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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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FOR THE AMARANTH.

THE BANKER AND THE COUNT.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Translated from the French.

It was early in the spring of 1830, a year ever memorable in the annals of France, that a man of about fifty-five years of age was sitting in a small apartment, on the first floor of a spacious mansion in the Rue de Provence at Paris, and attentively perusing the journals of the day that his valet had just placed before him. This man was Mathieu Durand, the French banker. The deep wrinkles that crossed his open and expansive forehead evidenced the constant efforts of an active and laborious life; and yet when he was unoccupied, which was seldom the case, his countenance beamed with benevolence and good will, while the tone of his voice, at once cheerful and encouraging, seemed just calculated to transfer to others the happiness he so evidently experienced himself. It might be remarked, however, that he seemed to pride himself on this happiness rather than actually to enjoy it, and that he loved to display it, and to obtrude it on the notice of those about him, as though he felt it only by the effect it produced upon others. Not that he desired to humiliate those who approached him, but rather to let them see in his person, the condition to which a man may attain by diligent industry and honourable conduct.

In other respects, the prevailing character of M. Durand's physiognomy was that of a powerful and vigorous intellect. Embracing at a glance, the most minute detail of the propositions made to him by those who came to him on business, it was his custom, when he refused, to recapitulate briefly, but with remarkable clearness and precision, all that had been said to him; after which he made his own observations, either complying with or refusing the request, or at least modifying the terms of it.

In M. Durand's character there was also one peculiar trait that deserves notice here, and which will be very perceptible in the course of this narrative, viz., a cold and inflexible obstinacy, that, however calmly and politely maintained, never could by any reasoning or persuasion be induced to change its purpose.— And yet nobody was ever more apt than he, of his own accord, and without any visible reason, to alter his resolutions. For instance: after having condemned a speculation, and with great clearness exposed the fallacy of its calculations, he would be seen all at once lending it both the sanction of his name and the assistance of his capital. At another time he would open an extensive credit with a merchant, at the very time when other bankers began to doubt his solvency, and when no one was more aware than himself of the sorry state of his affairs. Every one was at a loss to account for these decisions, so contrary to his interest. Some attributed them to caprice, and others to generosity; but to the former idea was opposed the tact and prudence that he displayed in the general management of his affairs; to the latter and more received opinion, the inflexible refusals he gave to certain reasonable demands for aid. One man alone attributed them to calculation, and that was M. Tremont, the managing clerk of the house of Mathieu Durand; but even he did not explain what was the object of this calculation. He merely replied, in answer to a question as to what system of arithmetic it was, that could justify the loan of one hundred thousand francs to an insolvent debtor, that it was a species of "indirect arithmetic." What indirect arithmetic was the old man did not think it necessary to explain, but took refuge in an obstinate silence, to which a slight winking of the eye and an almost imperceptible smile gave an air of profound finesse. Be it as it may, the established reputation of M. Du-

rand for probity, skill and wealth, was too deep rooted to be even shaken, by these apparent inconsistencies and deviations from the direct line of good management.

I have been thus particular in making my readers acquainted with this M. Durand, because he is *the* banker of my tale, and of course one of the most conspicuous personages in it; as, however, his character will be more fully developed in the course of the narrative, I will at once proceed with it.

He was seated then in his cabinet or private room, for the transaction of business; an apartment of moderate dimensions, but fitted in a style of luxury that would be deemed extravagant for any but a man of unbounded fortune. After having read all the journals with great attention, he opened one of the drawers of an immense bureau that was standing close by his chair, and drew from it a written paper, which he perused with still greater attention. He erased several phrases, and inserted others; then re-commenced reading it half aloud from one end to the other, whilst with pen in hand, he gave it the finishing touch, punctuating it with especial care. He then pulled one of the many different coloured bell ropes that hung near the bureau, not without having given a last fond look upon his work, such a look as a young mother gives who has just finished dressing her only child, and who, after having examined its dress, fold by fold, and pin by pin, and arranged its hair, ringlet by ringlet, holds it out at a little distance to feast her eyes with a thorough survey of the "tout ensemble," and to assure herself that nothing is wanting.

Immediately after, the servant appeared, and M. Durand said, "Send me M. Leopold."—The servant was on his way to obey his master, when the latter added—"go to M. Leopold's room by the private staircase, and tell him to come the same way. There is no necessity that the people in the outer room should know he is with me." The domestic obeyed, and the banker, while left alone, opened the letters that were lying by him. On most of them he bestowed merely a hasty glance and threw them aside; on some he wrote a few words and put them on the table; but there were three or four that seemed to be of importance, for he read them with evident concern and shut them up in his bureau. By this time, the valet returned, accompanied by a young man about twenty years of age, who stood before the banker as if penetrated by a feeling of the most respectful admiration.—

"Let no one in, for the present," said the banker, and the servant withdrew.

M. Durand then turned towards Leopold, and said to him in a voice of parental kindness:

"Monsieur Leopold, I have a favour to ask of you."

"A favour of *me!*" exclaimed the youth with eagerness, "what would you have me do, sir? You know that my life is yours, and that if you would have me sacrifice it,——"

"No, no my friend," said the banker, checking his enthusiasm with a gracious smile, "the favour I require of you demands not your life, it demands only promptitude and discretion."

"If that be all, sir, you may rest assured that they shall wrest my life from me sooner than your secret."

"You exaggerate the importance of what I ask of you, Leopold."

"So much the worse, sir, for I should be delighted to find at length some opportunity of proving my gratitude. All who are in your employ regard you as a father, but to me you have been even more than I can possibly express."

"I have only followed the dictates of common humanity towards one of my fellow creatures, who was unjustly treated. Your mother was left without fortune, and, although the widow of one who had fallen for his country in 1815, was refused a pension. This was a foul injustice."

"And nobly have you repaid it, sir. You came promptly to my mother's aid."

"Could I leave the widow of a brave soldier in misery?"

"You have taken care of me, and it is to your generosity I owe the education I have received, and that is a blessing."

"Yes, Leopold," interrupted M. Durand "that, I allow, is a benefit, and perhaps few have more right than myself to say so; for I came from my native village, knowing scarcely how to read, and the little I know, I was obliged to acquire by stealing some hours from the labour by which I earned my living. I was without a master that I learnt to write and without a master that I polished by degrees the coarse rusticity of my dialect. Then, when I had made my way a little in the world, and mingled with young men who had been better educated, I made an attempt at Latin and Greek, and even proceeded to the study of history and mathematics."

"What—all alone?"

"Yes, alone in my poor garret. Nor did

stop there; I successively mastered chemistry and physics. It was now that, having by industry and economy, put myself in the way of entering upon some small business transactions, I proceeded by slow, but sure steps, still extending them; until at length, by perseverance and diligence I became what I am."

"You have rendered yourself the most considerable man in France."

"One of the most considered at least, I hope, replied M. Durand, but let us return to this great favour I have to ask of you. Here is a document of which I want four or five copies made; you will carry it home with you, and prepare me these copies this evening. As your office hours are not at my disposal, and M. Tremont would grumble if I should keep you from your duty, I must thus trespass on your kindness."

"Oh! sir," said Leopold, confused, "do not talk to me of kindness, when every hour of my life belongs to you."

"Be sure not to shew this paper to any one, even to your mother."

"That I promise you, sir."

"And by the bye, how is your mother?"

"Oh, very well, sir, and she will be delighted to hear that——"

"That I have enquired after her health," said the banker, smiling, and she will doubtless go and proclaim every where the kind condescension of M. Durand in asking for her."

"Do you not desire her gratitude?"

"I did but jest, Leopold, I did but jest, my friend; your mother is a worthy and honest woman, and if she does somewhat exaggerate the little I have been able to do for her, this sentiment springs from a virtue so rare, that I should commend it, if any other than myself were the object of it. Present my best respects to her."

"I thank you, sir, but when must I bring these copies?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Then I will bring them early, for you set out to-morrow for L'Etang."

"By my faith but you are right. To-morrow is Sunday, and I must set out this evening, for my daughter would complain should I not arrive until to-morrow. There is a ball to-morrow at M. de Tavie's country seat, and I am charged with I don't know how many commissions for her."

"I can spend to-day in making these copies."

"No, no, I should then have to make your excuse to M. Tremont; we will manage better than that. Come to-morrow to L'Etang—you

shall spend the day with us, and I will take you with me to the ball in the evening. Come, this is a settled affair." At this proposition, Leopold blushed deeply; he cast down his eyes with an embarrassed air, and seemed to hesitate. The countenance of M. Durand clouded over for an instant, and he said in a tone of slight displeasure—"what! sir, cannot you oblige me so far?"

"I am only confounded at the kindness of your invitation," replied the youth. "My apparent hesitation proceeds only from an overpowering sense of your goodness, that I have done so little to merit. My mother's happiness will be even greater than mine."

"M. Durand's features expanded, and he replied in a tone of returning cheerfulness.—"Well, if you find that they do not tire you at L'Etang, you must ask her to accompany you on some future occasion.

"Oh! sir, sir," replied Leopold, with tears in his eyes, and suffocated by his grateful emotions.

"Enough, my son," said Durand, giving him his hand, which the former kissed in his anxiety to suppress the warmth of his feelings, "now leave me."

Durand saw him retire, and then gave free vent to the gratified sensations this interview had caused him, by taking two or three rapid turns round his apartment and rubbing his hands triumphantly. When this emotion had somewhat evaporated, he resumed his seat near the bureau, and rung again. The valet re-appeared.

"Who are the people in waiting?" said the banker. The man respectfully handed in their several cards to his master. The latter read them, and stopping at one of them, said—"who is this M. Felix of Marseilles?"

"He is an old gentleman of about seventy or eighty years of age, and is the last comer, sir."

"Then let him be admitted last."

"The first that arrived was M. le Marquis de Berzy," said the valet.

"Show in M. Daneau," replied the banker, "and beg M. le Marquis to excuse this preference, M. Daneau's attendance being by appointment."

M. Daneau made his appearance at this instant, and making an awkward salutation, stood seemingly embarrassed at being in the presence of one of the most wealthy capitalists in Europe. M. Durand made as if he did not observe this embarrassment, and said, whilst with a welcome gesture, motioning him to be

seated; "I have received you first, sir, because I know that men like you have never too much time to spare from your business; and as time is an important part of your capital, I do not consider myself at liberty to trifle with it. Have the goodness then to tell me in what way I can be useful to you."

M. Daneau, though a tall and stoutly built man, with a red face, large feet and hands, and, in short, with a personal presence that betokened more physical strength than mental refinement, yet shewed from under this rude envelope, symptoms of an acute and ready intellect, and clothed his ideas in easy and suitable language. He coughed, and with downcast eyes began thus, M. Durand regarding him the while with that steady gaze, which seemed to penetrate the very soul of the speaker, and to anticipate his meaning ere expressed in words.

"The step, sir, that I am venturing upon to-day, is a very daring one, but I am sure you will pardon it in a man who is on the point of being ruined and dishonored, and that too on the very eve of seeing his fortune established. I am a master builder, sir; I have six houses in progress at this time, which I calculated upon putting into occupation by April next, that is, could I, as I reasonably expected, have completed the inside work during the winter; but the season has been so severe, that it has been utterly impossible to get an inch of plastering or painting done, so that I am not a jot more forward now than I was six months ago."

"The season has been unexpectedly severe, I confess."

"To me, sir, distressingly so, for not foreseeing such an impediment to my progress with my buildings, I had entered into numerous engagements for this and the three following months, which I could with ease have accomplished, had not my calculations been upset by an accident that does not occur once in ten years, but which now threatens to overwhelm me."

"How so?"

"Because I depended on raising the necessary funds to meet these engagements, either by selling or mortgaging the houses; and however easy it may be to raise money upon such property when it is complete, and in profitable operation, it is quite impossible to do so while much of the work remains to be finished; for no one but a builder can form an exact estimate of its value in such a state, nor of the expenses that must yet be incurred, before the certain proceeds can be relied on."

"I perfectly understand your case, sir," replied the banker, still looking at him with great attention; "but these houses, unfinished as they are, must still have some real value, upon which it cannot be difficult to raise supplies."

"I dare not conceal from you, sir, that the value is already engaged, or at least the principal part of it. I estimate that the six houses I am building will be worth three million francs, and I had little more than three hundred thousand francs to begin them with. Thus, as I had expended this sum in purchasing the ground, I was obliged to mortgage to commence the works; having once raised the first story, I borrowed upon that to accomplish the second, and so on with the others. At the present time I owe nearly twelve hundred thousand francs on mortgage of these houses; more than four hundred thousand of which I had arranged to fall due in succession in the months of April, May and June, thinking that at this period my resources would be certain, from the facility of contracting a further loan upon buildings worth three million francs. This value they will not now have until July, and perhaps I shall not be able to give it them then."

"What is to prevent it?" said the banker who seemed to question the builder, rather to ascertain how he understood his own affairs than for the purpose of understanding them himself.

"This," replied the builder, "after having paid all my workmen in ready money upon the beginning of the winter, thanks to the loans I had been able to effect; since that I have been forced to give notes of hand. They have already begun to render them less confident, and as some of them threatened to leave off work, I arranged to pay them half in cash and half in notes. To-day is the first pay-day after their resumption of their work, and I have thirty thousand francs to disburse, of which I must give them fifteen thousand in cash, and then in three days I have to provide sixty two thousand francs for my promised notes for this month. Thus am I situated, sir. If I have not fifteen thousand francs to pay my workmen this morning, they will strike for their wages, the houses will remain unfinished, my credit will be lost, and a bankruptcy will follow with judgment and execution. The cost of my buildings, which, with one hundred thousand francs additional expense, would be worth three millions of francs, will be so perhaps a year hence, by the authority of the law, for twelve or fifteen thousand

francs, being reduced to this low value, not only by the depreciation invariably attendant upon property thus sold, but by the injurious effects of their being exposed a whole season unclosed and unprotected to the weather, and I shall be ruined instead of enriched, by no fault of mine."

The banker appeared to reflect for sometime, whilst the builder watched with anxiety the expression of his countenance. At length M. Durand turned hastily towards him and said—
"How many mechanics do you employ in these undertakings?"

"A great many, sir, for in order to get through the work more speedily, I have been obliged to divide the jobs, providing for each house a distinct set of carpenters, masons, locksmiths, joiners, plasterers, painters, &c."

"So much the better; you are thus giving an impulse to trade, and employing honest men."

"Honest men indeed, sir, and who owe all they possess to their own industry, for they all, as well masters as journeymen, begun with nothing."

"Very good; I like them the better for it.—They are electors, I suppose?"

"All of them, I believe."

"And how many may be connected with your interest in the completion of these buildings, including stone merchants, venders of lime and sand, &c.?"

"Not less than two hundred, besides twenty or thirty tradesmen."

"Indeed, M. Daneau," said M. Durand in a benevolent tone, "these considerations make your claim upon my assistance a strong one. It is true that such operations as these I am not in the habit of meddling with, but when I find that the interests of so many industrious and deserving people are concerned in the transactions of persons with whom I am so intimately connected both by birth and inclination, I feel bound to aid you, and I will do so."

"Is it possible you can be so good, sir? Ah, M. Durand, you are indeed justly called the friend of the people."

"I am one of them, M. Daneau, I am no great lord, but the son of a peasant, a labourer, and it is now about forty years since I first came to Paris with one hundred sous, and a determination to make my way in the world. Since that, I have been more fortunate than my neighbours it is true, but I shall not on that account be wanting to them."

"This is indeed an act of generosity," cried the builder in an ecstasy of grateful emotion.

"Merely an act of justice," returned the banker, "and in truth, it is as much for the sake of your workmen as of yourself, that I do this."

"Oh! if I dared to tell them!"

"It is not worth while," said the banker.—
"The happiness I feel in being able to serve you and them is payment enough. But I may as well explain to you how I intend to treat this affair. You will give me a general mortgage upon all the property."

"That is but fair."

"And I will open a credit with you of four hundred thousand francs."

"A credit?"

"Yes, M. Daneau, I do not negotiate on any other terms. Every time that you have a payment to make, it will be by a cheque upon my house, which cheque shall always be honoured within the twenty fourth hour."

"Oh! that will be a hundred times better than cash for me, since as long as I am upheld by the house of M. Durand, I can never be distressed."

The banker pretended not to hear this remark, and resumed—"As to the fifteen thousand francs you are in need of for to-day, draw upon me and pay your workmen with the draughts; they shall be paid at sight. On the other hand, M. Daneau, I shall expect that, from this time, all the documents of any kind signed by you shall pass through my hands, and that all payments whatever, shall be made through me. This stipulation is required in accordance with the system of mutual accountability that I have established in my house of business."

"Why, sir, this is only heaping favour upon favour; this is giving my paper the value of ready cash."

"I am delighted that this arrangement suits you, M. Daneau. There remains then only that we meet here on Monday next with our respective notaries. I will go and give orders to have the mortgages drawn up, and in two days we can settle the whole matter. By the bye, if you can spare an hour or two, to visit me at L'Etang to-morrow, we can chat the matter over more freely."

"I will come, sir,—I shall be proud to wait on you——. But permit me to express to you, sir,——, to thank you, to——." And the builder stammered with excess of emotion, the tears starting into his eyes."

"Excuse me, M. Daneau," said the banker, "I must now say good bye, but I shall see you to-morrow, I trust;" and he ushered out the

builder, without allowing him time to give further vent to the feelings of gratitude that were agitating his bosom. Scarcely therefore had he passed the threshold of the stately mansion he had lately entered with so much anxiety, ere he began to fill the ears of all his acquaintance whom he chanced to meet, with the most unbounded eulogiums upon the beneficence and liberality of the wealthy banker, whom he represented as a model of generosity, affability and kindness. Nay, even his servant, who waited for him at the door with his cabriolet, was made the recipient of his overcharged feelings, whenever other listeners were wanting. In the meantime, the Marquis de Berizy being introduced into the banker's presence, was received with that studied politeness, mingled with deference, that marks the sense of being in the presence of a superior.—And yet, to judge of them by personal appearance as they stood side by side; the Marquis, a hale and hearty man, about fifty years of age, with hard hands and an attire by no means recherche; and M. Durand so neatly combed, shaved and dressed, with white hands and rose-coloured nails, one would have assuredly mistaken the Marquis for the citizen, and the banker for the noble. The soft and melodious voice too, of the latter, seemed to have more of the aristocratic in its tone, than the strong and somewhat harsh, yet manly voice of the Marquis. A close observer, however, would soon have detected in the one, the careful diction of a person anxious to appear polished and at his ease; and in the other, the freedom of a man habituated to speak and act as a gentleman, and who gives himself no concern about it.

"To what motive," said M. Durand, "am I to attribute the honour of a visit from Monsieur le Marquis de Berizy?"

"I will tell you, sir. You know that by an ordonnance of King Charles X., I have been just named a peer of France."

"That fact is well known, sir, and is looked upon by all as but a proper tribute to the great name you bear."

"You flatter me, Monsieur Durand, but if the truth be known, it is not altogether to the great name I bear that I owe this elevation, but to the fact of my being one of the richest landed proprietors in France. The King thinks that men who possess a great fortune have a more direct interest in maintaining order, than those, who, having nothing to lose, found their hopes of prosperity upon any sudden change or revolution in the state. You see then that I am become a peer of the realm by the same

means that would render you one to-morrow if you chose to make interest for it."

The banker smiling disdainfully at this suggestion, the Marquis resumed.—"But this is not my business at present. When I received the news of my promotion to the peerage, I had been for twenty years a steady and useful resident in the country; and I am now resolved to be equally diligent and useful to the country at large, in my political capacity, as peer of the realm. For this purpose it will now be requisite that I abandon my retired mode of life, and that, taking up my residence during great part of the year in Paris, I then maintain an establishment suitable to the rank and dignity conferred on me by the King. I should never of my own accord have come to this city for purposes of display, for a country life is more congenial to my tastes and habits; but having been called to so exalted a station by the condescension of His Most Gracious Majesty, I feel it a duty I owe to myself, and to the illustrious order to which I now belong, to permit it to suffer no disparagement even in the eyes of the vulgar, by my inattention to outward appearances."

"I conceive your meaning perfectly," replied the banker, with an air of patient resignation that did not escape the notice of the Marquis.

"I beg your pardon for detaining you so long," said the latter, "with details that seem indifferent to you; but this preamble is intended to show the reason of the service I have to request of you; for, in consequence of this resolution to settle myself in Paris, I have just disposed of a large forest, out of the proceeds of which, I intend purchasing for myself a residence in town suited to the station I have filled, and to place the residue of my funds in some banking house, to replace by the interest of my active capital, the dead capital that shall throw into my house."

"And you have chosen my bank for the purpose?" said M. Durand in a grateful tone.

"I have, M. Durand, chosen yours, because you have a reputation for honour and integrity that all France applauds, to which I may add as no mean accessory, a capital of twenty thousand million francs."

"People greatly exaggerate my means," said the banker, in that tone which was evidently meant to confirm the truth of their assertion, even while discovering it, "but whatever my fortune is, it has been honourably acquired. It is the prize of patient industry, which I began with nothing. I am the child of a poor labourer, who left me only an honest

name, a love for labour, and good principles."

"And nobly has this inheritance spread in your hands."

"I am proud to say it has, sir."

"But now pray tell me, M. Durand, may I reckon upon your taking charge of my funds?"

"I am quite at your service, and the affair may be considered as settled, provided the usual terms of my house suit you; for the bank admits of no distinction of persons, and can do no more for the Marquis de Berizy than for the poorest of my customers."

"I do not ask for more. Pray tell me your terms."

"Excuse me, M. le Marquis—but I am forced to receive clients more pressed than yourself, for they come to ask for money instead of bringing it to me. If you will be good enough to step into M. Tremont's office, you can negotiate with him and all will be right."

The marquis bowed in token of assent, and M. Durand rung the bell.

"Who waits?" said he to the valet.

"That old M. Felix, sir."

"I am sorry I have detained you so long from the old gentleman," said the Marquis.

"Oh! it is only some poor wretch who is applying to me for help," said the banker, at the same time writing a word or two on a slip of paper, which he handed to the servant.—"Conduct this gentleman to M. Tremont's office." The Marquis bowed again and withdrew. "Ah," murmured the Banker, when alone, "these great lords cannot do without us men of nothing."

At this moment M. Felix entered. The aspect of this man was venerable, but not infirm; his dress more than simple, without being showily. The banker surveyed him with a searching look, which the old man bore without being disconcerted, and returned with a boldness and freedom which his years alone would warrant, and at which the other was so much the more annoyed, because he felt that there was something imposing in the old man's presence that affected him even in spite of himself.

"He therefore said, without offering him a name—"who are you? and what can I do for you?"

"This letter will tell you," said M. Felix, and without more ado he seated himself.

M. Durand thought this a somewhat bold proceeding, and threw upon his visitor a glance that was intended to repress his impertinent forwardness, but the calm severity of the old man's countenance disarmed him, and he ap-

plied to the reading of the letter, which contained these hasty words:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"M. Felix, who will hand you this letter, is an old merchant who has suffered great losses.—I shall feel personally obliged by any service you can render him.

"Yours &c.

"DUMONT."

"From M. Dumont of Marseilles," said the banker, "I cannot refuse aid to a man recommended to me by him. Here, sir, is all I can do for you," and he handed some silver pieces to the old man, with an air of disdainful patronage.

"That is not sufficient, M. Durand."

"Hey dey," cried the banker, "what means this tone?"

"If you will listen, sir, I will tell you."

"Pray proceed, M. Felix, I am all attention, but be brief, for my time is precious."

"I will not detain you long. I am the son of a man of high standing in the commercial world, who gave me an excellent education."

"Ah! that is a benefit I never enjoyed."

"Indeed!" said the old man, knitting his brows. Then recovering himself, he resumed: "Oh! yes, I have been told so. I was then more fortunate than you have been. My father died when I was only twenty years of age, and left me an immense fortune. But my speculations in India and China did not turn out so lucrative with me as my father's had done."

"You had not been brought up in the rude school of poverty, sir," interrupted the banker. "No one knows the real value of money, but he that has had to amass it himself."

"You are right, I have no doubt. But to proceed. At the period when the revolution broke out, my affairs had already begun to totter, and the war with England, having stripped me of some rich cargoes, completed my ruin. I became a bankrupt, fled from France with what small means I could preserve, and was condemned——."

"As an absconding debtor?" interposed the banker with a start—then recollecting himself, he continued—"well, sir, and what have I to do with all this?"

"You shall hear, sir. It is now more than thirty years since I quitted France. This time I have spent, not in repairing my lost fortune, but in regaining enough to be able to re-establish my good name here by paying all my debts. This I have almost accomplished. I have paid away all that I brought with me—

from the United States without reserve, but find myself still in need of fifty thousand francs, before I can reap any real advantage from this sacrifice, beyond the consciousness of having done right."

"And you intend perhaps, to ask them of me?"

"You have rightly conjectured, M. Durand: that is my object."

"Then M. Felix, I must beg you to excuse me. I am quite willing to believe your story, nor do I wish to say any thing offensive, but as to making myself the treasurer of all the bankrupts in France, it is out of the question."

"Do not forget that it is an old man who is pleading for the recovery of his honour."

"It was not I who made you lose it."

"I am aware that the sum I ask the loan of, is no trifle, but you have often sunk as much in the purchase of a painting."

"I imagine, sir," said the banker, rudely, that I have a right to do what I like with my fortune,—a fortune that I gained sou by sou.—I am no rich heir, sir. My father—

"Your father!" said the old man with emotion.

"My father left me no millions to squander. He was a labourer, sir, a poor but honest labourer. I was born poor, and have lived poor, and that is why I do not feel myself bound to repair the follies of those, who having been rich did not know how to keep so."

"If you knew what feelings drove me to this unhappy condition, you would pity rather than blame me."

"Apply to M. Dumont, sir."

"Pardon me, M. Durand," said the old man with much solemnity in his tone and manner, at the same time rising to depart. "I flattered myself that you would have understood me better than he: but I have been mistaken." Thus saying, he bowed, and withdrew.

M. Durand paced up and down the room for a few seconds in evident ill humour. At length ringing the bell violently, he gave his servant orders to refuse admittance to M. Felix, should he appear again, and then enquired what further applicants for an interview were in waiting. "There are about a dozen persons, sir," replied the valet, "come as they say, on the part of M. Daneau."

"Ah," said the banker, with an air of returning cheerfulness, "shew them in."

The first that appeared was a master locksmith. "What may your business be, sir?" said M. Durand, as if he knew nothing about the reason of his coming.

"To ask of your honour a simple explanation, if I may make so bold. M. Daneau has given us cheques on your bank, and notes of hand payable at your house. Now the cheques have not been paid, and we fear that the notes will be dishonoured also."

"The notes will be honoured and the cheques too."

"Ah! then it is true, sir, that M. Daneau has a credit with you for four hundred thousand francs?"

"Quite true."

"Then you have saved him, sir."

"I know it; but it is not for his sake only that I have done so. I know what his engagements are with you and many others, and I have resolved, sir, as far as lies in my power, always to uphold that man on whom depends the fortune of so many honest men, especially mechanics and labourers."

"Ah! M. Durand, this is conduct worthy of you. There is not another banker in Paris would act as you are acting."

"It is not as a banker that I do it; but rather as a man who remembers what he himself has been, and who is not ashamed to own himself one of the people."

"At any rate you are well known as a staunch friend of the people, and it is a pity but that they could find some opportunity of evincing their gratitude; but what have you to desire in your situation?"

"For myself, nothing; but I have often thought that if the rights of the people were better defended in the chamber of deputies—"

"True, I never thought of that. I am an elector, sir, and if ever you put yourself in the ranks ———"

"I have no such intention, I assure you."

"But you ought to be pressed, sir."

"My friend, I must now give my sanction to the payment of your cheques, so farewell; and the banker politely bowed out the locksmith, who was in raptures at his condescension, and also at the new idea that had just been so ingeniously suggested to him. All the other mechanics having been received and dismissed in turn, after the same fashion, at last appeared M. Tremont, the cashier and head clerk of the establishment.

"Well, Tremont, what is your report?" said the banker.

"Still the same story, sir. I am afraid that the end of the month will not shew well. I hardly dare draw any more upon our little provincial houses of business, for most of our late draughts have been returned."

"Pooh! these are but trifling sums."

"True, but they multiply *ad infinitum*. Ten, twenty, or even thirty thousand francs are not much; but we have more than six hundred such credits in the great book. Upwards of six millions are employed in this way, and we have double that amount engaged in the retail trade of this city, which is covered by paper of questionable credit."

"I know it, Tremont; but my name is enough to render all this current with the other banks, so that you need not be uneasy as yet; and before matters go far enough to threaten a catastrophe, I shall begin to contract these operations. At present it does not suit me to do so. But have you seen M. de Berizy?"

"I have, sir."

"And what amount does he wish to deposit with me?"

"Two millions of francs; and I was just going to ask in what manner I am to employ this sum."

"Lay it out in the three per cents; they are now at eighty-two and one-fourth francs."

"True, but the least event may cause a reduction. We have already more than thirty millions of deposits embarked in those funds, and at the slightest panic they may sink four or five francs in value. Suppose, for instance, this expedition to Algiers should not succeed, or that the elections should turn out unfavourable——"

"There is no fear of that, I feel convinced."

"Perhaps not, but a hundred casualties may happen to shake public credit, and then——"

"We must wait until the funds rise again."

"But if your customers should become alarmed, and re-demand all their deposits, some of which are engaged in speculations without number, and the rest in the public funds, only consider what an immense loss would accrue from this, should such a reduction take place in the three per cents. Why, sir, by a fall of ten francs in that stock alone,—and in a revolution or political convulsion, such a fall would not be extraordinary,—we should sink four millions of francs at a blow, not to mention other kinds of public stock."

The banker listened to M. Tremont with composure, and assuming a patronizing air, replied—

"My poor Tremont, you reason as though you were still with Messrs. L. & O. Depend upon it the king of France's fortune is not so stable as my own, for mine is founded on popularity. The house of Bourbon may perish, but the house of Mathieu Durand never."—

The cashier raised his eyes to heaven, and withdrew, while the banker ordered his horses, and set off for L'Etang.

CHAPTER II.

It is now time to change the scene, and introduce my readers to the Count de Lozeraie, whose residence in the more aristocratic Rue de Varennes, Faubourg Saint Germain, by its stately grandeur, prepares us for the presence of its dignified owner.

At the time chosen for his first appearance, he was evidently preparing to leave his cabinet, for his valet had just handed him his hat and gloves, and announced that the carriage was at the door. His egress was, however, delayed by the entrance of his son, a young man of prepossessing exterior, and bearing no slight resemblance in features to those of the tall and pompous peer, although the deferential and almost timid bearing of the youth formed a striking contrast to the cold and haughty aspect of the latter. The Count, a man of about fifty years of age, but by the studied elegance of his attire, and a something like affectation in his address, appearing, or at least aiming to appear much younger, accosted his son in a rather petulant tone, thus—

"So here you are at last, Arthur."

"They told me you were enquiring for me, and I made haste to come down."

"You might have made rather more haste, I think."

"Excuse me, father, I was finishing a letter to a friend, to Mr.——"

"That is enough, Arthur; I do not demand an account of your actions. You are of a name and rank that ought to raise you above any connexions that are unworthy of you."

Arthur cast down his eyes and made no reply. His father resumed—

"I have sent for you, to desire that you will not engage yourself for to-morrow evening."

"I wish I had known it sooner, sir, for I have almost promised——"

"It is enough that you know it now," replied the father, tartly. "You are invited for to-morrow by the Marquis de Favieri, who gives a ball at his villa of Lorges, and it is my desire that you accept the invitation."

"I do accept it, sir, with pleasure, since it is your wish;" said the young man, with an *empressement* which seemed somewhat to surprise the father. The latter, however, replied in a somewhat altered tone—

"Thus ready compliance with my wishes pleases me, Arthur, and leads me to hope that

it will not be attended with that forlorn air of resignation that so often marks your bearing on like occasions. Let me beg that you will to-morrow evening exert those powers of pleasing, that you naturally possess in so great a degree, bearing in mind that Miss Flora de Favieri is a charming girl, and a rich heiress. You understand me."

It would be difficult to decide whether Arthur's countenance, during this extraordinary speech, betokened more astonishment or pleasure; it was evident, however, that the concluding phrase had given rise to feelings that he hesitated to express, until observing that his father regarded him with a severe and scrutinizing look, he rejoined—

"Certainly, my dear father, I ought to understand you, and I gather from your words, that you would not reject an alliance with a man, who, like Monsieur le Marquis de Favieri, follows the profession of a banker."

"Bear in mind, sir," replied the Count, with hauteur, "that this man is the representative of one of the most noble families of Florence. Commerce and monetary transactions, which in France are considered derogatory to nobility, are in Italy looked upon in a very different light; and there is no sort of comparison to be made between Monsieur de Favieri,—a man who has not made himself a banker, but who has remained one, as his ancestors were before him,—and the upstart citizens that become bankers in our country."

At these words, all traces of pleasurable emotion fled from the countenance of Arthur; he became embarrassed, and timidly remarked:

"Yet surely there are some honourable men among these citizens."

"That is, I presume, a matter of perfect indifference to you, sir. What can you have to do with such people?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing," said Arthur, in evident agitation, which caused the Count to look sternly at him, as if doubting his assertion.—At length he replied, pompously—

"You call yourself the Viscount de Lozerac, and my son. Do not forget this again, if you have already done so."

"I never have, sir;—I assure you, I have done nothing——"

"I ask for no assurances or explanations, Arthur. A gentleman trusts to the honour of his son. Remember, you will accompany me to the Marquis's to-morrow."

"I shall be at your service, sir," and the son withdrew.

The father was again on the point of pro-

ceeding to his carriage, when a second interruption occurred in the arrival of M. Poissy between whom and the Count the following conversation ensued:

"You have come but just in time, for I had given you up, and intended calling on you in my way to St. Cloud."

"I have been out all the morning; business keeps me always stirring."

"Well, how are we getting on?"

"The expedition to Algiers will take place. That is a settled point."

"And what success have our people had with the minister of war?"

"I scarcely dare tell you."

"What! will the immense sacrifices I have made, be all thrown away?"

"Not, if you go on to make more. Otherwise, I fear, yes."

"More yet!" cried the Count, with impatience; "I thought that the four hundred thousand francs I have already advanced would surely be sufficient."

"But there are so many people to satisfy."

"Well, then, if I should decide upon making a new sacrifice, is it certain that I shall obtain the sole disposal of the equipments?"

"That is beyond all doubt."

"And what further advance is required?"

"Remember," said M. Poissy, evading an immediate and direct reply; "it is a contract by which you will gain three or four millions of francs."

"So I understand; but what is the additional price I must pay to procure this contract?"

"Not less than one hundred thousand crowns are requisite."

"One hundred thousand crowns! This is exorbitant."

"What, to gain four millions?"

"Ah!" replied the Count, with a sigh, "what times are ours? Once, the king could have made a present to one of his nobles, of such a monopoly as this, and that would have served for a fortune to his *protégé*. But now it is no longer the king who governs, but a chamber of deputies, composed of money-scrappers and mechanics; and a chamber of upstart pettifoggers composed of clerks taken from behind all the counters in France, where they have learnt to sell even their very honour."

"So much the better for those who have the means of buying it."

"It is deplorable when one has to give it times as much as it is worth."

"But tell me, Monsieur le Comte," interrupted the stranger, "will this sum put you

any inconvenience? because——”

“No, sir!” replied the Count, haughtily, “do not misunderstand me. My hesitation arises not from a scarcity of funds, but from a disinclination to allow myself to be cheated.—I must have security, Monsieur Poissy.”

“How can you have security in such a transaction as this? I fear the law will not defend us in affair that is purely one of honour.”

“But do you consider that I am advancing nearly one million francs?”

“Of course, I do, my dear Comte, but when a man of your name and rank, offers himself in competition, especially *sub rosa*, he cannot expect to out-weigh all his competitors with a rifle. Even the minister has his hands tied.”

“Do you think so?” said M. de Lozeraie; “well, we shall see. I am going to visit the King. I shall find the minister there, and after sounding him on the subject, I will give you an answer to-morrow. I shall meet you, of course, at M. de Favier’s.”

“I shall be there; but in the meantime, they are expecting an answer. What shall I say to them?”

“That I am considering about it.”

“There are other offers more considerable than yours, and they may close with them before to-morrow.”

“I cannot, however, give such a sum, without deliberating about it.”

“Your formal promise will be enough. The word of such a man as you is a sacred bond.”

“I know it,” replied the Count, with a smile of gratified vanity, “and it is on that account that I do not give it lightly. Let them wait.”

M. Poissy, though evidently chagrined at the unwonted firmness of his dupe, rose with the air of one who had no personal interest in the matter, and promising to make it his business that nothing should be concluded before he saw the Count again, he left him to make a third essay, to depart for St. Cloud.

It is not much to be wondered at, then, that M. de Lozeraie’s patience was somewhat exhausted, when his valet announced another visitor, as Monsieur Felix of Marseilles. “I know no such person, said the Count, who is he?”

“An old man of eighty, sir, who says he has a letter of recommendation to you.”

“Ah! some beggar, of course—say I am not at home.” And without delay, he crossed the stichamber and hall, in his way to the carriage. He was here, however, met by M. Fe-

lix, who dejected him respectfully, and holding out a letter, said to him—

“From M. le Viscomte de Couchy.”

The Count, without acknowledging the old man’s salutation, took the letter, and read thus:—

“MY DEAR COUNT,

“The person who will hand you this letter, is a worthy old man, whom the revolution has deprived of his fortune. He will tell you his history, and I shall feel obliged by any thing you can do for him.”

The Count threw the letter upon a table, and said to his servant—“Give this man two louis, and order up the horses.”

“M. le Comte,” said M. Felix, interposing himself between him and the door; “I came not here to ask alms.”

“What then, sir?”

“I came to demand a restitution.”

“A restitution! I have no debts, sir; and if I had, it would not be with men of your sort.”

“Perhaps so, sir,” said the old man, in a firm tone; “I did not speak of your personal debts towards me, but of those of your father-in-law, M. de Lore. He borrowed some large sums of me, before my emigration, and I am come to ask them back from you.”

“From me! I am not a guarantee for M. de Lore’s debts, even though your story be not a fabrication.”

“And yet his daughter, who was your wife, received all his fortune.”

“In that case, your demand should concern my son, rather than me, for he inherits his mother’s fortune. But where are your titles?”

“When I shall have detailed to you the circumstances, you will recognize the truth of what I say, but I cannot assert that I have any exact titles.”

“Indeed,” sneered the Count, in a tone of mingled rage and disdain, “this is a pretty story you have trumped up, to extort money, founded upon some circumstances that have come to your knowledge by chance; but you are a little too late, sir;—I am up to this kind of knavery, and would advise you to go and try it somewhere else.”

“I know, also,” said the old man, austere-ly, “that no one is better skilled than M. de Lozeraie, in the art of trumping up stories founded on circumstances learnt by chance.”

“What would the rascal say?” cried the Count.

“Oh! nothing, nothing,” replied the other, calmly, “but as you have referred me to your son, to him will I appeal.”

"Kick this scoundrel out of doors," shouted the Count to the menials who stood gaping in the hall.

"Reflect, sir, that the honour of your father-in-law's name goes with me."

"The name of M. de Lore, as well as my own, is out of the reach of such low intrigues."

"Perhaps your son is not of the same opinion."

"I forbid you to see my son, sir. I know that young men are easy to seduce, and I warn you, that on the least attempt on your part, to mislead him, I shall know how to put a stop to it. The tribunals punish these attempts at roguery and extortion."

"They also punish the fraudulent assumption of titles," said the old man, in a significant tone, which seemed to strike the Count with complete dismay.

So violent, indeed, was the emotion occasioned in Monsieur de Lozeraie, by this quiet remark, that for a time, his passion could not find vent in words, and when at length, it exploded, the object of his wrath had disappeared. Perceiving, then, that he was committing himself in the presence of his visitor and domestics, he turned to M. Poissy, and said—

"This is how we of the *vicille noblesse* are exposed to indignity. Sharpers arm themselves with the threat of some scandal against our name, to obtain their ends of us."

"And what end can they obtain? You are not so easily gulled out of your money."

"No, but at least they can raise a laugh at our expense, by their calumnies among all those radical rascals who ask nothing better than to vilify and scandalize our order. But it is to be hoped, the time will yet come, when we shall be able to stop the mouths of such low-born knaves, by a summary proceeding, whenever they venture to speak disrespectfully of their superiors."

The Count then entered his carriage, and was soon out of sight.

Frederickton, 1842.

G. R.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.—The reader is requested to correct the following errata, which have inadvertently been overlooked in the preceding article.

Page 289, column 2, line 34.—For "repaid," read "repaid."

Page 290, column 2, line 26.—For "suppress," read "express."

Page 291, column 1, seventh line from the bottom.—For "Tarietic's" read "Farietic's."

Page 292, column 1, line 42.—For "trans-actions of persons with whom," &c. read "trans-action,—people with whom," &c.

For The Amaranth.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

'Tis not in honor's bright array,
Nor wealth's proud pomp and pageantry?

'Tis not to rove in foreign climes—
Where jewels from Golconda's mines,
In all their radiant brightness glow,
And deck with sparkling gems thy brow?

'Tis not in glory's dazzling name—
Where trumpets sound the hero's fame,
And lofty strain, and glittering show
Weave laurels for the victor's brow;
Where matchless forms, and spirits brave,
Seek freedom—or a patriot's grave?

'Tis not to bask 'neath sunny skies—
Drink the deep light of liquid eyes;
To bend the knee at beauty's shrine,
And worship forms almost divine—
Nor while away, in pleasure's bowers,
'Midst mirth and song the fleeting hours?

But 'tis; 'tis in a noble mind,
Where virtue, truth, and love combined
With pity's soft and beaming eye—
And melting soul of charity—
To heal the wretched—soothe the distress,
Oh say! is this not happiness?

It is to own a kindred heart,
Unsullied by the world's deep art,
Pure as the cloudless sky of even—
Bright as the glittering orbs of heaven!
Firm as the ivy round the oak,
And constant as the murmuring brook!

It is to feel our sins forgiven—
To know in yonder starry heaven,
We have a home where grief and sin
Can never, never enter in!
With golden harps, in sweetest lays,
To sound fore'er Jehovah's praise!

St. John, N. B., 1842.

H. S. R.

DEATH.—BY BRYANT.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Then go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed

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

For The Amaranth.

THE STAR SPIRIT.

It was a beautiful evening in June, that I was walking on the border of a calm, clear lake. Everything around me was still, save the hum of the green leaves as they whispered their love tales to each other. There was not a breath of air to disturb the waters of the lake, or even to raise a ripple on its surface. I felt a solemn sadness stealing over my mind, making it more in unison with the repose of nature, when suddenly there came, as if it were borne on the wings of a strong zephyr, a strain of most delicious music. It sounded like nothing earthly, and I felt as if I was listening to the dying song of a departing spirit. I held my breath, for fear I should lose a note of those dirge-like tones; at last they ceased, I could not hear even a faint echo;—all was again still.

I walked on, trying in vain, to account for the sweet notes I had heard, when again the silence was interrupted. This time it was a voice sighing out in a tone of hopeless misery;—"Oh! that I was a mortal." I looked around me on all sides, to discover from whence this plaintive voice proceeded—but I perceived nothing. At last I chanced to cast my eyes toward the heavens, where I saw floating on a silvery cloud, a figure of surpassing beauty.—The voice continued—

"Oh! that I was a mortal, how happy mortals are, they have a bright and beautiful world which is ever presenting something new to them, while we, poor star spirits, are doomed to take the same course, year after year, and century after century!"

As the spirit thus spoke, I saw going towards her, an old man of majestic appearance, a long white beard flowed nearly to his waist, giving to his countenance an air of wisdom that well became him. With a pale, sad smile, he said to the star spirit—

"Daughter, whatever your wish is, I can grant it, but should your mind change, I never can recall you to the place you now hold, if you become a mortal, you must take upon yourself all the cares and troubles of a mortal's life. Pause, consider well, before you speak."

"No, no, I have considered, make me a mortal, it is all I wish, I will be content."

"Daughter," said the sage, and his voice trembled as he spoke; "you know not what an unhappy lot you chose. Will you leave your home in the pure blue sky, to find one in this cold world; will you leave the band of your

smiling sister spirits, to encounter the frowning brows of mortals? Will you give up your immortality, for the uncertain term of a mortal's life?"

"I am prepared for every trouble, I am willing to make every sacrifice," said the wayward spirit, "give me mortality, and you will find me equal to sustain all the cares of an earthly existence."

"Your wish is granted," said the old man, "and erring, but beautiful child of the sky, may your hopes of happiness be as easily realized."

His voice had scarcely ceased, before, swift as the wind, a cloud bore the spirit towards me; for a few moments I saw nothing but the cloud, when it rolled silently away, and the sweet childish form of the spirit alone remained.

I took the beautiful stranger to my home, and my father was no less charmed with her than myself. Her story was told to an old friend of my father's, and he adopted the fair girl as his daughter. By this adoption she was at once placed in the enjoyment of every luxury that wealth and taste could command.—Knowing her mysterious origin as I did, my readers will not wonder that I took a deep interest in her happiness. A short time previous, I had lost my only and beloved sister, and my aching heart had found nothing to fill the void her loss occasioned. But immediately my thoughts were turned into a new channel.—The situation of our families brought me into close companionship with Estelle,—for so we named the beautiful spirit,—and such a joyous, light-hearted being, almost made me forget sorrow. In appearance she was about fifteen; beauty ever seemed to hover around her. She was simple, open-hearted, and confiding, possessing the most exquisite susceptibility I ever knew. I loved her more tenderly for her mysterious origin, although in our intercourse, no allusion was made to my knowledge of it—how I longed to have her find the venerable seer's prediction of sorrow, unfulfilled. Years passed away, and no shadow of care came over her delicate spirit. She was educated with unwonted care, and her comprehensive mind grasped with perfect ease, the whole circle of attainments, which many minds of ordinary powers, regard as quite beyond their reach.—She played exquisitely upon the harp, and when her soft voice accompanied her instrument in some melancholy ballad of the olden time, my thoughts went back to the sad music which was the forerunner of her introduction to this cold world.

Estelle was introduced into society, and her beauty made her the belle of the season.—Lovers surrounded her, some disinterested ones, but by far the greater number looked upon her wealth,—for she was the acknowledged heiress of Mr. Bravod,—as her chief attraction. There was one, Estelle seemed to prefer, but he kept aloof from the beautiful heiress. Evelyn St. Clair was poor, and was doomed to seek his fortune in the *East*. I thought that he loved Estelle, but he left for India, and she did not seem to regret his absence.

Despite of all my hopes and wishes, a change, a sad change came o'er the spirit of Estelle's dream. Her loved benefactor was very suddenly deprived of life, and in addition to her deep sorrow for his death, it was soon found that she had other cause of grief. A will made previous to her adoption, bequeathing his immense property to a distant relative, was the only one he left, and consequently, not the slightest provision was made for her future comfort. This relative immediately came to present his claim on the estate, and with more than common selfishness, made no offer to mitigate the anguish of her forlorn condition, and her sensitive spirit shrunk from the idea of dependance on such a monster.

She must, herself, seek some means of support, and this would bring her in contact with the spirits of the cold world, and I trembled for the result. It was in vain that my father offered the sensitive girl a home with us, she did not wish to be dependant on any person—her own exertions should procure her a livelihood. I looked at her slight drooping figure, and shuddered as she spoke.

One day, after offering every inducement to come and be to me the same as a sister, and telling her how much it would add to my happiness, she said—"Do not urge me, dear Clara, for my determination is fixed, I will be a governess. Your friend, Mrs. Mortimer, wishes a governess for Emily; perhaps if you write her, she will consent to receive me."

Finding all my arguments useless, I wrote the more readily, however, as I knew my friend would be able to appreciate Estelle's talents, and would guard the poor stricken one, with the loving care, I would myself. I soon had an answer from my friend, but what was my disappointment to find she was already provided with a governess. She, however, said, she had spoken to Mrs. Tracey, a mutual friend, who would be happy to receive my lovely protegee. In a few days Estelle had a letter from Mrs. Tracey, offering her a very

liberal salary, and promising to do all in her power to contribute to her happiness.

My father accompanied Estelle to Mrs. Tracey's; at her departure she promised to write me often. In a few days my father returned, he seemed very much pleased with Mrs. Tracey and family, said Estelle was also—. The next day, I had a letter from my sweet friend, it was written with her usual good spirits; she expressed herself delighted with her pupils, three lovely little girls. I contented myself with this letter, and several succeeding ones, but alas! I observed a change in the tone of her letters—she no longer communicated to me the hopes of happiness that seemed ever gushing up in her young heart. It seemed as if a melancholy despondency had taken possession of her. I was alarmed at this, and wrote her, begging her to come home to me; to this letter I received no reply from Estelle, but I had a long letter from Mrs. Tracey, she entreated me "to come and visit them, that Estelle did not seem in good spirits, and looked very ill; she added, that she had no doubt, that a visit from me, would prove more beneficial than the most skilful physician." I was very much alarmed, and with my father's concurrence, accepted Mrs. Tracey's invitation immediately. Estelle was delighted to see me, and I could not but think that Mrs. Tracey's affection had needlessly alarmed her. Estelle was looking lonely, her eyes were more than usually brilliant, and the rose-tinge of her cheeks was deeper. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tracey seemed to idolize her. But alas! before many days I had to change my opinion with regard to Estelle's health, the brilliancy of her eyes was occasioned by disease, and the glowing color of her cheek was the deceitful charm of fever. We consulted a physician, he said "a warmer climate would perhaps restore her." When I urged the change to Estelle, she threw her arms around my neck, and begged to be allowed to die in the land where her adopted father had died; I told her, she would not do but she held up her small white hand, through it I could see the light, and I wept, for I then knew nought could be done for her. Days passed on, alternately increasing and diminishing my hopes. In her, consumption took its most attractive form. Her skin, always clear and white as an infant's, became, if possible, more beautiful; the soft, blue veins shewed a transparency. Her laughing blue eye became more brilliant, their brightness was only veiled by the long brown lashes which slept so kindly on her cheek. Her sunny hair still shined

around her throat in a rich mass of curls; and her beautiful figure scarce lost its youthful roundness—and yet, with all her loveliness of mind and person—she was to die. Oh! why does death always select the loveliest? why are not the young and beautiful exempt from the unerring shaft?

Estelle's spirits had completely left her, and there were times when I could scarcely rouse her from the sad dreams she would fall into.

One evening when she was, if possible, more than usual, she said to me—

“Clara, you may, perhaps, wish a history of my thoughts and feelings since I left my home in the summer sky;—oh why did I ever leave it, I who was so happy?”

“But dearest Estelle, have you not been happy here?” I asked. She thought a moment, and said—

“Oh! yes, very—only when death came between me and those I loved. You will find, after I am gone, a package directed to you, read it, Clara, and do not forget the moral, as you read of the errors of a star spirit, and now my kind friend, I wish to sleep—kiss me—good night.”

I kissed her, and then seated myself beside her. She was asleep almost immediately; at first her breathing was short and quick, from the exertion of talking, at last it became sweet and calm as an infant's. She lay perfectly quiet for an hour; the evening was lovely, the summer moon shone brightly through the window, lighting up with her silvery beams, the beautiful brow of the unconscious sleeper.—Suddenly she moved—I bent down towards her, she murmured the name of “Evelyn,” in her sleep, and was still again. What volumes that whispered name reveal to me,—in one moment I had traced out the mysterious cause of her illness. Again she stirred—a sweet smile lit up her beautiful countenance—again she spoke, her words were few, but the tone with which she said, “dearest Evelyn, I wish to join you,” I shall never forget. She was still once more—I listened for her breathing—I heard it not—I laid my hand on her heart—it beat no longer—the beautiful spirit was dead. My screams brought the family to the room. I knew no more until the tall grass covered over the grave of my sweet Estelle.

It was long before I could bring myself to read what she had wished me to peruse. But when I did, I could scarcely feel sorry that she had left us. Trifles which to mortals had seemed light as air, were to her sensitive mind almost beyond bearing. The narrative

of her feelings, was interspersed with so many touching allusions to her former beautiful home, that I could not but wish that she had returned there. And there was mentioned one to whom she had given all the warm affections of her young heart; he slept the sleep of death, in his grave—the lone blue sea, a fit resting place for him; but “the midsummer sun shone on hers.”

CLARA.

Saint John, N. B., 1842.



For The Amaranth.

THE DYING CHILD.

Kiss me once more, sweet Mother,
And chaunt that pretty hymn—
Ere I join my little brother
In the realms of our great King!

In the land where flowers bloom,
And no face wears a care;
Where all looks bright and ne'er dark gloom
Pervades its balmy air.

There gloomy night is never known,
But all is sunny day;
And earthly thoughts forever flown,
Leave spirits free and gay.

Ah! mother, what a happy land
To all of us is given;
And one whose words are sweet and bland—
Invites us to his heaven.

How pleasant I have thought this earth,
And how happy I have been;
When my playmates in their merry mirth,
Crowned me their young May Queen.

But now I go to claim a crown
That will not fade nor wither;
But one whose pure and bright renown
Is hallowed by the giver.

St. John, N. B., 1842.

ANNETTE.



CONVERSATION.

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

Written for the Amaranth.

GEORGE NEVERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

"HA! George, my boy, they tell me you're in love!" was the first salutation of the gay and thoughtless Morris Home, as he leaped from his Stanhope to greet his friend George Nevers, whom he now met for the first time since his return from one of the fashionable watering places, where he had been spending a few weeks for the ostensible purpose of benefiting his health, but with a determinate view to mending his fortune. Morris had been the victim of a decline, not in body, for, with the exception of an occasional headache after a night of conviviality, his health had suffered little interruption,—but of that which, like the rays of the sun, has the power of administering to our happiness, and of contributing to our destruction, according as we make a wise or unwise use of it—*his purse*.

The sparkling eye of Nevers, which had been raised to greet his friend, sought the ground as he winced under the charge so unexpectedly made by one, who, though his friend, he did not wish should be master of his secret, for such he had deemed it to be. He speedily recovered himself, however, and with a readiness in which most persons similarly circumstanced, are deficient, replied—

"To judge, Morris, by the thoughts that are uppermost in your mind, love must be the dictator of your own movements. Who but the millionaire for the dashing Morris Home."

"Nay, then, since you'll have it so, it's not the millionaire but her pretty person, her mind accomplished, and—but you look incredulous, mine ancient friend," and he added more seriously—"think you, the reckless Morris Home,—the spendthrift, if you will—has no soul to appreciate female worth?"

This was asked in a tone so different from that of his usual manner, that Nevers looked in his friend's face, and thought he could discover there the germ of a tree destined to yield a rich harvest under the culture of female influence. A gleam of pleasure shot across his noble features as he made the observation; for although their tastes and pursuits had been dissimilar, those of the one, leading to study and retirement, and those of the other, trenching upon folly and extravagance; yet the excellent qualities of his friend, who had been his classmate, had created for him in the breast

of Nevers, a respect which his excesses had failed to weaken. George had witnessed his friend's pursuit after the delusive pleasure of the world, with a sorrowing eye. He had frequently pointed out to him their destructive tendency; and his remonstrances had been listened to with respect, and indeed often regarded for a time, until the crowd of events that are ever interfering with virtuous resolutions, would obliterate their impression.

True, Morris had been gay and thoughtless. Money had been to him only the means of gratifying the promptings of a generous disposition: but how unworthy were the objects of his bounty! Ever ready to suit themselves to his pleasures; swallowing with avidity, the bait, which, like that thrown out to the ravenous shark, ensures *his* destruction, while it works no substantial benefit to him who casts it, they would have shunned him in misfortune without compunction or remorse.

When we thus describe the life of Morris, it is not to be imagined that he had plunged once into the abyss of vice—that he had covered himself with all the enormities of which wealth acquired without toil, is often the prelude. On the contrary, whatever might have been his inclinations, the powerful example of Nevers, added to his occasional remonstrances had operated as a talisman, warding off the temptations presented by the more vicious habits of his companions.

"My dear fellow," said Nevers, clasping his companion warmly by the hand, "a sceptical human honesty might well doubt the truth of your language. An extravagant young man with diminished finances, about to unite himself to a wealthy bride, disavowing any influence from the amount of her wealth, and professing to be governed altogether by the charms of her person, might well be a subject of distrust to any, but one who knows him to be incapable of deception. Nay, then, 'tis no flattery," he continued, "there—don't blush—know your modesty, but there's no occasion to interrupt me—"

"Yes, but while you're giving me credit for more modesty than I can charge to my account, you will not give me time to confer your opinion of my virtue. Why, my dear boy, the millions I spoke of as the dowry of my bride, consist of the numberless little principles and springs of action that make up the standard of perfection which I have discovered in her I intend to make my wife."

"You mean you think you have," said Nevers, smiling at his friend's warmth.

"But I know it. Pooh! George, I am not so easily deceived. How much tinsel has passed before me without the power of attraction? How much fine ore have I passed by, without swearing fealty to its sovereignty, because I saw that it was not purified from the dross of the world?"

"Thus do most lovers judge. Some again measure by the scale of their own imperfections; while others adopt a sort of phrenological table, taking up and weighing the constituents, good and bad; observing their action upon each other, and thus form a general estimate of the whole. These are the least likely to be disappointed, but he who follows this rule, finds little charm in love; all its ecstasy consists in fancying the woman of your choice, the very personification of excellence—the citadel of female purity. To think that this being has given your image a place in her young imagination; that her ears drink in the merest trifles you may utter; and that her heart treasures up the remembrance of them in the long hours of absence, is the intoxication of the passion—but how great the pang, on awaking to a sense of its delusiveness! I pray heaven, you may never feel it."

"Does the peculiarity of the emphasis warrant me, in concluding, that my friend has been the victim of a delusion, such as you describe?—You answer me nothing. I hope—it is impossible that the cold, studious, uncompassioned George Nevers can have been smitten by the withering blast of unrequited love?"

"No, Morris. I've been framing an answer for a while; and the best one I can give to your queries, delicately and tenderly put, I must confess, is—I hope I never shall."

"Hope! therein lies a world of mystery. I must watch thee, George Nevers."

"When you can spare time from your present pursuits—but a truce to trifling, and tell me—what of the millionaire?"

"I left her down there, encircled by a host of desperadoes, cut-throats and French Counts. For the way, the title's cheap, but a good appendage in this land of republicanism; where nobility by nature is talked of, and that by patent, thought upon, 'till women craze and men destroy themselves because they are Americans. But of petite Eloise, I must confess I had some gentle thoughts of her. A short time discovered her a flirt; I fled the circle of fortune-hunters I found about her, and hawked for a nobler game."

"And found it?"

"Even so. But there comes Ifampstead.—Excuse me, I must speak to him, though I be reformed. 'Twill not do for me to cut my old cronies at too short a notice. I shall be up with you at six—Broadway and the Battery. Good bye."

"Well," mused Nevers, as passing up a street leading left from the Park, he fell into a reverie upon the variety of coincidences that serve to weave the woof of human destiny.—"There is Home, with every noble principle calculated to render his talents serviceable to his country, has wasted his substance, and some of the best years of his life, to say the least of it, in shameful obscurity! Nay, then, such it is, if a *notoriety* gained at a price too high for calculation, can be so esteemed; and yet a passion for a lovely girl, a passion which often proves destructive to its possessor, changes at once the tenor of his tastes, habits and pursuits—reclaims him to his country. By the way, I have never discovered his bias in politics. That he has any *decided* views upon the politics of the nation, there can be no room for supposition, but then," he added with a sigh, "what a boisterous meeting that was between him and Hampstead. It breathed little of reform!"

As the last of these suggestions passed in rapid succession through his mind, Nevers was passing a row of neat and uniformly arranged houses on the eastern side of—street, and a few steps more, placed beneath his feet the stone stoop of a mansion, as remarkable for its cleanliness and general air of comfort, as for the pleasingly retired aspect it presented to the eye of the loiterer, who had the good fortune to pass that way. Two aged elm trees stood before it like giant warders, speaking the language of antiquity—rehearsing a mute but intelligible tale of the distinction which belonged to those that owned that house in days of yore. The structure originally Dutch, in its style of architecture—if the term may be made use of in reference to it,—had, like its occupants, been ingrafted on, 'till its distinctive character was almost lost. Old associations, heirlooms of nature, linking past ages with the present, had been the means of preserving the whole structure from demolition, when modern taste—if not motives, more pecuniary, had voted its destruction. Mrs. Stuffhauser, its present proprietor, a descendant of those whose voices first rang with gladsome revelry through its old halls, was like many others in that land of changes, who had been accustomed to have their every want anticipated, now reduced to

the necessity of keeping boarders for a livelihood, and in her had George Nevers, since his arrival in New York, some three or four years before, found a second mother.

Nevers erred, however, in his conclusions with regard to the stability of his friend's resolution. Unaccustomed to associate with such men as Hampstead, he had naturally concluded that the change so suddenly wrought in Home's feelings, would be attended with the same repugnance which he himself conceived towards him: but Morris was possessed of a soft and feeling heart, strongly imbued with love for his species, which forbade the idea of wounding the feelings of a fellow creature, however degraded he might be in the estimation of the world. But he firmly resisted the invitations of some half dozen young men who joined Hampstead and himself, to resort to the hotels; as he broke from them and trod with a rapid step, the different streets leading to his friend's lodgings, he felt that he had never been so much a man before.

"I have been employed in a nice calculation for the last ten minutes, upon the probability of your keeping your appointment," Nevers began, when Morris arrived, almost out of breath from his unusual exercise.

"Upon my word, then, that insinuation is worthy of a meeting on the greensward; and if this sofa were not so agreeable to my much abused limbs, I'd call you out instanter."

"I must say I trembled for you when I saw you join Tom Hampstead."

"Ha! ha! 'Twas only the pattering of the last shower, and that you knew will come down while the sunbeam is finding its way to earth. The fact is, I could not find it in my heart to treat with no more than cool civility, one with whom I have passed many of the pleasantest hours of my existence."

"The pleasantest! Morris."

"I mean the merriest, and of course I do not mean to compare them with the joys I anticipate."

"You must not anticipate too much. All have their allotment of bitterness mingled with the sweets of life. He who seems most contented is not always the less miserable, nor does he who enjoys most of the world's praises, pass the more smoothly through the tortuosities of life."

"You seem to have changed your tone, lately. You do not surely mean to discourage my first step to reformation?"

"By no means, Morris. I only hope to guard you against disappointment—to settle

your resolution so that it cannot easily be shaken—but you have found a more efficient monitor than I can hope to be. Seek her counsels."

During the continuance of their conversation, the friends had left the house and had sauntered into Broadway. It was the soft twilight of a summer's evening, and the crowd of fashionables that poured down the western sidewalk, becoming more dense as they proceeded, their conversation took a more general turn. The living tide surged through the iron gateway leading to the Battery Point, and after branching off into the numerous walks that intersect it, met once more and retreated whence it came. The friends were left behind for their hearts were not with that crowd. They beat more in unison with the quiet scene before them. There lay the bay, its heaving bosom broken only at intervals by the prow of a club-boat, as she dashed past them in her bird-like flight, or by the foaming track of the wizard bark that defies the winds and tide.

Opposite, in the reflected light of the burnished west, stood Brooklyn, with her colonnades and terraces. To the westward, in the shores of New Jersey, thrown into obscurity by the light that played between, on the sleeping waters. There was just enough of repose in the fairy scene to lull the spirit into rest; just enough of life to prevent its growing torpid. The noise from the city struck upon the ear with a bee-like hum; the sounds from without came floating o'er the waters like the communings of a familiar.

"'Twas just such a night as this, though not so late," began Home, breaking in upon reverie in which both had been indulging. "that after discovering my mistake in relation to Louise Belmore, having wandered some distance from the springs, I sat on a projection of rock barely large enough to answer the purpose of a seat. My legs dangled over and some twenty feet above a dark pool that whirled its waters with a rapid motion, and they shot them off to buffet with the rocks below. I felt at the time like a stray sheep in a happy fold. Whatever might have been the groans and pains that others had inflicted on themselves by me they were unseen, and I had begun to imagine myself the most abused of mortals. What if the spray did seek to cool my fevered temples? what if the mimic rainbow did display for me its gaudy dyes? what if the feathered songsters did warble their merry notes for my gratification? Might not the poorest beggar experience the pleasure they

went to give? So I mused at first from my very waywardness. By and by I began to think there *was* something in my lot to make my life a burthen: and I had actually half-slid myself from my last hold on this world, when—heavens! what a fancy must he have who could picture such loveliness as burst upon my eyesight! I sprang back upon the world, because a new hope, almost too mighty for conception, had found existence in my bosom, and she, my guardian angel then, is now the beacon light that guides me through the stormy waves of life."

"You are certain of success, then?"

"No more so than he who reads the tender tale of love in a face as ingenuous as the sunlight—more certain I would not be for some time to come;—the very thought of obstacles interposing 'twixt me and happiness;—the very idea that fortune may mar a conquest half achieved, is the melody of love. Tut! man, certain! I'd not be *certain* for the world. I want to struggle hard before I conquer. The victory then will be more prized."

"So feels and speaks the soldier, flushed with his first successes; next comes defeat, and then——"

"But then defeat does not always follow victory."

"Too sanguine, Home, by half."

"Upon my life! you've turned a croaker, George. You are an *anomaly*. At one moment you hold up the world to my doubting fancy as a fairy picture. Again you dash your brush upon the canvass and scatter the beautiful conception."

"I see you are in no mood to learn *my* lessons, and there's little use in driving an unwilling scholar; so let me ask how you mean to support a wife."

"Oh! as to that I have long since made up my mind. The rents of the estate will soon pay off the mortgages if they are so appropriated. And you know I've been promised a place in one of our embassies, as an inducement to turn from my evil ways, so I mean to avail myself of the next vacancy that offers."

But who were Morris Home and George Nevvers? will be enquired naturally enough, and perhaps long before we have thought proper to disclose to the reader the secret of their parentage and prospects in life. Sufficient has appeared in the preceding pages to show that they were both Americans, and that the first,—we give him a priority of introduction, because we opine that he is of a character as we find him: to interest most, the generality of the fair sex—

and quite right it should be so, for had not their influence reclaimed him?—That birth or other casualty has opened to him the offices of commonwealth, when thousands, even in this land of equal rights, with no more than moral worth and great ability to recommend them, sigh in vain for a participation in the emoluments of offices which the form of the constitution holds up like the cup of Tantalus before their glowing eyeballs. His father had been a faithful servant of the commonwealth, in the capacity of a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and was not, as is too often the case, likely to prove "a hard bargain" to the nation, by entailing upon it a succession of worthless descendants to rot on its vitals, for we have seen that the son bade fair to form an exception to the general rule.—Morris had lost his father when he was very young, and had in consequence, been deprived of the saving effects of that severer discipline which such an one is alone capacitated to enforce. He had never-theless, made considerable progress in the acquisition of knowledge, under a private tutor, whom his mother had wisely procured for him, instead of sending him to a crowded academy, where the ductility of the lash is made the medium of illustration of many a problem too difficult for comprehension by the unassisted youthful intellect. At the university where he subsequently met with Nevvers, he had shared with him in grasping with little seeming effort, the highest academic honours. His acquirements, therefore, added to his unflinching probity and lofty sentiment—under proper guidance, the germs of patriotism—fitted him, with more experience, for the highest offices.

George Nevvers had lived to twenty seven, without making the slightest stir in the world. The calm current of his life had glided on, unruffled. The ladies had often threatened to destroy the equilibrium of his mind, but their efforts had always ended by their young him a churl. The male portion of the community had early descried the glimmering of genius that smouldered in his bosom; and had sought to fan it into lively action. But the cause that made him shun the society of the fair sex, which he was admirably suited to grace, shut his ears to the seductive persuasions of the other. He well knew that the few first years of his majority, were well spent in treasuring up a store of knowledge which would render his first success more brilliant, and his public cares less burthensome. But he who seeks not, will sometimes have forced upon him that,

which, if sought, he would not readily have found. So it was with Nevers. In a moment, when his thoughts were least occupied with such matters, Venus had lent her fatal *cestus*, and struggle, as he would, to shun its mysterious influence, it held him fast. But who is this, that, like a beleaguer, has suddenly surprised the walls of a fortress, hitherto deemed impregnable, and is now pushing the advanced columns into its very labyrinths. Here comes the secret, but not so fast. *He* knew her little better than in imagination, but 'twas enough. One of those dreadful casualties that so frequently occur to American steamboats, through the negligence and improper conduct of those to whom are entrusted the lives of so many of their fellow creatures, had enabled Nevers to rescue a female from a watery grave, at the imminent peril of his own life. Too proud to wait for an acknowledgement of the service he had rendered, and perhaps secretly aware of the existence of peculiar emotions, which the incident had awakened in his breast, for the lovely being he had been the means of preserving from an untimely end; he had hastened on his route without making the least enquiry as to her name, circumstances, or place of residence.

Too fatally for his peace of mind, had the poison spread, and before he was aware of it, George Nevers was irrecoverably lost;—lost in spite of his assumed indifference; lost in spite of the precaution he had taken against such a consummation. The train of new perceptions which this state of things opened out, proved no inconsiderable barrier to him in his struggle for knowledge. They mixed themselves up with his calculations—they gave form and shape to his deductions—they laughed at his baffled efforts to disencumber the pages of dull philosophy of their dazzling imagery. It is his unwonted abstraction that has given his secret to the knowing diplomatists in the court of cupid: but they were fain to be contented with vague surmises upon the details of a plot which would have baffled their utmost skill to unravel.

Love, when it takes possession of the human heart, admits of no rivalry to its dominion.—It watches every secret impression—it analyzes and binds it to its artifices—it subjugates and controuls all the operations of the understanding, and conspires against the will. Projects of ambition may be formed and prosecuted with vigour; but these are only the instruments in the hands of the master passion, by which it seeks to exalt itself. It raises its

own altar alike on the destruction and on the successful operation of the others. Lonely is the heart of him who is separated for a short interval from his brightest treasure; but inexpressibly desolate must he be who treasures up the image of his loved one, 'till every beautiful object in nature becomes impressed with her likeness,—'till the thought of her becomes a necessity,—and yet feels that the pursuit of that treasure may be as the efforts of the idiot, to grapple with his own shadow.

Chance had introduced Nevers to a stranger, their meeting had been a short one; and although the memory of that moment haunted his dreams, and was the first attendant upon his waking minutes; although it mingled with his high hopes, and disported with the previous bent of his inclinations—though it admitted of no respite; she *might* be separated from him forever!—a thousand obstacles might interpose! How did he know that she was not the wife of another? and if not, might not the service he had rendered her be returned only with gratitude; how the very word rolled like an icy avalanche to the depths of his heart!—Then, who or what was she? It mattered not to him how lowly she might be;—love looks not at the outward garb; heart communicates with heart, and not the eye with accident. But she might be high-born, and an abundance of this world's goods might be at her disposal. Here indeed might be a barrier to a fault, Nevers revolted at the idea of an alliance with a wealthy bride;—his motives might be questioned—by the world? No! he cared but little for what calumny might invent to his prejudice. *She* might suspect him of meanness—of a low-lived and ignominious disposition, striving to take advantage of an act of common humanity, in order to recommend a mercenary suit. The very length of time that had elapsed since they met, might favor such a construction of his motives. Ha! the idea was torturing; a thousand times he had resolved upon setting out with a kind of forlorn hope of discovering her, and as often his thoughts like these counteracted his resolution. Day by day, he grew more miserable, the freshness of youth was fast fading from his cheeks and his eyes wandered in vacancy from the trifling folios that now exposed to him in vain the jealous pages. Poor things! ye have had your day, and are now supplanted by an object more perishable, alas! than the principles ye incarnate, and more fading than the beauties ye embody. But despair not, for he may return to you again; but do not hope for the same

shared attachment ye were wont to enjoy.—
 Your pages are yet capable of administering
 happiness—of imparting knowledge; but your
 seasons will be shorter, and your hours of
 preparation more enduring. In the spring-time
 of youth, ye should scatter of your abundance,
 but through manhood and old age your influ-
 ence may be felt.

After a short stay in New York, Morris once
 more bade adieu to his friend. The parting
 was a sorrowful one to the latter. There was
 a community of feeling between them now,
 which more than ever, made his presence de-
 sirable; and the hope that beamed on the joy-
 ful face of Morris, as he sped away on the
 wings of love, sent a chill to his own heart
 that nearly arrested its vitality.

CHAPTER II.

MORRIS HOME stood by himself in a crowd-
 ed assembly room. Soft strains of music
 floated around him—fairy forms swept past
 so solitary; but he heeded not the voluptuous
 air fanning his temples as it escaped from the
 whirl of the moving throng. The light laugh
 and the loving look were alike unheeded; for
 his gaze had passed over the gay assemblage,
 but had not met the one it sought. As he stood
 wrapped up in his own reflections, a sigh es-
 caped from some one near him; turning
 round, his eye rested on the form of Louise
 Edmore; she was unconscious that any one
 stood near enough to notice the sound that,
 like the breath of the æolian harp, thrills
 through the heart that is disposed to echo back
 the low whisperings. The sigh was repeated,
 and the heart of Morris leaped at the thought
 that he had done her an injustice, by permit-
 ting the conviction that she, who thus gave ex-
 pression to her feelings, was a trifle with the
 fictions of others, and he felt impelled by
 the sympathetic agency, to sooth her trou-
 bled spirit. A vaunt presumptuous meddler!
 Thinkest thou by thy unwelcome presence, to
 turn the tide of grief that swells within the
 bosom of that fair one! Ah! why sits she
 here, and apparently unheeded in that gay
 assemblage?—Why does the eye peer on vani-
 tancy, when so many objects invite its soft
 glances? Why does the cheek blanch, while
 the voice of merriment invites the soul to cheer-
 fulness? Answer, Morris Home, for thou
 hast judge from thine own feelings. Answer,
 why ye who own to emotions whose existence ye
 are blushed to acknowledge.

"Nevers, by all that's most welcome!" cried
 Home, on turning round to witness the entree

of a new arrival at the ball-room door.—
 "What lucky chance? what unheard of con-
 vulsion of the world's surface has thrown you
 among us?" he repeated in a loud key, to the
 horror and alarm of some fifty nervous young
 ladies, who took occasion to grasp their part-
 ners' arms, and to hang on them for protec-
 tion. George made his way as speedily as
 possible to a vacant spot pointed out by his
 friend, and for which he also was aiming.—
 This was a task that required time; for he
 who would move through a ball-room while it
 is crowded with dancers, must execute as many
 skillful manœuvres to avoid collision and over-
 throw, as a chess-player who has the worst of
 the game: and the difficulty was no less in
 the present case, albeit the fair ones had been
 alarmed; for many a proud beauty seemed to
 take delight in obstructing, by standing pur-
 posely in his way.

"Why, Morris," said Nevers, after the ex-
 citement caused by his entrance, had subsided.
 "Do you see that piece of wax paper—how it
 flies up in ecstasy, at its own ærial lightness;
 then twirls round and round, and darts to its
 mother earth, as if with a sullen purpose of
 cleaving to her forever—again, with a sudden
 freak, it rises higher and higher, and see!—it
 rests on that lady's shoulder. In that you
 have a good illustration of the state of my mind
 since I saw you last. In a fit of desperation
 I have cut my studies, set philosophy at defi-
 ance, and despite of sundry misgivings, am
 now on the high road to—heaven knows where!
 'Twould puzzle a triumvirate of Greek philo-
 sophers, with a fair sprinkling of Philadelphia
 lawyers, to guess at my whereabouts a month
 from this."

"You will recollect I told you in York, that
 you were an enigma. Upon my word, George,
 I half begin to suspect you, now, of an aber-
 ration of intellect. But come, we're losing
 much that's worth seeing. This is the most
 splendid affair of the season; and there are so
 many little incidents connected with the parties
 present, that you might work up a tolerable
 romance from them. Do you see that lady?—
 Ah! the set is finished, and we can scarcely
 hear ourselves speak. Here, take my arm for
 a promenade. That lady—I was about to tell
 you, is but lately married. Tom Scott,—you
 knew Tom at Harvard,—heavens! that look;
 how she loves him. She came near losing
 him through—but hang it, man, you're not
 listening!"

"Yes, yes! go on, I was just looking——,
 but go on, let's hear how it was."

"Well, then you must know when Tom Scott came up to Philadelphia two years ago, that was just after I had taken my last degree—he met with Julia Minden. From the first evening of their acquaintance, he conceived an attachment for her, which he had reason to believe was returned. It increased, and when the time for his departure for the South had arrived, the business which had called him to Philadelphia, remained unsettled. Letters came from his father, urging his return home.—Still Tom lingered; the world said,—and it is the general belief that the world knows all things, but its my secret impression that if it do, it resorts sometimes to fabrications also,—the world said they were engaged. About this time, there came another young fellow from the South, somewhere about Savannah; but I won't be sure. Rumour made him very rich. He was a fine looking fellow, but light in the attic;—reports soon became rife, about his attentions to Julia Minden—some began to pity Tom, while others called *her* a minx.—Tom, strange to say, was the only one who would not perceive that his rival met with more encouragement than he should have had, that is, if what the world said, were true. At length it was hinted to him, that there might be danger of being supplanted. The next time they met, Tom made some playful allusions to the subject, and was surprised to find that they were not met in the way he would have wished. After some minutes of embarrassment on his part, he got up to take leave; as he extended his hand to her, his knees smote together, and his lip quivered, but with a strong effort, he subdued the convulsions that tore through his manly frame.

"Julia," he said, with a tone of voice so calm and dispassionate, as to make her tremble with involuntary awe,—there is majesty in the stillness that succeeds the mad waves of human passion,—"Julia, I would not reproach thee. May his love be as fervent as mine *would* have been—may his *gold*," he added ironically, "purchase for thee, the pleasures which poor Tom Scott could not command. I can forget. Ha! yes, I *will* forget thee, Julia Minden." The door closed, and Julia Minden sat alone.

"Gone!" she said, "and will I never see him more? Ah! false to myself and to *him*—no! not to *him*, I loved him ever; but my words belied me. That reproach! I hear him speak it. Yes! I deserve it all;—fool! that I was. The temptations of wealth—no! no!" she repeated, fiercely;—"they were no temp-

tations to me. I did but seek to deceive myself—I wavered in *appearance*, but not in reality. From a mere freak—I have lost him.—I am—alone!"

"Scott concluded his business arrangements and in three days was ready to leave. As he shook hands with him on the morning of the fourth, an accident attracted our attention towards a large package landing from one of the steamboats, and which bore the direction 'John Minden, merchant, Philadelphia.' Instantaneously raising my eyes to his face, I read there the conflict of his feelings. His first emotion seemed to be that of sorrow; but 'twas instantly succeeded by the stern pride and contemptuous pity that flashed from his eye and curled upon his lip.

"On the opening of the present season at Bath Springs—, what unexpected recounters sometimes take place on such occasions! What pleasurable sensations overwhelm you, on meeting unexpectedly with old and tried friends, after years of separation. But as I was saying, the first ball-room of the season, was only another intelligence office, where the kind enquiries of the many that had been hourly arriving for the last three or four days, at the different hotels, came pouring in, and were met and answered. Rheumatisms, gout, bilious complaints, with all the etceteras of physical debility, with more maladies besides, were forgotten, as "quite well;" echoed and re-echoed through the room. Scott had arrived late in the evening at our hotel, and the very first person his eye fell on, as he entered the ball-room, was Julia Minden. Without appearing to notice her, he passed on unmoved and was soon lost among the crowd that gathered round him, for Tom was a universal favourite. Her eyes followed him, and a tremor shuddered on her cheek, and a heavy sigh agitated her bosom when she saw his fully averted look, and heard his merry laugh in the throng of beauty. She sat while others danced and laughed, and the room to her was a wilderness. There were some there who knew her story; some too—alas! how many are there in the world who are capable of emotion! there were *some* there who pitied her. They had watched the silent operation of sorrow; they had seen the gay and brilliant Julia Minden sink down into the silent nurse's grief. They attested to the truth of a disease which the cheek once glowing with health, now blanched by incipient consumption, might have told as well. He listened, and a bitter laugh followed the recital. Soon, how-

became thoughtful;—forgiveness brightened up his features, and before the ball broke Tom Scott sat by the side of Julia Minden. "What are you about, man? Do you not see that the sets are forming, we shall be in a maze directly—let's move on."

Nevers suffered himself to be dragged through the different groups, while his eyes remained fixed on one point, as if the nerves had suddenly lost all controul over them. "There!" he at length exclaimed, "who is she?"

"Whom do you mean? Oh! I see. That, why that is Louise Belmore."

"Not the heiress!"

"The same."

George grasped his friend's arm with a nervous pressure, and drawing him to the wall, sank into a sofa.

"What's the meaning of all this, Nevers?" exclaimed his companion, once more. "Fie upon thee! Do you nauseate at the sight of a pretty girl, with a fortune to boot? You deserve to run the gauntlet between every bachelor in the room—out upon thee! But you are well, George," he added, more seriously, on noticing the deprecating look of his friend.

"I am better now. There—leave me to myself, and get a partner for the quadrille."

"Yes," thought Nevers, half audibly. "I had a forboding of it—she is rich, and what to others would be transporting, to me is a source of vexation. Fool that I am! yet not a fool. It is not a luxury to know that I at least am not base enough to seek for gold?—that I regret it as does the palate poison? What then? Am I a loser?—aye, how heavily! Avaunt pride! stand back, prejudice! Is't a curse or boon to be gifted with the finer sensibilities? They cheer us—they impart a grateful perfume to the senses amid the rank odour of man's misdeeds. But they also mar our best plots. They sow the seeds of penury—they trample on the very aspirations of the soul they seem intended only to exalt."

Thrice did Nevers spring to his feet, with the intention of crossing the room to the idol of his heart, but as often was he restrained by the pride of which he complained. And will it be believed, that "Hail Columbia," had died on the ear, and he stood alone amid the ringing garlands and the waning light, without being once pressed the hand of Louise Belmore, for in her he had recognized the object of his pursuit. "A strange infatuation!" it may be called—be it so. It accorded with his sole character, and they who were there, can attest for the authenticity of the fact.

"Yes! I have seen her, and she has recognized me;" he soliloquised, as he walked mechanically to his room. Madness! though fortunate in meeting with her at the very outset of what might have proved a Quixotic expedition, I dare not speak to her. What *will* she think of my conduct? I avoid her, and for what reason? That she can never guess at. How strange—how inexplicable must it appear—but what harm in addressing her?—By that I feel I must compromise myself.—'Twere better not to meet, than meeting, involve myself in a perpetual conflict 'twixt love and pride. Either alternative is fraught with bitterness! But then—are not *her* feelings to be consulted? Does a kindred passion burn within her bosom?—what reason have I to think so? What right have I to hope for it? 'Tis too complex for my mad brain. Ha! ha! Could the world see thee, George Nevers, now, would they call thee a philosopher?

(To be concluded in our next.)



TO THE STORMY PETREL.

HAIL! to the wave that bears thy form
High o'er the watery lea,
Mysterious messenger of storm,
Bird of the lonely sea;
The winds no requiem song shall sing,
For thee, oh! bird of the tempest wing!
Bird of the foam-clad, silvery wave,
Bird of the salt sea spray,
Tempests around thee madly rave—
Around thee whirlwinds play;
But nought of terror tell to thee,
Mystic bird of the mighty sea!
Bird of the dark, lonely dwelling,
Of the stormy, trackless main,
When the winds in discord swelling
Proclaim their wide domain;
Thou lov'st to roam the yielding deep,
And mark the wild waves wildly sweep!
Bird of the wide, boundless ocean,
Bird of the "dark sea foam,"
With the hurricane thy portion—
The "water's" waste thy throne;
Say why forsaken and alone,
Make on the troubled sea thy home.
Bird of the wide, bounding billow,
The lightnings in their might—
Illume thy watery pillow
With floods of vivid light;
But their lurid glare, thou lov'st to see
Flash o'er thy realm—the dark blue sea!

For The Amaranth.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

At the confluence of two bright streams, and in a valley formed by the gently undulating hills around, stands the lovely village of Melton Manor. To one accustomed as I had been, to the rough, unstamped fields of the back woods of America, the elaborate finish and minuteness of labour visible on these farms of Kent,—the Eldorado of even English agriculturists,—had a new and peculiar charm. The rich verdure of the grassy plains, studded with golden grain, to use the words of the psalmist, seemed to “dance for very joy.” The graceful festoons of the feathery hops spreading o’er the sunny slopes, and the luxuriant orchards, blooming beneath that ever lovely, ever changing sky, whose rain-drops sparkled on earth like gems, and called the spirit of fragrance forth to the glad sunshine which followed—the stately old oak trees spreading their hoary grandeur against the blue of June; the trim-cut hedge, glowing bright with starry flowers—the meek “violet” and blue-eyed “forget-me-not,” breathing balm; and wood-bine and rose, waving their rich tresses on the breeze. ’Tis a spot peculiarly and beautifully English—the ancient Manor house of the Elizabethan age, with peaked roofs and turrets, embosomed in its branching trees, under whose shadow the deer yet paused and looked forth along the green glades of the wide Park. There are ruined castles, bearing marks of Baronial pride in joy-clad battlements, and tales of feudal terror in the exposed recess of the “Donjon keep,” and lowly dwellings with their cherished flowers, clustering round the thatched roof. There was also a Parsonage house the very “beau ideal” of English comfort; and this, gentle reader, for the time being was my residence. Short but delightful, was the period of my sojourn—the amiable lady of the Rector, was the companion of all my explorings, and her sweet voice conjured back the thrilling memories of the olden time—she led me to the hills where Saxon Alfred had fled when pursued by his enemies—we stood upon the cliff from whence he looked upon the sea king’s fleet, and vowed to free his country from the haughty Dane. I bathed my brow in the gushing spring that yet bore his name, and gazed with reverence on the mossy couch where tradition said he rested—we traced the ruins of the Roman camp—where the eagle of the Cæsars raised its wings, now the pale primrose and pearly daisy spread their calm beauty

o’er the mouldering lines and low green mound which marked the site. I stood within the centre of the “fairy rings,” those dark green circles in the shadowy grass, with whose mystic meaning were entwined the brightest dreams of my childhood; and thus, in the visions of the past, and the loveliness of the present, the time sped rapidly ’till my departure drew near.—’Twas the last evening of my stay we set forth on our evening walk—unknowing to ourselves we took the path which had ever been my favourite—that to the city of the dead. The silent grave-yard of Melton Abbey, in Melton Abbey it was still called, and its gothic grandeur would ill have borne any other name. Time had rounded the pointed tracery of its archways, but the rich hues of the stained windows were bright as of old, and the dark green ivy flung its glossy wreaths o’er the grey walls. Many an ancient tomb and quaintly monument rose within its precincts—never will I leave my memory, that evening’s walk through that lonely old church-yard. A light shower had just passed, and the sun was bursting forth fair and bright from behind the fleecy clouds which floated from his path in snowy masses along the deep blue of the heavens; the heavy rain-drops as they fell from the leaves on the marble stones, were the only sounds to break the calm stillness which belonged alone to this sweet last evening of the week, seeming as ever does, to sooth the heart and hallow the mind for the coming sabbath. We had lingered long, gazing on a pile of sculpture raised above the tomb of the ancient family of Malvern—age had given to the marble a faded hue, and dimmed the expression of what was meant to convey—still there was enough left to portray the memory of a noble race. One group presented Sir Hugo de Malvern—he had stood by the “holy tomb” in Palestine when the sabre of the infidel had bereft him every limb, save the one which grasped the falchion. Before him was the figure of a lady bending in grief over two children, said to have perished in the flames kindled by rebellious vassals in the absence of their lord. Barren scenes of the middle ages lived in these grey stones; but there were fairer tablets of modern date, recording the talent, worth and valour of the Malvern’s—the poet’s fairy strains were ’graven there, and gems of blessed truth to teach the gazer how to die. I had been reading the epitaph of one who died in the vigour and freshness of her early youth.—“Yes,” said my friend, “she was very beautiful, but the fairest and best of the name sleeps not there.”

We left the splendid tombs and costly relics of the honoured dead, and stepping over lowly unknown graves, she led to the outer side of the ruinous wall which encircled the hallowed ground—'twas a sad and dreary place—a grove of lofty trees made twilight of the brightest day. The nettle and rank nightshade grew thickly round, and the tall fern waved in the light breeze—a small space was cleared of weeds, and a slab of pure white marble gleamed above the green earth—it bore but the inscription of

"Florence Halbern; Aged 26."

Beneath was engraven a couchant hound—'twas the same crest was sculptured on the stately tomb! I had just left, and told that she who slept beneath, belonged to the same family; but how different was her memory—I longed to learn her history,—'tis a tale of sorrow, said my friend, but may you profit by her example, and when the visions of fancy would rise o'er the light of reason in your soul, think of her and curb their deceitful flight.

"Here," said she, as we sat down on the grass-grown fragments of the ruined wall—"perhaps as one of her sweet wild fancies were, her spirit may hover near us, 'twould ever linger," she said, "near those who loved her when they sought the silence of these old graves, and whisper tidings of the unseen world. But alas! her whole life was made up of such dreams, beautiful and holy in themselves, but destroying soul and body in the deep strength of their wild loveliness. Our families were as you know, related, and we were close companions; I was many years older, but to her ripened intellect and brilliant intelligence, I bowed as to a superior spirit.—Religion was the leading star of her life—it glowed in every fervent thought—it sparkled on her open brow and beamed in the deep lustre of her eye. That large white house you see on the green hill opposite, was the residence of her father. He was immensely rich, and one son, with the beautiful Florence, formed his family. The health of his wife had for many years been delicate, and they had resided long in Italy, where she died. There the early childhood of Florence was passed, and the warm feelings of that sunny clime, mingled with the deep sorrow she had known, formed the shade of character which tinged her after life. Her father mixed but little in society, and passed his time in the pursuit of favourite studies. Henry had entered the army, and thus, save the society of the neighbourhood,

Florence lived in comparative solitude; but what solitude could there be for her, whose fancy unfettered by thought of earth, ranged the eternal realms of space and found companionship in all. She knew the language of the deep wild sea—she heard the fragrant whispers of the floweret, and on the breeze which swept the dancing leaves, her own spirit seemed to soar to the mansions of the stars and drink pure delight in the fountain of their brightness—not a cloud—not a rain-drop, she said, but revealed to her the deep mystery of its essence.

To me, at times, her conduct and language breathed of sacrilege and blasphemy; but when I contemplated her intense devotion, her charity, her love, her talents, her noble mindedness in all the simple actions of her life, I felt that if her ideas were strange, he who gave them was the fittest to judge. 'Twas not for me to know the depth or the strength of that lofty mind, and I gazed upon her as one far removed from my knowledge, and fancied her the embodied idea of human perfection; but alas! she indeed shewed that perfection is not of earth—amid the bright gems of her mind, there still lurked traces of the sand. She had entire faith in dreams, and that commonest superstition of the vulgar was by her worked into a theory, beautiful and sublime. Her voice seemed to bear enchantment in its tone, and flung a startling truth on what had ever appeared vain and unlucky. Once when she was very young, she told me of a dream she had—it was a child-like dream, yet am I mistaken, if it had not much to do with her peculiar fate. Think me not foolish, my dear friend, if I remember it so well. She told me 'twas of heaven she dreamt, and it seemed to me, never did poet or painter image to the heart, the glories of that blessed place, as did that young child. She told of its dazzling light—its bright-haired thousands—the radiant gushing of the springs of life, and the thrilling music floating round the golden gate, whose precincts in vain she sought to pass—a figure whose face withered her heart, and whose deep blue eyes seemed to drink her life, still barred her entrance. So strong was the impression of her dream, that she shewed me a miniature painting of the face which had so disturbed her; 'twas very beautiful, and unlike any I had ever seen. The coincidence of that dream with future events, I consider as nothing; such things often happen, and of them we know nothing farther—I merely mention it as an incident in her life. The time now came

when Florence appeared to me in a new phase of her existence; a maiden loving and beloved—that passion which softens and refines to gentleness and beauty, all coarser natures, shed its influence even over her already lovely soul, and called into “being,” all those fairy tones of woman’s heart, whose music is unknown ’till waked by the magic spell of love. She was now a faithful, fond, confiding girl, shedding the light of her own spirit’s glad melody on all around her—’twas joy to be near and gaze on one so happy and so beautiful—he who had won her love, was well worthy of the priceless treasure,—alas! how sadly was that gem destroyed.—He was the bosom friend of her brother, whom he had accompanied on a visit to his home, and who rejoiced in the affection of those two, whom he so much loved.

“Captain Belgrave was noble spirited, handsome and intelligent—highly born and wealthy, every thing smiled upon their love, and in the ensuing summer their marriage was to take place. Early in the spring, Mr. Malvern, whose health had long been declining, died, and Florence mourned for him, not as such a daughter as she was, should mourn the loss of such a father. Long enduring was her grief—scarcely could her lover or brother recall her from his grave, or cause her to rally her spirits and cease the unavailing sorrow which she nourished. Her religion, deep as it was, had not the meek calmness and patient faith of the christian—’twas a light burning within her which wanted but little to kindle a destroying flame. She saw not in the death of her father, the dispensation of God’s will by those established laws of nature, which his wisdom has so firmly fixed; but regarded it as a special punishment awarded to her for some crime, of which she had been guilty—we all tried to reason with her, but her thoughts were not as ours, and heaven alone could change her erring mind. At that time an event occurred, which recent as it is, one can hardly imagine to have been in this enlightened age. A person calling himself ‘Sir Percy Courtenay,’ made his appearance here; his real name was ‘Thoms,’ and little was known of him, save that he had escaped punishment of crime, on a plea of insanity; he had been in temporary confinement, but how he had been permitted to mingle again in society, none knew. At first, his ridiculous pretensions excited only mirth; he declared himself heir of the richest estates in Kent—among which this of ‘Melton Manor,’ was one. He attracted much attention among the peasantry, who styled him ‘King of Jerusa-

lem,’ and actually imagined him to be such when tidings of more mysterious import began to be heard of him. He declared himself to be sent from God, endowed with full and almighty power to work miracles and save the souls of all who came to him and believe in his words. ’Twould be impossible to imagine the credence placed in this imposter, by the deluded people who heard him; mothers forsook their children, and husbands their wives, to follow where he led. He possessed a strange and overpowering eloquence, which swayed the imagination of those who listened to him.—’Twere dangerous for stronger minds than those of these sinful villagers, to come within the magic circle of his fascination. Many who scorned him trembled at his awful words, and dared not to trust themselves within his influence. Such was the one who destroyed the exquisite fabric of Florence Malvern’s mind. That noblest office of the human spirit,—adoration of its God,—in her, had reached its utmost tension—his was the hand that broke its chord and crushed her in its ruin.

“One evening, Florence and I were returning from a walk, the tone of her spirit had been gradually restored; we had been talking of her marriage, which was to take place in a short month. Belgrave and her brother were both absent, engaged in the necessary preliminaries. ‘Do you know,’ she said, ‘I have a presentiment that it will never take place and a sad smile passed over her brow—’ I have seen that face again which prevented my entrance to heaven in my childish dream—my thought last night, it drove me from the altar where I stood with Belgrave.’ To have heard such language from another, would have caused me to doubt their sanity; but Florence Malvern was always unlike any other, and ’ere I could make a reply, I was startled by an immense throng of people who poured forth from the woods and obstructed our path—it was ‘Thoms’ and his followers. You remember that wide glade in the Park, which you thought so beautiful, where the ancient oaks, twined their lofty boughs, form long arcades like a cathedral aisles. ’Tis a place made holy by the memory of those who fell martyrs to preserve pure and unsullied, the faith of their own beloved church, and of men who had fought and bled for their King and righteous laws of this country. ’Twas a sad and sorry sight, to see it now filled with their unworthy sons, being low to him who mocked at heaven and urged them on to break those laws for which their sires had died. ’Twas in vain we sought

to pass—we were surrounded by the multitude. 'Thoms' had commenced his discourse, and we were forced to stand—I looked at the man who had done such things in the land—his figure was tall and graceful, and his bearing commanding; his features were beautifully moulded, and his forehead high and broad—each curls of sunny hair clustered round its white expanse and fell upon his shoulders, his eyes, while he was speaking, gleamed with dazzling radiance, and the lustre of their deep dark blue seemed to enter the very souls of those who gazed on him—where had I seen that face before—'twas one not likely to be forgotten. His eyes were now fixed on Florence, the thought flashed across me, 'twas the face she had seen in her dream, and the resemblance that struck me, was to the 'miniature' she had made. His language was overpowering and energetic—the holy texts of scripture were mingled with blasphemy and the wild ravings of the maniac—he was about to perform a 'miracle;' Florence sprung from my side and bent her knee before him—he fired a pistol at the heavens, commanding the stars to fall before him. A shower of bright sparkles fell from it—I saw the pale face of Florence illumined by their light—a shout rose from the throng—I fled from among them and hastened homeward. Alas! for the poor Florence, from that hour thy fate was sealed—peace was thine no longer. Yes! the thrilling voice of that impostor bound thy young heart, and those burning eyes scorched with their awful light, the springs of thy existence. Prophetic, indeed was thy infant dream; in vain we tried to recover the deluded girl, she was an acquisition not easily to be resigned, and 'Thoms,' never for an instant, suffered her to be from his sight. She was his favourite disciple, and he styled her, '*daughter of the stars,*' alluding probably to the foolish exhibition he had made on that evening when he first entered his unhallowed presence. To him she gave up the possession of her house and all pertaining her, as a trial of her faith; he gave her a light and desired her to offer that ancient dwelling of her father's as a 'burnt offering' before him. With a firm, unshrinking hand, Florence applied the fire where he led her—the flames soon caught the wood work around the window of her father's study, the red light flashed on the scene within;—a large picture of the old man, hung near the window, and the pale face gleamed amid the fire, on her who kindled it—'twas horrible to look on such madness. 'Thoms' saw it would

be no easy task to destroy the solid stones of that old building—'child of the stars thy faith hath saved thee,' said he, commanding the fire to cease, and it was quenched; the ancient masonry defied the flames, and this his followers held as a miracle. Civil power was now called in, and the person of Florence Malvern demanded. The magistrate approached to receive her, but 'Thoms' fired and he fell dead at his feet; dread and terror now reigned in the hearts of all. The next day was one which had been long appointed by him as of peculiar importance. An open space in the forest of Bleanwoods, was the spot appointed for their rendezvous; I concealed myself in the hut of a wood-cutter, to witness their proceedings. My life I hardly thought safe, but I wished to see the power their tempter had obtained over Florence.

"The number of his followers had increased, and their frenzy was pitiable to behold; he had assembled them to be initiated, as he said, into some deep mysteries, he stood there in the centre of the throng, conspicuous by his majestic mien and splendid costume. He wore a rich robe of purple velvet, trimmed with ermine. It had belonged to the mother of Florence, the jewels of that noble family shone upon his hand, and the crest of the 'couchant hound,' wrought in diamonds, hung at his breast. The infatuated victim knelt by his side—scandal had whispered dark tales of Florence, but who could look on the rapt attention of that lovely face, and listen to them.—No! no! sin dwelt not there, her every thought was pure and holy as the light of heaven. It was a painful sight to look at him as I did—to think of what she had been, and what she now was, ruined and disgraced for ever in this world. God grant she might be forgiven in the next. 'Twas the hour, she ever said, she loved best for prayer; the calm repose of the glorious moon, when the glad voices of morn had hushed their waking symphonies, and the spirit of praise seemed to rise freer in its still loveliness. The enthusiasm of her nature, bore her from the sunny path of the christian, and that 'arch deceiver' hurried into the wild stream of fanaticism. 'Twas evident she regarded him as a being more than earthly, and the expression of her face was fearfully beautiful to behold—of the awful sacrilege of sacred things I saw and heard there, I may not speak, their memory even now is horrible. The death of the magistrate, now aroused the slumbering energies of the people, and military aid was required to quell the madness which raged around.

A detachment of soldiers arrived from Canterbury, and sought them in the woods, where they yet remained. The party separated, intending to approach the misguided throng at different points. One company was commanded by their captain, the other leader was Belgrave, who chanced to be in Canterbury at the time, on business, and glad of an unthought of visit to his beloved, had joined them. His party were the first to reach the open space occupied by 'Thoms.' His followers who had surrounded him, fell back, and he, with Florence by his side, advanced to meet the soldiery. The sight of her transfixed Belgrave with horror and surprise; he had advanced alone, but she heeded him not. She only felt the eyes of her destroyer glaring on her, and only heard his voice as he placed the deadly weapon in her hand, saying—'accepted of heaven, fulfil thy destiny.' A bright smile played over her face—she raised her arm and fired; but 'twas not by her hand her lover was doomed to fall—the bullet fell among the green grass and rolled harmless to his feet. 'Thoms' discharged his own pistol, and lodged its contents in the noble heart of Belgrave; but that foul miscreant had run his race, and the muskets of the soldiers put an end to his dark career.

"Poor Florence! you remember Zelica in the veiled prophet; that beautiful creation of the poet may assist your fancy, but who can describe the bursting agony and wild despair of her broken heart, as the beguiling mist fell from her eyes. The reaction was too strong for her fragile frame to bear—that fond and gentle one, whose arm had been nerved to murder her beloved, sank beneath the accusations of her own recovered mind. She had been taken prisoner with the others, but was soon released, and her brother received her, with a charge that she should be kept in confinement. Madness had been urged in her defence. Alas! it was not the cause, but became the result of her conduct, and a private asylum near this, received the wreck of that once peerless creature. The wretched people whom 'Thoms' had so misled, returned to their homes and peace was again restored; but many a blighted heart yet weeps at the deeds of that man of woe.

"Two years passed away, and Florence yet lingered here; but in so sad and spiritless a state, she hardly might be said to exist. No ray of that once glorious intellect, shone forth from its shattered cell, to light her to the tomb. We watched her fast fading life, and each day seemed as if 'twould be her last of suffering.

When last year, in that season, which you in your own distant land, so sweetly name the 'fall,' we were assembled on the sabbath eve for prayer; the open doors let in the sunlight, and I thought of Florence when I saw the light leaves' shadows on the marble floor, as they were borne from their stems by the sighing breeze.

The loud pealing notes of the organ floated around, and the chaunt of the sublime evening service mingled its hallowed strains with the lofty music, when as it proceeded, a voice of wild and thrilling melody was heard far, far above the others. Along the aisle, came gliding a figure with noiseless steps, so ethereal, so spiritual in its beauty, that none could deem it of earth. A lighting up of the spirit had come, and in her dying hour, Florence had found her way hither. Awe came over all—the choir ceased, and her voice was heard alone in the sublime and beautiful words of Simeon's song. Startling was the appearance of her brilliant loveliness at that moment—her eyes shone with the radiance of stars—the evening tide of life had kindled a rose hue on her cheek, and the rich tresses of her hair fell around her like a shining veil. The deep pathos of her voice seemed to ring through every nerve—she ceased, and we bore her to the altar steps. The setting sunbeams seemed to wreath her brow with glory as she lay in the last light. She knew me, and clasping my hand, whispered—'Heaven has forgiven, but earth may not. Lay me not in my father's tomb, but seek me a lonely grave where none but you may know my unhonoured rest. I have seen that fatal face once more, its power is gone and my path to heaven is free.' The shadows gathered o'er her face—they passed, and she was dead; dying even as she had lived, unlike all others, and I obeyed her last wish by placing here her grave. You now have heard her story—may mercy shield you from what destroyed her—beware of coldness to that all important subject; but beware also of being an 'Enthusiast.'"

The light of day had left the sky, and the moon poured her silvery beams on the tomb of Florence—I shed a tear to her memory, and left the old church-yard sadder than when I entered it.

NOTE.—For an account of the Kent distance, see Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

EMILY B.—x.

Mount Auburn, (English Settlement), 1850

THE BERMUDAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMARANTH,

Sir,—Feeling an earnest desire, so far as my humble means will admit, to contribute to your Monthly Miscellany, I shall occasionally take the liberty of forwarding you a few of the productions of hours long since passed away, in the hope that they may be deemed worthy of public approbation. And as that which I now send is commemorative of my leaving the Bermudas, permit me to give a brief description of those charming Islands, where several of the happiest years of my life were spent: where its incidents were interwoven by the hand of fortune; after a varied but not distasteful pattern: and where, to use the words of Waller,

“So soft the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly live, or die before their prime.”

THE BERMUDAS are a cluster of small islands, in about the same latitude as Madeira, and in the longitude of Halifax. They form the principal naval station, and to a power like Great Britain, may be considered the key of North America. Of this the government of the Mother Country is well aware; and during the last twenty-five or thirty years, it has bestowed much labour and expence in erecting a naval arsenal, and securing it by extensive fortifications.

These islands possess great means of natural defence however, in the extended reefs of coral rocks, that almost entirely surround them; through which a vessel must be navigated with great care by skilful pilots, and must obey a ready helm. The principal passage through these reefs, is termed the north-rock channel, the extreme point of which is ten miles from the land, and by which government vessels alone are permitted to pass; and when it is navigated, its sinuous course requires to be buoyed off to aid the undertaking; and the wind must be perfectly fair. An instance once occurred, in which a frigate was taken aback in this passage, and the pilot, James Darrell, with great coolness and presence of mind, had the vessel's sail shortened, backed her through the more intricate part of the channel, until he had room to wear-ship; and then proceeded by the usual course, past St. Catherine's point to sea.

There are other passages, at what is called the west-end, through which merchant vessels are piloted; but those reefs extend from the south-west breaker, which is about four miles

from the land in that direction, round northerly and easterly, 'till they terminate opposite St. David's head, the south-eastern promontory of the island on the south side the shore is perfectly bold, a singular chain of rocks running along the coast, about pistol-shot distant, that are mostly covered at low tide; inside of which the water is quite deep, and through which there are openings, sufficiently wide to admit a vessel. And I have heard of one that was wrecked, passing between these rocks in the dark, and running against the main land, on that the crew landed without difficulty, and there was no loss of life.

On the south side also is Curtle-harbour, where the king's ships formerly anchored at a short distance within its entrance, the interior abounding with numerous shoals, chiefly sand-banks, of which substance the hills in its vicinity are composed. Subsequently, the harbour of St. George at the east end, was the rendezvous of the smaller class of vessels, there not being quite eighteen feet over the bar at its entrance; the larger ships anchoring in St. Catherine's bay, or at what is termed the north side, within the reefs before alluded to, and which form a tolerable shelter in a gale of wind; the water being never agitated at a sufficient depth, materially to effect the motion of a vessel, drawing more than eighteen or twenty feet of water.

The Bermudas were discovered by Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard, who was wrecked there in 1522. Sir George Somers experienced a similar misfortune in 1609, and afterwards formed a settlement there. It was from this circumstance that they are called Somers' or Summer islands. Sir George died there, and his tomb may be seen projecting into one of the streets of St. George, near the Governor's garden. The principal islands, as far eastward as the ferry, which separates the island of that name from the main land are cavernous, and the caves are well worth visiting.—The soil of these islands is every where remarkably fertile, abounding with limestone.

These islands resemble a shepherd's crook, the principal one being about twenty miles in length, having at its eastern termination those of St. David and St. George; and at the westward, forming the crook, that of Ireland, where are the naval yard, hospital and public stores; ships bound thither, entering from the eastward, passing to the north-ward of St. George and the main land, and within the shoals to which I have already alluded.

Owing to the warmth of the Gulf-stream,

which sweeps along between Bermuda and the American continent, the climate is greatly ameliorated; the winter months resembling the early part of October in this country, but without its frosts, gardening being pursued during this part of the year; while the productions of the West Indies are cultivated during the heat of summer. The air is salubrious, there being no swamps on these islands, and the water that washes their shores is so clear, as to permit objects being seen at a great depth, and enabling the pilots to con their way through the intricacies of the coral reefs. The fish caught here are of great variety, among the most delicate of which are the grouper, rock-fish, chub and angel-fish.

The orange, lemon, and other fruits of tropical climates grow in profusion in the Bermudas, and arrow-root and the palmetto-top, are cultivated and manufactured for exportation. The principal wood that grows in the island is cedar, which is very valuable. It is extremely durable, and so close-grained, that it can be cut down, sawed up, and placed in a vessel's bottom, without being seasoned. A number of ships of war were formerly built of this material; but as it is apt to splinter in action, and being found very expensive, the practice was discontinued.

The number of inhabitants of Bermuda, have usually been estimated at about eleven thousand, half of whom are blacks; and before the emancipation act passed, were slaves. They are a very fine body of people, and the men become excellent sailors. The white inhabitants are friendly and hospitable, and the females are well informed, agreeable and virtuous; and possess that delicate beauty, which belongs to the fair of more southern climates.

The following effusion is at once descriptive of the Bermudas, and the feelings I experienced on quitting their shores; a step I inconsiderately took, at the instance of some literary gentleman in the sister province, who had formed an erroneous estimate of the support which a paper, conducted with independence and talent would receive there, and I need scarcely add, these lines contain anticipations that were never realised; and that I came home to experience in an altered society, that disappointment and regret, of which all those have partaken, who have returned from abroad, on revisiting the scenes of their earlier years.

Your obedient servant,

EDMUND WARD.

Frederickton, August 12, 1842.

ON LEAVING BERMUDA.

TO A LADY.

A thoughtless promise sure I gave,
When bound on pleasure's airy spell,
That ere I tempt yon darksome wave,
To you I'd send a last farewell.
Accept, my fair, this humble verse,
Nor deem its author less sincere;
Though he should waft in fiction's dress,
His sentiments to friendship's ear.
For though 'tis said the poet's tale,
Abounds with flattery and deceit;
That youthful bonds will seldom fail,
In falsehood's guise each fair to greet;
Yet he who now devotes the strain,
He promised late in cheerful mood,
Ne'er courts the proud, nor soothes the vain,
Nor ever flattery understood.
Years have rolled on since ardent mind,
Urged him to quit his native land;
Since he each social tie resign'd,
To wander on a distant strand.
But now, he anxious homeward hies,
To meet the friends of earlier years;
And now on fancy's wing he flies,
And 'mid the happy group appears.
Still, he reluctant quits this isle,
Of pleasing and romantic scene;
Which, cheer'd by spring's perpetual smile
Is clad in never-fading green:
Yes, with reluctance homeward bends,
His course to Scotia's much-loved shore;
Since in this genial isle, from friends
He parts alas! to meet no more.
But still my fair, on memory's page,
Pleas'd he'll retrace each much-lov'd name;
And those there are will oft engage,
The hours that absent worth may claim.

E. W.



For The Amaranth.

A JOURNEY TO FREDERICTON.

IN taking a tour through parts of this Province, it is often surprising to note the strange diversity of character, costume, and manners you meet with in a few miles; one settlement perhaps you will find entirely made up of the American loyalists, with traces of their descent from the prime puritans of New England, still transcendent among them. A few miles farther, and you meet with the gay, light-hearted penniless descendant of the Frenchman, with all the urbanity and politeness of the nation to which he owes his origin. Then you will see

the "canny" Scotchman—you may know him by his clean, comfortable dwelling, every thing about it having the appearance of rigid economy. Then perhaps you meet the jovial Hibernian, as poor and open hearted as ever—equally ready to break your head or buy you a glaster—

"So bold and frank his bearing boy,
Should you meet him onward faring boy,
Through Lapland's snow or Chili's glow—
You'd ask what news from Erin, boy."

And last, not least, the true born Englishman; but of these last, there is as much variety as in all the rest put together. You will meet the Cockney, the west countryman, and the Yorkshireman, who, if you supply with a rope, will find a horse himself.

I reside in a settlement well stocked with original characters—all Yorkshiresmen, and real stiff-necked John Bulls. They are eternally petitioning government for something or other, which is but of trifling consequence to any body, holding meetings, making resolves and resolutions, and finally doing nothing but resolving and resolving on to the end of the chapter. Generally every sitting of the House of Assembly, it is resolved unanimously to hold a meeting on some important project—such, perhaps, as wanting a piece of road changed from its original destination, complaining of some refractory magistrate and justice of the peace, or perhaps asking slyly what has become of some provincial money, the appropriation of which they have not been acute enough to discover. At one of these meetings, last winter, it was decided without one dissenting voice, that the reader's humble servant should forthwith proceed to the capital with the resolutions of the settlement, and make known their grievances to the representatives of the county, and although we always fail in making any impression, yet we still persevere, for there is still some little satisfaction in letting them know that we exist—life, without some excitement, is little more than a blank—what is it to step through life and have nothing more said of you than that you *lived* and that you *died*? As usual, a long file of objections were drawn up to some government transactions, and I was deputed to bear the despatches, though sadly against my will, but it is no use attempting to "live in Rome and to strive with the Pope," and so I set out on my hopeless journey, attended by two of the settlers. One of them whose name was L—, a thick, square built man, was the "beau ideal" of a Yorkshireman—the other no less like it, only he

does not speak quite so provincial, and having been an attendant upon the stage, was very fond of quoting Shakspeare. Nothing worthy of remark happened on our journey up, more than that we got into the ice several times, and my companions got half seas over. At length having fulfilled the purposes of our mission, we returned homeward, and although as usual unsuccessful, yet nothing daunted, but as firmly resolved as ever to make an agitation next session. We left Fredericton in the evening and returned homeward—we arrived at an inn, several miles on our journey, and there put up for the night. We had not been long there, when a remarkably fine dressed young man entered; he was a complete "beau," and as far as I am able to judge, was dressed in the very height of the fashion. Among his many personal attractions, he had one of the finest heads of hair I ever saw—it was jet black, and hung in long glossy ringlets over his shoulders, and he seemed particularly vain of it; he at first looked horridly uncommunicative, as though he thought nobody there worth speaking to. He seemed to have a particular antipathy to my fellow travellers, which feeling seemed perfectly mutual. At length curling his lip with contempt for the whole party, he ordered some brandy and water—it seemed to open his heart a little, for he drew his chair closer to mine, with an air which seemed to say "you are not worth speaking to, either, but any port in a storm." We talked a good deal on indifferent subjects—of course he was a red hot conservative and an ardent supporter of the present ministry—talked of *church* and *state*, the *lower orders* and the *corn laws*, &c.—Finally he seemed so well pleased with my company, that he called for more brandy, to which he paid obsequious attention. I was surprised to see so fine a gentlemen drink so much brandy—he actually astonished my rusticity. He now began to talk incessantly, and I would gladly have dispensed with his company. At length his vanity seemed to overcome his prudence.

"I tell you, sir," he exclaimed, "I would always know a gentleman, if it were only by his hair." (I unconsciously put my fingers to my head, and found mine very short.) "Would you not know what I am by mine."

"Aye," drily remarked one of my friends; "dust thee call long hair a mark of gentility."

He now began to think aloud—"Dr. P— may go to the d—l—tell me indeed that I am dissipated—that I don't study, and won't pass for my degree. But I tell them I've got talent,

and talent needs not plod. Leave me alone, I'll be in at the death, I'll warrant."

"Do you know, Sir," he again remarked, "that I always know a gentleman whenever I see him—there is a certain air about him, disguise it as you will, will always detect the gentleman—look at the difference between you and these fellows."

"An sure, mon, its easy kenning what the like of thee art—its no difficult to detect the daw, though it may be dressed in peacock feathers."

The young man talked away without noticing my friend's remark, for the brandy had began to manifest its influence, and his eyes to look very large.

"I consider, Sir, that I have good prospects—I am one of the Alumni of King's College, and hope (*hiccup*) to be soon able to—fi—fill the Professor's chair."

He talked on a while in this strain, 'till overcome by the brandy and fatigue, he sank gently to the floor, in a happy state of oblivion—to that land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." I was very tired myself, and retired to bed, leaving my companions discussing the contents of another bottle. The bed was so situated that I could see any thing that passed in the room. After I had lain there for some minutes the gentlemen in the bar-room commenced a very animated conversation. L— stood up, and looking at the prostrate gentleman exclaimed, "Oh that man would keep an enemy in his pocket to steal away his hair," and stooping down he said,—“I say L—, I'm a feelosopher and a feelantropost”—then taking out his huge clasp knife, opened it, and looked very determined at the sleeper.—I pity that poor wretch from my soul—it shocks my feelings of humanity—it makes me blush for the degeneracy of the times when I see human nature so far debased as thus in the very face of heaven to wear that which is forbidden man of woman born.

"Dal thee, Rags," interposed L—, "I sees thy drift—let's powl him!"—and suiting the action to the word, he seized the sleeper's lengthy locks with a hand of iron—the knife of the other gleamed for an instant in the red fire-light! and then was buried in the wavy masses where it was aimed. My breast was delivered of a load, when I beheld lock after lock of the sleeper's hair smouldering on the hearthstone—for from the energetic gestures of the operators I had been taught to expect something worse—if worse could be. At every tug of the warlike instrument he raised his dreamy eyes to his

merciless tormentors, and muttered something which sounded very like a fervent wish for closer intimacy between the head of King's College and his Satannic Majesty. His ravings, however, were disregarded, till they had "powled" him to their hearts desire, and spite of his toriyism, left him as arrant a crotty as ever existed; and S—, holding up the last trophy, exclaimed with a bitter sneer—"Good hair in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls; who steals my purse steals trash—'tis something—nothing—'twas mine 'tis his—and has been slave to thousands—but he who robs me of my hair, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed!!"

He ceased;—and the merry voice of L— carolling forth "The Yorkshire-man in London," lulled me to sleep. Next morning we proceeded homeward—the docted gentleman was not yet visible—I have not seen him since but fancy as my friend S— would say—

"He will in future beware how he puts an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains."

August, 1842.

JUNIUS.

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