some dozen voices.

"It is indeed there—approach her, Napoleon, 'tis on you that she smiles so graciously."

He did so, but the next moment she had disappeared, and nought but darkness supplied the place of brightness. Loud shouts now arose without, and the rolling of the drum, the report of fire-arms, told that tumult and bloodshed were again at work in the streets of Paris.

"Lose not a moment, Bonaparte," said Barras, "we shall talk of this again—may the vision prove true. Take this sword—let it carve out your path to its fulfilment."

Bonaparte received the weapon, and bowing assent, departed to assume his appointment, while the others followed, wondering at and speculating upon, what they had witnessed.

We shall now change the scene to the battle of Lodi, that memorable event which won for the Corsican high fame and honour. During a greater part of the day he had assisted in the duties of the common soldier, with his own hands charging and discharging a piece of ordnance, when on the very eve of victory he was struck with a musket-ball—the blood flowed freely, sight almost forsook him, and he was

nearly falling to the earth, when a voice whispered in his ear—

“Arouse thee—thy wound is healed. ‘This is thy first passage to the imperial crown!’”

He looked, and the sybil who two years before had confronted him in the cave, in the *rue de Montholon*, stood there in the midst of death and carnage.

“Ha!” cried Bonaparte, “you here!”

“Why not?” she coolly replied. “I am thy genius. Harken—’tis accomplished! the day is won—the wreath of victory is thine!”

At the same time the bugle of the Austrians was heard sounding a retreat, and the wild shouts of triumph from the French, mingling with the roar of cannon and martial music, proclaimed Napoleon the victor of that ever memorable and bloody field. He had but for a moment averted his eyes from her, towards the scene, her words were yet in his ears, when he turned to her again, but she was not to be seen. He placed his hand upon his breast, his dress was yet moist with blood, but no pain was by him felt; and when in possession of the field, he uncovered his bosom, there only appeared the semblance of a wound but not the slightest sign of its recent infliction.

In 1800, five years after this occurrence, during which time success had ever attended him, when he had added to his name the Conqueror of Egypt—had returned to France—had boldly dissolved the Directorial government, had been declared First Consul, had crossed the Alps, and was now encamped on the field of Marengo. It was on the night preceding that battle, worn and weary with a long and arduous march, he had wrapped his cloak around him and thrown himself upon his camp couch, before the opening of his tent, so that the refreshing breezes of an Italian summer night might play upon his distracted and fevered frame. The moon shone with unclouded brilliance upon the marshalled plains, and the opposing armies were bound in the slumber of silence and fangua. Scarcely a sound was to be heard, save

“The clink of hammers closing rivets up,
Giving dreadful note of preparation.”

At the opening of the tent paced two sentinels, whose orders, at the peril of their lives, were to admit no one ’till the morning bugle had sounded. But look, what form is that which moves in the dimness of the tent, so softly that even the breath of the mid-night zephyr ruffles more the stillness of the hour.—’Tis a female—she approaches the couch of Napoleon—she looks keenly upon him—she casts

her eyes upwards and for some moments sees as imploring aid from a spiritual power—again she gazes on him—a smile irradiates her features—it now gives place to sorrow—tears from her eyes on the face of the hero, as she bends over him—Napoleon starts from slumber—he is about to speak, but she places her finger upon her lip to command silence. Is it a spectre or reality that stands before him? Her mantle falls from her shoulders, and the sybil again stands before him.

“Speak not but listen,” she said in a voice of melancholy tenderness. “The star of thy fortune is once more on the ascendant. To-day shall victory award thee the laurel!”

“Mysterious being, who are you and whence come you?” asked Napoleon.

She spoke not, but taking from her bosom a small talisman of the form of an eagle, cut from an emerald and richly set in gold, placed it in his hand, saying—

“When from thee this departeth, then depart the star of thy glory. Up, up and do—already is thy foe preparing. Go, fearless, and victory is thine.”

In an instant she was lost in the gloom of the tent, and Napoleon starting up sought to pursue her. At that moment the morning bugle sounded to arms, and the sentinel entering the tent was surprized to find him standing lost in abstraction. The noise of his footsteps however, recalled him to remembrance—he rushed from the tent—the field was a moving mass of warlike life, illumined with the streaks of morning—he leaped into his saddle—the word for battle was given—deep and deadly roared the voice of destruction throughout the day, and when the sun was sinking behind the distant mountains, another garland was hung upon the banner of Napoleon.

Austerlitz! glorious, brilliant, yet blessed Austerlitz—how swelled Napoleon’s heart that day, when the sun rose in dazzling splendour o’er his host, and the Austrian and Russian powers lay scattered o’er the field, like as the autumnal leaves of the forest. When the first blast of the bugle thrilled to each heart, telling that the work of battle had begun, man and horse in thundering conflict met. While on the cast of that day depended the summit of his ambition, the stability of his imperial sway—and when at last the evening fell upon the vanquished, and he stood there, the terrible and triumphant conqueror, were his feeling to be envied or his fame to be desired! It was as he thus stood, surrounded by his brilliant staff on that bloody field, thus

with victory and devising plans for the morrow, that Murat approached and informed him that a female in the thickest of the fight, had seized his arm and placed within his hand a packet, with these words—"This is the bright-day in the cycle of Napoleon."

He took it, it was addressed to him; he broke the seal, and within it lay the fragments of a page, but no writing. A gloom overshadowed his countenance, and hastily folding it up, he thrust it into his bosom, and gave orders for the disposal of his troops for the night.

Having retired to his tent, and seated himself by his watch-fire, which burned brightly in the clear keen air of a December night, his lonely soul was soon filled with a thousand thoughts of the future. In the ever-changing pictures he could almost depict, in "his mind's eye," crowns and sceptres tumbling into his lap, and monarchs bending captives at his feet. Then would the spectres of misfortune throng before him, 'till he beheld himself anquished and humbled being, at the mercy of those, whom like a second Attila, he had over-ruled without feeling and destroyed without cause.

Lost in these reveries, the remembrance of the packet flashed upon him. He took it from his bosom and unfolding it, again beheld the broken fragments of the ring.

"What am I to divine from this?" said he, "What symbol does this betoken?"

"That the circle of thy glory is shattered!" exclaimed a voice beside him.

He started—his hand was on his sword, and he was on the eve of calling the sentinel, when the speaker arrested his arm and commanded him to be silent.

"Know you me not?" said the speaker.—"It is five years since we met, on the plains of Austerlitz—I then placed in your grasp the talisman of fortune, but to-day it hath departed from thee!"

"Not so," exclaimed Napoleon, thrusting his hand into his bosom, "'tis here!" But his countenance grew crimsoned, and a strong shivering seized upon his frame—he stood motionless, gazing with vacant horror upon the face of the speaker, whom he now recognized as the sybil.

"Speak I not truth?" cried she; "'tis gone, and never to return. Thy star may wax brilliant, and the sun of fortune may seem to smile upon thee as brightly as ever, but a storm is gathering in the distance that shall burst upon and destroy thee for ever!"

"Whither has it gone?" asked Napoleon.

"To the same hand that formed it—to the mansions of destiny," she replied. "Farewell! we shall meet again, but then thy sun shall be set and the tempest shall be o'er thee!"

She rushed from his presence, and escaping from the tent, was challenged by the sentinel, but on perceiving that it was a woman, and she readily gave the countersign, he permitted her to pass safe and unmolested. Napoleon could not speak, he stood statue-like and speechless, and at length sunk beside the embers of his watch-fire in a state of oblivion, from which he was only aroused by the entrance of the officer of the morning.

Nine years had passed away, and Josephine, his wife, the promoter of his fortunes, had been discarded, and another, a regal, but not a better being, taken to his arms. Battle after battle had been fought, kingdom after kingdom had been conquered, and in the intoxication of success, the sybil's prophecy had totally escaped his memory. But reverses of fortune now fell upon his arms, and alone in the old and princely palace of Fontainebleau, in a solitary chamber, on the evening of the 11th of April, 1814, we now behold him, driven to the very verge of despair—at the mercy of those, a captured conqueror, to whom he had shown none, and with whom he had violated every principle of honour.

He is seated at a small table, where before him lie various documents, one of which he scans with a keen and anxious eye—ever and anon he rises and walks about the apartment, muttering to himself—and striking his hand upon his brow—he suddenly pauses, seizes the pen and is about to apply it to the document—now he casts it from him, and assumes an air of terrible determination—his hand now falls unwittingly upon a pistol—he starts—he grasps it—a wild light flashes from his eye—he raises it—what, shall the hero of "a hundred fields," bow beneath the reverses of fortune? No! he dashes it from his grasp—he draws his hand across his eyes—a tear drops beneath it, and flinging himself into his chair, his head falls upon his breast, and a deep smothered sigh bursts from him.

Slowly on its hinges moves the door, and with a step noiseless as death, enters a figure in full white flowing garments. A thick veil conceals her features. She advances to the table, and stands motionless before him. He perceives her not 'till she deeply and solemnly pronounces the name of—"Napoleon!"

He starts from his reverie. Who dares thus break in upon his last night of royalty? The

veil falls from the face of the intruder, and the spirit of his destiny stands before him—"tis the *Sybil!*"

"Said I not we should meet again, when thy sun should be set, and the tempest should be o'er thee?"

"Ah! Austerlitz—I remember—the—the—" He would have added more, but surprize at her strange and sudden appearance had appalled him, and he looked upon her unable to speak.

"Behold—the talisman of thy fate!" said she, as she exhibited to his sight the eagle she had presented to him on the memorable visit at Marengo.

"Ah! give it me!" he exclaimed, and he rose eagerly to clutch it—but it was but a shadow in his grasp, while the act was followed by a derisive laugh by the *Sybil*. "Fiend! tempter!" he ejaculated; "why come you here to mock me? Dost thou too rejoice with mine enemies at my downfall?"

"Thy downfall is a fitting retribution for thy bloody and boundless ambition. Think of the millions thou hast murdered—of the hearts thou hast broken. The curses of the childless, widowless, and fatherless, are upon thee.—Think of thy *Josephine* and tremble! Once more I shall be with thee—but *once more!* remember!" and she glided swiftly and noiselessly from his presence.

Change we the scene. In his sea-girt citadel, in an apartment in Longwood, dimly lighted, and surrounded by his weeping household, lay the dying exile. His last moment was fast approaching, and reason had departed from her seat. His breathing was low and heavy, and indistinct and incoherent words occasionally broke from his lips. A furious storm was raging without—vivid gleams of lightning, followed by terrific claps of thunder, shook the island to its foundation. It was a fitting hour for the departure of him, who with his engines of destruction and insatiate ambition, had shaken the world to its basis. Fainter and fainter became his breathing; the death-rattle rung frightfully in his throat, and his sunken and glassy eye wandered vacantly around. In a moment, as if inspired by superhuman power, he suddenly raised himself from his pillow, his eyes were kindled with unnatural brilliancy, and with his thin and emaciated hand pointing to the window of the apartment on which the beams of lightning were playing, exclaimed—"There!"

All eyes were turned towards it, and the form of *Josephine*, well known to the attendants, was beheld smiling upon the scene.

"Come, my *Cid*,"* it exclaimed; "'tis the *Sybil* of thy life awaits thee."

The exile fell back upon his pillow—his eyes assumed again their glassy hue—a faint smile escaped from him, followed by a convulsive shudder of the frame, and the next moment his spirit had departed. The prophecy was fulfilled—"A barren rock his home—a grave in the regions of his enemy!"

* A name that *Josephine* delighted to apply to him.



Written for the *Amaranth*.

LOVE.

[The following lines—containing much more truth than poetry—were occasioned by a Lady asking the author why he did not sometimes write on *LOVE*. I shall here give my reasonable reason;—though I admire female beauty and am not insensible to the passion in question, yet having been so long, and so frequently disgusted with those inawkish pieces of some flattery, addressed, by enamoured scribbles, to Miss B. and Miss C., to Celia and Agatha, that I deem it the "vanity of vanities," a vain lover, poet or poetaster, thus to feed vanity of the weaker sex—as every woman possessing any personal charms, is reminded of these, at the least once, if not several times each day, by that mute spectator, her specular, which never flatters, and if a good one, always tells her truth:—]

I'll write on *love*, or hit or miss—
First, love is love—whate'er that is!
There is a love of sordid pelf—
A very selfish love of self;
A love of sisters and of brothers,
A love of fathers and of mothers—
A love of children next prevails—
Thus far, this love must turn the scale—
A love between a Belle and Beaux,
Subject to both and ebb and flow;
A love of honour and of fame—
A love of country patriots' flame;
A love of liberty and life,
A love of husband and of wife.
A love of truth, a love of friends—
But that, which all the world transcends
(Needing but little skill to prove,)
Is love to God, for "God is love."
These are degrees of effervescence,
I now proceed to its pure essence:
There is a thing—(don't think it odd)—
That rises o'er our love of God!
You ask me now, with some surprise,
In what this wondrous myst'ry lies—
Well, I shall shortly let you know,
To feed—forgive—and love a foe!

For The Amaranth.

THE WIFE UNMASKED.

A TALE.

SIR JAMES FREEMORE, a lively young Baronet with a large estate, and considerable expectations, happening to be thrown from his hæton, one summer evening, between London and Windsor, by his inattention to a pair of nettlesome horses, while he was staring at a girl sitting in a bow window at some distance from the road, was severely stunned by the fall; but his fall was not attended with any fractures or dislocations.

When he recovered his senses, he was agreeably surprized to find himself attended by the lady whom he had so much admired. He started partly from astonishment, partly from joy, and on her making the most humane enquiries about him, assured her, with many grateful acknowledgements, that he felt no inconvenience from the awkward accident he had met with. He also assured her that her solitude concerning him, gave him a satisfaction, which was not in the power of words to describe.

Just when he had finished his additional assurance, the father of his unknown angel—for he appeared to his eyes angelically handsome, entered the room. On her informing him what she had done, with the assistance of her servant, he commended her highly for her benevolent behaviour; he then addressed himself to his unexpected guest, and told him that he was sincerely glad to find he had received so little injury from the overturning of his carriage.

Sir James, not less satisfied with Mr. Wilmot's deportment than he had been with his daughter's, invited them both, after having, though unnecessarily, mentioned his name, to Freemore farm, to which place he was going, when he was so unseasonably interrupted.—He then prepared to take his leave, but as it was late, Mr. Wilmot entreated him to remain over the night at his house.

Sir James wanted no pressing; he accepted the invitation with a great deal of pleasure, and Charlotte was not at all displeased with her father's proceedings. Sir James, during the course of the evening, made his company extremely acceptable both to Mr. Wilmot and his daughter; when he retired to his chamber, the following dialogue passed between the father and daughter—

"This is a fortunate adventure. I think my dear girl, Sir James has, I am sure, taken a

violent fancy to you, and it will be worth your while to improve his striking prepossession in your favour."

"I am afraid to believe, Sir," replied Charlotte, blushing, "that Sir James is as much prepossessed in my favour, as I partially imagine he is;—I will freely confess, that his behaviour to me is very flattering, and that I never received civilities from any gentleman so agreeable to me."

"Well, my dear, time will shew whether I am mistaken or not, if my conjectures are confirmed, you will, I hope, give him encouragement."

"All the encouragement which propriety will admit of, father."

Charlotte, when she uttered these words, wished her father good night, and retired to her own apartment. She longed indeed to be alone, but she wanted not to pay a visit to her pillow. Her mind was in such an agitated state that she felt no desire to close her eyes. She went to bed, however, and in the midst of her reflections on the adventure of the evening, fell asleep.

Sir James took leave of his hospitable entertainer and his amiable daughter the next morning. At his departure, he begged the former to permit him to wait on the latter at his return from his farm. Mr. Wilmot readily granted his request, and Charlotte modestly looked as if his coming again would fill her tender heart with the most pleasant emotions.

Sir James having remounted the hæton, proceeded to his farm, having some business of importance to transact there; but he earnestly wished at the same time, that no business of any kind required his departure from Mr. Wilmot's house, at which he gladly could have stayed, in consequence of repeated invitations, had not his domestic engagements demanded his attention. As soon as he had finished his business at Freemore farm, Sir James returned to Mr. Wilmot's house, and was received in the kindest manner by Miss Wilmot,—which was particularly gratifying to Sir James. His passion for her increased every day. He was quite a disinterested lover, for her fortune was not sufficient to render him envious of her money. He loved her for herself alone, and married her in a few weeks after his proposals had been offered and accepted.

Charlotte, when she became Lady Freemore, was an unexceptionable character! her goodness was equal to her beauty; but having been educated in a private way, and seen nothing of the world, she was not thoroughly qualified to

shine in the sphere of life in which Sir James moved; for he mixed in the most brilliant circles of the age. Lady Freemore, in a little while, however, having a strong imitative genius, caught the manner of those ladies to whom her marriage naturally introduced her. Unfortunately, as some of these ladies were not blest with the purest principles, nor the happiest constitutions, her morals were corrupted, and she began ere she had been a wife a twelvemonth, to consider conjugal fidelity as a very plebeian virtue, altogether beneath the regard of a woman of fashion. Sir James being of the most easy and liberal disposition, laid no restraints upon her, but suffered her to enjoy all the pleasures which her situation in life placed within her reach. To masqued balls, indeed, he at first made strong objections, but when he found that she really set her heart upon them, he gave up the contest.

Lady Freemore, being totally spoiled by her new acquaintance, treated some half a score of lovers in the most liberal manner, by granting favours, to which Sir James was only entitled. Sir James had many hints addressed to him from several of his friends, while his lady was abusing the confidence he reposed in her; he at last received some information to her discredit, so well authenticated, that he could not possibly harbour doubts concerning her incontinence. That information, by removing his doubts, wounded his pride. He could not think of her infamy and ingratitude without feeling his breast swell with resentment; but when he reflected on her many charms and accomplishments, his tender feelings were mixed with torturing ones, and he was truly miserable beyond expression. He had no positive proof of her infidelity, such as to enable him to procure a divorce; but he determined to separate himself from a woman who had behaved with so much ingratitude, and proved so regardless of his honour, as well as of her own reputation.

While he was in this state of suspense, not knowing whether to leave her own ways, or to delay yet further his separation from her, a maid-servant, whom Lady Freemore had dismissed a few days before, came to tell him, that she had appointed to meet Colonel C——, at the masquerade the following evening, and that they had agreed to go from thence to Mrs. L——'s, in Bond-street, naming also the fancy dresses in which they were to appear. The communicative girl closed her account by assuring him, that he might depend upon what she had stated, as she had just heard these facts from the Colonel's footman, who knew all his

secrets. Sir James, availing himself of this pointment between his lady and the Colonel, had recourse to a stratagem in order to accomplish his design, and answer his expectations by convincing him that they were upon a very intimate footing.

As Sir James was in size and stature precisely much like the Colonel, he dressed himself in a style nearly resembling his, and after having contrived to detain him at his lodgings, repaired to the Haymarket. There he soon found an inconstant wife. By speaking to her in the Colonel's voice, which he correctly imitated, as to strengthen the deception which his appearance occasioned, he very easily prevailed on her to accompany him to Mrs. L——'s commodious hotel.

Having entered the hotel, and seated themselves, the injured and wronged husband politely requested her to withdraw her mask—she did so, and having taken off his own, with a look of the utmost disdain and contempt, he made a low bow, and parted from her forever.
St. John, February, 1842. J. T.



TO THE WEST WIND.

'Tis night, calm night, the hour of dreams
No star amid the welkin gleams,
The moon is seen no more on high,
And clouds of darkness veil the sky.

Soft airs of balm are whispering round,
Breathing a sweet, a solemn sound:
Oh! blow ye happy winds of night,
And I will listen with delight.

Your murmur I would ever hear,
It breathes a music doubly dear,
Ye from the far-off west have come,
Oh! wand'ers near my childhood's home

The odour of its flow'ry vales,
Is in your breath, ye balmy gales;
And on your wings ye bear along
The echo of my brother's song.

Oh! fly ye golden slumbers, fly,
And let me hear the west winds sigh;
They that have kiss'd my native streams,
Are dearer than your brightest dreams.

They tell my heart that they have been
In play upon the joyous green,
Where oft with bosoms young and gay
I've whil'd the glowing hours away.

Around my long-lost bow'rs they've play'd
And loiter'd in the willow's shade,
Sweet as the rapture they bestow—
Oh! blow soft winds, for ever blow.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE AMARANTH.

THE florist may boast of his flowers,
Of their form—of their odour and hue;
Sweet—beauteous they are, in the gardens and
bowers,
And chiefly, when sprinkled with dew;
They yield us the choicest delight,
By the fragrance and tints they disclose—
We are ravish'd with pleasure, in smell, and in
sight,
By violet, carnation, and rose;
Yet one thing, must ever this pleasure invade,
The thought, that these beauties are destin'd to
fade.

Fit emblem of man, and his doom—
He grows up and blooms for an hour,
Then withers away—and bereft of his bloom,
Is trod under foot as a flower;
Oh! where is an AMARANTH found?
In Persia, Greece, or in Gaul?
To travel the earth—not a climate, or ground
Around the terraqueous ball,
Produces a flower, that shall charm and endure,
But the AMARANTH, fadless, of Literature.

Thus man is compar'd to the rose—
Which cannot be properly dead,
While its essence and odour, we find it disclose,
When its colour and fashion are fled;—
The AMARANTH, then, must belong,
To Bards, by legitimate claim—
For what is more pleasing or lasting than song?
And letters embalm a man's name;—
Thus Homer, Pope, Milton and Young are alive,
In their writings, which still their frail bodies
survive!

Yet where is the flower to compare
With the rich Rose of Sharon, for worth?
So beauteous, so fragrant—enduring and fair—
Yet, little esteem'd upon earth;
Tho' slighted and crush'd by the Jew,
It blooms in a happier sphere,
Perfuming the heavens, and dropping its dew,
To refresh the poor sojourners here.
This, this is the AMARANTH saints shall admire,
When earth and its monuments fade and expire.
St. John, February. JAMES REDFERN.



It is in human life, as in a game at tables,
where a man wishes for the highest cast; but if
his chance be otherwise, he is c'en to play it as
well as he can, and to make the best of it.—
Plutarch.

Pictures from a Painter's Life.

It was a balmy morning in the month of
June. The school-bell in the little village of
F—, was ringing its last warning peal, and
a troop of rustic children were gathered at the
porch. As the tall, gaunt master stalked
through the throng, that divided hurriedly to
make way for him, the frown deepened on a
brow habitually stern; for he missed the fair
face of one, who was too often a truant from his
power. And where is he? The river-beach,
about a mile distant from the school, is smiling
to the light of the morning sun, and there, bask-
ing in its beams, on the warm and sparkling sand
sits a beautiful boy of seven years old. A pro-
fusion of golden hair waves back from the fair,
transparent temples, and reveals a face glow-
ing with health and joy. His red lips are
slightly parted, his blue eyes raised, and gazing
with more than childish extacy on the chang-
es of the light clouds, as they float in the blue
air above him. In his dimpled hand he holds
a slip of elderberry, with which he has been
tracing figures in the sand. A ship—a but—a
tree—rudely sketched indeed, but still with a
fidelity to nature, wonderful in one so young.
And now he resumes his occupation with an
earnestness, that proves his whole heart is in
his play. We will not interrupt him; we will
not tell him that the innocent and lovely little
hand, which now yields him, with its skill, so
pure a pleasure, is destined, to-morrow, to the
torture of a ferule. We will leave him to his
present enjoyment, and perhaps we may meet
him again.

A large, grated apartment in the common
jail at Charleston, South Carolina, is filled with
prisoners. One of them is a fair, slight boy of
ten years, in the graceful garb of a sailor. His
cheek is pale by privation and early suffering;
but in his eye, the fire and energy and truth of
a high and dauntless spirit, are still unquench-
ed. He is mounted on a barrel, and has
sketched, with a bit of charcoal, the image of
a spread eagle, beneath which he is now scraw-
ling—"Liberty and Independence for ever!"
At the sight of this motto—strange enough on
a prison-wall—a shout arises from the specta-
tors, and the youth turns his head and smiles.
It is he!—the truant of the village school. But
the scene changes. He is standing at the
prison door. A lovely child, the jailor's daugh-
ter, is beside him. Her dark eyes filled with
tears, are raised imploringly to his. She holds
towards him the keys of the jail, while she in-
treats him to escape ere her father's return.—

With a smile of mingled pride and gratitude, he replies—"No, Mary, I should involve you in disgrace, if I did, and I would rather brave again the tyranny of the cruel captain, than so repay your kindness; but fear not, dear, I shall again escape from that hated ship, and will be more cautious than before, you may be sure."

On the summit of the Caraccas mountains, stands, with bare and bleeding feet, a youthful pilgrim. There is a faint flush on his cheek, which is yet soft and fair with the innocence of childhood, and his wild, sad eyes, kindle with involuntary rapture as he gazes at the scene below him. Slung over his shoulder, on a staff, is a little knapsack, containing all his worldly possessions. He is the runaway sailor boy. He has seen but little more than ten years of actual life, but his heart, in that time, has lived *an age* of misfortune and grief and endurance. He is alone in the wide, wide world—poor—wretched—friendless. Does he weep? No! He has no tears left for himself—he has shed them all on the far-off grave of his parents, and his keen blue eyes are tearless, but dark with unspeakable woe. He has walked, barefoot, nearly an hundred miles, in the course of eight days—sometimes sleeping on the ground, and once or twice, sheltered in the hut of some hospitable Indian or Spaniard, whose heart his tender youth—his patient, suffering, angel-smile have melted to compassion. He is now faint with hunger and fatigue. Does his young spirit fail him? No! There is a desperate pride and power within, that will not let him yield. He almost glories in his forlorn destiny, strange and sad as it is for one so young! He lifts his resolute brow to heaven with a trust that no danger or grief can subdue, and goes calmly on his way. A traveller meets him, and touched by his beauty and desolate appearance, offers him money. The boy's heart swells within him;—with a proud smile he thanks him, and refuses. No! with all his woes, he is still independent, thank God! He has still half a real—six cents—in his pocket, and shall he, who, since the age of eight years, has earned his own livelihood—shall he receive the bounty of a stranger? He passes on with a firmer step, forgetting his weariness in his pride. He hopes to find at La Guyra, an American ship, in which he can be allowed to work his passage home—to his mother's grave! and he strains his eyes to discover, through the mist, the starry flag of his native land. But suddenly his steps are arrested—he forgets all—his grief, his hope, his pride, his poverty—in the wondrous beauty of the scene beneath him. I will

describe it in his own words, written, years afterwards, to a friend.

"A storm had been gradually brewing over the ruins of Caraccas, which lay at the foot of the mountain. The huge dense clouds gathered and rolled along the valley, 'till the place where I stood seemed but an island in the ocean. The birds flew wildly about. The creeping things hastened to their holes in the earth—the moan of the winds was hushed, and an awful silence spread over the rocky eminence. But the mist beneath, with its continual and ever-lovely changes in colour and in shape, who would have dreamed, that the fierce tempest was brooding in the bosom of so much beauty? Yet so it was. Even the sun-born rainbows, smiling with their soft bloom through the shifting and darkening vapors—even they—evanescent and exquisitely beautiful as they were, seemed but bridges raised for the demoniac spirits of the storm to pass from cloud to cloud, directing as they went, the dread thunderbolts on its errand of destruction. The lurid fire shone even in the sunlight, and striking a light below the pinnacle, on which I stood, hurled from its bed a massive rock, which, in descending the steep and rugged side, forced every thing before it, while hill to hill re-echoed the fearful sound long after it had reached the valley below. A more sublimely beautiful, yet terrific scene, could hardly be imagined; my soul swelled within me, and I was half frantic with delight, as I stood above the clouds amidst the storm, in the sunshine, and alone! It was a strange balm to my wounded and desolate heart, to feel that what to others of my fellow beings wore a gloomy and threatening aspect to me, assumed a glory brilliant and gorgeous beyond description. But alas! the vision faded! the clouds were borne away upon the western wind, and I resumed my journey down the side of the mountain."

Gentle reader, let the author's wand—namely, his pen—transport you for a moment to the scene in London. One of the royal family is receiving, in his gorgeous saloon, the elite of the English society. The Ducal palace is brilliantly illuminated. At the moment we raise the veil, the noble host courteously addresses a guest, in whom he seems particularly interested. It is a young, self-taught, American artist, whose pencil, employed for some of the nobles and loveliest in the land, has gained him a celebrity, which his genius and his inexhaustible energy richly deserve. A slight but elegant frame, evidently spirit-worn—a pale, intellectual face—eyes beaming with the beauty of

ardent soul—a forehead singularly fair and pure—a well-formed head, slightly, and rather proudly thrown back—a calm and graceful address. Can this be the poor and wretched sailor-boy, who stood, twelve years ago, with his little knapsack, alone, on the heights of Caracas? Look at the white throat, the curved lip, with its sweet, yet half-disdainful smile; it is the same! He is happy now. Sought and caressed by the noble, the fair and the wise; loved and beloved by one, to whom his smile is dearer than the light of heaven. Is he quite happy? No. His restless ambition is still unsatisfied. He is nothing if he be not first; and he must still toil for pre-eminence.

Reader! do you care to know his present whereabouts? More than twenty years have rolled by, since he was a happy truant from the village-school. But they have not chilled his heart, or weakened his spirit, or subdued his enthusiastic love of his profession. He has returned to his native land, prosperity and fame attending his steps, and his rooms are daily thronged with the lovely and gifted, of one of the principal cities in the union.



GLIMPSES OF TRUTH.

TRUTH, Heavenly Truth, unveil'd her face,
And bow'd from her holy mount,
Each lineament, so full of grace,
Was mirrored in a chrysal fount;

The fount of knowledge—and we press'd
To gaze with rapture, and adore—
But, ah! to lure, or mock our quest,
That face was hidden as before.

Then Science stoop'd with out-spread wing,
And bore us to Truth's radiant shrine—
How did our hearts exulting spring!
We met her glance, her smile benign.

And now before the source of Truth,
Our spirits would adoring fall,
And give the love, "the dew of youth,"
To the Eternal All in All.



SELF-LOVE.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide the overflowing of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind.

LIFE.

A STRUGGLE FOR UNATTAINED GOOD.

THE human heart "hopes on, hopes ever." The spirit of man can never rest. His powers are never stilled. Onward, onward he struggles, perseveringly, unceasingly. From infancy to youth, from manhood to extreme age, all his efforts are put forth for the attainment of his desires. One by one they are gratified, and he is happy. One by one they are crushed, and he is wretched. Yet "despair is never quite despair," and he "hopes on, hopes ever." One goal reached, another presents itself, and yet another, 'till time after time does he strain every nerve, and bring into action his every power.

I have been in the bosom of a family, where youth, beauty, and genius, glowed in each countenance. Their hearts were laid open to me, and when I saw there hopes whose colourings would shame the many-hued bow which beautifies the heavens, I wondered not. And when I read in those young souls, schemes glorious even as the brightest sunbeam, I wondered not.

But I found myself in another household, where poverty and squallid want were written on the brow of the veriest child, and misery had deepened furrows on the fronts of those whose noon of life had not yet come; and when I looked for darkness and despair, I found each toiling with anxious eye and throbbing heart, for a goal which they thought to reach. I gazed intently, and read—"Man struggles onward and unceasingly."

I went out and wandered far, musing on the past, the present, and the future, and thoughts unbidden were rushing through the mind, when the hum of many voices arrested my attention. A group of many children was before me. Oh, how they laughed and danced, shouted and froliced in the joy of their young hearts. Now the merry chorus filled the air with melody, and then the full rich laugh rung gleefully upon the evening breeze. The live-long afternoon had they sported. Here, where the hazels cluster so thickly, they had played at "Hide and go seek," 'till the stoutest panted for rest.—There, where the brook bubbles its clear, cold waters round those smooth and slippery stones, they had "followed the leader," 'till the heart of the most venturesome failed him. And for what did they toil?

"Oh! if I could be leader once!" said a tiny creature, and her full dark eye showed the semblance of a tear.

"Try, Clara, try," resounded on all sides.

"Yes, try sister, the stones are not very far apart," said a little lad on whose brown but ruddy cheek, a dozen summer's suns had told tales of happiness.

Then Clara stepped on the glassy stone, but she drew her foot back very quickly, and dared not do it.

"Try again, Clara," said her brother.

And again and again she tried, 'till her little foot rested firmly on the damp stone, and she went boldly on. On the opposite side was a high rock, and the little girl could not reach its top, so she turned her course down the brook, after she had wistfully eyed the rock, and she said—

"Oh! how I wish I was a very little larger, that I might lead over that high bank."

I looked on those beautiful children no longer, for the little Clara's wishes had repeated the lesson—"This life is but a struggle for something yet unattained."

Time passed, and I stood on the deck of a noble steamer. Around me were clustered hundreds of both sexes, all ages, and every rank. Intent on my study of life, I silently passed from cluster to cluster. There was one group in which glowing youth and dazzling beauty made a picture of singular loveliness, and near them I paused.

"Clara, my sweet sister," said one, whose manly brow wore a slight shading of gloom. A beautiful creature turned at the sound of his voice, and the cloud passed away. But that countenance! I gazed on it, and Memory's Harp rung loud and joyously as she sung—"The buds you loved on the greensward, are before you in their full and perfect beauty."

"Clara, in the simplicity of your infant heart you toiled to be a 'leader' on the stepping-stones of a purling brook. Time sped away and the strings of the harp quivered beneath your touch, or the guitar sent forth its melodies, 'till strains which Apollo might envy entranced your admiring friends. Then, dearest, you had reached the goal for which you had toiled for weary months. Now Clara, your young heart has thirsted for the idolatry which mind awakens, 'till its tumultuous throbbings had all but destroyed its resting place. Fast as this noble boat bears you from yon crowded city, do you leave behind you the scene of your temptation. Calm, thee, sister! Come now to my home, and you shall dwell in its pure atmosphere, and shielded by those who love you, envy, jealousy, and the stings of hated criticism will not disturb your peace. There the current of your life may flow free from the taint

of worldliness, and from the darker stain of unhallowed ambition. Dost hear my reason for urging you to leave yon 'charmed circle? Dost trust in my love, sweet sister?"

"Ernest, your words fall upon my bewildered senses, and the tempest of passion is hushed even as the mad waves were stilled by His voice who now bids me look not to Earth for happiness. Brother I erred, yet now will I struggle to banish from my mind all traces of those unholy desires, which had almost embittered my life. And oh! Ernest, will you not pray that He who was tempted in all points even as we are, and yet sinned not, may grant rest to my weary soul?"

Her speaking eye as she appealed to her brother for his aid, told him more plainly than those burning words—"This life is a continued struggle."

I watched a youth as he passed through the routine of school duties. I saw him bear from 'mid a host of competitors, the medal which told that in all that assemblage of youthful intellect, none might stand before him. Did he now relax those vigorous efforts which made him what he was? No! He went forth into the world, to toil for a name which should grace the annals of his country. Severe and arduous was his application; intense the agony of "hope deferred." But he reached his mark. Ever there he rested not, for learn, that the soul of man can ill brook inaction. The senator whose wise counsel was the bulwark of the nation, the statesman whose noble soul scorned the petty arts of cunning demagogues, the orator who with mighty eloquence enchained a wondrous world—laboured with all the intensities of his god-like powers for his country's weal. "Man toils unceasingly."

I looked on life in the pent-up city, and there I read tales of human nature, dark as the storm cloud from which speaks the thundering voice of the *Omnipotent*; or fair as Luna's silver sheen upon the bosom of a crystal lake. I saw man calling down the vengeance of an offended God upon his guilty head, as by impious deeds, and daring wickedness he worked out his own destruction. And again was emblazoned in golden letters the story of the good man's earthly pilgrimage. I saw in that world of living beings the various characters that chequer life's page. The miser, accumulating day by day, the yellow dust which his degraded soul worshipped, and I turned with a sick heart from the loathsome wretch, and wondered much at the vile perversion of 'the Creator's image.

I saw one on whom Heaven had bestowed
 its until it seemed he was in a higher grade
 being than the world about him. Moreover
 health lay around him in the profusion of the
 and upon the sea-shore. But he gave not God
 the glory, and wasted life in unceasing strug-
 gles to find happiness in things of time. In
 all these lessons I read, "This life is spent in
 toil."

An autumnal evening saw me wandering
 where naught met the eye but the perfect beauty
 of a glorious world. The 'day-god' sunk upon
 his couch, and the gorgeous drapery falling in
 many a graceful fold, enclosed his resting-
 place. I lingered on an eminence crowned by
 wildering shrubbery, and the wild-wood tree.
 A few days since, and they were clothed with
 robes of an emerald hue. But winter's har-
 binger had silvered the turf beneath them,
 and though they reared their proud heads, and
 stretched forth their stately branches in high
 disdain—the messenger breathed on them as
 he passed. Yet they needed not to fear his
 chilling breath, for he had but imparted to them
 tenfold beauty, and now their colouring
 mocked the palette of the painter.

Above me was the glory of the heavens;
 about me the glory of the earth. I revelled in
 the delightful scene. I drank in its loveliness
 until I seemed no longer a dweller in a world,
 upon which was written—"passing away."—
 The spirit sought communion with its Creator.
 The soul panted for intercourse with the God
 who gave it. Holy aspirations arose from the
 heart, and *then*, even when images of mortality
 seemed fading from my vision, and the glories
 of another world about to burst upon my gaze
 —the pall of darkness was folded about me;
 the night-winds touched my burning brow
 with their soothing influence; while in dirge-
 like music they chaunted—"On earth there is
 no rest. This life is a continued struggle for
 something yet unattained?"



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

[From the Nova Scotia New Monthly.]

THE FOSSIL.

ADDRESSED TO ***.

ONCE in the young earth's golden prime,
 Ere care made grey the wing of time,
 There fell a green leaf on the shore;
 And it floated away on the wandering wave,
 And found in the deep green sea a grave,
 And ne'er was thought on more.

Agnes rolled on,—and the rocking earth
 Had seen a new creation's birth,
 And empires rise and fall;
 But none e'er thought how that green leaf slept,
 Like a treasured thing by Enchanter kept,
 'Neath the old earth's marble wall,—

Till on a day, as it befel,
 A sage unsealed the mighty spell
 Of nature's treasure cave,—
 And, changed to a hard engraven stone,
 Lo! the frail leaf that, ages gone,
 With its fall scarce stirr'd the earth.

And hath not the heart full many a dream,
 That falls as that noiseless leaf on the stream,
 And as silently sinks to rest—
 And the tide of life rolls o'er its sleep,
 In those shadowy caves—the wonderous deep
 Of the fathomless human breast.

But when shall *those* caverns yield their dead—
 The dreams of the past—the thoughts long fled?
 Oh! not for the prying world:
 But in that last dread day, when souls
 Must give to light their hidden scrolls,
 Will their secrets be unfurled.

And then on *my* heart will thy memory
 Be read engraven lastingly,
 Like that leaf on the marble bright
 But halo'ed around with purity,
 That will not shrink from an angel's eye,
 In that blaze of perfect light.



CONSOLATION.

THE Christian sage, in days gone by,
 Stood where his dying infant lay,
 And marked, with sad but tearless eye,
 His beauty fade away.
 "Dost thou not weep," one near him said,
 "That these young sands so swiftly run?
 Dost thou not mourn the hour of dread
 Which robs thee of thy son?"
 "Why should I weep," the sage replies,
 "God's wiser will and better plan,
 That he, an *angel* soon to rise,
 Could not become a *man*?"

To Mr. M. N. W.

SIR,—Your views, respecting the principles upon which the solutions we have given of the third question in the tenth number of the *Amaranth* depend, are incorrect. Both solutions are obviously founded upon the assumption that the sun is the source of heat, but *the result I obtained remains unaffected, whether the heat is in the whole mass of the sun, or only in the surface; while on the contrary, that which you obtained is equally erroneous by either supposition.* To be convinced of the truth of this, it is only necessary to conceive the sun to be surrounded by two hollow spheres, one coinciding with its surface, and the other at the earth's mean distance from it, and the heat, whether merely in the surface or otherwise, is immaterial to pass through the one to the other.—Now as the area of the second is larger, the heat must be spread over a greater surface, and consequently its effect upon a given space proportionally less. Hence if the concave surfaces of these imaginary spheres, which are respectively equal to two-thirds of those of their circumscribed cylinders, be computed, they will represent the ratio of the intensities of the heat acting upon equal portions of them. Assuming the diameter of the former unity, that of the latter, by the question, is 212; whence their surfaces are 3 1416, and 141196 0704, the ratio required; or dividing the greater by the less, the quotient is 44944, from which it follows that *the heat acting upon one square inch, mile, or any other unit of measure, at the former, is diffused over 44944 square inches, miles, or units of the same measure at the latter, and that its effect must be therefore that much less.* But the surface of the sun coincides with the former, and an indefinitely small portion of the surface of the earth, under the ecliptic, may be supposed to coincide with the latter, whence the truth of my former solution is manifest. The results are the same, because the surfaces of spheres are proportional to the squares of their diameters. It is evident from the above that "the effect of heat is inversely as the square of the distance" only when the surface is at right angles; and it may be easily shewn that it varies as the co-sine of the inclination.

If these remarks fail to make you sensible of your mistake, I shall consider it fruitless to make any further attempt; every one who is competent to judge must know which is right; the fallacy of your reasoning had been pointed out to me by a young man who attends the School of the Mechanics' Institute, and who is well qualified to investigate the matter, be-

fore I saw your observations in the last *Amaranth*. I am aware the answer you have given is laid down in some scientific works, but I would not hesitate to say it is wrong, even if it were in Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia*. I write this in good part and trust it will be taken. Shortly after the question appeared, at the request of a friend, I gave a solution of it; I saw yours in Mr. Shives' office some days afterwards, and left the true answer for you to substitute instead of your own;—a circumstance which may satisfy you that I did not wish to subscribe my name to any thing of this kind;—as you, however, persisted, I had no alternative but to show that you were wrong, or leave others under the apprehension that I was wrong myself; I have chosen the first, with what propriety, I leave for your own candour to decide.

I am Yours Respectfully,

February, 1842,

R. MATTHEWSON.

THE NOVA SCOTIA NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE—*Simson & Kirk, Halifax*—32 pp. octavo. The first Number of this work is now before us, and we hail its appearance with pleasure as a valuable addition to our Colonial Literature. The contents of the present number are rich and varied—the original articles written with good taste and judgment, and the selected ones are from the choicest works of the day. From the energy and resources of the publishers, we are led to believe that the "*New Monthly*" will become very popular. Subscriptions received at the Circulating Library, George's main-street;—price, per annum, including postage, 2s. 9d.

ERRATA.—In the "*Story of Deara, Prince of Meath*," on the second column of page 74 read, "The plighted faith," &c. instead of "The plighted path," as at present it appears.

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