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THE AMARANTH.

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For The Amaranth.

MADELINE ST. CLAIR.

BY MRS. B.—N.

THE rosy light of eve had faded into the dark rich blue of midnight, when Madeline St. Clair parted from her lover, and yet their parting was to be but short, for to-morrow's sun was to rise on their bridal day. Many a vision of happiness glowing in the purple light of love spread its fairy vistas before their imagination, but alas! for human foresight—that hour was their last of joy for many a weary day.

Madeline St. Clair was an orphan, her parents died when she could do little more than lip their names—she had no living relations and Father Auboine, the good priest of Chamont, took the friendless girl to his home and adopted her as his own; every villager loved and pitied the little orphan, and the welfare of "*notre petite Madeline*," or La Mignione of Chamont, was dear to them as their own. But Madeline was no longer "*la petite*," for she was now fifteen; the French girl of fifteen is the same being as the English one of twenty. She had long been deeply and fondly in love and loved with all the fervent affection and holy truth which hallows the bright dream of early youth. Alphonse de Berri, who had won the heart of Madeline, was a young peasant of the village. Alphonse possessed little of this world's wealth—for the labour of his hands was all his widowed mother had to look forward to for the support of her declining years; but nature had been lavish in her gifts to him, his person was perfect in manly beauty, and his head and heart glowed with feeling and intelligence far beyond his sphere. A pair so well matched as Madeline and Alphonse, could not be found, and their "bridal" was looked forward to as a "*jour de fete*," by the whole village. About a month previous to Madeline's wedding day, the Count de Clair-

ville, owner of the estate of Chamont, had arrived at his "*chateau*," with his young bride. During the bloodiest period of the revolution the Count was too young to be minded and his estates were untouched. Since his manhood he had mingled neither in war nor politics, but spent his time in all the gay frivolities of the capital, till he became the most accomplished "*roue*" of the age; yet his vices were more the result of circumstances than of any natural depravity, for the Count truly possessed a warm and generous heart, and a noble spirit far removed above the actions he seemed to glory in. Early thrown on the world without restraint or a judicious adviser; with abundant wealth, and without sufficient strength of mind to withstand temptation—he fell into the whirlpool of dissipation—and love of excitement led him deeper into its giddy stream till he saw Rosalie St. Aubin, and then the hidden gleams of virtue began to dawn on his heart—his love for her was like a vision from another world—it was all pureness and truth, such as he had never before experienced in his love for woman, it partook more of idolatry than of human passion. The gallant Count de Clairville was not likely to be an unsuccessful suitor, and the gentle Rosalie trembled as she gave her hand where she had already placed her heart. Already he was half won to virtue, when the beauty of Madeline attracted his attention as she walked in the procession of the villagers, who came to welcome the young Countess.—Every art of flattery was tried to win her, but there was a purity and dignity of unsuspecting innocence in Madeline that daunted the purpose of even the Count de Clairville; he seemed to have given up his attempts when an opportunity presented itself which gave him encouragement. The night before Madeline's bridal, a party of soldiers had arrived in the village to collect conscripts for the army. The Count saw their commander, and at his

request Alphonse de Berri was first on the list of those who were to be torn from their peaceful homes. Next morn the sun burst forth in brightness, bathing the vine clad steep of Chamont with floods of living gold, and the glittering dew-drops reflected the lustre in their fairy globules—the light mist as it raised its vapoury folds from the still blue lake, seemed a cloud of incense floating to the sky, so richly was the air laden with perfume. The musk rose, mingled its scents with the jasmine, and the same breath which waved the orange flower, sighed o'er the lowly mignonette and kissed the leaves of the delicate accacia.—Early as it was, Madeline was at her window in her bridal attire—it was simple, but suited well the inimitable taste and grace of a French woman. A wreath of bright bluets, the bridal coronal of France, mingled with her dark tresses. She wore no diamonds, but her eyes would have dimmed their brilliance, and the richest textures of the looms of Genoa, could not have added to the graceful contour of her form or the exquisite loveliness of her face.—Around her stood her young companions, glad with mirth and with the free, light laugh of the unbroken heart, and with the bounding footstep that at once seemed ready to glide into the mazes of the gay quadrille. Never in Madeline's short life had she felt so happy—never had she looked so beautiful.

Some hours passed away—the dewdrops were exhaled from the balmy flowers—the sun was riding high in the blue heavens, and the village yet smiled in his beams; but a change had fallen on some of its dwellers.—On the same spot where she had stood in the light of morn, lay the pale form of Madeline. A few of the maidens yet lingered by her, and in silent sorrow tried to recall her to sensibility; her head reclined on the bosom of the aged priest as he wept over her like an infant. Alphonse had come to lead his bride to the altar, and on the very threshold of the sacred porch, the rude soldiers rushed between them and he was torn from her side, the conscription list was read—he pressed her once more wildly and hurriedly to his heart. A shriek of woe arose from the bystanders—Alphonse and four others of the village youths were borne away by the “gens de armes,” and Madeline fainted in the arms of Father Auboine, but soon she recovered to a sense of her bereavement. Some hope was given to the mother of Alphonse, that application to the Count de Clairville might procure the release of her son; this hope, futile as it was, she em-

braced, and that evening, she and Madeline proceeded to the “chateau.” Madeline alone was admitted to the presence of the Count—with the fervid eloquence of love she told her errand and prayed him to procure the return of Alphonse, not to herself alone, but to his widowed mother, whose life was centred in her son. The Count heard her in silence, and when she had finished, said he would grant her request, but on certain conditions. He well knew that no interest could obtain the release of a conscript from the army of Napoleon, but to say so, suited him not.

Madeline hastily enquired what these conditions were. The Count took her hand, and a few low words were breathed in her ear. Alas! that the sinless heart should ever have its brightness dimmed by a knowledge of the world's dark baseness. The words she had heard transfixed her to the earth, and in silence she stood with “eyes upraised and lips apart like monument of Grecian art;” then recalling her thoughts, she fled from the room, and taking the arm of the old woman hurried her rapidly from the *chateau*, and regardless of her repeated enquiries, she spoke not till she reached home, and then her tears gushing forth in hopeless sorrow told too truly how her mission had sped.

The Count de Clairville, in whom the transitions from vice to virtue were sudden, repented heartily of his conduct—his conscience smote him, for the misery he had caused.—The horror-stricken look of Madeline had done more for his reformation than his love for the fair Rosalie, or all the precepts which the sage has taught, and he inwardly vowed to make a speedy reparation for his misdeeds towards her. Such were his thoughts when a deep sigh sounded through the apartment: he raised the curtain of a recessed window, and on the crimson couch in the pale moonlight lay the Countess Rosalie. Fixed and death-like were the features of her face; she heard the words the Count had spoken to Madeline, and they chilled the warm blood of her young heart. The golden image which love had raised on the altar of her soul was dashed to pieces by their sound, and life and light darkened to her forever.

'Twas long 'ere she revived from that deep trance, and when she did, the rose of health was faded from her cheek, and her dark eye beamed not as it was wont. She spoke not of what caused it to be so, but said it was *malaria* from the calm blue lake of Chamont, which once she loved so much. The Count knew too

well the cause, and stung with remorse, he hurried her away and returned to Paris. The bright summer passed, and no news was heard of the *conscrip*t of Chamont. Father Auboine was dead, and when the autumn leaves were falling, Madeline watched by the death-bed of the mother of Alphonse. She died, and the day of her burial a soldier passing the village spread a rumour that Alphonse de Berri had been wounded in battle, and was now in Paris. Madeline's fancy instantly painted him on the couch of sickness, with none to cheer his hour of pain or wipe the damps from his aching brow. Her mind was immediately made up to hasten to him, and alone on foot she set out. The seventh day she reached the peopled wilderness of Paris; care-worn and weary with her toilsome journey, she mingled with the mighty throng which filled the spacious streets. She had none to direct or guide her where to find Alphonse, and towards evening, fatigued in body and bewildered in mind, she leaned against the stone pedestal of a statue in one of the squares for support, when her attention was attracted by the passing of a splendid carriage drawn by six magnificent horses. Among the velvet cushions reclined a lady of beautiful and interesting appearance. A young officer of the French army rode slowly by her side; his right arm was suspended in a sling, the other which held the reins of his gentle Arabian, rested on the side of her chariot, and the small white hand of the lady was laid upon it. She was listening with earnest attention to his conversation, and a sweet smile played around her lovely mouth. As they passed, the gentleman raised his head, and the dark expressive eyes of Alphonse de Berri met her wondering gaze—but he saw her not, and again he turned to the fair occupant of the carriage.

They moved on unknowing of the aching eyes which followed them, and soon were lost among the lofty domes and stately dwellings of the city. Short as her life had been, many a woe had fallen to the lot of Madeline, but now she felt that "grief beyond all other griefs when fate first leaves the young heart desolate, without that only tie, for which it loved to live or feared to die." Alphonse was false, and nothing now remained for the forsaken orphan but to seek a refuge in the grave.

The night came on, and she was driven from where she stood by the police; frightened, she fled from them, and wandered she knew not whither, till she paused before a chapel erected on the banks of the Seine. The cold moon-beam fell calmly on the polished marble of its

walls as it stood bright and pure among the dark pines. Madeline, accustomed to the simplicity of her native village, laid her hand upon the door—by some chance it had been left unfastened, and yielded to her touch. She entered and stood within its sacred precincts; long waxen tapers were yet burning on the altar, over which hung a splendid painting by Correggio, representing the legend of St. Rosalie, to whom the chapel was dedicated. The warm light fell on the seraphic features of the Saint, to which the magic pencil of the painter had imparted a look of such holy peace and pure devotion, that no thought of earth could linger in those who gazed on the calm blue of the heaven-raised eye and blessed smile which parted the lips of the imaged face. Madeline approached the altar and bowed her knee in prayer; she arose, and an object which before she had not observed, attracted her attention. Before her stood a bier containing the corpse of a woman. Madeline's heart was not timid, yet she could not help shuddering at being alone in the silent chamber of the dead; but what had she to fear whose greatest blessing would have been to have been freed from the world like those around her. Something flashed across her mind that the face of the dead was not unknown to her; she stood nearer—it was the Countess de Clairville, who died three days before, and had been laid before the shrine of her patron Saint before the dark portals of the tomb were to close upon her forever. Madeline wept as she gazed on the calm, placid brow and fair cheek, from which the finger of decay had not yet effaced the lines where beauty lingered. Long, long did she look on the still repose of the corpse, when the deep-toned bell of the chapel tolled the hour of midnight. She started, and a feeling of awe stole over her; a low wind sighed through the aisles, and the light of the tapers flickered in the blast. She looked again at the corpse, and what was her horror to see the shrouded head raised from the bier, and the eyes fixed on hers. Slowly the figure rose, and stood with clasped hands before her. Madeline stirred not—moved not; a deep sigh issued from the breast of the Countess, and a passionate flood of tears fell from her eyes. The chain which bound Madeline was broken;—she saw she stood not before the dead but before a living woman. The Countess trembled with cold and sunk on the steps of the altar. Madeline took the covering from herself and wrapped it around her;—a few drops of wine which remained in a cup on the altar, having been used at the funeral ser-

vice, was given her; she felt much revived, and leaning on Madeline's arm she hastened from the chapel and proceeded to her home, which was not far distant. They soon reached it and the door was opened by an aged porter: at the sight of his lady, he fell with a heavy groan to the ground;—they passed him, and the Countess led the way to her own apartments, where Madeline left her and went in search of her husband. Bitterly had the Count de Clairville repented of his conduct while he watched by the fading form of Rosalie. She had become convinced of his amendment and for his sake again wished to live. Her health began to recover, when suddenly at the time when hope was brightest she apparently died. The Count had settled his wealth on different charities, and to Madeline he had assigned a noble gift, as an atonement for the injustice he had done her, intending himself to retire to a monastery and there end his days. The morrow was to witness the interment of the Countess, and he was on his way to the chapel to look once more on that loved face when Madeline met him. He followed her, and Rosalie—the living Rosalie, was pressed once more to his bosom.

The Countess had always been subject to fainting fits, and had been thought dead when labouring under suspended action of the involuntary muscles. Had Madeline's sorrow not driven her to seek a shelter in the lonely chapel, the death might have been real, but "out of evil cometh forth good."

Madeline remained at the mansion of the Count de Clairville, the cherished friend of its master and mistress. The gift which the Count intended he now presented to her. Time was when her heart would have bounded with delight at the thought of Alphonse sharing it with her, but now it lay uncared for before her.—Some days after Madeline saw the same carriage and the horseman who once before had passed her stop at the entrance of the "Hotel de Clairville;" lightly Alphonse sprung from his horse—the carriage door opened, and the lady leaning on his arm ascended the marble steps and entered the house—"Oh!" said Madeline, "might this not have been spared me?" She turned from the window and wept bitterly; another instant passed—the door was opened and Madeline was clasped in the fond embraces of her own Alphonse. A few words explained all—once in the field of battle a bomb fell at Napoleon's feet, another instant and the mighty spirit might have been quenched, but a soldier caught him from behind and dragged

him to the earth; the fated missile burst and its contents spread far, bearing death in their course—the Emperor was unhurt, but his deliverer had received a severe wound in the arm. The young soldier was Alphonse de Berri; he was made a Colonel on the spot and sent to the Tuilleries to recover of his wound, when Josephine herself became his nurse. She was the lady whom Madeline had seen, and the tale Alphonse was telling was but the story of his love for her.

A month after, the palace of Versailles was gaily illuminated—music rung from the balconies and the dance was held in the lofty halls—again it was the bridal night of Madeline St. Clair. The Count de Clairville gave away the bride. Napoleon himself fastened diamond bracelets on her graceful arm, and the peasant maiden of Chamont with her conscript lover, shone the brightest ornaments of the elegant court of the Empress Josephine.

THE OLDEN TIME.

A GLORIOUS theme for the poet's dream

Are the ages long gone by;
When hearts beat light, and the wine-cup bright
In the chieftain's hall rose high!
When brave men strove in the lists of love,
Nerv'd by its potent spell;
And sought their prize in the beauteous eyes
Of the fair who loved them well!

No bard need wait at the castle gate,
His place is the huge hearth-side;
And still as death was the yeoman's breath,
As he touched his harp of pride.
His hand grew bold as the deeds he told
Of those in the Holy clime;
Of Paynim foe, and the hosts laid low
By the Knights of "Olden Time!"

The Palmer here would receive good cheer
Whilst resting him on his way;
And with rich store of monastic lore
Would their courteous greet repay.
The jest would pass, and the wassail glass
Would ring with the merry chime;
And full of glee and of minstrelsie,
Were the days of "Olden Time!"

As lathes must first be nailed on, and then the plaster must be applied and smoothed over them with a trowel; so must he who would win the affections of a young damsel, not only possess qualities to be admired, but he must lay the plaster of flattery on thick and smooth as a velvet cushion.

THE TREACHEROUS DUKE.

"Did not thy blood run cold when his true hand
Grasped thine ?

Is there no hope,
No wild escape, no glimmering ray of light ?"

Mrs. Norton.

It was a bright morning in June, and the sunbeams, broken by the mossy foliage of a cluster of oaks, shone through the richly stained glass of a gothic window, and played with an ever shifting radiance over the floor of an apartment exhibiting the marks of Moorish splendor and taste. The ceiling, covered with gold and azure wrought in arabesque displayed a delicacy and carefulness of finish unsurpassed in more modern times, and the blue silk that draped the walls—so successful had been the cunning hand of the artist—seemed glowing with living flowers. On a slab of snowy marble were arranged a number of vases of light and elegant workmanship filled with perfume, which shone through the clear porcelain like melted rubies, and diffused a fragrance through the room, rendered more agreeable by being blended with the odour of orange trees, myrtles and various kinds of flowers, wafted by the morning breeze through an open door.—This door was the only opening into a spacious court, in the centre of which was a jet of the purest water, which ascending nearly to the roof of the building, fell in a sparkling shower into an alabaster basin and imparted a most grateful and refreshing coolness. The airy elegance of the apartment and adjoining court, which might almost have been thought to belong to some enchanted palace, with the exception of the gothic window with its heavy but richly carved frame, suggested no idea of the gloomy, castellated structure to which they belonged.

On one of the cushions by which the whole of the interior of the apartment was encircled, and which were embroidered in the same rich and elaborate style as the drapery ornamenting the walls, sat a young and very lovely female. Over a garment of light coloured silk closely fitted to her form, she wore a robe of so dark and rich a crimson, that the shadows that rested in the folds deepened almost to a purple. It was gathered at the waist by a cincture of the purest gold, and the edges of the robe were beautifully embroidered with thread wrought from the same precious metal. Floating back from a plume of snowy feathers, which interspersed with small diamonds, seemed sparkling with dew-drops, she wore a mantilla of such

exceeding lightness, that at a short distance it appeared like nothing more than a silvery mist, while the minute sprigs of gold which thickly gemmed it, with every slight movement or fresh breath of air, had the appearance of glittering insects revelling over the soft dark ringlets which fell in glossy luxuriance to the cushions where she reclined. The close sleeves of her under dress left her arms bare below the elbow, which were fully revealed by the wide open sleeves of her robe, beneath the skirts of which peeped the fairy slippers which covered her feet, and which were half buried amid the yielding softness of a small, superb foot-cloth. From the neck of a guitar, which rested by her right side, a broad ribbon or sash, lightly fringed with gold, crossed her left shoulder, but her fingers rested idly on its strings, and she would at that moment willingly have consigned the instrument to eternal silence, could she have heard the tones of a well-beloved voice floating through the solitude of her magnificent apartment. But he was, so she believed, far away, and as the sweet and thrilling memories associated with his idea faded gradually from her thoughts, a langour came over her spirits which approached almost to slumber, as she listened to the grateful and soothing fall of the *jet d'eau* into the alabaster basin, and the low whisperings of the wind as it dallied with the leaves of the orange-trees and the myrtles.

The summer twilight was drawing to a close, when a cavalier mounted on a noble steed richly caparisoned, was seen approaching the castle.

"Who can it be ?" said a soldier to his companion, as they stood together on the battlement.

"I should not wonder if it were the Constable de Clission, himself," was the reply.

"But the Lady Amira does not except him so soon as this."

"It must be he, nevertheless, for we can see very well through the gloom, that the steed is a grey one, and to my mind the bearing of the rider is much like Sir Oliver's."

"It will be well to let the Lady Amira know then," and the soldier went to seek some one by whom to send the message.

Amira was now seen moving about her apartment with the grace and lightness of a fairy, and if her countenance had been beautiful when in repose, it was doubly so now, radiant as it was with joyful anticipation. She had ordered her attendant to bring candles, and she was alone when the door opened and the stately cavalier who had just arrived, with his plumed

cap pulled over his brows, entered. Amira flew to meet him, and with open arms he advanced to receive her, but ere she was folded in his embrace, she started back, exclaiming—

“Holy Mother, are you not then De Clisson?”

“No, Lady, a nobler than the Constable De Clisson stands before thee. The Duke of Brittany is here once more to sue for thy love, and ready to forget thy late haughty rejection of him.”

“If it were haughty *then*, it must be the same now. My sentiments have undergone no change since last we met, unless it be to regard the author of so base a proposal as you were pleased to make me, with still deeper disdain, than at the moment it fell from your lips.”

“By my troth, fair infidel, thy arrogance becomes thee well, and I have far greater hopes of winning thee, than if thy bearing were more calm and quiet. If thou hast smiles for one so far beneath me in rank as De Clisson, I doubt not but that thou wilt speedily find plenty for me. It was he doubtless, who caused thy cage to be so fairly gilded, but when he tires of his singing bird, he can with little trouble find another. Better accept the protection of one, who will surround thee with still greater splendor, and who is ready to swear by his trusty sword which never yet has failed him, that thou shalt ever hold the first place in his heart.”

“There have vows been plighted me, far holier than you promise, for they were breathed before the altar.”

“Thou darest not say that thou art a wife!”

“I not only dare to say thus, but I glory in saying that I am the wife of De Clisson.”

“Thy glory shall be turned to sorrow and shame, as the sun shines again on the earth, fair infidel.”

“I am no infidel, but a Christian, as this sacred emblem will show,” and she drew a small cross from beneath the cincture that girded her robe.

“I thank thee for removing the only scruple that lay upon my conscience, when I proffered thee my love, and ere we again meet, I will take good care that there be no husband in the way to burthen thine. Farewell, Lady De Clisson, I will be careful that thou dost not pine for my presence.”

The door had no sooner closed, than Amira, whose indignation began to give place to fear as regarded her husband’s safety, commenced writing a note, in which she warned him to beware of the Duke of Brittany, and ere fifteen

minutes had elapsed, a trusty messenger was on the road bearing it to his master.

At early dawn a letter was put into Amira’s hand. The hand-writing was unknown to her, but on opening it, she found that it was from the Duke of Brittany. The contents were as follow—

“Forget, if possible, fair lady, the rash words that fell from me last evening, or remember them only as the ebullition of momentary anger and jealousy. A few hours of cool reflection have caused me to see my folly and to view your conduct with the admiration it merits.—Persevere in your virtuous course and thus continue to render yourself worthy of the love of him you have chosen, whose virtues and bravery have ever recommended him to the kind consideration of every true and gentle knight.”

“The Duke cannot deceive me,” said Amira. “The malignant scowl that distorted his features proceeded from no momentary ebullition of anger, but from a fixed and deadly purpose of revenge.”

A messenger from De Clisson cut short her soliloquy. He had that moment arrived and had ridden hard, as was evident from the flush on his countenance and the dusty appearance of his dress.

“Has any thing happened to your master?” she inquired, anxiously.

“Nothing but good, my lady; and he sends you his kind greeting with the assurance that he had intended to be with you himself by this time, had not the noble Duke of Brittany sent a special messenger inviting him, in company with Lord Beaumanoir, and others, to pay a visit of inspection to the castle of Ermyne, which he is now building. So courteous and pressing in invitation he could not with decency refuse, but he bids me tell you that he will be here to-morrow night without fail.

“Did my messenger arrive before he started for Ermyne castle?”

“No, my lady, there was no messenger came from you or any other person, and as he took the cross-road for the purpose of taking Lord Beaumanoir with him, he will not meet him.”

To the mind of Amira this sudden complaisance of the Duke, was by no means a favourable omen, and at first she resolved to despatch a second note to her husband, but another expedient presenting itself to her mind, she immediately commenced putting it into execution.

A gay cavalcade, consisting of the Duke De Clisson, Lord Beaumanoir, Lord Delaval, and others, with their several attendants, having assembled at the Duke’s palace, where they received liberal entertainment, proceeded merrily

towards Ermyne castle. Two hours of brisk riding brought them to its gate. The Duke, with great courtesy, conducted them into the building and through the different apartments. Last of all, he led them to the chief tower, at the door of which he addressed De Clisson.

"Sir Oliver," said he, "I know of no man this side of the sea, who is a better judge of architecture than yourself. Wherefore, I pray you ascend the stairs and examine the building of the tower. If in your opinion it be well, I am content, and if any thing be amiss, it shall be reformed after your device."

"With right good will," replied De Clisson. "Please go before and I will follow you."

"Nay," said the Duke, "go you up alone, and in the mean time I will talk with the Lord Delaval."

De Clisson, who suspected no treachery, and who might probably feel flattered at the high opinion the Duke expressed of his judgment and taste, ascended the stairs without further parley. When he had arrived above the first stage, armed men who were lying in ambush in a chamber, opened the door, and while some of them descended to secure the door beneath, others followed him, and rudely pushing him into a chamber, fettered him with three bolts of iron.

"In doing thus do you obey the orders of the Duke?" said De Clisson.

"Ay," replied one of the men, with an insulting laugh, "and you will, I doubt not, have time to form, at least, *one* device for the alteration of the tower, before your labours are cut short by the gibbet."

They now withdrew, and locking the door, left the prisoner to his own bitter reflections.

Whatever those who accompanied De Clisson to the castle might think of the Duke's treachery, they neither uttered remonstrance or made the slightest allusion to their late companion's fate. Soon afterwards, in company with the Duke, they mounted their horses and departed, having first drank so deeply of the wine-cup, as, in a great measure, to overcome the uncomfortable feeling of restraint occasioned by the fate of De Clisson. They had not proceeded more than half a dozen miles, when they beheld a page, on a coal-black jennet advancing with a speed that denoted him to be on an errand of no little moment. As he drew near he slackened his pace, and they began to imagine that he wished to hold some conversation with them, but just before he arrived against the foremost horseman, he lightly pressed his spurred heels against the sides of his

jennet, and at the same time pulling his cap over his brow and burying the lower part of his face in the bosom of his doublet, he shot by them with the swiftness of an arrow. Though they called on him to stop, he gave them no heed, and when at last it was decided by the Duke of Brittany to send a servant in pursuit of him, the waving plumes of his cap vanished beneath the brow of a distant hill.

"Let him go," said the Duke, "for by the bright eyes and saucy tongue of the Lady Amira, it can be no mortal that rides at such a rate, but some elfin king, and if we would remain free from the power of his mischievous pranks, it is best that we let him be at liberty to pursue his mad course according to his own humour."

"Elf or mortal, it was a right dainty foot which he pressed against the foam-covered coat of his little Arab steed," said Lord Delaval, "and I would lay a louis d'or against a sou, that the Lady Amira, herself, would find her toes sorely pinched in one of his slippers."

"There's not a page this side the sea," said the Duke, "that can wear the Lady Amira's slippers, which you will be ready to acknowledge when you see her in the halls of Ermyne castle, or, if you are not ready to do so, there are sharper arguments than words, of which we will not be chary."

The page, in the mean time, was drawing towards the castle where De Clisson was a prisoner. The last light of day was fast fading from the west as he drew up beneath the shelter of some birches that drooped over a rivulet. He sprang from his panting steed, and stood a moment as if irresolute.

"If De Clisson has already fallen beneath the dagger of the assassin," he murmured, half audibly, but without finishing the sentence, he pressed his hand against his brow as if there were madness in the thought, while the beatings of his heart might almost have been heard beneath his silken doublet.

There was a calm and placid beauty in the surrounding scene, that seemed to mock the agony of his excited feelings. The moon was up, weaving her web of silvery radiance with the deepening shades of twilight, and tinging with her fairy light the glossy foliage of the birches that shivered at every breath of air. The noisy sounds of the workmen who had toiled during the day on the massive, half-finished structure, which formed the only gloomy object in the scene, were now hushed, and each had retired to the bosom of his family to enjoy his customary season of repose. The

measured tread of the lonely sentinel was the only sound that broke the stillness. A slight rustling was heard among the birches, and a man emerged from their covert.

"Can you tell me," said the page, "if the Constable De Clisson has been here to-day, in company with the Duke of Brittany?"

"The Duke has been here," he replied, "in company with several brave looking cavaliers, but I knew not their names. I will conduct you to yonder sentinel, my pretty lad, and he may be able to tell you."

The sentinel ceased his measured walk, as the slight and beautiful figure of the page stood before him.

"I have a message for Sir Oliver De Clisson," said he, "which, if he be in the castle, I must deliver to him without delay."

"Sir Oliver is in the castle and a prisoner," he replied, "and no message can be delivered to him, except through his keeper."

"Where can I find his keeper?" inquired the page.

"I cannot leave my post," replied the sentinel, "but in half an hour my first watch will be past, and I will then show you."

The impatient page was obliged to wait the half hour, and the sentinel then performed his promise. Before the keeper had time to reply to his request, a horseman was seen coming towards the castle at full speed. In a few moments he was beside them.

"Villaret," said he, "I have a letter for you which requires immediate attention. It is from the Duke of Brittany."

"I would rather he would send ten verbal messages than one written one," said Villaret, advancing to a lamp burning near. "I have not had a pen in my hand since I was a boy, and I had as lief undertake to decipher the characters within the charmed circle of the magician, as these fine lines.

It was in vain that Villaret held the letter so as to receive the full benefit of the lamp-light; the contents, to him, remained an impenetrable mystery, and he was obliged to request the aid of the bearer, who being better skilled in chirography, was able to read it.

"It is an order," said he, "for the execution of the Constable De Clisson, to-morrow, at sunrise."

"Impossible!"

"It is true."

"I almost wish that you had been as ignorant of writing as myself."

"Will you obey the order, then?"

"I dare not do otherwise."

During this short colloquy, the page had stood pale and motionless, as a marble statue, but his feelings now, spurning all control, he threw himself at Villaret's feet, and adjured him by all he held dear to suffer De Clisson to make his escape. There was a bewildering sweetness in his broken and passionate tones of entreaty, and a wild, almost unearthly beauty in his pale, uplifted face, which at first seemed to chain the faculties of the keeper, as if he were spell-bound. Rousing himself, with an effort, he raised the kneeling page, and at the same time averting his face as if he feared there was fascination in his glance, he replied--

"No, my good boy, I cannot grant your request—if I should, the doom intended for De Clisson will fall on me."

"Fly—go beyond the sea, where the Duke can have no power over you."

"Better die than leave my country."

The page took a purse, well-filled with gold, and handed it to Villaret. "Open De Clisson's prison-door," said he, "and this, besides wealth more than you ever dreamed of possessing, shall be yours."

"It would take a far less eloquent tongue than this gentle boy's," said the bearer of the letter, "to persuade me from doing so foul a deed. I should much rather live in a foreign land with plenty of gold and a good conscience, than live in my own country with no better companions than poverty and guilt.

Villaret stood musingly. The page felt that he was making a final decision in his own mind, whether to obey the mandate of the Duke, or to suffer the prisoner to escape, and there was a look in his large dark eyes, as they rested upon him with their intense and mournful gaze, that seemed to say that his words would be to him life or death. He spoke at last, mildly but firmly--

"My poor boy," said he, "the Constable De Clisson has been a kind master to you, no doubt, or you would not be so anxious to save him. I would willingly spare your heart a pang, but I dare not disobey the orders of the Duke. If I should, I shall be hunted like a beast of prey. The prisoner must die."

A faint cry burst from the page. He staggered back a few paces, grasped an open door to prevent falling, while a stream of blood gushed from his parted lips.

"Your words have killed him," said Villaret's companion. As he spoke, he gently placed him on the ground, and supporting his head on his knee he loosened the silken doublet which was buttoned closely round his throat.

At the same moment his plumed cap falling off a cloud of rich dark curls burst from the confinement of the slight band that held them, and fell so low as to sweep the ground.

"Villaret," this is no page, but a lady," said the man, as he wiped a fresh gush of blood from her lips.

"I am De Clisson's wife," she faintly murmured—"let me die in his arms."

"Your wish shall be obeyed," said Villaret, "and De Clisson shall live, if my own life prove the price of his."

The massy door of the prison-room was thrown open, and Amira was conveyed to the presence of her husband. At sight of her, De Clisson, forgetful of the fetters that bound him, attempted to rush forward. She feebly extended her arms towards him, but they fell down powerless—her eyes closed, and she was no longer conscious of joy or sorrow. De Clisson placed his hand on her heart. There was a slight pulsation that told that life was not extinct.

Weeks had passed away, and in the same apartment on the low embroidered cushions, where we first beheld the Lady Amira with the rich glow of health mantling her cheeks, she was again reclining. As the morning breeze, laden with the delicious perfume of flowers and ripe fruits, swept through the apartment, a faint, yet healthful colour, such as tinge the outer petals of the water-lily, came to her cheeks, and her eyes beamed with a soft and natural brilliancy. De Clisson sat beside her, and while one hand rested on his, the fingers of the other roved playfully amid the profuse curls of her hair.

"And have you nothing to fear from the Duke of Brittany," said she, "or have you been amusing me with false hopes?"

"No, Amira," he replied, "I have not been amusing you with false hopes. My life, as respects him, is perfectly safe, but it has been redeemed at an immense price. Little is left me but this castle and you, my beloved Amira—but with these I envy not the Duke his ill-gotten wealth."



TO VIOLETS.

SEE in how small a space,
Nature's skill'd hand can trace,
Proportions fair—
Beauty and sweetness vie,
To charm the sense and eye,
With colours rare!

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame, and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joy, at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases;—that cares and anxieties are forgotten;—that the worn-out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired labourer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he has been a stranger perhaps for the past week, where a loving wife, and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the ~~water~~ ~~growing~~ vines, nourished by his parental care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances, so faithfully and vividly evinced by this periodical time of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge, how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian's? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His waiting soul looks forward to that morn when, sweetly smiling, the great Redeemer burst death's portals and completed man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in his sanctuary on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual, that he may feast on the joys, ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.

For The Amaranth.

To T— B—.

FORGET thee, no! I'll think of thee,
 When first bright moon appears—
 When gaily o'er the deep, deep sea
 Thy gallant vessel steers.
 Oh, then I'll raise the silent prayer,
 That heaven will guard and bless—
 And keep thee safe from every snare,
 That round thy steps e'er press.

I'll think of thee when gentle eve,
 Her own soft radiance throws :
 When night her gloomy curtains weave—
 And lulls us to repose.
 When hushed is each tumultuous noise,
 When calmly nature rests—
 Oh! then to heaven I'll raise my voice,
 That thou may'st still be blest.

And oh, I'll think and pray for thee,
 When tempests rage around ;
 When roaring waves dash fearfully,
 And billows madly bound—
 When thine own brave heart almost despairs,
 Then look to one above,
 Together let us raise our prayers—
 He'll shield thee with his love.

Forget! oh no, I'll not forget,
 Though seas our hearts divide,
 Though far away—I'll love, 'till yet
 Unchanged thou'rt by my side ;
 Then, then, to an Almighty arm,
 The grateful song I'll raise,
 He shielded thee from every harm,
 To Him be all the praise.

St. John, November, 1841.

H. S. B.

THE MAIDEN'S ENQUIRY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

TELL me where the God of Love
 Dwells by mortal eyes unseen ?
 Shall I seek him in the grove,
 On the dew bespangled green—

Where the sparkling fountains spring,
 Untasted by the lips of man—
 Where the swallow laves her wing,
 And summer zephyrs lightly fan ?

In modest bud and blushing flower
 I sought the urchin to surprise,
 Till wandering near thy favourite bower,
 I caught him laughing in thine eyes!

Montreal Garland.

THE GONDOLIER.

DURING a short residence in Venice, it was my habitual custom to enjoy the sweet hours of twilight in sailing among the canals and lagoons, in one or other of the many beautiful gondolas which, at every quarter, are to be obtained for a trifling expense. Among the various gondoliers whom I employed, was one whose appearance and conversation peculiarly attracted my notice. He was a man, I should consider, nearly sixty years of age, and who, although thus old, yet presented a noble person, with most exquisitely formed features—his conversation, too, was likewise characterized by a purity and elegance of language, which showed that he had moved in a better sphere than the lower order of Venetians. Whenever I could find Fabiano, for that was his name, among the gondoliers, I was certain to engage him, and thus, from frequent association, a kind of intimacy was soon established between us.—One evening we were more conversant than usual, and Fabiano happening to remark that he had been in Paris, from which capital I had just come, I ventured to hint—"That I was of opinion that he had once seen better days."—My remark called from him a deep sigh, and he mournfully replied—

"Ah, Signor, you are right, but they are gone never to return."

"Is your life a secret?" I inquired. "You have always appeared to me to be suffering from some deep grief. If you are willing, confide in me, Fabiano; I promise that your confidence shall not be abused."

"I believe you, signor," he answered. "I will confide in you; to tell you my sorrow, perhaps will lighten my heart, but I fear I will fatigue you with that which you cannot help, and in which you cannot be expected to take an interest."

"You do not know," I replied. "Let me have it. I at least promise you attention and secrecy."

Reclining on his oars, he thus began his narration without further preface.

THE GONDOLIER'S STORY.

"I was not always a gondolier, signor, but circumstances over which I had no control, compelled me to adopt the calling. I was born in Venice, and although I am now known as Fabiano, my right name is Gaetono Fiorello. My father, who was one of the wealthiest merchants, determined that I, his only child, should be educated in a style equal to the sons of our republican nobles, and with this design,

I was sent to the college of Padua, one of the most ancient and famous in Italy.

"I had reached, at this time, my twentieth year, and with all the passions natural to that age, sought for amusement in the intervals of my studies. With money at my command, and the thousand temptations which presented themselves, I need not say that I was soon initiated into all the gaities of fashionable life. A certain number of young Patricians, at this time, were studying at the same university, and although their birth and family pride caused them to draw a line of demarcation between themselves and the sons of citizens, nevertheless they seemed to consider that I was entitled to ally myself to their party, thinking, no doubt, that my wealth counterbalanced the want of nobility, and on all occasions, I became a participator in their extravagancies and pleasures. My father, too, denied me nothing, but countenanced my most unbounded desires, and liberally provided me with money, in the supposition that I should acquire a rank in society from such associations, which my birth could not for me procure.

"Among the party, was a young Patrician, Lorenzo Morosoni, of one the most ancient families of Venice. His illustrious house having given no less than four Doges to the republic, he was one of the haughtiest of the young nobles, and had particularly distinguished himself by his studies. We were exactly of the same age, and being addicted to the same tastes and amusements, soon became inseparable. One trait in his character, and which exalted him highly in my esteem, was his inveterate hatred to the distinction of rank. He spoke with disdain of the arrogance of the Patricians. A republic without individual liberty, was, in his eye, an absurdity, and the extreme inequality of conditions, a monstrous combination. He openly declared the Venitian oligarchy a hundred times more despotic than an absolute monarchy, and at every opportunity, sought to disseminate his doctrines among the students of the university, and had he not belonged to a family of unbounded power, the poniard or the wave would certainly have silenced him.

"Our studies being completed, we hastened to Venice to once more repose in the arms of our families. In our conversation, I had frequently heard him mention the name of his sister, whose beauty and amiable qualities, he extolled with all the fervour of a fond brother, and I, naturally inheriting a romantic disposition, became inspired with the tenderest sentiments for the young Emilia.

"Lodovico Morosoni, the father of Lorenzo, received me with the greatest affability, when he learned I was the friend of his son, and although of an aristocratic nature, his manners were gentle, and his courtesy most gracious. He introduced me to his spouse, the Lady Beatrice, who was equally kind in her reception of me. There, too, for the first time, I beheld Emilia. The dream of my heart was then realized—my destiny was written. I will not attempt to describe her person, for my adoration of her, would render my language impious. She was all that perfection in humanity could achieve, and my youthful heart was at once captivated.

"From that moment, a total alteration took place in my feelings—sleeping or waking, Emilia was ever before my eyes. I loved her! 'Love the daughter of Morosoni?' said I, to myself; 'what temerity.' Even though my passion was reciprocated, how could I ever hope that the chief of a Ducal family would consent to give his daughter to a plebeian. Lorenzo quickly marked a change in my appearance and feelings, and questioned me as to the cause. I replied that it was owing to an illness which then had befallen my father, and endeavoured to assume my former look of joy and content.

"It happened at this time the carnival came on, that joyous season of ball and masque.—One night there was a magnificent *fete* given at the house of a senator, named Zeno, to which his son, Manfredi, had invited myself and some other students who had studied with him at Padua, and among the female guests was Emilia. About midnight, fatigued with the dance and the heat of the apartments, Emilia expressed a desire to inhale the breeze, and, in obedience to her request, her brother and myself conducted her to the balcony which overlooked the sea. It was a night never to be effaced from my remembrance. The brilliant moon rolled through a sky of spotless ether, over which were scattered innumerable stars, and the pure breeze came blandly o'er the cheek of Emilia as the wings of a zephyr saluting the rose. Oh, night of beauty! I was then young, rich and happy—in the mansion of one of the most powerful noblemen of Venice, and by the side of the idol of my heart. Alas, what a contrast! What am I now? an humble gondolier, poor, old and forsaken, without a prop to sustain me, or a friend to soothe my griefs. Oh, would to Heaven that this heart would burst."

The old man buried his head in his hands, and wept. I sought not to interrupt the luxury

of grief, but awaited his recital. At length he continued :

"Emilia removed her mask, and we seated ourselves to listen to the music, and the plaintive barcarole, as it came from the fishermen in the distant lagoons. Suddenly there glanced before us an elegant domino, who, in the soft voice of a female, said, 'Does Lorenzo prefer the charms of a moonlight revelry to the delights of the dance?'

"At these words the masquer vanished, and Lorenzo followed her swiftly, promising to return. For the first time in my life, I was alone with Emilia; at the same moment the moon broke forth in all its glory. The scene was magnificent. Sea, tower, dome and spire, were embathed in the radiance, and Emilia, casting her eyes toward Heaven, as if ravished with the splendour of the scene, looked like a seraph in breathless adoration.

"I see,' said I, 'that Emilia prefers to gaze upon the beauties of nature, to indulge in the luxury of solitude, to the turbulent pleasures of the *fete*.'

"Ah, Gaetano!' she replied, with a deep sigh, 'all hearts have their moments of sadness.'

"Sadness!' I exclaimed. 'Surely thou knowest nought but happiness!'

"Alas!' murmured she, with a sweet smile, 'what is happiness?'

"It is to love!' I passionately exclaimed.

"The vehemence with which I pronounced these words, made her start, and borne on by the violence of my feelings, I continued—

"Are you unhappy, Emilia?—unhappy that you love? Am I the unfortunate cause? If so do not blame me. I cannot see thee but to adore.'

"Emilia became pale and trembling, and looking upon me, said, 'I will be plain with you, Gaetano. I love you, and my heart can never love another; but you know the insurmountable barrier that is placed between us; the pride of family will never permit our union, and therefore it is better that we crush the flower of our loves in the bud,' and in saying this, she covered her face with her hands, while I beheld a tear glistening through her fingers. A tear—a tear of Emilia's, and for me. Oh, moment—oh, only and happy luxury that was ever on me conferred.

"Emilia,' said I to her with fervor, 'dear Emilia—arbiter of my destiny—if you desire it, I will struggle to subdue my passion. Fear nothing from my love. I shall adore in silence, and respect your peace a hundred times more than my life.'

"The return of Lorenzo interrupted this brief and indecisive conversation. The confusion of his sister appeared to strike him; he regarded me with astonishment, and without speaking, conducted Emilia back to the saloon.

"The next day I was on the grand canal in my gondola, when I encountered Lorenzo.

"I have been looking for you. I desire to speak with you,' said he, coldly.

"Well!' replied I, 'you have found me; what do you require?' and passing into his gondola, he drew the curtains, and spoke as follows :

"Gaetano,' said he, in a low and collected tone, 'Gaetano, you love my sister. It is vain for you to deny it—I know, and am certain of it.'

"I will not dissimulate with you,' I replied; 'it is true. I do love your sister—love her to distraction.'

"How, sir?' cried he, 'do you not know the immense barrier which exists between you?'

"Yes, Lorenzo, I know the distance which separates us, but I also know your friendship for me, and I have dared to believe that it will now not be withheld.'

"Count not on that,' cried he, with vehemence, count not on that; my friendship for an ingrate, will never lead me so far as to sacrifice the honour of my house.'

"The honour of your house, Lorenzo! I do not understand you. Where are those republican sentiments that you so lately professed? those high and generous feelings which actuated your every movement. The honour of your house! Think you that the love of an honest man for the daughter of a Venetian noble is a stain upon the 'scutcheon of your family? I am, it is true, the son of a merchant, but his conduct is without reproach, and the integrity of his sentiments entitle him to the respect of the republic. We are simple citizens, I allow, but we are rich and powerful, and, after all, there are few families that lay claim to nobility, but what have derived their rank from the exercise of the merchant's profession. I mean no disrespect to the heir of Morosoni, who is my friend. I wish still to hold him as such, but I will not sacrifice the independence of principle and honesty, to pride and aristocratic tyranny.' Lorenzo, who had listened to me with impatience, said :

"Enough, sir. It is not for you to tax me with a change in my principles; but why should I be surprized? I have descended too far in making you the friend of my heart.— This is a fit reward for my folly.'

“This language, Lorenzo, is astonishing and offensive,” I replied. ‘I had hoped to have been able to appeal to your reason—to your feelings, but I see with profound regret, that I can to neither; but be assured, if aught could persuade me from continuing my addresses to your sister, your menaces would be the very last.’

“If they cannot, at least, I shall forbid your ever beholding Emilia again.”

“That is a right, sir,” I answered quickly, which I shall take the liberty to contest.”

“We shall see,” said Lorenzo.

“The dispute being ended, we parted. We who were once inseparable friends, were now irreconcilable enemies. I returned to my home, and shortly after, I received a letter from the elder Morosoni, couched in respectful yet serious language, requesting that I should no more consider myself a visitor at his palace.

“What was to be done? how was I to obtain a sight of Emilia? If I dared to force myself into the palace, certain destruction, I was sure, awaited me. Thus circumstanced, my only consolation was, at night, to wrap myself in my mantle, and pace before the gates of the palace, in hopes that I should see her at her casement, or to embark in my gondola, and give myself up a prey to melancholy, watching the dashing of the waves, and imagining them to the agitated feelings of my bosom.

“At this time, I had a valet in my service, by name Stefano, who was attached to the maid-servant of Emilia, and entrusting him with my secret, I endeavoured to gain intelligence of what was passing in the Morosoni palace, but this, too, was denied me, all access being strictly guarded. All that he could learn was, that Emilia was destined, by her parents, to espouse a member of the Grimani family, but against whom she had expressed herself in terms of strong repugnance. This report of Stefano served only to increase my agony, while my rage against Grimani knew no bounds. In every place, and at all hours, I sought to encounter him, but in vain.

“One day, having wandered in search of him, I found myself opposite the church of Saint Marc, and entering it, sought to calm my agitated bosom by the holy solitude of the place. Leaning against a pillar, I beheld a female figure closely enveloped in a mantle, which entirely concealed her visage. Suddenly she approached me, and thinking her a mendicant, I was about to offer her some money, when she slipped, mysteriously, a letter into my hand, and darted from my presence.—

Regardless of the place he broke the seal, and read:—

“There are beings who still love you. They wish to sacrifice Emilia in marriage to Grimani, but she will never consent. A convent shall receive her sooner. For her sake, support life.
‘BIANCA.’

“Oh, joy unutterable. Emilia then loved me. She prayed that for her sake, I should support life. This unexpected intelligence revived again my hopes, and I felt as breathing a new existence. One morning shortly after this, Stefano entered my apartment with the intelligence that a magnificent mask was that night to be given at the Morosoni palace, and I at once resolved, under disguise, to be admitted, and thus, perhaps, procure a sight of the being of my love. Stefano acquiesced in my design, and having obtained for me the necessary disguise, at midnight, I departed for the palace. Amidst the bustle and confusion which reigned, as the guests arrived, it was not difficult to effect admission, and I shortly found myself in the principal apartment. As I entered, I was seized with a giddiness, and nearly was falling; when my eyes chanced to rest upon Emilia. She was seated upon a sofa, without her mask; her face was pale, and her beautiful eyes, once bright as diamonds, were sunk and lustreless; her whole aspect contrasting strangely with the rich habiliments in which she was attired. Around her were seated her parents, and by her side stood Lorenzo. I saw, too—oh, agony—my rival bending over, and breathing in her ear his words of—perhaps of love, but to which she coldly listened. In perceiving Grimani, my first feeling was to place my hand upon my sword. Judge of my feelings—of my horrid situation. There, in the midst of a magnificent assembly, surrounded by the richest and most powerful in Venice, with a thousand lamps making the scene more brilliant than day—a thousand instruments sending forth their strains of melody, and the laugh and smile of joy and innocence around me. There I stood enveloped in my robes of darkness, burning with the furies of love and hate. I was in the dark cloud which conceals the tempest, ere the thunderbolt bursts forth to level and destroy.

“As I thus stood, a rich mask approached me, and laughingly said to the others around him, ‘What silent visitor have we here? Why, his very habit is the symbol of melancholy.’

“I recognized the voice of my friend, Manfredi, but replied not, and only endeavoured to elude his presence, by mixing in the throng; but he was not to be evaded, and seizing my arm, continued, ‘I will know who we have

here,' and was about to look beneath my mask, when finding it impossible to elude his vigilance, I whispered in his ear—

“Manfredi, in the name of Heaven, be not so indiscreet. I am Gaetano Fiorello!”

“Imprudent!” he exclaimed aloud, then lowering his voice, in great agitation, said—‘why have you come here? Know you not that if you are discovered, instant death will follow your temerity?’ As he uttered these words, Lorenzo passed before us.

“Do you know, Manfredi,” he demanded, ‘who is this strange domino? I have several times observed him; he moves about with the air of an apparition.’

“Tut,” said Manfredi, laughingly, ‘he is a friend of mine, who is a little suspicious that his mistress is not altogether true to him, and I am rallying him upon his folly.’

“Enough; I shall therefore respect his incognito, otherwise I should have demanded his name and business,” and saying this, he left us.

“Thus saved by the quickness of my friend, I was on the eve of departing, when my eye again caught the figure of Emilia, and I was rivetted to the spot. She was moving about the apartment in the midst of admirers, and I involuntarily joined the group. I followed her, breathing in secret, my last adieux, and venting my curses on my rival. Suddenly a hand seized mine, and slipped within it a fragment of paper. I turned to the mask, but it made a sign to me to be silent, and vanished from my sight. Agitated almost to fainting, I hurried from the ball-room into the court-yard—there, by the glimmering of a lamp, and alone, I read traced in pencil, these lines:

“You are known—fly, or danger will overtake you. He is even now—”

“The hand which had commenced the billet, had not had time to finish it, but I could recognize it to be that of Bianca. At the same moment, Manfredi came running towards me.

“There is not a moment to be lost,” he exclaimed, in great agitation. ‘Depart. They are in search of you.’

“I was paralyzed; I could not move, while he hurried me unconscious from the scene.

“On the canal reigned great confusion, owing to the multitude of gondolas hurrying to and fro. Finding that it would be difficult to steer our gondola, Manfredi proposed that we should fly on foot, and I willingly obeyed his counsel.

“The night was dark and rainy, not a single star sparkled in the heavens, and I was mechanically led by Manfredi, without speaking,

along the banks of the canal. Already we had passed over several of the narrow bridges which every where abound, that without parapets or other defence, are so perilous to the foot passengers, and were about to cross another when there appeared a figure, tall, and enshrouded in a cloak, in the middle of it, standing as if to prevent our passage. Suddenly he cast from him his disguise, discovering a gorgeous habit. I recognized Lorenzo. He drew his sword, and in a voice of rage exclaimed:

“Traitor! here thou shalt expiate thy audacity. Nothing can save you from the chastisement you merit.’

“Lorenzo,” I replied, ‘I am the most unfortunate of mortals, but traitor I am none. If you desire my life, strike home. I offer myself a victim to your passion. Life is to me a burden. It is fit, since you have abandoned me as your friend, that you should become my assassin.’

“Thy cowardice!” replied he, transported with anger, ‘is equal to thy perfidy; but think not to escape me. Draw, villain—base seducer—or I shall plant my sword in thy bosom.’

Manfredi, indignant at his language, had interposed himself between us, and struck the sword from his hand: justly irritated in my turn, I had drawn to defend myself, but more in the hope of disarming my aggressor, when, oh, God! how shall I speak it? he rushed upon me; blinded with rage, he aimed at me a blow, and stumbling, received my weapon in his body. The blade pierced through and through, and staggering, he fell into the water of the canal. A deep splash broke upon mine ear, and then a dead dull silence followed.

“I would have fallen upon my sword, I would have plunged into the canal, had not Manfredi prevented me. Securing my weapon, and taking my hand, he said, ‘Leave this place; he has met only the fate he merited; he would have deprived thee of life, had not his own rage turned his intent against himself,’ with these words he dragged me from the fatal scene, and directing our steps to his palace, we reached it, in a state of mind which I will not, cannot describe.

“What was then to be done? concealment was impossible, and my only safety lay in flight; but then to leave Emilia—to quit Venice, the spot in which my all of life was centered, I found I could not do. ‘I will stay,’ I cried frantically to Manfredi, ‘I will surrender myself as his murderer.’

“Madman! he exclaimed; ‘you shall not. Venice you must quit, and instantly. Emilia

shall know the truth of this; it is essential that you should appear innocent in her eyes. Your conscience cannot reproach you; an involuntary act is not a crime, but if you remain in Venice, guilty or not, you cannot escape the inflexible tribunal of the inquisition. Go, then, Gaetano, and hope for better times, confide in my friendship, and doubt not all will yet be well.'

"Persuaded by his words, but more by the train of events, I consented. My only desire was, that I should say farewell to my father; but this Manfredi would not yield to. Not a moment was therefore lost; all was quickly prepared for my journey, and his valet and two gondoliers, men, brave and determined, engaged themselves for my safety. Manfredi wished to attend me to the gondola, but feeling he had already compromised himself too much, I declared, positively, that I would not depart, unless he renounced such an intention. All being ready, we descended in silence the stairs of the palace, and parted with a deep and mutual embrace; we wept, we could not speak—but we felt our hearts beating against each other, a more eloquent testimony of friendship, than all the language of the lips.

"In the gondola I found arms, and a purse, containing a thousand sequins. It took but a short time to thread the canals, and darkness still reigned, when I landed not far from Mestre, near to which, on the main road to Treviso, Manfredi possessed a country villa, where I was immediately conducted by Domenico, the faithful valet. An old and faithful steward was the only inhabitant, and to him, Domenico communicated the order of his master, which was, that he should provide me instantly with a horse, to convey me to Vincennes. The honest Domenico would accept of no recompense, and it was with difficulty that I could prevail upon him to receive twenty-five sequins to divide among the two brave gondoliers, who had striven so nobly to preserve me.

"A few hours after their departure, I obtained from the old steward, the habit of a peasant, and mounting my steed, took the road for the Alps, the foot of which, I reached on the second day of my journey, where, leaving my horse, and engaging a place in a carriage on its return to Valteline, easily gained the little town of Chiavenna. There I took a guide to conduct me into Switzerland.—From thence I followed the banks of the beautiful Rhine, and at last, departed for the capital of France.

"Since my departure from Venice, I had

been ignorant of what had transpired, and was a complete prey to sorrow and suspense. One day, to my great delight, I encountered a young Venitian in the streets of Paris, who had come thither to complete his studies, and from him, I learned that the Quarantine tribunal had condemned me to death, with the confiscation of my present wealth, and all that should hereafter descend to me. I was also informed that Emilia had expressed her determination never to espouse my rival, and received the consent of her father to enter a convent.

"Finding that I dare not return to Venice I resolved to place myself under the principal philosophers of the French capital. and by study, dissipate, in some degree, my melancholy reflections. Although, by the laws of the republic, my father was forbidden to assist me, yet he, nevertheless, contrived that I should receive a sufficient sum for my support. For three years did I thus exist, when I received the news of his death, with the intelligence that his property had been seized upon by the government. Thus circumstanced, I was comparatively destitute in the world, and resolved to seek a living in some less luxurious city, than that of Paris. With this resolution, I departed for Milan, and there found support, by assisting in its university. One morning as I was hurrying along the Servian Place, the common promenade of the Milanese, feeling myself somewhat fatigued, I seated myself on one of the benches with which it abounds.—On the same was seated a woman, whose dress and appearance bespoke her of the common order. In regarding her, it struck me that her face was familiar to me, but when or where I had seen her, I could not recollect. I observed, also, that from time to time, she seemed to examine my features minutely. Suddenly a ray of remembrance flashed across my brain.

"'If I mistake not, it is Bianca that I see,' I said to her.

"'Are you not Gaetano Fiorello?' she cried in return.

"In short, it was Bianca, once the female confidante of Emilia. Since our separation, six years had passed over her head and mine, and many changes had taken place with us both. You may therefore easily judge how many questions we had to ask of each other, and how interesting was our conversation.

"'Emilia! Emilia! lives she?' was the first question which tremblingly I addressed to Bianca.

"'I have quitted Venice these two years,'

she replied to me, 'but Emilia then lived, though her health was shattered, and her spirit broken. She is now *religieuse*, in the convent of Catharine, of the order of Saint Augustine, under the name of sister Helena.'

"'And her father—her excellent mother—and my friend Manfredi Zeno—what has become of them? Speak, my dear Bianca; speak, I conjure you.'

"'The signor Morosoni and his lady, are now no more. The father of Emilia died four years since, and the Signor Beatrice shortly afterwards followed him to the tomb. As for Signor Manfredi, it is three years since he quitted Venice, to go to Vienna, and he had not returned at my departure. But you, sir, where have you been all these years? We all believed you dead; and Emilia, especially, thought you had perished.'

"'I recounted the main particulars of my adventures to Bianca, and announced to her my determination to return to Venice. 'According to all probability, I shall not be able to see Emilia,' I said to her. 'I desire only that she should know of my destiny, and that my last sigh should be breathed near the walls of her living tomb.'

"'In return, Bianca gave me a brief detail of the most prominent incidents of her life. After the fatal event which drove me from Venice, she had espoused Stefano, my valet. The kindness of my father had placed them in comfortable circumstances, but Stefano being persuaded to embark his little all in some commercial speculation, where he lost it, had now gone, in the service of an English nobleman, to France, but was expected shortly to return. In the meantime Bianca resided with his lady, in a villa in the neighbourhood of Milan.

"'This fortunate rencounter appeared to me as a happy presage. It was, alas! a last delusion, and I indulged it freely. I begged Bianca to accept of some few pieces of gold I was able to bestow, and consulting my inclinations more than my strength, for my health was in no way completely established, I departed next day for Venice. In the meantime I had taken the precaution to assume a false name, knowing the danger I incurred by appearing in a city where the sentence of death was against me. On nearing its banks, you may judge of my feelings, as the towers and turrets of the adriatic queen burst upon me. After many years of exile, I had returned to the land of my fathers. Those only who have had the calamity to suffer banishment, can tell of the strange joy that takes possession of the heart—of the burnings,

throbbings—hopes and anxieties, which intoxicate and bewilder the soul. I will not express the boundless bursting happiness that rushed throughout me, as the gondola struck against the shore of the place which held my all of life.

"'It was at the close of day that I sprang ashore in the square of Saint Marc. So lost was I in my feelings, that when the attendants requested where I should be conducted, I made no reply, and it was only after a repetition of the question that I remembered my situation, and told them it was, to me, alike indifferent. Being conducted to the hotel, I found myself so weak, that it was necessary for me to be supported to bed, but alas, repose was denied to me. Agitated by a thousand feelings, towards midnight I arose, and leaving the hotel, determined to await the dawn, under the walls of Saint Catharine. To effect this I had to pass the dwelling of my father. This was, to me, a new trial. I knelt upon the threshold, kissed the very ground with transport, and abandoned myself to the luxury of tears.

"'Alas!' cried I, 'behold my paternal dwelling, now the home of the stranger.' At this moment a servant coming to the gate, and thinking that I meditated some nefarious design, spurned me from the place. I arose: my heart was bursting. I could not speak, but rushed from the spot in an agony of grief.

"'I now repaired to the convent, where dwelt Emilia. As it is usual for all churches to open at the break of day, I fondly hoped that by entering thus early, before any of the inhabitants were present, I might get near to the walls of her monastic prison, and by some lucky chance be discovered to her. I entered the temple of Heaven, a universal silence reigned around, the only light came from the tapers of the altar, and the images seemed to glare angrily upon me, as if conscious of my unholy design. I found, however, that the gates leading from the aisle of the church to the monastery, were closed, and all hope of access denied me. Thus frustrated, I leaned against a pillar, with my eyes fixed upon the entrance to the living grave of my love. Not a being came to disturb the silence of the moment; not a sound was heard save the dashing of the waves against the banks of the canal, near to which stood the convent. The moon shone pale and melancholy through the windows.—I was sunk in a revery of deep reflection—the world was forgotten to me. I seemed to have passed from existence, to another and a better sphere, when suddenly the bell pro-

claimed the fourth hour of morning, and the silence which every where surrounded me was broken by solemn strains from a neighbouring convent. They were the voices of men, and appeared to rise like the solemn hymn which is chaunted when a pilgrim of earth descends to his last and narrow home. At these accents of grief, a strange presentiment took possession of my heart, and I vainly endeavoured to combat against my affrighted feelings.—At length a door, close to the altar, swung back upon its hinges, and I perceived the interior of the sanctuary, and in the distance, the usual grating which conceals the nuns from the sight of the congregation.

“Ah!” cried I, ‘there, perhaps, dwells Emilia; even now the hymn which rises to the throne of Heaven, may be swelled by her voice. Why, why should I seek to destroy her peace, why seek to let her know that I am still on earth; better that she live in the thought that I am numbered with the dead, than disturb her repose with the knowledge that I am living.’

“Thus reasoning with myself, I proceeded up the nave of the church, when my eyes were arrested by the sight of the walls covered with the names and epitaphs of the departed. At every step, I trod upon a tomb, and I was seized with a secret horror. At last glancing upon apparently a newly placed marble, I beheld—oh, God—oh! moment of inexpressible anguish—I read, traced in characters that seared my vision, the name of EMILIA MOROSONI!!! I gasped for breath—sight and sense forsook me, and I fell prostrate upon the floor.

“When I revived, I found myself in the hospital of Saint Juan Baptiste. By degrees I recovered, and resolving never again to leave Venice, where the ashes of Emilia rested, I became a gondolier, and for these forty years have followed the calling. From time to time I visit the tomb of the beloved being, where, though my tears flow not so freely, yet is my grief not less bitter. The God who has thought fit to make me suffer, will also recompense me. I wait his will with resignation, and the happiest hour of my life will be that of my deliverance. You have my secret, keep it, and respect it, signor.”

I thanked him kindly, and offered to better his condition, if he would accompany me to Paris. “Never,” he said. “Venice gave me birth—it shall also receive my ashes.” We parted and the last glimpse I beheld of Gaetano Fiorello, was on the morning of my departure from “the sea girt city.” As I shot

up the lagoon in a gondola, he passed me.—“Ah, Gaetano!” I exclaimed; he turned, and recognizing me, said, “Adieu, signor. Remember not Gaetano,” and placing his finger upon his lips, as if to remind me of my pledge of secrecy, in a few moments we were lost to each other.



[From Godey's Lady's Book, for November.]

THE LAST SONG.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

“Sing to me, love, thy voice is sweet;
It falls upon my ear,
Like summer gales o'er breathing flowers,
And makes even sickness dear,
Sing to me, love, the hour is meet—
This twilight hour serene;
Too dim to let officious care
Intrude high thoughts between.

“Sing to me, love, the time is short,
I feel my strength decay;
The ties that bound my soul so fast,
Melt like a dream away.”
She sang, his pensive mood to cheer,
A deep, melodious strain;
The changeless bliss of heaven, how pure,
And earthly joys how vain!

At first, all tremulous and faint,
Awoke the warbling tone;
Then clearer, higher rose, and caught
An ardour not its own;
Strength—strength—as for an hour of need,
As if her lip were made
The harp, on which some spirit-hand
Celestial measures play'd.

It ceas'd; and from the casement near,
The curtain's fold she drew,
And the young moon 'mid quivering leaves,
Look'd lone and peaceful through:
Where was the sigh of tender parting?
Love's ne'er forgotten word?
Sleeps he?—*How pale!*—Alas, no breath
Her sweeping tresses stir'd.

A cry broke forth.—He heeds it not!
Young wife, thy lot was blest,
To charm the pang of mortal pain,
And sing him to his rest;
Entranc'd, the listening spirit soar'd
Heavenward, on balmy air,
And pass'd from love and music *here*,
To love and music *there*.

THE BROKEN LEG.

Bonnard appeared at all times, and every where, before midday, a prudent and amiable man; but after dinner, and in the evening, he was not always precisely so. In fact, he was a true son of the ancient Germans, so often reproached for a love of drinking, and knew no greater enjoyment than that of giving, amidst convivial friends, the inspiring songs, "Enjoy the charm of life,"—"With laurel crown the flowing bowl,"—and of emptying out a flask of good old Hock, as an accompaniment. Had he been satisfied with *one* flask, nobody would have had a right to say aught against him, especially as his income permitted it; but one flask was sure to call for another, even to a sixth or seventh.

The mother, sisters, and brothers, with whom he resided, had the mortification of seeing him return home, six evenings in the week, perfectly intoxicated. Their most urgent remonstrances were fruitless, and they began to think that his drunkenness was incurable. Laura, his sweetheart, thought so too; for, after innumerable quarrels, a breach was at length made between the lovers, who indeed were almost as much as betrothed.

Hitherto he had, from a respect to Laura, maintained at least the outward appearance of good manners; but now he became a shameless and notorious drunkard. Almost every night, he either had a scuffle with watchmen, or slept off his intoxication in a round-house. His health thereby began visibly to be injured, and his fortune to melt away. In short, he was upon the brink of ruin.

Two of his friends, who, although they often drank with him, always kept themselves within the bounds of moderation, were much grieved at his conduct, and resolved to reclaim the drinker, by a method not the most common in the world. With this view, they one evening accompanied Bonnard to a public wine-cellar, and appeared in particularly high spirits. Old hock was called for, and they encouraged him to quaff as much of it as he liked, and that was no small dose. He drank himself into the clouds.

About midnight, the two friends began to yawn, shut their eyes, and seemed to fall asleep. Bonnard was delighted, for he could now drink another flask without being reproved by them. Before, however, he had finished it, intoxication reached its highest pitch, and he at length fell, deprived of reason, into a sound and death-like sleep.

His friends instantly started up from their pretended slumber, shook and joggled him, and to their great joy, found that he exhibited no symptoms of wakefulness. By a sign which was previously agreed upon, they now called in a surgeon, who was waiting in an adjoining apartment. He immediately entered, bringing with him splints and other implements for a broken leg, and soon laced up the right limb of the sleeper, as tightly as if it had been dangerously fractured. They then sprinkled water upon his face, and gave a fearful thundering cry.

The sleeper started up—seized instantly his leg which the splints squeezed, and wished to rise from the chair; his friends, however, held him fast, crying out, "Unfortunate man! stir not—you have received a dangerous contusion. We had scarcely fallen asleep when, attempting to go down stairs, you fell, broke your leg, and fainted. We awakened, raised you up, and caused you to be dressed. In Heaven's name stir not for your life! we have ordered a litter, and it will be here immediately to carry you home."

Bonnard was delirious; his fancy magnified the pressure of the splints to the pain of a real broken limb, and, never once imagining that he was deceived, he permitted himself to be borne home lamenting.

There, his family received him, as was concerted, with tears and wailings. For four weeks he continued to be visited by the surgeon, who kept his leg squeezed into a case, so that he could not move himself, and did not doubt the reality of the alleged accident. So long an imprisonment was intolerable;—he cursed wine as the cause of his misfortunes, and made a solemn vow never to get drunk in future.

At the expiration of a month, the surgeon informed him the cure was completed. He went as if upon eggs, to save his broken leg, and his first walk was to the house of his sweetheart, whom he anxiously entreated to forget the past, and once more to reinstate him in her affections. She promised both, on condition of a temperate year's probation. He kept it manfully, and then became the husband of his Laura, and continued, during the rest of his life, an orderly, respectable man, who never, at any one time, drank more than he could carry.

After several years, Bonnard, for the first time, discovered the trick that had been played upon him; he thanked his friends heartily for it, and began once more to tread firmly on his right leg, the straining of which he had always until then most carefully avoided.

MODERN HEROES.—We take his sketches of two of the heroes who fell at the battle of the Nivelles in 1813: The first, low in rank, for he was but a Lieutenant, rich in honour, for he bore many scars, was young of days. He was only nineteen. But he had seen more combats and sieges than he could count years. So slight in person and of such surpassing and delicate beauty that the Spaniards often thought him a girl disguised in man's clothing; he was yet so vigorous, so active, so brave, that the most daring and experienced veterans watched his looks on the field of battle, and implicitly following where he led, would, like children, obey his slightest sign in the most difficult situations. His education was incomplete, yet were his natural powers so happy, the keenest and best-furnished intellects shrunk from an encounter of wit, and every thought and aspiration was proud and noble, indicating future greatness, if destiny had so willed it.—Such was Edward Freer of the forty-third, one of three brothers who covered with wounds, have all died in the service. Assailed the night before the battle with that strange anticipation of coming death, so often felt by military men, he was pierced with three balls at the first storming of the Rhune rocks, and the sternest soldiers in the regiment wept in the middle of the fight when they heard of his fate. On the same day, and at the same hour, was killed Colonel Thomas Lloyd. He likewise had been a long time in the forty-third. Under him, Freer had learned the rudiments of his profession; but in the course of the war, promotion placed Lloyd at the head of the ninety-fourth, and it was leading that regiment he fell. In him also were combined mental and bodily powers of no ordinary kind. A graceful symmetry combined with Herculean strength, and a countenance at once frank and majestic, gave the true index of his nature: for his capacity was commanding, and his military knowledge extensive, both from experience and study.—On his mirth and wit, so well known in the army, I will not dwell, save to remark, that he used the latter without offence, yet so as to increase his ascendancy over those with whom he held intercourse; for though gentle, he was valiant, ambitious, and conscious of his fitness for great exploits. He, like Freer, was prescient of, and predicted his own fall, yet with no abatement of courage. When he received the mortal wound, a most painful one, he would not suffer himself to be moved, but remained watching the battle, and making observations upon the changes in it until death

came. It was thus at the age of thirty, that the good, the brave, the generous Lloyd died. Tributes to his merits have been published by Lord Wellington, and by one of his own poor soldiers! by the highest and by the lowest! To their testimony I add mine; let those who served on equal terms with him say whether in aught I have exceeded his deserts.—*Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

[From the Montreal Garland.]

STANZAS WRITTEN ON MONTREAL MOUNTAIN.

'Tis good to leave the heartless strife,
The jostlings of the crowd,
And count the pulses of that life
Which beats 'neath yonder cloud;
Think what consuming passions rage
From fiery Youth to hoary Age.

To hear the busy fearful hum
Of thousand thousand hearts,
Whose muffled beatings hither come
In sullen, fitful starts,
And know the strongest and most brave
Are toiling but to find a grave.

The homeless wretch—the jewelled fair
Gazed on so fondly now;
The light of Heart, or crazed with Caro,
And he whose haggard brow
Shows Guilt, and Want, and grim Despair
Hold daily fearful revel there.

With countless throngs whom Hope and Fear,
Wild Love and Jealousy
Alternately torment, and cheer,
Alternately belie:—
All—all press on in light or gloom
To find one common home—the Tomb.

Fierce as now their quenchless strife,
And burning as their Hate;
How wide soe'r their path in life
By just desert or fate:
For all—one lot, one home abide,—
Shall sleep in quiet side by side.

EQUALITY.—Equality is deemed by many a mere speculative chimera, which can never be reduced to practice. But if the abuse is inevitable, does it follow that we ought not to try at least to mitigate it? It is precisely because the force of things tends always to destroy equality, that the force of the legislature must always tend to maintain it.—*Rousseau.*

THE ONE FAULT.

BY MRS. EMBURY.

"Trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs."

"Who could have believed it possible," said Charles Wharton, as he sat at the breakfast-table, impatiently awaiting the tardy appearance of his wife; "who could have believed it possible that a single fault should neutralize so many good qualities." He leaned his head on his hand, and a feeling of mortification and disgust arose in his mind, as his eye glanced over the rumpled napkins, ill-cleaned knives, and soiled table-cloth, whose varied stains told of the double duty which it was daily called upon to perform. The entrance of Mrs. Wharton at length disturbed his unpleasant meditations, but he was so thoroughly out of humour, that he scarcely noticed her pleasant face and good humoured smile, while he scanned, with severe look, her morning dress.—This, to say truth, was not exactly in the neatest possible style, for Mrs. Wharton did not adopt *strait-laced habits*, until the hour when she might expect visitors. Her usual breakfast attire was a loose wrapper, always the especial abomination of gentlemen, while her beautiful hair, uncombed, and twisted back from her forehead in stiff curl papers, certainly did not add to the elegance of her appearance.

"I wish to Heaven you would wear something descent in the morning, Mary," said her husband, as she took her seat. "I detest those slovenly loose gowns; nothing but habitual ill health is an excuse for wearing them."

"Oh, I have not time to *fix up* for breakfast, Charles."

"You found time when you were at Lebanon last summer, to dress yourself, and you never looked better than in those pretty morning-gowns you then wore."

"One is obliged to be well dressed at places, where there is so much company, but I cannot afford to wear such handsome muslins at home, so as soon as we returned, I had them altered into dinner dresses."

"It is a pity a woman would not always consider her husband as *company*," said Charles, snappishly, as he took his cup of coffee.

"What is the matter with you, Charles," said Mrs. Wharton, when the uncomfortable meal was nearly at an end; "I never saw you so out of humour; you have done nothing but scold since I came down stairs."

She spoke with the utmost cheerfulness, and her placid countenance was in singular con-

trast with the husband's vexed look. It was scarcely possible for a man of Charles Wharton's really good temper to answer harshly, and he replied gravely:

"I have been vexed by petty things, Mary, and they always try the temper more severely than serious troubles. I had an appointment with a gentleman at nine o'clock, and it only wanted ten minutes of that time when you came down to breakfast, so that I have been compelled to disappoint him; then your delay has completely spoiled every thing—the coffee is cold, the eggs like stones, the toast good for nothing, and this wretched breakfast is set before me on a table-cloth which would disgrace a well-ordered kitchen."

Mrs. Wharton looked serious as she replied, "I am sorry, Charles, but indeed I was very sleepy this morning, and I only took a short nap after the bell rung for breakfast."

"And the consequence of your short nap, Mary, is that I must go without my breakfast, and perhaps loose the chance of making a thousand dollars."

"Why did you not tell me you were in haste?" asked Mrs. Wharton.

"Oh, because I am heartily tired of being obliged to make daily and hourly requests for those things which ought to be habitual to you. There is a want of attention *somewhere*, and it is time you discovered where the fault lies, Mary."

"I am sure I do not know what you mean; I do every thing I can, but my housekeeping never seems to please you, although almost all my time is spent in looking after the servants."

"If half that time was bestowed in teaching them some regular system, you would have less care, and I more comfort."

"What do you want me to do, Charles?"

"That is precisely the thing which I cannot tell you, but which you ought to know already, Mary; it is not a man's business to teach housekeeping."

"I wish we could afford to hire a housekeeper," sighed Mrs. Wharton, despondingly.

"That is a very vain wish, madam; you had better wish for the possession of a little more knowledge on the subject, and then we should not need one."

"Charles, you are never satisfied. I am sure I know a great deal more about housekeeping than most of the young wives of our acquaintance."

"I can only say, then, that I am sorry for the husbands of those that know less," mut-

tered Charles, as he pushed back his chair, and taking his hat, walked sullenly out of the room.

Mrs. Wharton sat musing for a few moments after his departure, and her eyes filled with tears as she recalled his angry words.—She felt that he had been unkind, for she thought he was angry at her tardiness, and she was conscious that she would willingly have relinquished the darling morning sleep, if she had known of his engagement. “Why did he not tell me of it?” said she, mentally; “how should I always know what he wishes me to do, unless he tells me? and yet he seems often dissatisfied at some neglect of which I am not conscious, until when too late to remedy it.”

Poor Mrs. Wharton! with the best intentions, the kindest feelings, and the most devoted love for her husband, she was yet ignorant of some of those minor duties, without which, happiness cannot be attained. Educated at a fashionable boarding-school, she knew little of the actual mechanism of life.—She had gone through the regular routine of studies and accomplishments—had been brought out into society in due form, at the age of sixteen, and after two years spent in the excitement of the gay world, had given her hand to the most agreeable, rather than to the richest of her suitors preferring love in a cottage, with Charles Wharton, to indifference in a palace, with her wealthier lover. She was simply a warm-hearted, affectionate, cheerful tempered girl, whose reflective powers, if she had them, had never been much cultivated, and whose pliant character was yet to be moulded by future circumstances. Her husband had grown up in the midst of an old fashioned domestic circle. He had seen his mother devoted to her household duties, governing herself and others by a regular system, which made every care seem light, because each fell in its allotted place, and to its allotted person. He had observed his sisters acquiring all the elegant refinements of a finished education, while they gradually learned, from example, rather than precept, the womanly habits which are only to be gained in a well-ordered household. He had been so accustomed to neatness and order, that he scarcely noticed their presence, but if he was accidentally thrown into circumstances where they were wanting, their absence soon taught him how essential they were to his daily comfort. In short, he was the son of a sensible and good mother, and her influence had made him worthy of as good a wife.

Mary Lee's pretty face and frank simplicity of character, had attracted him, when she first entered society. Her unalterable good humor was an additional charm, and when he found her possessed of a fund of sound practical good sense, which needed only time to develop itself, he hesitated not to offer to her acceptance his heart and hand. During the first intoxication of youthful love, he could see no defects in her character, no spots in the sun which shed so much light upon his existence. Her cheerful smiles, her bright face, her bird-like voice, all acted upon him like enchantment, and with a degree of enthusiasm which usually ends in disappointment, he exalted her into an object of adoration. He was ten years her senior, and the light-hearted girl received his homage with an elation of spirit which tended to increase rather than subdue the levity of her disposition,

I wonder if it ever occurred to a discontented husband that much of the discomfort of his married life might be attributed to this over-estimation which is so general a characteristic of the days of courtship. To man, love is but the interlude between the acts of a busy life—the cares of business, or the severe studies of a profession are the *duties* of his existence, while the attentions which he bestows on the young and fair being whom he has chosen to share his future lot, are the actual pleasures of his life. He comes to her weary with the sordid anxieties or the oppressive intellectual labours in which he has been engaged, and he finds her ever the gentle minister to his happiness, while the atmosphere which surrounds her, is one of such purity and peace, that all his better nature is awakened by her presence. What marvel, then, that he should make her the idol of his dreams, and enthrone her on high in his imagination, as the good genius of his life?—Wilfully blind to every defect in her character, he views her through the medium of his own excited feelings, and thus, like one who should pretend to judge of the real landscape by beholding its reflection in a Claude Lorraine glass, he sees only the softened lineaments of the actual being. Then comes the hour of disenchantment. In the familiar intercourse of wedded life, he ceases to be the worshipper at an idol's shrine. The love still exists, perhaps even increases in its fervour, but the blind worship is at an end; she is now his fellow traveller through the rugged and dusty path of life, and she must bear with him the heat and burden of the day. But it often happens that the past has not been without its evil influence upon

her. She has been taken from among her companions, and set on high as an object of adoration, the intellect of man has been humbled before, and her very caprices have been laws to him. Is it to be wondered at, if she cannot at once resign her queenly station, and become the gentle and submissive and forbearing woman? Is it strange that the reproof or the cold rebuke of him who once taught her that she was all perfection, should sound strangely to her ear, and fall with bitterness upon her heart? The change which takes place in the mere *manners* of him who was once the devoted lover, is hard to understand. "I cannot describe," said a lady, who was by no means remarkable for sensitiveness of feeling, "I cannot describe how unhappy I felt the first time after my marriage, that my husband put on his hat and walked out of the house to his daily business, without bidding me farewell. I thought of it all the morning, and wondered whether he was displeased with me, nor until I had questioned him on the subject, did I discover (what was perhaps equally painful to me then,) that he was so occupied with his business, as to have forgotten it." Many a misunderstanding in married life has arisen out of circumstances as trifling as the one just recorded; for when a woman has been made to believe that she is the sole object of her lover's thoughts, it is difficult for her to realize that the act which transfers to him the future guardianship of her happiness, exonerates him from those minute attentions, which have hitherto contributed so much to her enjoyment. Do not mistake me, gentle reader; I do not mean to say as some have ventured to assert, that "Courtship is a woman's Paradise, and Marriage her Purgatory," for my own blessed experience would quickly give the lie to any such false theory; but I would merely suggest whether this exaltation of a mistress into something *more than woman*, before marriage, does not tend to produce a reaction of feeling, which is apt to degrade her into something less than the rest of her sex afterwards; and whether he who saw no faults in his "ladye-love" will not be likely to see more than she ever possessed, in his *wife*?

Charles Wharton had certainly committed this common error. Loving his mother and sisters with the most devoted affection, he had learned to regard them as models of feminine virtue and grace, yet there was something of sombre and grave in their characters, which did not exactly agree with his *beau-ideal* of woman,

"Skilled alike to dazzle and to please."

He was therefore peculiarly susceptible to the charms of playful wit and gaiety in his beloved Mary, and finding her thus in possession of the only gift which was wanting in his home circle, he, by a very natural error, attributed to her all the other qualities which he found there in such perfection. He had created an imaginary being, who should unite the lighter graces with the nobler virtues, and, fascinated by the beauty, and the sunny temper of Miss Lee, he found no difficulty in embodying in her form his ideal mistress. For a time he was perfectly enchanted, but the familiar intercourse of married life at length discovered some defects in the character of the young and light-hearted wife, and Wharton, feeling as men are apt to do,

"As charm by charm unwinds,
That robed their idol,"

was almost tempted to believe that he had utterly deceived himself. But in this opinion he was as far wrong as when he had fancied her all perfection. Mary possessed all the material for forming an estimable woman, but she was young, thoughtless, and untaught. She was one of a family who lived but for society, and whose deportment to each other was an exemplification of the old copy-book apothegm: "Familiarity breeds contempt." The self-respect which inculcates personal neatness as a duty—the respect towards each other, which should be as carefully cherished between brothers and sisters, as the affection which, in truth, will not long exist without it—were entirely unknown among them. In society, they were models of propriety, but, in the domestic circle, there was a want of method, and a neglect of neatness which could not fail to be injurious to every member of the family. I may be mistaken, but, it seems to me, that habitual slovenliness cannot fail to have its effect upon the mental as well as the bodily habits. To a well balanced mind, external order seems as essential as intellectual purity, and however great may be the genius, there is surely something wanting to a perfect equilibrium of the faculties, when the body—through the medium of which ideas must necessarily be conveyed to the mind—is habitually neglected, and consequently exposed to disgusting rather than agreeable images. But whatever may be the effect of a want of neatness on one's individual character, there is no doubt as to its influence on others. No man can have a proper respect for female purity and delicacy, when he has been accustomed, from childhood, to witness

slovenly habits in his mother and sisters; for that chivalric feeling towards the gentler sex, which has preserved many a man from the early attacks of vice, never exists in the heart of him who has had the barriers of refinement broken down, ere he left his childhood's home.

Mrs. Wharton was not deficient in personal cleanliness; few women are found guilty of so revolting a fault; but she wanted personal neatness and order. She had learned to treat her husband as she was accustomed to do her brothers, and while she never appeared before company in an *undress*, scarcely ever honoured him with any thing else. Her breakfast dress has already been described, and if the day happened to be rainy, or any thing else occurred to induce her to deny herself to visitors, she generally greeted her husband's eye in the same loose and flowing robes at dinner, as well as tea. Her total ignorance of every thing like method, was visible throughout all her domestic arrangements. Instead of directing her servants, she only reproved them, for she found it much easier to scold when a thing was *ill done*, than to attend to having it *well done*. Her domestics soon became familiar with her ignorance of the details of house-keeping, and availed themselves of it, to neglect their duty as much as possible, and, when she began to add to her other defects, that of *indolence*, her household fell into a state which cannot be better designated than by the expressive Irish word, '*Through-olherness*.'

The scene which I have already described, was but the beginning of domestic discord.—Disappointed and annoyed, Mr. Wharton would not deign to tell her the exact nature of her fault, and point out the mode of remedy, while the wife was daily pained by some ebullition of ill humour, which made her sensible of an error committed, without enabling her to understand how it might be avoided for the future. There was a want of confidence between them, which threatened the most painful results to their future comfort, for while Charles was daily becoming more discontented with her ignorance of system, she, conscious that she really took pains to please him, was gradually acquiring the belief that he no longer loved her. There was no want of will to do right, but she sadly needed some kind hand to guide her into the true path, and thus, while each possessed, in an unusual degree, the elements of happiness, the poison of distrust was embittering the existence of both. The husband became moody at home, and soon began to seek, in the excitements of society, oblivion

of the discomforts of his own fireside, while the wife, feeling herself neglected and forlorn, gave herself up to despondency, and became more careless than ever of her personal appearance. The bright beauty of her countenance vanished, and in the hollow-cheeked, sad-eyed, dowdyish woman, who sat, hour after hour, in a great arm-chair, devouring the last new novel, it was scarcely possible to recognize the bright-faced and cheerful-tempered bride of the once devoted Charles Wharton.

Such was the state of things at the end of the first two years of their married life. Mrs. Wharton, disheartened and dispirited, took little interest in her family concerns, while her husband, accustomed to seek his enjoyments elsewhere, found always something to censure at home. Fortunately his good principles kept him from the haunts of dissipation, or he might have added another to the list of those who have been driven, by an *ill-ordered home*, to a *well-ordered* tavern or billiard-room. His mother had long seen and mourned his evident disquiet, and, while she partially divined its cause, was in doubt as to the course which she ought to pursue. She was aware of the danger of interference in the domestic concerns of another, but she could not bear to see her son and his sweet-tempered wife so estranged from each other.

"You are unhappy, Charles," said the old lady, one day, when they were alone. "Will you not tell me the cause of your trouble? is it your business?"

"No, mother, my business was never in a more prosperous condition."

"Then something is wrong at home, my son; can you not confide in me?"

"Oh, there is nothing to tell; Mary is one of the best-hearted and good-tempered creatures in the world, but—"

"But what, Charles?"

"She has one fault, mother, and it is about the worst she could have."

"The worst, Charles? is she ill-tempered, or deficient in affection for you? does she run into extravagant excesses for dress or company?"

"Why, mother, you know she has none of these defects?"

"Then, Charles, she has not the *worst* faults she might have."

"Well, well, perhaps I used too strong a term, but really I am heartsick—I have a house, but no home—I have servants, but no service from them—I have a wife, but no helpmeet: I cannot yet afford to keep a house-keeper, and

until I can, I see no probability of finding comfort at home. Mary is as ignorant as a baby, of all that the mistress of a family ought to know, and I am tired of living at the mercy of a pack of careless domestics."

"Mary has been unfortunate in not learning such duties in her early home, Charles, but certainly there is no difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of them now; did you ever try to teach her?"

"Try to teach housekeeping, mother? no, indeed; I should as soon think of teaching a woman how to put on her dress; who ever heard of a man teaching his wife how to keep house?"

"I will tell you, Charles, what you might have taught her; you have such habits of order, and are so systematic in your arrangement of time, that you could easily have imparted to her your notions on such subjects, without appearing to meddle with woman's affairs, and when she had once learned them, half her task would have been accomplished."

"A woman ought not to be married 'till she knows her duties. The parent who allows a daughter to marry, when conscious that she is utterly ignorant of these, is guilty of an actual imposition upon the luckless husband."

"You would scarcely expect a parent to blazon his child's defects, Charles; a man chooses a wife for himself—he marries with his eyes open."

"No, I'll be hanged if he does! he is blinded by a pretty face, at first, and then the lady and her friends take good care to noose him, before he gets his eyes open."

"You are angry, Charles, and I am afraid you have used bitter words, rather than arguments, with poor Mary."

"Mother, I am as unhappy as ever was mortal man: I love home—I love my wife, but when I seek both, I am disgusted by the sight of a disordered house and a slovenly woman, and my feelings are instantly changed into anger and almost dislike. I shall break up housekeeping in the spring; I can't bear it any longer."

"I think I could remedy the evil of which you complain, if I was only sure that Mary would not resent my interference."

"Resent! why, mother, she never resents any thing; I never heard an angry word from her in my life, and I have given her many a one. Mrs. Wharton looked significantly at her son, as she promised to make the attempt.

It happened, not long after the conversation above narrated, that Charles Wharton was

taken seriously ill, and his mother became an inmate of his family until his recovery. There is nothing which so effectually subdues wrathful feelings, and obliterates the recollection of past unkindness, as the touch of sickness.—When death sits watching beside the bed of pain, the animosity of a lifelong enemy seems like a sin against the charities of life, and how much more vain and wicked seem the angry bickerings of those whom love has bound together! Charles saw nothing of the sloven in the attentive and devoted nurse, who untiringly ministered to his wants, and Mary felt more happiness, notwithstanding her apprehensions, than she had enjoyed for many months. But Mrs. Wharton, the mother, now obtained a clear insight into the difficulties which had marred their domestic comfort, and, no sooner was Charles restored to convalescence, than she set herself to the task of subduing them.—Fortunately for her scheme, Mary possessed that perfect good temper which was not to be ruffled even by the interference of a mother-in-law, and Mrs. Wharton had sufficient tact to know just how far that interference could be carried with success. In the course of the frequent confidential conversations which occurred between the mother and wife, during the time when both were engrossed in the care of the invalid, Mary learned much of her husband's early tastes and habits, of which she had before been utterly ignorant. She heard, but not in the language of personal rebuke, of his peculiar notions of order and system, and her mind, which had consciously acquired habits of reflection and thought in her hours of solitude, began to understand the benefit of a regular and well-ordered plan of life. But still she was at a loss to know exactly how to arrange such a plan, and it was not until she had summoned sufficient moral courage, (smile not, reader, it required no small share of it,) to explain her dilemma, and ask the aid of her mother-in-law, that she was enabled to enter upon her new course of life.

Following the advice of Mrs. Wharton, the first bad habit which she corrected, was that of indulging in morning slumbers. Early rising afforded her the time to attire herself with neatness and propriety, while it also gave her the opportunity of visiting the important domain of the 'Land of Cookery,' and of inspecting the arrangement of the morning meal. It required a serious struggle with that hardest of all tyrants, Indolence, but Mrs. Wharton soon found that bad habits are like the bonds with which the Lilliputians fettered the slumbering Gull-

ver—united, it was impossible to break the fragile threads, but if taken singly, each could be severed by the movement of a finger. One by one she contended against her former faults.—It required not only resolution, but the rarer virtue of perseverance, to carry all her good intentions into effect, for many a week and month elapsed, ere she could fully arrange the mechanism of her domestic concerns. In truth, it is no small task to regulate the microcosm of a household—to manage in such a manner as to bestow the greatest proportion of comfort upon each individual—to divide the duties of domestics, so as to secure the performance of business in its proper time, and the enjoyment of leisure when the tasks are over—to remember and provide for the wants of all—to study the peculiar tastes of each—to preserve order and neatness throughout the multifarious departments of domestic life—and to do all this without neglecting the claims of friendship and society—without relinquishing the cultivation of one's mind, and the study of one's own heart—without becoming a mere household drudge. It is no easy task, yet it may be done; the first steps in this, as in all other labours, are the most difficult: only employ the aid of system in the beginning, and all may be fully accomplished.

* * * * *

It was a fine spring morning: a bright fire was burning in the polished grate, before which sat Mr. Wharton, deeply engaged in the study of the newspaper, while a neat servant was arranging the breakfast on a table-cloth as white as the eggs which she had just set upon it. A moment afterwards Mrs. Wharton entered, looking prettier than ever, and as she took her seat at the table, she drew down the wristbands of her well-fitting morning-gown, while a plate of hot biscuits, which just then made their appearance, told her recent employment. Charles threw aside his paper, and turned to the table with a cheerful look of perfect contentment. There was nothing picturesque in the group, but it was a scene of comfort and happiness, and, to the believers in that 'Dietetic' philosophy, which holds that the enjoyment or misery, nay, even the morality or immorality of the day may be traced to the effects resulting from a good or bad breakfast, such a scene could not but augur well for the parties. At the moment when Charles was discussing the merits of his third biscuit, and sipping, at intervals his fragrant coffee, a stranger was announced, who wished to see him on business. Slowly and reluctantly he left the room, and

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after the lapse of a few minutes, returned with a most whimsical expression of face.

"What do you suppose that man wanted, Mary?" he asked, as he again addressed himself to his breakfast.

"I am sure I cannot imagine, Charles."

"He wanted to know at what price I was willing to sell this house."

"Sell this house, Charles? surely you do not think of such a thing," exclaimed Mrs. Wharton, in undisguised alarm.

"He says I told him last summer, that I intended breaking up housekeeping, and should offer it for sale this spring."

"What answer did you give him?" asked Mrs. Wharton, growing a little pale.

"I told him I had changed my mind," was the quiet reply.

"Do you really wish to alter our mode of life, dear Charles?"

"No, indeed I do not, my little wife; I would not give the comforts of such a home as I possess, for all the splendors which money can purchase at a hotel. I like to be beneath my own roof-tree, and really believe that in any house but my own, I should exclaim with the poet Dante:

'Salt is the bread by others given, and hard Th' ascent of others' stairs.'

"I am glad to hear you say so, for really I should regret any change."

"But you would have much less trouble if we were at board."

"And much less enjoyment, too, dear Charles; 'life's cares' are certainly very like 'life's comforts,' in the domestic circle, whatever they may be elsewhere. I assure you that the gratification which a woman derives from the consciousness that she is essential to the happiness and even to the daily pleasures of those she loves, fully compensates her for all trouble."

"It is a pity all wives did not think so Mary."

"It is a pity all females were not taught this truth before marriage, Charles; I have not forgotten my own past errors, nor the kindness of your good mother, to whose wise counsels I owe my present happiness."

"Nor should you forget, sweet one, the energy and patience and self-denial of my own dear wife, who accomplished what few women would have been willing to do, when she persevered in conquering the evil effects of early indulgence."

"Call it early neglect, Charles; that mother sadly mistakes the nature of indulgence, who, to save her daughter from trifling discomforts

in youth, allows her to grow up in ignorance of those duties which, in after life, are so essential to her welfare."

For the Amaranth.

"THE REMEMBERED ONE."

SHE comes on my senses in visions of night,
From the regions of fancy she comes to my sight—

In the light of bright dreams I behold her.
She sheds the mild beams of her beauteous blue eyes, [skies,
Like an angel of light looking down from the
On some favour'd—tho' earthly beholder.

Her lips in the language of love breathe my name,
The accents that follow—ah, yes—they're the same, [spoken.

That years since by the same lips were
She bends her fair form, and oh! moment of bliss—

Imprints on my forehead and lip the sweet kiss,
She's gone!—the delusion is broken.

'Twas thus in the years of reality's reign,
And mem'ry and love keep together the chain
Which oblivion in vain strives to sever.

We met—round our brows in her favourite
bowers,

Hope wove her bright wreaths, and we hail'd
them as ours,

But they faded—we parted for ever.

Yes, parted in *person*, but when shades of night
Bring repose to the body, and souls take their flight,

To commune with each other in air—
Ours meet, and exchange in the regions of space,
While hovering around, the sweet kiss and embrace,

Then back to their earth homes repair.

And ev'n when the sun lights the world with
his beams,

She is still in my memory first, as in dreams,
When his blaze and bright splendor are gone.
And so she will ever, by night and by day,

'Till the God, who my soul gave, that soul call
away,

Be still "the Remembered One."

St. John, November, 1841.

H. C.



Good Advice.—Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.

LOVE AND MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN INMAN

SAMUEL DILBURY, ESQUIRE, as he delighted to see himself written down in the parish books, and on the backs of letters, was a retired London tradesman, passing rich with a plum and an only daughter. He had a pretty estate, some thirty miles from London, where he amused himself with politics, the London papers, and innumerable games at backgammon; while his pretty daughter, Miss Harriet, contrived to pass her time away by the help of novels, a hot correspondence with two or three boarding-school friends, her birds, her flowers, the usual routine of parties and balls, dress, and a lover. This last was a nice young gentleman, not very long out of his minority, the only son of a rich widow, and heir to an estate, the income of which placed him above all necessity of doing any thing for his living. In a word, he was a very good match for Miss Harriet; and up to the time when this story commences, there had come nothing between him and the success of his wooing. The old gentleman had looked on graciously enough, while his young neighbour was dropping in every day, on one pretext or another—had always conveniently fallen asleep after dinner—and it was perfectly well understood that when, in the natural order of things, the proposal should be made in due form, and his consent be applied for after the usual fashion, there would be nothing farther required than the settlements, the license, the parson, and the favors and wedding cake.—Such was the condition of things at the moment to which we have referred; but moments sometimes make wonderful changes, and so it turned out in the experience of Harriet Dilbury and young Walter Hamilton.

Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, while making his fortune in one of the narrow and dark lanes which they call streets in the city of London, was a steady, matter-of-fact person enough; giving his whole soul to the due disposition of consignments, the methodical entry of transactions, the punctual honouring of notes and acceptances, and, in general, to the orderly and successful fulfilment of all those duties incumbent upon him in his calling of a drysalter.—Of books he knew little, and cared less, saving such as the day book and ledger; in the newspapers he read only the debates in parliament, the marine list, the notifications of bankruptcy and the "city articles;" and as for science and literature, they existed for him only in certain vague and rather slighting conceptions, dimly

connected somehow with the Blue-coat School and the universities. But when he became Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, of Dilbury Lodge, and gave up the business—when the trying necessity of getting through twelve hours every day of his life, excluding the time spent in eating and sleeping, drove him to the heedful perusal of his Times and Chronicle, from the left hand column of page one, to the right hand column of page eight, both included, a new world of wonders opened upon him, the perception and enjoyment of which wrought quite a change in his character. He pored over the proceedings of the Association for the Advancement of Science, with huge admiration—understanding a very little, and longing to know what it was the members were talking about, as well as he supposed they did themselves. He subscribed for two or three of the weekly critical papers, and read all their notices of new books; and had serious thoughts of beginning to form a library. Out of this change in his mode of intellectual life grew the troubles of Walter and Harriet.

It happened, just at the time when the mind of the obtuse Samuel was thus beginning to emerge, as it were, from the lower region of trade in which it had so long subsisted, and to cast glances of aspiration toward the confines of knowledge and thought, that an old marvel was brought to life again, to astonish the multitude and puzzle the learned. In an evil hour, Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, read along and amazing account, in one of the papers, of sundry astounding experiments in animal magnetism. His imagination, what little he had left of it, was excited; he bought all the books published, in which the revived science was treated of, went to London and attended the exhibitions, made the acquaintance of two or three professors, and, in a short time, became a sturdy believer. What effect this had upon the fortunes of Harriet and her lover will be partially intimated in the scene to which we now introduce the reader.

The grounds appertaining to Dilbury Lodge were not very extensive, but they were well laid out, and kept in the nicest order. There was a lawn in front, of about an acre; a flower-garden on either side, surrounded by an iron railing, having just within it a tall and thick hedge of privet; in the rear was a conservatory, and beyond this a shrubbery of three or four acres, having some fine old oaks and lofty elms interspersed among the smaller growth. Devious walks ran winding through it, and the grass, where the walks were not, made the

greenest and softest carpet that foot of maiden could press upon. It was along one of these walks, shaded by several of the noble oaks already chronicled, and screened from observation more completely than any other, by the luxuriance of laburnums, that Walter and Harriet were slowly ambulating, and holding the converse which is here faithfully reported.

"Walter," said one of the softest and sweetest voices in the world, "I do wish you would try and please papa about this nonsensical magnetism. He has quite set his heart upon it, and you will lose his favor entirely, unless you contrive, at least, to preserve your gravity while he is talking about it. And if you could but assume a little appearance of interest—"

"Dear Harriet," replied the matrimonially inclined hero, "I would do any thing in the world to please him, for your sake; but this new whim of his is so very nonsensical.—He wants me to believe such ridiculous impossibilities—"

"I know all that, Walter," answered the damsel. "I don't ask you to *believe*, but only to listen patiently, and without laughing in dear papa's face. You can't think how much he is taken up with it, and two or three times when you have been making fun of the magnetizers and the somnambulists, he has been almost angry at you. Now do, Walter, try and keep your countenance at least."

"Well, Harriet, I will, but I know it's of no use. When he puts on his grave face of wonder, and begins telling me of a girl looking to see what o'clock it is with the back of her head, and of another flying away to the moon, without even a broomstick to ride on, I can't for the life of me, help sniggering; and when I come into the room suddenly, as I did just now, and find him pawing and staring before the glass, by way of rehearsal, I suppose, I must either burst out in a roar, or run for it. My dearest Harriet, it is too ridiculous."

"But, Walter, if you go on so, you will offend him very much; and—and—perhaps you may have a favor to ask him, one of these days, Walter—"

"True, dearest, true—the greatest favor that he can bestow."

Here the young gentleman proceeded at some length in a strain very complimentary to the young lady, but this part of his discourse need not be repeated. Readers who have been in love will know what he said, without being told, and they who have not been in love would not understand it.

"But, Walter," observed the maiden, re-

turning to the matter in hand, "I believe I ought to tell you something. That Mr. Watson has been with papa a good deal lately—and he pretends to believe in animal magnetism—and papa seems to be taking him very much into favor—and you know, Walter—"

"D—n Watson," interrupted the lover; "pardon me, dearest, for using such an expression, but I hate the very name of that fellow, and it slipped out unaware. I am not jealous of him, Harriet, because I know, and you know, that it is your fortune more than your precious self that he aims at the possession of. He has not soul enough to appreciate," etc., etc.

Here another digression, which we likewise omit.

"Well, Walter," resumed Harriet; "whatever his object may be, one thing is certain; that he is taking a great deal of pains to win favor with papa, and you must not let him get the advantage of you. So you will try and please papa about the magnetism, for my sake, wont you, dear Walter?"

This was not the whole of the conversation that took place on the particular occasion referred to, but enough of it has been given to let the reader into the state of affairs; and it would be ungentlemanly to play the eavesdropper any farther than is absolutely necessary.

It was very true, as Hamilton said, that the fortune of Miss Dilbury was the main object with Watson. He was a young man about town, with very expensive habits, and no expectations; at least, with no other than that of setting himself up by a rich marriage. He had made desperate love to our young Harriet, and being a handsome man, of fashionable appearance and manners, six feet high, with superb hair and teeth, moving in good circles, and thoroughly experienced in all the resources of a fortune-hunter, it is by no means impossible that if he had found her inclinations quite unengaged, he might have succeeded in making himself very agreeable to her; but he was a few months too late; she had already listened with a pleased ear to the soft somethings of Walter Hamilton, and the moment she became fully sensible of the definite purpose had in view by his rival, she took pains to throw such discouragement in his way as she hoped would induce him to turn his thoughts in some other quarter. But in this matter her expectations were far from realized. Watson knew that Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, was worth, at least, a cool hundred thousand; and as Harriet was his only child, it was clear that the whole

would be her's—and her husband's. She was a prize not to be given up so lightly; and the only consequence of her reserved manner and evident avoidance of his attentions, was a change in his plan of attack. He resolved, in the first place, to ingratiate himself with the father; and most opportunely for him, just at this time it was that animal magnetism and the professors therefore took such vigorous hold of the imagination and belief of old Samuel Dilbury.

Such was the state of affairs when our story commences; and their progress, for some months, was such as might be expected. Mr. Dilbury grew more and more bewitched with the mysterious science in which he had become a believer, and after a time he even took on himself the airs and practices of a professor. From reading the accounts in the newspapers, he went on to attending the exhibitions; then he submitted himself to be magnetized, but with no greater success on the part of his magnetizer. Indeed, we may say that the attempt to put Samuel asleep was a dead failure, partly, perhaps, because he had got into a habit of sleeping only after dinner, and in his bed at night, whereas the magnetizing experiment was made in the morning; and partly by reason of his own eagerness and anxiety to be thrown into a snooze, which, as usual in such cases, kept him wider awake than ever. But the professor who manipulated on the occasion assigned quite another cause for the ill-success of his endeavours. When he found that all his staring did no good—that passes, either upward or downward, had no effect on the obstinate eyelids of Mr. Dilbury—and that even the contact of thumbs was powerless, he gravely declared that his own power of magnetizing was inferior; that he felt himself overcome in the struggle; and, yawning portentously all the while, he assured Mr. D. that although sleepless himself, he could put almost any body to sleep in a very few minutes, advising him to make trial immediately of his mysterious energies. The advice was flattering to a believer so warm and zealous; and he began looking around at once for a subject.

In the meantime he had found a ready and attentive listener to his wondering discourses and speculations on the subject of magnetism, in the person of "that Mr. Watson." Sustained by the hope of marrying the old gentleman's daughter, and so coming into possession of the old gentleman's three per cents, bank stock, etc. and comforted, in the process, by rapid glasses of the old gentleman's choice

Madeira and claret, Mr. Watson contrived to maintain a countenance and demeanor of serious, earnest, marvelling and believing interest, while Mr. Dilbury expatiated on all he had read, seen, or heard, on the subject; accompanied him to some of the exhibitions; brought him the new books that were published respecting it; hunted tip cases in private practice, that did not find their way into the newspapers; and finally, just at the moment of need, when the ambition to magnetize was beginning to rage in the bosom of his intended father-in-law, completed the conquest of that worthy old person's affection, by offering to submit his own outward man to the mysterious exercise of that power before which the professor had felt his own so rebuked.

The offer, we scarcely need say, was joyfully accepted; and the experiments thereupon instituted were, in the highest degree, successful—as was, perhaps, to be expected. Never was magnetizer more elate and triumphant; never was subject more unconscious and docile. Mr. Watson went regularly to sleep in a minute and a quarter, when the old gentleman only stared at him; if he added the passes, the sleep came in three quarters of a minute, and was considerably more profound and absorbing. And then the somnambulist doings and sayings were so very astonishing! Wherever Dilbury wanted him to go, Watson went—whatever Dilbury wanted him to see, Watson saw—whatever Dilbury willed him to say, that Watson said, or he said nothing. Innumerable were the glasses of water he swallowed, pretending to take them for coffee, or champagne, or small beer, or south side Madeira, just as the old gentleman required; and there was not a key in the old gentleman's pockets, that had not been transferred into a book, a pine-apple, a pistol, a watch, a cannon-ball or a turnip. Divers headaches, moreover, twinges of incipient gout, symptoms of confirmed indigestion, and other maladies of no outward and visible seeming, had been speedily alleviated by the application of the magnetic fluid; and, in short, Mr. Dilbury, with the aid of his most capital "subject," had gone very successfully through all the received arcana of the marvellous science.

The effect of all this upon the prospects of our young lovers was by no means salubrious. As the stock of Watson rose in the market of the old gentlemen's affections, that of his rival went down apace, considerably accelerated in its decline by the imprudent candour with which he disclosed his somewhat contemptuous

incredulity, not unfrequently in direct avowals, and always by looks and manner not less explicit than language. That unhappy trick of "sniggering," to which he acknowledged his propensity, in the dialogue with his mistress, was neither diminished by time, nor conquered by his efforts to maintain a becoming gravity of deportment on special occasions; and the upshot of it was, that when Master Hamilton did at length "pop the question," not to Miss Harriet—that had been done long before—but to her magnetical father, he was distinctly informed that the said father entertained other views and designs touching the disposition of the young lady in matrimony.

Now this was a rather astounding piece of intelligence, both to the lover and his mistress; yet to neither was it especially unaccountable. They had long since fathomed the project of Watson, as we have seen; they understood perfectly well both the means by and the purposes for which he had so ingratiated himself with the father; and they were firmly determined, both of them, that he should not reap the fruit of his ingenuity and his perseverance. But how to defeat him—that was the question. They might indeed run away and get married, without the old gentleman's leave; and, in fact, this solution of the problem was considerably more than hinted at by the lover; but Miss Harriet objected, for divers reasons, which it is not requisite here to specify, and it was agreed to consider the elopement as a *dernier resort*, to be practiced only in case of all others failing; an arrangement recommended to both parties, by the consideration that the young lady's fortune was not absolutely her own, but subject to the testamentary caprices of her respectable father, who might, if he pleased, cut her off with a shilling.

The result of a long consultation held upon the subject, was a determination to fight Mr. Watson with his own weapons; and, inasmuch as he had won the favor of Dilbury senior by craft and chicanery, to win it back from him again by an exercise of the same agencies. But to this end it was necessary to secure a confederate; and one excellently qualified, both in situation and character, was found in the person of John Wilkins, who held the very respectable post of tiger to Mr. Watson.

John was an uncommonly shrewd lad—as most tigers are—of some fifteen or thereabout; so small of his age, however, that he could well pass for not more than twelve, were it not for the knowing cast of his face, and the mature aspect of precocious astuteness which he had

acquired, as all boys do who have dealings with and about horses; a remarkable fact in natural history, by the way, which every one must have noticed, but which has never been in print, to my knowledge.

An alliance offensive and defensive was entered into by John and our friend Hamilton, ratified by the transfer of sundry pieces of gold to the former; and a plan for the campaign was quickly agreed upon, the details whereof will appear in the sequel.

Mr. Samuel Dilbury was sitting one morning in his dressing-gown and slippers, leisurely discussing a plate of toast, and some cups of coffee, but dividing his attention between these agreeable companions and a long report of some wonderful experiences in animal magnetism, just achieved in London, by one Monsieur Lafontaine, from Paris. The subjects of Monsieur L. had been tickled with pins, needles, bodkins and lancets, thrust an inch or two into their flesh; they had had bottles of ammonia, concentrated to the highest attainable point of pungency, opened, and rolls of brimstone burned, just under their nostrils; they had undergone powerful shocks from a Voltaic battery; had pistols fired close to their ears, and many other severe trials made of their impassibility, but with no more effect than if they had been made of cast iron; they had been made to see through partition walls; to imagine all sorts of tastes and smells, at the will of the magnetizer; and, in short, there was nothing incredible or impossible, according to the judgement of men in their sober senses, which they had not achieved under the influence of the mysterious agency.

The full details of these wonderful wonders was our credulous senior devouring with infinite relish—flavored now by a savory snap of the toast, and now by a mouthful of Mocha and cream—when Peter, the footman, came in, to announce a message, in great haste, from Watson, of which the respectable tiger, John, was the bearer. He was instantly admitted, of course; and after bobbing his head to “the governor,” proceeded to relate that his master had been in torment all night with a raging toothache, to which he had applied opium, arsenic, brandy, kreosote, and all other known remedies, but to no purpose; that he had resolved on the extirpation of the offending grinder, but, as he dreaded the pain of the operation, he begged the favor of Mr. Dilbury to put him into the magnetic sleep, before it was performed, the fact being unquestionable, that one duly enraptured in the mysterious slumber might

have all his teeth pulled out, or his head pulled off, in utter unconsciousness. If perfectly convenient to Mr. D., the afflicted gentleman would present himself at his house, between twelve and one o’clock, for the purpose;—and he had taken the liberty of directing his servant to call on the apothecary, and tell him to meet Mr. Watson there, at the time appointed.

We need not inform the reader that Mr. Dilbury was hugely delighted at this evidence of respect for his magnetic powers, and at the opportunity it afforded of demonstrating their existence. He sent word to Mr. Watson that all things should be in readiness, and then proceeded to finish his breakfast, in a style bordering on beatitude.

Now it was perfectly true that Watson had sent John with a message to Mr. Dilbury; that the purport of his message was to solicit the elderly gentleman’s curative agency; and that a toothache, real or feigned, was the subject on which that agency was to be exerted. But the tiger, acting under the advisement of Hamilton, had somewhat exceeded his mission; for, as has already been intimated, Watson’s teeth were particularly sound, white, even and beautiful; he prided himself greatly upon them, and he would almost as soon have consented to lose an arm, as submit to the abstraction of one of them.

The appointed hour drew nigh; the apothecary was ready with his lancet, forceps, and key, in another apartment; while Dilbury, Harriet, and Hamilton, were assembled in the old gentleman’s library—or rather the room which he dignified with that name—the latter having been specially invited to be present, in order that he might see with his own eyes, and be convinced. It may as well be remembered, however, that the invitation had been suggested by the young lady; for although the friendly relations before existing between the houses of Dilbury and Hamilton had not been broken off when the suit of the lover was rejected, there had been a considerable diminution of the ostensible intimacy, and the visits of the young man to the old one were neither so frequent nor so unceremonious as they had been. We do not say that his interviews with the young lady were at all reduced either in length or frequency.

But to return. Precisely at ten minutes after twelve, the parties being situated as we have described, to wit, Dilbury, Harriet and Hamilton in the library, the apothecary and his instruments in the room adjoining, the smart

cab of Theophilus Watson, Esq., drew up at the door of Dilbury Lodge, and the occupant thereof, with his face nicely done up in a sky blue silk handkerchief, made his appearance upon the scene of action. He was welcomed with a bustling, sympathizing, but withal a somewhat important assiduity by the amateur professor, who expressed a most affectionate interest in his sufferings, but consoled him with an assurance of speedy relief; and, with the undeniable axiom that a good deed could not be done too soon, proceeded at once to business. The patient, having divested his countenance of its envelope, seated himself in the old gentleman's easy chair, exhibiting a nicely adjusted expression of pain, just decided enough to awaken sympathy, but far removed from any thing like distortion. The magnetizer placed himself directly in front, with his knees touching those of the subject, staring him hard in the face, and looking as solemn and resolute as a judge, trying to keep awake on the bench; while the spectators occupied each an ottoman in a window, wearing a very becoming air of gravity, expectation and interest.

The gaze of Mr. Dilbury grew more intense — the eyelids of the sufferer began to droop; a few downward passes were added to the charm, and the form of Theophilus Watson gradually declined from the perpendicular. All were hushed in profound silence. Another pass, and the head of the patient fell a little to one side, resting in a comfortable position for sleep, on the high back of the easy chair; his limbs relaxed, his breathing grew long and heavy, and, in short, he was profoundly asleep. Mr. Dilbury looked around with a glance of proud satisfaction, and then, rising from his seat, desired his daughter to call in the apothecary. Hamilton would have sworn that at these words there was a slight movement on the part of the sleeper, but nobody noticed it save himself. — The professional man entered with his hideous apparatus. Hamilton felt *almost* sure that the eyes of the sleeper were opened the least bit in the world, but they closed again, and his slumber appeared unbroken.

"Now, Doctor," said Mr. Dilbury, "he is nicely asleep, and you can whip out the tooth in a moment. I'll warrant you that he shall know nothing about it, 'till he wakes again."

There was, undeniably, a sudden flush on the face of the somnolent gentleman. Hamilton saw it distinctly, and so did Harriet.

The doctor drew near, bearing his lancet in one hand, and an atrocious pair of forceps in the other. The footman appeared beside him

with a wash-bowl. He was in the act of placing his hand on the chin of the patient, to open his mouth, when his proceedings were cut short by an event not altogether unexpected by all the individuals present.

"What in the devil's name are you about?" roared Mr. Theophilus Watson, starting up from his chair, as broad awake as he ever was in his life, considerably frightened, and rather disposed to be in a rage.

* * * * *

Any reader possessing the least ingenuity can imagine the rest. All I have farther to say is, that John Wilkins, the tiger, was discharged the very same day, from the service of Mr. Watson, and taken at once into that of young Walter Hamilton. Moreover, a friend write me from England, knowing the interest I take in the family, that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's first-born son is to be named Dilbury, after his grandfather.



CURIOUS EXPERIMENT WITH A VIPER.—Many natural philosophers, in their eagerness to display the powers of science, have overlooked one of the first duties of life, humanity; and with this view, have tortured and killed many harmless animals, to exemplify the amazing effects of the air-pump. We, however, will not stain our columns by recommending any such species of cruelty, which in many instances can merely gratify curiosity; but as our readers might like to read the effect on animals we extract from the learned Boyle an account of his experiment with a viper. He took a newly caught viper, and shutting it up in a small receiver, extracted the air. At first, upon the air being drawn away, the viper began to swell: a short time after, it gaped and opened its jaws; it then resumed its former lankness, and began to move up and down within the receiver as if to seek for air. After a while it foamed a little, leaving the foam sticking to the inside of the glass: soon after, the body and neck became prodigiously swelled, and blistered on its back. Within an hour and a half from the time the receiver was exhausted, the distended viper moved, being yet alive, though its jaws remained quite stretched: its black tongue reached beyond the mouth, which had also become black in the inside; in this situation it continued for three hours; but on the air being readmitted, the viper's mouth was presently closed, and soon after opened again; and these motions continued some time, as if there was still some remains of life.

SOLUTION TO QUESTIONS IN THE NOVEMBER NO.

1st.—From the question it appears that the perpendicular of the triangle, is the radius of the semicircle, and the square of the perpendicular of an equilateral triangle being 3 times the square of half the side—if x be put for half the side, the area will be expressed by $x \times (3x^2)^{\frac{1}{2}}$; and this by the question being equal to 100, the perpendicular will be found to be 13 16; which, multiplied by 2, gives 26 32, the diameter required.

2d.—If the base of the triangle be bisected by a line drawn parallel to the perpendicular, it is easily shown that the bisecting line is one half of the perpendicular, and the area of the triangle cut off is one-fourth of the whole triangle, or 24 square feet, and the sides are 6 and 8 feet.

3d.—The effects of heat are reciprocally proportional to the square of its distance from the centre, whence it is propagated, therefore the mean distance of the sun from us being 106 of his diameters, it is the square of 106 or 11236 times hotter at the surface of the sun, than under our equator.

M. N. W.

THE AMARANTH,

TO OUR PATRONS.

In taking a retrospective view of the contents of the twelve numbers of the Amaranth, which we have presented to the public, a source of pride and gratification is afforded to us, when we contemplate the result of our labours. It is with feelings of pride that we can say, that through the means of the Amaranth, we have elicited many talented productions, which, in its absence, would possibly have never been composed; and our pleasure is of that rational kind, in beholding their publication in our pages, and through our humble instrumentality, which time will increase rather than have a tendency to diminish.

Twelve months have elapsed since we embarked in the present undertaking. We entered upon the field with anxious feelings, when we looked forward and anticipated what might be the practical result. The favourable testimony we received on the publication of our first number, cheered and animated us in the arduous pursuit. Our contributors—to whom we take this opportunity of expressing our grateful acknowledgments—have steadily increased; and the estimation in which their efforts were held, whilst it afforded us additional gratification, it gave another stimulus to our

exertions, in furnishing to the public a work, which we can say, and we trust without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of vanity, has been honourable to all parties, who have been so zealously engaged in it.

Proud as we have reason to be of the original contributions in the Amaranth, yet our better judgment is not so dazzled as to be blind to its failings, or to imagine for a moment, that it has any pretensions to rival our contemporaries of the old country—it is gratifying to us to feel assured that it is creditable to the new. Such of our friends, who love New Brunswick as ardently as we do, will feel an honest pride in beholding the varied specimens of literary labour, which the Amaranth exhibits, and hail it as the humble, yet certain advent, of more noble and elevated productions. We trust that in this respect the day is not far distant when our brightest anticipations will be more than realized. To the best of our ability, we have earnestly endeavoured to contribute towards this desirable attainment, and even now, when we realize the infant state of the Province, we have no just reason to complain at its present advancement in literary taste, but but on the contrary, we dwell with pleasing reflection upon what has already been furnished by the natives of New-Brunswick, towards the rational amusement and edification of their countrymen. "In viewing the majestic ruins of Rome or Athens, of Balbec or Palmyra, it administers both pleasure and instruction to compare them with the draughts of the same edifices in their pristine proportion and splendour," so in scrutinizing the gem of what will hereafter become the tree of knowledge, abundant and glorious in its fruits, our feelings of patriotism and of ambition are awakened, and it is with honest pride that we recognize talent and assiduity striving to plant and adorn our domestic walks with native literature.

The Amaranth,

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