

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

No. 8. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., AUGUST, 1841.

{ Vol. 1.

For The Amaranth.

LIFE IN SAINT JOHN.

THE SPECULATOR.

By Gaeneve.

In that dark and unexplored recess, known as "Drury Lane," York Point, there lived in the third story of a house a Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Smith; they had lived united in unity and bliss for upwards of twenty years, nine of which had been in the same story of the same house, and in the same street; this latter was a singular thing, as in this street the population usually migrate once every quarter; they, generally preferring the more salubrious atmosphere in the neighbourhood of Portland hill, where, for the quarter's rent due their late landlord, the police find it more troublesome to dislodge them, they being tolerably well skilled in the legal profession, and wise enough to employ the overpluss of their families in keeping a look-out, and picking chips from the neighbouring timber ponds; so that in case of surprise, they immediately give the alarm, and the judicious parents lock their out doors, and thus baffle the zealous officers of the law.

The surface of Drury Lane usually presents to the eye of a spectator an appearance which indicates the inhabitants to be rich in pigs, with a scarcity of scavengers; for whatever is loathsome in the temporary residences of the inhabitants, is thrown with great care opposite their doors. But in the playfulness of that animal which yields us bacon, the whole is soon raked and scattered in different directions, and the city inhabitants who may have occasion to pass through this unexplored valley, are very good in keeping an overpluss of dirt from generating, they always being obliged to bring along with them a quantity on the soles of their shoes, and wherever the adhesive mixture can reach is generally always covered with it.

How Mr. Timothy Smith got on in this world, or how he made a living, would baffle the ingenuity of Roger Bacon or Sir Isaac Newton,—the fact is, he was a speculator in beef, a speculator in pork, a speculator in fish, dried and salted—as also fresh, when in season; he could calculate with great nicety the average price of salmon the next season, and would make a good guess as to the scarcity of shipping shingles, or the glut of ash staves; he knew what sort of a day the morrow would be, whether it would rain or remain fair: this latter he always took particular notice of, and he remarked that three years was an exact epoch in the weather, as he termed it; or in plainer words, if the first of July, 1842, was a fair day, the first day of July, 1845, was sure to be the same, and *vice versa*. Mr. Timothy Smith was a small man; Mrs. Timothy Smith was of a middling size. Mr. Timothy Smith's mouth was not very large; Mrs. Timothy Smith's tongue was of an extra length, and the quantity of matter and domestic economy that she discussed during that period, styled by philosophers "the earth turning on its axis," was immense.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Smith were blessed with two blooming sons and a fair daughter, the latter in her twentieth year, was generally beloved by all the apprentice ship carpenters in the district; nothing in their eyes was half so pleasing as to see Miss Rebecca Smith arrayed in the most economical dress imaginable: consisting of a pair of her father's boots, with amputated tops, while her frock was of the most fashionable Scotch homespun, and a large check apron, reaching from about three inches beneath her frock close up to her chin, bending in the most humble position on her knees scrubbing the door step. Then would the fair maiden turn and smile on her numerous acquaintances as they passed by; some of the male kind even forgetting themselves so far as

to slap her softly over her shoulders with a two foot rule, or whatever else happened at the moment to be in their hands, for which playful and refreshing trick the performer received in general a warm bath, by means of the scrubbing brush.

Master Timothy Smith, junior, was a youth who devoted his time to pleasures, both bodily and mental; he was of an easy sort of temperament, and held work of any kind in peculiar aversion; he was generally decorated in the newest style and fashions, while his father, aiming at less lofty ideas, was generally obliged to give the last wear to his son's clothes; indeed it can be said, and said in truth also, that the thrown away clothes of Master Timothy Smith, jr., afforded garments of different sorts and kinds, for all the members of the family. Master Timothy Smith, jr., so called in honour of his parent, was also a fond lover of the weed, prepared and manufactured into what are known by tobaccoists as cigars; he and his father would sometimes fall into a lively and heated conversation as to the relative qualities of cigars and tobacco, Master Timothy Smith, jr., preferring the flavour of the former, while his economical parent would never give in as to the goodness of the latter.

Mr. Timothy Smith having determined on some grand speculation in dried fish, the nett proceeds of which he was determined should enrich both himself and family forever, and in furtherance of this useful determination, he turned all the floating capital into cash that he could command, and having got so far, an operation which occupied him for nearly a week, he one morning was up earlier than usual, and bending his steps toward, soon reached and passed Dock Street; crossed the Market Square, and the crowd of draymen, and at last reached the boundaries of the South Market Wharf;—he then by a careful examination of the various merchandise exposed at public sale in the schooners and other craft, selected as many dried fish as his means would admit of paying for. Having got thus far very much to his satisfaction, he proceeded to get the article weighed, and the price adjusted and calculated on, for Mr. Timothy Smith being a man of the world, always made a bargain with an ignorant person after receipt of the article, rather than before. In less than a couple of hours, about fifty quintals of codfish, on five carts, were seen wending their way toward the residence of Mr. Timothy Smith in Drury Lane; Timothy following up the rear with his handkerchief full of potatoes, that he contrived to

get from a schooner, on vague promises about purchasing three or four hundred bushels.

Codfish was an article held as an abomination by the blooming Master Timothy Smith, jr., so that he no sooner beheld bundle after bundle of that article finding its way to the garret, where their owner intended to deposit them until he found a good purchaser, than he vented out his feelings against his boots, that according to the prevailing fashion, were made to fit neat and tight, by throwing them with a dexterous toss from his feet to the other end of the room, and they obeying the laws of motion, flew right against the window, sent two whole panes of glass to atoms, and finally lodged in the middle of the street.

"Hang them boots, glass, and codfish, to the devil," responded Master Timothy Smith, after viewing his last minute's work.

Mr. Timothy Smith, senior, entered the room at this moment, and perceiving the state of things, he took the blooming Master Timothy Smith, junior, by the ear toward the stairs, and with one kick sent him running to the bottom. Satisfied in some measure that Master Timothy would not vent his abomination upon his speculation for some time to come, Mr. Timothy Smith assisted to get the remainder of his merchandise to their station in the garret.

Hastening over a space in the eventful story of Mr. Timothy Smith, during which nothing material occurred, with the exception that the codfish was not likely to prove a very saleable article, while Mrs. Timothy Smith had made a considerable inroad into the first quintal for the supplies of the house; and her son, after a due consideration of things, and the likelihood of getting any thing else, did eat a considerable portion of his father's speculation, at the same time wishing heartily that his father had made such a speculation in oysters instead of codfish, for which good intention Master Timothy received the lock of the door as his companion.

"I declare, Mr. Smith," said that gentleman's spouse, one morning at breakfast, about a week after the codfish scrape, "I declare, Mr. Smith, if this haint the rent day—and old 'Squire Bell will be here as sure as there's codfish on table; and you haint got a copper for him, neither."

"Yes! I've got about seven-and-sixpence in my pocket, that Luke Saunders gave me for some of them 'ere hanged fish," quoth Mr. Timothy Smith, in no good humour at the remembrance of both old 'Squire Bell and the codfish, although he had tasted little else than the latter article for the past week.

"Had'nt ye best be out of the road," suggested his better half.

"I guess you are right for once, old woman," answered Mr. Timothy Smith to his wife's last hint.

By this time the family had finished their breakfast, and each in turn having drank their share of the milk that remained, they set about their daily toil—Mrs. and Miss Smith to clear up the house, Master Timothy to look out his cane and gloves—while Mr. Timothy Smith, accompanied by Bobby, his youngest son, left the house, in order to escape meeting with his friend, old 'Squire Bell. Mr. Smith would sooner face any body than the 'Squire on this particular day.

"Bobby," said he, addressing his son, a little moleskin-clad being, with a face that claimed acquaintance with the surface of Drury Lane, and who held water in as great aversion as any toper ever did : the consequence was, that his face was always dark and grim, having many shades of a brownish tint dispersed over its surface : "Bobby," said he, "hand me that stick there." Bobby, as advised by his parent, picked from the gutter a stick that in its better days might have been a broom-handle, but now it was impossible for any one else than Mr. Timothy Smith to know what it was.

"Bobby, that will make a very good walking cane," said Mr. Timothy Smith, addressing his son, at the same time surveying the stick with a pleasant smile.

"It's a better one than brother Tim's," quoth the sensible Bobby, "it'll hit harder, and is stronger than his by a sight."

"That it will—that it is," quoth Mr. Timothy Smith, gravely ; "there's no mistake in that, Bobby."

By this time Mr. Timothy Smith and his hopeful son had reached the Market Square, where we soon lost sight of them. But let us return once more to their story in Drury Lane, late in the afternoon, where sat Mrs. Timothy Smith and her daughter Rebecca, the former darning her husband's stockings, while the latter was repairing a pair of inexpressibles, that had once belonged to her brother, Master Timothy, but were now destined to grace the person of Mr. Timothy Smith himself.

"There's a knock at the door, mother," said Miss Smith, on hearing somebody outside the door demanding entrance.

"Well, Becca, why don't you open it, and see who's there," replied Mrs. Smith.

Miss Rebecca said something about her hair being all mussed, and that she was not fit to

be seen ; and asked her mother whether she would'nt go.

"How can I go?" asked Miss Rebecca's mother.

Miss Rebecca said, "that that was a curious question to ask ; that she supposed that whoever went must go on their feet,"—at which piece of wit Miss Rebecca laughed outright.

But all these suggestions were cut short by the unknown demanding admittance a second time ; and Mrs. Timothy Smith's curiosity being now greatly excited, she condescended to go to the door herself, which on opening, great was her surprise to behold old 'Squire Bell almost breathless, with indignation, caused by his not being let in sooner.

"Lauk, Mr. Bell," said Mrs. Timothy Smith, as soon as her surprise would let her ; "lauk, Mr. Bell, is that you ?—dear me, I am glad to see you."

Mr. Bell being a man of very few words nodded an assent to Mrs. Smith's affectionate inquiries ; but at the same time doubting as to whether she was glad to see him or not.

"Come in, and sit down, Mr. Bell," continued Mrs. Timothy Smith.—Mr. Bell complied, and after surveying the room from end to end, and looking to see if all the windows were whole, he at length sat down by the fire.

"I suppose, Mr. Bell, you have come for the rent—he, he, he!—Mr. Bell, dear me, Mr. Bell how young you look—he, he, he!"—said the politic Mrs. Smith, at the same time casting a look of despair at her daughter.

Mr. Bell said, "that he had come for the rent, and hoped it was ready."

"I know you have," said Mrs. Timothy Smith, smiling at the 'Squire,— "I know very well you have, Mr. Bell—Becca," said she, addressing her daughter—"Becca, why don't you sit upright!—Mr. Bell, I suppose you know Miss Rebecca Smith, my daughter ; but she has overgrown herself so much—so very much indeed, that you can scarcely know her to be my daughter."

"Yes, I would," said Mr. Bell, "yes I would ; I remember seeing her talking to a young gen—"

"Oh ! oh ! mother, my head !"—cried out Miss Rebecca, so loud as almost to drown the last word of Mr. Bell's sentence.

"My child ! what is the matter with your head ?" asked Mrs. Timothy Smith.

"It is better, now, mother," answered Miss Rebecca.

"Well, well, now," said Mr. Bell, in a tone of some importance ; "well, well, now, Mrs.

Smith, can you accommodate me to-night with some—by the by, where is Mr. Smith himself, I have not seen him yet, have I? eh!—never missed him till now.”

“I wish, Mr. Bell, you would be so kind as to get the plaster over our bed mended, it is so cold whenever it blows that I am almost afraid to sleep for fear of catching cold; now do, Mr. Bell, that’s a dear,” quoth Mrs. Timothy Smith, endeavouring to ward off Mr. Bell’s solicitation.—Mr. Bell began to survey the wood fire on Mrs. Timothy Smith’s hearth with great curiosity and attention, as if he was examining a novel and interesting experiment in chemistry, much to the terror of Mrs. Timothy Smith, who now began to think that something must be wrong either with the fire, hearth, or andirons; she consequently began to look to see it were possible there was anything wrong; now Miss Rebecca’s curiosity being, by the actions both of Squire Bell and her mother, greatly excited, she bent down her head, and by a careful examination, after the manner of a jewel hunter, began to scrape, rake, and look from one end of the hearth to the other. Mr. Bell, who had only been watching the drops of sap that issued from the end of a log, was, by the proceedings of his tenants, quite confused; he looked, but could perceive nothing extraordinary in or about the fire;—the more Mr. Bell looked, the harder Mrs. Timothy Smith looked, as also Rebecca, her daughter.

A terrible noise in the street broke up the party from their researches, Miss Rebecca flew to the window, followed by her mother, while Mr. Bell perhaps guessing the cause of the tumult, sat quiet and contented by the fire.

“O, mother,” said Miss Rebecca, gazing from the window with wondering eyes; “O, mother, some person’s agoing to jail I do declare.”

“You don’t say so,” replied Mrs. Timothy Smith.

“They have took him tother way,” said Miss Rebecca, straining her eyes against the glass, in order if possible to get a glimpse at the prisoner.

“I declare it is a shame,” said Mrs. Timothy Smith, sitting down again by the fire, the crowd before the window having dispersed, or followed the prisoner; “I declare it is a shame,” continued she, “to take any poor man to jail. If I was king no one should go to jail if I could help it.”

“Nor if I was either,” said Miss Rebecca Smith, seating herself also upon her chair by the fire.

Mr. Bell gave as his opinion, that it was a downright shame to deprive a freeman of his liberty, because he cannot pay what he has not got, and if he, Mr. Bell had the management of things, which unluckily for the country’s weal he has not, he would look more into the affair before he would clap any man into confinement; and Mr. Bell also expressed great indignation against unfeeling landlords who sell their poor tenants furniture, and clap them into jail for the paltry affair of swelling their own pockets; and much to the relieving of Mrs. Timothy Smith’s mind, Mr. Bell declared upon his solemn oath, that he never yet put any man to trouble concerning any little debt, and it was his full intention and determination never to do so; and he farther added that as he had often said, so he determined to keep his word; and moreover he said that curses ought to be doomed and thundered down upon them who would do the like.

Mr. Bell was cut short in his charitable and humane determination, by the entrance of Master Timothy Smith, jr., who said to Mr. Bell, “that they had done the thing primely for him outside there.”

“Done what?” said Mr. Bell, with a face of camelion variation of tints spreading over it, varying from a yellowish brown its natural colour, to a pale yellow, thence assuming a milkish tint, and finally settling down to that of a dark crimson brown.

“They have got him,” said master Timothy.

“Got who?” asked a chorus of three voices at once.

“Your tenant,” said Master Timothy to Mr. Bell, with a coffee-house-corner sort of a look, “he’s in the brig behind the court house now; they did it primely for you, Mr. Bell.” Mr. Bell appeared confused—Mrs. Timothy Smith declared that she would like to hear the particulars of a thing which appeared so romantic to her.

Now Master Timothy Smith was somewhat indebted to the intoxicating draught for his fine spirits, and which helped to lengthen his tongue, that at another time would not have been so communicative.

“Why,” said Master Timothy—“why the devils of constables finding the street door locked, opened one of the front windows, and one of the devils entered thereby, and—”

“Damages! action of damages!” cried Mr. Bell, starting from his chair, and rushing from the apartment, telling the astonished inmates as he slammed the door, that he was a ruined man; but that at all events he would be back

immediately for his money which must be ready.

After the astonishment of the Smiths would allow them to speak, Mrs. and Miss Smith demanded from Master Timothy a full and perfect outline of the proceedings on the street, they having some idea that Mr. Bell was concerned therein.

Master Timothy Smith, junr. began by telling that how the prisoner being a tenant of the humane Mr. Bell; and he the tenant, not being able to pay when demanded of him, his quarter's rent, for the recovery of which the tables and chairs of the tenant were converted into ready money by the magic hammer of the auctioneer—the proceeds of which after paying all expenses, fell considerably short of the amount claimed by Mr. Bell, and that he, Mr. Bell put the force of the law in action for the recovery of the balance, upon the body of his tenant, but the said tenant to use the language of Master Timothy himself, "being too wide awake," he the tenant locked the outer or street door, a practice very common in that district on such occasions; now the officers of the law, ever ready and zealous to perform their duty, and against the rules of their profession, entered by a window, the glass and sash of which they had previously broke in pieces, and so secured their prisoner; when amid a crowd of followers and lookers on, they had him, the prisoner, conveyed on a cart to jail, not however, without the constables receiving the usual quantity of groans, and abuse from one party, and cheers from another.

It was now apparent to Mrs. and Miss Smith that the constables having entered by the window in violation of the law, was what caused Mr. Bell, the humane Mr. Bell, to cry out something about damages, he dreading the vengeance of his injured tenant.

Mr. Bell returned soon after, and he began immediately to grumble about bad debts and irregular payments; and much to the horror of Mrs. Timothy Smith, and to the amusement of Master Timothy, he said, "that circumstances compelled him to act contrary to his grain, but that he hoped no one else would compel him to act as he had been obliged to do this day."

Miss Rebecca tittered, Master Timothy said "that it was a prime thing."

Mr. Bell began now to ask after the health of Mr. Timothy Smith, and where he was that he had not seen him; and he concluded in his mind, which he was kind enough to let Mrs. Timothy Smith know, "that he had made up

his mind to stay 'till Mr. Smith himself came home, and then demand payment of his rent."

It was in vain that both Mrs. Smith and her daughter, declared to Mr. Bell that they were sure that Mr. Smith would not be home to-night, or often as they said so, accompanied with several hints about "intrusion," so often did Mrs. Bell repeat his determination that he would stay at any rate 'till the hour of nine.

The trio of Smith's consulted together in the corners of the room, about the expediency of kicking Mr. Bell down stairs. Master Timothy suggested that the best plan, was to procure a quart of ardent spirits, while he Master Timothy kindly volunteered to intoxicate Mr. Bell, (a thing, by the by, not so easily accomplished, for among other things Mr. Bell abjured the intoxicating draught,) and then take him into the street, and then and there leave him to be taken care of, by his time-serving friends, the police. The first plan was now therefore given up, for the accomplishing of this last, the invention of which belongs solely to Master Timothy himself; but on a second thought it was discovered that there was no money wherewith to procure that article gin, an imperial quart of which, was, by the calculation of Master Timothy the least that would be required. Master Timothy full well knew that to procure it on trust, was a moral impossibility, he being well known to have a very bad memory in the paying of such trifles.—Every thing was therefore given up in despair by the Smiths, with the excuse common on such occasions—"to let things take their own course."

Mr. Bell sat himself down with the sullen determination of awaiting the return of his tenant; while Mrs. Timothy Smith along with her daughter, proceeded to get tea ready, and Master Timothy, with hat on head, gloves and cane in hand, walked the room, and whistled "as he went along," the plaintive air of "*Rory O'More*," with variations in the sound known only to the performer.

While the above interesting proceedings were in progress, Mr. Timothy Smith himself, along with Bobby, had in the meantime been wandering through Water Street, and up and down the principal wharves that have their entrance from that thoroughfare; examining with the eye of a critic the various ships that lay there, either engulfing into their vast bodies the wealth of the land, or in return pouring forth the wealth of other nations before the speculative orbs of Mr. Timothy Smith; he had also been at the Point, there to learn—as if mightily

interested in the affair—the names of the various ships in the offing.

Mr. Timothy Smith had also been doing that, which if it was to any other person whom he, Mr. Timothy Smith, did the deed, he might have become a prisoner in the common jail of the city and county, with no prospect of release, except with a rope round his neck: now all that Mr. Timothy Smith had been doing, was very ingeniously—along with his son Bobby—murdering, or perhaps better known as killing, the time all day; and if asked, he would have been able to give a full account of all the particular news that was floating in and about the city.

Six o'clock in the afternoon arrived, and found Mr. Timothy Smith in the butcher's market, discussing the prices of meats with as much concern as if his fortune was depending on the price of that staple article. Finding this after a while to be a dry job, he takes up the broom handle, already referred to, and calls Bobby, who had wandered to a neighbouring stall, and had been very ingeniously endeavouring to abstract from the stock in trade of its owner as much liver as would be sufficient to appease the pangs of hunger of the house dog that evening.

Bobby came when called by his father without accomplishing anything in the liver line. "Bobby, we are a-going home now," said the father to the son. Bobby made no response.

"Mr. Bell will have gone 'afore this," continued the father.

"Yes, if he 'haint been there at all," replied Bobby.

"Humph," replied Mr. Timothy Smith.—"Do ye think he has been there? if he has! what a cheat—what a cheat he will get, won't he, Bobby?"

"It takes you, and you can hardly, father don't it?" said the intelligent Bobby.

Mr. Timothy Smith nodded an assent, and the two continued their course through Dock Street in silence.

At or near the further end of Dock Street they at length arrived, without anything serious happening unto them, when, as they say in temperance societies, Mr. Timothy Smith deviated from the right course, and bent his steps to a shop, where the owner pledged himself to his customers that he would sell genuine spirits of different sorts at an extraordinary sacrifice. This was an opportunity not to be lost by our friend; he finding himself at this moment become suddenly exceedingly thirst-

ty, so telling Bobby to follow him, he was soon beside the counter.

"Have you got any Jamaica?" asked Mr. Timothy Smith of the shopkeeper. In the twinkling of an eye a decanter, holding about one and a half imperial pints full of what the shopkeeper styled as "*the real stuff*," was placed on the counter before Mr. Timothy Smith, who poured a tumbler three-fourths full of the real stuff, and after adding about a tablespoon full of water, drank the whole up; after which Mr. Timothy Smith filled and emptied bumpers with a determination and zeal, as they say about pirates, worthy of a better cause.—It, however, gave little ease to Bobby's mind, who had beheld his father pour glass after glass of strong waters into his bowels, that he became alarmed lest his spirits would get above his senses, that he told his progenitor several times strange stories about sleeping out of doors all night.

"Come along home, Bobby," at length said Mr. Timothy Smith to his son, after paying his *reckoning* from part of his seven-and-six pence. Bobby complied, and the two quitted the shop. They had not proceeded far when the ideas of Mr. Timothy Smith became confused, and in order to enliven the time, he commenced to sing in some unknown language, wholly different to the English tongue. The farther they proceeded on their onward course the more confused became the senses of Mr. Timothy Smith. They were about turning the corner of Drury Lane, when Mr. Timothy Smith suddenly thought he had arrived at his home, and proceeded to take off his coat; this done, much to his satisfaction, he slowly and with great composure stretched himself out in the gutter, and in a moment he was embraced in the arms of Morpheus. Bobby stood quietly looking on at these novel and interesting proceedings of his father.

Mr. Timothy Smith had been dreaming a dream, and he thought to himself in his dream that he was purchasing timber on speculation from one of the timber ponds, and that he was assisting to get it out of one of the said ponds, when the water in the gutter had reached its height; suddenly he bethought in his dream that he had fallen into the water, and being in danger of drowning he cried out lustily for help, that he was drowning.

A human creature in danger always finds a ready hand or foot to extricate him from his difficulty, real or imaginary; such was the case with Mr. Timothy Smith, he had scarcely given half a dozen calls for help, in spite of his

son's endeavours to stuff his pocket handkerchief into the mouth of his father, when he was surrounded by two or three dozen of the youths of that district, who on beholding our friend, kindly assisted him by the aid and application of their feet, from his sad dilemma.

Having thus in a great measure recalled the scattered senses of Mr. Timothy Smith, he was at length prevailed upon by his son Bobby, and some very humane neighbour, to stand upon his feet, and in this way walk home.—On arriving at his own door, whither he was followed by a crowd, the voice of Timothy Smith was distinctly heard by his better half, cheering his followers, and was heard also by Master Timothy and Miss Rebecca.

Master Timothy flew to the door, rushed down the first flight of stairs, when he was arrested by Bobby, who cried up, "Father is almost drowned!" This was telegraphed up to Miss Rebecca by Master Timothy, with a small addition, thus—"Father is drowned, and is coming up stairs!" This was answered again in turn by Miss Rebecca to her mother, "Father is drowned, and his ghost is coming up stairs!"

Mrs. Timothy Smith shrieked! Mr. Bell surveyed the room, or rather the furniture of the room, being intent on calculating whether it would meet his little bill or not.—Up the stairs Mr. Timothy Smith was pushed by his affectionate sons, in spite of Mrs. Timothy Smith's expostulations to the contrary, who declared, "that she would never have a ghost in her house if she could help it!" and again fainted away comfortably at the back of her bed.

On Mr. Timothy Smith being pushed into the room by his sons, Mr. Bell's olfactory nerves became suddenly extended, and their owner perceived thereby, assisted by his optics, that Mr. Timothy Smith had not been swimming in the cleanest water to be found, while his sons and daughter were of the same opinion.

"Who dares ha!"—said Mr. Timothy Smith, on entering the apartment with clenched fists, "who dares ha!—who is it that dares to keep me out of my own house." Mrs. Timothy Smith gave a slight shriek. Mr. Bell said something about a house having two masters never standing.—"Tell me," continued Mr. Timothy Smith, "who dares keep me from my own house—I would wrench the heart's blood from him in a moment—yes in a moment;—who dares to dispute my title to this house!—Man what do you want."—"my rent," answered Mr. Bell, "my rent to be sure," quoth

Mr. B. whom the latter question was addressed to.

Mr. Timothy Smith told Mr. Bell to go to a place, meaning the place of future punishment, and get his rent.

Now Mr. Bell not being well skilled in geography, did not know the exact locality of that place; and he moreover not being exactly sure as to how he might return, did any thing else than make up his mind that he would go thither for so small a trifle.—Whereat Mr. Timothy Smith made a rush, and drove Mr. Bell down the stairs, and from thence into the street, to use the expression of Miss Rebecca, "in no time!"

On the following morning Mr. Bell was early to a magistrate, in order that he might complain of the grievous assault that he suffered the preceding evening, in Drury Lane, but 'ere he and the constable arrived the birds had flown, and could no where be seen. They had taken every thing in the shape of furniture, and perhaps some of the fixtures pertaining to the rooms along with them, as also all Mr. Timothy Smith's speculation. Mr. Bell had nothing else to do but to return where he came from, with disappointment in lieu of his rent.

Some months afterwards we one day saw Mr. Timothy Smith and Master Timothy working in one of the neighbouring ship yards, and we remember noticing a year or two afterwards in the newspapers the marriage of Miss Rebecca. Wishing them every happiness, we end a period in the eventful life of MR. TIMOTHY SMITH, THE SPECULATOR!

July, 1841.



STANZAS.

BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

NOT think of thee! There is a spell
Which binds remembrance to the past,
Round which fond Hope will raptured dwell,
And linger fondly to the last.
Not think of thee! Oh, Friendship's bloom
Is like a flower, that shuns the light,
And only sheds its rich perfume,
When veiled in absence and the night!
Not think of thee! Nay, when the bliss
Of every former joy has passed,
I'll think of all thy tenderness,
And love thee fondly to the last.
Not think of thee! I could as soon
Forget the home my childhood nurs'd;
I breathe no prayer—I seek no boon,
But thy dear happiness is first!

RETRIBUTION ;

Or, the last Lord of Dunraven.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

ON the coast of Glamorganshire, about nine miles south-east of Cowbridge, stands a high rocky headland, projecting a considerable distance into the sea, and forming a point, called by the natives, "*The Witch's Point.*" This cliff, which is very lofty, and broken in a most picturesque manner, is the site of a building of great antiquity, known by the name of Dunraven Castle. The date of its erection is unknown, but many parts of it appear to resemble a religious house, rather than a fortalice, and so many different styles of architecture are to be found in different portions of the mansion, that there can be little doubt of its having received additions from several succeeding proprietors. A large chapel which formerly occupied a wing of the castle, has been converted into lodging-rooms, and beneath it is still to be seen a walled arch, which is said to be the burial vault of the ancient lords of Dunraven.—The elevated situation of the castle, gives it the command of many beautiful views ; and on a stormy day, when the surf dashes over the high rocky cliff, the prospect from the western windows of the house is truly sublime. But notwithstanding its picturesque beauties, Dunraven Castle is a lonely and desolate abode. A part of it only is in habitable order, and a few old servants, whose duty it is to keep it from utter decay, are the only occupants of the place, except during about six weeks in the hunting season, when the present owner usually brings a party of friends to enjoy the sport which his secluded manor affords. The ancient race of the Vaughans—the former Lords of Dunraven, is extinct, and an English gentleman, a stranger to the blood of the original proprietors, now holds the tenure of the estate. But the tradition connected with the extinction of the Vaughan family, is one of strange and almost mysterious interest, while the dark tragedy of which Dunraven was the scene, may well account for its desertion and desolation.

Many years of a wild and reckless life had passed away, when Thomas Vaughan, the last Lord of Dunraven, returned to take up his abode in the home of his ancestors. In his boyhood, his name had been only another word for all that was mischievous and evil ; in his early youth he was an object of fear and dislike, not only to all the tenants of his father's

manor, but also to all the neighbouring peasantry ; and, when, in the first years of manhood, he broke from all the social restraints of life, and fled from Dunraven to plunge into the excesses of London, no one, excepting his broken-hearted parents, regretted his absence from the scene of his youthful vices. From that time, little was known of his career, except from vague and uncertain rumour, but the knowledge of his early habits rendered every evil report probable. The death of his parents soon followed his desertion of them ; and the only evidence which his servants received of his accession to the estate, was to be found in the orders which he gave for raising money from it, by every possible means. The fine old hall was allowed to become dilapidated—the woods were felled—the family plate was melted into coin, and every thing, in short, bore testimony to the wilful waste and prodigality of the heir of the Vaughans. But at length even these resources failed, and nothing was left but the rents of the farms which appertained to the estate. This was too sluggish a stream of wealth to the young Lord of Dunraven. He suddenly disappeared from all his accustomed haunts—his letters to the old steward ceased, and for nearly ten years he was believed to be numbered with the dead.

But, wherever he might have concealed himself, or whatever might have been his course of life during that long period, he was certainly not without the means of communication with his native land ; for, no sooner did the heir-at-law commence legal measures to take possession of the Dunraven property, than Thomas Vaughan re-appeared in England. Vague rumors were afloat respecting his long absence. It was hinted that he had washed from his brow the sign of the cross, or, at least, hidden it beneath the crescented turban, while his hand had become too familiar with the scimitar of a Turkish corsair. But these were whisperings, vague and indistinct as the rustling of summer foliage. He had returned a changed and (as it seemed,) a better man. He now possessed wealth, and while this, in connection with his high birth and prepossessing manners afforded him a passport into the best society of every land, few could be found hardy enough to ask whence he had derived the golden talisman of power. Whatever vices he might now retain, they were at least concealed beneath the veil of decorum, and Vaughan of Dunraven soon became a favourite among the votaries of fashion. His extreme beauty of person, rendered the task of pleasing the gentler sex, one

of little difficulty, and it was not long before he succeeded in winning the hand of a young and artless girl, many years his junior, whose wealth was to him her greatest attraction, and whose timid and *characterless* mind was no match for his crafty temper.

Immediately after his marriage, he had ordered that Dunraven castle should be prepared for his reception, and thither, with his young and lovely wife, he repaired to take up his future abode. Twenty-five years had elapsed since he had fled from his ancestral halls in secrecy and shame, yet time had dealt so lightly with him, that they who looked on him, almost doubted the evidence of their own senses. Tall and majestic in person, he possessed the fair complexion and bright luxuriant hair which had long characterized the Vaughan family.— Though nearly fifty winters might be numbered since he had been borne to the baptismal fount in Dunraven Castle, yet his brow was as smooth, and his cheek as unfurrowed as in his boyhood. But there was an effeminate roundness of outline to his features, and a sinister expression in his soft blue eyes, which would scarcely have pleased a physiognomist. "Beware," says an old writer, "beware of an effeminate man, and of a masculine woman; for in the *first*, thou wilt find craft and cunning—the vices of a feeble character—conjoined with the evil passions of man's rude nature; while, in the last, will be found many an unwomanly trait, and many a manly passion." Whatever truth may be contained in the warning, it is certain that the statistics of crime afford a striking proof of the correctness of *one half* of the assertion, and in a most singular statement, which I once saw respecting notorious murderers, it was proved that at least three-fourths of the most atrocious murders had been committed by fair, soft-voiced, and effeminate-looking men. There was another peculiarity in the manners of the Lord of Dunraven, which may generally be considered a decisive proof of a character deficient in frank honesty. He never looked directly in the face of those whom he met; there was a downcast glance—a veiling of the eyes—as if he feared too much might be discerned in their liquid orbs. His voice was like music, so soft and honied were its tones—but it was the music of a long studied and artfully arranged harmony, not the utterance of a natural melody. There was a something too placid in his handsome face, too dulcet in the accents of his low voice. While observing his quiet gliding step, and the immobility of his serene features, or listening to the monotonous

sweetness of his tones, one was unconsciously reminded of the velvety softness of the feline race, and the idea of a beautiful tiger in repose, involuntarily suggested itself to the imagination.

Whether the distrust which he generally excited might be attributed to his personal peculiarities, or whether it was the result of his early misdeeds, it would be difficult to determine, but he certainly was no favourite among the neighbouring gentry. Dunraven Castle had been refitted, and partially refurnished, so that the old place possessed an air of comfort which it had not known for many years. But rarely did its walls echo to the sound of mirth and social enjoyment. Mr. Vaughan seemed absorbed in his own pursuits, whatever they might be, and his wife was one of those spiritless and feeble creatures, whom one act of tyranny is sufficient to enslave for life. She was evidently in great awe of her husband, and she went through her daily duties like one who felt the weight of some invisible chain fettering the free impulses of thought and word and deed.

About a mile west of Dunraven Castle, is an extraordinary excavation, worn by the waves in the rocky cliff. A passage some two hundred feet in length—one entrance of which faces the east, the other, and more imposing one, the south—formed into something resembling a rude colonnade, supported by large masses of rock, runs through a stack of rocks, in a direction parallel to the shore. At some distance from this grand subterranean hall, is a deep cavern, which bears the name of the "Wind Hole," from the singular fact that there are narrow spiracles leading up from it to the top of the cliff, through which, when the tide is high, the wind rushes with such fury, that if a hat be placed over the aperture, it is instantly blown with great violence into the air. These singular caves in the solid stone, though well worthy the visits of the curious, had long lost all their novelty to the inhabitants, and excepting that the rocky colonnade was a favourite resort of the fisher-boys, it was now rarely explored. It was not generally known, therefore, that a communication existed between the subterranean hall at the edge of the cliff, and the deeper cavern beyond. Still less was it expected that a narrow winding passage, the opening of which was concealed amid the burial vaults of Dunraven Chapel, led directly from the castle to the cavern. When or why this dark and tortuous path had been excavated, it would be impossible now to determine, but the remains of chapels and dormitories

and vaults, which prove Dunraven to have once been a religious house, might allow us to conjecture that possibly the monks of the olden time had thus hollowed out a secret entrance to the world beyond their walls.

Whatever might have been the purpose for which it was originally designed, the present Lord of Dunraven quickly found its use. Seldom did the gates of the old castle unclose to admit cheerful guests, yet often were the windows seen gleaming with lights, and often were the sounds of revelry borne on the midnight breeze to the humble cottages of the tenants. Guests came and went like shadows.—Night often closed upon the solitary inmates of the castle, and morning broke upon them as solitary as the evening had found them, yet, between the midnight hour and the cock-crowing, strange forms had flitted across the lofty banquetting-hall, and wine had flowed in full streams around the plentiful board. The servants marvelled at these things, but they dared ask no questions. One domestic alone—a diminutive and swarthy boy, who knew no other language than the strange guttural speech in which his master addressed him, and who never replied except by signs, seemed to possess the confidence of Mr. Vaughan. He was the sole attendant at these midnight orgies, and it is not strange that the ignorant peasants should have imbibed the notion that the Lord of Dunraven dealt in wizard lore, and that his guests were the ghostly habitants of another world. The boy they regarded with fear and horror, as the attendant imp of the mysterious lord, nor was the feeling diminished by the malicious looks and gestures of Malek, who, finding himself an object of dislike, delighted in terrifying them by opening his expansive jaws, and displaying a mouth garnished with long sharp glittering teeth, but destitute of the least remnant of a *tongue*.

Time passed away; nothing had occurred to give form and consistency to the vague suspicions which had been excited in the minds of all the neighborhood, towards Mr. Vaughan, and yet the dislike and distrust of him was unbounded. It was said that a strange and suspicious-looking vessel was often seen hovering around the coast of Glamorganshire; and those who rejected the supernatural from their belief, traced Mr. Vaughan's mysterious visitors rather to the ship, than to the place of departed spirits. But whether he was engaged with smugglers or pirates, was not to be discovered, and men dared not draw down his resentment by too close an inquiry, for, notwithstanding

their dislike of him, there yet existed one common ground on which the neighbours all met, and in which they had an equal interest.—Strange as it may seem, all who lived on that dangerous and rock-bound coast, whatever might be their rank or station, were literally *wreckers*. The spoils cast up by the sea, were, by common consent, the property of him on whose manor they fell, and many a rich treasure was thus acquired by the proprietors of land on the sea shore. About five miles from Dunraven may still be seen a tall watch-tower, near to Saint Donat's Castle, where a sentinel was always stationed to give notice when a ship in distress appeared, in order that the lord of the castle might take possession of such of the wreck as should be driven ashore.—Whether the beacon light which often blazed on the watch-tower, was placed there for the benevolent purpose of warning vessels from the iron coast, may well be doubted, for, certain it is, that, previous to the return of the Lord of Dunraven, almost every vessel that suffered shipwreck on those rocks, went ashore on Saint Donat's manor. What a horrid custom is that which thus offers a premium to cruelty, and makes the land more perilous to the shipwrecked mariner, than the cruel sea from whose yawning jaws he has just escaped. Who does not blush for human nature, when he remembers the scenes which have been enacted, not only on the savage coast of Cornwall, but even on the dangerous shoals of our own sea coast, in these days of enlightened humanity?

The good fortune of the Lord of Saint Donat's, changed with the coming of the crafty Dunraven, and he was doomed to see from his high tower, the remnant of many a 'rich argosy,' strewed on the rocky beach of his neighbour's manor. Mr. Vaughan held no parley with his neighbours on the subject, but he gathered up spoils of gold and merchandize, and even the rude garments stripped from the swollen limbs of the drowned, were collected into his storehouse. The Lord of Dunraven had undergone the change which often converts the spendthrift into the miser. He had been a reckless prodigal, flinging his gold like pebbles in his path, until he had been sorely pinched by poverty and distress. He had seen himself deserted by the friends of his prosperity, as soon as his money was exhausted; and he had lived to win rank among men, and love among women, by regaining his lost wealth. All the passions of his evil nature, therefore, seemed concentrated and condensed in the

comprehensive vice of avarice. It was this which had led him to traverse the tideless Mediterranean as the leader of a pirate crew—it was this that brought him back to his native land, when his estate was in jeopardy—it was this that induced him to wed the child-like heiress—it was this that drew him to the lonely hearth of his ancestral home, in order to hoard up his treasures, and the raging of the winds and waves around his cliff-built castle, had taught him a new lesson of rapine and lust of gold.

In the dark, smooth, deceitful character of the Lord of Dunraven, there was but one redeeming quality, and this was his *paternal affection*. Even while treating his wife with cold-hearted cruelty, he was passionately attached to his twin sons, the only offspring of his marriage. However his evil passions might be aroused towards others, to them he was ever kind. The mysterious bond of union which nature seems to form between twin children, he sought to strengthen by every means in his power, for he meant that brotherly love should make the inheritance of Dunraven an equal gift to both. The boys loved each other tenderly, and never were they seen asunder. Beautiful were they both, with their long, fair curling locks, their snowy complexion, and the ruddy glow of mountain health upon their round cheeks.—And proud was the father—guilt-stained and evil as he might be—proud was the father of these noble scions of an ancient stock. He determined to train them up in the strict seclusion of Dunraven Castle, and when time should have developed the faculties of their minds and bodies, he designed to be their guide through the mazes of the world, trusting that his own dangerous experience would enable him to guard them from contact with the evils he had himself encountered. But above all, he resolved to make them rich; they should be the first in wealth as well as in beauty and in honour; and with this tender love and proud ambition for his boys ever awake within his heart, he pursued his dark and tortuous course of crime and cruelty.

Night after night in the season of darkness and storms, a light appeared on the Dunraven Cliffs. Sometimes it gleamed from one point of the headland, sometimes it glittered at another, but still it shone over the waters like a beacon-light, proffering hope, and alas! leading only to despair. The Lord of Saint Donat's had watched in vain to discover the source of this light which flashed along the dark waters. No tower—no lofty pinnacle arose on the Dun-

raven manor, and it shone not from the windows of the castle; but had he known that a noble black steed, *shod with felt*, and bearing a lantern suspended from his neck, had been trained to traverse the edge of the cliff, he would not have been at a loss to understand the decree of the wicked Lord of Dunraven. Many were the wrecks which strewed the shore, and it was frequently observed that while the poor sailors were frequently rescued from the waves, the passengers, whose effects might be counted of richer worth, rarely lived to reach the land. Malek could swim like a native of the element; his skill in diving was wonderful, and though he was ever ready to go to the relief of the struggling wretches, he never succeeded in bringing them safe to the shore. Many a jewelled casket—many a bag of gold did he draw from the stranded vessels, as they lay creaking and grinding upon the rocks, for he could venture where any one else would have found certain death—but the only treasure which Malek could never rescue, was the precious gift of life.

In the meantime the boys were springing up in beauty and grace, beloved by everybody, excepting the swarthy Malek, and making the old castle merry with their childish glee. Indulged by their father in every wish, there was only one passion in their young hearts which he refused to gratify. He shrunk from seeing them launched on the wild waters which surrounded Dunraven Castle, and despite of their entreaties, he resolutely forbade them from entering a boat, or venturing out from the shore. But with all the wilfulness of petted children, they longed for the forbidden pleasure, and every moment that they could steal from their father's notice, was spent upon the rocky beach. The colonnade beneath the cliff, was a favourite resort, and they wandered over its resounding and rocky floor, with their hearts filled with vain longings to bound over the blue waves, which almost laved their feet within their cavern. Early one morning Mr. Vaughan had left home on business which would detain him until nightfall, but ere he went he had uttered some fierce rebuke to Malek. None knew what was the cause of his displeasure, but all could read the meaning of Malek's awful look, when his master, roused to intemperate passion by the sullen demcanour of the culprit, with a blow of his fist felled the boy to the ground. Malek arose slowly, and as he wiped the blood from a wound in his temple, he looked fixedly after Mr. Vaughan as he rode rapidly down the path from the castle. A livid hue overspread his swarthy features, his eyes gleamed with

fierce light, and clenching his hands together, he raised them above his head, at the same time uttering a wild and terrible cry. It was but a few hours after this occurrence, which had only been witnessed by a few of the servants, that the youthful brothers came to seek the assistance of Malek. They had determined to take the advantage of their father's absence, in order to enjoy a day's fishing on the Swiscar rock, and they besought Malek to aid them in procuring a boat. For a moment Malek hesitated, but suddenly a gleam of joy lighted up his dark face, and making signs of assent, he hurried away.

The Swiscar Rock, as it is called, stands directly in sight of Dunraven Castle, but so far from the shore, that though perfectly dry at low water, it is entirely submerged as soon as the tide rises. To this place Malek guided the boat, and landing the boys safely on the rock, busied himself in arranging their fishing apparatus. As soon as he found them deeply engaged in their sport, however, he loosed the boat, and rowed rapidly to the main land.—When he approached it, he suddenly leaped from the boat, which he suffered to float away with the receding tide, and plunging through the waves, he reached the rocky colonnade, where he concealed himself from view amid the intricate windings of the cavern. Unconscious of the danger which awaited them, the boys laughed and sung and shouted in childish glee, and delighted with their success in having attained the object for which they so long panted, they took little heed of the lapse of time. Suddenly, however—for slowly as the tide had risen, the discovery came upon them like a thunderbolt—they perceived that the rock, which, at morn, had stood high and black in the sunbeams, now presented only a stony tablet, entirely encircled by the rushing waves. They waited long for Malek's return, while the rock beneath them gradually displayed less and less of its corroded surface. They cried loudly for help, but the voice of the waters rose high above their feeble accents, and it was not until the spot to which they clung, had dwindled to a foot breadth of dry land in the midst of a waste of waters, that their peril was discovered. Alas! it was discovered only to add to the horror of those who beheld it. The boat was gone, and no other could be obtained.—The selfish policy of Mr. Vaughan had forbidden his tenants to own a boat, lest they should be thus enabled to board wrecks, before he should derive the first benefit from them, and there were now no means of access to the help-

less boys. Vain were all attempts to reach them. Urged by the distress of the wretched mother, several of the peasants attached themselves to ropes, and strove to wade out to the rock, but the fierce surf, whose violence was now increased by a strong wind, drove them back bruised and bleeding upon the shore.—The sun set in a deep bank of heavy clouds—the cry of the sea-gulls was heard at intervals between the rushing of the mighty winds and the wild dashing of the cruel waters, and every thing portended a fearful storm. Higher and higher rose the waves, yet the brothers still clung together on the rock. The waters covered their graceful forms as with a veil of diamond spray, and their beautiful faces, and long fair curls, heavy with moisture, were still seen above the boiling surge, when suddenly a vivid flash of lightning illumined the firmament—a loud crash of thunder stunned the senses of the fearful gazers on the beach—and in a moment the waters swept in triumph over the Swiscar Rock. The beautiful and gentle boys were gone!

It was late on the dark and stormy evening when Mr. Vaughan turned his course homeward. With all his desperate courage, he lacked moral strength, and rather would he have faced an armed man, than thus encounter darkness and tempest, when alone in the presence of his Maker. He pushed rapidly forward, trusting to his sure-footed and well trained steed, whose jetty hue and singular docility had induced the superstitious peasants to class him with the swarthy Malek, as myrmidons of the wizard Lord of Dunraven. The night was intensely dark, but Vaughan knew that he might trust to the animal's sagacity, and he therefore stayed not his speed for rocky pass or rough foothold. But ere they reached Dunraven Cliff, he was led to doubt the sagacity to which he had trusted. The lights which he believed to be those of Dunraven Castle, were gleaming on the right hand, while the horse seemed resolutely bent on pursuing the left hand path.—At length yielding to the impetuous temper which characterized him when not under the control of his profound dissimulation, Vaughan drove his spurs into the creature's sides until the rowels were dyed in blood, and wheeling him suddenly round, dashed furiously onward in the direction of the lights. Maddened with pain, the noble animal pushed forward at the top of his speed, until he reached the very brink of the cliff, when, perceiving his danger, he suddenly stopped, and his rider was precipitated over his head, sheer down a precipice, at least, an hundred feet in height.

Vaughan had been deceived even as he had often deceived others. The lights which had led him astray, were the torches of those who were watching for the moment when the waves should fling back upon the shore the bodies of the hapless children. A bleeding and senseless, but not lifeless body, he was borne to the castle. Crushed out of the very semblance of humanity, he still retained a spark of the vital principle, and although all speech and motion were gone for ever, he yet awoke to consciousness. He heard the words of all around him; they spoke as if in presence of the dead, for they knew not that his ears drank in every sound. He listened to the denunciation of those who had hated him—he caught the sounds which told of bitter retribution for a life of crime, and, at length, slowly and painfully did his troubled mind gather the awful tidings of his children's fate. There he lay, like a trampled worm, unable to utter a sound, save the deep and bitter moans of agony, while coldly and carelessly men talked of the death—the fearful death of his darling boys! The thread of life, tenacious though it seemed, was too frail to bear such a fearful vibration, and ere the morning dawned, all that remained of the stately beauty of the Lord of Dunraven, was a frightful mass of disfigured humanity.

The bodies of the twins, still twined in a close embrace, were cast ashore, the next day, on Saint Donat's manor, and the clasp of paternal love which even the waters had failed to dissolve, was left unbroken when they were consigned to the burial-place of their ancestors. One shroud, one coffin, and one grave, received those who had thus been united in birth and in death; while borne on the same bier were the mutilated remains of the last Lord of Dunraven.

Malek, the vindictive Arab, was never again seen in Glamorganshire, but a dumb boy, answering to his description, was found to have begged his way to London, and there, in that sink of vice and misery, all trace of him was lost for ever. Deprived of the means of expressing his wants, except by signs, and habituated, from his childhood, to crime, his career was doubtless one of vice and misery, and, in all probability, was soon at an end. Mrs. Vaughan's weak mind was completely overpowered by the terrible shock it had sustained; and she sunk into a state of mental imbecility, which, while it darkened the mirror of memory, left her the capacity for enjoying childish amusements. By the kindness of the heir-at-law, she was removed from Dunraven Castle,

and spent the remainder of a very long life, surrounded by toys and playthings, such as would have charmed an infant, apparently quite happy and contented, though necessarily kept under guardianship as a confined lunatic.

Such is the tradition of the last of the Vaughans, and surely the sins of the father were visited upon the children in the fearful retribution which awaited the spoiler of the seas.

NOTE.—I refer the curious reader to Grose's *Antiquities of England and Wales*, 7th vol., for the tradition on which the foregoing tale is founded.



For The Amaranth.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

Hail, Temperance hail! to the breeze ope thy sail,

And plough through the ocean of Crime;
Enlist the profane, the vicious and vain,
With the speed of the wings of old Time.
May the wife rejoice to hear thy sweet voice,
And the orphan's prayer be thine;
May thy magic light illumine the night,
Of every country and clime.

Hail, Temperance hail! may the widow's wail
Be heard in our valleys no more;
May thy regenerate hand spread far o'er our land,

And high o'er our mountains soar;
From our thralldom releas'd we will prosper in peace,
And hail thee most welcome of guests;
And contented with thee, thou friend of the free,
Prepare thee a *Home* in our breasts.

WILHELMINA.

Bridgetown, N. S., July, 1841.



THE faculty of finding pleasure in common things and every day pursuits, is one which should be carefully cultivated in the young.—At this season, when the fresh flowers look up, like angels' eyes, from amid the lowliest recesses, and wherever the sunbeams have found their way, some sweet bud has opened its fair leaves to the light, there needs little argument to prove the variety, and we may say, omnipresence of the beauties of nature. But after all, if the heart be not cultivated to love and enjoy these scenes, they will be passed idly by, and the young lady, even while wreathing her bouquet of summer flowers, will be thinking of what she considers far more beautiful, the artificial flowers on her new bonnet.

ALLAN MENTIETH.

A Romance.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"He who dares sit in Saint Swithin's chair,
When the night hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three if they speak the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell."—*Waverly*.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the kingdom of Scotland could lay little claim to the intellectual character for which it is now proverbial among all countries, although, considering its narrow limits and the internal discords with which for centuries it had been agitated, it had nevertheless produced some master spirits who will for ever live in the records of genius. But, a mental darkness prevailed generally over all classes, and especially among the peasantry. * * * The kingdom of Scotland was also divided by civil discord—and the peasantry of its highlands were the vassals or clansmen of various chiefs. These were a race entirely destitute of mental culture, and plunged in the lowest depths of superstition—even the chieftains themselves were men of little or no learning, and holding their titles from the antiquity of birth and their prowess in arms—yet all more or less tinctured with the superstitions and legends of their country. Allan Mentieth, the hero of our story, was the second son of a chieftain of that name, whose father dying in his infancy and the title descending to the eldest son, the care of Allan devolved upon a widowed aunt, who lived on the confines of the highlands, on a large and wealthy estate. The child of her sister, and the only relative for which she almost retained an affection, it is scarcely necessary to assert, that she indulged his whims and caprices to an unbounded extent, and by the time that Allan had reached the age of manhood, he was addicted to every extravagance and vice that the locality of the place afforded him. Through the interest of his aunt and some powerful relatives, a commission was obtained for him in the army of Queen Mary, where, among the younger branches of the noble families of that period, his heedless propensities were encouraged and fostered, 'till they left him so embarrassed, that his frequent calls upon his aunt for pecuniary relief, were ultimately met with a refusal. His credit gone, his desires ungratified, he felt reckless of all around him, and hesitated not at any sacrifice to procure the means to carry out his views. At one period, he had become acquainted with MURDOCK Mc-

Ivor, a man of dissolute habits, and who for many years had been known in the neighbourhood where his aunt resided, as one of the most daring caterans or freebooters which the highlands held. This individual had been once strongly suspected of having committed robbery on the premises of Lady Alice, Allan's aunt, and although it could not be brought directly home to him, he having contrived to effect his escape, yet, it was firmly believed he was the robber, and indeed such was actually the fact, for in connivance with Allan he had been admitted into the premises, and the most valuable pieces of family plate extracted and converted into money, which the two had shared between them. McIVOR had thus the young highlander completely in his power, and whenever he found himself in difficulty, he applied for aid to Allan, which if refused, he threatened to reveal the robbery to his aunt.—For above two years had McIVOR thus held his victim in the thrall, and instead of abating in his demands, was only the more importunate and greedy. A sudden cessation of hostilities about this time, had given the young soldier an opportunity to pay a visit to his aunt, and he felt grateful, if for nothing else, he should for a short period thus escape from the presence and demands of the villain, McIVOR. A brief rebuke from his affectionate aunt for his extravagance was all that he received, and her heart was as open to him as ever. For many months he had resided at the home of his childhood, enjoying the sports of the field, and regarded by all the tenantry of his relative, with respect and kindness—while his winning manners and bold and handsome figure were admirably calculated to make a favourable impression upon the maidens of the neighbourhood—yet there was ever a thoughtful and moody expression upon his features—his eyes, dark as the wing of the raven, was never steadily fixed upon any one object, but its constant wandering betrayed a mind that was ill at ease, yet withal he was a manly and gallant youth. His costume was that of the highlander of those times. The tartan kilt, which came to the knee, betrayed the proportions of a limb worthy of an Appollo; his coat, of the same material, cut so as to expose his neck, which was of exquisite symmetry, and when not browned by the sun of summer, was as white as the snows of his native mountains. His feathers were of just and beautiful proportion—his hair was of the hue of the yellow harvest, while the peaked Gaelic bonnet, plumed with the wing of the eagle, surmounted a brow broad

and smooth. The checkered hose, which rose midway above his ankle, were fastened with garters of crimson ribands, a brogue of russet leather encased each foot, clasped by large silver buckles—while over all was thrown in graceful negligence a plaid of ample dimensions. Thus equipped, of him it might be said—

“So stately his form and so noble his face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;”

or rather, never were the heather breasts of his mountains trodden by a nobler form.

Among the youthful beauties of Glenlyon valley, was one who was esteemed the gem of maiden loveliness, Catharine Graham. On her had Allan in his days of boyhood looked kindly, and now that he was returned a man and a soldier, he deemed that the simple heart of the maiden would be easily captivated—but pure affection reigned not in his bosom, vice had sapped it to the foundation, and deep and dark designs against her innocence were by him meditated. In vain did he seek to win her ear, in vain did he vow that she was his only idol, but the maiden had already plighted her vows in the presence of heaven to Donald Kenmure, cousin of Allan, and also a dependent on the bounty of the Lady. Indignant at thus being foiled in his machinations, a deep and deadly hatred took possession of his heart, and he resolved to blight the character of his cousin in the eyes of his aunt, and thus, if possible, accomplish the easier his design upon the maiden. To effect this, he one night entered the chamber of his aunt while she was bound in slumber, and bore from it a valuable bracelet, the gift of her deceased husband, at the same time dropping behind him the bonnet of Donald, so that suspicion was naturally enough fastened upon the poor youth, who, being accused of the theft, and although no other evidence of guilt could be produced against him, save the circumstance of his bonnet having been found in the apartment, he was condemned and committed to prison.

Poor Catharine, almost heart broken, and knowing well that her lover was innocent, pleaded hard with the Lady Alice for pardon, but the apparent ingratitude of the youth made her deaf to all entreaty, and so, as a last resource, she condescended to make application to Allan to use his interest in behalf of his poor cousin.

“On one condition,” replied he, “I will.—Transfer your affections from Donald to me, and I will prevail upon my aunt to procure his release from prison.”

The eyes of Catharine flashed with contempt, the blood mounted to her face, and her whole frame shook with indignation. “Mean, contemptible being!” she exclaimed, “none but one who is unworthy of any woman’s hand would dare to proffer such terms to an affianced maiden. What! exchange virtue for vice, truth for deceit, honour for nobleness? Never! sooner would I link myself to the festering remnants of mortality and be entombed alive, than exchange my Donald’s love for the cold and selfish heart that beats within thy bosom,” and rushing from the apartment, left Allan confounded and speechless.

He was standing in that position, when a servant entered and placed a packet in his hand. He started when he beheld the superscription. “Ah! ’tis from Murdock!” he exclaimed, and staggered breathless to a chair.—For some minutes he sat with his eyes fixed vacantly upon it, then mechanically broke the seal, and read as follows—

“It is already three weeks past the time appointed when I was to have received the money which you promised—but you thought that by flying from the city you would avoid me—’twas a vain thought—oceans cannot part us. The deepest solitude on earth cannot hide you from my searching eye. We are bound together by the indissoluble ties of crime, and when one falls so must the other. I am now in the neighbourhood. In two days I shall expect the promised stipend—you will find me at the *pine crag beyond Saint Swithin’s care*—if you fail me—infamy will claim thee for its own.”

There was no signature, but too well did Allan know the hand and truth of its contents. “Horror!” he exclaimed. “I am in the coils of the serpent—’tis in vain to struggle, I must bow me to my destiny—but how to acquire the sun? I am almost penniless—and to ask my aunt would but incur her censure, knowing well that I have here no temptation to cause my waste of money—yet he *must* be satisfied at every hazard—but how? by what means?” and he glanced his eyes around the apartment as if seeking to find an unexpected treasure—at length they alighted upon a large iron chest. “Ah! the fiend is ever with the wicked,” he exclaimed, “that box has stood my friend already—Murdock and I have revelled joyously upon its contents—it must serve me again, but how to procure the key?” and he paused as if communing with himself the means how to obtain it.

At that moment a flash of lightning followed by a loud peal of thunder roused him from his reverie. “Ah! the heavens are warning me against the deed,” he cried, “I will seek

Murdoch and brave the worst—but where, where is he to be found?” and he looked again at the letter. ‘*At the Pine Crag, beyond Saint Swithin’s cave.*’ “Saint Swithin’s cave!” he murmured to himself, then started as if some sudden thought had flashed across his brain. “The time—the hour! yes, yes, my star is propitious—to night I will seek the page of futurity. ’Tis the eve of Hallowmas, and according to the legend of the cave, the mortal who is bold enough to speak the charm shall find three answers to three questions. If I remember rightly, ’tis thus runs the legend—

‘He who dares sit in Saint Swithin’s chair
When the Night Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three if speaks the spell
He may ask and she must tell.’

Yes! by the fiends of darkness I will dare to know my fate. ’Tis already evening—the clouds are full of storm—no prying fool will be abroad to mark my movements, and unseen I may seek the counsel of the hag. If it be good, then shall I be happy and life will be worth living for—if evil, why then I know the worst, and better to be mouldering in my grave than to live upon the rack of dread uncertainty—to feel the harpy of crime for ever gnawing at my heart and know that I am at the mercy of a villain. Yes—this moment will I seek her counsel.” and he rushed from the apartment, pale, haggard and desperate. The rain fell in torrents. The heavens were wrapped in the sheeted lightnings, and the artillery of heaven rolled louder and louder as if thundering their vengeance against him who sought to penetrate the secrets of futurity.

The cave of Saint Swithin stood upon the borders of a broad and deep highland lake, formed of basaltic pillars, through which the waters entered to some depth, and when chafed by a tempest, used to make the hollow arches and rifted crevices, echo with a mournful and terrific sound. That night the waters lashed and roared as if the demons of destruction were waging war upon their bosoms. With difficulty did Allan gain the cave by a narrow pathway, which winding around the base of the mountain, led to a small opening which conducted into its heart. Deep and impenetrable darkness reigned throughout, save when the lightning for a moment irradiated its walls and showed the waves heaving and swelling, tipped with their feathery foam. In one corner of the cave was a rude seat, formed by nature out of the solid rock, like a large gothic chair, and, according to the legend which from time immemorial had existed among the inhabitants,

had been once the seat of the Saint Swithin, to whom innumerable virtues as well as evils were attributed, but none greater than the one contained in the episode quoted in our story.—To this Allan directed his trembling footsteps, and seating himself in it, with beating heart and trembling lips pronounced the following—

“By the sacred blood of Saint Within bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
I call thee fiend to appear this night,
And to me reveal thy promised plight.”

Strange and unearthly voices rose upon the blast, the wind swept through the cavern with terrific fury, a bright flame rose from the water and the form of a tall and hideous looking woman stood before him. In her hand she held the branch of a pine—her hair was grizzled and fell in thick masses over her naked shoulders and bosom, displaying only a skeleton form covered with shrivelled skin—her eyes gleamed with an unearthly brightness, and her deep and sepulchral voice fell on the ear of Allan like the knell of death, while she said—“Behold! True to the spell thou hast spoke this night, I come to reveal my promised plight.”

“Ah! is it so?” exclaimed Allan, “am I then in the presence of the Night Hag?”

“Yes! bold mortal, thou hast severed the seal that bound thy future destiny. Speak thy wishes and I will answer thee.”

“Then be it so,” cried Allan, desperation taking the place of terror in his heart. “Tell me, shall I ever hold the means to silence my enemy, Murdoch McIvor?”

“Thou shalt!” exclaimed the hag.

“And in two days?”

“In two days!” replied she.

“And by what means?” asked Allan.

“By blood!” screamed the fiend, and a loud laugh burst from her bosom.

“Horrible! horrible! and by whom shall that blood be shed?” cried Allan.

“I cannot tell—three answers hast thou already had—the spell is broken!” A loud clap of thunder burst in the heavens—the cave shook to its foundation, as if crumbling into pieces—and all again was darkness.

For several minutes Allan was unconscious of what had taken place, and when he began gradually to recover his senses, and the doubtful issue of his mission flashed upon his mind, he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, not to have pryed into the book of futurity. Slowly and with trembling steps he regained his aunt’s mansion—but sleep was denied to him—his villainy to his poor cousin

hung upon his heart and filled him with remorse, and he resolved that in the morning he should solicit for his release. He did so, his suit was fortunate, and before the noon, Donald was at liberty.

That day, according to custom, Lady Alice was seated in the family hall to receive her numerous tenantry who came to pay their yearly rents. In a corner, apart from the others, sat Allan, apparently perusing a book with intense interest, but his mind was otherwise occupied. The mysterious answers of the fiend, the dread of exposure should he not be able to meet the demands of Murdoch, and the gnawings of a guilty conscience, all were busy within him. Tenant after tenant arrived, each producing his stipulated sum to the Lady Alice.—The dark eye of Allan might be seen occasionally to glance to the piles of gold and silver which heaped the table, then quickly return to the page again. "Ah!" thought he, "but a little of that would suffice to set my mind at rest," and device was soon at work in his guilty bosom.

Before the business of the day was closed, the evening had come, and Lady Alice, after bidding her tenantry adieu, who were now enjoying her hospitality, and once more receiving Donald to her bosom, whom in her heart, she had never fairly considered guilty, ordered the books and papers to be deposited in the iron chest, which we have before alluded to, and where was kept the family plate, then collecting the money into a leathern bag, she carried it with her to her chamber for better security till she was able next morning to count it correctly.

To a late hour the guests kept together, and when at last they departed, the only one who remained afoot was Allan. He had retired to his chamber, but his mind was fixed upon the accomplishment of a certain act—an act of crime—the robbery of his aunt. He determined by the deed to evade the commission of murder which the night hag had prophesied would befall him, and he thought that if he could enter his aunt's chamber, as he had already done, and secure the sum that was necessary for the defrayment of Murdoch's tax, from the money yet uncounted, he might escape detection, lull the avarice of Murdoch, and again be happy. Foolish hope—what can cover crime? Nothing!

It was now midnight, and with a silent and stealthy pace he descended from his room, and gaining the door of his aunt's, quietly undid the latch. The low breathing of the worthy ma-

tron fell upon his ear like the accusing voice of justice—his heart beat audibly against his breast—he paused, his resolution seemed to forsake him—he was about to return, but the form of Murdoch stood before his fevered sight, the finger of dishonour seemed to point at him, the angel of repentance fled from his bosom and he was again in the toils of the tempter. He gained the table and passing his hand over it, to his confusion found that the prize was not there. Where, where could she have placed it? At that moment the moon burst brightly from behind a cloud, darting its beams into the apartment with a brilliancy almost equal to that of day. Allan beheld his aunt reclining sweetly in slumber, a smile was playing on her aged features, and he thought that in the breathings of her sleep she murmured a blessing upon his name. From beneath her pillow he saw the sought for treasure, but how to secure it—no matter, it must be done—and cautiously he slipped the wallet from its resting place, but slight as was the motion it was enough to awaken the Lady Alice—she sprang from her pillow and uttered a loud scream. Allan was endeavouring to escape from the room, but the light of the moon revealed his figure.

"Ah! Allan is it you?" she exclaimed, "would you rob your aunt?"

It was plain he was discovered, disgrace was for ever upon him—there was no way left to bury the secret but by her death—murder at once took possession of his heart—he seized his dirk, and the next moment buried it in the heart of Alice!

Her screams had aroused the household, who were now heard to be hurrying towards the chamber. How to conceal himself he knew not—he rushed into the hall, there stood the old iron chest—he knew the secret spring that unlocked it—he touched it, the lid flew open, and springing into it drew the lid down, and thus lay secure from observation.

The first who reached the chamber of Lady Alice, was young Donald, who beheld the wallet laying on the floor which in his terror Allan had left behind him. He seized it, and the domestics entering and finding him there with it in his hand, their mistress murdered, and horror rendering him pale and speechless, at once concluded that he was the assassin. His former crime, which by many had been disbelieved, was now fully credited, and the ill-starred Donald was arrested as the murderer of the Lady Alice.

The authorities of that time were most summary in the execution of the laws, and next

day, in the hall, was Donald arraigned for trial. All testified to the situation in which they found him, and it was evident to every one, that he had deprived his aunt of life for the purpose of possessing himself of the money collected for the rents the day previous. But yet Allan was missing, he could be no where found. Had he too been destroyed for the better purpose of advancing the views of the cruel Donald? Poor Allan! but yesterday he had obtained the release of the murderer from jail—alas! but to destroy thy aunt and perhaps thy noble self.

In brief, Donald was doomed the following morning to suffer death, and the poor youth was on the eve of being carried to prison from the hall, when a female voice in loud tones was heard exclaiming without:

"This way, villain! you shall not escape me, help! help! here is the murderer!" All eyes were directed to the quarter from whence the voice came, and Catharine Graham burst into the hall, pale and almost exhausted, dragging with her the villain Murdoch, and followed by a crowd of people.

"What means this, girl?" exclaimed the judge. "Who is that man whom you have dragged hither?"

"He is the murderer!" cried Catharine, "the assassin of Lady Alice—he that was seen lurking about this place two years ago, when the family plate was stolen from that iron chest."

Several individuals testified at once to his identity.

"Speak, fellow, what know you of the murderer?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing!" replied Murdoch, sulkily.

"How came you in this quarter at the very time that murder had been committed?"

"I came to see—to see—" and Murdoch looked around, thinking that he would recognize Allan.

"To see whom? speak sirrah!"

"Why to see an old crony of mine, Allan Mentieth."

A deep cry of astonishment ran throughout the throng, while the judge continued—"And for what purpose?"

"Why, to receive payment of a small bond which was owing by him unto me," replied Murdoch.

"What was the nature of that bond?"

"That is a secret between ourselves," said the ruffian.

"Were you ever in these parts before?"

"Why, yes—I think I was—"

"And on what occasion?"

"Why, to see my friend Allan to be sure.— Have you aught more to ask of me?"

"Yes, and expect that you will answer without prevarication—on your truth depends your acquittal."

"Umph!" muttered Murdoch, doggedly.

"You were in this neighbourhood when the family plate was extracted from yonder chest, some two years since?"

"I was!"

"And you were the person that did so!"

"'Tis false!" shouted Murdoch in a voice of thunder. "'Tis false! it was not me—it was—" and he paused suddenly, as if afraid of revealing the secret.

"Who? speak, fellow—your life depends on your answer," replied the judge.

"Why, then, if I must tell, it was my young friend, Allan Mentieth."

A thrill of horror burst from the crowd.

"How, Allan Mentieth, 'tis impossible—you wish to exculpate yourself by casting the guilt upon an innocent man. Were Allan here you would not dare to say this, besides I suspect that you have murdered *him* as well as the Lady Alice."

"Murder—no, no, I am bad enough, but my hands are yet free from blood! Allan not to be found, 'tis singular. I could stake my neck against a halter that he is not far from here," said Murdoch.

"We shall look to that hereafter," continued the judge. "But you confess that you were accessory to the stealing of the plate, some two years since?"

"I do!"

"I remember it was said that there was a secret spring to the chest, which must have been known to the parties—if therefore what you say be true, prove it by pointing out that spring."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Murdoch. "That I can easily do—make way there, and I'll show you."

The domestics stood aside, and the ruffian approaching the chest, touched a spring—the lid flew open—and the body of Allan Mentieth was discovered, cold and lifeless from suffocation.

Terror and amazement stood on every countenance—and the evidence of Murdoch, with other circumstances, showed that Allan was the murderer, and Donald innocent.

More need not be said—the tale is told, gentle reader, which shows that if there are indeed supernatural agents, and mortals seek their help—they will find, that they but "keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hopes."

A VISION.—Around, in deep and reverent attention, stood the holy angels—the princes of the elements. The work was the creation of man.

Summoned by the Almighty voice, together came the dust, a cloudy blast, from the four quarters of the earth. Slowly the particles united, and became a whole. The angel of the earth regarded it with curiosity and said—“Mortal will this be, wherever on earth it dwells; for dust it is, and dust it will again become.” A light vapour now enveloped and moistened the shapeless mass. Gradually it moulded and became a form of many inward compartments and secret channels; innumerable fibres, arteries, nerves, and veins traversed the admirable structure, and various members formed without, in beautiful conformity. The angel of the waters looked wondering on the work, and said—“Nutriment thou wilt require, ingenious creation; hunger and thirst, and the love of thy species, will be the instinct of thy nature, and many and varied the desires to which thou wilt be subjected.”

Beside the beautiful but soulless form, stood Love and Wisdom, the favourite children of the most high, watching with kindling interest the new creation. There was a silence. The Creator of Adam drew near, and the ministering spirits covered their faces with their resplendent wings.

Benevolently the Omnipotent looked upon his work, and paternally he raised the recumbent form, and breathed into the inanimate clay a portion of himself. Rapidly through a thousand veins now flowed the purple current of life, and risen stood the man. He gazed around with a calm serenity, but without surprise. Then spake Jehovah the Creator—“Behold, son of earth, I give unto thee thy native land; the beasts of the forest, and every green herb of the field I give unto thee: rule—the whole earth is thine!”

The new-made man bowed in humility his lordly head, and the Creator spake again—“All but thyself is thine; thy breath, thy immortal spirit is mine, and will return to me.”

Thus spake the Lord Jehovah, and left the man.

But the daughters of God, Wisdom and Love, remained with the new created son of earth; they instructed him, and taught to him understand and know the various herbs and flowers, the names of the animals and birds; they counselled and admonished him, became his companions and friends, and their delight was in the child of earth.

A dream—can it have been only a dream? And again I tried to sleep, to conjure back the scene; but it would not do—the illusion was past, the vision fled.

I rose and withdrew the curtain; the sun like a globe of fire, was issuing from the ocean; but I could have wept to find that I was still upon the earth!—*Author of “Parables from the German.”*



For The Amaranth.
TO A FRIEND.

WHEN the shadows of evening are closing around us,

And the glorious sun sinking calmly to rest,
Then I'll think of the friendship that sweetly hath bound us,

And pray that forever thy life may be blessed.

When with joy thou art roving the bright halls of pleasure—

When all things around thee are happy and gay :

Then I'll breathe forth a pray'r that like music's soft measure,
Thy days may pass sweetly and gently away.

When far, far away on the wide raging ocean,
When gaily thou'rt roving the deep trackless sea ;

Oh then in the hour of my evening devotion,
I'll pray that kind heaven will e'er watch over thee.

And when thou art slumbering—rocked by the billow,

By the sweet evening breeze wafted gently along—

Then I'll pray that kind angels will watch round thy pillow,

And breathe in thy ear their melodious song.

When the friends of thy childhood or youth thou art greeting,

When with joy thou art viewing thine own native shore,

Then I'll pray that in heaven may be thy last meeting,

Where parting and sorrow shall never be more.

King Street, St. John.

H. S. E.



It is the man that makes the most noise, says West, that attracts the attention of the world. A silent elephant may remain amid the foliage of the wood, but the croaking bull frog will attract attention in the darkest night.

JACK PURCEL AND THE CROWS.

An Irish Sketch.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL, OF LONDON.

JACK PURCEL was a mixture of shrewdness and absurdity, cunning and simplicity—a compound of Nature and Art—and sometimes Nature without Art—stringing truisms on so slender a thread, that it broke before his work was finished, and then laughing at his own mistakes.

At times you felt inclined to believe him a rational, a deeply thinking creature—almost a philosopher—and you listened to the wisdom that fell from his lips—when lo!—a sudden change would force upon you the conviction that the poor fellow was “only a fool.”

It might be that both conclusions were too rapidly drawn. I certainly do not pretend to define *what* Jack Purcel was, or was not; I only mean to record what he said and did—he being what in Ireland is termed “a natural”—one in whom, the lamp of reason, if it burn at all, has never been trimmed or garnished.

“What do you mean by a natural?” I once inquired of an old woman. She replied—

“A *natural* is it?—Why thin, as a body may say, it’s just one that’s *half saved*.”

“And what do you mean by ‘half saved?’”

“Ah thin *it’s a natural!*”

Jack Purcel was called a *natural*, and he knew it, and used to pun thereon, saying, “it was better to be a *natural* than *unnatural*, which many people that warn’t *naturals* were.” He was a tall, thin, fantastic looking creature, whose clothes were most miraculously kept together, being a heap of threads and patches, stitched here and there with pack-thread or twine. Still Jack generally managed to have a clean shirt, and moreover took as much pleasure in arranging his hair, as if he were a young girl; and it fell on either side of his pale lank visage, in a way that would charm the hearts of our modern artists. The peculiarity of Jack’s attire, however, was in a sort of conical cap which he formed of crows’ feathers, and which he designated his helmet, and called upon every one to admire.

“For shame, Jack, to kill the poor birds and then steal their feathers.”

“Me kill!—Me!”—he would exclaim, as was his constant habit when excited, and this observation was certain to agitate him.—“Me kill any thing!—Me!—who knows life, feels life, loves life!—Me take life from any living thing!—Me—*oh yarra! yarra uirras thue!*—

Me?—*oh das deelish avourneen!*—or steal—is it me?—shath!—shath!—it’s enough to set me a dancin’ mad to hear the likes!—Oh the fine handsome black birdeens that knows the paths in the air, while mighty knowledgeable men can hardly find them on the earth—the beautiful crows—they know the differ—they know me, and I know them and their language! Ah! ah!—caw they go, and down comes a feather! ‘*That for you, Jack!*—down it comes—a token of good will—a coal black feather to Jack Purcel from the king of the crows!—Fine birds they are—wise birds—did you never hear their prayers?—I did. Just when the grey light comes stealing out of heaven, the old king crow—he that rests in the tall fir tree—caws to his queen—the old queen—and then to his people, and then they shake the dew off their feathers, and trim their wings, and then they rise, as one bird, in the air, and pray.”

“And what do they say, Jack?”

“May be they wouldn’t like me to tell, but I’ll tell *you*—I don’t mind telling you, for you feed the small singing birds. They pray to be kept from the sins of man; they pray for plenty, and for peace. They’re the rale United Irishmen—the black-bands of the air. I love the crows.—Hurra for the crows—the coal black crows!”

And then he would wave his feather-helmet, and shout and dance.

Poor Jack Purcel was kind to every living thing; but his heart was in our rookery, a square field, mid way up the avenue that was filled with tall fir trees, planted before it was imagined that trees would grow so near the sea. There, a colony of rooks had established themselves—long, long before I was born, and there they were suffered to remain unmolested; but as the young plantations grew up about the house, the rooks wished to emigrate, and while the denizens of their old world remained at home, they drove the young birds to the plantations, and here a war of extermination was commenced against them. Nests, eggs, and birds were destroyed with impunity, and poor Jack was in a state of frenzy. He used to go about with his bosom crammed full of young crows and crow’s eggs, that he had saved from the fangs of the gardener’s boys—and “keen” over his favourites when they died as if he had lost his dearest relatives.

“A thin, it’s little yer mother thought whin she lined yer nest, and rocked with the storm over the wonderful shell that held ye—ye poor *birdeens*—it’s little she thought the end you’d come to, ye innocent craythurs. Ah God help

us! we're all born—but those not dead, don't know what's before them—and so best—and sure the hand that made desolate yer nest, may stretch out for food yet and have none to get.

"When the Almighty made Paradise and put the holy saints in it, and beasts and things to cover the earth, he set the trees to shelter them, and the dwelling of the birds of the air—he made both the one and the other; but man is so unjust, *birdeen agra bawn!* that he says, 'I will have all the tree, though I hav'nt the skill to build a nest in it, and am *obligated* to live in a mud house under it, still you shan't enjoy what I can't, because I am a man, and you are a bird—that's man's justice, *birdeen a lanan.*"—And so he would go on for half the length of a spring day, mingling wisdom and folly together, as I never heard them mingled since. Whenever I see a rook now, and sometimes those that roost in the old trees at Lord Holland's, or the still older I believe, at the Bishop's Palace of Falham, wing over our garden, I think of poor Jack Purcel, who interested me when a child in their movements.

Valentine's day, he always made his quarters good close to the gateway that led into the rookery. He gave names to particular crows, and affirmed that he knew them all. As the season advanced, woe to the urchin who attempted to ascend a tree, or pelt a crow; and Jack would watch the birds coming and going as a mother does the coming and going of her beloved children. When he saw a steady pair wheel off to seek food for their young, he would stand under the tree, and sing and talk as much nursery nonsense to the nestlings as would delight a parish full of nurses. If the birds made a great clamour, or as he called it a "bobbyery," he would grub up a handful of earth-worms, ascend the tree, imitate the voice of the parent crows in a most laughable manner, and having fed the young, descend with the agility of a squirrel, and then with great gravity inform the old rooks, on their return, of the benefit he had conferred upon their offspring.

I remember asking him, somewhat foolishly, one morning—"If the crows prayed more on Sundays, than any other day?"

"No, miss," replied Jack, "they pray as much every day, as Christians do on Sunday." Long observation had taught him which way the rooks would return after a predatory excursion, and it was no unusual thing for Jack Purcel to go and meet them, and shout and dance when the dark flock came in sight. In winter, he never asked for food or raiment for himself, but begged unceasingly for the crows,

and if refused by the servants, would appeal to the master.

"They have," said he, on one occasion, "a tenant's right—they *war* bred, born, and reared on yer honour's estate; and more, they have a right to labourers' wages, for they destroyed the grub that would have destroyed the grain."

I have only hinted at his fondness for, and kindness to all things living; but sometimes a terrible war disturbed his mind as to what he ought to do, under particular circumstances. Jack was a great mar-plot. If snares were set by gardeners or gamekeepers for vermin, Jack Purcel was sure to defeat their intentions by destroying the snares; and it was no uncommon thing for the cook to find the chickens, set apart in a particular coop for immediate use, at liberty; and yet, when they were cooked Jack would eat them. He was often upbraided with this inconsistency, but only replied with his usual half laugh—half shout.

Once, having detected a weasel, at the instant it had pounced upon a poor rabbit, and having made prisoners of them both, one under one arm, and the other under the other, he did not exactly know how to act.

After much deliberation, he let the rabbit go in a clover field; and then sitting down in his favourite rookery, despite the creature's struggles, he extracted the weasel's teeth with an old penknife, and then, as we told him, left the animal to starve.

"Well!" said he, "the times are bad, and when all's said and done, the Irish weasel won't be worse off than the Irish poor. *Cook him up with fresh meat.*"

It was always pleasant to meet Jack in the country roads and *bohreens*,* for he was certain to say something quaint or strange.

One evening we found him gathering wild flowers. "Here!" he exclaimed, "isn't this daisy the very moral of Mary More, with her round white starry face, and *yalla* breast knot? And this—this little 'blue forget-me never,' that's my mother—my own mother that's in heaven—they put her in the Abbey-yard, and say she's in heaven. 'The forget-me-never' grows round her grave—over where she's laid—and there are her eyes, sure enough. Here's the tansy—the bitter tansy—that's Molly the Cook—Molly the Cook, of a fast day, in a black lent, when she smells the meat and can't eat it—can't eat it—can't eat it!" And the idea of the cook being unable to partake of the

* Lanes. † Picture.

savoury messes she took so much pleasure to prepare, was too much for his imagination. He would toss the flowers in the air, and then fling up his feather-cap, and shout, his wild senseless joy.

Time passed on, and I left that part of the world, never to return to it but as a visiter; and modern improvement decreed that the old rookery should be uprooted. This was sorrowful news to poor Jack Purcel, who first prayed against such a course, and then preached against it, long and loudly. Of course, the poor *natural's* remonstrances were made in vain, but the dispersing of the colony, and the noise of the woodman's axe had such an effect upon him, that like a turbulent child, he was locked up until all was over. Jack managed to make his escape at the moment the last tree was felled—the very tree which he used to call “King Crow's Palace.” Mounting upon the pier beneath which he had so often sheltered, he looked upon the felled timber—the half uprooted stumps—the crushed and mutilated boughs, with an expression of the most intense anguish. It was evening, and the poor rooks hovered like a pall about their once loved home.

“Hear me, birdeens!” exclaimed Jack Purcel, with his usual extravagant action, “Hear me—the time isn't far off, when he who has turned the black bands from their ould castles, will have no more call to the land he now stands on, than you have to what you hang over at this minute, nor so much—you'll be the best off then, birds of the air—he can't hinder ye from that—you'll be as free of the air as ever, when he won't have a foot of land to call his own.”

* * * * *

The estate very soon changed masters, and the poor people talk of Jack Purcel's prophecy to this day. There is a proverb also current amongst them, when speaking of people being very much attached, they say, “As fond of each other as Jack Purcel and the Crows.”



LET us hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done, or a wise one spoken, in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

As lofty trees call down refreshing showers, but also attract the lightning which destroys them, so *mortals*, who aspire to rise above the common level, must gather tempests about their heads.

For The Amaranth.

SONG OF THE IRISH MOURNER.

LIGHT of the widow's heart! art thou then dead?

And is then thy spirit from earth ever fled?—
And shall we then see thee and hear thee no more,

All radiant in beauty and life as before?

My own blue eye'd darling, oh why didst thou die,

E'er the tear drop of sorrow had dimmed thy bright eye?—

E'er they cheek's blooming hue felt one touch of decay,

Or thy long golden ringlets were mingled with grey?

Why, star of our pathway—why didst thou depart?—

Why leave us to weep for the pulse of the heart?

Oh, darkened for ever is life's sunny hour,
When robbed of its brightest and loveliest flower!

Around thy low bier sacred incense is flinging,
And soft on the air are the silver bells ringing,
For the peace of thy soul is the holy mass said,
And on thy fair forehead the blessed cross laid.

Soft soft be thy slumbers, our Lady receive thee
And shining in glory forever thy soul be;

To the climes of the blessed, my own grama-chree,

May blessings attend thee, sweet cushla ma-chree.

EMILY.



EVE is represented as having been a perfect beauty and there can be no doubt that she was one of the loveliest works of God's creation—but then in her day, corsets had not been invented, and nature was not tortured. She had no steel or whalebone to compress her waist into a span, nor bustle of cotton or bran to deform her shape. Let the girls of the present day throw these instruments of torture aside, or be moderate in their use, take early exercise and inhale the invigorating morning air, and the tint of the rose will be substituted for the wanness of the lilly, and health and cheerfulness take the place of feebleness and ennui.

THAT man, who, to the utmost of his power, augments the great mass of public or individual happiness, will, under every institution, and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of all men himself.

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

A FIFTH AT WHIST.

WE had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us, the losers, look anything but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play: this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game, that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of God sit quiet!" rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life, move not."

"What can he mean?—has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to myself.

"Don't start!—don't move, I tell you!" in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued,—

"Remain quiet, and all may yet be well.—I have a Cobra Capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreaded monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India,—namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look,—so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his fatal bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round!" murmured Maxey; "I feel him cold—cold to my limb: and now he tightens!—for the love of Heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud: let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir:—Northcote, you moved your head. By everything sacred, I conjure you do not do so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them:—the snake is winding itself round my calf;—I leave them all I possess. I can almost fancy I feel his breath! Great God! to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought, and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back.

Again Maxey spoke:

"No—no! it has no effect! on the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back, and give the bite of death with more fatal precision.—Receive me, O Lord! and pardon me; my last hour is come!—Again he pauses. I die firm; but this is past endurance;—ah! no—he has undone another fold, and loosens himself.—Can he be going to some one else?" We involuntarily started. "For the love of Heaven, stir not!—I am a dead man; but bear with me, He still loosens;—he is about to dart!—Move not, but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh! this agony is too hard to bear!—Another pressure, and I am dead. No!—he relaxes!" At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself; the last coil *had* fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved!—saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed: the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget: it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility, and sunk into an early grave.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Fraudulent debtors, like parching corn, make the greatest show after they have burst.

APOLOGUE.—Look, wretched one, upon the stream that rolleth beside the dwelling of thy old age. Sec'st thou not within its waters the very stars which have shone upon thee in childhood?

The years have gone over thee and thou hast grown gray with many changes—thou hast changed thy home, thy heart, thy friends—but sec'st thou any change in the bright stars which look up to thee, even through the ever-changing surface of the rippling waters?

Thou dost not—they cannot alter, for they are the eyes which God has set upon thy path to watch thee. Alas! that thou shouldst have looked for them alone in the brooklet. Why hast thou not looked up for them in the Heavens?

Had they not beauty? Gave they not a sufficient and sweet light for thy guidance in the strange and solemn hours? Why hast thou striven to fly from their glances? Why didst thou refuse their light? Their voices spoke to thee in songs—faint, sweet echoes of the living music that streams ever from beneath the eternal footsteps. Ah! did no faint whisper of that music fall upon thy heart in its solitude?

Alas! for thee. Though thou hast lived apart from thy fellows, his spirit still hath been with thine—his spirit only. Thou, like him, seekest not the object which thy own mood may not shape at will. Thou lovest not to look upon the things over which the arm of thy power may not be extended. Thou lovest the dark and the forbidden—not the shining and the vouchsafed. Thy thought is shrouded in the darkness of thy own soul—so that thou seeest not the blessed spirits which are commissioned to give thee light. Thou lookest upon vain hopes of earthly substance, even at the awful moment when God is looking upon thee.

Thine eyes are in the dark—thine eyes of the dust. These still seek and turn in lowly contemplation upon the thing from which they were made. But the eyes of thy soul grew blinded in this survey. Alas, for the myriad eyes that gaze downward in sweet benignity from Heaven—how few look up in return.

The proud man builds his palace, tower upon tower, huge of bulk and high, still aspiring to the skies; but his gaze from its terrace is bent upon the city that lies below him. It is the shepherd, who, along the hills, still singing a glad song of Heavenly rejoicing, evermore turns upward a yearning eye—fond—looking for the sweet planet that shall counsel his doubtful footsteps.

A THOUGHT ON IMMORTALITY.—When in reflecting upon pleasures that add a zest and a charm to existence, on absent friends whom we trust to meet, on amusements which we hope to enjoy, on anticipations of which we expect the reality—when in the eagerness of sanguine aspirations, and the plenitude of desire, we paint the loved object with unreal beauty, and feed our minds upon baseless visions that naturally flow from our innate desire for worldly happiness, how often does the thought invade the solitude of our meditations, that these pleasures must all end, that we meet with the absent but to part again, that all amusements which Earth affords are empty and transitory—that anticipations which we nourish, no matter how warmly, bring to us in their realization not half the pleasure with which our ardent minds had at first clothed them, and that finally, no matter how fondly we may cherish the Delusions of Life, Death must one day mark us for its own, and consign to its “starless and eternal slumbers,” the hopes, the wishes, and the anticipations of existence.

How unwelcome such a thought to him who can feel within him, no perceptions of an immortal principle, no assurance of a higher destiny, than that which is bounded by an Earthly existence, and an Earthly tomb; who amid the clouds that lower, and the storms that gather, sees no end to the murky darkness of the former, and no period to the horrors of the latter, save in the total annihilation of every perception, that makes us acquainted with the existence of both; to such, life must appear a blank, promising nothing here, and worse than nothing hereafter; a dreary vision, in the dim indistinctness of which, the *present good* is ever overshadowed by the gloom of the *coming evil*; and if such be the case—if our hopes of living hereafter are vain or illusory, who, I ask, would willingly bear to live, or living, dare to die?

HYPOCRITES soar up to heaven, not like the lark to sing praises, but like the hawk to pounce upon their prey. When they look up to the Mount of Olives, it is to build an oil mill; and if they weep by the brook of Kedron, they are watching to catch fish, or throw some one in to it; and when they kneel, it is like the soldiers in front rank, to load and fire. They call mankind their brethren, and treat them as the Turkish Sultans do their relatives.

It is a curiosity to find a fop who does not think he is the admiration of every one he meets in the street.

GILES GRIMSTONE, THE MISER.

—“Resolve me which is worse,
Want with a *full* or with an *empty* purse?”

ONE chill autumnal evening, a pleasant social party was assembled, in our library, and as the cold wind whirled repeated showers of dry leaves against the casement, we all drew around the fire, with a feeling of comfort heightend by contrast. Since we had last met in that cheerful room, the most of us had been separated by hundreds of miles; for, following the fashion of our migratory countrymen, we had locked up our household gods and wandered off in various directions—some on business, some on pleasure—until the “sear and yellow leaf” of autumn warned us to seek once more our own hearthstone. Of course we had many a scene to describe, many an incident to relate, many a droll character to sketch. The awful sublimity of the mighty Niagara, with its wealth of diamond spray, and its rainbow bridge leading from earth to heaven; the series of exquisite pictures which succeed each other to the eye of him who treads the rocky defile at Trenton Falls; the gentle beauty which characterizes the valley of the Connecticut; the glorious panorama which glides by the traveller on the Alleghany mountains; all were in turn depicted with the zeal, if not the graphic skill of an artist. Then we had some rich scenes from nature, as exhibited at the breakfast-table of a hotel; some racy sketches of character, as displayed in those honest schools—the stage-coach and steamboat;—some stolen glimpses of the “cloth of freize,” which in our country is so often pieced out with “cloth of gold.”—But our conversation, varied as it was, did not seem quite to satisfy my little cousin Sue, who, having just come from boarding-school, her head filled with romance of novel reading, had not yet learned to *take the world as it is*, and to pity the weakness, while she smiled at the follies of humanity.

“After all,” exclaimed she, at length, “this travelling is dull work. Here have all of you been relating your ‘incidents of travel,’ and yet not one has been able to tell any thing worthy of record in the annals of adventure. I really believe *I* could tell as many ‘moving accidents by flood and field,’ though I have wandered no further than a little country village. It seems to me that people only require that sort of passive courage which enables them to risk the explosion of a steamboat or the overturning of a stage, and they may tra-

vel from Dan to Beersheba, with no more exertion of heroism than was required by the good old pair who only migrated from the ‘blue room to the brown.’ There are no banditti to level their pistols at one’s head; no highwaymen to demand your money or your life; no opportunity, in short, of exciting an interest in some dark-eyed fellow traveller, by requiring him to risk his life in one’s defence. Alas! that I should have been born in such a prosaic age!” and the mock solemnity with which she uttered the last words, was followed by a merry ringing laugh.

“You must travel in other lands, my daughter,” said Mr. M., “if you wish to meet with the interesting scoundrels celebrated in the pages of your favourite authors, and even there, I imagine the race is nearly extinct.”

“Well, steamboats and railroads are doubtless very useful things,” cried Sue, “but they have certainly destroyed all the excitement of travelling.”

“When you are a little older,” said her father, gravely, “you will better understand the genuine and healthful excitement of travel.—To look upon the works of God in all their freshness and beauty, to admire the stupendous monuments of man’s ingenuity, to feel our own insignificance amid the wonders of nature, and our own immortality amid the miracles of art; such are the true excitements of travelling. Nor should I forget to mention the advantages which are afforded us, while we are thus ‘sojourners by the way,’ of learning something of the innumerable phases of human nature. So long as man remains an imperfect being, so long as he is the victim of evil passions and the plaything of weak principles, life will have its romance strangely blended with its reality. It is true, the heroes on life’s stage are not always young and well-favoured; nor are the heroines always beautiful, intellectual, angelic beings; but, believe me, dear Sue, life has scenes more thrilling than were ever forged in the heated brain of a novel writer. For my own part, I never enter a stage-coach or a steamboat, a railroad car or an omnibus, without finding something worthy of note among my companions—something that tells me of the hidden depths which lie beneath the dull surface of every-day life. There is many a tragedy daily, aye, hourly enacted among us and we take no note of it, because the heroes wear the squalid rags of poverty, instead of the trappings of wealth and power. I was witness to a scene during the past summer, which even you, my daughter, would have thought suffi-

ciently exciting, and yet the actors in it were among the lowliest of our fellow-beings."

Our curiosity was immediately excited, and we begged Mr. M. to relate the incident to which he alluded. Wheeling his Voltaire closer to the fire, while we gathered round him in attitudes of deep attention, he said, "You must allow me, then, to tell the story my own way, and not interrupt me by questions. I would only premise, that though *I* was witness to the *denouement* first, and learned the particulars of the history afterwards, I mean to begin at the beginning in my narration of it.

"The father of Giles Grimstone was a careful, pains-taking man, who made the acquisition of money the chief end of life, and who, after having congratulated himself for more than forty years on his escape from the expenses of a family, at the age of sixty made a *prudent* marriage with his cook. But Mistress Dorothy had been perfectly respectable in her humbler vocation, and she had sufficient tact to act with proper discretion in a more elevated position. Her economical habits, her thrifty housekeeping, her close watchfulness over the servants, and her grateful attention to his comforts, rendered her husband quite content with his choice; and when she presented him with a son, and *only one*, the old man was perfectly happy. Unfortunately for him, however, he had been so long making up his mind to risk the chances of happiness, that his life had already dwindled to its shortest span; and when the little Giles was but three years old, Gregory Grimstone paid the debt of nature, the only debt on which he had ever wished an *extension*. The affliction of the bereaved widow was evinced by a superb monument of white marble, which still remains as a lasting memorial of the *virtues* of the deceased, and a proof that the 'faith, charity and beneficence' which time fails to impress on the indurated heart, can be easily engraven with a golden tool on the stone which covers it.

"Mrs. Dorothy Grimstone, though well qualified to watch with affection over the interests of the young heir, was totally unfit to direct his education. Indeed, she had a thorough contempt for books, and believed that people made their way through the world better without them; in proof of which she instanced the success of her late worthy husband as well as herself, neither of whom had ever passed beyond the merest rudiments of learning. Loving her son with all the fondness of a weak-minded mother, she fancied she was contributing to his happiness, by the unlimited indul-

gence of every whim; and the consequence was, that she soon became a perfect slave to his caprices. There is no selfishness so consummate, no tyranny so intolerable, as that of a spoiled child. Even in his earliest days, Giles Grimstone was an object of dislike to his companions, of hatred to the servants, and of fear to his mother. He soon learned that he was the heir of a large estate, and the consciousness of being born to wealth, produced its usual effect by destroying all honourable emulation, all desire of other distinction than that of riches.

"The early history of Giles Grimstone is only the oft-told tale of reckless profusion in the heir, growing out of the grasping avarice of the parent. His mother, hovering over a scanty fire and dining from a meanly furnished table, almost deprived herself of the comforts of life in her anxiety to make amends for his extravagance by her economy. Every bill she was called upon to pay for him, seemed to inflict a new pang upon her heart; and whether from trouble of mind, or from the privations to which she subjected herself, her health began rapidly to fail. Her ungrateful son bestowed on her the degree of kindness usually received from a spoiled child, and the poor woman sorrowed over his want of affection for her, little dreaming that his selfishness had its origin in her own foolish indulgence. She lived to see him of age and in possession of the estate, when his first act was to curtail the income allotted her by his father's will. This act of injustice, affecting as it did the most sensitive point in her character, filled up the measure of her griefs; and while consulting a lawyer respecting the possibility of obtaining legal redress, she was seized with an apoplectic fit, which effectually settled all her worldly concerns.

"Giles was now left free and unshackled.— Surrounded by troops of friends who were ready to enter into any scheme he might suggest, provided he was ready to pay for it, he found no difficulty in spending his money.— But there was a degree of vulgarity in all his tastes, which those who believe in the inheritance of moral as well as physical peculiarities, would have little difficulty in tracing to the kitchen from whence he sprang. Horse-jockies and dog-fanciers were his chosen companions, while races and petty gambling tables furnished his usual amusements. Unable, from want of education, to mingle in refined society, and possessing a natural propensity to low pleasures, he soon fell into the station which best befitted him, and his name became a by-

word for profligacy. Ready for every mad prank that folly could devise, he gave himself up to a life of vicious indulgence, and knew no better excitement than the dice and the bottle. The largest fortune could not long withstand the heavy demands of such a prodigal, and ere Giles Grimstone had attained his thirtieth summer, he was as completely beggared in purse as he had long been in reputation. The estate which his parents had purchased by the sacrifice of soul and body to the Moloch of avarice, was scattered to the winds; and the spendthrift heir, destitute of principle, education, or industry, was thrown upon the world. Deserted by the friends of his prosperity, and despised by the worst as well as the better part of society, he retired up the country with the miserable pittance that yet remained to him; and it was while there, far removed from the temptations which had wrought his ruin, that Giles Grimstone first learned to reflect.

"But while to some minds reflection comes as an angel of light, to others its influences are those of an imp of darkness. He looked on his past life, not with remorse, but with fierce and angry contempt of himself and hatred to his old companions. He brooded over his misfortunes in vindictive silence, and, remembering that his money had been the source of all his enjoyments, and the loss of it the cause of his present degradation, he resolved to repossess himself of the magic talisman. In a word, ere he had suffered the privations of poverty for one short year, he had become a perfect miser. Strange as such a transformation may seem, it is by no means an unnatural one.—The love of money is as deeply rooted in the heart of the prodigal as in that of the miser; the only difference is, that one scatters for his own gratification, while the other hoards; but selfishness is at the bottom of the passions of both, and however diverse may seem their paths in the outset of life, it very often happens that the ruined spendthrift becomes the merest muck worm that crawls upon the surface of society. The avaricious maxims of his father, the parsimonious example of his mother, now had their full effect upon the impoverished heir; and he loved money for its own sake, as well as he had ever done for the pleasures it could purchase. There are some natures to whom prosperity is as the tropical sun, drawing forth many a poisonous reptile to bask in its beams, while adversity, like the fierce tempests which rage in the same burning climes, chases the evil creatures back to their dens, while it freshens the parched soil of the heart, and fits it to bring

forth good fruit in its season. But such was not the character of Giles Grimstone; prosperity and adversity were alike evil in their influences to him; for while success engendered many a vile thing within his bosom, misfortune, like midnight darkness, called forth many even more loathsome still.

"During his sojourn in the country, he managed to win the affections of a farmer's widow, whose fortune of a few hundred dollars was now more tempting in his eye, than thousands had seemed a few brief months before. She became his wife, and he was thus once more placed in the midst of competence, if not wealth; instead of thankfully enjoying his comforts, he bent all his thoughts to the task of heaping up money. Yet

'None are all evil—lingering round his heart,
One softer felling would not yet depart.'

"Even in the bosom of the selfish votary of avarice, paternal affection exerted its humanizing influence. The little good that existed in his nature, seemed all aroused, as he looked upon the face of his firstborn son, and listened to the feeble wail which awakened the echoes of affection in the waste places of his heart.—For the first time he was sensible of a strong emotion of love; yet, even then, the demon which he served made its voice heard within him, and whispered, that there was now another motive for amassing riches. The very tenderness which had sprung up amid the evil weeds of passion, only offered another incentive to his grasping avarice. Of his wife he thought but little. She had been the means of raising him from the dust into which he had been trampled, and thus she had fulfilled her destiny, as far as his interests were concerned. But when she became the mother of a second child—a daughter, his indifference deepened into absolute dislike; and it would be difficult to say, whether the parent or the child was the object of his greatest aversion. In proportion as he loved his boy, he detested the other claimant on his purse and heart: he wished to hoard up every thing for the one sole object of his affection.

"Years passed on in this manner. Giles Grimstone became daily more and more sordid in his character—more and more penurious in his habits, denying his family every thing but the merest necessaries of life. His occupation, which was that of a drover, led him frequently from home; and during his absence he often left his wife penniless, obliging her to labour for the support of herself and her child, while he was hoarding up the very money

which he had derived from her. But amid all his parsimony, he suffered no privation to fall upon his son. When yet quite young, he had sent the boy to a distant boarding-school, and seemed to grudge no expense in the education and comfort of the only object of his affection. Indeed he seemed possessed with but two passions, a love for his son, and an almost insane craving for wealth. But whatever might be his success in pecuniary affairs, he was destined to disappointment in his dearest hopes.—The young George partook far more of the temper of his mother, than that of his father.—Frank, thoughtless and joyous in his character, he possessed neither strong affections nor firm principles. He had little regard for his father, and his mother he was seldom permitted to see; so that his kindly feelings were but slightly awakened towards his own family. The comforts which his father provided him, and the expense he lavished on him, were accompanied with so many repinings, so many prudential calculations, so many strict charges to profit by them, that George grew weary of the heavy obligations which were laid upon him. When scarcely fourteen years of age, he secretly left his school and sought a course of life better suited to his tastes, on board a whaling ship. This was a severe blow to the father, and the effect it produced on his temper was any thing but beneficial. He became intolerably morose, and at length, driven from their home by the actual want of the necessaries of life, his wife and daughter sought domestic service, as a means of procuring at least food and raiment. Little affected at the disgrace which this conduct brought upon him, Giles Grimstone shut himself up alone in the dilapidated house which he had purchased soon after his marriage, and never stirred abroad, except when business compelled him. When at home he frequently kept his bed for days together, in order to save the expense of a fire, and a mouldy crust was often his only subsistence. When obliged to travel, he generally carried his provision in his pocket, and by his miserable appearance often obtained a free passage in steamboats and stages, from the charity of wayfarers, while, perhaps, the contents of his purse could have purchased the whole worldly estate of his benefactors.

“About three years after George’s flight, his ship arrived in port, and the penitent boy accidentally encountered his father in the streets of New York. Whatever anger the old man might have cherished against his offending son, it was at once dissipated by the sight of the

tall, fine-looking youth who now implored his pardon. Nor was his satisfaction at his return lessened, when he learned that George was in possession of some sixty or eighty dollars, the remains of his wages during his absence. Ignorant of the situation of his mother and sister, but knowing enough of his father’s habits to believe that they must lack many comforts, he determined to appropriate his money to their use, and therefore resisted all attempts to persuade him that it would be safer in other hands than his own. Though unwilling to make George acquainted with the condition to which his parsimony had reduced his family, he could find no plausible excuse for deferring their return, and they accordingly took passage for Albany. It was on board the steamboat that I first met with them.—The squalid appearance of the old man, his thread-bare garments and pinched features were in such marked contrast to the neat sailor dress, stout frame and ruddy health of his companion, that my attention was irresistibly drawn towards them, though I knew nothing of either. The next morning, as the passengers were leaving the boat, an alarm was given that some one had been robbed, and all further egress was instantly stopped. It was the young sailor; his money, consisting of several twenty dollar bills, had been tied in the corner of his neckerchief, which he deposited under his pillow when he retired for the night; when he awoke, the neckerchief was still in its place, but the money was gone. All present cheerfully submitted to a search, but the money was not found, and it was conjectured that the thief was probably among those who had already left the boat. The youth bore his loss with great cheerfulness, but the father seemed greatly distressed. My sympathy was excited, and I was about raising a subscription among the passengers, when a gentleman present informed me of the character of the individual, and assured me that my charity would be wholly misapplied, as Giles Grimstone was doubtless better supplied with funds than any one on board. This excited my curiosity, and happening to be seated beside the same gentleman at Cruttenden’s breakfast table, I learned from him the particulars of the history I have just narrated.

“The next day, as I entered the stage to pursue my journey further north, I found Giles Grimstone and his son among my fellow passengers. The sharp, prying, suspicious eyes of the old man were upon every body; he seemed to see and hear every thing, while his son,

singing snatches of sea songs, whistling some merry air, or spinning tough yarns with a sailor's usual skill, seemed totally unmindful of his recent loss. When the stage stopped at the hotel where we were to dine, I observed that only George appeared at the table, the father having contented himself with some crackers and cheese. This piece of economy, so corroborative of the tale I had just heard, led me to watch their proceedings with some interest; and when we arrived at our resting place for the night, I noticed that instead of repairing to the tea-table, they were taking a glass of ale at the bar. What passed afterwards, I learned principally from the old man's own confession.

"It appears that the father, having persuaded his son that he could not defray the expense both of tea and lodging, had declined the meal, but ordered a bed to be prepared. While waiting in the bar-room, a half-witted negro, belonging to the establishment, entered and placed on a table in a remote corner, a plate containing several buttered muffins. Just as he retired, the bar-keeper was called away for a few minutes, and Giles Grimstone, unable to resist the temptation of satisfying his hunger so cheaply, crept stealthily to the table, and, after greedily devouring one of the cakes, pressed his son to follow his example. Impelled by the cravings of appetite, George ate two of the muffins, and then both hurried up to their apartment. In less than an hour afterwards there was a terrible commotion throughout the house. Every one was on the alert to discover who had taken the missing cakes, and in the midst of the busy inquiry, it was suddenly recollected that the old man and his son had been left alone in the bar-room after the cakes were brought in. In a moment the truth seemed to flash upon the minds of all. In a state of dreadful agitation, the master of the house burst into their apartment, and at once accused them of the theft, at the same time announcing that the cakes were *poisoned*! Such was, indeed, the fearful truth. They had been prepared with *arsenic* for the destruction of the rats which infested the barn, and owing to the stupidity of the negro, had been placed within reach of the penurious old man.

"The scene which ensued defies description. Medical aid was immediately procured, but all efforts to relieve the agonies of the young sailor proved fruitless. Before the morning dawned he was a lifeless corpse, the victim of a father's avarice! To increase the horror of the whole affair, the old man, in a paroxysm

of terror and remorse, confessed that he had been the robber of the preceding night, and produced the notes which he had purloined from the pillow of his sleeping son. In the language of the first murderer, he might have exclaimed, 'my punishment is greater than I can bear!' Rescued from immediate death, but crippled in all his limbs from the effect of the poison, and stupified by the shock of his son's death, he dragged out a helpless and half-unconscious existence for a few months, and then sunk unpitied into the grave.

"His wife and daughter returned and took possession of the old mansion, which has been to them a perfect gold mine, as they still continue to find money in every possible hiding-place. Thus the hoardings of years of penury have at last fallen into the hands of those whom the wretched miser hated and persecuted. Truly 'man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.' 'He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.'"

NOTE.—Lest the catastrophe of the preceding story should seem extravagant, I would merely state that it is the only part which is strictly true. The incidents of the tale are purely imaginary, with the exception of the fate of the son, which was related to me soon after the circumstance occurred.

For The Amaranth.

THE DAYS OF YEARS LONG FLED.

FLED are the days of other years,
And with them all their hopes and fears;
Dried are the widow's—orphan's tears,
In the realms of the dead.

Fled is the glory!—all is gone,
Except dim memory's ray alone,
Of days and years long fled.

Honours pageantry's dimly seen—
The haziness of years between,
Throws only to the mind a gleam,
Where darkness lies o'erspread,
Grandeur's pomp has ceased to gild,
Or single ray of light to yield,
The days of years long fled.

Time, the destroyer of our race,
Our names and titles all efface—
Yea, covers honour with disgrace,
Assurance with a dread;—
Gives to oblivion all the great,
The pomp, the splendour, and the state,
Of days and years long fled.

WILHELMINA.

Bridgetown, N. S. July, 1841.

For The Amaranth.

LINES TO A "WALIAN MAID,"

An Emigrant to New-Brunswick.

AND hast thou left thy native shore,
Its fields, its tow'r's, and oaky shade?—
Its ruin-piles to see no more,
Fair roaming peasant, Walian Maid.

Why cam'st thou from thy primrose dales?
Why cam'st thou from thy fairy hills?—
Thy tearful eyes, are full of tales
Of sorrow, poverty, and ills.

They tell me why, though speak'st thou not—
They tell me of thy many woes—
How driv'n to this far foreign spot,
Poverty, penury thy foes.

O'er half the world extends thy reign,
Oh! poverty, dread tyrant power;
Thou mak'st the reckless feel thy chain,
And yet thou stoop'st to crush a flower.

I call thee, maiden love, a flower;—
Of all that deck the rural glade,
Not one, o'er me has half the power,
Of you, sweet peasant, Walian Maid.

Vast seas now roll between you, dear,
And those huge steeps you used to climb;
Their heads they now no longer rear,
As they did, in your girlhood time.

Oh no! they're sunk, they're sunk to you,
Now o'er their tips the billows dance;
Their fringed sides are far from view—
How absence does our love enhance.

I love the land from whence you've come,
You I love because you came from thence;
Oh! *Cambria*, thou'rt indeed my home,
My home!—would that I were hence.

Thy mounts and thy romantic vales,
Thy wilds I long again to see;
Thy ivied fastnesses, oh! Wales
'Terrible in their sublimity!

What! maiden, though thy bloom has fled,
Tho' blanched by the frost and snow—
At worst you're but a red rose dead,
Transformed to a lily now.

Though like a lily you may be,
Oh, do not like a lily bend;
Nor stoop you to adversity,—
And blessings will your path attend.

Inbibe you from your warrior sires,
Spirit of indomitable might;
Woes subdue not, it only fires
Souls like theirs, with their woes to fight.

Now Cambrian daughter go thy way,
Though far from home yet do not weep;
Sing to the woods a well-known lay,
Elate your way-worn spirits keep.

Go hie ye to some forest glen,
Embosomed on some mountain height,
There pitch thy tent,—we'll meet again;
Sweet peasant, "Walian Maid," good night.

JOHANNES BACCALAUREUS.

Kouchibouquac, June, 1841.



NO FICTION IS SO GLORIOUS AS
TRUTH.

At the Cape of Good Hope, during brightly
glowing summers, when the sun's vividness
of beauty is desolating in its power, when like
a hypocrite,

"He darts men down,
Fevers with smiles, and kills without a frown;"
the storms from the southern ocean, give, like
the change and chance, of human thought, the
evil with the good. The winds forsake their
fastnesses, they hold their riot upon the deep,
and leave their benefit upon the clime; mitigat-
ing the heat, and purifying the atmosphere,
raising the turbid ocean, and lashing the shore
with its loud breakers; bringing renovation to
Nature, and health to man, whilst rendering
the coast a Scylla to the mariner.

The harbinger of danger is seen in the dis-
tance—the first-born of the tempest rests like
a fleecy cloud upon the Table Mountain; its
proud supporter a mass of rocks, rising three
thousand five hundred and eighty-two feet
above the level of the Bay.

On the northern side it looks a stupendous
fortress, the retiring curtains flanked with pro-
jecting bastions, mighty in ruin, and yet too
strong to sink beneath the war of elements.
The eastern, presents one higher point, and is
rent into more bolder and more chasmed beau-
ty, magnificently wild, and claiming admiration
in its Tarpæian bearing.

The summer months are from December to
March. During the tempestuous January
of—, the coasts presented sights for the hu-
man heart to break over—the shores had rever-
berated the loud concussions of the unmasted
vessels, and the wreck of being had been tos-
sed upon the beach.

One dreadful morning an East-Indiaman was
sent by nature's buffetings, from her moorings
in Table Bay; she dashed forwards, drifted
from her course, and struggling gallantly amidst
impending ruin, toiling for the sea-room an op-

posite direction alone presented, vainly striving to combat those adverse winds, and that land-tide of peril. The pointed rocks looked ready to become her fell destroyer, and when compelled within but sixty yards, the distress guns fired, whilst shrieks—the long loud shrieks of hearts where “hope was none,” drew the inhabitants toward the ocean, swelling in its overwhelming energy.

And there stood one indeed attracted! a young lieutenant in the India service had fled a tropical clime to re-instate his health, and had fixed his residence within Cape Town. Mounted upon a fine and generous steed, he from the shore surveyed the threatened wreck. The stately vessel was rocking to her fall—the children of despair sent their wild shrieks upon the billow, the spirits of the air bent in the far-off space, from their deep roll of darkness; Death swayed the waters with his agitating sceptre; the wind was roaring louder than the wave, and mingling with human wail, like songs of triumph from the demon of the deep.

This officer was young, and life is precious in the spring of untried being; health had returned, and vigor braced his sinews, length of days seemed written on his sanguine countenance, riches and honour awaited but his grasp. He bore a happy spirit, he loved creation, and he prized the breath of life—had misfortune crossed the horizon of his hopes, even then he would have clung to the warm precinct of existence until it blessed him. He rushed not heedlessly on danger, he felt the full value of his offering; at that moment he appeared perhaps too like the precious flowers of the spring, predestined to wither before the summer's sun has touched their petals. Why do we throw the meditative and the happy into the tented field? Should they feel the stress of war, and be called to the action of the fight? The light of Heaven as it fell upon the soldier exactly defined both his face and figure, and touched with its own relief the conflicting scenes around, was apt image of the ease with which Saint Clare adapted his finer sympathies to those with whom he mingled. His unaffected kindness to others, almost in proportion as they had nothing to return him for it; no enthusiasm to render back unto him, as a tribute to his genius, no revealings of high and cultivated intellect to respond to his beautiful aspirations, too powerless to aid his ambition, and only sufficiently efficient to excite his energies for their well doing. It was this entire freedom from selfishness that blended with and richly harmonized all his individual peculiarities, for

these he possessed, and there was oftentimes a seeming contradiction in the repose of countenance, and voice, and attitude, to which it appeared incontrovertibly as nature's will, that he should give indulgence and the inward agitation of a spirit alive to all the vicissitudes of life. A finely modulated intonation of carelessness and indolence pervaded his general conversation; the very spirit of repose was nestling in loveliness on those sunny features; the Dove of Peace had fixed her anchorage in that young bosom, and his chequered lot appeared unable to disturb her sweet and deep repose, though it was a soldier's breast that cradled her!—though ocean's roar had been her lullaby! and the spirit of the storm beat over her!

The “Emma” was filled with young cadets, and those boys in the sun of fortune contemplating peril, were more peculiarly his brethren! they strained at his heartstrings, they were his own, his destined sharers in the toil and hazards of a foreign land. He lashed a rope around his body, and plunged his war-horse in the deep. I surveyed him calmly, for I knew Jehovah was upon the ocean with him, guiding the whirlwind, and directing the but seemingly unlicensed storm.

I never yet could gaze on being in its vividness, and image Death in its invariability. I saw that creature, full of life, and sense, and soul, and strength, and beauty; the unbounded waves appeared too powerless for his engulfment, the mighty winds too nerveless to destroy that spirit's high imaginings, and the wide sea too narrow for his grave!

He rode the storm, and to his glorious intent the elements seemed ministering. Bold and giddy was his career; I watched his pilotry until my overstrained idea shadowed the Guardian Angels of the good, hallowing that strippling's course. The sparkling foam was cresting itself around him, and his habiliments looked folds of light—his champing steed seemed walking upon the waters, and for awhile they moved the conquerors of danger. There were acclamations from the vessel, and cheerings from the shore, at least in after hours I heard so, for to me sound was not in creation—that dread moment could alone retain the intense, distended, bursting sense of vision—sight became an “Aaron's rod.”

Soon was the angry ocean worked into higher tempests, the battling billows, heaped upon each other, formed eddying whirlpools in their dark concaves. I beheld this glorious adventurer toiling upon the wave—its unstable ascent he gained, the treacherous element rest-

ed, one only second, forming a dangerous pinnacle of height and light, to sadden the deep replunge that death and darkness claimed. I beheld him uplifted as if in triumph—and then—I saw but the full heavings of the main.

I knew the Great Cause of all effect had then resumed his own—mighty to save, He knew that noble heart had done its ministering work below, and claimed no needless warfare from His creature. Upon God's earth I had but him to soothe, to cherish, and to love me, yet would I not have spared that dead brother, for twenty living ones—for, methought full surely his grave was in the deep, and his Pæan was upon the sounding waters. My brain was dizzy then, and the piercing strife of voices entered—"He is safe!"—"safe!" was echoed and re-echoed in joy's strange clamor of felicity. I looked once more—Reginald! my Reginald Saint Clare was climbing the vessel's side, and the wide ether was ringing with the shoutings of her crew.

Soon stood in safety those sojourners of fortune, and the last surge had laved the youthful pilgrims. Hearts trembling even in security, and cheeks pale with the bliss of rescue—eyes all bright amid their rising waters, and little schoolboy bosoms throbbing from their first trial in adversity, were taught the unequal pulsations of a troubled joy. Then arose the labouring spirit's aspirations, albeit untold, unheard, and seen but in a rising glance of gratitude acknowledging the Omnipresent Deity.

The saving instrument of Providence, as worn, as blest as were the rescued, wept heaven-born tears. Another vessel in a similar state of desolation was before him. Without calculating upon his impaired power, and disordered nerves, whilst o'er the reeling wreck, the savage storm beat in its fury, he proceeded to the rescue of man, his brother man—but the commissioned billow bore him to his God.—The measurement of life is deeds, not years.

'Twas thine, Saint Clare, sublimely great and good,

For man, thy brother man, distress'd to dare
The direful passage of the raging flood,
And join the frantic children of despair!

There it was thine in comforts balmy tone,
To soothe their sorrows 'mid the tempest's
roar—

To hush the mother's shriek, the stripling's
groan,

And bear the sufferers trembling to the shore.

So when this mighty orb in dread alarm,
Shall crash in ruins at its God's decree,
The saving Angel, with triumphant arm,
Shall from the wreck of all things rescue
thee!



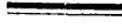
THE accounts of the rich embroidered ecclesiastical vestments—robes, sandals, girdles, tunics, vests, palls, cloaks, altar cloths, and veils or hangings of various descriptions—common in churches in the dark ages, would almost surpass belief, if the minuteness with which they are enumerated in some few ancient authors did not attest the fact. The cost of many of these garments was enormous, for pearls and precious jewels were literally interwrought, and the time and labour bestowed on them was almost incredible. It was no uncommon circumstance for three years to be spent, even by those assiduous and indefatigable votaries of the needle, on one garment.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Rover's Exclamation," by FREDERICK; "The Dying Chief," by "J. A.;" and "The Sentinel," by "L. E.," will appear in our next number. "Calchas," will please accept our thanks for his advice, but we need not be told that we are wanting in discernment, because we refused to insert his satirical effusion. The article is altogether too personal, and would only gratify a few of our readers. The MS. can be had by calling at the Office.



CORRECTION.—Instead of page 342, which occurs only in a few copies—it should be 243.



The Amaranth,

Is issued on the first week in every Month, by ROBERT SHIVES, Proprietor and Publisher—and delivered to City subscribers at the very low price of 7s. 6d. per annum;—Persons in the Country, receiving The Amaranth by Mail, will be charged 1s. 3d. additional, to cover the cost of postage.

Agents for The Amaranth.

HENRY S. BEEK, Bookseller, &c. *Frederickton.*
OLIVER HALLETT, Esq. P. M. *Hampton, &c.*
N. ARNOLD, Esq. *Sussex Vale.*
JACOB W. BARKER, Esquire, M. D., *Sheffield.*
JAMES W. DELANEY, *Amherst, (N. S.)*
AVERY B. PIPER, *Bridgetown, (N. S.)*
N. F. LONGLEY, *Digby, (N. S.)*