

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	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

AMARANTH;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

New and Popular Tales, Poetry, History, Biography

&c. &c.

McLaurance

SAINT JOHN. N. B.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ROBERT SHIVES, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET

1841.

INDEX TO THE FIRST VOLUME, 1841.

	PAGE		PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	1	A Mother's Last Prayer,	86
'The Storm Spirit of the Milicetes,	3	Chastity,	87
Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book,	8	The Victim's Dying Hour,	88
Nefah in the Jereed,	9	The Abbot of La Trappe,	ib
'The Cedars of Lebanon,	ib	Children's Hymn,	93
Falsehood,	11	Effects of Civilization,	ib
My Mother,	12	Memoirs of the Heart,	94
'The Stag Hunt,	ib	A Remarkable Personage,	95
'The Chieftain's Daughter,	13	Character,	96
Charlemagne, or Charles the Great,	14	Editor's Table,	ib
The Bride,	15	Raymond, <i>concluded</i> , from page 65,	97
The Hammer,	ib	Culloden,	108
Chillon,	16	Acrostic,	ib
Winter—A North American Sketch,	17	Juana—A Reminiscence of Porto Rico,	ib
A Fragment from the Autobiography of a Duck,	18	War,	120
The Buccaneer—A Legend of olden Time,	19	On the Human Mind,	ib
Palestine,	25	The Lark,	ib
On the Portrait of Lady Seymour, as Queen of Love and Beauty,	ib	Waterloo at Noon on the Day after the Battle,	121
What is Death?	ib	The Beguiler,	ib
The Orphan,	26	Dark Harbour—A Tale of Grand Manan,	122
To the Infant Princess Royal,	27	Stanzas,	126
A Wife,	ib	The War-Woman's Creek,	ib
Tippoo Sultan's Death,	28	The last Meeting of Mother and Son,	127
Smart Reply,	ib	Trusting to Others,	128
Speak to Mamma,	ib	Editor's Table,	ib
Commodore Napier,	ib	Sporting Sketches—The White Spectre of the Weepemaw,	129
The Editor's Table,	29	To a Withered Rose,	134
'The Condemned of Lucerne,	33	Louisa Clayville,	135
Stanzas to a Lady,	39	Stanzas,	ib
The Farmer's Life,	40	Adelaide Belmore—A Tale,	136
Assassination of Kotzebue,	ib	The Brigand's Prayer,	140
Cleopatra,	41	How Should we Approach the Lord,	ib
Reflections on the New-Year,	42	Love in a Lantern,	141
The Decline of Life,	ib	The Traveller in the Desert,	147
Passage of the Douro,	43	Woman,	ib
The Fortune Teller,	49	A New-Brunswick Sleigh Song,	148
Love and Death,	ib	Extracts from the Unpublished Life of a Sailor,	ib
The Pawnbroker's Window,	ib	The Banner of England,	151
An Indian's Revenge,	51	Court Anecdotes of Charles V.,	152
Truth,	ib	Ancient Seeds,	ib
Name Not Danger, Love to Me,	ib	Sketches in the West,	153
Last Day of Eve,	52	The Season is Past, Ellen,	155
A Fallen Ambition,	53	A Medical Opinion,	ib
Stanzas on the French bringing the Bones of Napoleon to Europe,	54	Fly Fishing in New-Brunswick,	ib
Calcutta,	ib	The Bachelor's First Folly,	156
City of Peking,	55	Fuel for Steam-Engines,	ib
Mohammed Ali and his Family,	56	Napoleon and Wellington,	157
Description of a Ball at Paris,	58	The Death of a School-Boy,	ib
Pete Yerks—A Legend of Misquito Cove,	59	Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth,	158
The Charge,	62	The Isle of the Free,	159
Stanzas,	63	Editor's Table,	ib
Editor's Table,	ib	The White Bird of Oxenham,	161
Raymond,	65	An Acrostic,	169
Stanzas,	73	Influence of a Christian Mother,	ib
'Condition of Wellington's Army in 1814,	ib	The African,	170
Effects of Perseverance,	74	To a Friend,	ib
Midnight's Magic Hour,	ib	Recollections of Tombe Street,	171
Pauline Rosier,	75	Stanzas,	181
Good Thoughts,	80	Some Love to Stray,	ib
Auld Friends,	ib	Ahmed, the Avenger,	182
Sporting Sketches—The Lawyer and the Black Ducks,	81	"Little Flowers,"	183
Cowardice in the Soldier,	85	Professor Wilson on the Character and Genius of Burns,	184
The Three Homes,	ib	The End of Prudence,	ib
Every Day Happiness,	ib	Sporting Sketches—The Indian Regatta,	185

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Human Mind,	189	The Rainbow,	277
The Conqueror,	190	The Last of the Brigands,	278
Woman's Love,	ib	The Vision of the Drowned,	282
Westminster Hall,	ib	Estimation of the World,	ib
The Sabbath Bell,	191	Hours in Hindostan,—The good Lesson,	283
Editor's Table,	ib	" " Fire and Water,	284
The Lost One—A Tale of the Early Set- tlers,	193	The Young Philosopher and his Philo- sophy,	286
Stanzas,	196	The Lanimer Geyer,	288
Chudoc Tichbourne,	197	To Correspondents,	ib
Netley Abbey,	202	Sporting Sketches—La Belle Tolotah,	289
The Watcher,	203	Our Life is as a Shadow,	296
Mark Meriden,	201	A Moorish Sketch,	ib
May you Die among your Kindred,	207	Song, "Twas on Corunna's height,"	297
The Extremely Natural Young Lady,	ib	Malsosep, or The Forsaken,	298
The Outcast,	ib	Sleep,	306
Gentility,	208	The Woodman's Daughter,	ib
Lines written on Leaving the Land of my Birth,	211	Pride,	313
The Tulleries,	ib	A Scrap from the Forest,	314
Lucioli,	213	The Pianoforte and the Spinning Wheel— A True Fable,	315
Conquest of Jerusalem by the Romans,	ib	The Stranger's Heart,	317
Prudes and Coquettes,	ib	Lights and Shades,	ib
The Canadian's Farewell,	215	The Female Heart,	ib
Sporting Sketches,—The Bear and the Lumberman,	ib	A Tale of the West Indies,	ib
Teche-Gum-Wat-Que to H.,	221	"Nature forces on our hearts a Creator,"	319
Hours in Hindostan—Table Talk,	222	Editor's Table,	329
The Mother's Lament for her Departed Child,	224	The Ingrate: An Historical Tale,	321
The Most Unhappy,	ib	Liberty,	329
Ancient Music,	ib	The Stars of Night,	ib
Life in Saint John,— <i>The Spectator</i> ,	225	A Tale of New-Brunswick,	330
Stanzas,	231	Serenade,	336
Retribution; or the Last Lord of Dun- raven,	232	The First Doubt, from the French,	ib
A Temerance Song,	237	Stanzas,	330
Allan Menteith,—A Romance,	238	Poor Relations; or, '36 and '40,	ib
A Vision,	243	Ode to Peace,	344
Lines to a Friend,	ib	A Short Story, Founded on Fact,	345
Jack Pared and the Crows,—An Irish Sketch,	244	"The Belle,"	347
Song of the Irish Mourner,	246	An Operation,	348
Hours in Hindostan,—A Fifth at Whist,	247	Pietro Della Tempesta: THE STORM PAIN- TER,	350
Apologue,	248	A January Voyage on the Nile,	354
A Thought on Immortality,	ib	The Woodman,	352
Giles Grimstone, the Miser,	249	To Correspondents,	ib
The Days of Years long Fled,	253	Madeline St. Clair,	353
Lines to a "Waban Maid,"	254	The Olden Time,	356
No Fiction is so glorious as Truth,	ib	The Treacherous Duke,	357
To Correspondents,	256	To Violets,	351
The Trapper Firing the Village,	257	Saturday Night,	ib
A Rover's Exclamation,	263	To T— B—,	362
To my Sister,	ib	The Maiden's Enquiry,	ib
Robert Wylie, of Townsend,	264	The Gondolier,	ib
The Dying Chief,	265	The Last Song,	369
The Sentinel,	ib	The Broken Leg,	370
Edith Melbourne,—A Sketch,	269	Stanzas Written on Montreal Mountain,	371
Stanzas,	274	The One Fault,	372
Indian Gratitude,	276	"The Remembered One,"	378
		Love and Magnetism,	ib
		Curious Experiment with a Viper,	383
		Editor's Table,	384

THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

No. 1. }

SAINT JOHN, (NEW-BRUNSWICK), JANUARY, 1841.

{ Vol. 1

TO OUR PATRONS.

THE Proprietor appeals to a generous public for countenance and support in aid of the present undertaking. Every effort will be made on his part, to render the work acceptable to its readers, and having made arrangements in England for some of the best periodicals of the day, THE AMARANTH— independent of containing a choice selection from these sources—will furnish to its readers, it is to be hoped, any original articles of undisputed merit, written by residents of New-Brunswick. This Magazine is the first attempt of the kind in the Province, and should it be favourably received, it is little to be doubted, but that a work of larger size will make its monthly appearance; and it is fondly to be wished that its contents will be wholly of original matter. The time will shortly arrive when the *literati* of New-Brunswick will furnish to its inhabitants, a large supply of periodical literature, and equal to the rapidly increasing demand for it, and in unison with the taste which creates that demand. American Magazines are now flooding the country, and many of them, it is to be regretted, convey principles of a leveling tendency, odious certainly in the estimation of every true Briton—it is a fact, that upon the sensible man, the only effect produced by the promulgation of such principles, is upon the risible faculties; but, as all readers are not proof against an antagonist impression, and as the minds of the rising generation are susceptible of receiving those which are erroneous, some substitute of *home manufacture* should be placed as a barrier in the way of the too free circulation of American publications, containing articles of a tendency wholly anti-British. It is to be hoped that the present humble effort will contribute its mite towards such a desirable object.

The Proprietor now promises on his part to use the utmost care in the selections for each number of The Amaranth; and his best endeavours to render the mechanical portion of the work neat and creditable;—to give to its readers the most interesting extracts, as well as a synopsis, in a compact form, of many of the Lectures which will be delivered at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE during the course of the present season—in a word, to perform his part of the engagement, faithfully.

To several of our young friends, THE AMARANTH will present a favourable opportunity of conveying to its readers such of their occasional sketches of scenes and circumstances, of an interesting nature, with which New-Brunswick so amply abounds. Anecdotes connected with its early history, will, no doubt, be welcome to our various Patrons;—time may ere long obliterate many which it is desirable should be retained; but we trust that our periodical now so freely offered to correspondents, will induce them to display their good taste, in partially converting it into a useful record of events, in which the New-Brunswicker cannot but take a deep and permanent interest.

The best exertions will be made to render The Amaranth not only amusing, but useful, and we therefore with confidence appeal to the patriotism of the many who can write for us, to assist in crowning such exertions with reasonable success.

At this festive period, when youth bursts into boisterous enjoyment; and manhood forgets its cares and its troubles, and beholds only the brightest and the best; and old age relaxes its wrinkles, and benevolently smiles with internal approbation—the Editor avails himself of the occasion, to tender to his patrons the compliments of the season, accompanied with the hope, that their joys may be pure, and without a single shade of care to abridge them.

[Written for *The Amaranth*.]

The Storm Spirit of the Millcetes.

THE last rays of a September sun yet lingered on the lofty elms that beautified the banks of the Saint John, as if reluctant to abandon the rich foliage they had nourished and matured to the ruthless hoar-frost which spreads itself at this season of the year over hill and valley, arresting the progress of vegetation, nipping at short notice the hopes of the husbandman, and, like some unknown and mighty painter, clothing with hues, stolen from the summer bow, the surface of the boundless forest.

The course of the river, at the place where the scene opens, is broken by two islands of unequal magnitude—since known by the several appellations of Long and Spoon Islands:—flowing on in tranquil majesty, its smooth and polished surface, admitted these into the panoramic exhibition of hill and valley, rock and headland, with their variegated autumnal colouring, imprinted upon it for a brief space, by the glow of the burning western sky.

No sound disturbed the harmony of reposeing nature, save the rustling flight of the wood-pidgeon on his way to warmer skies, or the whistling wing of the wild duck on his progress to the ocean. A bark canoe lay moored at the low and verdant bank of Spoon Island, and a few yards from the shore might be seen a blue column of smoke ascending lazily and uniting itself with the atmosphere. Around the expiring embers of the fire, from which it proceeded, sat a group of pale-faces, lost in contemplation—not of the beauties of the neighbourhood, but, if we may judge from the dilated eyes which remained inanimately bent towards the far west—of bygone scenes, brought to remembrance by, and now contrasted with them.

How long they had remained quiescent, might be gathered by the appearance of a cindered hear steak, whose inviting odours had failed to excite their grosser propensities.

Startled at length into consciousness

by the sudden swoop of a fish-hawk, a quiet smile was the only emotion elicited by the consciousness of their loss. Who they were, and what had been the nature of their recent thoughts, might be gathered from the conversation that ensued the rekindling of the fire, and the exposure of another steak to its kindly influence.

They were the children of wealthy farmers of New-York, who had sought a refuge from the rancour of political hatred, in the wilds of New-Brunswick.

The younger of the three, who might have been mistaken, but for the presence of her companions, for a sylvan sprite, surrounded by the gorgeous effect of a fanciful incantation, was a female. Her delicate and finely moulded form, sunny locks, and eyes that had been lit up at intervals by fond reminiscences, and again moistened by the intrusive passage of darker incidents, through the page of recollection;—her oval head and compact features, proclaimed an union of the noblest faculties of mind, with the most attractive graces of the outward person.

The two others were males; Horace Davenport, the lady's brother, was younger than his male companion, about five feet nine inches in height, slender, but of a strong, wiry, and active make. He possessed much native talent, but the language in which his frequent humour was clothed, was at variance with his general appearance, which was that of one gently born. The times in which he had passed from boyhood to maturity, had denied him the advantages of education; whilst the life he had led since the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, according with a wild, untamed, and adventurous spirit, had brought out and strengthened the choice gifts nature had lavishly bestowed upon him.

The third person in the group might have been some six and twenty years of age; he was taller than Davenport, and of greater breadth of shoulder; he wore a blanket coat, brought to the waist by a broad belt, from which was

suspended a long bladed knife, with a handle of Indian workmanship—a pair of leggins tightly fitted to a well turned calf, were handsomely braided and beaded, while a drooping blue cap, from which an eagle feather waved, surmounted a head and face of classic beauty. Education and opportunities of improvement, derived from his rank as captain in a troop of horse, had given to Edwin Dormer an advantage over his friend, who looked to him for counsel in all matters of graver import.

“Yes,” said Dormer, bending his eyes beaming with tender affection upon the face of Emily, which had become flushed by a description of her recent retrospection, “you say truly; it is a lovely spot, and may well rival the proud Hudson in his palmiest days. I, too, have been led back in thought to its gentle waters—to the young friends we have left upon its banks, or who have been snatched from the blood stained earth before the frown of care had gathered on their brows.—Retrospection has been busy with a checquered life, but the future may be that of even happiness, the present seems ominous of as much.” “Since you admire the place so well, perhaps it would be useless to go farther,” said Horace, “for my part, it would just suit my taste—it looks like a good place for game, besides I think the land is choice; I vote for a grant hereabouts.”

Having finished their evening repast, while discussing this proposition in reference to the object of their present incursion, the party prepared to go in search of more convenient ground for an encampment than that afforded by Spoon Island.

As Dormer was in the act of pushing off the canoe, a confused noise reached his ear; and in a few minutes a large number of barks shot round a point about a quarter of a mile above. On they came with the speed of arrows, setting the whole surface of the river as they moved through it, in violent agitation. It soon became evident that some unusual excitement prevailed among the Indians, from the savage and fran-

tic violence with which they impelled their barks. An hundred paddles were twirled in the air, while a simultaneous shout of mingled joy and fury, struck terror upon the little party of whites, the moment they were perceived. To fly was the first impulse of the astonished voyagers, but an instant's reflection told the utter impossibility of success.

Davenport threw his unerring rifle to his shoulder, and would have dealt destruction to the foremost, had not his wiser companion thrown up the muzzle ere he could accomplish his purpose.

“Rash boy!” said he, “would you bring down upon us the certain vengeance of the Indians. See you not yon grey headed Sagamore exerting himself to allay the passion of his followers. Well I know the old man, and believe me,” he added, turning to Emily, “he will not suffer aught of harm to happen us.”

By this time the Indians had sprung upon the beach, and after the old man had given Edwin a kindly greeting, a council was holden. Frequent intercourse with the Indians, for the purpose of barter, had given Dormer a knowledge of the Milicete language, which enabled him to communicate to his companion the substance of the discussion. From it they learned that the Indians, jealous of the hostile appearance of a small detachment of soldiers, who had landed on the left bank of the river, and were busily engaged in erecting a fort at the mouth, had come to the determination of exterminating the invaders, and that they had commenced operations by slaughtering the cattle, and destroying the crops they had met with in their passage down. The chief closed the debate by exhorting to pacific measures.

“Children,” he said, and all listened with that habitual respect which is seldom withheld by the subordinate, even when his sentiments are at variance, as in the present instance, with those of his chief:—“the white man comes upon our shores strong and armed; his big war-boat sits upon the waters, and our

little vessels lie in safety at his side; he offers us his blanket, and we give him back our bear skin; the loud flame and his gun, and we render him our venison. Children, the land is large enough for all; the white man and the Indian can live and smoke together.—The game is plenty in the forest, but the paleskin heeds it not: he brings with him from the far country his own meat and multiplies it; besides," he added, with hesitation, fearful of arousing their native pride, "the pale face is strong, and will not stay his hand when once reddened in battle. Great Eagle joins us on the morrow, till then we must defer our decision."

We can scarcely recognize in the miserable and degraded aborigines of the present day, crippled and emaciated by the effects of a partial intercourse with the whiteman, the hardy race of hunters, that, at the time to which our tale relates, in the proud consciousness of unshackled and exulting manhood, uncontaminated by the vices of a foreign people—panted with a noble ardour to defend the soil that for centuries they had looked upon as theirs only. But their destiny seems nearly consummated, and ere long they will have passed away to other hunting grounds.

Notwithstanding the perils that encompassed her, Emily could not avoid indulging the revellings of her romantic and imaginative disposition. The scene was one well calculated to imbue the youthful mind with poesy; the suddenness of the incident which had thrown her into the power of an enemy; the wild and rich scenery which surrounded her, fast blending with the coming darkness, the gaunt and dusky forms of the warriors stalking about solitarily, or gathered in groups on the low banks, and relieved in outline by the smooth water, and above all the uncertainty of the event, were to a buoyant spirit, unincumbered by slavish cowardice—a rare field for imaginative enjoyment.

Little preparation was made by the Indians for repose; they needed but the shelter of a glance, or an overhanging

bough, as a protection against the falling dew. But for Emily a camp was speedily prepared, and enlivened by the cheerful blaze of a crackling fire.

"What think you of all this," said Dormer, as he seated himself beside his companions, after having attended to the comfort of the fair being, whose liquid eyes acknowledged, while her sweet smile repaid him for his care: "What else," she replied, casting a playful glance towards her brother, who had just been lamenting the interruption that had spoiled so good an aim, "what else can I think, than, that we are fortunate in meeting with such an adventure; only imagine the delight of a certain personage when she hears of the prowess of our daring brother; which would, had it not been for your untimely intervention, have defended a desert island, against half the tribe of Micetetes."

Called at this allusion to his want of discretion, Horace was about to make a sharp reply, but checking himself, turned away, and after gazing intently upon the fire, continued the conversation.

"I like not the looks of that tall fellow who led the debate just now; I caught his eye upon us more than once, and when he averted his gaze, 'twas with the innocence of a fox sneaking from a barn yard, and a look that seemed to say, 'I'm here by accident, having lost my way.'"

"I saw it too; it would be well to keep an eye upon him—that fellow," continued Dormer, "has cast his fate upon the turn of fortune—he plays a bold but desperate game; his aim is the chieftainship—if the war spirit he has been the means of raising prevail against better reason, his prospects will advance, but if it should happen otherwise, he must undergo the fate of a conspirator."

"What think you will be the event, Edwin," said Emily, alarmed at this exposition of affairs, while Davenport interposed.

"That's the very savage whose visage I'd have spoiled, and saved the

pains of hanging, had not Edwin stayed my hand."

"Better as it is, though the party with the chief are all disposed for war, the rest of the tribe, counselled by Great Eagle, are more pacific; his presence will, it is supposed, do more than turn the scale."

For some time, after Emily had retired to rest, the young men continued the conversation, and it was late before Horace lay down before the fire, and Dormer commenced his solitary night watch on the open space before the camp.

Morning broke, and with it the slumbers of the Indians; preparation for departure was soon completed, and the whole body swept down the broad river. Two hours after sunrise the canoes approached the shore, and in a few minutes afterwards, the foremost shot into the mouth of a deep creek; the rest followed in close succession, and after winding round several points, entered upon a small lake, from which a cloud of waterfowl, frightened by their approach, mounted into the air, and circling overhead, retreated to the river. This was the place of meeting, but hour after hour passed, and still no signs of the rest of the tribe. At length a solitary canoe glided into the lake; a young Indian of bold and noble bearing sprang upon the shore; advancing to where the chief stood in conversation with Dormer, he greeted them in turn, and then cast an enquiring look towards the others. When informed of the cause of their detention, his tall figure extended to its full height, and a smile of bitter scorn gathered on his lip.—Turning round to the captives, he repeated the old man's assurance of protection. "Knowing," he said, "the Sagamore's aversion to hostilities, yonder rebel seeks to alienate the affections of the tribe, by lying hints of their leader's inability to govern them; he basely insinuates that cowardice prevents his assent to the commencement of a war, which, he knows, could not advance the interests of the tribe; but let him beware, the greater part stand firm,

and are now in yonder wood watching the manner of my reception."

Great Eagle, for it was he who thus confidently asserted his power over those whom the old chief, his uncle, designed he should one day govern, now gave a preconcerted signal and his followers issued from the forest. With a proud feeling of satisfaction he saw the whole strength of the tribe once more met to deliberate upon a project, which, although he intended to oppose, yet he felt assured, might be attempted with no contemptible means to its accomplishment. The Indians themselves assumed an unwonted dignity, as the idea of strength and a capability of extended action forced itself upon their minds by the acquisition of numerical force.

Had an appeal been made at this moment by the advocates for war, it is probable a ferment might have been excited, which it would have been difficult to allay. By the time, however, the council was convened, pride had given way to sober reason.—All who from services done to the tribe, or from skill and daring in the chase, their exploits in war, or who, from their age and known wisdom, possessed weight in the deliberative assembly, having expressed their sentiments, the chief arose and negatived the proposition. With varied emotions, but with a simultaneous movement, each Indian seized his bow, and drawing an arrow to its head, discharged it upon the water, which, for several hundred yards, became covered with foam.

Maddened by the failure of his scheme Mambertou at once retired to the wood, while the elders of the tribe discussed the propriety of accusing him of treachery. As no certain unequivocal proofs of his offence could be adduced, it was thought proper to defer proceeding until a future time.

Meanwhile, the captives who had been anxious spectators of these proceedings, now that the event was favourable to their safety, after consulting as to the step next to be taken, concluded to remain under the protection of the

Indians until morning, as night was now rapidly approaching.

While breakfast was being prepared in a primitive style, Emily wandered along the margin of the lake, partially revealed through the thick mist which the morning sun having dispersed and thrown into fragments, assumed a variety of fanciful forms, and like ghosts of departed night, vanished before the presence of the newly risen day. Attracted by the novelty and beauty of the scenery, she sauntered on, heedless of the distance she had gone, or the dangers that beset her, until finding herself bewildered in the mazes of the forest, she called aloud for help! In a moment a red man sprang into her presence, and the eye of Mamberton glared upon her with an expression of malignant triumph. To bear her half unconscious form to his canoe, was but the work of a moment, and the next found them gliding up the lake with the speed of an arrow.

Alarmed at her long absence, the young men enquired as to the direction Emily had taken. Suspicion of the truth flashed across their minds with the force of sudden conviction, on perceiving that Mamberton was not among the Indians. Tracing her steps by the scattered dew, they came to the place where the Indian had embarked. In an agony of doubt as to the course to be taken, each looked earnestly into the countenance of his companion, but found there an echo to his own fears. At this moment, Great Eagle, having loosened his canoe from her mooring, came up and directed their eager pursuit through the woods, while he advanced on the stream. In about an hour the frequent bubbles on the smooth water betokened the success of his exertions. Hate towards his enemy, and a desire to serve his friend, gave an increased vigour to his bold arm, which seemed at every stroke to throw the canoe clear of the stream.

A loud shout from the wood told that his pursuers were upon him, and looking round, he saw Great Eagle advancing with fearful speed. That the odds

were against him was evident, for though the light form of his prisoner was an insignificant burthen in itself, yet when he measured the strength of Great Eagle with his own, and found it equal, it became sensible. On he pressed with desperation; the issue was one of life or death, the laws of his tribe he knew had not condemned him for the part he had recently acted, but the vengeance of the white man was not to be appeased. On he sped, and the distance between him and his pursuers diminished not. Diverging suddenly from the main stream, he entered a smaller one, with the hope of eluding the pursuit, but relaxed not his exertions.

Too well accustomed to the trail, to be so easily baulked, Great Eagle, after setting the young men over the creek, lost not a moment in following the course of the floating bubbles. They soon found the canoe of Mamberton, which had been abandoned very recently, as appeared by the trodden grass, still struggling to resume its upright position.

On they pushed without delay, dropping an occasional observation upon the appearance of the trail, which became less and less distinct as they ascended the high ground, until it became altogether lost to the sight. Bidding his companions to remain on the spot where the footsteps were last seen, the Indian made a circuit. A quarter of an hour elapsed when a loud whoop rang through the woods;—following the direction of the sound, they found Great Eagle pointing to the ground, where they perceived the returning footprints of their enemy.—He had doubted. Retracing their steps, they found the place where the barks had been left, but were not a little surprised that both were gone! Feverish with anxiety and fatigue, Donner and Davenport now seemed wrapped in the desolation of despair,—had their own lives or fortunes only been involved in the adventure, courage, perseverance, and a cool determination, which had distinguished them in times more perilous than the present, had been shown, the rush and

reaction of the blood, the swelling of the veins, the twirling and twittering of the brain, the throb and palpitation of the heart, had not dethroned reason, given a double-sighted perception of danger, made calamity doubly ruinous. It was otherwise with the son of the forest; foiled as he had been, he seemed to be bracing up his powers for increased vigilance; his eye roiled painfully in its socket, his nostrils expanded, his chest swelled, and with a sudden bound he unchained his struggling might; plunging through the tangled alders he swept along until he gained the creek, but could perceive no traces of the fugitive.

"Which way do you suppose they have taken," asked Dormer, on coming up to where the Indian stood, regardless of their approach; starting at the sound, he beckoned them to follow, and taking the downward course of the stream, strode on, much against the judgment of his companions! In a short time he stopped, and with a grim smile of satisfaction, shewed them an incontestible proof of his superior sagacity. The sight of the canoes on the opposite bank, gave a new impulse to the sinking spirits of Horace, who prepared to plunge into the stream, but the Indian waved him back.

"Do not deceive yourself," said he, "the cunning of Mambertou stops not here, the barks have been pushed across from this side; had he landed there, he had taken care to conceal them."

"But the handkerchief on yonder bush," interrupted Dormer.

"Calculated to mislead also," Great Eagle replied, and he began to examine the margin of the stream.

Dormer and Davenport now placing implicit confidence in the judgment of their conductor, followed him slowly down the stream, and it was with little surprise, therefore, that after a brief search, they again struck into the trail of the subtle Mambertou.

The sky which had been cloudless all the morning, became suddenly darkened. A slight rustling was heard among the leaves, which had been mo-

tionless until now, and the woods in the distance gave out a heavy moaning sound, resembling the deep groan of some unhappy prisoner, threatened with an exposure to the rack on which his limbs have been already torn;—then came a startling noise, like that produced by the passage of a cannon ball over head, and then all became hushed as before. The Indian looked upwards and observed that these were indications of an approaching tempest. The young men shuddered at the thought of Emily being exposed to the gloom and fury of the angry elements, and in the power of a relentless savage.

Large drops of rain began to patter upon the branches, and increasing with every moment, seemed one unbroken flood, filling up and eradicating the traces of the fugitive.—Again was heard the awful voice of nature overhead, and the gale swept the tall forest and bent it like a field of ripe grain, the equinoctials having set in with more than their accustomed fury; showers of leaves and heavy branches, mingling with the descending rain, entirely impeded the pursuit. Meantime the party, now thoroughly drenched, and each unwilling to trust his fears to his companions, stood vainly looking for some token of a change. A choked utterance of a hope, excited by the parting of the flying scud, or an instantaneous lull, was the only evidence of animation.

Great Eagle was the first to break the silence, by observing that they had better look to their own safety, since further exertions would be unavailing.—Dormer, who had been resting his chin on his rifle, peered fiercely from under his raised brows at this suggestion, but instantly perceiving the truth of the observation his anxious mind dreaded to admit, he silently prepared to follow the advice.

While Dormer was engaged in the difficult task of kindling a fire, the Indian went in search of dry fuel, but not returning as soon as expected, his friends began to fear that he had been surprised and slain by his enemy.—Hastily snatching up their weapons,

they prepared to seek him—when to their joy he was seen approaching with hurried steps.

“I have found them at last,” he commenced; “having climbed yonder hill in the expectation of finding a better supply of decayed wood, I observed at the distance of an arrow’s flight, a bright light between two hillocks; favoured by the storm, I advanced far enough to discover those we seek;—we must be cautious in approaching, else Mambertou, finding he cannot carry off, may slay his captive.”

The party on gaining the hill top, crept stealthily towards the light, taking advantage of every intervening bush and tree trunk, until they were within a hundred yards of it, but were betrayed by the snapping of a dry stick.

Mambertou darted towards Emily; and hurried her to the brink of a precipice a few yards in advance, and uttering a horrid yell, held her over!—As if to prolong the dreadful suspense, he then drew her back and flourished his scalping knife before her face! Afraid to advance, the pursuers stood dismayed and undetermined what course to adopt, when Mambertou turned his back for an instant—Dormer raised his rifle and pulled the trigger;—no sound followed, and the loud laugh of Mambertou rang above the loud roar of the storm. Ere it had ceased, the wind, as if purposely directed to a single point, bellowed furiously, and catching up an isolated beech, hurled it over the precipice—Mambertou appeared for an instant among its spreading roots, and then fell a crushed and mangled corse!

“’Tis the judgment of the Great Spirit of the Storm,” said Great Eagle, gazing with a subdued and humbled eye towards the tragic scene. “Many a time,” he continued, as a world of thought seemed crowding to his brow and his stronger passions melted before the bright ray of young friendship: “many a time have I skimmed the glassy lake with my poor brother there: often have we measured our strength on the sunny bank in harmless sport; side by side have we chased the bound-

ing moose, and slain him at the close of day; in the wood and on the river we shared each other’s toil; his goods and sports were mine, and where I was not, he could not be; until ambition fixed upon his heart, and parted us for ever!” Here he sat down and gave way to a flood of melancholy feeling too strong to be suppressed.

Hoary winter passed away, and spring with her budding charms opened brighter prospects to the hardy emigrant, whose song responded to the happy notes of his winged visitors.—Not the least joyous among the features of reanimated nature, was the light heart of Emily Davenport, on the day that saw her more closely united to the fortunes of Edwin Dormer.

Great Eagle was present at the nuptials; ascribed the preservation of Emily, over whose swooning body the fearful missile had harmlessly passed, to the special favour of the GREAT STORM SPIRIT: and when in after years the spirit of his tribe waxed faint, he often referred to the scene, and pictured thence in his own wild language, the dispersion of his race before the tide of civilization. W. R. M. B.

St. John, January, 1841.

Fisher’s Drawing Room Scrap Book.

THIS book,—says the London Literary Gazette—comes before us like the holy and beautiful image of the dead, and we open it with a strange feeling of melancholy; for there is still the “sweet lingerings” of that voice amongst its leaves which soothed and saddened us for years—the nightingale that mourned over this rose! The flower is here, but, alas! the sweet songster is flown. Yet a few of these pages retain her last notes, and they fall upon our heart like music heard midway between earth and heaven, dying away among the loosened silver of the bright clouds: low, sweet, and more sacred as they near the “golden gates.” But she is gone, and we have not even left us here her hallowed grave to weep over;—she, who should have slept “her long

sleep" in some green English nook, with the daisies growing around her silent grave, and the trees overhanging with their twilight shadows, sleeps in the sultry court-yard of a castle; no stone to record her genius, and only the wild ocean waves to sing the requiem of one so young, so well-beloved, so "heaven gifted!" Peace to her spirit!—holy and eternal peace! And here we pull another flower from her clay-cold hand, and plant it upon our pages, a parting bud from the well-earned wreath of the lamented L. E. L. "It comes," as Mary Howitt says in her brief but beautiful preface, "like the scent of the violet after it is withered, and cannot fail of being loved and treasured by all."

"NEFTAH IN THE JEREED.

"The word *Jereed* implies the Country of the Palm Branches; and the little azure sparrow, the subject of the following poem, is peculiar to that district, and is called The Father of Friendship.

It is a little azure bird,
It has a plaintive cry,
It singeth mournful to the eve,
When none beside are nigh.
But not the less its gentle song
Ariseth for the noon;
The day has not a lonely hour,
Unknowing that sweet tune.
It loveth those with whom it lives,
It loveth where it dwells;
When the green palm extends its shade
Above the desert wells.
*Nerer those azure wings expand,
But on their southern wind;
At once it dieth, if it leave
Its native sands behind.*
*It pineth with familiar lore
For its accustomed sky,
And even in a golden cage,
It lieth down to die.*
And for the love it beareth them,
The natives hold it true,
That whosoever kills this bird
Himself must perish too.
A simple, yet a kind belief,
To keep it free from scath;
And blessed whate'er in this cold world
Awakens love or faith!"



Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom
more supplicants, truth more real friends,
and honesty more practitioners.

The Cedars of Lebanon.

It is a belief attached to most early theological systems, that before our planet had fallen into the dark iniquity by which it hath in later ages been oppressed, its fair sceneries and innocent homes were frequented and glorified by the presence of celestial visitants. Oftentimes did the primitive people of the earth behold their "sunlit-winged bat-talia" sweeping down the bright vales of the young earth, oftentimes there rested on Ararat's dusky crest, mild and luminous colours. "the remnants of their flashing path," often heard the melody of their sky-tuned lips, and gazed enchanted upon their undying beauty. With Abraham, by the Terebinth-grove of Mamre, they participated in friendly conversation; they filled his tent with their light and bloom, vouchsafing to partake of the cakes which the hands of Sarai "the princess" had kneaded; and many times they afterward appeared to Jacob, Elijah, Ezekiel, and other favoured and elected men.

Lamartine, who, in his "Chute d'un Ange," or, Fall of an Angel, treats upon these sublime things, represents them as winging their way down from the firmaments of heaven, constantly embellishing with their presence the grander scenes of Asia, and commingling in the harmonies which Nature in those parts offered up to the Creator. Among the cedars of Lebanon, which the hand of the Lord himself planted by the Rivers of Waters, they are beheld by him in high vision, amid the deep shadows of evening, resting on their black hill-tops, mixing their voices in the vast sound and solemn swinging of the cedars, which are, at that time, lifting up their lofty hymn. For though man himself would proudly suppose that the noble privilege of praise and thanksgiving was restricted to himself alone, that soul began and ended in him, and that the rest of the creation, termed by the philosopher inanimate, has nothing of that spirituality which characterizes him; yet have some great

minds entertained an opposite opinion, and believe that the several kingdoms of creation, which, though "they groan in anguish, sighing to be renewed," yet also have their ways of praise; and even if they have no peculiar voice or language, yet "their voices are heard among them."

Such is the noble opinion, finely expressed, which a recent author of celebrity has put into the mouth of Milton, upon this subject:

"It would be desolating," says he, "to believe that all the holy music of organ and of harp, of dulcimer and of psaltery. * * It would be horrible to imagine, that all the sounds thus sent up into the air from the beginning of time, had died away in the unconscious abysses of space, unheard, unnoticed, unregarded. Far from us be such unhallowed misgivings! I would rather deem that even the voice of unintelligent matter, is not altogether so abjectless as we are apt to decide, and that the perpetual music of the winds and running waters, with the deep bass of the never-silent sea, are but the hallelujahs sung by the adoring earth, as it rolls before the footstool of its Creator."

In this generous and praiseworthy opinion, Lamartine cordially unites; and in the fine outset of his poem above alluded to, he represents all the cedars of Lebanon raising their magnificent chorus, and pouring it into the ever-open ear of the Almighty.

Holy! Holy! Holy!
 Lord whom the hills adore!
 Behind those glorious suns,
 Towards which we humbly look,
 When the odorous wind of night
 Doth bow our branches hoar
 Beneath thy hand we bend,
 As the flowers beside the brook.

But why do we bow down?—
 In lowly prayer to HIS!
 We feel his presence present,
 And as his soft winds go
 We tremble through our long arcades
 And through our alleys dim.
 Our pillars' strength is shaken—
 Our lofty domes bend low
 As when his storms in anger
 Do rdden every bower,
 And the lion's mane stiff waxeth
 That clothes his neck of power.

In the time of King Solomon, this superb forest, of which no doubt the members of the above chorus were progenitors, was called by the name of *Domus Saltus Libani*. At the present day it bears the title of *Eb Herze*.—Scarcely anywhere, indeed, than at Lebanon, does the cedar please; it is there one sees it in all its original majesty. One circumstance, as much as any other, has rendered it precious in eastern estimation, which is, the incorruptibility of the wood. The conservation of this forest at the present day, is under the protection of the patriarchal Maronites.

The altitude to which these proud cedars attain, is oftentimes prodigious. Their superb heads are not unfrequently elevated to the height of a hundred feet.

Like giants combining into a formidable body, these trees combine towards the multiplication of themselves, and in the junction of three or four of themselves together; these, in the course of time, form, by the union of their massy trunks, a tree of tremendous girth.—Some are thirty and forty feet in circumference, and it would require the extended arms of many men to span its hugerotundity. It was, no doubt, from the sight of this stately spectacle, that caused the poet David to write down "*Justus at Palma florebit, sicut Cedrus Libani multiplicabitur.*"

It is, indeed, a splendid sight to behold these cedars, thrusting the lower part of their boughs towards the firmament, and lowering them towards their extremity, to the earth. These trees, so especially majestic, whose verdure is perennial, whose branches are immense, tufted, smooth, and horizontal, have each, as regards them singly, the attitude of command which belongs to the King of the Trees. The position of its boughs to which we have just alluded, resembles that of an arm lifted in air, of which the hand is inclined. The trees thus have their monarchy and their monarch. This order, wisely established, everywhere manifests itself in the cedar, gifted as it is with strength

and majesty, loftiness and imperishability.

But if this mountain possesses the king of the trees, it serves only as an asylum to the king of the birds. Here it is that the eagle, after having run through the plains of air, or to tear the prey which it has *ravished*, settles on the topmost branches. Ezekiel, in allusion to the conduct of Nebuchadnezzar, makes use of this fine allegorical figure:—"A great eagle, with great wings, long-winged, full of feathers, which had divers colours, came unto Lebanon, and took the highest branch of the cedar." Sacred writ, indeed, abounds with passages upon this ruler of the forest dynasty; Isaiah is perpetually celebrating it, and in chapter after chapter indulges in his favourite expression of "Gloria Libani," the glory of Lebanon.

But it is sometimes used metaphorically by the poets, to illustrate mournful and lamentable events. Zechariah, thinking of the future desolation of the Temple of Jerusalem by the Romans, breaks out into a fine strain, commencing, "Lebanon, open thy gates, that the fire may devour thy cedars." This, it will be seen, alludes more particularly to the temple itself, which was constructed for the most part of the cedars of this forest. At the time of its building, it will be remembered that Solomon sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, saying,—"As thou didst deal with David my father, and didst send him cedars to build an house to dwell therein, even so deal with me; send me cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees, out of Lebanon, for I know that thy servants can skill to cut timber in Lebanon."

To which epistle Hiram answered in writing, and among other things, said: "And we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need, and we will bring it to thee in flotes by sea to Joppa, and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem."

It is also said that thirty thousand Israelites were sent to be hewers in the mountain, to help the Sylonians in their labour.

At the present remote day, there are planted at the foot of these beautiful cedars, many white stone altars, at which the ecclesiastics say mass. In fine seasons, these cedars are frequented by the christians, who come from all parts of the Ottoman empire, and even from Persia. The Maronites, the inhabitants of all the surrounding villages, go there with their priests; after mass, they eat, drink, sing, and dance to the sound of cymbals, dulcimers, and melodious music. At their departure, the venerable pilgrims carry with them branches of the ever-green cedars, with which, on their arrival at home, they decorate the doors of their houses.

There is a pleasing custom observed by travellers at the present day, which is that of lifting the bark of the cedar, and thereunder inscribing their name, by incision, into the trunk. There is to be seen at this minute the name of an Englishman, bearing the date of 1600. Voyagers still continue this practice; and upon the most beautiful cedars, names are to be found engraven, of Dr. Merryon, Lord North, Lady Stanhope, Taylor, Delaborde, and other distinguished persons.

But that glory which once crowned the mountain, has now much declined, particularly within the last two centuries. There exist now no thousands, from which the floor-beams and roofs of imperial palaces are to be hewn or carved out. Their number is decreased to sixteen. These are certainly fine noble trees, rich of bough and beauty, and certainly still glorious to behold; but, indeed, compared with their former abundance, their present diminished number forms but a sorry contrast; and they cannot but excite, in common with all the other splendid wrecks of the holy city, a melancholy feeling of the glory which once existed, but hath now so utterly departed.—*Archer*



FALSEHOOD.—A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth appear like falsehood.—*Shenstone*

My Mother.

BY D. ROSS LETCH, M. D.

DARK is the night and wild the sea,
The tempest round me gathers,
And I must wander far from thee,
Sweet island of my fathers!
But soft dreams in my soul arise,
Nor storm nor fear can smother:
And clothed in love, before mine eyes,
Thy image glides—my Mother!

The sable garb, the widow's cap
Thy sweet cheek simply shading;
And, oh! that pensive look of love,
Unspeakable—unfading!
Bright thoughts lie brooding on that brow,
Where Grief hath left his furrow;
For Faith and Love have brightened now,
The lines engraved by Sorrow.

Oh, Mother! thou art blest with all
That to my heart is nearest;
Even Heaven to me is doubly dear,
Because to thee 'tis dearest.
If virtue burns within my breast,
To thee that bliss is owing!
'Twas thou that lit the sacred flame,
'Tis thou that keep'st it glowing.

When the wild waves of passion roll,
Like starbeams o'er the ocean;
Thine image glides athwart my soul,
And calms each fiercer emotion.
An angel atmosphere of peace
Breathes from thy spirit o'er me:
The gloom retires—the tempests cease,
And all is bright before me.

Thy love is like a light divine,
A lustre rich and holy;
Hate has not in that heart of thine,
'Tis pitying melancholy!
Thy gentle chiding, ever more dear
Than kindness from another;
Reproof is Love, when from thy lips
'Tis breathed—my angel Mother!

To bask beneath thy holy smile—
To feel thy kiss upon me;
To hear those gentle tones that oft
From worldly thoughts have won me;
To live beside thee, and to touch,—
To talk of loved ones perish'd;
Ye, Sacred Powers! can tell how much
'Tis lost by me is cherish'd!

The bounding heart of Youth is gone,
The flowers have left the wildwood;
And dim, dim now the dreams have grown
I cherish'd in my childhood.
But, mother, oh! whilst thou art left,
The true, the angel-hearted,
Not all of boyhood's bliss is left,
Not all of youth departed!

Oh! may the Power who gave us thee
Awhile on earth to blossom,
To show how much of heaven may be
Within a human bosom;
Long with thee bless our loving eyes,
A beam of glory given;
The polar star of Paradise,
To guide our souls to Heaven

Is a popular work, recently published in London, entitled *Oliver Cromwell; an Historical Romance*, a faithful picture of the closing scene of a stag hunt occurs:

“The hunt was at its height! The noble stag—which had been harboured on the previous night in a deep swampy thicket, situate at the extreme western verge of the chase, and adjoining a wild tract of semi-cultivated moorland—disdaining to seek refuge in the recesses of the devious woodland, had broken covert gallantly, as the first crash of deep-mouthed music burst from his stanch pursuers, and clearing by a gigantic effort the rough park-palings, had taken to the open country, crossing hill and dale in a line scarce less direct than the crow's flight, and at a pace that, ere an hour had passed, reduced the number of those who followed the now mute and panting hounds from a score or two of fearless horsemen to scarcely half-a-dozen of the boldest and best-mounted riders. The ladies of the party had long since been thrown out, scarcely indeed having cantered a half-mile along the nearest road, after the hounds had left the confines of the park: but still the foremost of the field, with all the hair-brained courage of a boy, and all the deep sagacious foresight of a veteran sportsman, rode old Sir Henry Ardenne; his manly features flushed with the excitement of his healthful exercise, and his grey hair floating on the current of air created by his own swift motion, as cap in hand he cheered the laggards of the pack with a voice that had lost nothing of its full-toned roundness. At length, in a sequestered defile clothed on each hand with a dense growth of underwood feathering its rocky and precipitous declivities, down which a sandy road wound in sheer toilsome curves, and watered by a bright and brawling rivulet, hard pressed and weary the brave quarry turned to bay. The deep note of the leading hound changed to a shrill and savage treble as he viewed his prey, and at the same instant the loud death-halloo rang from the exulting lips of the old baronet, as he caught and comprehended

the import of that sharp yell. Another minute brought him to the brink of a wide pool, embayed between rough cliffs of sandstone, and overlooked by a gnarled and leafless oak, on the highest branch of which a solitary raven sat unmoved by the fierce clamour, and expecting with a sullen creak its share of the after-carnage. In the farther corner of this basin, clear as the virgin crystal in its ordinary state, but turbid now and lashed to foam by the conflict of the animals, the stag had turned on his pursuers—nor had he turned in vain; for one, a brindled bloodhound, the boldest of the pack, unscamed from shoulder-blade to brisket by a thrust of the terrible brow-antler, lay underneath his stamping hoofs a lifeless carcass; while others bayed at a distance, reluctant, as it seemed, again to rush upon an enemy who had already left such painful evidences of his strength and valour on their gored and trampled limbs.—Nor, though his velvet coat was clogged and blackened with the dust and sweat, and though the big tears—tokens of anguish in its expression well nigh human—rolled down his hairy cheeks, did the noble animal exhibit aught of craven terror at the approach of his inveterate pursuers; but, as the veteran advanced upon him, with the glittering wood-knife bared and ready, leaving the dogs as if beneath his notice, he dashed with a bold spring against his human persecutor, eye, hoof, and horn, in perfect concert of quick movement.—The slightest tremor in the huntsman's nerves, the most trifling slip or stumble, might have well proved fatal; but, although seventy winters had shed their snows upon his head, his muscles had been indurated so by constant exercise in his beloved field-sports, that many a younger arm had failed in rivalling their power, though unelastic, firmness. When the despairing deer made his last effort, eluding by a rapid turn his formidable front, Sir Henry struck a full blow as he passed, completely severing the tendons of the hinder leg.—Hamstrung and crippled, the gallant brute plunged headlong forward, and

received in the next instant the keen point in his gullet. One short gurgling bleat, and two or three convulsive struggles of the agile limbs, the full eye glazed, and, in a moment, all the fiery energy, the bounding life that had so lately animated that beautiful form, was utterly extinct for ever. Then came the thundering shouts and the long cadences of the French-horns, their joyous notes multiplied by the ringing echoes, and sent back from every heath-clad knoll or craggy eminence, the merry narrative of harmless accidents, the self-congratulations of the select and lucky few, who from the start to the death had kept the hounds in view,—the queries for the absent,—the praises of some favourite horse or daring rider,—the stingless raillery,—the honest, unfeigned laughter!"

The Chieftain's Daughter.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"EVERY part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two huge stones were placed near the water's edge, Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid down, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude, with their blood-stained weapons, stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment.—But Smith was not thus destined to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears and entreaties prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith, and laid her

head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattau would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same everywhere: the war-club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened; and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love is not known. No favour was ever excepted in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, 'in recompence for whatever I have done, but the boon of living in his memory'"—*Sketches of Virginia.*

I.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:—
The Chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

II.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-hub,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

III.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

Musical Garland.



THE mistakes of a layman are like the errors of a pocket watch, which affects only an individual: but when a clergyman errs, it is like the town-clock going wrong—he misleads a multitude.

CHARLEMAGNE, or Charles the Great, King of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West, has been dead 1026 years. Charlemagne was born in 742. Although the wisest man of the age in which he lived, he could not write, and he was forty-five years of age before he began his studies. His favourite preceptor was Alcuinus, librarian to Egbert, Archbishop of York. On the 25th of December, 800, Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West; and, on the 1st of December, in the following year, Alcuinus presented him with a magnificent folio bible, bound in velvet, the leaves of vellum, the writing in double columns, and containing 449 leaves. Prefixed is a richly ornamented frontispiece in gold and colours. It was enriched with four large paintings, exhibiting the state of the art at this early period; there are moreover thirty-four large initial letters, painted in gold and colours, and exhibiting seals, historical allusions, and emblematical devices, besides some smaller painted capitals. This identical bible was sold by Mr. Evans, in London, on the 27th of April, 1836, for £1500. When Charlemagne issued the instrument by which the Roman Liturgy was ordained through France, he confirmed it by "making his mark." Mezerai, the French historian, observes that below the "mark" was commonly inserted, "I have signed it with the pommel of my sword, and I promise to maintain it with the point."

Charlemagne was interred at Aix-la-Chapelle. "His body was embalmed and deposited in a vault, where it was seated on a throne of gold, and clothed in imperial habits, over the sack-cloth which he usually wore. By his side hung a sword, of which the hilt, and the ornaments of the scabbard, were of gold, and a pilgrim's purse that he used to carry on his journeys to Rome. In his hands he held the Book of the Gospels, written in letters of gold; his head was ornamented with a chain of gold, in the form of a diadem, in which was enclosed a piece of the wood of the true cross, and his face was bound with a

winding sheet. His sceptre and buckler, formed entirely of gold, and which had been consecrated by Pope Leo III. were suspended before him, and, his sepulchre was closed and sealed after having been filled with various treasures and perfumes. A gilded arcade was erected over the place, with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation :

“Beneath this tomb is placed the body of the orthodox Emperor Charles the Great, who variously extended the kingdom of the Franks, and happily governed it 47 years. He died a Septuagenarian, January, 814.”

It is further recorded, that “Pope Otho III. ordered the tomb to be opened, when the body was stripped of its royal ornaments, which had not been in the least injured by the hand of time. The Book of the Gospels continues to be kept at Aix-la-Chapelle. With this volume the imperial sword and hunting-horn were also found. The copy of the Gospels interred with Charlemagne, appears to have been one of those executed by his order, and corrected according to the Greek and Syriac.”



THE BRIDE.—I know no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her father, and the home of her childhood—and, with the implicit confidence, and the sweet self-abandonment which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him “for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honour, and obey, till death us do part.”—it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth: “Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”—*Washington Irving.*

THE HAMMER.—The principle of the permanence of the force of communicated motion, so far as any cause within the moving body itself is concerned, that is of its absolute permanence, except in so far as it is counteracted by some external and opposite force, whilst it lies at the very foundation of all just views of the theory, is sufficiently shown by the above examples, to be a most important element in the practice of mechanics.—What is it, in fact, but this which constitutes the giant force of impact, and makes the hammer a weapon more powerful than any other—irresistible—in moulding and submitting the various objects around him to the uses and purposes of man? There is no machine comparable to the hammer. The force of heat, indeed, insinuates itself between the pores and interstices of bodies, and operating there, separately, upon their particles, breaks them up in detail—but the hammer encounters the accumulated force of their cohesion, and overcomes it. The hardest rocks and the most unyielding metals submit to it. If man reigns over inanimate matter, shapes out the face of the earth to his use or to his humour, and puts the impress of his skill and his labour upon the whole face of nature; it is chiefly with the aid which the mighty force of impact gives him. It is this that clears away for him the trees of the forest—that shapes for him the materials of his dwelling—that beats out for him the instruments of tillage—that digs and hoes up the earth—that, after having cut for him his corn, threshes it, and crushes it into flour—that tames for him his cattle, shapes and binds together his waggons and carts, and makes his roads; in short, there is no use of society for which this force of impact does not labour, and there is no operation of it which does not manifest this tendency of communicated force of motion to permanence. Were there no tendency to permanence in the force of motion which his hammer acquires in its descent, its power on the substance which the artificer seeks to shape out would only be the same as though he were to

lay it gently down upon it; its impact would be no greater force than the pressure of its weight. So far is this, however, from being the case, that, as it is well known to the workman, a slight blow from the lightest hammer is sufficient to abrade a surface, which the direct pressure of a ton weight would not make to yield. There is no force in nature comparable to that of impact.—*Mosely's Illustrations of Science.*

NEAR the Ghorde, (a hunting seat of the Electors of Hanover,) is the corner of a forest called the "Jammen Holy," or Wood of Groins. George II. once hunting near it, is said to have heard at a small distance a dismal cry, and directing his horse to the spot, found a Vendee peasant, who was burying his father alive. The monarch shuddered with horror; but the Vendee assured him he was only complying with the practice of his country, which, however, required secrecy for fear of the Germans amongst whom he lived.

FRIENDSHIP, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar, be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think, that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous first growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant: warmth will no doubt make a very considerable difference: men of affectionate temper and bright fancy, will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.—*Boswell.*

THE great essential to our happiness is the resolution to perform our duty to God as well as we are able; and when this resolution is deeply infix'd, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.

WOMAN.—She spoiled us with an apple, but atoned for the wrong by forming a pair.

CHILLON.—VICTOR HUGO has lately paid a visit to the castle of Chillon, which is thus described in a letter to the *Moniteur Parisien*:

"Chillon is a mass of towers piled on a mass of rocks. The whole edifice is of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, except some of the wood-work, which is of the sixteenth. It is now used as an arsenal and powder magazine for the canton of Vaud. Every tower in the castle would have a sad story to tell. In one, I was shown the dungeons placed one above the other, closed by trap-doors, which were shut on the prisoners; the lowermost receives a little light through a grating; the one in the middle has no entrance for either light or air. About fifteen months ago, some travellers were let down by ropes, and found on the stone floor a bed of fine straw, which still retained the impression of a human body, and a few scattered bones. The captive in this cell could see through his grating a few green leaves, and a little grass growing in the ditch. In another tower, after advancing a little way on a rotten flooring, which travellers are prohibited from walking on, I discerned through a square opening, a hollow abyss in the middle of the tower wall. This was the *oubliettes*. These are ninety-one feet deep, and the floor was covered with knives set upright. In these were found a fractured skeleton, and a coarse goat-skin mantle, which were taken up and flung in a corner, and on which I found I was standing, as I looked down the gulf."

THE world is a theatre; mankind the performers; chance disposes the play, fortune distributes the parts, fools move the machinery, and philosophers are the spectators. The boxes are for the rich; the pit for the powerful; and the gallery for the people: beauty bears about the refreshments; tyrants sit at the pay places; folly makes the concert; those who are abandoned by fortune snuff the candles; time draws the curtain; and the drama is called "the perpetual sameness!"

From Heath's Book of Beauty, for 1841.

Winter.--A North American Sketch.

BY MISS POWER.*

NATURE sleeps! cold and death-like is her repose—not Juliet in her living tomb lay purer and paler; there is a hushed, an awful stillness in the wide forests of the west. The earth lies covered with the universal mantle of snow, and the leafless trees uprear their mighty trunks and fling abroad their giant arms in stern and motionless grandeur. There is something in the appearance of leafless trees that gives an idea of stern repose; there is no longer the flutter of gay green leaves, dancing in every breath of summer air, glittering in every gleam of summer sunshine, all youth, and life, and joy. Poor prodigals! the brightness and levity of their young days have passed away: the early frost has withered and faded the dancing leaves, as the cold hand of sorrow destroys the hopes and joys of youth; and the heart, chilled, and hardened, and disappointed, stands like the leafless tree—silent, and bare, and lone. The sun shines, but it is with a cold and wintry beam, like the smile which plays on the lip when the heart is broken. And this is Nature in repose; anon comes a voice from above, and she wakes, wakes in wrath, and fearful is her anger—the mighty winds are let loose and the forest groans, and all is tumult and terror: and thus she rages for a season and then sleeps again. * * * * *

Hark! there is a sound of life in the woods! and yonder some object approaches,—it is a cariboo. Poor creature! it is almost exhausted; wearily and painfully it struggles on through the deep snow, with outstretched neck, lolling tongue, and starting eyeballs: the dogs are close upon it—it can go no further; and, with sudden desperation, it turns and stands at bay, threatening its pursuers. The small, brisk Indian

dogs have neither the strength nor the courage to attack it, but stand round barking and yelping, conscious of being supported by a superior power. A shot is heard—the hunted deer gives one agonised spring, and drops lifeless, and then the Indian comes forward, strips off the skin, and separates the members of the carcass, still warm,—almost quivering with life; and having carefully packed them on his tobogan, he gathers up his hunting knife and rifle, and calling to his dogs, strikes away through the forest towards his home. For miles Tomar walked on, following the tracks made by his own snow-shoes when in pursuit of his game. The sun was now setting, and he saw by the halo that surrounded it, and by the dull grey colour of the sky, that a snow storm was coming on: he was yet far from his wigwam, and he felt hungry and weary. Still he pressed on, though his step was no longer light and firm; and the loaded tobogan, the weight of which appeared at first a mere nothing, now became an intolerable burden. The snow began to descend in small close flakes, which shewed that it would be a heavy fall; and as night approached, the cold became so intense, that Tomar's limbs, numbed and stiffened, almost refused their office. By degrees, his senses became confused; he felt giddy and stupified: still visions of his own hearth, of his children's welcome, crossed his mind, and though dim and indistinct, they urged him on. But this could not last—his strength was rapidly failing—an irresistible feeling of drowsiness crept over him—he no longer felt cold or hungry—only sleepy—very sleepy—and, unable to overcome the sensation, he stretched himself on his cold, cold bed, with a snow wreath for his pillow, and soon he slept—slept the sleep that knows no waking. His spirit passed away to join his fathers, in that Indian paradise where there is no more cold or misery; where no white man comes to oppress the children of the forest.

The tardy morning broke; the bright, cold sun shot his keen rays through the leafless trees, and gleamed brilliantly on

* The authoress of this pretty Sketch is the daughter of Captain Power, and niece to the Countess of Blessington, and resided for some time in Fredericton.

a mound of new fallen snow: it was the natural grave of Tomar; there was nothing in that smooth, white heap, that could lead you to believe a human being slept beneath; there was nothing to distinguish it from the fallen trees and logs that lay around, similarly covered. Poor Tomar! oft will thy Lolah look forth along the path that leads to thy lowly hut; oft will thy dark-eyed children shout thy name through the forest to guide thee home; oft will they pause and listen, as the echo of their own voices, borne on the wings of the wind, leads them for a moment to believe it is the tones they shall never more hear on earth.

But at length comes the fearful confirmation to their terrors: his dogs come home alone, weary, exhausted, and Lolah knows that while their master lived they would not have deserted him; hope is gone—he is dead—and she and her little ones are utterly destitute. But the Great Spirit, “the father of the fatherless,” He that “forgetteth not the cause of the widow,” still watches over the bereaved family: a party of hunters of their own tribe pursued their game to the very door of the wigwam, and there killed it; they fed the destitute mother and her hungry babes, and then taking them under their protection, they led them through the trackless forest to the dwelling of their brethren and of their own people. Ye great and wise ones of the earth—ye who boast of your learning, your superior intellect, your civilisation—would ye have done likewise?



A Fragment from the Autobiography of a Duck.

SOME men are said to make “ducks and drakes” of their fortune; my provident master, on the contrary, makes his fortune of ducks and drakes.

A large weedy pond on the borders of his little patrimony was the scene of my youthful pleasures. The place was surrounded by sedgy banks, agreeably shaded by willows which they call “weeping,” although I can assert from personal observation that they never ad-

ded a single tear-drop to our aquatic demesne. People may “cry them up;” but they never cry themselves.

In a snug nest, on the borders of this secluded place, I first “saw the light,” with eight brothers and sisters. Led by our dear mother, we might be seen on our birthday rushing instinctively towards the cooling element, as *bright and yellow* as a new issue of gold from the *Bank!*

My mother was congratulated upon the appearance of her family by all except an old duck, who was dabbling solitarily in the distance. “That old duck in the *weeds* yonder,” observed my mother, “is a *widow*, she has lately lost her drake, and feels no sympathy in my pleasure.” We rapidly gained strength, and were soon able to provide for ourselves; in fact no family ever went on more *swimmingly*. We were very gay, and sported about, with all the heedlessness of youth, during the day; and in the evening, harboured by her downy breast, we lay as snug as a little fleet in Brest harbour!

One day, in the midst of our pastime, the whole community was thrown into the utmost confusion by the bark of a dog, and the next minute the monster leaped into the water.

My mother, with her usual presence of mind, dived, and we, following her example, reached the opposite bank in safety. I do not know what might have been the consequences of this intrusion if our master and a friend had not arrived immediately, and expelled the dog; who went howling away to his owner,—a shabby-genteel fellow, who appeared on the opposite bank to our asylum; and so the affair ended with our master beating the dog, and our beating a retreat.

“Do you know that fellow?” inquired our master.

“O! very well,” replied his friend “’Tis Tim Consol, the stock-broker.—I suppose he wanted a pair of ‘white ducks,’ for he is very much out of ‘feather.’ What a ‘dabbler’ he has been! You know that he is a *lame duck*, I suppose? Yes; he lately *waddled*;

but, though a lame duck, he is a great better, and still lays!"

"Do you hear that, my ducklings?" said my mother; "that fellow is a bad character. There is no doubt, from what our master's friend asserts, that he is a duck, and changed to a man for some sin he has committed. What a punishment! I dare say he would give something to be afloat again."

"He cannot provide for his bills—"

"Thank goodness, we can!" interjected my mother.

"And so," continued our master's friend, "he is at present on the wing."

"Feeding on the air, I suppose," said my mother.

"Having once lost his feet, he will never keep his head above water."

"No more should we!" sighed my mother. "Alas! he must have been a wild duck, indeed!"

"He used to take spirit with his water," continued the friend; "but now he takes it neat, and he must sink!"

"There's a lesson!" said my moralizing mother. "I wish all my children to be of the 'temperance society.' Never abandon the water. Take to the water with spirit, but never spirit with the water! I shall call a meeting tomorrow while this water's in my head—this moral, I mean,—and I have no doubt my resolutions on the subject will be approved by an universal quack!—I shall conclude my address by proposing this appropriate sentiment:—May every duck die with water on his chest!"—*Bentley's Miscellany.*



THERE seems to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth; the first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbours—this is robbery; the second by commerce, which is generally cheating; the third by agriculture, the only honest way, wherein a man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favour, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry.—*Franklin.*

(From the Ladies' Companion.)

The Bucancer.—A Legend of olden time.

DURING a period of some six or seven years, succeeding the accession of William of Orange to the throne of England, that portion of the American seaboard, extending from Cape Cod to the shores of New Jersey, was infested by a set of daring rovers, outlawed from society, and familiar with every species of crime and piracy. The easy access to the harbour and inlets, the countless number of secure hiding places, along the coast, together with the great facilities afforded for escape in case of pursuit, made it a most advantageous rendezvous for those who had set at defiance all laws of right and justice. The inefficacy of the laws was also in their favour. Each rover boldly entered the harbours of New-York and Boston at mid-day, certain that if not welcomed, they would be allowed to dispose of their cargoes and retire unmolested; and as fearlessly landed and mingled with the quiet inhabitants. There were not a few of the wealthy traders whom public opinion had set down as having connection, although indirectly, with their lawless visitants.

At length Lord Bellamont succeeded Governor Fletcher in the administration of the government of New-York, and being a man of strong and determined mind, he resolved to use every means in his power to extirpate the league, and place an effectual check upon the licentious depravity, which had already begun to work its poisonous influence upon the little community which had been placed under his charge. Delay, he was well aware, was dangerous.—Every day, every hour, increased the evil. Gambling, carousing, and midnight brawls, were now to be witnessed in the public streets, which before had only teemed with the stirring, busy industry of the merchants of New Amsterdam. Wealth, originally obtained by violence, was pouring in fast.—Desperadoes and renegades of every clime, from pole to pole, fearlessly promenaded the streets, armed for resis-

taunce, and unhesitatingly avowing their illegal vocation. At length to such an extent had things arrived that it was no longer deemed prudent to overlook them. Already, had the unwished for notoriety, to the scandal of New-England and New-York, extended across the ocean. The enemies of the colonies had been industriously at work and their dear bought fame, purchased at the price of innumerable hardships, was now associated with every thing that was evil. Reform was imperatively necessary, and the home government arousing, as it were, from wilful inactivity, at length, began to take measures to bring to justice or effectually exile the nefarious cabal from the waters of the colonies. Among the principal charges contained in the instructions of the Earl of Bellamont, was one which authorized him to fit out a craft for the capture, if possible, of the gangs of pirates who infested the coast, and accordingly, immediately upon his arrival in New-York, he made it his first business to obey his commands to the letter. While Governor of Barbadoes, chance had frequently thrown him in contact with an unprincipled commander of a slaver about whose origin but little or nothing was known. For a long time he had appeared at regular intervals, always laden with rich and valuable cargoes which he professed to have received in exchange for negroes, and his appearance was invariably welcomed by the merchants; for every one who traded with him was pretty certain of getting his invoices at less than half of their original value. Having sold his merchandize he would stay ashore until every penny was squandered in dissipation, and then, hastening aboard, he would spread his sails and stretch away—whither no one knew, but about that none were concerned, for as regularly as the moon changed, his light cutter was at anchor in the harbour. He was mysterious himself, and so were all his movements. He always came and went in the night. Such a man had Lord Bellamont selected to lead the enterprise he had conceived.

He had studied his character coolly and deliberately. He knew him to be entirely devoid of principle, and not altogether scrupulous about the means he employed so that his ends were attained, but at the same time he knew that he possessed a bold and fearless mind, a perfect recklessness of life and a disposition to seek out danger for the fierce pleasure of the excitement in subduing it. Another motive which had great influence in the selection was this: Lord Bellamont judged, and not incorrectly, that from his roving excursions upon the ocean, and depraved habits, he had been thrown frequently in the way of these very outcasts—perhaps was one himself—and of necessity was intimately acquainted with their secret lurking places, rendezvous, and, in fact, might possibly be possessed of all their secrets. Such an ally was an acquisition of too much importance to be disregarded, and the Earl resolved, that let the consequences be what they might, he would leave no means untried to engage him in the expedition, and actuated also possibly, by the hopes of sharing in the valuable booty with which the vessels of the proscribed were known to be loaded, the Governor lost not a moment in forwarding his preparations with all possible speed.

The sun had gone down in all its radiant glory at the close of a day in June, 1696, and the mild, cheerful twilight of a summer's evening had fallen upon the bay and town of New-York. The waters of the harbour were lulled to rest, and the streams of the two noble rivers which washed the banks of the then little city, upon either side, were flowing gently to their confluence. The solitude of a wilderness seemed to hang upon every thing around. Down the harbour, the haughty-like brig of war, from whose peak the insignia of Great Britain dropped listlessly, yielding to every puff of air, floated lazily at her anchor. The busy hum of industry, which during the day had resounded through the streets, had given place to a deep and almost unbroken silence. The air seemed hot and feverish. New

and then, some worthy burgher as he wended his homeward way, content with the proceeds of his day's traffic, gave vent to his satisfaction in humming some Dutch melody. Now a thrifty housewife screamed to a gossiping neighbour across the street, and then silence again assumed its sway, until at intervals the rattling of a rickety vehicle, the challenge of a statue-like sentinel, or some other trivial occurrence broke upon the spell.

It was during one of these intervals, when scarcely a breath was stirring, that the houses by the water's edge were shook by a violent concussion, and then the report of a heavy piece of ordnance echoed through the town. Instantly every window which afforded the slightest glimpse of the harbour, was thronged, and multitudes hurried along the, until now, deserted streets. The wharves were peopled with the town's-folks, of whom not one could answer the oft repeated inquiry as to the cause of the alarm.

Ten minutes had elapsed from the first discharge, when a bright flash issued from a craft in the direction of Staten Island, and a second report rolled up heavily over the water; and at the same time a lantern rose from her deck to the mast-head, and another to her peak.

"Can'st make her out?" cried a dozen voices to a seaman who had mounted a hog'shead for better observation.

"Not yet," was the reply, "wait till she shoots into the moonlight, and then—"

"Looks she like a lugger?" interrupted a portly Dutch merchant, opening his mouth and puffing out a dense column of tobacco smoke, "I would give ten guilders were it the Frau-Van-hoore."

"Your guilders are safe," answered the seaman, "it is not your craft—Der Tyvel! she's a beauty."

The moon which had now risen was shedding a rich column of silver light along the surface of the water, and across this path a beautiful swan-like

brig of matchless symmetry and exact proportions was slowly moving.

"Shows she no signal?" again demanded the merchant.

"Look sharp—a white ground with a blue ball, and—"

"I tell you no," interrupted the seaman impatiently, "such a pretty bird of the ocean can never belong to the house of Vanderheen and company. Are you in your senses, man, see you not that if occasion needs she is one that can run races with the wind, and the stiffest hurricane can never compel the swiftest lugger of your line to log more than two knots an hour."

A boisterous laugh from all who heard this sally, somewhat abashed the merchant, who shrunk back among the crowd and contented himself with speculating in his own mind upon the probable character of the strange vessel.

The brig whose appearance had caused this undue excitement on shore, was now slowly moving up to the town. She was of that class now known as hermaphrodite, of about a hundred and fifty tons burthen, a kind of craft but little known and still less used at that period; yet to those who were at all acquainted with the build of vessels it must have been obvious that a more convenient bark as regarded both sailing and carrying could scarcely have been constructed. Every part exhibited the most faultless symmetry. She sat upon the water like a swan. Her bow was sharp and tapered off to a clean run. Two slender and somewhat raking masts, crossed by slight yards at their respective distances, rose from her deck, supported by a set of standing rigging, strained as taut as a bow string, and the running rigging, ropes and lines hung from mast to mast and spar to spar, forming most graceful curves and festoons. Every sail was formed of snow white canvass, and as the distance from the town gradually lessened, one after the other was clewed up and bound to the yards, until when, obedient to her helm, she swung around at two cables' length from the wharf, not a rag of canvass was visible at any point.

"Forward there," sounded the command from the quarter deck, "let go the chain anchor."

Instantly the chain rattled through the hause-hole, and splash! sunk the heavy anchor into the water; at the same instant another discharge from one of the guns of the craft, broke upon the stillness, a rocket with its train of vivid fire rose hissing into the air, and then the broad blue field and red cross of Britain was sent flying to her mast head.

"Who is she—where from and what is her errand?" were questions repeated again and again by those ashore, but without eliciting the slightest satisfactory answer. None knew her name, her country, or errand. She was not a merchantman. She carried too many guns and was withal of too war-like an appearance for a peaceable trader. Yet she could not be of the navy. None were expected. These and similar other conjectures puzzled the brains of the curious spectators in vain. There lay the brig before them, and from the moment of the flight of the rocket, not the slightest appearance of life was witnessed by them. For a long time they remained upon the wharf, hoping some boat would put off from her that would solve the mystery with which she was enshrouded, but to no purpose, no boat came, and seeing that the entire night bid fair to be spent in fruitless suppositions, one by one of those who had been drawn thither through curiosity, left the wharf, and in a short time it was as deserted as it had been at the moment when the first gun of the stranger called the citizens forth.

It was just midnight, when a small boat, which was suspended at the stern of the vessel was lowered into the water, and instantly manned by four seamen. Shortly after, a person who seemed by the deference paid him, to be one in command, stepped upon the gunwale. He halted, and his eye glanced from his own vessel to the town and then to the brig of war, and from thence it wandered quickly from one object to the other in every direction.

"Give way, men," said he, in a low tone, seating himself in the stern sheets, apparently satisfied.

"Whither?"

"The Governor's landing," was the answer.

The boat shot out from the dark counter of the brig and gained the current. For an instant only the men poised their oars, and then with long and steady strokes swept toward the town.

"Lay upon your oars," said the leader, in the same cautious tones, as the boat struck her bow upon the stone steps, and he stepped ashore, "lay off, and be careful you get into no quarrels with these brawling Dutchmen—shove away!"

As the boat backed into the stream he raised his eyes and suffered them to rest upon the light hull and rigging of his own vessel, and then turning abruptly away, walked up the landing with hasty steps.

In one of the largest mansions of the town, in a room used for the purposes of a library, the Earl of Bellamont was striding impatiently to and fro. His arms were folded, his eyes fixed intently upon the ground and his whole manner argued but ill concealed discontent. Upon the table, scattered in negligent confusion, lay a number of papers, and conspicuous among the rest was a small package strongly tied and sealed with the arms of Bellamont.

"Twelve o'clock!" exclaimed the Earl, pausing in the middle of his steps, as the tones of the church clocks chiming the midnight hour, sounded through the room; "curses on his dilatory movements when so much is at stake—five hours have gone by and yet I have not seen him. I warrant he is now carousing in some tavern, perchance brawling in the streets, when he should be upon the sea. Strange, I may have been mistaken," he continued, advancing and throwing open a window that looked upon the harbour, "yet, no—it is the same—it must be the Vengeance. There glimmers the signal at the mast head and peak—and the rocket—why does he tarry?"

A hand was laid lightly upon his shoulder, and a voice which was not unknown to him, exclaimed: "Earl Bellamont."

"Welcome, Captain Kyd, right welcome," answered the Earl, turning and offering his hand familiarly to the Buccaneer. "By my coronet, I had given up all hopes of seeing you, or else I had thought myself mistaken. It was indeed then, the ordinance of the Adventure Galley that echoed through the town at dark."

"Say rather of the Vengeance," answered Kyd.

"But Vengeance, no longer," replied the Earl, with a smile. "You must change these cut-throat titles. King William would well nigh go crazy did he dream that he employed a craft with such a blood-thirsty name. But come, we must not dally in idle words. What detained you so long? Why came you not hither immediately upon anchoring?"

"To say the truth," replied the Buccaneer, "I have been in New-York before, and there are those with whom I care not to renew acquaintance. I therefore waited until the lateness of the hour should effectually shield me from the danger of recognition."

"It is well, and, indeed, I know not but wisely," rejoined the Earl, "for should our plans miscarry, none need know that the Adventure Galley has ever been within our harbor. Whence came you last?"

"From Plymouth, and now bound in quest of adventure."

"Whither go you first?" inquired the Governor.

"To the Indian Ocean."

"Are you all prepared to sail? Do you lack any thing?"

"Nothing. My bark is in perfect trim; every thing is in readiness, and I but wait for my papers and a breeze," replied the Buccaneer.

"To-morrow if please you, I'll spread my canvass, and trust me, ere I again anchor this side of the Narrows, I shall have won such renown, that Fame will have bruited my name from one end of the known world to the other."

"I believe you, Kyd," replied the Earl, impressively. "I know you are possessed of a daring soul, which no danger or hardship can awe. I know that if once roused, there is that in your bosom that will make even devils turn pale with envy, but I pray you keep your temper in subjection, and above all, forget not your allegiance to your King. How think you the name of Robert Kyd would grace the commission of a frigate—ay, as its commander?"

A smile forced itself upon the lips of the Buccaneer, as he could not help evincing his satisfaction at the prospect of having a man of war committed to his charge.

"You are silent as though you doubted it," continued the Earl, arguing a different conclusion from the seaman's silence. "Believe me, I am in earnest. Should you return successful—and whether you do or not, rests with yourself—none shall be more richly and honorably rewarded than you. You shall walk our streets, and figure at the court of royalty, the envy of the envied. Wealth shall be at your command, and the highest veterans of Britain's navy shall be proud to serve under one who has rendered his country such essential service—that of ridding its seas of the vultures that prey upon its commerce. The Union Jack shall be lowered to your flag, and the name of Robert Kyd shall be a watch-word and battle-cry to strike terror into the ranks of piracy and crime."

The countenance of the Buccaneer grew pale and flushed by turns, as the Earl held out these inducements, and as he ceased speaking he grasped his hand, exclaiming—

"I will—by Heaven it shall be as you say. My banner shall carry death wherever it goes, they shall hear my name with trembling, and the guns of the 'Vengeance' shall be to them a scourge more devastating than the plague. Give me my papers; to-morrow shall begin a new era in my life."

"To-night—this very hour must you sail," said the Earl, giving the package sealed with his arms. "You must away before it is known that you have been

among us. Nay—look not so. I know that the Vengeance has been in these waters before, and were the commander of yonder brig that now lies so supinely upon the sleeping bay, to know that the smuggler was now within range of his guns, rest assured not even your commission would save you unscathed."

"He would find that for every shot he gave, two would be returned," replied Kyd, fiercely. "By Sathanus, I have almost a mind to run my brig along-side and give him a parting salute. But no, my fire must be reserved for those that make the most resistance."

"In this package," continued Bellamont, "you will find two commissions. One authorising you to use all means in your power—of peace or war—of treaty or the force of arms, to extirpate the gang of pirates and desperadoes therein named. The other is a letter of commission for reprisals. With this, you are to capture, sink, burn, or destroy every thing that comes in your way, appertaining to the French flag, but by no means are you to deviate, in the least, from your track. You are now in possession of your instructions, great trust is reposed in you, and I beseech you betray it not. Use your power discreetly—and now farewell."

Once more he extended his hand to the Buccaneer, who received it, and pressed it to his lips, then grasping the package, left the house, and the next moment the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance. A few hasty steps brought him to the landing, and signing to the boat's crew to shove in and receive him, he stepped aboard, and a single stroke sent it far into the channel. "Any signs of a breeze," said Kyd, to the one who sat next to him.

"There is a nor'wester beating to quarters aloft," answered the seaman, "and by the next watch, if we put to sea, we shall have the spray under our bows flying like a cataract."

"Silence, we are passing the brig of war."

Like a mountain in a valley lay the sleeping lion, at the distance of two oars' length from the boat. Several

lanterns gleamed at various points about her rigging, but not the least sign of activity was visible.

"A dozen good swords to back me, and I'd carry that brig's deck in spite of her teeth," exclaimed Kyd. "Hail to your ears, men—pull, and send us clear of her."

"Boat, ahoy!" hailed a voice from the brig.

"Bend on, hearties," exclaimed Kyd. As no answer being returned, the summons was again repeated. "Sweep us aboard the Vengeance in the least possible time. I'm in no mood to answer the cry of every bully that chooses to hail us. Dash away, we are almost aboard."

A dozen strokes more, and the boat shot in under the counter of the Vengeance, and in another moment, was hanging at its accustomed berth.

All was bustle and activity aboard the cutter as soon as its commander touched the deck. The courses were set, the topsails and lighter sails loosed, the massy anchor came slowly up from its ocean bed, and the graceful bark feeling the influence of the land breeze, careened, for a moment, upon her side, and then upright, like a being of the sea, slowly cut her path through the dancing waters that were washing her form. A bright flash shot over the surface of the harbour, the roar of a gun boomed heavily, and then a whizzing shot from the brig of war came skipping through the rigging of the Vengeance, cutting the fore topsail halliard in twain.

"For'ard, there," shouted the commander. "Spring aloft a dozen of you, and secure the fore tops'l. Lively, lively, and then we'll have revenge. Load every gun along the leeward bulwarks, and light your matches. All ready, there?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Then down with the helm, and lay us along-side."

Obedient to the command, the cutter was instantly brought in close contact with the brig.

"Fore and aft," shouted the trumpeted voice of Kyd. "Stand to your

guns. Depress the pieces, and sweep the deck. Gun for gun, and shot for shot. Fire!"

A dozen flashes lit up the narrow space between the two brigs—a dozen of the cutter's pieces bellowed forth their contents upon her antagonist's deck, and long ere the vast clouds of smoke had rolled to leeward, the *Vengeance* was heading rapidly toward the narrows.

All are familiar with the subsequent actions of the renowned rover. It is well known how deeply he imbued his hands in bloodshed and rapine, ere justice overtook him in his short but criminal career. Years upon years have rolled away, but still he is not forgotten. Legends and tales, fearful and marvellous, connected with his memory, have been multiplied in every variety of form, and spread to the utmost corners of the earth. Well, too well, did he redeem his pledge to the Earl of Bellamont, for his name was, indeed, bruited from one end of the known world to the other, but associated with deeds of such frightful hues, that the bare relation would well nigh chill a stoic's blood with horror.

PALESTINE.—The following masterly view of the impression made on the mind of a christian visiting the Holy Land is from the pen of Chateaubriand. Extraordinary appearances (says he.) everywhere proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery—every grotto announces a prediction—every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it had heard the awful voice of the ETERNAL.

From Heath's Book of Beauty, for 1811.

On the Portrait of Lady Seymour, as Queen of Love and Beauty.

BY MISS POWER.

The olden days are come again,
Whose records live in story,
And high and noble deeds of arms
Restore old England's glory;
And courtly knights and lovely dames
Around the lists assemble;
Proud steeds prance forth, beneath whose tread
The very earth doth tremble.
But see you star, amid the crowd
Of Britain's fairest daughters,
Whose very glance sheds down a beam
Like moonlight on the waters:
So bright she looks, as though she came
A visitant from heaven,—
A spirit, for a moment's space
To mortal vision given;
E'en as we gaze we fear to see
The bright illusion vanish,
And tremble, lest we break the spell,
The waking dream to banish.
Bright Queen of Beauty! far as she
Who rose from out the ocean,
Beneath whose sway all empires bow
In passionate devotion;
Victors are vanquish'd by those eyes,
And humbly yield their duty:
Long may'st thou reign with power divine,
Bright Queen of Love and Beauty!

WHAT IS DEATH?—The laws of nature are all directed by wisdom, for the purpose of preserving life and increasing happiness. Pain seems, in all cases, to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the mere process of dying seems to be falling into a deep slumber; and in animals, who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination, it can hardly be accompanied by very intense suffering. In the human being moral and intellectual motives constantly operate in enhancing the fear of death, which, without these motives in a reasoning being, would probably become null, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust; but imagination is creative of respect to both passions, which, if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or as instincts. Pain seems intended by an all-wise Providence to prevent the dissolution of organs, and cannot follow their destruction. I know several instances in which the process of death has

been observed, even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating:—Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his inmates, “I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die.” Dr. Black, worn out by age, and a pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low, whilst eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep, and died in so tranquil a manner, that he had not even spilt the contents of the spoon which he held in his hand. And the late Sir Charles Blagden, whilst at a special meal with his friends, Monsieur and Madame Berthollet and Guy Lussac, died in his chair so quietly, that not a drop of the coffee in the cup which he held in his hand was spilt.—*Sir Humphrey Davy, Baronet.*



THE ORPHAN.

“She was twelve years of age when her father died—the saddest of all ages to become an orphan; for the thoughtlessness of childhood is past, and the self-dependence of maturity not yet come; the heart is sufficiently ripe to ascertain the magnitude of its loss, and the habits are too unformed to be a shield against such a crushing calamity. And she—what was she?—the gentlest, the most obedient, the kindest-hearted creature, in which was ever enshrined the spirit of an angel. Ripe, too, for her age, was she in all feminine accomplishments, but bashful, and to be drawn forward, not brilliant, and struggling for pre-eminence. No happy retort from her lips had ever set her father’s table in a roar, but no self-will had ever given her mother’s heart a pang. She was not one of those dazzling and precocious intelligences, over whose cradled sleep an anxious and far-seeing mother, in her dying hour, would bend with a fearful heart, and sigh.—‘No middle path will be thine, my child, thou wilt carve out thy path through the world, and very dark or very light it must be;—would that I could stay with thee!’ But how often

did her dying mother kneel beside her cradle, with a heart beating more with love than fear, and exclaim, ‘How very happy thou mayest be, my child! thou never wilt be long miserable, for the first unkindness from one thou lovest will break thy heart—would I could take thee with me.’ Her person was not an unsuitable casket for the intellectual jewel. I have seen very beautiful children—children of great intellectual readiness and activity, with features as finished, and an expression as decided as those of a full-grown woman; and however charming might have been the light carelessness and innocence of childhood, playing over the finely-marked and intelligent features, yet they always gave me the idea of woman in miniature, of children with faces of unbecoming precocity; and I question whether a child whose features are as fully elaborated as those of a mature woman, will not, when a woman, be of too masculine or imperious a visage—I doubt whether her riper years will be adorned by those soft and winning graces which are the very essence of female beauty. Womanhood, that beautifies the frame, will not leave the face untouched; and if that be already formed, the alteration will not be a beauty. Clara Prior was tall for her years, and slender; but she gave promise of a woman intensely to be admired, and dearly to be loved. Her eyes were bright as the sun, but her cheeks were somewhat pale, and her nose and chin wanted somewhat of prominence, which made her appear a child. She was looked at with pleasure, with tenderness, with love, but with hope; for the simple and infantine expression of her countenance made you think of the time when her face and form would be, as the heart was now, all that love could desire—all that love could worship.”



MARRIAGE is to a certain extent a preventive of suicide; it has been satisfactorily established, that, among the men, two-thirds who destroy themselves are bachelors.—*Winslow on Suicide.*

(From the London Watchman.)

To the Infant Princess Royal.

Welcome, bud beside the rose,
On whose stem our safety grows;
Welcome, little Saxon Guolph;
Welcome for thine own small self;
Welcome for thy father, mother;
Proud the one, and safe the other;
Welcome to three kingdoms; nay,
Such is thy potential day,
Welcome, little, mighty birth,
To our human star—the earth.

Some have wished thee boy: and some
Gladly wait till boy shall come,
Counting it a genial sign
When a lady leads the line.
What imports it, girl or boy?
England's old historic joy
Well might be content to see
Queens alone come after thee;
Twenty visions of thy mother
Following sceptered, each the other,
Linking with their roses white
Ages of unborn delight.
What imports it who shall lead,
So that the good line succeed?
So that love and peace fall sure
Of old hate's discomfiture?
Thee appearing by the rose,
Safety comes, and peril goes:
Thee appearing, earth's new spring
Fears no winter's "grievous king";
Hope anew leaps up, and dances
In the hearts of human chances.
France, the brave but too quick-blooded,
Wisely has her threat re-studied;
England now is safe as she,
From the strifes that need not be;
And the realms thus hushed and still,
Earth with fragrant thought may fill,
Growing harvests of all good,
Day by day as planet should,
Till it clasp it hands, and cry,
Hail, matur'd humanity!
Earth has outgrown want and war!
Earth is now no childish star.

But, behold, where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
Nought of all the news we sing
Dost thou know sweet ignorant thing:
Nought of planet's love, nor people's;
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heav'n had rais'd them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctors' learned books,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank, a peer,
E'en thy father's loving hand
No-ways dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost know thy very mother's
Balmly bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind lips pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes, that while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee.

Mother true and good has she,
Little strong one, been to thee,
Nor with listless in-door ways
Weaken'd thee for future days,
But has done her strenuous duty
To thy brain and to thy beauty,
Till thou can'st a blossom bright,
Worth the kiss of air and light;
To thyself a healthy pleasure;
To the world, a balm and treasure.

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion that he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint or play, and sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and judge, discourse and discriminate: one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description occasionally figures in the drawing room, and attracts the admiration of company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to "train up a child in the way he should go."

THERE is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth which he holds more firmly established. If then it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write? In logic, they teach that contraries laid together more evidently appear. It follows then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true, which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth.—*Milton.*

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

SPEAK TO MAMMA.

TIPPOO SULTAN'S DEATH.—This triumph decided the fate of Tippoo's capital and kingdom. Fresh troops now entered through the breach, where death continued to sweep the streets of the city and walls of the fortress with its desolating arm. Finding further efforts useless, Tippoo withdrew with a few followers towards the inner fort, and, as he passed along slowly, complained of a pain in one of his legs, in which he had once received a wound. Here he was informed that his favourite officer, Meer Gossar, to whom he had sent orders to keep a strict watch, was slain; to which he only replied, "Well, Meer Gossar was never afraid of death." Pursuing his way still onwards to the gate of the fort, he there received a musket-ball in his right side, and passing under the gateway, where his advance was interrupted by the fire of the 12th Light Infantry, he was wounded a second time, the ball entering his side near to the other. His horse having also received a fatal wound, sunk beneath him, and he was now removed to his palanquin, which had been laid at one side of the entrance way. Here, as he lay, a broken hearted and expiring captive at his palace-gate, a passing soldier was attracted by the brilliancy of his girdle, and attempted to pull it away; but the haughty chieftain, summoning all the powers of life that would obey his call, cut at the plunderer, and wounded him in the knee. The savage immediately raised his piece, and discharged its contents into the fevered brain of the Sultan of Mysore."—*Wright's Life of Wellington*

When the gentleman comes to the point,
And proposes to Ellen or Char-
Lotte; to cry "My dear man, to be sure!"
Would be going a little too far—
And young ladies can't do it, of course :
So they blush, and say, "Speak to mamma!"

Then the gentleman mounts to his feet,
And, kissing his Ellen or Char-
Lotte, says many adorable things,
Which ain't true, tho' he vows that they are ;
And, fixing his hat on his head,
Sets forward to "speak to mamma!"

Who's remarkably soon to be found—
Being up to Miss Ellen or Char-
Lotte, she sits, with her work in her hand,
Alone in the little back-par-
lour, and hopes that that girl won't forget
To remind him to "speak to mamma!"

COMMODORE NAPIER.—Perhaps there is not another man in the world so fit in all respects for the work he has to do as Napier. When he commanded a British frigate, he was always looked upon as a sort of Lord Cochrane run mad; not mad, however, without method; for he is both skilful and calculating; but mad to rush to the cannon's mouth on all occasions, and never so much delighted as when engaged in the turmoil and danger of close action. To a personal appearance highly eccentric, he adds an unceasing activity and untameable enterprise. In the last American war, he and Captain Gordon took their frigates, in spite of a thousand obstacles, up the Potomac, to the town of Alexandria, where they destroyed the national stores, and did immense damage of various kinds. On their return they had to pass close to a point of land which jutted into the river. Here were posted four or five thousand American troops, covered by the brushwood, and these made sure of the two frigates, supposing that they could sweep off the crews by a single volley of their musketry. Gordon and Napier were not so easily caught.—They were quite aware of the trap laid for them. On approaching the point of land the frigates were weighed down on the starboard side, which had the effect of elevating the muzzles of their larboard broad sides; the crew were protected from the musketry by an impe-

SMART REPLY—A short time ago, as a boy was riding a horse to the fair at Barnsley to sell, he was accosted on entering the town by a sprig of a dealer, who called out in a consequential tone. "Why, Jack, that horse you're riding is badly, look what a white face he's gotten!" "Hey," said the lad, breaking off whistling, "an yod hev a white face too, if yod look't through a helter az long az i: hev."

netrable rampart of hammocks, sails, &c; the guns were loaded with triple charges of grape, cannister, musket balls, pieces of iron, nails, and other missiles of the like kind; and with these the underwood was severely scourged, and the American troops scampered off without their expected prize! Napier, however, did not go scotfree. Disdaining all cover, he jumped on some elevation on the quarter-deck to see "the fun," and received a musket-ball in the back part of his neck, one of the effects of which severe wound, is a forward inclination of the head, thereby increasing the peculiarity of the gallant captain's personal appearance. His subsequent exploits are well known, not the least distinguished of which was his capture of the whole of Don Miguel's fleet, an operation completed in about twelve minutes. He has entered upon his present service in a similar spirit. He was among the first to go on shore, and there he might be seen in his shirt sleeves digging in the trenches. (by way of example,) and tugging at the heavy guns. Such a man at the head of British seamen, and mariners, can accomplish whatever is in the power of man; and, should the French venture upon the experiment of another struggle for naval superiority, depend upon it, that Napier's name will be again heard of, and he will always be found in the van in the thick of the enemy, regardless of the numbers, and victorious too; for his boldness is tempered by skill and upheld by an unconquerable resolution.

The Princess Sophia is said to possess the most splendid and valuable casket of brilliants in Europe. It is valued at £140,000.

THE AMARANTH.

In presenting to our readers the first number of THE AMARANTH, we feel happy in being able to announce to them that the patronage already obtained has warranted us in proceeding with our

Magazine. Our subscription list is daily increasing; the very *low price* of the work renders it necessary that the circulation should be extensive. From all parts of the Province we have received considerable numbers of subscribers by the exertions of our Agents.—We earnestly solicit them to continue their efforts on our behalf.

To our friends in the city who have so materially assisted in procuring subscribers, we offer our warmest thanks.

Our supply of Magazines and other periodicals for December, arrived by the mail steam-ship *Acadia*. They are filled with interesting articles; but previous to our receiving them, the greater part of the present number had gone through the press, which has prevented the insertion of many choice articles.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAINT JOHN was formed on the 25th of November, 1838, and obtained a Charter from the Province bearing date 15th of March, 1839. Previous to the former period, the propriety of establishing such an Institution, had been acknowledged; and a few individuals held a meeting for the purpose of bringing the matter before the public. Since that time, its prosperity has been extremely rapid, and its usefulness is now generally admitted by all classes of our citizens. Its early meetings were held in the Long Room of the Saint John Hotel, but the steady increase in the number of members, rendered that place too small for the accommodation required, and the Theatre was opened as a place for scientific instruction. Many will recollect a Lecture delivered there on Steam, and the little locomotive engine, that instead of Hamlet or Macbeth, travelled around the stage bearing the flag of Old England. During the first Lecture Season eight lectures were delivered on Natural Philosophy, by Mr. GRAY, at that time Professor of Mathematics in King's College; from whom the members received much pleasing information. During the same season and the following one, twenty-two lectures on Geology, Chemistry, Steam, and other subjects, were given gratuitously by a gentleman in this city; whose labours have been unceasing for the welfare of the establishment since its commencement. Other gentlemen also kindly volunteered their services; notwithstanding this was the day of trial for the Mechanics' Institute, from the scarcity of lectures.—Subsequently and since the Hall of the Institute has been erected, a number of persons have kindly volunteered their services, and lectures are given twice in each week with great regularity. It was soon found necessary, in order to accommodate all the members and their families, to erect a building for the purpose. With the greatest spirit and alacrity, the Hall of the Institute was commenced early in the past sum-

mer. Sir JOHN HARVEY, with his usual urbanity, and for the encouragement of science, laid the Corner Stone, amidst an assemblage of thousands of persons; and all the different trades, marched through our streets with their banners and music, in a procession that will long remain in the minds of the multitude who had assembled to witness the ceremony.

On the first of December, the Hall of the Institute was so far finished, that the lectures for the present season commenced, and although it is not completed, it is rendered very comfortable.

The building is fifty five feet wide, ninety feet long, and three stories high, and its external features are such as reflect great credit upon its builders, and add to the beauty of the city. On the ground floor there are three large apartments for a museum, school, and other purposes. The lecture room is on the second floor, attained by a double stairway. It is fifty-five feet square, and the ceiling is twenty-three feet high; the whole being constructed to admit of the erection of galleries, which are already required, notwithstanding accommodation is offered for upwards of eight hundred persons.—The room is decorated with the banners of the trades, and large geological paintings belonging to the Institute. It is well lighted, and at night has a brilliant and very pleasing appearance. Besides these there are four large rooms in the upper story, one of which will be devoted to the library. An elegant picture of Her Majesty the Queen, presented by Mr. F. M'DONNELL, is suspended over the Lecturer's platform. The whole of this work has been performed in the short space of a few months. The House of Assembly made a grant of two hundred and fifty pounds last season, in aid of the Institution; the remainder of the money expended has been raised from donations, subscriptions, and the fees of members. Already a considerable library has been collected from the bounty of individuals, and there is a good stock of philosophical and chemical apparatus, for the demonstration of the subjects brought forward in the lectures.

The number of members who first signed the Constitution and Bye Laws, was one hundred and fifty one; that number has since increased to five hundred and sixty. On the 21st of December, no less than sixty members were admitted by ballot, and many more have since been proposed to meet the next election. The Library and Apparatus have been removed from the Long Room in German Street to the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, and hereafter all the business of the Society will be transacted in its own building, where every thing necessary for the establishment will be deposited. During the winter of 1829-30, a School was opened for the instruction of young persons and in mechanics' apprentices, and different branches of learning were taught with satisfactory success. It is proposed to re-open the school, as soon as the room devoted to it can be finished. The expectations of the friends of this Institution have so far been more than realised. Formerly the Theatre and other places of public amusement were visited by young artizans and apprentices, and too often many were led into the paths of vice, because their minds were

not directed to proper objects, and there was no channel open, through which they could obtain instruction and amusement, after the ordinary labour of the day had been performed. Here the Mechanics' Institute of St. John has already brought about a renovation as gratifying to its friends as it is important to the well-being of society. Many who had spent their evenings in idle or criminal amusements, have been attracted by the beauties of science, and besides the improvement in morals there has been a remarkable advancement made in useful studies; and a vast amount of necessary information has been stored up, and made ready to operate upon the industry and resources of the country. So obvious has this change been in the general taste, that all classes of society have combined to promote the interest of an Institution of the first importance to the City, and the whole Province. Much of the dormant talent of St. John has been aroused, and a number of gentlemen of literary and scientific acquirements have ascended the platform, and in elegant style have communicated their knowledge to others. The great harmony that has prevailed among the officers and members of the institution since its commencement, and the general improvement which has been made in the public taste, are the best evidences of its high standing. Like the pure, light and classic atmosphere which is expanded by the genial warmth of the glowing sun, the fountain of knowledge and pure delight has been opened, and its refreshing streams have begun to flow out, bearing the seeds of knowledge over the thirsty plain; enlivening the scene, and conveying happiness far and wide. However gentle the current that has descended, it has added new vigour and life. However soft and silent the zephyr that has fanned its way abroad, it has touched the strings that before had refused to vibrate, and the song of joy and delight has filled the hearts of those to whom the pleasures of science were before unknown. To mechanics this institution is of still greater moment, as they possess the means of applying the principles of each science to their respective operations; immediately adapting them to the various uses whereby they may be rendered serviceable to the whole population of the country. But our limits will not allow us to enlarge even upon so interesting a topic, and for this reason we would be glad to see the whole of the Introductory Address delivered by Dr. Gesner, at the opening of the Institute, in the hands of the public, to be perused at their leisure. To the first President, BEVERLY ROBINSON, Esquire, and his successor, JOHN DIXON, Esquire, and each of the subordinate officers, the public owe a debt of gratitude for their untiring zeal in the welfare of the Mechanics' Institute; and the aid which has been received from all quarters has been the purest gift of disinterested benevolence.

We shall conclude the present article by giving a synopsis of the Lectures which have been delivered during that part of the season which has already elapsed.

On the 7th of December, 1840, the new Hall of the Mechanics' Institute was opened with an address by Doctor GESNER, who also delivered the first lecture before the Instau-

tion; and from its commencement has taken the most lively interest in its welfare, and under all circumstances, has been found ready to meet the exigencies of its infancy. The Doctor commenced by giving a brief account of the rise of the Roman Empire, which was ascribed more to the advancement of literature, and the arts and sciences, than to the power of arms; and the cause of the decline and fall of a great nation, was clearly proved to have resulted from the lack of religion, and a moral basis upon which alone the most powerful empires can remain secure. A comparison was drawn between the British and Roman Governments, and it was rendered evident that the strength, power, and durability of Great Britain, was to be found in the religion of her inhabitants. It was said in the address: "Her strength is in her moral constitution; her power is in the virtue and industry of her inhabitants; her riches are in the high mental cultivation of her people, and the progress of the arts and sciences, and so long as her moral basis remains secure, she can never fall." The great and surprising improvements which had been made in all kinds of machinery, and the inventions which had been introduced to lighten the burden of human labour, and increase mechanical power, were to be attributed to the advancement of the sciences; and a contrast was drawn between the feeble and imperfect mechanical means employed but a few years ago, and the gigantic steam engine, which far surpasses, both in the power and dehcacy of its operations, the greatest efforts that can be performed by the united force of human strength, and the most minute operations of human hands. An account of the rise of the Institution was then introduced, and the young mechanic was stimulated to improve the advantages, which all classes of the community had contributed to supply him.

A number of instances were mentioned to show that many individuals in the humblest walks of life had risen to great eminence by their own patient exertions, and by training the mind to act in co-operation with the hand, have produced discoveries and inventions of the first importance in the civilisation and happiness of the human race. A just compliment was paid to His Excellency Sir John Harvey, the worthy and enlightened Governor, and the Councils and Legislature of the Province; who had all given their support to this, the most important Institution of learning in the country. Well deserved praise was also given to the inhabitants of Saint John, who, amidst the embarrassments produced by the great recent fires, had fully sustained the Mechanics' Institute; which, as the speaker said, "had risen above the embers of the devouring element." Nor did the Doctor fail in his recollection of the ladies, who, he said, had so often cheered the drooping spirits of the lecturer, and elevated the character of every audience. In concluding his subject, the advantages thus enjoyed were stated to be the result of the blessed Constitution under which we live. It is under the British Government that these public blessings are fostered and protected. It is under the British flag that security and peace are granted to all who walk in the paths of literature and science. A tone of high moral feeling pervad-

ed the whole address, which was as creditable to the Doctor's heart as to his head.

It cannot be possible that Mechanics' Institutes in the present day, can supply any considerable amount of religious instruction. The necessity of combining such instruction with other knowledge, was, notwithstanding, forcibly enunciated, and those who have the charge of the young and succeeding generation, were earnestly recommended to make this consideration their part of the great work of mental improvement.

As a wide and liberal view was taken of the arts and sciences, and their application to the wants of man, and especially to the requirements of a country comparatively new; it would be impossible to do justice to the speaker or his address, without giving the whole, which carried with it the evidences of great research and peculiar originality.

On the 11th December, Mr. GEORGE BLATCH delivered a Lecture on Self Instruction. At the onset the lecturer gave a clear account of the advantages mankind had received from the introduction of the art of Printing, and different systems of education. An expanded view was then taken of the means that had been employed to disseminate useful knowledge among all orders of men; and more especially the improved systems of education which were so truly characteristic of the present age. If it be admitted that "knowledge is power," the general diffusion of science and literature becomes of the highest importance to a nation, a country, and even to a family;—and a number of plain and convincing evidences were brought forward to shew that the present enlightened state of the world was the result of that progressive and never-ending expansion of intelligence which the human mind possesses in a god-like degree. Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Archimedes, Franklin, and others, were adduced as instances, to shew that the greatest discoveries in science were the result of deep reflection and research, and not the casual inventions of ignorance and chance; and hence an inference was drawn, that steady perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, was the most probable mode of obtaining success and distinction. Notwithstanding the increasing advantages arising from an extended plan of education, and the facilities offered for supplying the great storehouse of the mind with necessary information, and those embellishments which ornament the best societies;—it was shewn that the success of each individual, in the acquisition of learning was solely dependent upon himself; and the degree of mental labour independently performed by him. In proof of this interesting part of the subject, a great number of instances were brought forward, in which persons in the humblest and most obscure situations, had by their own exertion, by "self-instruction," become persons of great usefulness and eminence in various departments of science or literature. Sir Humphrey Davy, Watt, Arkwright, Simpson, Ferguson, Burns, Allan Ramsay, Columbus, Shakespeare, and others, were very happily referred to; and the whole lecture was admirably adapted for encouraging the young, and such as do not possess the means of obtaining collegiate instruction. The whole was de-

livered in elegant and very pleasing language, and will long be remembered by a large and attentive audience as a work of true merit and ingenuity.

On the 14th December, the next lecture was delivered by J. H. GRAY, Esquire, on the *Life and Writings of Sir Walter Scott*. The early life, and the peculiar habits of the great Poet were touched with a master hand. Whether the romantic scenes of youth, and the strong emotions which are then produced by external causes are capable of forming a poetic mind, it is difficult to decide. It is, nevertheless, certain, that the strong impressions of youth are frequently engraved deeper in the mind, than those that follow in after life. In the present instance, the spark that had been kindled in the breast of the Scottish Bard, continued to burn with increasing splendour, until every thing that came within the scope of his mighty mind was changed into music. From his translation of "*Der Wilde Jäger*," the skill of Sir Walter rose to the splendid strains of "*The Lady of the Lake*;" in which his "genius seems to have reached the acme of its powers."

On the 21st, the subject was continued, and Mr. Gray referred to the more painful parts of the poet's history. While the author of *Waverley* was pouring upon the world "the coinage of his brain," his connection with two merchants, who became bankrupt, involved him in responsibilities to the enormous amount of 120,000*l.* The prudence, honesty, energy, and patience of this truly great man, under distressing circumstances, were very beautifully portrayed by the lecturer; and after all his just demands were nearly paid, the curtain was to be drawn, and the "child of song" to be removed from the millions he had delighted with his pen. Mr. Gray left the platform with repeated cheers, and with reason to be proud of the entertainment and instruction he had given to his delighted hearers.

Friday the 18th December, Dr. GESNER (the old and well-tried friend of the Institute) again lectured on Mineralogy. The lecturer's long table was covered with beautiful specimens of minerals, many of which belonged to New-Brunswick and Nova-Scotia. It was stated during the lecture that an amethyst from Nova Scotia was in the Crown of the King of the French, and the lecturer had found one in New Brunswick which he should use his endeavours to have presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty, to be placed in the Crown. "New-Brunswick will supply a gem for the Royal diadem." The formation of crystals, and the occurrence of minerals in the earth were adverted to, and from the Doctor's practical knowledge of the science a great deal of useful and very interesting information was conveyed without the aid of written notes. With all the Doctor's gravity, he never lets his audience off without making them shake their sides with laughter.—His anecdote of the money-digger and the mineral rod, excites our risibility even now.

25th: M. H. PERLEY, Esquire, on the *Early History of New-Brunswick*. It was stated by the lecturer that Cabot having discovered Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, probably was the first who landed on the great Continent of America, and that somewhere between Richibucto and Miramichi, the first Chris-

tian foot rested on the soil of the New World. Columbus did not reach the mainland until two years afterwards. This gives a new and important historical character to the Province.—Several very interesting extracts were read from Champlain's work published in 1613. In this, the discovering of the River St. John on the 24th day of June, 1604, is mentioned, and the scenery of the falls and river are very accurately described. An account of the Earl of Stirling's claim to all these Provinces, was also adverted to, and it would appear from the information Mr. Perley obtained in England that his claim is not altogether without foundation.

The history of the wife of Charles de la Tour is full of interest, and as the lecturer remarked, "a braver woman never lived upon these shores." But our limits will not allow us to enter upon this subject in the manner it deserves, and as we understand the lecture is to be published, we defer giving a more extended notice of it for the present. Mr. Perley deserves a great deal of praise for the research and labour he has bestowed upon this work, which will form a valuable appendage to Haliburton's *History of Nova-Scotia*, or lay the foundation of a more perfect history of this Province than has heretofore appeared.

On Monday, 4th inst., Mr. Perley concuded his very interesting subject.—As on the occasion of the first lecture, a similar interest was manifested by a brilliant and crowded audience, who testified their approbation by repeated plaudits.

Extra pages will be attached to each No. of THE AMARANTH for the insertion of Advertisements.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—An original Tale entitled "*Dark Harbour*," has been received.

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 7*s.* 6*d.* per annum;—Persons in the Country, receiving The Amaranth by Mail, will be charged 1*s.* 3*d.* additional, to cover the cost of postage.

All communications must be addressed to "ROBERT SHIVES, Office of the Amaranth, Market Square, Saint John, N. B."

Agents for The Amaranth.

HENRY S. BEEK, Bookseller, &c. *Fredericton*.
 OLIVER HALLETT, Esq. P. M. *Hampton, &c.*
 N. ARNOLD, Esq. *Sussex Vale*.
 JAMES W. DELANEY, *Amherst, (N. S.)*
 AVERY W. PIPER, *Bridgetown, (N. S.)*
 A. N. F. LONGLEY, *Digby, (N. S.)*
 J. O. VAIL, *Westport, (N. S.)*