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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1843.

{ No. 9.

TRUE TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

THE heat was intolerable, even for Syria. It was about noon, and the sun was blazing high in its altitude in a sky, whereon not a speck of cloud could be discovered to cast a passing shadow over the parched and faintly green earth. Only on the horizon there was a thin, dry-looking, reddish haze, which, far from portending any thing of rain or moisture in the atmosphere, seemed to come up from the burning sands or arid mountains like the hot vapour from a seventimes heated furnace. There was not a breath of air abroad, and scarce a sound was to be heard, although there was the vast stamping of a numerous army, and not only that, but the walls of a populous city in full view, at scarcely a mile's distance from each other. But such was the oppressive sultriness of the climate and the hour, that except a few steel-clad sentinels, leaning upon their lances, in the outskirts of the Christian camp, and a few watchers on the tall minarets of the Moslem city, no human being, nor even animals, except here and there a gaunt and half-starved dog, were abroad in the intolerable sunshine. At times, indeed, the deep "all's well" of the English sentinel would rise from the tented street, recalling thoughts of scenes far different from the wild treeless plains, treeless save when at distant intervals tall, wild-looking palm towered against the deep blue sky, the barren slopes, and the occasional pools of brackish bitter water which were the principal features of that land, which was once spoken of, and truly, as a land of promise—a land flowing with milk and honey. At times again the shrill and long protracted cry of the watchers would go up from the minarets "there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," proclaiming hourly into those hands had fallen the possessions of

of that people who were once the favourites of the Lord—the chosen of the Most High.

The Saracens held all the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean sea, and daily were extending more and more the dominions of the crescent and the koran, in spite of the fiery zeal of those Christian Millions who had flocked from every shore of Europe to win the tomb of the Redeemer from its Moslem conquerors. Century after century new crusades had poured the mail-clad stream of Paladins and Princes into the sandy wastes of Araby and Syria, had swept for a little while each like a floodtide over the re-conquered land, and each in its turn receded like the ebb, leaving the sun-bleached bones of tens—hundreds of thousands to mark their progress and their fate.

And now Prince Edward, the gallant son of the imbecile tyrant Henry, was in the field again, with his splendid train of Norman chivalry and Saxon archers, to emulate the fame of Cœur de Lion, to win eternal honour to his name, and, as the priests of that day taught men to believe, salvation to his soul, by taking up the cross to drive the Paynimric from Palestine. Many a battle had been fought, many a sandy vale been watered by the noblest gore, and still, as ever in the open field, the thundering charge of the mailed Norman men-at-arms and their barbed horses, cased like their riders, in complete steel, which, in despite of the fierce heat of the Syrian sun, they never ceased to bear in the march, or storm, or battle-field, swept down the feeble opposition of the light armed eastern warriors. Nevertheless, the Saracens quailed not, nor ceased at all from desperate resistance—there was not on the face of the earth a braver people than the Moslem; and, by their armature, peculiarly adapted to the climate and the country, and their unrivalled steeds, they were scarcely less formidable or less successful in skirmishes, and

night attacks, and forays, in ambushing the van or rear of the Christian armies, in cutting off convoys and detached parties, than were their irresistible invaders in the direct shock of the pitched battle.

Nor, although long intercourse and collision with the chivalry of Europe had softened somewhat the wild natures of the children of the desert, and taught them something of that high courtesy and noble though sometimes fantastic honour, on which the western warriors prided themselves so much, and which they practised ever toward the infidel—nor even yet had the Saracens learned to desist from underhand and secret efforts to rid themselves of enemies against whom open force seemed almost useless. Fountains and wells of water were often poisoned, envenomed arrows were discharged from the short bows and surbacanes of the light horse; and the assassin's dagger not seldom pierced the heart, in the safe and guarded tent, which in the field was fenced by plate and mail too strongly to be reached by the scimitar or the jerrid.

It was about noon, and the heat was intolerable—the full unclouded glare of the sun was streaming down directly into the crusaders' camp, which, lying on the southern slope of a low range of sandy hillocks, was quite exposed to the blazing rays. There was not a tree to cast even a solitary shadow; the long street of white canvas tents glared almost painfully upon the eye; and the hundreds of flags, streamers, and pennoncelles, and pennons, and square banners, which decked the summits of the several pavilions, and served to indicate the rank of their respective dwellers, drooped in the sultry calm, and clung to their staves silent and motionless. Many of these pavilions were large and sumptuously decorated and contained many separate apartments; but there was one of vast dimensions, made it is true of plain white canvas, but covering a space of ground nearly an acre in circumference, and surrounded by a wall or screen of canvas some six or seven feet in height. Before each of the entrances, for there were four, one in each side of this great tent, a sentinel was stationed in half armour, bearing a long, broadheaded partisan; and at about fifty yards distance from each was erected a long low pent-house, facing the curtained door, and having the front open, answering the purpose of a sort of guard-room for a yeoman's party of some twenty green-frocked archers, whose six feet bows and sheaves of cloth-yard arrows lay ready for immediate service. In

the middle of the area before the principal doorway was pitched a mighty staff, the topmast of the ship which had borne the heroic Edward to the land of war and glory and romance, from which was displayed a broad azure banner embroidered with three golden leopards, the cognizance of the royal house of England.

Within, the tent was divided into many separate apartments, the first of which was a large oblong hall, decorated with many shrouds of mail, helmets and shields and corselets hanging from the pillars which supported it. The furniture was scanty, and adapted to the heat of the climate, consisting of many stools and sofas of canework, and a large table at the centre, round which was collected a group of young gentlemen of birth, esquires and pages to the renowned and gallant prince.

Beyond this was another compartment of the same size, more sumptuously ornamented with silken hangings, and having all the woodwork tastefully carved and gilded, with several mirrors of highly burnished steel, and soft *divans* surrounding it—the audience chamber of the temporary court; and out of this there opened a small inner room, beyond which was the suite of apartments appropriated to the ladies in the train of Ellenore, the young and beautiful princess, who had insisted on accompanying her youthful lord on this perilous and wild adventure.

The inner room, which has been mentioned, was fitted as a sort of library or study, according to the notions of the day, when some few score of manuscripts were looked upon as an immense and rich collection; for it contained a set of portable shelves, supporting some sixteen or eighteen volumes of all sizes, from the minute velvet-covered duodecimo to the gigantic folio, with its rough calfskin binding and its brazen clasps. On either hand this little bookcase there hung from the pillars of the tent a complete suit of knightly armour—on a mail-shirt or hauberk of steel rings curiously intertwined with hose of the same material to protect the thighs and legs from the knee downward, while the joints and feet were guarded by splints of steel riveted to the mail. This suit had its peculiar helmet, conical in form, and having the *avantaille* or vizor of an imperfect fashion not wholly covering the face; a hood of mail was attached to it likewise for the safeguard of the neck and shoulders, with gauntlets beautifully wrought in scale, forming a complete panoply, though of a fashion that was already beginning to fall into disuse, and the more perfect coats of plate came gradually

into fashion. Of this kind was the other armour. Not yet, however, was it brought to such absolute perfection as is exhibited by the work of later artisans, wherein every limb and joint was secured by plates of polished steel, so flexible in the mode of their attachment each to the other, that they gave full scope to the play of the body, and at the same time so strong and well tempered as to resist the heaviest dint of mace or battle-axe, the sheerest and most cleaving sweep of the two-handed broadsword, to all of which the yielding mail was pervious. This had the cumbrous flat-topped helmet, peculiar to the earlier crusaders, with its vizor covering the whole face, the breastplate and backpiece, cuishes and greaves for the legs, and gloves of plate for the hands; but these were only introduced as additions to the chain mail, which formed the basis of the dress. To each panoply was appended a small triangular shield of azure steel, bearing upon it the already famous cognizance of the three leopards passant, while mace and battle-axe, two-handed sword and dudgeon dagger hung beside it, offensive weapons of a weight and size duly proportioned to the strength of the defences. A small round table stood in the centre of the room, with a large manuscript folio on the art of war lying upon it, open, just as it had been left a short time previously by the occupant of the apartment—a rude map, such as the best engineers of that early day could lay out only with great toil and application, was stretched out beside it, pretending to elucidate the topography of Palestine, with the Dead Sea, or Lacus Asphaltites, the Sea of Tiberius, the course of the Jordan, and the site of the Holy City, indicated by strange and uncouth devices. A silver standish, with a pen or two, a roll of parchment, a golden crucifix, splendidly chased and jewelled, and a short dagger of Damascus steel, the hilt and sheath of which, covered with emeralds and diamonds, exceeded even the brilliance of that emblem of the blessed faith, to re-establish which in the plains where it was first propagated had cost already so much lifeblood. Upon a silken couch, under a canopy decked with the armorial bearings of the far seagirt island, reclined a young man, strong and well shaped and handsome, with fire and energy blended with thoughtfulness and mental power in his fine lineaments, but looking somewhat languid and enfeebled by the unhealthy climate, more dreadful far to the stout sons of Western Europe, than the most fearful weapons of their Saracen anta-

gonists. His height was very great, and as he lay at length upon the couch, his lower limbs, though muscular and powerful, seemed almost disproportionately long, although they had not as yet gained for him the soubriquet by which he is known in history. His large gray eye was full of a clear steady light, calm now and meditative, but capable at times of flashing with almost intolerable lustre, when the soul was agitated by those bursts of sudden passion to which his frank and open temper was occasionally liable. His hair, which had been cut short that it might not interfere with the fastenings of his helmet, was of a rich deep auburn, curled closely over all his head, as was the short crisped beard which fringed his sunburnt cheeks, and covered his chin, leaving only a small space bare below the nether lip. His shoulders were extremely broad and muscular, his chest deep and round, and his hands, though well formed and unusually white, large, sinewy and bony. There was not, however, any thing coarse, or ponderous or fleshy in his make, which was spare though large framed, and as well-suited for deeds of agility as for feats of arms. He wore a bonnet of brown silk buttoned with a single pearl of great size and value, which held a tuft of heron's feathers; his surcoat open at the breast, and displaying a plaited shirt of white sendal, slightly embroidered, was of the same hue and material as the cap, faced and lined with deep azure, of which colour were the close fitting hose that covered all his shapely limbs from the hip downward. His girdle of blue velvet with many clasps and bosses of rich goldsmith work set with rare emeralds and brilliants, was evidently of the same pattern with the eastern poniard, which lay on the table, and was the only ornament he wore, his feet were covered for the moment by a pair of Turkish slippers of embroidered velvet, although a pair of fantastic shoes of the day, with their upturned toes, full half a yard in length, twist'd like the horns of a ram and guily gilded, stood close beside the couch upon the matted floor, in readiness, if he should wish to go abroad. On a light chair, not far removed from the Prince's couch, there hung a lady's mantle of rich crimson lined everywhere with cloth of gold and decked with clasps and chainwork of the same costly metal; and on it lay a lute, which had apparently been just laid down, while on the floor were scattered several sheets of written music, not written as is now the case, by musical notation, but by words, or *mots*, as they were then termed,

signifying sounds, and times, and cadences.—But, although from these marks of feminine accomplishment, it would seem that some lady had not long since shared the Prince's chamber. Edward was now alone and buried in deep meditation. He had that very morning received despatches from the dear distant island to the crown of which he was heir apparent—despatches that had aggrieved his spirit, and while they made him grave, and even melancholy, disposed him to thought rather than to action, and sent him to his own private chamber to meditate on the news he had received—news of a weak imbecile king, and that king his father—of turbulent and factious barons, many of them alone richer and mightier than their monarch—of a people harassed and driven into outlawry by the exactions and oppressions of the old feudal law—of tyranny, in short, and factious turbulence, soon to break out into rebellion. The prince's horses had been at the tent door, when the despatches were brought in, with hawks and hounds of the true English breed, and falconers and foresters and huntsmen, for there was at that moment a short truce existing between the Saracen and the crusaders; and, as the hills and dales of Palestine abounded with the wild goat and antelope, the bustard and the partridge, he had intended to exchange the dull limits of his guarded camp, for the free gallop over the lovely plains, with the barb bounding sprightly under him, and the keen falcon at his fist, and the staunch bloodhound running on the track of the wild game before him. Then the despatches came, and, as he broke the seals, a gloomy shadow fell upon his brow, and he dismissed his retinue, and even frowned upon Adam Hartley, his old gray-headed huntsman, who had taught him to ride when a boy, and he remarked half jocularly, half grumblingly, upon the changed mood of his royal master. Retiring instantly, he had remained all the morning buried in deep and gloomy thought; and when his own fair Princess, the beautiful and graceful Ellenore, had come in, lute in hand, to strive if she might not, even as David used to do with Saul, banish the evil spirit from the soul of her beloved by that gentle music to which he best liked to listen, he had replied to her so suddenly and sharply, that she was fain to quit the room in haste, leaving her mantle and her music there, lest he should see the tears which sprung to her bright eyes at his unwonted mood. He did not seem, however, to observe it, but continued buried in dark medita-

tion, reading occasionally from the closely written parchments, and occasionally casting them down, and brooding gloomily over the contents. The noonday meal was served in the knights' hall, as it was called, but Edward had refused briefly to attend it, and so clearly did his chamberlain perceive the distempered mood of the Prince, that he dared not offer any persuasion or remonstrance, as he would have done under ordinary circumstances. The feast was therefore of unusually brief duration, the ladies of the royal company remaining with their mistress in seclusion, and little merriment and no revelry enlivening the hurried and almost melancholy banquet.

At length, when the dinner had been long ago concluded, and most of those who had partaken it had withdrawn either to their respective duties or to the afternoon siesta, which the intense heat of the climate and the custom of its natives, had introduced among the hardier crusaders of the west, Edward called loudly for his chamberlain; and now it seemed that a part at least of the harshness of his humour had passed over, for he smiled as his officer entered, and said, in a pleasant tone,

"Ha! Wilford, these pestilent despatches have so engaged me all the morning, that I might not dine well until I had digested them, and now, I warrant you, I am a hungered. I pray you bid the pantler bring me a manchet and a cup of wine, so I can hold my stomach until supper."

The gentleman bowed low in answer, leaving the cabinet as he did so, but returned in a few minutes, accompanied by a servant, carrying a flask of Cyprus wine, two or three silver goblets, a manchet, as it was then styled, or flat cake of bread with a few dates and grapes. This done, Wilford addressed the Prince, informing him that Malech the Saracen had been in waiting for some time without, having as he averred, papers of great importance, and private intelligence from Jerusalem.

"Well! sir, admit him—admit him instantly. Malech, the Saracen spy! I know the fellow very well—a trusty fellow and a useful. Three times hath he brought me true tidings, and never once deceived me."

It seemed for a moment that the chamberlain was about to remonstrate, but Edward saw his hesitation, and speaking very shortly if not sharply, bade him begone and do his bidding!

"By St. George," he exclaimed, as the other half reluctantly departed,—*"By St. George!* one would think that a single Saracen was a

and dog, so loath are these bullheaded Englishmen to deal with one in private, while in the field they care not for the wildest odds, to charge them soundly home if they be ten to one."

As he ceased speaking, the curtain which closed the entrance of the cabinet was lifted, and the tall form of the stalwart chamberlain was seen, conducting with a watchful eye and his hand on the dudgeon of his broad-pointed dagger, the slight and dusky figure of the spy. "Ha! Malech, my good fellow," exclaimed the Prince, speaking in the *lingua Franca*, as the crusaders called it, a species of Patois, or Argon rather, midway between the French and Oriental languages. "Right glad am I to see you; for sure I am that you bring us news of coming battle. Speak, man, what have you in your wallet?"

The Saracen was, at first sight, as compared with the tall and bulky Europeans, a small slight man; but when you came to examine his figure and his muscular frame more closely, it was apparent that, although bare of flesh, and reduced in fact to a mere mass of bones and brawn and sinew, he was both powerfully and elastically built. He stood about five feet ten inches high, and was proportionately broad-shouldered and strong-limbed. He wore a crimson turban, perfectly plain, without embroidery or fringe, over a close white skullcap, a close-fitting jacket over a large loose shirt, with falling sleeves of coarse white silk, and muslin pantaloons, all gathered at the waist by a red sash, which, contrary to the usual custom of his people, contained neither poniard, knife nor scimitar, nor any semblance of a weapon.

On entering the chamber, he cast his eyes about him for a moment, with a quick anxious look, but it was only for a moment, and instantly assuming a quiet and even downcast look, he made a low obeisance to the Prince after the Oriental fashion.

"I have, most noble Prince," he said, as he arose from the deep genuflection,—*"I have important tidings, and such as in your wisdom you have imagined, shall lead you speedily into the field, where your own valour shall ensure you victory and glory; but,"* and he glanced a side-long look toward Wilford, the stout chamberlain, who, half distrustful, as it seemed, of the spy's real errand, kept a close watch upon his every movement, never withdrawing his hand at all from the hilt of his dudgeon dagger.

"But what?" cried the impatient Prince, as he perceived the hesitation of the messenger. "But what, man? speak—speak out, I say! Mother of God! what fear you?"

"My tidings, noble sir," answered the Saracen, "are of so grave and dangerous importance that I dare hardly trust them to the air even in your single presence, lest any passing breeze should bear them unto ears, which, should they reach, it would be death to me in tortures inconceivable, and ruin to the schemes which most would benefit your valour. Let him beware who tampers with the councils or divines the thoughts of princes. Birds of the air have spoken, nay not dumb living things alone, but stocks and stones have sometimes spoken to betray the secret traitor. Let my lord therefore pardon his faithful slave, that he may not speak into other ears but those which it alone behoves to hear his tidings."

"Wilford," said Edward, instantly, in whose bold nature doubt or suspicion had no portion, "hearest thou not the man—begone, that he may speak without fear, what he beareth it much concerneth us to know and that fully. I know the fellow very well. Begone then, my good friend, and tarry in the knights' hall, out of earshot."

But Wilford bent his knee to the ground, and obeyed not, but spoke in a low and humble voice, "Noble sir, and my right loyal prince and master, I pray you of your grace, if I have ever served you truly at any times heretofore passed—if I have ever merited any favour at your hands, pardon me that I leave you not, nor obey you. Surely my ears are as the ears of my Prince, to hear nothing that he would not have me understand, and my lips as his lips to reveal nothing that he would not have made public. Bethink thee, noble sir, how treacherous and false these infidels be ever unto us of the true faith, holding it no reproach, but honourable cunning rather, and good deed to murder under trust, with cord or bowl or dagger, whom they may not even think to cope with in the field."

"Ha! Wilford," exclaimed Edward, "dost thou fear for my safety—*mine?* and from so slight and base a caiff, as that frail shivering traitor?" and here it should be mentioned that both the baron and the prince spoke in the Norman French, which still was for the most part used as the court tongue in England, and which they believed utterly beyond the comprehension of the infidel, although it might be doubted by the quick sparkling of his small keen eye, and the scornful smile which curled

his thin lip, as the royal warrior spoke so slightly of his manhood, whether his ignorance was indeed so great as the stout Englishman believed,—“Why, man,” he added, laughing, “I thought you had too often seen me deal with such craven cattle by scores or even hundreds, to fear to trust me here in my own guarded tent with one poor renegade. Fie! Wilford, fie! your fears do misbecome your judgment and my manhood.”

“Were you, fair Prince, but standing in your stirrups, with your proud destrian beneath you, belted as best becomes a knight, with casque on head and spur on heel and that good broadsword in your hand, which clove the sultan of Damascus from silken turban to gilt saddle-bow, right gladly would I trust you with a hundred, right glad’y be your godfather in such a championship, and win or fall beside you! At least, at least, my prince, if you will speak with him alone, let me call in the yeomen of your guard and have him searched if he bear no weapon. My life on it, a venom’d kanjar shall be found within his belt, for all he seems so innocent and fenceless!”

“No! Wilford, no! it must not be,” Edward replied; “it doubtless would offend him, and he for spite would hide those counsels which I would give a year of life to know. Tush! man, I will be cautious. Thou knowest I can be cautious if I will.”

“Not of yourself, my noble Prince,” said Wilford,—“not of yourself I fear me! Yet I implore be so now—think what a loss and shame it would be to England, Europe,—yea! all Christendom,—what joy and triumph to the vile paynimric, if ought should now befall you in the full tide of glory! and think how should we, thy faithful followers, who would die for thee, dare to look England in the face, and thou slain in the midst of us. Nay! nay! fair Prince, wax not wroth with me, nor impatient. I go, and may God keep your highness.”

“A very faithful fellow,” said Edward to himself, as he departed, “and bold as any lion in his own person, but timid as a girl if but a shadow wave toward me. Now, Saracen,” he added, changing the language in which he had spoken hitherto for the lingua Franca, “Now, Malech, speak—what are your tidings?”

The spy, before he answered, unwound the crimson shawl which formed his turban, and, as he untwisted it, produced from the central fold a long strip of white parchment, closely

written on both sides, which he handed to the eager prince.

“Read these,” he said, “my lord, and the thy slave will speak what there you may understand.”

Edward took the scroll, and so cunningly was the device framed, that it appeared to him at a glance that it related to matters of the most intense interest, and his whole soul was soon engaged in the perusal; still he did not for some little time, entirely neglect the caution of his chamberlain, but raised his eye once or twice and fixed them with a piercing scrutiny on the quiet and seemingly passionless face of the infidel. Perceiving nothing there to justify the suspicion which he in some sort shared with Wilford, and feeling a sort of half shame that he should find himself fearful or suspecting any thing, after another side-long look he gave himself entirely up to the subject of his thoughts, and read attentively and without interruption, though at times he had occasion to ask for some little explanation which was in every case promptly and understandingly given, until he reached the bottom of the first page. Then he once more looked up, and met the eye of the infidel fixed on his face with an expression so bland and calm and free from the least shade of consciousness or apprehension, that he cast all care to the winds and actually smiled at his own doubts as he turned the scroll and directed his attention to the rest of its contents. Had he however seen the answering smile which stole across the dark and now speaking features of the Saracen, who had read easily the meaning of Edward’s confident calm smile, he would have altered his opinion. But he saw it not and read on. Apparently, the contents of the scroll became line after line more interesting—the prince’s colour came and went, he clenched his right hand and unclenched it rapidly, and even muttered a few words in English to himself, so thoroughly engrossed was he in his high studies, so utterly forgetful that any mortal being stood beside him. Scarce had he read ten lines, however, upon the second side before his false security was fearfully and well-nigh fatally invaded. Frecing by a motion of his right hand, so slight as to be almost imperceptible, a long straight two-edged dagger with a blade waved in the shape of a curling flame or rippling water, from its scabbard within the sleeve of his right arm, while it hung down by his side, the infidel collected all the energies of his muscular limbs, drawing himself back a little and crouching like a tiger

or its spring, with his fierce eye upon the bottom of the prince, with a long noiseless and elastic bound he stood beside the couch, and bearing the blade high in air unseen and unsuspected, struck with the whole might of his body at the heart of the fearless reader. An accident alone diverted his sure aim; a casual movement of the prince's arm, which thus received the blow intended for a part more vital. A long and ghastly wound was the result, ripping the flesh clear down to the bone, nearly the whole length from the shoulder to the elbow; the blade rose into air again, now crimsoned with the noble blood, to speed a second and a surer thrust; but, every energy alive, cool and collected, though in the midst of sudden pain and strange surprise, Edward arose to meet him, and, with an iron grasp even of his wounded arm, he seized the wrist of the assassin as he brandished the keen knife on high, and held it there fixed and immovable as though it had been griped by a vice of steel.

"Ha! dog! Ha! traitor," he exclaimed in voice clear as a trumpet call, feeling at the same time with his right hand for the dagger which should have hung at his own girdle, but finding it not, he struck him one blow on the chest with his clenched hand—one blow that would have felled a bullock. "Ha! by St. George! Die thus!" and under that tremendous blow the whole frame of the infidel lurk palsied, and as it were collapsed, his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, his lips turned white as ashes, and, hearing footsteps rushing to the door, Edward now flung him off with his whole power, that he reeled blindly backward, while the Prince reached his own sagger from the table, and quietly unsheathing it, stood in an attitude of perfect majesty, awaiting if perchance his enemy could again rally to attack him.

But, while the villain was yet reeling to and fro, uncertain whether to fall or no, Wilfred rushed in with his long double-edged sword drawn, in his hand, and crying out in his blunt English,

"By God! I knew it would be so! Die, dog!" ran him completely through the body, that he hung for a moment on the blade which transfixed him, until the baron cast him off with a blow of his foot, and rushed forward to assist the Prince. A faint smile played upon the lips of the dying infidel, and he muttered in his own tongue, "It is done—it is finished—God is Great, and Mahommed is his prophet," and with the words he rolled over with his face to the ground, and expired, drunkless and

confident that he had won by that awful deed an immortality of bliss and glory. Scarcely had the assassin fallen, and the breath had not as yet left his body, ere Edward, faint from loss of blood, and not that only, but still more from the effects of the poison with which the blade of the murderer had been anointed, turned pale as death, and after staggering for a moment fell at full length upon the couch from which he had arisen to do battle for his life, drew a long sob or two, and fell into a swoon.

The outcry of the chamberlain soon brought assistance; pages, and squires, and aged knights, came crowding round the bed of their loved Prince, and terror, grief, and consternation occupied all the camp. The leeches, who had examined the wound and succeeded in arresting the flow of blood, pronounced the cut in itself trifling, and, scarcely even sufficient to account for the sudden swoon of the stalwart Prince; but at the same time hesitated not to give it as their opinion that poison had been used, and that unless some person could be found who would risk his own life, by sucking the venom from the wound, the life of the young warrior might be considered forfeit. Meanwhile, supposing that a sally of the enemy would be made while the camp might be deemed in confusion, owing to the assassination of the Prince, the veteran knights of the array proceeded to get the host under arms—the wild and pealing clangor of the trumpets, the deep booming of the Norman kettledrum, and the loud shout of "Bows and bills! bows and bills! St. George for Merry England!" were blended with the clang of arms and harness, the trampling of barbed chargers, and all the din and dissonance of battle, so dear to those ears that heard not now, nor perceived any mortal sound—if ever they should do so any more.

So sure it is that the hardiest and bravest spirits, nursed in the very lap of peril, and accustomed to incur the deadliest dangers of one especial order, will often shrink and tremble at the first encounter of something new and strange—that it was perhaps scarcely to be wondered at, that of the gallant and determined band, who clustered round the bed of their Prince, who would have rushed upon death if he came on the arrow's point or the spear's thrust, who would have bared their brows undauntedly to the dread brunt of mace or battleaxe, all now shrunk back aghast at the idea of drawing from the veins of him—to preserve whose life or crown or honour they would have gladly met death in the field—the

poison which in their ignorance they fancied would slay as surely if admitted by the lips, as when mixed with the lifeblood in the vein.

Stranger, perhaps, it was, that one in that array was found to brook the terrors of that imaginary terror; but so it was—the love—the pure, strong, holy love of woman—stronger than death—prevailed o'er woman's terror; and it was doubly sweet to Edward, when life ebbed back to his chilled heart, and sense returned to his disturbed and unstrung mind, to learn that he owed his life to the undaunted faith and more than heroic valour of his own loved and lovely Ellenore.



Written for the Amaranth.

TO DISSIPATION.

DESTROYER of the constitution,
 Blighter of the fairest fame,
 From thy hands no restitution,
 But the conscious blush of shame!
 Let me fly thee! let me fly thee!
 Ere I know thy morbid name.
 Stealing like the dark assassin
 Thro' still midnight's blackest hour—
 Like the destroying angel passing
 O'er Egyptian cot and bower;
 Let me fly thee! let me fly thee!
 Ere I feel thy dead'ning power.
 Beguiler of the dearest pleasure,
 Concomitant of lies,
 Destroyer of the only treasure
 That the heart should truly prize:
 Let me fly thee! let me fly thee!
 And the snares thou dost devise.
 Like the evening's darkness shading
 Earth's sublime, romantic scenes,
 Thou the trusting heart art lading
 With thy visionary schemes,
 Let me fly thee! let me fly thee!
 And thy widely spread demesnes.
 Let me fly thy habitation,
 Lest thy poison seize my heart—
 Drive my reason from its station—
 Bid my peace of mind depart:
 Let me fly thy domination,
 And thy deep—seducing art!

Bridge-town, N. S., 1843 ARTHUR.



If we are told a man is religious we still ask, what are his morals? But if we hear at first that he has honest morals, and is a man of natural justice and good temper, we seldom think of the other question, whether he be religious and devout?—*Shaftesbury.*

An Escape from the Executioner.

"A slumbering thought is capable of years,
 And curdles a long life into one hour."—*Byron.*

MURDER! The deep forest, and the far hills sent back the horrid cry. Thrice I essayed to call, and the agony of my soul formed itself into sound, and the shriek was "Murder!"

What was to be done? I had deprived human being, a fellow mortal of that which could not restore, and I felt like the fratricide Cain, when he stood over the stiffened corpse of his brother.

There lay the body of my friend, as cold and calmly as the dead warrior, "with his martial cloak around him." My friend!—and,—O God! I had killed him wantonly, exultingly, premeditatedly! The moon shone down upon his smooth forehead and fair cheek, as sweetly as though he was sleeping only for an hour beneath the hallowed light; and the cool wind that came careering through the foliage, lifted up his light, long tresses, and played amid the profusion of his beautiful curls!

We had "been friends together" from early childhood—had thumbed our soiled primer together in old Ebenezer Birch's log school-house; entered upon the higher branches of education simultaneously, and receiving our permits to go forth, the one to "kill and mangle alive," the other to discourse eloquently upon those apocryphal but important characters John Doe and Richard Roe—our facetious friends had long since named us "the Siamese twins," from the fact of our being continual together.

Our leisure hours, of an evening, were spent in visiting the few families in our neighbourhood, and it was not long after, that chance or Providence threw me in the company of Mary Manderville, the belle of the village, and one of the loveliest of her sex. To say that I loved Mary, would be but a feeble description of the refined and lofty passion entertained for her. She became the inspiration of every thought of good, and a fancy of perhaps too extravagant an order, had often made me think Mary Manderville one of those gifted intelligences, sent from a brighter and better land, to woo the erring spirit of man from the deviating pathways of his wanderings, back to the skies.

Edward Harley, (the name of my friend) knew of my attachment to the beautiful girl, and was indeed my confidant in relation to my plans for the future, with regard to my union with her.

She had promised to be my bride, and o

the wings of gratified feeling, I flew to Harley to acquaint him with my good fortune, and was congratulated by him on the seemingly fair position I occupied.

It was after the usual importunities to name the happy day, that the first Tuesday in October was decided upon as that upon which our nuptials should take place. Splendid preparations were made for the occasion, and tardily flew the hours as the time drew near for the consummation of my felicity. I had paid the last visit to Mary previous to the one that was to make her mine, and on the wings of happiness flew to my room to ask Harley's advice relative to some trifling articles to be worn on the occasion. As he was not in when I entered, I threw myself on the bed to await his return. I had not been long on the bed, when Harley entered, and threw himself into a chair by the little table near the fireplace. I thought I observed confusion in his looks when I spoke to him, and hastily crumpling a letter which he held, he attempted to put it in his coat pocket, but, unperceived by himself, it fell on the floor under the table.

At any other time this would have passed unnoticed, but at a moment when all my thoughts were running upon Mary, any thing of a suspicious character attaching itself to my friend, involuntarily associated itself with her in my mind.

Though aware of the meanness which prompted the desire, I determined to obtain possession of the letter, and make myself master of the contents. Assuming as cheerful an aspect as possible, I requested him to step out and purchase some cigars, as I was too much fatigued to go out any more, and it was too early to think of retiring.

He agreed, left the room for the purpose, and I was in an instant in possession of the letter. I lost not a moment in acquainting myself with its contents. It was from Mary Manderville, my fancied angel, to Edward Harley, my professed friend!

Had paralysis seized me, or the withering frost of four score years settled suddenly upon my brow, and chilled the warm current of my young heart's feelings, they could not have produced a more awful blight than that caused by the damning confirmation which that letter conveyed to my mind, of the cold hearted perfidy of my mistress, and the unnatural villainy of my friend. The letter ran thus:—

"DEAR HARLEY:—You must continue to impose upon the good natured credulity of —, by pretending you are rejoiced at his approach-

ing nuptials; I shall not undeceive him as to the termination of our wedding preparations, until the very last moment; I will then tell him, as his friend has a prior claim, he must relinquish his. We will laugh at his presumptuous folly, and be united ourselves.

Your affectionate

MARY."

And this coarse, ill-written effusion was from Mary! My sentimental Mary! as I had so often called her—and that, too, to the man who had "coined his cheeks to smiles" when in my presence, while in my absence, with my cold-hearted, selfish mistress, he was plotting my ruin and disgrace. My soul was stung to its inmost core; that Mary Manderville should have carried on the farce with me while at the same time she was engaged to Harley—and with his sanction, too—playing with and mocking the purest and holiest feelings of the heart—manifested a mutual callousness unparalleled. That Harley should, regardless of the ties of friendship, the duty of man to man, agree to torture the feelings of the man who had never injured him in the least, was a crime of so malignant a character, that no punishment can be found adequate to its turpitude.

I heard his footfall upon the step as he entered from purchasing the cigars, and as calmly as I could, I folded up the letter and put it in my bosom.

The dark shadow of a dreadful thought passed over my mind, nor did I seek to dispel it with the voice of reason, or a prayer to Heaven. Harley entered the room, and throwing the cigars on the table in a careless manner, flung himself into a chair, exclaiming, "Well, what news to-day from Mary?" He had touched a chord which was still vibrating from the rude strain it had but a moment past received. I made him no reply, but drawing the letter from my bosom, placed it open into his hand.

The smile that had lighted his cheek, died away as he glanced over the letter, and with a scowl of dark and angry gloom upon his brow, he turned upon me fiercely, and asked me "how dare you take a letter of mine, accidentally left in the room, during my absence, and pry into its contents?"

I recriminated, he retorted, until his anger getting the mastery, he pronounced me a scoundrel!

For a moment I gazed upon him as if my ears had deceived me, and in the next, "I hurled him from me to the farthest end of the room. I was his superior in physical power, and he knew it.

Recovering from his fall, he observed as coolly as he could, "We must settle this with weapons."

"The sooner the better," I replied, "so if you will only name your time and place, and your weapons, I am ready; and settled indeed it shall be, before I close my eyes to sleep."

Swords were decided upon, and wrapping our cloaks about us, we proceeded, without farther arrangements than removing the buttons from our foils, to the spot selected.

It was near midnight ere we reached the place pitched upon for the arena of our combat. It was a skirt of wood, at the side of a hill, whose base was laved by a little rivulet, which wound its way through briars and furze, making a monotonous sound as it beat its tiny waves into melancholy murmurs. The moon shone out in her tranquil loveliness, and the stars, like volumes of bright poetry,* opened their gorgeous pages of living fire along the blue skies; kindling in any other heart than mine at that hour, thoughts of that better land, "where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest."

Throwing off our cloaks, we made at each other with the fury that inflames the tiger and the alligator, when each strives for the mastery. I was an excellent swordsman—Harley only a tolerably good one. I suffered him to exhaust himself with ineffectual lunges, 'till his thrusts became more faint and irregular, and then making a feint as if to parry his attack, I plunged my sword into his bosom, and drew it reeking from his heart!

A wild and unnatural shriek rose upon the air, startling the bird from her brier, and waking echo into fearful response, as he fell dead! dead!

Never, never shall I forget that one wild cry of agony! Never, never shall I forget that glance which he gave me as his heart's blood spouted from his bosom! that shriek sounded in my ears like the wail of a baffled fiend, that look,—his features unnaturally distorted, upon whose ghastly lineaments the cold moon threw her solemn light,—seemed the picture of hate and despair!

I dropped my sword, and felt about his heart, but no pulse answered to the call. The blood came welling over my trembling fingers, and in the fit of the moment the awful stillness was again broken, as I howled forth my crime to the night winds. A thousand caverns seemed

to catch the sound, and run through it with the variation of echo.

"Murder, murder, murder!" and the welkin rang with the cry! I heard the tramp of hooves, yet there I stood, heedless of detection, by the corpse of Edward Harley, my mind dwelling alone on the horrid crime I had committed.

But I will not linger. I was discovered, dragged before the officers of justice, sent on to farther trial, tried and condemned.

The morning of the day on which I was to be executed, the sun rose with uncommon brightness. I looked from my prison window, the road was thronged with persons who were coming into town to witness the execution—even females had walked long and weary miles, to glut their curiosity in witnessing the last convulsive agony of the victim. To the present day, I have a distinct recollection of a boy,—a large, red-haired, freckled-faced boy in boots and a chip hat, with a red calico blouse on, and an orange colored waistcoat. The wretch had caught a little negro right under my window, and like Coleridge's unwilling wedding guest, the little descendant of Ham was trying to get away, but like the Ancient Mariner, the villain "held him with his glittering eye," and with his long, bony, freckled fingers while he enlightened him on the number of spasms I would have, before, as he expressed it, I should "finish pulling hemp, and standing upon nothing." I dropped a brick out of my window upon his dirty toes, and cut short his part of the ceremonies, by sending him away howling in pain.

The bell tolled one! I was carried by the soldiery to the place of execution, was placed on the platform, and preparatory to having my eyes bandaged, turned to bid a long farewell to nature. A tall man in a white hat, and green goggles, who was standing near the scaffold, told me he "didn't like to hurry me, but he had been waiting there several hours, and was getting hungry, and would be obliged to me to get through as soon as possible, as, if I didn't, he would be compelled to leave, and he didn't think it would be fair treatment." I made him no answer, the callous wretch!

Oh! never did sweet nature wear a lovelier face than on that day. Far off upon the smooth and tranquil water, lay the frolic boat, its sails lazily flapping the mast; while the dipping of an oar not far off, brought vividly before the mind's eye, the bright and happy scenes of innocent boyhood's happy hours.

I could not give up life without a struggle when all above and beneath looked so inviting.

* "Ye stars which are the poetry of Heaven!"—Byron.

and lovely. With one leap I cleared the platform, and was soon flying across the fields with the speed of thought or sound!

"Away, away, away! Thousands were in pursuit, and the race was for life! They were gaining upon me, and my strength rapidly failing. I could feel the wind of the mighty rush, as they were hemming me in, and pressing around me. A deep ravine crossed my path—its width was fearful, its depth unknown—moment's pause, and I made the leap!

I heard the shout of horror and surprize that broke from my pursuers, as I hovered over the chasm—I gained the opposite bank, and sought to cling to the bushes which bordered its sides. They bent—yielded—snapt! Down, down I seemed to go, yet as I descended, thought and consciousness were busy in picturing the dreadful fall, when I was awakened by Edward Harley tickling my nose with a feather!

Kind reader I had been dreaming. Well might the bard say—

"A slumbering thought is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."



THE MISSING SHIP.

High streamed a glorious ensign,
By an English vessel borne,
But the hand of fate has rent her masts,
And her glorious ensign torn.

Proudly it fluttered o'er
The heads of the true and brave;
But the men who died to save it,
Are buried beneath the wave.

What valiant hearts and noble forms,
Had walked that vessel's deck,
And many a lovely woman longed,
To bid them welcome back.

Through many a tempest dreary,
Through many a weary round,
And triumph proved o'er conquered foes,
That ship was homeward bound.

The hand of death had scattered
Those spirits bright and true,
And small the number that remained
Of a large and gallant crew.

The bloodhound pirate met them,
With her sable flag upreared,
As home to peace and glory,
Their joyful course they steered.

The thundering voice of a gun was heard,
As it boomed o'er the dreary wave;

But not a trace on the surge remained
To mark the sailor's grave.

Bravely they fought those hearts of oak,
Of help and of hope bereft,
And England's flag above them waved,
Yet not a man was left.

And well might the pirate rue that fight,
Full dearly she bought her prize,
For the stoutest hearts of her savage crew,
Upon that deck of slaughter lies.

But move we for that gallant band,
Gone in their manhood's bloom,
Whose winds of heaven their only dirge,
And the deep sea their tomb.

Saint John, 1843.

ADELAIDE.



SCENES ABROAD.

[From the Montreal Literary Garland.]

I REMAINED at Cadiz, whiling away the time in the delicious idleness indigenous to that sunny land, until the great enemy of idleness crossed my path. I need scarcely say, that enemy was Ennui. We have no English name for the foe, but he is pretty generally known to English people by his French one. His is the true "Evil Eye," and I prepared for departure the instant I felt it was upon me. I hesitated in which direction to proceed; to Lisbon by sea, or to rove about in Andalusia. I decided on the latter; and, that evening, was comfortably lodged in the Posada de las rejas verde in the town across the bay of Cadiz, denominated El Puerto de Santa Maria.

It is a thriving, gay, little town, much resorted to of Sundays and holidays, by the Cadiz people. Its principal street is wide and well built. The wine of Xeres, (which we English call Sherry,) is shipped here—Xeres being an inland town. Another article of export is, very clear water! for the use of the luxurious residents of the commercial emporium across the bay.

The Posada de las rejas verde, or, in plain English, the "Hotel of the green window gratings," was a very pleasant sort of an inn; there was good eating, good wine, good water and plenty of ice to refresh one withal. In the centre of its court-yard was a fountain, and a large reservoir, in which gold and silver fish abounded; and among its in-dwellers was a very odd fish, in the shape of an Irish surgeon; very garrulous, very humorous, but very vulgar.

He entertained me with volleys of abuse

against the Spaniards, as a people. He had a thousand stories to tell of their meanness, their servility, their duplicity: in a word, he was brimful of that never failing attribute of vulgarity, national prejudice. I had known Spaniards as far superior to him in point of manners and refinement, as a palace is to a hovel; and yet, he rattled away against the Spaniards, *en blocque*, as though he had been the porcelain of the earth, and they the meanest delf. There is no surer mark of ignorance and low-breeding than indiscriminate abuse of a whole people. It is, further, a proof, that one has never lost sight of the steeple of his parish church. The renowned Dogberry was never more pertinaciously bent on being "written down an ass," than certain people seemingly are, on demonstrating their vulgarity, by the exhibition alluded to. Ambitious of being considered particularly genteel, they are all unconscious of the fact, that wholesale national prejudice demonstrates as surely, under-breeding, and a narrow mind, as a ragged, out-at-elbow coat, denotes poverty of pocket.

Abusive of the Spaniards as was my Irish surgeon, he was even more so of the Anglo-Republicans of North America. According to him, the United States of America was the mere receptacle of those only who leave Europe for the good of Europe; and yet he had never crossed the Atlantic. According to him, 't'was the virtue of "the first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea," though pure, (as Charley Phillips once said,) "as the dew of heaven upon a mountain flowret,"—even that would not flourish in American soil. I took especial care not to contradict him, nor to strive to enlighten him on the subject. It would have been but adding fuel to flame: it would have interrupted but for a minute the outpouring of abuse, and perhaps increased it; and so, he soon ran himself out. Like a wide-mouthed pitcher, he was soon empty. The humour which is indigenous to the Green Isle rendered him nevertheless an amusing companion for the road, and I consorted with him. We strolled through the town until I had seen all there was to be seen, and bethought myself of proceeding to San Lucar de Barrameda, *en route* to Seville. "And how do you travel?" said my Hibernian companion; "and with whom?" "I propose going in a calesa," said I, "and alone." "Then make your will before you go," cried he; "or, stay—you may just as well leave your baggage to me, for you'll never want it again!" Upon which he assereverated, there was not a road of worse re-

pute any where in Spain; "And, as a proof," said he, "travellers leave this place at a fixed hour every morning, accompanied by an armed escort."

Indisposed to rely implicitly upon his assertion, after the specimens he had afforded me of exaggeration on many points, I pushed enquiry in other directions, and found every one seemed to be of the same opinion. I bethought me of the common saying, "What every body says must be true," and made up my mind to delay my departure till the morning—but falling in with a French officer, (who likewise advised me not to travel the road unless my business was very pressing,) he suddenly bethought himself that the afternoon's military patrol between El Puerto and San Lucar would leave in about an hour, and that I could travel with it. Accordingly, the calesa was soon at the door; adieu soon said to Hibernian and Gaul, and I proceeded a little way out of the town to await the Patrol.

I waited some time, however,—for the Patrol, like most other bodies and things, was not very punctual. The while, my calesa whistled away under the broiling sun, apparently as indifferent to the heat as is reputed of the salamander. The while, I meditated of the deplorable state of society, which rendered it necessary for me, a peaceful traveller, to avail myself of an armed escort, so near to the rich and populous city of Cadiz. Bad Government—bad government, for more than a thousand centuries, has been the lot of poor, unhappy Spain! Spain has always been misgoverned. What the condition of things was under the Romans, at this distance of time, were best not to dilate on; but ever since the Roman Eagles closed their wings, cowering before the Goth and Visigoth, sad has been the fate of the hewer of wood and drawer of water in this splendid land. The Arab and the Moor overran the country, even into France. Then the Christian triumphed; the Crescent paled before the Cross; and in the train of the triumphant Christian came tyranny—Kingcraft and Priestcraft—Absolutism and Superstition. The foot-prints of these Accades Ambo are visible every-where in Spain. I saw them in the appearance of every thing around me;—I saw them in the fact that I then awaited an escort to protect life and property, on a much frequented road, between the two large cities of Cadiz and Seville, not seventy miles apart. To them I rightfully attributed the melancholy condition of the country, and, as I reclined in the calesa, I anathematized

ered them both, as powers in league to oppress mankind—as fervidly as might be expected of a British American.

It was Sunday, and numerous parties passed through the vineyards on either side of the road, merry-making. There were many laughing, nut-brown lasses among them, mounted on donkeys. This animal is rarely seen in North America; still more rarely are they in use as beasts of burden; but in Spain, they are as numerous as horses are here; their use is universal. In the narrow streets of the cities, their bray is perfectly frightful. The bruised ear cannot escape, and ear and nerve are alike tormented. They are very useful, nevertheless, and I fancy the Spaniards could not do without them, at all, at all.

My calesa, though devoid of any thing resembling elegance, was a very gaudy concern, embellished and bedizened by painter and gilder in great style. The body was hung so low, that the tops of the wheels were nearly level with my shoulder; the shafts did not extend more than half the length of the horse, and, instead of being horizontal, they pointed upwards beyond the animal's back. To crown all, an ornament of gayest colored worsted, at least two feet in length, crested the head of the rosicante.

Just as I had noted this description of my vehicle, I heard the clink of spur and sabre, and looking back, perceived the Patrol. It consisted of three of the French horse artillery, at first, but was augmented in a few minutes by some lancers who came galloping up, in their gay regimental dress of green coat and scarlet trousers. As we moved forward, the cavalcade had much the appearance of a state prisoner in charge of a strong military guard; and so seemed to think the few peasants we met along the road. Before me, and on each side, and behind me, rode the soldiers of France, their sabres, spurs and lances, clinking martially. We moved on about a mile or so without exchanging a word, but soon the disposition of the Gaul to sociability prevailed, and the serjeant addressed me with, "Pardon, Monsieur n'est pas Francois?" "Non, je suis Anglais;" and immediately a brisk conversation commenced. They were curious to ascertain, among other things, what the pay of a British soldier was. They had heard, it greatly exceeded theirs. When I told them that our foot soldier received *deux sols* a day, they looked as if it was scarcely credible. The French lancer received only five and a half sols. They expressed a great desire to take

service where the pay was so much better than their own; but their ardor was considerably cooled by the information that flogging was not an unusual practice with us. "Sacre! si l'on me battoit!" cried one. They all evinced much indignation and disgust at the idea of the lash. I honored them for their marked abhorrence of that abominable practice. A man, once degraded by the lash, seldom or never rises. The lash makes ruffians, but it never reforms.

The serjeant of the horse artillery was from Alsace; necessarily he was more German than French, in appearance and manners. He had the look of *la vieille Garde*, and had partaken of the cup of mingled victory and defeat of the latter days of Napoleon. He took very little part in the conversation, but the young fellows, Frenchmen like, were all vivacity. They took particular pains to inform me that, of their own knowledge, assassination and murder were familiar occurrences on the road, and it was most amusing to witness their zeal whenever an unlucky peasant appeared. They would clap spurs to horse and gallop up to the poor creature as though he were a brigand; question him sharply as to his whereabouts, look exceedingly fierce, and apparently hesitate about making him prisoner; then would consult together, and finally, bid the poor devil begone. It amused me a good deal, knowing as I did the springs of action, to observe the trepidation of the *enfants du sol*, under this mock examination. They amused me not a little, my gay lancers of France; and so, on parting with them at the outskirts of the town of San Lucar de Barrameda, I made their hearts rejoice by *largesse*, to which French soldiers are not much accustomed.

San Lucar (as it is most generally abbreviated,) is the sea-port of Seville. Formerly, all the trade of Spain with the New World centred in Seville, and then St. Lucar was a port of note; but Cadiz gradually usurped the trade, and became the entrepot of Occidental commerce. It lies on the sea-coast, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. An island in front of the town makes the anchorage safe. It has a considerable trade in salt, fruit, wine and brandy. The population was set down in the Gazetteer at 22,000. It did not appear to me one half the size. Vineyards surround the town.

I strolled through the place, and found the houses generally mean-looking, and of the invariable white. The streets, quite Spanish, that is, very filthy, and of that particular

odour which bluff Sir John denominated "a congregation of villainous smells."

San Lucar of course has its Alameda, (for what Spanish city, town, or *tourel* has not?) but it is scarce worthy of notice. Its position is near the sea shore, whence the sand had been blown in such quantities as nearly to cover the walks and even the stone seats. The public walk, or actual Alameda, was seemingly more along the sea beach, than on the spot that bore the name. There were very few promenaders to be seen on the Alameda, unless some old toothless, shrivelled gossips; and I strolled on to the beach where I perceived numerous mantillas swelling in the breeze. My attention was speedily drawn to a beautiful girl, in white, with a flowing veil of the same colour. The costume was most striking, because most unusual; black being the almost universal colour in use by the sex in the open air. My charmer was above the middle stature, and shaped like Calypso. The wind played with her flowing robes, and, *de temps en temps*, exhibited most beautiful feet and ancles. I perceive that I occupied nearly two pages of my journal in describing this "white lady;"—this apparition of snowy beauty, for she was not more unlike her countrywomen in colour of costume than in complexion. It struck me that she was an inmate of a convent, and destined for the veil. I was young then, and, like a very young man, I became very imaginative about the bellissima signorita and, for the rest of the evening, whenever I thought of her, I sighed most profoundly.

Lest I should not have mentioned it elsewhere, I will here, that the Spanish ladies never sport bonnets on promenade, as is usual generally in Europe and in America. The mantilla and veil descend from the crown of the head, covering head, neck, shoulders, and form, as shawls and veils do in countries where shawls are used. This was the National Spanish costume, and is, unless the Chameleon Fashion has introduced *les modes de Paris*, since I promenaded the margin of the "golden sanded Guadalquivir."

After tea, for I adhered to that English practice though in a land where tea is not in such high esteem or general use as with us,—after tea, I sauntered into a nevera, a sort of cafe, where ice is made use of in every shape; iced cream, iced lemonade, iced every thing drinkable. In so very warm a climate, iced drinks are in great request. The nevera, I entered, was what, here, we should denominate a saloon—with this marked difference however,

that in a Montreal saloon, stimulants are the order of the day; whereas, in a Spanish saloon, one may pass hour after hour, and never hear *agua-ardiente* called for. We Northern folk stimulate in cold weather, to keep ourselves comfortably warm; and in hot weather we stimulate to keep ourselves comfortably cool. The British of the East and West Indies will have it, that brandy and water is cooling in hot weather; and act accordingly. The Spaniard has not attained so high a position of knowledge in drinking-craft. He avoids stimulants. He dreams not in his philosophy of making iced water more cooling by mixing brandy with it.

As there was nothing in San Lucar, or about it, to invite a prolonged stay, (always excepting the "white lady" who had flitted across my path,) I made arrangements to proceed to Seville, the next day, per the steamer. I called at the British Vice-Consul's to have my passport endorsed, and retired to bed, but not to sleep. The din of beggars under the windows, begged all description. The hotel was full of travellers waiting for the steamer, which fact becoming known to the mendicant tribe, they surrounded it, and sounded the appeals for charity in every note of the gamut, and every sound of the human voice divine, nasal, guttural and other. The prevailing cry was, "uno quarto,—por l'amor de Dios, uno quarto." The drone of the bagpipes was nothing in comparison with the prolonged nasal sound upon the "uno quarto." I can not call it even yet, at a distance of many years. A "quarto" is a copper coin equivalent to our half-penny. It was after midnight ere I closed my eyes, and in my dreams the hideous sound struck on my ear as the groan of a disembodied spirit.

About two P. M. the following day, I embarked on board the steamer; but before getting on board, the crowd of passengers were delayed at the gangway by a French officer receiving and examining the passports of all, and sundry;—and I was among the crowd. Every one was anxious to get on board, and consequently every one held out his passport to the officer. He took them as quickly as he could with one hand, while with the other he opened them, cast a glance at them, and passed them to their owners. I saw him open mine, and scarcely had his eye lighted on the Royal Arms of England at its head, than he looked enquiringly around to discover the owner: observing it was mine, he raised his hat very politely, and made way for me on board.

to the owners of the other passports, natives, presume, he was brusque and authoritative. So much, thought I, for being a British subject; and raising my hat, (not to be outdone in politeness by the militaire) I stepped on board. I heard the natives who had been eye-witnesses of the favor shown me, whisper "Inglese," one to the other, as if that were sufficient to account for it. One loses nothing by being known as an Englishman, abroad, that's certain.

We were soon steaming up the Guadalquivir. There were several priests and friars on board. They are every where in Spain. Two or three of the latter were burly looking fellows; they reminded me of the stout Clerk of Popmanhurst in the celebrated historical novel of Ivanhoe. They did not look as though they mortified the flesh much. They were unprepossessing in their appearance, dirty in their habiliments, and gross and sensual in person. The morality of the mendicant orders is not considered very pure,—and they are not held in much respect even in Spain, where the church then ruled every thing. I remarked that the *padres* indulged in the cigar quite as much as the laity. In fact, tobacco is the great luxury in the Peninsula, with every class. Every one smokes; king, grandee, hidalgo, commoner and beggar:—even ladies like it. I saw a woman on board the steamer puffing away at a cigar. I must however say I did not see any ladies smoking, during my sojourn in Spain; but, in Spanish America it is quite common sight.

The weather was exceedingly hot. Every one sought the awning's shade. Frequent were the ejaculations about the heat. One lady, fat, brown and forty, was quite *au desespoir* about it. "Hiesus! mucho calor," she exclaimed every now and then, seemingly quite exhausted. There was very little ceremony among the passengers. Many respectable looking men took off their coats and sat among the respectable looking signoras, in shirt-sleeves, as if it were all *selon les regles*. One very gentlemanly person, in particular, promiscuously seated the deck, sans habit, in company with the most interesting and lady-like girl, his daughter. The heat there was no resisting. About four P. M. the captain spread matting on the floor of the after cabin for the ladies to take their afternoon nap, and drew a curtain across that they might slumber ungazed on. This afternoon's nap is almost universal in Spain, and is a fashion peculiarly Peninsular. It is called "la siesta."

A wretched looking female, having a child with her of appearance quite as wretched, sat beneath the awning on the quarter-deck, near a party of ladies of evident high respectability, without any perceptible repugnance in their manner, at her near proximity. On the contrary, they conversed freely with her, evidently compassionating greatly her *triste* condition. They were affable, and not condescending, as we English would call similar behaviour. I saw in this a proof additional of what I had previously, and have, since, frequently observed, that there is far less distance of manner between the rich and the poor, or, in other words, much more affability between them, all over the continent, than in our "tight little island." Lady Morgan has said as much in one of her latest works, and the fact is indisputable, whatever those who are neither close observers nor deep thinkers, may choose to say to the contrary. There is more polar dignity and reserve to be seen in one day in Great Britain, than in France, Germany, the Peninsula, Italy, Norway, Sweden, or Russia, in a twelvemonth. In no country under heaven is the despotism of social rank one half so severely felt as in Great Britain. In a country so eminently commercial, it is a singular fact. A "noli me tangere" atmosphere surrounds the *highly respectable* British, at all times, and in all seasons, travelling or at home. A Prussian nobleman, Prince Puckler Muskau, who travelled much in Great Britain some years since, and who published a few volumes about English manners, customs and institutions, has expressed astonishment at the prevalence, in so free a country, of so odious a thralldom. We are all, however, as blind as bats to its existence, simply because we are familiar with it, and it strikes us not; but a *foreigner* perceives it so soon as he sets foot on English ground.

The distance from San Lucar to Seville is about forty miles. We were six hours performing it. Observed several small towns on either bank, as we steamed up the river; among others, Puebla, Coria. The latter is prettily situated on the river side: a church built of a reddish stone was conspicuous.

Orange, lemon, and olive trees covered the country as we approached Seville; most beautiful to behold; looking like what one might dream of the golden apples of the Hesperides. As far as the eye could reach on each bank of the Guadalquivir, vast plains extended.

About eight, P. M. we reached Seville, and landed near the Prado. What said the Poet

of Passion, Byron, of Seville, in 1810?—
Full swift!; Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Seville triumphs unsubdued :
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd for prey!
Soon; soon, shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude,
Inevitable hour! 'Gains' fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain;—or Iliou, Tyre, might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to
thrive.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,

Nor bleed these patriots with their country's
wounds :

Not here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck
sounds;

Here Folly still his votaries enthralls;
And yound eyed Lewdness walks her midnight
rounds :

Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals
Still to the last, kind Vice clings to the tott-
ring walls.



TO MISS M. A. M.

"O love thou art the very god of evil
For after all we cannot call thee devil."

So did immortal Byron sing,
Who sung from sad conviction;
And while love's honey has its sting,
We find it is no fiction.

Young cupid, tho' a smiling boy,
(As pain succeeds a revel)
Still brings us grief for promis'd joy,
And yet he is no devil!

What did the serpent more than he,
Who brought man death for *knowledge*?
They must be of one pedigree;
And of the self-same college.

Black jealousy and boding fear,
Are ever love's tormentors—
And be its object far or near,
Our heart must hang on tenters.

To-day hope spreads a prospect bright,
And paints a fair to-morrow—
One transient hour obscures the sight,
With clouds of darkest sorrow.

Excuse my sentimental pen,
I own 'tis out of fashion—
We should not "point a moral," when
We should declare a passion.

I love you still, or I would not
Attempt to rhyme, or write you,
Tho' distant, you are not forgot—
I can't forget, or slight you.

That "out of sight and out of mind—"
False doctrine, never cherish—
There is a tie our heart to bind,
Which cannot break or perish.

Fam'd Dr. Collyer is no fool—
His doctrine no annoyance—
We all must hold one valid rule,
That love is pure *Clairvoyance*.

Still present to my mental sight,
Your image seems corporeal—
I see your form in dreams by night,
Through fancy's painted oriel.

You've magnetiz'd me to the heart,
And with a stroke not gentle;
I feel its power in ev'ry part,
Corporeal and mental.

To you my thoughts and feelings tend,
Fair centre of attraction—
Pray do not let my passion end,
In hopeless, wild distraction.

Be constant—just—confiding—true—
No distance then can sever—
If you be thus, we are not two;
But one—and, one forever.

Unchain your thoughts, those prison'd thi
(Don't calculate the postage),
And bind them fast on Cupid's wings,
As I now do your hostage.

St. John, N. B. 1843. J. F.



LINES.

And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to le
thee or to return from following after th
for whither thou goest, I will go; and wi
thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people sha
my people, and thy God my God.

Where thou diest, will I die, and there
I be buried, the Lord do so to me and z
also, if ought but death part thee and z
Ru.h ch. 1, vs. 17 & 18.

Entreat no more that I should leave
Thy side, my lead Lord's widowed mothe
Still suffer me with thee to grieve,
Nor deem that I can love another.

If thou wilt to thy kindred go,
In distant Bethlehem to dwell,
I'll follow as the fawn the roe
Or as it's dam the young Gazelle.

Thy lot is mine, whate'er betide,
 And though thy people scorn the stranger
 Thou'lt find thy daughter by thy side
 Warding or sharing every danger.
 As clings the vine unto the tree,
 Whose kindly shade its young growth cher-
 ished,
 Nor leaves it, though it prostrate be,
 And with it all its joys have perished.

But o'er its fallen prop will twine,
 The lowly wreaths, its state to hide,
 Content in humble love to shine
 Where once its head was raised in pride.

Thus do I love thee; thus am I
 Around thy fallen fortunes twining
 Love's flowers to shield thy misery,
 Which I can share without repining.

Though Orpah leave thee, to remain
 Beside the tomb where Mahlon's sleeping;
 Though I may never see again
 My kindred for their loved one weeping.

For them I have one sad farewell,
 One bitter tear for Chilion's tomb
 That staid, there will remain no spell
 To bind the Moab girl to home.

Think not that Moab's Gods shall claim
 The worship of my widowed spirit;
 My God and mine shall be the same,
 And Chilion's heaven we will merit.

We both are smitten by one blow,
 Our cup of sorrow has been one;
 The stroke that laid Ruth's husband low
 Deprived Naomi of her son.

And when the icy hand of death
 Will close thine eyes to earth forever,
 My lips shall catch thy latest breath,
 And that alone our bond shall sever.

And when they lay me in my grave
 Will be in that where thou art lying,
 The Cypress o'er us both shall wave
 And Ruth will love thee, even in dying.

June 1843.

TRUE dignity arises from moral greatness,
 and is supported by noble actions. It is shown
 in acts of condescension, as well as by its high
 and noble bearing.

He who thinks closest speaks freest. A
 deep thought will have a full utterance; it will
 not be clogged by the forms of speech, or hush-
 ed by the frowns of man.

COMMON PEOPLE.

"ARE you going to call upon Mrs. Clayton and her daughters, Mrs. Marygold?" asked a neighbour, alluding to a family that had just moved into Sycamore Row.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Lemmington, that I am not. I don't visit common kind of people."

"I thought the Claytons were a very respectable family," remarked Mrs. Lemmington.

"Respectable—Humph! Every body is getting respectable now-a-days. If they are respectable, then, it is very lately that they have become so. What is Mr. Clayton, I wonder, but a schoolmaster! It's too bad that such people will come crowding themselves into genteel neighbourhoods. The time was, when to live in Sycamore Row was guarantee enough for any one—but now, all kinds of people have come into it."

"I have never met Mrs. Clayton," remarked Mrs. Lemmington, "but I have been told that she is a most estimable woman, and that her daughters have been educated with great care. Indeed, they are represented as being highly accomplished girls."

"Well, I don't care what they are represented to be. I'm not going to keep company with a schoolmaster's wife and daughters, that's certain."

"Is there any thing disgraceful in keeping a school?"

"No, nor in making shoes either. But then, that's no reason why I should keep company with my shoemaker's wife, is it? Let common people associate together—that's my doctrine."

"But what do you mean by common people, Mrs. Marygold?"

"Why, I mean common people. Poor people. People who have not come of a respectable family. That's what I mean."

"I am not sure that I comprehend your explanation much better than I do your classification. If you mean, as you say, poor people, your objection will not apply with full force to the Claytons, for they are now in tolerably easy circumstances. As to the family of Mr. Clayton, I believe his father was a man of integrity, though not rich. And Mrs. Clayton's family I know to be without reproach of any kind."

"And yet they are common people for all that," persevered Mrs. Marygold. "Wasn't old Clayton a mere petty dealer in small wares.

And wasn't Mrs. Clayton's father a mechanic?"

"Perhaps if some of us were to go back for a generation or two, we might trace out an ancestor who held no higher place in society," Mrs. Lemmington remarked quietly. "I have no doubt but that I should."

"I have no fears of that kind," replied Mrs. Marygold in an exulting tone. "I shall never blush when my pedigree is traced."

"Nor I neither, I hope. Still, I should not wonder if some one of my ancestors had disgraced himself, for there are but few families that are not cursed with a spotted sheep. But I have nothing to do with that, and ask only to be judged by what I am—not by what my progenitors have been."

"A standard that few will respect, let me tell you."

"A standard I hope that far the largest portion of society will regard as the true one," replied Mrs. Lemmington. "But, surely, you do not intend refusing to call upon the Claytons for the reasons you have assigned, Mrs. Marygold."

"Certainly I do. They are nothing but common people, and therefore beneath me. I shall not stoop to associate with them."

"I believe that I will call upon them. In fact, my object in dropping in this morning, was to see if you would not accompany me," replied Mrs. Lemmington, rising. "But of course it will be no use to ask you."

"Indeed it will not. But I would not go, if I were you."

"Why not?"

"For the reasons I have given. They are only common people. You will be stooping."

"No one stoops in doing a kind act. Mrs. Clayton is a stranger in the neighbourhood, and is entitled to the courtesy of a call, if no more; and that I shall extend to her. If I find her to be uncongenial in her tastes, no intimate acquaintanceship need be formed. If she is congenial, I shall have added another to my list of valued friends. You and I, I find, estimate differently. I judge every individual by merit, you by descent."

"You can do as you please," rejoined Mrs. Marygold, somewhat coldly. "For my part, I am particular about my associates. I will visit Mrs. Florence, and Mrs. Harwood, and such as move in good society, but as to your school-teachers' wives and daughters, I must beg to be excused."

"Every one to their taste," rejoined Mrs. Lemmington with a smile, as she moved to-

wards the door, where she stood for a few moments to utter some parting compliments, and then withdrew.

Five minutes afterwards she was shown into Mrs. Clayton's parlours, where, in a moment or two, she was met by the lady upon whom she had called, and received with an ease and gracefulness, that at once charmed her. A brief conversation convinced her that Mrs. Clayton was, in intelligence and moral worth, as far above Mrs. Marygold, as that personage imagined herself to be above her. Her daughters, too, who came in while she sat conversing with their mother, showed themselves to possess all those graces of mind and manner that win upon our admiration so irresistibly. An hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and then Mrs. Lemmington withdrew, with the inward resolution to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with so charming a family.

The difference between Mrs. Lemmington and Mrs. Marygold was simply this. The former had been familiar with the best society from her earliest recollection, and being therefore constantly in association with those looked upon as the upper rank, knew nothing of the upstart self-estimation which is felt by a class of weak, ignorant persons, who by some accidental circumstance, are elevated far above the condition into which they moved originally. She could estimate true worth in humble goods as well as in velvets and rich satins; and felt as much honoured by the friendship of the truly worthy of regard who were below her in the social rank, as by that of those who moved in the same grade with herself. She was one of those individuals who never passed an old and worthy domestic in the street without recognition, or stopping to make some kind inquiry—one who never forgot a familiar face, or neglected to pass a kind word to even the humblest who possessed the merit of good principles. As to the latter, notwithstanding her boast in regard to pedigree, there were not a few who could remember when her grandfather carried a pedlar's pack on his back, and an honest and worthy pedlar he was, saving his pence until they became pounds, and then relinquishing his peregrinating propensities, for the quieter life of a small shopkeeper. His son, the father of Mrs. Marygold, while a boy, had a pretty familiar acquaintance with low life. But, as soon as his father gained the means to do so, he was put to school and furnished with a good education. Long before he was of age, the old man had become a pretty large shipper; and when his son arrived

mature years, took him into business as a partner. In marrying, Mrs. Marygold's father chose a young lady whose father, like his own, had grown rich by individual exertions. This young lady had not a few false notions in regard to the true gentry, and these fell legitimately to the share of her eldest daughter, who, when she in turn came upon the stage of action married into an old and what was called a highly respectable family, a circumstance that puffed her up to the full extent of her capacity to bear inflation. There were few in the circle of her acquaintances who did not fully appreciate her, and smile at her weakness and false pride. Mrs. Florence, to whom she had alluded in her conversation with Mrs. Lemmington, and who lived in Sycamore Row, was not only faultless in regard to family connections, but was esteemed in the most intelligent circles for her rich mental endowments, and high moral principles. Mrs. Harwood, also alluded to, was the daughter of an English barrister, and wife of a highly distinguished professional man, and was besides richly endowed herself, morally and intellectually. Although Mrs. Marygold was very fond of visiting them for the mere *clat* of the thing; yet their company was scarcely less agreeable to her, than hers was to them, for there was little in common between them.— Still, they had to tolerate her, and did so with a good grace.

It was, perhaps, three months after Mrs. Clayton moved into the neighbourhood, that cards of invitation were sent to Mr. and Mrs. Marygold and daughter to pass a social evening at Mrs. Harwood's. Mrs. M. was of course delighted; and felt doubly proud of her own importance. Her daughter Melinda, of whom she was excessively vain, was an indolent, uninteresting girl, too dull to imbibe even a small portion of her mother's self-estimation. In company she attracted but little attention, except what her father's money, and standing in society claimed for her from those in whose eyes these things had peculiar attractions.

On the evening appointed, the Marygolds repaired to the elegant residence of Mrs. Harwood, and were ushered into a large and brilliant company, more than half of whom were strangers even to them. Mrs. Lemmington was there, and Mrs. Florence, and many others with whom Mrs. Marygold was on terms of intimacy, besides several "distinguished strangers." Among those with whom Mrs. Marygold was unacquainted, were two young ladies who seemed to attract general attention.—

They were not showy, chattering girls, such as in all companies attract a swarm of shallow-pated young fellows about them. On the contrary there was something retiring, almost shrinking in their manner, that shunned rather than courted observation. And yet, no one, attracted by their sweet, modest faces, found himself by their side who did not feel inclined to linger there.

"Who are those misses, Mrs. Lemmington?" asked Mrs. Marygold, meeting the lady she addressed in crossing the room.

"The two girls in the corner who are attracting so much attention?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you know them?"

"I certainly do not. I never saw them before to my recollection."

"They are no common persons, I can assure you, Mrs. Marygold."

"Of course not, or they would not be found here. But who are they?"

"Ah, Mrs. Lemmington: how are you?" said a lady coming up at this moment, and interrupting the conversation. "I have been looking for you this half hour." Then passing her arm within that of the individual she had addressed, she drew her aside before she had a chance to answer Mrs. Marygold's question.

In a few minutes after, a gentleman handed Melinda to the piano, and there was a brief pause as she struck the instrument, and commenced going through the unintelligible intricacies of a fashionable piece of music. She could strike all the notes with scientific correctness and mechanical precision. But there was no more expression in her performance than there is in that of a musical box. After she had finished her task, she left the instrument with a few words of commendation extorted by a feeling of politeness.

"Will you not favour us with a song?" asked Mr. Harwood, going up to one of the young ladies to whom allusion had just been made.

"My sister sings, I do not," was the modest reply, "but I will take pleasure in accompanying her."

All eyes were fixed upon them as they moved towards the piano, accompanied by Mr. Harwood, for something about their manners, appearance and conversation had interested nearly all in the room who had been led to notice them particularly. The sister who could not sing, seated herself with an air of easy confidence at the instrument, while the other stood near her. The first few touches that passed over the keys showed that the performer knew

well how to give to music a soul. The tones that came forth were not the simple vibrations of a musical chord, but expressions of affection given by her whose fingers woke the strings into harmony. But if the preluding touches fell witchingly upon every ear, how exquisitely sweet and thrilling was the voice that stole out low and tremulous at first, and deepened in volume and expression every moment, until the whole room seemed filled with melody!—Every whisper was hushed, and every one bent forward almost breathlessly to listen. And when, at length, both voice and instrument were hushed into silence, no enthusiastic expressions of admiration were heard, but only half whispered ejaculations of "exquisite!" "sweet!" "beautiful!" Then came earnestly expressed wishes for another and another song, until the sisters, feeling at length that many must be wearied with their long continued occupation of the piano, felt themselves compelled to decline further invitations to sing. No one else ventured to touch a key of the instrument during the evening.

"Do pray, Mrs. Lemmington, tell me who those girls are. I am dying to know," said Mrs. Marygold, crossing the room, to where the person she addressed was seated with Mrs. Florence and several other ladies of "distinction," and taking a chair by her side.

"They are only common people," replied Mrs. Lemmington with affected indifference.

"Common people, my dear madam! What do you mean by such an expression?" spoke up Mrs. Florence in surprise, and with something of indignation latent in her tone.

"I'm sure their father, Mr. Clayton, is nothing but a teacher."

"Mr. Clayton. Surely these are not Clayton's daughters?" ejaculated Mrs. Marygold in surprise.

"They certainly are, ma'am," replied Mrs. Florence in a quiet but firm tone, for she instantly perceived, from something in Mrs. Marygold's voice and manner, the reason why her friend had alluded to them as common people.

"Well, really, I am surprised that Mrs. Harwood should have invited them to her house, and introduced them into genteel company."

"Why so, Mrs. Marygold?"

"Because, as Mrs. Lemmington has just said, they are only common people. Their father is nothing but a schoolmaster."

"If I have observed them rightly," Mrs. Florence said to this, "I have discovered them to be a rather uncommon kind of people. Almost any one can thrum on the piano; but

you will not find one in a hundred who can perform with such exquisite grace and feeling as they can. For half an hour this evening I sat charmed with their conversation, and really instructed and elevated by the sentiments they uttered. I cannot say as much for any other young ladies in the room, for there are none others here above the common run of ordinarily intelligent girls—none who may be really be classed with common people in the true acceptance of the term."

"And take them all in all," added Mrs. Lemmington with warmth, "you will find nothing common about them. Look at their dresses—see how perfect in neatness, in adaptation of colours and arrangement to complexion and shape, is every thing about them. Perhaps there will not be found a single young lady in the room besides them whose dress does not show something not in keeping with good taste. Take their manners. Are they not graceful, gentle, and yet full of nature's own expression. In a word, is there any thing about them that is 'common?'"

"Nothing that my eye has detected," replied Mrs. Florence.

"Except their origin," half sneeringly rejoined Mrs. Marygold.

"They were born of woman," was the grave remark. "Can any of us boast a higher origin?"

"There are various ranks among women," Mrs. Marygold said firmly.

"True. But,

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
'The gold's the gold for a' that.'—

Mere position in society does not make any of us more or less a true woman. I could name you over a dozen or more in my circle of acquaintance, who move in what is called the highest rank, who, in all that truly constitutes a woman, are incomparably below Mrs. Clayton; who, if thrown with her among perfect strangers, would be instantly eclipsed. Consequently, Mrs. Marygold, lay aside all these false standards, and estimate woman more justly. Let me, to begin, introduce both yourself and Melinda to the young ladies this evening. You will be charmed with them, I know, and equally charmed with their mother when you meet her."

"No ma'am," replied Mrs. Marygold, drawing herself up with a dignified air. "I have no wish to cultivate their acquaintance, or the acquaintance of any person in their station. I am surprised that Mrs. Harwood has not had more consideration for her friends than to con-

el them to come in contact with common people."

No reply was made to this; and the next remark of Mrs. Florence was about some matter of general interest.

"Henry Florence has not been here for a week," said Mrs. Marygold to her daughter Melinda, some two months after the period at which the conversation just noted occurred.

"No; and he used to come almost every evening," was Melinda's reply, made in a tone that expressed disappointment.

"I wonder what can be the reason?" Mrs. Marygold said, half aloud, half to herself, but with evident feelings of concern. The reason of her concern and Melinda's disappointment arose from the fact that both had felt pretty sure of securing Henry Florence as a member of the Marygold family—such connection, from his standing in society, being especially desirable.

At the same time that the young man was thus alluded to by Mrs. Marygold and her daughter, he sat conversing with his mother upon a subject that seemed, from the expression of his countenance, to be of much interest to him.

"And so you do not feel inclined to favour any preference on my part towards Miss Marygold?" he said, looking steadily into his mother's face.

"I do not, Henry," was the frank reply.

"Why not?"

"There is something too common about her, if I may so express myself."

"Too common! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that there is no distinctive character about her. She is, like the large mass around us, a mere made up girl."

"Speaking in riddles."

"I mean then, Henry, that her character has been formed, or made up, by mere external accretions from the common-place, vague, and often too false notions of things that prevail in society, instead of by the force of sound internal principles, seen to be true from a rational intuition, and acted upon because they are true. Cannot you perceive the difference?"

"O yes, plainly. And this is why you use the word 'common,' in speaking of her?"

"The very reason. And now, my son, can you not see that there is force in my objection to her—that she really does not possess any character distinctively her own, that is founded upon a clear and rational appreciation of abstractly correct principles of action?"

"I cannot say that I differ with you very widely," the young man said, thoughtfully. "But, if you call Melinda 'common,' where shall I go to find one who may be called 'uncommon?'"

"I can point you to one."

"Say on."

"You have met Fanny Clayton?"

"Fanny Clayton!" ejaculated the young man, taken by surprise, the blood rising to his face.

"O yes, I have met her."

"She is no common girl, Henry," Mrs. Florence said, in a serious voice. "She has not her equal in my circle of acquaintances."

"Nor in mine either," replied the young man, recovering himself. "But you would not feel satisfied to have your son address Miss Clayton?"

"And why not, pray?—Henry, I have never met with a young lady whom I would rather see your wife than Fanny Clayton."

"And I," rejoined the young man with equal warmth, "had never met with any one whom I could truly love until I saw her sweet young face."

"Then never think again of one like Melinda Marygold. You could not be rationally happy with her."

Five or six months rolled away, during a large portion of which time the fact that Henry Florence was addressing Fanny Clayton formed a theme for pretty free comment in various quarters. Most of Henry's acquaintances heartily approved his choice; but Mrs. Marygold, and a few like her, all with daughters of the "common" class, were deeply incensed at the idea of a "common kind of a girl" like Miss Clayton being forced into genteel society, a consequence that would of course follow her marriage. Mrs. Marygold hesitated not to declare that, for her part, let others do as they liked, she was not going to associate with her—that was settled. She had too much regard to what was due to her station in life. As for Melinda, she had no very kind feelings for her successful rival—and such a rival too! A mere schoolmaster's daughter! and she hesitated not to speak of her often and in no very courteous terms.

When the notes of invitation to the wedding at length came, which ceremony was to be performed in the house of Mr. Clayton, in Sycamore Row, Mrs. Marygold declared that to send her an invitation to go to such a place was a downright insult. As the time, however, drew near, and she found that Mrs. Har-

wood and a dozen others equally respectable in her eyes were going to the wedding, she managed to smother her indignation so far as, at length, to make up her mind to be present at the nuptial ceremonies. But it was not until her ears were almost stunned by the repeated and earnestly expressed congratulations to Mrs. Florence at the admirable choice made by her son, and that too by those whose tastes and opinions she dared not dispute, that she could perceive any thing even passable in the beautiful young bride.

Gradually, however, as the younger Mrs. Florence, in the process of time, took her true position in the social circle, even Mrs. Marygold could begin to perceive the intrinsic excellence of her character, although even this was more a tacit assent to a universal opinion than a discovery of her own.

As for Melinda, she was married about a year after Fanny Clayton's wedding, to a sprig of gentility with about as much force of character as herself. This took place on the same night that Lieut. Harwood, son of the Mrs. Harwood, before alluded to, led to the altar Mary Clayton, the sister of Fanny, who was conceded by all to be the loveliest girl they had ever seen—lovely, not only in face and form, but loveliness itself in the sweet perfections of moral beauty. As for Lieut. Harwood, he was worthy of the heart he had won.



THE CONTEST OF PLEASURE AND SORROW.

It was noontide of a warm Summer's day, when Pleasure reclined within her bower; alone she was not, for Sorrow was there, and she addressed her thus:

"You have your conquests, I grant, and I have mine; but, to settle this dispute, I will unite two beings in as short a time as you, and with equal felicity."

The gruff assent of Sorrow not a whit lessened the merry smiles of Pleasure, and a look of bold defiance answered her sorrowing guest's adieu.

When the lighter shades of day had given place to the darker ones of even, pleasant murmurs floated through the fairy glade of Pleasure, and gentle zephyrs wafted roscate incense, and fanned her blooming cheek.

"Hast won, ma chere?" joyfully asked Pleasure, as Sorrow slowly entered.

"No," responded the rival, and a look of contempt accompanied the tone of frigidity.

"Then, I am thy equally fortunate competitor. I bade the amorous youth to plunge into

the very vortex of gayeties, to return with no chalance his Mistress' coldness. He sought beneath intoxicating pleasures, and sought in vain the promised redress; but now the teardrop streams down his cheek, the loved of his heart is the bride of another, and dark despair is the occupant thereof."

"My tale runs thus," said Sorrow: "I directed my charge for the reformation of the prodigal lord, to seek gloomy and unfrequented walks, to pass the silent hours of night weeping, to refuse aught of consolation from friends, to abstain from sustenance, to—but," continued the narrator, interrupting herself, "the dose was too severe, its effects were too poignant, it proved abortive. He loathed his wife, and sought elsewhere what was denied him home; and she, in a paroxysm of grief, become a suicide." BETA

Saint John, N. B., 1843.



SONG.

Oh! lay me where the yew-tree's shade
Far reaches o'er some woodland glade,

A place for peaceful dwelling;
Or, where the glitt'ring, gentle wave
The plenteous shore doth ceaseless lave,
Old Ocean's bosom swelling.

Oh! lay me where the light of morn
In bright effulgence first is born,
The landscape gilding brightly;
Or, where the zephyr's breath may fan
The last sad dwelling place of man,
And tread above him lightly.

Oh! lay me where the sun-beams bright
Illume the flowers with golden light,
Beside some gushing fountain;
Or, where the bending willows spread
Above the flowing streamlets bed,
Beneath the pine-clad mountain.

Oh! lay me where the toils of earth,
The voice of weeping or of death
Have no existence given;
And nought of sorrow can perplex,
Or, pain the anxious spirit vex,
Or, happiness be riven.

Nova-Scotia, 1843.

AATHOR.



If there is any thing that is really contemptible, it is affectation and prudery, especially in young females. It is really worse than the heartlessness of the coquette; a diffident reserve is perhaps commendable, but an assumed courtesy of manner is still more so.

VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

Extract of a letter from a Clergyman to a Friend.]

MARCH 7, 1843.—Here I sit in the shade of the Tomb of Zacharias, at the foot of Mount Olivet, where it ascends into the Valley of Jehosaphat, directly opposite the eastern wall of the Temple, and towering high above the brow of Mount Moriah. Mount Moriah! What a world of heavenly and transporting energy does this word awaken in the bosom of the Jew, the Moslem, but particularly in the Christian! The offering up of Isaac, the plague of David for numbering the people, when the Angel of destruction stood here, with a drawn sword in the threshing floor of Onan, (Chron. ii.) the travail and industry of the exile returned by permission of Cyrus to rebuild their temple, the wonderful miracles of Christ and his apostles wrought on that Mount before me, the obstinate defence of the Jews, when Titus pressed them from the Temple to Mount Zion, the destruction of the sacred edifice, the appropriation of the holy mount to the service of Moslemism, its restitution to Christian worship by the Crusaders, and its return again to the Moslem service, in which it yet continues, crowded with the Mosques of Omar and El Akesa, whose beautiful domes sit about the sacred place with admirable lightness and grace. As I strolled by the open gateway and looking on, how earnestly did I long to enter its sacred enclosure, linger in its walks, and among its trees; enter even the mosques, particularly that of Omar, which covers, perhaps, the very spot where Isaac was offered, and where the magnificent Temple of Solomon was built, which he dedicated to God by the most eloquent and sensible of all prayers, except our Lord's: (1 Kings, viii, 23, &c.) but the fanatical Moslem forbid the feet of the "Christian dog" to tread upon the sacred soil or cross the consecrated threshold.

But I must return to the Valleys, from whence I promised you this letter before I left home, and which promise you received somewhat doabblingly. I have wandered up and down it, from the tombs of the Judges just beyond its head, to the northwest of the city, about 1½ miles, to the well of Job, perhaps the *En Rogel* of Scripture, a quarter of a mile below the southwest corner of the city. It is indeed a valley of the dead, or rather of tombs, for their contents are gone; and the sepulchral chambers, where they slept in peace many centuries ago, are now but gaping caverns in the

rock, where reptiles nestle, if they be single small sepulchres; or flocks lie down, if they be as large as the tombs of the Judges, Kings and Prophets, and some in the southern cliff of the Gibbon, both under and above the "Potter's Field." I have rambled through them all, and found not a fragment of their former contents. The limestone rock in which they are excavated is soft, and yielded to the elements, and broken away in front of, and sometimes above the chambers. This is the case all over Palestine, (also at Petra, where the rock is as soft as sandstone,) and constantly reminds one of his immortality, and reduction to dust, and dispersion to the winds of heaven. What a glorious assurance, that the soul is not committed to the tomb, but returns to the God who gave it.

I have just come up from the pool of Siloam, which has a connection with the Pool of the Virgin, several hundred yards higher up. The first is in the mouth of the Tysopoon Valley, just where it enters that of Jehosaphat, and the other is on the west side of the latter, not many hundred yards from where I date this letter. The connection is by a narrow passage cut through the point of the hill which slopes down from the fountain—now subject to violent, irregular flows of the water, which makes one think of the Pool of Bethesda, mentioned in the 5th chapter of St. John, whose waters the angel troubled "at a certain season." Our countrymen, Dr. Robinson and Mr. Smith witnessed one of these singular movements of the water. We were not so fortunate. No one knows whence the waters come to these cavernous pools, but there is a steady tradition, and general impression, that they have a connection with the fountains under the temple's area, perhaps Milton was apprised of this when he wrote:

"Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracles of God."

I descended into the pool to wash, as all good pilgrims do, and found a coarse, ragged, strapping Arab woman, washing a dirty quilt, which lay floating upon the little volume of water.—She shrunk away from me as from the approach of a leper, and stood nuddling up in a little chasm in the rock, looking upon my pilgrim devotions. The water is sweet and good.

I shall now undertake to describe the tombs to you, but perhaps I may allow you to peep into my *omnium gatherum*, where I have plans of them and notes also. But I feel oppressed with sadness as I cast my eyes up the side of Mount Olivet behind me, and look upon the

Jewish cemetery spreading over the sacred hill-side, covering it with short, thick stones; each of which lies flat on the ground, and passed into it a little, as if they had once stood erect, and had been prostrated and pressed by some terrible storm. They are striking emblems of that most wonderful people, prostrated and trodden down every where but in America; and yet the heart of the Jew turns towards the side of Olivet, over against the sacred Mount, on which once stood the temple of his father, and there he desires, above all things, to lie when his earthly pilgrimage is over. They linger about the holy city, and steal through its streets to the place of wailing, or to the west side of the temple, as ghosts that have been frightened away, and returning to the resting place of their mortal remains.

The first Jews I saw at Jerusalem were three sitting apart in the rent trunk of an aged olive tree, in the deep retired valley of the Gihon.—I pity them from my very heart.

Just above where I date from, is the golden gate from which our Saviour used to issue at evening, and retire to Mount Olivet. It is now walled up in the temple wall. Above me in the valley is the reputed tomb of the Virgin, in which I attended the devotions of the crowd of pilgrims, and followed them into the little chamber, where they pressed their lips long and ardently to the cold rock, as a young mother kisses for the last time her only child before it is laid to rest in the grave. What a mystery this world is! The glory and great works of man have perished, but the saviour of the deeds of the Almighty, and the presence of his primitive children, still perfume the rocks and mountains, and all nations send their pilgrims to honour the consecrated places, and it is painful to the Protestants to know that external worship is considered efficacious for saving the soul. I wish I could describe to you what I saw in and around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But my letter to you at your request belongs to the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

From the Valley I ascended of course, the Mount of Olives, paused and—under the gnarled and rent olive trees of Gethsemane, which seem as if they might be the same that witnessed of our Saviour, rambled out to Bethany, stood on the ascension spot, returned to the city along the way of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem: but I must pause.—Bethel, Shon, Sychem, Samari, Nazareth, Tyre, Sidon, Damascus, Baibec, &c. &c. are before me, but my sheet is full. • • • •

P S. I seal this letter in sight of Smyrna having this morning at sunrise gazed upon the Island of Patmos, and read with unwearied zest the introduction of the Revelations of St. John. It is astonishing what light and power the Scriptures have when read on the spot, and amid the scenes described. It may be said that faith is stronger under such circumstances.



FRATERNAL LOVE.—You have brothers and sisters. Let your first endeavour be so to display the love which you owe your fellow-creatures, as to offer an example of incipient excellence by first honouring your parents, and next by offices of tenderness and goodness towards those with whom you are bound in ties of kinship, in the sweet community of paternal origin. In order to exercise aright the Divine science of charity towards all mankind, it is necessary to take early lessons in the bosom of your own families. What a charm is this, not, for a good and amiable mind, in the thought that we are children of the same mother! What a charm, we regret, in finding, almost everywhere, we hail the light of heaven, the same common objects to venerate and to love! Identity of blood, and the resemblance of many customs between brothers and sisters, naturally excite a powerful sympathy, which can only be destroyed by the calamitous indulgence of the most horrible and cruel egotism. If you wish to be a good brother, beware of excessive egotism; each day propose to yourself to exercise generosity in your fraternal relations. Let each of your brothers and your sisters perceive that their interests are as dearly appreciated by you as your own. If one of them is in a fault, be indulgent, not merely as you would be to another, but to a second self. Take delight in beholding their expanding virtues, encourage them by your example, give them reason to bless their lot in having you for a brother. Infinitely numerous are the motives to reciprocal love, compassion, and common participation in the young joys and sorrows of life which continually combine to keep alive and to foster fraternal love. Still it is necessary that we should reflect on these, or otherwise they may escape our attention, and we must practice self-denial in order to feel them as we ought. Beautiful and delicate sentiments are not to be acquired except by the exercise of assiduous and resolute will. In the same manner as no one can attain to a correct knowledge of poetry or painting without study, so no one comprehends the

excellence of fraternal love, or any other elevated sentiments, without a determined will to understand it. Do not let the habits of domestic intimacy make you forgetful of the courtesy and kindness due to a brother. Still greater gentleness is called for towards your sisters. Their sex is endued with a winning charm and grace of manner; and in well-conducted families they generally make use of these amiable gifts to preserve peace throughout the entire household, to banish ill passions from its precincts, and to soften down the effects of paternal or maternal animadversions which they may sometimes hear. Honor in such sisters the amiableness of woman's virtues; rejoice in the influence they possess to soothe and to beguile your mind. And inasmuch as nature has formed them weaker and more sensitive than yourself, be so far more attentive to yield them under affliction all the consolation you can, in giving them no cause of suffering from yourself, and invariably showing them that respect and love so dear to the sister's and the woman's heart.

They, on the contrary, who contract habits of envy and vulgarity, in their fraternal intercourse, carry with them the same ill qualities into what ever sphere they enter. Family intercourse, in all its relations, should be lovely, affectionate, and holy; and thus, when a man passes the threshold of his own home, he bears along with him in his connexion with the rest of society, that tendency towards esteem, and all the gentler affections, and that confidence in virtue, which are the happy fruits of constant and assiduous cultivation of noble sentiments.

—♦♦♦—

STANZAS.

HERE where hoar winter holds his dreary
reign
Till melts his sceptre 'neath the summer's
sun,
For gentle Spring her rights hath never won—
Against the rude usurper struggling vain,
There blooms a Flower—the earliest child of
Spring:
Ere the broad rivers burst their icy chain,
The lovely blossom, with its leaves of green,
Comes struggling forth amid the chilling snow,
Emblem of virtue! may my country know,
The love it teacheth—none so true I ween,
And ever on New-Brunswick's breast such
badge be seen.

St. John, August, 1843.

J. M. R.

STORY OF CAPTAIN BIRD.

"SAIL Oh!" cried young Walter Jordan from the masthead of the fishing schooner Betsey, as she was ploughing her way before a strong east wind across Casco Bay, in the then province of Maine, and heading for Falmouth, now Portland harbor.

"Where away?" cried out skipper Jordan, who was standing at the helm, and watching the boys, as they were preparing to take a reef in the main-sail.

"Three points on the weather quarter," said Walter.

"I see her," said the skipper; "come down and hand me the spy-glass."

Walter hastened down and brought the spy-glass to his father.

"Steady the helm," said the skipper, as he took the glass, and levelled it toward the distant vessel. "She's a stranger," he added, after taking a brief look through the glass, "and by them colours she's got flying there, I guess she wants somebody to pilot her in.—Come, bear a hand; get a double reef in that mainsail, before the wind tears it all to pieces. And we must try to hold on a little, too, and let that vessel come up."

The boys soon had the mainsail under close reef, and the little Betsey was yawning off, and coming to, and tilting over the waves, like a lone duck that waits for its companions to come up. The strange vessel was nearing them quite fast. She proved to be a schooner of about thirty tons' burden; and coming down under as much sail as she could possibly bear; she was soon alongside the Betsey. When she had come up within speaking distance, skipper Jordan hailed her.

"What schooner is that?" shouted the captain of the fisherman.

"The schooner Rover, Captain Bird," was the hoarse, loud reply.

"Where are you from?"

"From the coast of Africa."

"Where are you bound?"

"To the nearest American port," said Captain Bird, who had now approached near enough for easy conversation. "Any port in a storm, you know," continued the commander of the Rover; and I think we have a storm pretty close at hand. What port are you bound to, captain?"

"I am bound to Falmouth," said captain Jordan, "which is the nearest port there is. and it isn't more than ten miles to the harbor

If you a'n't acquainted with our coast, you just follow in my wake and I'll pilot you in."

The captain of the Rover thanked skipper Jordan for his politeness, and kept his vessel in the wake of the Betsey, till they entered the beautiful harbor of Falmouth. The town of Falmouth formed one side of the harbor, and Cape Elizabeth the other; and as captain Jordan belonged to the latter place, after making a graceful curve through the channel, he brought his vessel to anchor near the Cape Elizabeth shore. The Rover came up, and anchored but a few rods distant. It was now near night; the strong east wind that was driving into the harbor, began to be accompanied by a thick, beating rain; and soon as his sails were snugly furled, and the little Betsey prepared to ride out the storm, Captain Jordan and his boys hastened on shore, to join the family circle, from whom they had been absent on a four weeks' cruise.

The storm continued through the next day, with heavy wind, and copious rain, numerous vessels had come into the harbor during the night, to escape from the perils of an easterly storm, on the rough and dangerous coast of Maine; and in the morning their naked masts were seen rocking to and fro, like leafless trees in the autumn winds. The inhabitants of Falmouth and Cape Elizabeth were but little abroad on that day; but many a spy-glass was pointed from the windows on both sides of the harbor, to scan the different vessels that were at anchor. None attracted more attention, or elicited more remark, than the little Rover.— She seemed to be a strange bird among the flock. All said she was not a coaster, and it was obvious she was not a fisherman. She had a strange kind of foreign look about her; that induced the inhabitants pretty unanimously, to decide, that "she did'nt belong any where about in these parts."

The storm passed over. The next day was clear and pleasant, and a gentle wind was blowing from the north-west. The transient vessels in the harbor, one after another, shook out their sails to the breeze, glided smoothly through the channel and put to sea. Before nine o'clock all were gone except the strange little schooner, and all the vessels that belonged to the port or such as were waiting cargo. But day after day passed away, and the little Rover still remained at anchor. It could not be discovered that she had any special object in her visit to Falmouth. She had brought no cargo to the town, and did not seem to be looking for one. Her whole crew consisted of but

three men, who were on shore every day, at Falmouth or Cape Elizabeth, and entering into various little barter trades with the inhabitants. Public curiosity began to be considerably excited in regard to the strange vessel; and whenever the crew were on shore, their movements were observed with increasing attention day after day, and even week after week, had now elapsed, since the Rover came into port, and there she still remained at anchor, and her crew were spending most of their time in idleness; and no one could discover that they had any definite object. Mysterious whispers, and vague rumours, began to be afloat among the community, of a character so grave and awful as to excite the attention of the public authorities.

The time of which we are now speaking, was the month of July, in the year 1789. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts was then holding a session at Falmouth, in the district of Maine, and the session was near its close. When these mysterious rumours respecting the schooner Rover reached the ears of the court, the judges deemed it their duty before the court should adjourn, to inquire into the matter. They accordingly sent for Robert Jordan and William Dyer, two young men of Cape Elizabeth, from whom many of the reports in circulation were said to have emanated. Robert and William being brought before the court, were questioned as to what they knew concerning the schooner Rover and her crew.

Robert said, "he did not know nothin' about 'em only he knew when they were piloting of her in, with the little Betsey, he heard the captain tell father they came from the Coast of Africa. But what they come clear from Africa here for, without any cargo, and were staying here so long, without trying to get anything to do, was more than he could tell."

"Well, have you never said," inquired the judge, "that you didn't believe but that there had been murder committed on board of that vessel? And if so, please state to the court what were the circumstances which caused your suspicions."

"Why," replied Robert, "Williams and I have been aboard of her a good many times, ben' she lies off abreast of our house: and a number of times we've staid aboard in the evening and played cards with the men. They told so many different stories about their voyage, and talk so queer about it, that I never could tell what to make of it. They most always had some punch or wine to drink, when we were playing; and after we'd played till it got

to be pretty well along in the evening, they would sometimes get pretty merry. Sometimes they said they had come right from England, and hadn't been out but twenty days when they arrived here; and sometimes they said they had been cruising on the coast of Africa three months, to get a load of niggers, but couldn't catch 'em. And then one of 'em says, "how many times d'ye think old Hodges has looked over the ship news to find out our latitude and longitude?" and then he looked at the others and winked, and then they all laughed.

"And one time it was a pretty dark evening, they had drunk up all the liquor there was in the cabin, and Captain Bird told Hanson to go into the hold and bring up a bottle of wine. Hanson kind o' hesitated a little, and looked as if he didn't want to go poking down in the hold in the night. At that Captain Bird called him a pretty baby, and asked him what he was afraid of; and wanted to know if he was afraid he should see Connor there. And then Captain Bird ripped out a terrible oath, and swore he'd have some wine, if the d—l was in the hold! And he went and got a bottle, and gave us all another drink. When he came back again, Hanson asked him if he seen any thing of Connor there. And Captain Bird swore he'd throw the bottle of wine at his head, if he didn't shut up.

"Another time I was aboard in the day time, and I seen a parcel of red spots on the cabin floor, and up along the gang way, that looked as if there'd been blood there; and I asked them what that was, and they said it wasn't nothin', only where they butchered a whale. And then they all laughed again, and looked at each other, and winked. And that's pretty much all I know about the matter, may it please your honour," said Robert, bowing to the judge.

William Dyer, being examined and questioned, his testimony agreed with that of Robert Jordan, in every particular, with the addition of one other fact. He said, "when he was on board the Rover one day, he noticed a little round hole in a board, in the after part of the cabin, that looked as if it might have been by a bullet from a gun; and there was a parcel of smaller holes spattered round it, that looked like shot holes: and he took his pen-knife and dug out a shot from one of them. And when I asked 'em," said William, "what they'd been shooting there, Hanson said, that was where Captain Bird shot a porpoise, when they were on the Coast of Africa. And then they looked at each other and laughed."

These circumstances, related so distinctly and minutely, by two witnesses, were adjudged by the court to be of sufficient importance to warrant the apprehension and examination of the crew of the Rover. Accordingly measures were immediately taken to have them brought before the court. An officer was despatched, with proper authority, to arrest them: and taking with him assistants, well armed with muskets, he put off in a yawl boat to board the schooner. The officer stood at the helm, and had command of the boat, while two of the men were placed at the oars, and six stood with their guns all loaded and primed, and ready to give battle in case resistance should be offered.

When the crew of the Rover beheld the boat approaching, and observed the formidable appearance of the armed men they were perfectly panic struck. The thought flashed across their minds, with the rapidity and vividness of lightning, that by some unaccountable secret means or other, their guilt had become known, and they were about to be brought to a just retribution for their crimes. They stood a moment, gazing, first at the boat, and then at each other, with a vacant and irresolute stare.—The captain then sprang hastily to the capstan and ordered the men to help to get the anchor on board. They flew to their handspikes and gave two or three rapid heaves at the capstan, but a moment's thought told them there would not be time to get the anchor on board, before the boat would be alongside.—Captain Bird then caught an axe, and cutting the cable at a single blow, ordered the men to run up the foresail. The foresail and gib were immediately set, and the schooner began to move, before a slight breeze, down the harbor. Her speed, however, was slow, compared to that of the pursuing boat; for as soon as the officer perceived the schooner was making sail, he directed two more of his men to lay down their guns, and put out a couple of extra oars. The four oarsmen now buckled down to their work, and the boat was leaping over the water at a rate that struck terror into the heart of Bird and his companions.

"H!st that mainsail!" cried Bird to his men, as soon as the schooner was fairly heading on her course; "spring for your lives! Get on all sail, as fast as possible! If we can get round that point so as to take the wind before they overhaul us, we'll show 'em that we can make longitude faster than they can!"

The men redoubled their exertions; every sail was made to draw the utmost of its power;

but it was all in vain, the boat was alongside and the officer commanded Captain Bird to heave to. The order was not obeyed, and the schooner kept on her course. The officer repeated his command, and told Bird if he didn't heave to immediately he'd shoot him down as he stood at the helm. At that moment, he directed two of his assistants to point their guns, and take good aim. Bird perceiving the muskets leveled at his head, darted from the helm, and leaped down the companion way, landing at a single bound on the cabin floor. His companions followed with equal precipitation, and left the Rover to steer her own course, and fight her own battles. The vessel no longer checked by the helm, soon rounded to, and the officer and his men jumped on board. On looking down in the cabin, they perceived the three men were armed, Bird with a musket, and the others with a cutlass and a handspike, and bidding defiance to their assailants. The officer quietly closed the companion way, and having some men on board with him who understood working a vessel, they soon beat up the harbor again, and made fast to one of the wharves, on the Falmouth side. The wharf was lined with people, who had been eagerly watching the result of the chase, and who now jumped on board in crowds and thronged the vessel.— The companion way was again opened, and Bird and his men were ordered up. Perceiving there were altogether too many guns on board, they came quietly up, and surrendered themselves to the officer.

On being taken to the court house, they were placed in separate rooms, and examined severally. The first, who claimed to be commander of the vessel, said he was an Englishman by birth, and that his name was Thomas Bird. The second said he was a Swede, and his name was Hans Hanson. The third, whose name was Jackson, said he was an American, and belonged to Newtown, in the State of Massachusetts. They seemed to possess little confidence in each other; and each feeling apprehensive that the others would betray him, and supposing the one who made the earliest and fullest confession would be likely to receive the highest punishment, they all confessed without hesitation, that the captain of the Rover had been killed on the voyage. But all endeavoured to urge strong palliating circumstances, to do away the criminality of the deed. They severally agreed, that the vessel was owned by one Hodges, in England; that their captain's name was Connor; that they had been trading some time on the coast of Africa;

that Captain Connor was rough and arbitrary, and abused his men beyond endurance; and that, in a moment of excitement, they had sought revenge, by taking his life. They all agreed, too, as to the manner in which the deed was done, and the time and place. It was in the night time; they were in the cabin; Captain Connor had been very abusive and overbearing, and Bird who was more highly provoked than he could bear, hastily caught up a gun which stood in the cabin, loaded with a ball, shot Connor dead on the spot. They were then exceedingly frightened at what had been done, and tried to dress the wounds and bring him to. But there was no signs of returning life, and they took him on deck, and threw him into the sea. They were then afraid to return to England with the vessel; and after many long consultations, they concluded to come to the United States, dispose of such articles as they had on board, sell the vessel the first opportunity they should meet with, and separate and go to their respective countries.

Upon the examination and confession, the court committed them to jail in Falmouth, to await their trial for the piratical murder of Connor, on the high seas. At this period, the supreme judicial court of the several states, with the maritime or admiralty judge, were by an ordinance of the old congress, authorized to try piracy and felony committed on the high seas. But before the next session of the supreme judicial court of Falmouth, or Cumberland county, the new congress, under the Federal Constitution, had passed a judiciary act, establishing the United States' courts. By this act, piracies and felonies on the high seas were committed to the jurisdiction of the circuit court of the United States. Although the officers of this court were inducted into office in December, 1789, the court held no session at Falmouth, for trials, till June, 1790. At this term of the court, the case of Bird and his companions were taken up. Jackson was permitted to become state's evidence, and was used as a witness. The grand jury, of whom Deacon Titcomb was foreman, found a bill against Bird, as principal, for the murder of Connor on the high seas, and against Hanson for being present, and aiding and abetting him therein.

The prisoners were arraigned at the bar of the court, and pleading not guilty, the court assigned them counsel, and prepared for the trial, which commenced on Friday morning. So strong was the public excitement on the occasion, and so great was the crowd that as

abled at the trial, that the court adjourned the meeting house of the first parish, the site of which was at that time occupied by Rev. Thomas Smith, the first minister settled in Falmouth. Deacon Chase, of Pepperell, and Saco, was foreman of the jury. The case was heard and argued on both sides in the form.

The jury retired, and in the evening of the same day came in with their verdict. Bird was placed at the bar, and the names of the jury were called over. The clerk then put the question :

"What say you Mr. Foreman? Is Bird, the prisoner at the bar, guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" replied the foreman, in a low and solemn tone.

Bird dropped his head, and sallied back on his seat. Although he had no reason to anticipate a different verdict, yet he did not seem to realize its awful import, until the sound fell on his startled ear. His brain reeled for a moment, and darkness was gathering before his eyes; but tears came to his relief; he hid his face in a handkerchief, and wept like a child. When the same question was put to the jury in reference to Hanson, the reply was, "Not guilty."

On Saturday morning the court met again, and the prisoner was brought in to receive his sentence. Mr. Syms, one of the prisoner's counsel, made a motion in arrest of judgment, because the latitude and longitude of the sea, where the crime was committed, were not named in the indictment. The court overruled this motion, and proceeded to pronounce the sentence of death.

As this was the first capital conviction in a court of this republic, after the Federal Constitution was adopted, the counsel of Bird concluded on that account, to petition the President of the United States for his pardon, and thus make another and last effort to save his life. Accordingly, a copy of the indictment and all the proceedings in the case, was forwarded to General Washington, then residing in New York. But the President with that wisdom and clear-sightedness for which he was so remarkable, declined interfering with the sentence of the court, either by pardon or reprieve; and that sentence was executed upon Bird, by Marshal Dearborn and his assistants, on the last Friday of the same month of June, 1790.

He is unfit to rule others who cannot rule himself.—*Plato.*

MY COUNTRY.

Oh! my country! thou art lost to me,
O'er the far waste of waters; in vain
I turn my weary eye to see
Those shores to which my soul would spring
On pinions of the dove again!
I stretch my arms, I fain would flee
Away! but oh! the exile's chain!
It winds around the waving wing,
And tugs me back as doth the falcons's string.

Oh! my country! it is not thy shore
Which I now see like a blue line—
But "Nova Scotia's," and the roar
Of waters deep and dark and strong,
Tells coldly of a colder clime!
The red men held it once of yore,
Now landless in their land of pine
All passionless and pale with wrong,
Children of Judah in the Gentiles throng!

Oh! my country! treasured up with gold
I hoard the memory of thy face,
And the dear thought again to fold
Thy mountains towering to the sun
Like first love in my soul's embrace!
The haunts where Stuart slept unsold,
Though griping want knew well the place;
The prize was great, but traitors none,
For love of country links all hearts in one!
August, 1843. MOSES.

THE SABBATH.

DAY of worship, day of rest
Hallow'd is thy sacred dawn,
As the early innocence
Of life's young morn.

Day of prayer, day of praise,
We hail thy blessed hours,
As eager as the early birth
Of spring's first flowers.

Day of peaceful joy and love,
Thy balmy morn doth bear
The impress of pure holiness,
The breath of prayer.

Refresh'd from labour's weary toil,
Our minds at peace with heaven;
We feel regret as onward draws
Thy sacred even.

And fain would snatch again the ray
That lingers in the west,
To note thy last bright, joyful hour,
Thou day of rest!

Nova-Scotia, 1843.

ARTHUR.

"THE NEIGHBOURS."

A TALE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

From the Swedish.

THESE works justly take a high rank in modern literature,—which mingle with an accurate description of the manners and customs of any nation,—those embodiments of character, sentiment or passion, which are common to all mankind. They convey knowledge without the gravity of science,—and confer an amusement which reason approves. History counts them as her allies, and Wisdom need not frown on their accompaniment of fiction, if it break not the harmony of virtue. The wild-flowers that spring up among the corn, do not choke it, and in the day of harvest, the reaper readily separates them from the ripened sheaves.

In works of this class, a two-fold excellence is required,—that the truth should be simply told, and the fiction harmless. A still closer test is applied by the philanthropic and christian critic,—that both their truth and fiction should be of salutary tendency,—that they should aspire to make their readers better and happier, and thus either directly or collaterally, aid the cause of morality and religion.

The books of Frederika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, one of the sweetest poets of any age or country, bid fair to open almost as distinct a school in the writings of the female sex, as those of Walter Scott did, in the department of romance. Especially does the one before us, evince simplicity, originality,—skill in delineating, and distinctness in sustaining character, with that tact in touching its minuter springs, which appertains only to genius. "Ma chere mere" is as peculiar and prominent in her way, as Meg Merrills was in her's. This mingling of strong passions with weaknesses and eccentricities,—the kindness of woman,—with a majestic, masculine, and terrible prowess, required, one would think, more than the energy of a female pen. Yet in the sweet touches of domestic life,—indeed, in the whole intercourse of Franceska and her Bear, looks forth the woman's nature in such weakness, constancy and truth, that we are fain to bless it.

Of the fidelity of Miss Bremer's pencillings of scenery and manners in her native clime, we are assured by competent judges. That they leave a vivid impression, we are confident. Indeed we half fancy that we have been guests and denizens at Rosenrik,—seen Lars Andus amusing himself of an evening with his joiner's

tools, or inhaled the smoke from his pipe;—heard at Carlsfors, the mighty violin, or the speeches of the General in Mansfield, to be well disciplined dependants.

What can be more pleasing, or full of nature than the first approach of the bride to her home, at the former place.

"There, on that hill, from whence I first looked into the valley where Rosenrik lies, behold a dust-covered carriage, within which sat the Bear and his wife. That little wife looked forth with curiosity, for before her gleamed a vale, beautiful in the light of evening. Great woods stretch out below, and surround crystal lakes;—corn-fields in silken waves eucalypt grey mountains, and white buildings peer forth with friendly aspects among the trees. Here and there, on wood-covered heights, pillars of smoke ascend to the clear evening heaven from the burning turf-fields. Truly, all was beautiful, and I was charmed. I bent myself forward, and was thinking on a certain happy natural family in Paradise,—one Adam and one Eve,—when suddenly, the great Bear laid his great paws upon me, and held me so tight, that I was near giving up the ghost,—while he kissed me, and besought me to find pleasure in what was here."

In pathos, Miss Bremer is as powerful as in the frank and discursive epistolary narrations of little things. Witness the scene, where Franceska chere mere, after long concealing with, and striving to conceal the increasing malady of blindness announces it to her assembled children.

"Are you all here?" inquired ma chere mere with a firm voice. We replied in the affirmative, at the same time gathering around her. "My children," she began, with a strange mixture of strength and humility, "I wished to be alone for a moment, in order to prepare myself as becomes a chrisuan, to appear before you, and reveal to you my misfortune. Chagrin has had its full dominion,—it is no time that reason should resume its own. My dear children, the hand of the Lord lies heavy upon me. He hath smitten my eyes with darkness."

A smothered expression of grief was heard, and the echo spread itself around. "My dear children, you must not distress yourselves about me. I myself grieve no longer. At first I acknowledge that it went hard with me, and for a long time I would not believe that it could be so with me, as it now is. No! I would not concede to it. I murmured in my self. But it grew darker and darker. To

lamity became more certain. To-day, it can be no more doubted, and now I have humbled myself. Ah! my children, let us reflect that it is in vain to strive with our Lord God. Also, we are short-sighted mortals, and know but little what is best for us, or others. On this account, my children, it is good for us to bow ourselves down beneath His hand, and to be obedient to Him, for He well knoweth what He does."

"I could stand quietly no longer. I threw myself, with tears in my eyes, on her neck, exclaiming, "Bear will help ma chere mere,—He will restore her sight again to her."

Drawing near, he seized her hand, and looking keenly at her, said, "It is the cataract. It can be cured. In two or three years it will probably be matured, and then an operation can take place."

"Lars Andus," said ma chere mere, while he pressed his hand, "I will believe you, and on this faith I live happily. I will wait patient until the day comes, when I may again behold the Lord's sun, and should it never come to me on earth, still will I sit in my darkness, in resignation."

This submission to one of the severest afflictions, is exceedingly striking when contrasted, with the proud, passionate, and somewhat unbearing spirit, which mixed with the better elements of this strong and unique character. The introduction of Bruno, who is probably intended as the hero of the work, seems its most exceptional part. He can scarcely be considered as the representative of any large class of persons, in the simple and almost primitive state of society, which prevails in Sweden. Viewing him, therefore, as purely, and principally imaginative, we ask, why it was necessary to plunge him so deeply in vice, and then to reward him with the hand of a lovely young being, refined to an almost ethereal sublimation. It has been a favorite object with some of the poets, to represent corsairs,—banished and others whom the laws of mankind condemn for crimes—as peculiarly fortunate in winning the heart of woman—and there is beauty in that constancy of love, which adheres when all the world forsake. Yet, a female writer, being supposed to have intimate knowledge of the secret springs of the female heart, should not represent it as naturally sympathizing, and eventually choosing what passes with that delicacy and virtue which throw a barrier of protection around her own sex, and around society. We are aware that some of the strongest writing in the book is bestow-

ed on Bruno,—his grandiloquence is fine, and the tones of his organ still vibrate on our ear, nevertheless, he is still the lawless—the base—slaughtering, the terrible Bruno; and we wish that Miss Bremer, for her own sake,—and the sake of women in general,—had been content either to have made him somewhat less savage, and less wicked, or to have placed Serena, his lady-love, a "little lower than the angels."

We now turn with pleasure to that part of the book, where the test of tendency may be the most triumphantly applied, viz:—its sweet domestic spirit. For young matrons could not read the frank and varied letters of Francesca, without borrowing some profitable hint for their own conduct, or some lesson how to avoid those lesser and lurking dangers which vex the current of conjugal duty and happiness. We think now, of a well-depicted scene, occurring after her return from a visit, where every thing had gone wrong, and when her nervous excitability was still further heightened by her husband's introducing his pipe into the parlor, notwithstanding, some previous promise to desist from the obnoxious habit.

"I was out of humour with myself, with my husband, and with the whole world, and more than all this, Bear sat silent through the whole ride,—never seemed to trouble himself at all about my head-ache,—for after he had just asked how I was, and I had answered 'better,' he did not speak another word. When I came home there was something in the kitchen to see after, and when I returned to the parlor, lo! there had Lars Andus seated himself on the sofa, and was blowing tobacco-smoke in long wreathes before him, while he read the newspaper. He had not, indeed, chose a suitable time for the breach of our compact. I made a remonstrance, and that truly in a lively tone, but in reality I was angry. I took as it were, a bad pleasure, in making him pay for the annoying day I had passed.

"Pardon!"—exclaimed he, in a cheerful voice,—but still continuing to sit with the pipe in his mouth. I would not allow that, for I thought the old bachelor might have indulged himself fully enough, during the whole afternoon. He prayed for permission only this once, to smoke in the parlor. But I would admit of no negotiation, and threatened that if the pipe was not immediately taken away, I would go and sit for the whole evening in the hall. In the beginning, he besought me jokingly, to grant him quiet,—then he became graver, and prayed earnestly, beseechingly; prayed me at last, "out of regard for him."

Extract 42 lines further, to the words,—“I felt for him real love.” Page 6th, 25 lines from the top.

Those who know the care requisite to make Love a permanent guest in the married state, and how often slight causes tempt him to spread his wings for a returnless flight, will rejoice in this self-conquest. We will close our remarks on this interesting volume, by a sentiment of its accomplished translator, Mrs. Howitt. “It is calculated to do immense good, in domestic life. Whenever we make home loved and beautiful, we do more for society than if we have heaps of gold and silver; and this power, Miss Bremer’s works pre-eminently possess.”



TURKISH VOCALISTS.

I was kept awake last night by the lugubrious howling and screaming of a party of Turks who had established themselves on a neighbouring rock, where, regardless of the hour or the repose of the inhabitants, they continued their wild singing without break or interruption for several hours. The performance consisted, as well as I could distinguish it of a monotonous chant, kept up for a considerable time by one person in a very low note, while the others occasionally joined in the chorus.—The solo part was apparently made up of verses sung with a kind of air, but of which three or four concluding notes always seemed wanting; which produced an incomplete and unsatisfactory effect. During this part of the performance, the chorus chimed in with a sort of half-minute gun, consisting of a single note, begun very loud, and gradually dying away, sustained for some time without brake or shake. The same note was always renewed, and apparently at very regular intervals. The whole produced a most unpleasant effect, not unlike the baying of dogs to the moon.—*Hamilton’s Researches in Asia Minor.*

THE AMARANTH.

SEARS’ BIBLE HISTORY.—We should be omitting a duty which is due to an enterprising publisher, who prides himself upon the character and usefulness of his issues from the press, were we to pass over the last Pictorial Volume, issued by our talented townsman, Mr. ROBERT SEARS, in New York, under the name of “Sears’ Bible History.” It surpasses in every respect, the other popular works of his compilation; and we prognosticate that the sale

of this new work will be immense: already has it received the most flattering encomiums from a large number of the American press opinions that we should think ought to be highly flattering to its author—and sufficient inducing to put the work in the possession of every respectable family—particularly in a community, of which the compiler is a native.

An advertisement of the “Bible History” is on the cover of our Magazine—the Book can be purchased in this city at the store of Messrs. G. & E. Sears, King Street.

Sketches of the Highlanders; with an account of their early arrival in North America, &c.—This is a very interesting little work containing as it does much valuable information, which cannot but prove of benefit to who may peruse its pages. To the Scotch immigrant particularly it will be acceptable it gives a minute detail of the manner in which Crown Lands are disposed of, with hints relative to their settlement. It is written by C. MACDONALD, Esq., Paymaster of the 1st Regiment, and printed in good style by Chubb & Co.

MONTREAL LITERARY GARLAND.—This is decidedly one of the best Magazines published on this side the Atlantic—its contributions are of the highest order—it is printed in a clear and beautiful style. A very pretty engraving, titled “The Young Beauty,” appears in the August number.

THE HEAD QUARTERS.—Since our last issue, a new paper, under the above name, has made its appearance at Fredericton. The appearance of the paper is highly creditable; the tone of its editorials is moderate.—Printed and published by JAMES P. A. PHILLIPS.

THE AMARANTH

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