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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 3. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE, 1843.

{ No. 6.

THE LAST DAYS OF PRINCES.

(Concluded.)

BUT where is the brave, the good-natured, and the indolent Robert, all this time? When last we took leave of him, he was assuming the cross, and departing for the Holy Land. He has, since then, fought like a good knight, and performed prodigies of valor; nay, weak and unthinking as he had ever proved in his own affairs, he has evinced sagacity and prudence in council as well as valor in the field; and at the juncture at which we have arrived, he is for the first and only time in his eventful life, reposing in the lap of ease, enjoying the plaudits of his noble deeds, and blessed in the smiles and love of a fair young princess.— Henry had indeed set forth a story that his brother had taken up his abode in Palestine, from which he would no more return, in consequence of the throne of Jerusalem having been bestowed upon him for his valor. A false report, and a glaring one, which the deceitful monarch was aware could not long remain undiscovered; but he trusted in his wiles, and only desired time to strengthen his position.

The truth was, that the heroic leader of the first active crusade, the immortalized Godfrey of Bouillon had been elected King of Jerusalem; and Robert, whose power was little short of that which shed glory over the name of Godfrey, had begun to return towards his native land, before the death of his brother William. He landed in Southern Italy, where he lingered in the knightly society of many an illustrious brother in arms, who, like himself, had sheathed their swords, and were now reposing under their hard-earned laurels. Here he had the happiness to obtain a bride in the young, the beautiful, the rich, and the good Sybilla, daughter of a powerful Italian prince; their affection was mutual, and now, for a time,

he solaced himself for all his former labours and struggles. It was not until he finally arrived at his own patrimonial dominion of Normandy, that he learnt the death of Rufus, and the treachery of Beau Clerc, when he instantly determined to strike for his claim to the succession.

But the crafty Henry was too well acquainted with his brother's disposition to be greatly moved by his threats. Henry was at least King, *de facto*, powerful, rich, and vigilant; whilst Robert was but Duke of Normandy, with many of his fortresses in pledge in his brother's hands. At this time, also, Robert was vain of his beautiful bride, whom he took from city to city, and whose large fortune he squandered in vain shows. What was the consequence? When he really commenced hostilities, he was without the "sinews" of war, and the nobles, friendly to his cause, who admired his bravery and open disposition, were afraid to trust themselves to the consequences of his indolence. Yet many were true to him, and still more were suspected by Beau Clerc, who, in this campaign, put forth all the tact and discernment for which he was so remarkable. The dispute, this time, therefore, was a bloodless one; for, although the hostile forces met, yet instead of contesting the field, the principals proceeded to negotiations; the easy, indolent Robert, was prevailed on to accept the title and full possession of Normandy, together with an annual allowance of three thousand marks, and to give up all claim on England during the life of Henry; adding, however, the old and unheeded proviso, that, whoever of the two should be the survivor, should inherit both the governments.— There was, however, another clause in the treaty, which was ultimately the source of all Robert's misfortunes, and of the blackest crimes that consequently ensued in the remaining history of the Beau Clerc. It was this,

that forgiveness should be extended to all the followers of each, on the present occasion, and that, for the future, neither of the brothers should encourage or protect the enemies of the other.

The indolent man finds it troublesome to doubt or to take warning. Were this not so, Robert of Normandy might, long before the period at which we have arrived, have learned to distrust the fraudulent Henry, whose whole life was but a tissue of craft and treachery.—These properties had now become so essentially parts of his disposition, that he could not desist from their use. No sooner had Robert returned to Normandy, than Henry commenced a series of intrigue, in order to entrap those who had adhered to his brother, into breaches of the law; he soon succeeded so far, that one of the most influential of them was obliged to flee the country with intent to take refuge with the Duke. The latter, however, true to his engagement, ravaged the Norman estates of the fugitive as a criminal against the English law, hastily came over to England to show his brother, personally, how promptly he had acted, and—owned that he was himself virtually a prisoner, under the allegation that he had instigated the fugitive nobleman to disobedience. The crafty King now squeezed from the short-sighted prince the annuity of three thousand marks, as the price of his liberty, and doubtless exulted in the ease with which he performed the act of pillage.

Robert's sole glimpse of good fortune was when he married the amiable and prudent Sybilla, and under her guidance he might have acted somewhat more wisely. But she was soon lost to him, after bearing to him a son, who became the unhappy and constant object of his uncle's enmity. And now Robert returns again to all the vicious habits of his earlier days, and becomes the prey, both of the nobles around him, and of his own domestics. To such a degree does his indolence and credulity expose him, that he is found sometimes with scarcely a mark in his treasury, and utterly without the necessary clothes to wear.—Like the generality of persons of his habits and temperament, he attaches no blame to himself for the destitute condition in which he finds himself, but lashes himself to fury against the subtle Henry, against whom he launches forth his maledictions, and, by the advice of some, and the threats of others, he once more resolves to be avenged.

But Henry is before him. The King knowing the utter imbecility of the Duke's power,

the embarrassment of his finances, and the increased inactivity of his mind, no longer condescends to dissimulate, but, declaring that peace between them is now for ever at an end, he enters Normandy with the purpose of conquering it, and adding it to the English crown. Obdurate man! Has not remorse yet touched his wily and treacherous soul? No, in forty years of crooked and dishonest policy, he has not yet felt a pang of regret for the manifold evils of his life. Habit has deadened his feelings, ambition has stirred his desires, the manners of the times have greatly countenanced his tergiteude, and the religion he professes, points out an easy mode of atonement. Little did he then think what a change would come over his spirit in the course of the next twenty years.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! The animosities of these two brothers caused them to be the unconscious instruments of England's vengeance on Norman invasion.—In the determination of Henry to deprive his elder brother of his just possession, the King's forces were mainly English. The battle of Tenchebrai was fought and won by Henry, and by it Normandy became an English province: and, what was most remarkable, the victory was gained on the same day of the same month which, forty years before, had been so fatal to English liberty at Hastings.—Robert, and shortly afterwards, his son, fell into the King's hands; and now an opportunity is presented for using clemency and kindness, although justice was not to be expected. The first visitings of compunction did indeed touch the heart of Henry; but, as they were but imperfect so also they were but transitory. The unfortunate Robert became a prisoner for life in the strong castle of Cardiff, where, for the greater part of thirty years, he remained a helpless, sightless victim; his ruthless brother having taken the cruel precaution of causing his sight to be destroyed, in order to prevent any further attempts of the unhappy prince to obtain his liberty, and strike once more for his rights.

But the child of Robert, the infant William, was a basilisk in his sight. The King knew that whilst this child lived, neither Henry nor his children could hold a secure title to either Normandy or England. Now Henry also had a William; the child of his hopes, the proposed establisher of the house in his line, and—which he did not then anticipate—to be the scourge of his sins, and the destroyer of his peace for ever. In one of his few softer

moments he had placed his nephew, William, in the custody of a Norman noble in whom he believed he could trust. But his fears soon revived, and he sent to have the youth taken away from his protector. Too late; the guardian had fled with his charge; and thenceforth, for several years, was exhibited the hollow, treacherous, avaricious, and time-serving series of events, by which the young Duke of Normandy was patronized, forsaken, bought, sold—but not delivered!—through the machinations of Kings and princes whose only objects were power and riches, and who looked on the helpless youth in no better light than as a means to their ends. Between these opposing interests, young William Fitz Robert was, for a time, thrown into the back ground; Henry got Normandy settled upon him by the King of France, whose daughter, also, was given to Henry's son—the vicious, arrogant, and insolent William—who, even early in life, had threatened the English that whenever he should have the rule, he would use them as the meanest beasts of burthen.

The cup of righteous indignation was now full, and the insensate Henry, as well as his tyrannical son, must drink of it. They embarked from Barfleur, when the homage for Normandy was paid, and the nuptials above-named were concluded. Beau Clerc's soul was elate, the carousings of the prince and his retinue were extravagant; the father and the son, with their several retinues, were in different vessels. The former duly reached the shores of England, but the latter—never. It was no tempest that beat down his bark, it was no overwhelming wave that swallowed her up.—It was the licentious orgies of a few intoxicated men, that caused "The white ship" to strike against rocks in the most favourable weather, and sent to their great account the prince and three hundred others. Ah! where were now the day-dreams of ambition which so long had occupied Henry's mind? Where were the hopes that his name and lineage should be continued to future generations?—Where should he find consolation under this sudden and dreadful stroke? To his wife, the "good Queen Maud?" Alas, she was no more! She had sacrificed herself in marrying him, in the vain hope of serving her native English people; but had long perceived that she had been made only a tool of his craft.—To religion?—He had pillaged the churches, and insulted their ministers; he had no confidence in its efficacy, and its aid never occurred to him?—To his subjects? They had

long ceased to hope anything from either promises or oaths uttered by him; for these had now become a bye-word to them.—To his own reflections?—Of all consolations, these offered the poorest resource. He was a glutton, a drunkard, plunged into the very depths of licentiousness, he was hated yet feared, and his very wisdom and talents which had procured for him his surname, only served to make him the more to be dreaded. He heard the fearful news as it were a rock fallen on his head.—He swooned; he recovered; he returned by degrees to the every-day business of his station; but from that instant in which he learned the death of his son, a smile never, never played upon his features; he was like a man forlorn.

King Henry had so long been in the habit of busying himself in the perplexities and intricacies of political intrigue, that despair itself could not prevent him from proceeding in that course. The loss of his son, so far from reconciling him to the claims of his nephew, Fitz Robert, seemed only to exasperate him the more against that unfortunate youth. He was conscious of his present power, and had confidence in the wiliness of his head which had generally carried him through his difficulties. That, however, which he now proposed, was of a nature so discordant to the received notions of sovereign rule, that it well required both hand and head to carry it effectually through. This was to proclaim his daughter Matilda, who had been married to the emperor of Germany and was now a widow, heiress of his throne in England and of his ducal authority in Normandy.

Now, in modern times, this would have been a matter of course; but in the warlike period of the twelfth century when every ruler and noble was a soldier, and commanded the forces of his own domains, the sovereign authority in the hands of a woman was altogether unknown. But Henry, instead of yielding to circumstances, was always best pleased when he could compel circumstances to bend to him; and although, in this attempt to exalt his daughter, he knew her to be naturally as arrogant as her brother had been, increased perhaps by the consciousness that she was even then the relict of an emperor, that her temper was bad, and that she was the plague of her father's life, yet such is the waywardness of the human heart, that he felt some satisfaction at the prospect of inflicting upon others some portion of the misery which had now begun to be poured upon him. He found not, however, the difficulty which he had an-

icipated, in carrying his point; and, in the plenitude of his satisfaction at this ready concurrence, his wisdom and sagacity for the moment slept; he dreamt not that there could be anything hollow in the obedience of his nobles.

But the wily king had trained up wily people, and, notwithstanding the unanimity of the declaration in favor of Matilda, nothing was farther from the hearts of those who most prominently stood forth in her behalf. There were already aspirants for the succession; the greatest asserters of the privilege of precedence in taking the oath to defend her claim, were the very men whose first object would be to supplant her. This brings us to the remarkable replies of the earls, Stephen of Blois, and William of Gloucester; the former being Henry's nephew, and the latter the king's natural son. The claim of a natural son to inheritance had not yet become obsolete in Europe, and it was now a question in the minds of those two powerful and ambitious barons, which of the two had the better right; Matilda being out of all consideration, as an anomaly in feudal government.

Henry's nephew, however, still lived, and the king might say, like Macbeth, "We've scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it." Young Fitz Robert had become a brave warrior, a hardy soldier, with all his unhappy father's better qualities, and few of his faults. The king of France, who had for many years played "fast and loose" with him, at length took up his cause seriously, procured him an elevated marriage, and gave with the bride important possessions, which he afterwards enlarged by conferring on him the earldom of Flanders. This brave but unfortunate young man was not destined to recover the paternal inheritance, nor to be longer an eye-sore to his vindictive uncle. The Flemings, always the most discontented insurrectionary people in Europe, soon rose against the young earl, who nevertheless was successful in fight against all who opposed him, but who unfortunately got his death-wound in the field; thus perishing in the bloom of manhood, in the onward path to the power and fortune due to his promising qualities, and to the infinite relief of his unrelenting uncle, who in the first exultation of the hour, performed nearly the only act of mercy that is recorded of him—he granted the young prince's dying request of pardon to those who had followed his fortunes.

Surely now King Henry begins to perceive glimpses of happiness! Surely he at least enjoys tranquility, and begins to taste somewhat

of the gratification arising from the consummation of his dearest wishes and the absence of every species of rivalry! Alas, no! The very circumstance of his being without a project on foot, without an enemy to circumvent without a subject on which he can exercise his wily arts and please himself by cheating, is so contrary to the habits of nearly sixty years, that he actually finds a gap in his existence, and even the learning and wisdom for which he has long stood eminent refuses to relieve him. The mind nevertheless will work, however obstinate the soul which is its co-inhabitant; and where there is nothing without to occupy it, it never fails to turn inwards for occupation; then woe to the wretch who is not prepared for its examination. It gnaws and corrodes, nor can the victim escape, for he is ever present; vainly he flies from reflection, but haunts him the more; vainly he turns to religion—such religion as that which was then possessed—and only in the vortex of dissipation and licentiousness can he find a temporary relief, from the anguish and remorse which returns again with redoubled strength after each interruption.

It is not to be supposed that the monarch implicitly relied upon the oaths which he had extorted from the nobility, in favor of his daughter. His own false heart warned him sufficiently against so mere a rope of sand.—Well he knew the ambitious dispositions of his nephew and of his natural son, well he understood the pretensions which lay partially hidden under the expression peculiar to each, and above all he knew their soldier-like qualities. To attach them by ties of gratitude he had laden them with wealth and honours; his nephew especially, by alliances, titles, and distinctions, was pre-eminent in his day. And on these lay all the confidence he could repose, for fidelity to his legitimate offspring when he should be gone hence. Mistaken man, he was himself the most striking living example of the faithlessness which he dreaded. There is ever this great difference between honest sagacity and prudence, and devious cunning; the former acts with integrity and straight-forward intentions; and, if a mistake or a mishap occur, there is no ravelled skein to untwist, no trick to compensate for; the sympathy of good men is with the good, and that very sympathy gives additional momentum to new efforts. The latter, working by wiles expects wiles in return, he fortifies himself at every fancied weak point, but generally it turns out that one has been managed over-

much. So it was with Henry towards Stephen, to attach him he made him powerful, and Stephen employed that power, at the earliest opportunity, to aggrandize himself at the expense of his benefactor's child, and of the oath which he had been so forward to tender.

That oath had been but a temporary resource until some stronger bond could be suggested; and at length the king's mind was elated by the intelligence that a grandson was born to him, who, he immediately trusted would be Matilda's representative and support whilst she lived, and her successor at her decease.— This altered the appearance of things, although it did not affect their indomitable resolution.— Readily they came at the monarch's call, again to swear allegiance to Matilda, and to her children after her. What cared they? They had already pledged themselves to that which they had resolved to break, and another oath or two were nothing after violating the first.— The sagacity of Henry had not taught him that the unnecessary multiplication of oaths diminishes their sanctity in the minds of those who make them, and that every call, of such a description, became more and more ridiculous in their eyes.

But the king draws near his end. The sombre complexion of his thoughts has gradually more and more increased; it affected his health, and by reaction it affected his mind.— He gave himself up still more to sports and to sensual pleasures. He ate of a species of food of which he was extravagantly fond, although warned of the ill consequences which might be expected; he indulged in it to excess, it caused indigestion and fever, and brought him to the bed on which we found him when our reflections were commenced. For a full week he has been stretched upon the bed of sickness, groaning with physical, and racked with mental disease; his soul glancing "from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth," still deceiving himself and shutting out remorse with all the blandishments of a self-deceptive mind, and still actuated by that worldly ambition which had been his companion-feeling through life.

The termagant princess tardily obeyed the call of the dying monarch even though its object was her own elevation. The nobles also gathered around him; and the churchmen were at his bedside. "Barons of England and of Normandy," said the expiring Henry, "behold your Queen and her successor! I shall soon cease to be among you, but you have sworn again and again to support these.— Lighten my dying hours, let me hear once

more those oaths of fealty, and I shall die contented in the assurance that in your guardianship they are secure." Again they all pressed forward and joined in the solemn mockery. The haughty Matilda scarcely deigning her thanks for that which in the pride of her heart she considered needless; the barons departed, yet were their countenances not so unmoved but that the suspicious glance of the anxious Henry caught an expression in the face of Stephen, which haunted his imagination until he breathed his last.

Had Henry Beau Clerc the prescience in those last moments to be aware of what should shortly ensue? If he had—and there are those who believe that the cleared judgment of some in the dying hour, is not unlike an inspired feeling—then indeed what anguish must have filled his soul, how in one horrid retrospective glance must he have seen all the enormities with which his life was filled; whilst everything whispered to him, "It has been all in vain."

Thus died the last of that ruthless family which had made England a grave and a lazar house. A scion of that family then usurped the place of the survivors, and one of another name and lineage became king in their stead.



RHAPSODIAL STANZAS

ON VISITING MY NATIVE VALE.

Away despondence and despair, ignoble things retire!

Bright visions flit before my eyes, strange thoughts my soul inspire;

A holy influence fills my breast, fast thronging mem'ries rise—

And deep delight's full fount runs o'er, and quick tears dim my eyes.

My native vale I've found again, clad in its bright array;

My home I gladly hail once more—where all seems bright and gay.

Hail! to thee, thou winding river, while onward to the sea

The sunbeams on thy silver wave are dancing merrily;

For on thy banks, oh! gentle stream, full many an hour I've passed,

And thoughts of deep intelligence o'er thy glad waters cast.

Flow on; thy murmur to my ear is music's richest tone,

For thou art in my native vale, and near my childhood's home.

Hail! ye empyreal gems of heaven, ye orbs of living light,
 Which gild the mighty firmament and flee the gloom of night;
 For I have watch'd ye in your course, aerial through the sky,
 And deem'd ye messengers of joy—parts of eternity:—
 Then heavenly raptures fill'd my breast, entranc'd I saw the hour
 That bade ye from the skies retire, with all your thrilling power.
 And ye, too, scented flowers hail! ye first born of the earth!
 No more may *winter* bring a blight, nor with'ring frosts a dearth:
 Ye are too fair to die, ye flowers, too bright to fade away,
 Too glorious all to quit the vale, the land which you array;—
 Inspire me as ye did of old, when first I sought to rove,
 And learn'd from ye the hidden source, and golden art of *love*!
 And ye too stately forests of my native valley, hail!
 The quick'ning thoughts ye raise within, tell not an idle tale;
 Your leafy bowers inviting bid the voice of music swell
 Harmonious o'er the landscape far from out your scented dell;—
 Ye speak of earthly exstasy, of boyish mirth and glee,
 Beneath your pine-tree's spreading shade and airy myrtle tree.
 And ye, too, balmy winds of heaven! ye cour-sers of the sky,
 Oh! kiss again my burning cheek, as on ye ceaseless fly;
 And gambol as ye did of yore, upon my youthful brow,
 When to the sorrow of the world I knew not how to bow.
 Oh! lave me in your fluid font—the pang of pain dispel,—
 For I am in my childhood's home, the early loved and well!
 All hail! ye merry haunts of youth, ye scenes of early days!
 What whisp'rings to my soul ye bring, what olden dreams ye raise;
 For I am free again to roam thy varied walks among,
 And pour with nature's warblers forth the merry voice of song.

Hail to thy hallow'd precincts, *home!* the sunniest place of earth,
 Thou centre of our earthly joys, thou spring of kindred mirth!
 Ye dear familiar faces hail! who watched my early glee,
 As full of buoyant gladness yet, as joyous as as free;
 Ye are my compeers in the vale—companions in the world,
 And to the self-same fitful breeze our canvases is unfurl'd;
 And to the same far land we go, where peace and plenty dwell,
 Where nought of earth can rise to breathe the fatal word *farewell!*

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TANGIERS.

THIS sea-port town was the scene of the interesting story of Phœbe, the Jewish Heroine, Lady Grosvenor, who visited it in 1841, thus describes its present aspect, in a work lately published, entitled "A Yacht Voyage in the Mediterranean." This book may be regarded as another monument of female enterprise, marking also the progress of feminine cultivation and accomplishment in England. "At eleven, a. m., we embarked in the *gig* to row about a mile and a half to the town; the sea being very rough, and the wind straight against us, we were plentifully sprinkled with salt water, and when we arrived at the shore, found only a shelving gravelly beach to land upon, as to the method of effecting which, some doubts were raised in our minds, added to which a strange, uncouth-looking race were drawn up on the shore; but with the encouragement of the Captain of the Port, a tall old man in the Moorish dress, with a long white beard (well described as an old lion by a former traveller,) we at length accomplished it, but were obliged to be carried through the surf by our sailors, and were deposited on the beach in the midst of a most curious scene. Groups of wild-looking negroes and moors were lying about in all kinds of picturesque dresses; some wrapped up in white woollen garments, called 'haiks,' of which they draw a fold over their heads; others in brown and white striped pelisses with a 'bourrous,' or peaked hood, which is an admirable protection against sun or rain. Many of the Moors were handsome but fierce-looking, with sharp white teeth, and gleaming black eyes. Though it was not one of the best market-days, which are Thursdays and Sundays, the market presented a very

rious scene, from the groups of Moors, Arabs, and Jews, standing, sitting, and lying, huddled up in their bournouses, buying and selling.— Some look gentle, but the generality have a wild and ferocious expression. The women are completely covered up in their dirty white rrapery, and conceal their faces, so that nothing is seen but one eye and their hands and feet, the latter being coarse and ugly; but it is to be observed that we only saw the lower classes, as the ladies always remain shut up at home. The principal articles for sale were 'comestibles,' innumerable kinds of grain, onions, tomatas, dates, raisins, egg-plants, and jars of an oily white-looking ointment, which turned out to be butter, perhaps two or three years old, which is supposed to improve the flavour. On the open counter of nearly every shop, there was at least one cat, which the owners keep as a sort of brush to wipe their hands upon; as after measuring out soft yellow soap with those natural implements, they do not scruple to give a handful of raisins, or flower, or rice, all handed out in the same sweetly simple manner, which creates an occasional necessity for an apology of a towel.— Almost all the natives had the hair shaved; some wore a large tuft on one side, occasionally lengthened into a plait. The negroes who come from the interior were singularly frightful, in all their varieties, which were many.— We mounted by very narrow, tolerably dirty, and shockingly paved, streets, to what had been the treasury, a Moorish building, with a cloistered arcade round a court, now in a very ruinous state; thence up to the Citadel, where we saw traces of the original walls of Tangier, and so on to a graceful and beautiful gateway, looking down a steep hill to the lovely country surrounding the town. The mountains in the distance are covered with low wood, sheltering wild boar; and in the fore-ground are thickets of stupendous cactuses, with stems like small forest-trees; carobs, or the locust-tree; fig-trees, palmettos, and many other shrubs. In a large ditch below the old walls, in the midst of all this beauty, was a horrid sight and smell, of the carcasses of horses and mules, left there to decay."



VERACITY.—Every breach of veracity indicates some latent vice, or some criminal intention which an individual is ashamed to avow. And hence the peculiar beauty of openness or sincerity, uniting in some degree in itself the graces of all the other moral qualities of which it attests the existence.

THE LAIRD'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

FOR three or four miles to the westward of the little chapel, which I have before described, the country rose in a long regular slope of moorland pastures, here and there fenced by dry stone walls, but for the most part open and devoid of any sign of human cultivation, unless it were the scattered herds of small black cattle, and flocks of ragged looking, long-horned sheep, which cropped their stunted herbage. Beyond this bleak and barren range there rose a wilder, grander hill, still sloping gently upward in the same direction, but covered not with grass, but with deep purple heather, and interspersed with tall crags of grey, sifted sandstone, and here and there a deep morass, as might be clearly recognized by the rank verdure of its surface, and, at rare intervals a steep, precipitous and rough ravine, through which some noisy streamlet found its way to the broader strath, and mightier river. It was into this desolate and gloomy tract that the young Laird of Livingstone had dashed, when the last of this soldier's band fell in the short fatal conflict over the grave of his murdered victim. As his strong, high-blooded charger swept over the mountain brook which separated the lone church-yard from the broad pastures, with scarce an effort, and stretched gallantly away over the gentle slope, confident in the speed and vigor of the fine animal that bore him, maddened by rage and indignation at the idea that his stout troopers, picked veterans of the Scottish lifeguard, should have met an end so inglorious, he turned his body half round in his saddle, and shaking his hand with a swearing and angry gesture against the six or eight men who had started to pursue him, he gave vent to his excited feelings in a loud shout of scorn and stern, contemptuous defiance. It was well for him then, that not a musket remained loaded in the hands of those who followed him, for there were two or three among them, keen and unerring marksmen, and he was still within fair carbine distance, and there was not one man of that fierce, persecuted party, who would not have esteemed it a good deed, and acceptable unto the Lord of Hosts, to shoot him like a dog, whose hands, as they said, were purpled with the blood of the saints, and his raiment red with the same. He drove the spurs into the flanks of the proud charger, who answered with a snort and gleam of his vicious eye, that told of the untamed and gallant spirit, he had derived from a long train

of desert sins. On, he swept—on! unchecked, and free, and fearless, skimming the long ascent with all the ease, and almost all the fleetness of the swallow chasing its insect prey, sweeping across the brooks and water-courses that crossed his course at intervals, as if they were mere furrows in the soil, and charging the rough, free-stone walls with vigorous and exulting joy. The rider turned when he had won the first mile of the hill, and as he looked back on the men who followed him, scattered, and foiled, and breathless, yet breasting still the slope with stubborn resolution, and giving vent to their thirst of vengeance in a deep solemn shout, a curl of scorn drew up his chiselled lip, as he muttered to himself—“Fools—blind, presumptuous fools!—as if their clumsy feet, made but to trample their deep, clayey furrows, could vie with thy fleet hoofs—my matchless Barbary; for not a pant is in thy clear, slow breathing, not a foam-spot upon thy curb, not even a shade of moisture, on thy sleek, velvet coat.” He paused, however, for a moment as he spoke, and gazed half wistfully around him, before him lay the steep and purple moors, and to his right, the ridges, steep and precipitous, and pathless, of the wild Rutlands—he drew his rein up shortly, and wheeling to his left hand, struck into a gallop, once again crossing the hill obliquely toward the lower country, and the road by which he had marched upward, but after riding some ten minutes, he crossed the top of a small hillock, and gaining a full view of the open country, saw what he had quite forgotten, a broad, fierce, brawling river in the valley, at two or three miles distance. “Ha!” he said, striking his hand passionately on his thigh, “ha! curses on it!—it had escaped my notice, and long ere this, be sure of it, the only bridge is guarded by a mob of these dog puritans!—why, the whole nest of them will be astir when the news goes abroad, that they have slain eight troopers of Graham’s Guard! and not a ford in that infernal stream, ’till I can reach the Preakin hollow. Well! here goes, for the mountain—thank Heaven, no foot of man can gain upon black Barbary, over these open fields, and ere I reach the heather, they will be miles behind me!” And, with the word, he wheeled his horse again, and rode back up the hill in the direction which he had first taken. In doing this, the line of his course was turned back somewhat, not actually toward the furious foes who were pursuing, but in a direction transverse to that which they had taken, so that he saw them clearly; so

clearly that he could mark the sullen, dogged air of each grim visage, and note the bitter rag which paled their embrowned countenances. But it was not this only that he noted, for, halfway now between the chased and the footmen who were still in resolute chase, he might perceive four peasants mounted upon the horses which they had caught after the fall of his dragoons, spurring them fiercely up the hill and shouting in anticipated triumph. The sight awoke him instantly to a more fit appreciation of his danger, and wasting no more time, he set his horse’s head straight for the moors, and without looking back at all, rode as directly as the crow flies over all obstacles that came in his way, with the calm nerve and splendid horsemanship that marked the perfect cavalier. A nearer, wilder yell than any that had yet fallen on his ear, pealed wildly down the void; he momentarily turned his head, and saw that the two parties had united, and that, whereas the men who had first taken the chargers of the slain soldiers, were mere clanish rustics, Hackstoun, of Raithillet, and three of his companions, all, evidently from their bearing in the saddle, old troopers and experienced horsemen, had mounted in their place, and had already fearfully diminished the space that intervened between them and himself, their destined victim. Another mile had been already traversed, and only one remained ere he should reach the rough and broken heather—on he spurred—on! and with redoubled speed, and the black charger gloriously repaid his master’s confidence, by its redoubled speed. On! he went; on!—and now he reached the wall, the last that intervened between the pasture and the moors. It was a strong, tall barrier, of sharp, dry lime-stone, at least six feet in height, with a broad, rugged ditch, on the near side. “Ha!” he exclaimed, with a gay smile, “ha! I am safe, then—not a horse, save mine, can clear it!” and, as he spoke, he pulled his horse deliberately up, that he might catch his wind before attempting the great leap, and looked quite coolly down the hill toward the men who followed, now, having lost a little ground in the last gallop, about half a mile behind him. They saw him pull up suddenly, and knowing the ground themselves accurately, and the formidable height of the boundary wall, perceived at once that he declined the leap—again, a wild, triumphant yell pealed from their lips, and again he shook his gaudied hand at their threatenings, and answered with a shout clearer, higher, and more triumphant, than their own. Then, set-

ing himself firmly in the saddle, he gathered his reins up lightly, pricked the good war-horse with the spur, and charged the wall with cool determination. With flashing, and distorted nostril, the good horse charged it—with a long, easy stroke he rose into the air, swung over it, and was lost in a moment to the sight of the pursuers. But not ten bounds had the horse made beyond it, before the Laird perceived that to gallop in that rough and broken soil, was useless! Nay, more, was impossible. His was a mind prompt in expedient, fearless, and daring in a degree no less insolent, and cruel, and oppressive. "I will turn back," he said, "and from behind the wall will shoot the two first with my pistols—and then the devil's in it: if I cannot cut down the others, if they dare cross on foot!" Another moment, and he had taken post under the shelter of the wall—had drawn both pistols from his holsters, and was examining their priming, when the near tramp of the horses apprized him that the time was come. Doffing his hat, he raised his eyes above the level of the crossing stone, so carefully that no one of the pursuers witnessed it. He saw Hackstoun within ten paces, and in the very act of putting his horse at the leap, and behind him, at perhaps ten paces farther, a second trooper, heavily spurring a cumbersome bay stallion. In times of peril, thoughts flash, as it were, like lightning on the mind—he knew that Hackstoun's horse, how boldly he might ride soever, could not by any possibility carry him over that huge fence, and calculating on his certain fall, resolved that *him* he could slay with the sword merely. So, raising himself in his stirrups, he showed himself above the wall, and stretching forth his hand, took a quick aim, and fired. Through the dense smoke he saw the second trooper reel—man and horse—upon the ground; but the next instant, the man leaped to his feet with a loud cry, apparently unharmed, and instantly began to load his long-barrelled fowling piece. Meantime, Hackstoun had dashed his heavy charger at the wall, with a good will to clear it, it is true, and a revengeful heart that would have braved ten times the danger, had he been sure of making good his purpose. But, well although he rode, and daringly, the animal he backed could not accomplish it, but forced unwillingly, by the resolution of his rider, drove at it, cleared the ditch, but striking the top of the wall with its chest, was hurled backward into the chasm by the shock, while Hackstoun was thrown completely over, as if he had been launched from some gigantic en-

gine, and pitching on his head among the heather, lay for the moment stunned and senseless. "I thought so!" shouted Livingstone, "hell to your souls! Base dogs, how dare ye thus pursue a gentleman and soldier?" and, with these words, levelling the second of his pistols at the head of the third horseman, he pulled the trigger with an aim so steady, that the bullet took effect full in the middle of his forehead, and hurled him from the saddle, a dead man, ere he touched the greensward.—The fourth man pulled his horse up instantly, and leaping to the ground, began, like his companion, to make ready his long musket. With a contemptuous laugh, thinking himself now quite safe, Livingstone rode away, picking his way at a brisk trot among the tangled heather, and now and then, where the ground was harder and the heath lower than usual, breaking into a gentle gallop, that speedily set a large space between the fugitive and his pursuers. It was, perhaps, a quarter of an hour before the men who had paused to aid their companion, were enabled to continue their pursuit. Hackstoun, who had recovered altogether from his temporary hurt, leading the way, and cheering his men onward—but in that space, had again gained a full mile of advantage, and though the nature of the ground favored the footmen, three miles were traversed and the night was fast gathering around before they had got so near to him as to try the effect of their fire-arms. The first report fell on his ears startlingly, but the shrill whistle of the bullet, not following it, he judged, and rightly, that they were yet too distant to suffer them to aim correctly. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and a ball whistled by his ear, and was succeeded instantly by the full round report of the nearer gun-shot. Just as this happened, he cleared the heather, and gained what seemed a rich, flat table rock of slaty limestone. Taking advantage of the firmer ground, he dashed his horse into a gallop, but scarcely had he made three bounds, before a shout of warning, as it seemed, so wild and piercing that it made even Livingstone's high blood recoil and curdle, rang from the lips of Hackstoun. At the same moment a fierce gust of wind swept over the bare summit, driving before it a thick mass of driving mist, so dense as to be almost palpable—an atmospheric change, by no means extraordinary on the bleak moors of Scotland. Again, and again the clang of the steed's hoofs on the solid rock was borne to the ears of Hackstoun. Again and again the fierce Paritan shouted his

note of warning. But it was all in vain—once more the heavy horse-camp sounded—and then, one long appalling shriek, and all was silent. The breeze came up again and whistled away the mist-wreath, and the last gleam of the setting sun broke out of the dim storm-clouds. The Covenanters who had halted at the piercing notes of that long shriek, advanced as the fog melted—advanced two paces only—for right beneath their feet the rock broke off a sheer and perpendicular wall, six hundred feet in depth, of sifted limestone, with a wild torrent at its base—and in the torrent, crushed, maimed, and motionless as the black rocks around them, lay Livingstone and his bold Barbary. That precipice is called to this day, 'The Lord's Leap,' where the Lord took into his own right hand the vengeance of his persecuted people.

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LADY JANE GREY.

Not for thy regal brow,—
Nor the unwonted brilliance of thine eye,
Not for the genius to which kings might bow,
Nor the proud bearing of thy stature high,—

Not for the winning grace
That decked thee as with mantle wrought of
light,

Not for the syren voice that stole apace
Into the heart's deep places as of night,—

Not for the lofty state
But a brief space removed from queenly crown,
Not that united to a lordly mate
Thine equal only in thy sad renown,—

Not for these lesser things
Art thou remembered with a hallowed pride;
But that thy spirit spread its fearless wings
Smiling on death, to seek a world untried!

Thou didst ascend a throne
And wield its gilded sceptre for a day!
Not in thy place of pride, our spirits own
A more than queenly, a *resistless* sway!

When stern misfortune's hour
Came like a dark eclipse o'er all thy fate,
Then, when the bravest felt the tyrant's power,
Thou wert beyond them all most nobly great!

Leaning with child-like trust
Upon the King of Kings, thou didst lay down
The dazzling sceptre as a grain of dust,
And give an earthly for eternal crown!

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Women have more power in their looks than
men in their laws, and more in their tears than
men have in their arguments.

Summer Excursions from London.

A visit to Windsor Castle—a peep at royalty,
BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

A BRIGHT summer sun, piercing through the dusky atmosphere of London, saw us on our way towards the Depot of the Great Western Railway. The steps and gateways of the great building were occupied by the conductors and porters of the company, attired in Railway uniform, decorated with silver and red worsted, with a huge "G. W. R.," embroidered upon their backs. They flew to let down the steps of our cab, conducted us to our seats in the cars, shut the door and left us with a bow, although their courtesy and readiness were not to be repaid with money, such remuneration being against the rules of all the English rail-roads. This is one of the finest railways of England, extending from London to within a few miles of Exeter, at which place it will terminate. It passes through Reading, Bath and Bristol. We, however, left it after a ride of thirty-five minutes from London, when we were to take a carriage to Windsor, distant two miles. The Queen, and royal family, not always take this route to Windsor, in preference to a tedious drive of twenty miles. A Queen, travelling by railway, is somewhat a variance with our ideas of the grandeur and exclusiveness of the station; but whoever imagines her going in the every day cars which take the common traveller, is much mistaken. Her majesty arrives at the station in the royal carriage, from whence she steps into a gilded saloon, set round with satin couches, having in the centre a table adorned with vases of flowers, etc. Here, surrounded by her family and suite, she is rapidly whirled away. This is a 'special train' for the Queen's use, and instead of ordering her carriage, she orders out her locomotive. The Slough station is a short distance from the town of Slough, and consists of a large elegant hotel, built of light coloured stone. Omnibusses and every other style of carriage awaited the traveller. Among them, were a few pretty open carriages, having servants in scarlet livery. These we found belonged to the hotel, and in this aristocratic style we flew over the smooth roads to Windsor. Slough is a very small town interesting only as having been the residence of the great Herschel, and his telescope. We saw his house as we passed. We drove over a lovely plain, in which the hedgerows, trees and fields were in all the glowing beauty of mid-summer. Some distance in front of us, the land

rises in a gentle swell, and on its summit, a grand array of battlemented terrace, castellated turret and frowning wall, tell us Windsor Castle before us,—a most majestic and imposing object between us and the distant horizon. As we rattled through the pretty village of Eton, I gazed with longing eyes at its celebrated college, grey with age, covered with ivy, and sheltered with trees. Through an ancient gateway the court is visible, with a bronze statue of Henry VI., in the centre. A fine bridge of iron arches is thrown over the Thames, and passing this, we drove through the ancient city of Windsor, and took up our quarters at the Castle Hotel. The Queen, we were told, drove out before dinner every day at five o'clock in the afternoon, and as we had time sufficient to view the castle and dine before three, we set out immediately to Windsor Castle. A short walk brought us beneath Henry VIII.'s gateway, having a battlemented tower on each side. Passing beneath the arch-way, guarded by a scarlet coated sentinel, we found ourselves in a large court, surrounded with ancient buildings and towers. In front was the beautiful chapel of St. George; an exquisite specimen of the decorated Anglo-Gothic architecture—the residences of the Dean and Canons adjoin it. A low range of buildings at our right are the quarters of the poor knights of Windsor, founded by Edward III., for the benefit of twenty-four knights supported by his bounty. Among the towers, the most interesting were Julius Cæsar's, Winchester, built by William de Wykeham, and particularly the Round Tower, which frowned above us at our right. This is the keep of the castle, and residence of the Governor of Windsor, Earl of Munster. Here, many a royal prisoner has languished, among whom were John, King of France, David, of Scotland, Queen Philippa, and the gentle Earl of Surrey.—James I., of Scotland, looked out the window

to
 "See the world and the folks that went forbye,"
 and beheld the pretty Lady Jane Beaufort,
 walking in the castle garden,

"The fairest of the freshest zounge floure,
 That ever I saw metho't before that houre!"

Over this tower the royal banner of Britain now flaunted its folds of scarlet and blue and gold to the summer breeze, in token of the Queen's presence. When she returns to London, the union Jack of the Governor resumes its place, while the royal flag is hoisted in every town through which the Queen passes, and is planted upon the palace in which she

resides. Pass we on through this Norman arch-way, and enter a small court where we may overlook the grand quadrangular court of the castle, which being surrounded by the private apartments of royalty, cannot be sullied by our plebeian footsteps. In the south centre, is the grand gateway, at one side of which is the Queen's private entrance into her apartments. Over it is her morning room, from whence, while at breakfast, she can view the troops at parade in the quadrangle. The large Gothic windows, look into St. George's Hall, while next them, opposite the grand entrance, is an antique tower, adorned with statues of Edward III., and the Black Prince, under richly sculptured canopies. A bronze statue of Charles II., stands in this court.—Enter now this Gothic porch in King John's tower, and ascend the oak staircase to the state apartments. After resigning your parasols and canes to an attendant, a smiling young lady throws open the door of the Vandyke room. This is a large apartment, the walls of which are lined with crimson damask satin, divided into compartments by gold mouldings. The ceiling is richly stuccoed, painted and gilded. Chairs and couches of burnished gold, with crimson satin seats, are set around the room. The real ornaments, however, of the apartments, are Vandyke's paintings of Charles I., his family and court—the King, himself, on horseback, as large as life, being a very superb and effective picture. The walls of Queen Adelaide's drawing room into which we next enter, are adorned in the same manner. The paintings are by Zuccarelli, and some of them are beautiful Italian landscapes. Doors from this apartment open into a rich suit of rooms, decorated in the style of Henry VII. These, however, we could not see, but were bowed into Queen Adelaide's closet, a sweet little boudoir, lined with blue damask silk, with silver decorations—hung round with paintings, in silver frames, furnished with blue and silver chairs, and two tables of marble, set in chased silver frames, presented by the corporation of London. Over these are two long glasses, with massy silver frames; here are some of Claude's sweet sunsets, Holbein's portraits, Rembrandt's grand heads, and some pretty pictures by Teniers, Rubens, Dow, and other masters.

The closet of William, the sailor King, is decorated with marine designs, and tridents, anchors, and cables, are to be seen upon the walls, and silk hangings. The collection of pictures is large and beautiful. But I will not

ask the reader to follow us, as we wandered hour after hour through a long succession of these apartments, decorated and adorned with all that wealth, taste, science, art, and royal power could command. The ceilings and walls of some were unadorned by pictures, but painted in glowing colors, with the beautiful god and goddesses and scenery of Verrio. Some are lined with Gobelin tapestry, and so much like painting, that we look closely ere we perceive the threads and worsted. The designs of one room are from the story of Esther.—The Waterloo chamber is a noble room, decorated with portraits of the kings, nobles and warriors, who were connected with the battle from which it is named, painted by Wilkiesher, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The ball-room is brilliantly decorated by George IV., and enriched with Gobelin tapestry, representing Jason and the golden fleece. The ceiling is painted, and stuccos, with heavy framework, richly burnished with gold. The floor is of polished oak, inlaid with fleur-de-lis, in ebony, while the gilded chairs and couches are covered with red velvet, flowered with white; the room is ninety feet long. It is also adorned with delicate wreaths of flowers and fruit, exquisitely carved in oak by the celebrated Grinlan Gibbons. The throne-room deserves notice, as it is worthy the fair young Queen who graces it. The walls, floor and furniture, are covered with garter blue velvet, stamped with the order of the garter, in yellow. The chair of state stands upon an elevated dais, at the upper end of the room. The paintings are the installation of the knights of the garter by Benjamin West, and portraits of Kings of England. A very interesting part of this suite, to us Americans, was the Vestibule, decorated with five fine paintings, by West. They are scenes from the life of Phillipa, and the Black Prince, the hero and heroine of England. We now descend to St. George's Hall, a noble apartment two hundred feet long, opening by large windows into the quadrangle. It is used for garter purposes. Upon a throne of carved oak, covered with crimson at one end the sovereign sits when a knight is to be installed, and here is given the grand banquet. This room was remodelled by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. The ceiling is crassed by oak pinnings, springing from corbels on which are carved knights in armor, holding each two shields of silver and gold, with the armorial bearing of the first twenty-six knights of the garter. The decorations of the room are shields, armor, coats of arms, etc. The guard chamber, into which

we enter now, contains many specimens of armor, and is decorated with figures of knights in armor. At one end is a part of the foremast of Nelson's ship, the Victory, supporting a bust of that naval hero, by Chantrey; and flanked upon each side by ordnance taken from Tipu Sait, of Seringapatam. Over a wreath is a beautiful shield of silver inlaid with gold, executed by Benvenuto Cellini, and presented to Henry VIII., by Francis I. Here ends the suite of apartments on the north side of the castle, which are alone shown to strangers, the rest being private. Of their paintings and decorations and busts, vases and statues, the half has not been told. As we passed from some of these gilded saloons, how forcibly did the last words of the guide bring into my mind Solomon's pathetic "vanity of vanities,"—"here," said the guide, "such a queen died—here—such a king lay in state."

The company that had thronged the rooms were now asking each other it was near the hour chosen by the Queen to drive out, and following the mass we descended to the terrace. Along this Queenly promenade, we could not hurry, but loitered, looking out at the fair scene beyond, and at the ancient and noble building which reared its turretted walls at our side. This fine walk extends nine hundred and seventy-eight yards around the sides of the castle. Over the battlemented wall, we look down upon park and garden, etc., far meadows with the bright Thames winding around it,—at the quaint old walls of Eton embowered in trees. And beyond and around fair meads, vales, woodlands, hills and waving groves extend far and wide, dotted with tower and villa, with hut and cottage. This scene we returned to at all hours while at Windsor, but never did it look so touchingly sweet as one summer eve while the setting sun was tinging purple every hill top and tree top, every ancient tower, and the banner of England which waved over our heads. Passing along this north side of the castle, we come to the east, but sentinels warn the stranger that this is sacred ground, as the terrace runs along the Queen's private apartments.

The terrace however, continues, and making a large sweep surrounds a sweet blyou of a garden, which, decorated by the tasteful hand of George IV., and lying under the eye of a royal lady, must needs be a most perfect garden. Under one side of this terrace walk, is an extensive orangery, while on the other sides green slopes and steps lead down into the garden. The most perfect of parks

Windsor Park, as we gaze upon it over the gentlemen of this charming walk. Softer than velvet is the bright green sward,—grouped with the finest designs are the copses and groves, and contrasted with the nicest care the different tints of the rich foliage around.—Turning, we look upon the magnificent east front of the castle, supported by four square towers, lighted with projecting bow windows of the Tudor style, and oriel, decorated with beautiful tracery. Here are the dining, drawing, and private rooms of royalty. From the library in the centre, a door opens upon the terrace, from which a broad flight of steps leads down into the blooming garden, glowing with every shade, breathing perfume, and decorated with statues of bronze and marble.—If you would see the Queen, however, linger not to gaze at the noble trees of the park, or the brilliant garden, but pass along the terrace, and descend the steps, when you will find yourself before the grand entrance and south front of the castle. Then take your station among that crowd of men and women who line each side of the road which leads down to a gate at which the Home Park ends. Beyond that gate we see a straight road running through the Grand park, gently rising for three miles, at the summit of which is an equestrian bronze statue of George III., by Westmacott. This noble avenue is lined with two rows of trees on each side, between which is a footpath.—The Grand Park contains one thousand eight hundred acres—s stocked with fallow deer, and adorned with several pretty royal villas, and contains the charming lakelet of Virginia Water. Beyond this park are the shades of Windsor Forest. Look around at these noble parks, and up at the stately castle, at the grand gateway, with the towers of York and Lancaster on each side, and say if this and the magnificent apartments you have viewed with us, be not a fitting preparation of your mind for the sight of the powerful Queen, who rules over a sixth part of the human race, and upon whose dominions the sun never sets. The people are, some of them, very well dressed, and are, many of them, strangers, but the greatest part are wives and daughters of the shopkeepers of London, adorned with gay silk dresses, bonnets covered with flowers and ribbons of every different hue, with that taste for glaring colour which characterizes a cockney lady. The people become fidgety, peep through the iron bars of the gate into the quadrangle, and question the scarlet clad sentinels who are passing constantly before the en-

trance. At length a man appears—he unlocks the gate—we all form a line, and he passes along, intreating us to stand back a little, and make a broader path, “as her majesty rides a new horse, and is fearful he may injure some of her people.” “Perhaps she is afraid the people may injure her,” said a man at my side, and as it was soon after the attempt upon her life by Bean, that might have been her idea.—The man retires, and locks the gate—we all stand tiptoe, watching—now they are thrown open wide, and a young lady and gentleman quietly come forth on horseback. Their dresses were exactly such as one would see on dozens of fair equestrians in London and New York. She wore a blue broadcloth habit, with a small linen collar, and lead-coloured kid gloves. Her hat was the usual riding hat of black beaver. His dress was the usual dress of a gentleman, and his hat was grey beaver, with a black crape band, in honour of the late Duke of Orleans. These were the Queen of England, and Prince Albert, her consort.—Shade of Elizabeth! how would thy ruff sink down with amazement, and thy jewels glare with indignation, hadst thou beheld thy descendant then! I, who had only read of Queens in books which tell of their grand doings, and their gorgeous robes was not quite prepared for this simplicity. Behind her rode the Prince and Princess of Lieknengen, similarly attired, except that her hat wanted the short black feather which the Queen wore. A barouche, filled with four of the royal suite, and two outriders, completed the cavalcade. Victoria is of the middle size, and rather plump.—Her hair is dark brown, plaited on each side, and tucked behind her ear. Her features are like the portraits we see of her—her eyes bright. She looked before her with a flushed and anxious air, and bowed slightly on each side with a sweet but pensive smile, while the people around took off their hats, or curtsied in silence. Prince Albert raised his hat several times. It was expected she would have passed down the path, but she pointed with her little hand to the left—an equerry rode forward—the line was broken, and the party trotted over the grass much to the disappointment of the spectators below us. As they gravely walked over the grass, I looked after them, and thought how much happier and merrier a party would they have been, if they had not been so exalted in station. Alas, how sad a thing is royalty. What an infatuation to place one of our kind, inheriting all our passions and affections and sins and frailties, upon a pedestal

where they must live the part, and enact the scenes which is expected of them, whatever the distaste, the joy or the sorrow they may feel. Domestic life is but a show—they must live in public eye, and live as it pleases the public, or they are rudely torn down from their high places, and given to woe, and death or banishment. As the royal children were also to be driven out, we lingered with the rest to see them, for a royal baby was a sight new to me. A barouche, with four horses and outriders, came from the gate, all the horses being singularly mottled with white spots. Upon the back seat were two ladies and the children. His royal highness, Albert, Prince of Wales, sat in his nurse's lap, his little bright eyes peering about with delight that he was to be taken a ride. His nurse held him up to the adoration of his future subjects, and he held up his head as if he tried to look the prince. He wore a straw hat, the broad brim turned up in front, with a band of black crape. The Princess Royal seemed at a game of fisticuffs, as if fighting with her nurse for the parasol. Fie, what a naughty princess! Her frock was white cambric, with a broad black silk sash, and on her august head she wore a bonnet of white drawn silk. Upon the front seat rode the dowager, Lady Littleton, head nurse, as the children take precedence of this stately richly attired lady, she sits in front. A stout, hale old fellow near me, seemed charmed with the pugnacity of her royal highness, Adelaide Louisa Victoria, and he swore she was a true child of John Bull. The people around, all seemed charmed with their little masters, and their beloved Queen. As I gazed upon their satisfaction, I tried to imagine to myself what was the feeling which animated them—and what were those mysterious things called royalty and loyalty. Why did they so delight to gaze upon that young female on horseback—and place her in magnificent palaces, and surround her with all that was most delicious and beautiful and grand of earthly things? What mighty wisdom lay under that fair young brow, and what might lay in that little gloved hand, that they honour her? I could not see, I was unfortunately born on the wrong side of the Atlantic, to penetrate the mystery of royalty and loyalty.

A delicious morning tempted us out early the next day, and at nine o'clock we found ourselves before the gate of the Home Park. Of course we could not enter, as the public are not admitted until two, but we stood gazing at the beautiful castellated palace before us, when

we beheld quite a sweet domestic scene. A lady simply attired, was leaning over the top rail, her husband beside her, watching the little girl as she was placed upon her pony. It was Victoria and Albert. A chair was strapped upon a small pony, in which was fastened the little princess, who was led off, surrounded by six attendants, two nurses, two grooms and two liveried servants. We then turned and seeking the door of Saint Georges' Chapel squeezed in among the crowd who awaited the hour for divine service. After being jostled for an hour, the doors were opened, and all rushed to the choir. The choir of this church is justly celebrated as being a fine specimen of the florid gothic. The roof is extremely beautiful, being of that style called *fan tracery*, where the groinings spring from the top of the shaft and spread out like a fan over the roof, meeting again, and hanging down through the centre, seeming stalactites carved with exquisite nicety. This style came in about the year 1400. The body of the church was set with benches, which were soon filled, as well as the two rows of pews on each side. The peculiarity of this choir is the stalls for the knights of the garter, which line each side of the choir above the pews. These are stalls having each a canopy of carved oak above it, crowned with the helmet, scarf, sword and banner of the knights. There are thirty-eight knights, among them many foreign potentates, of which the sovereign is chief. Victoria's helmet, scarf, sword, and gay banner, were at the head. The effect of these brilliant banners contrasting with the black oak, is very fine as you look down the choir. A sort of box, projecting over our heads near the end of the choir, is the seat of the royal party. The windows are painted and curtains of blue silk hang around them.—Upon this way every eye strained, and at last the organ pealed, and a white silk hat, trimmed with white lisse, and a black velvet shawl appeared, and told us we were blessed with the Queen's presence. Of the the solemn and beautiful cathedral service, I have spoken elsewhere. The windows of this chapel are beautifully adorned with Gothic tracery, and painted in glowing colors. Some of the modern ones are from designs by Benjamin West, the one over the altar by him, being the resurrection. From it a stream of every coloured ray was painting the white pillars, and marble floor. Under this floor lie Henry VIII., Queen Jane Seymour, and Charles I., Edward IV. and his Queen Elizabeth Woodville, lie here also, under a beautiful tomb of wrought steel.

ing with gold and jewels at his death by his subjects, but stolen away again during Cromwell's reign. Many sovereigns, warriors, and noble ladies are buried here, and many are the fine tombs, and beautiful the carving and decorations, but none of them inspired the feelings with which I gazed upon the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte. She possessed a noble character, and a feeling heart, and was summoned from life when surrounded by all that could make rank and domestic life happy.—The monument is divided into two compartments. In the lower one the body of the Princess is lying on a bier, covered with a drapery which conceals all but the outline of the figure which is strictly defined. At each corner a female sits with her head bowed with sorrow. Above this, the spirit of the Princess is ascending to heaven, supported by two angels, one of whom bears her infant. A canopy richly wrought and gilded surrounds the whole, emblazoned with the arms of Great Britain and Saxe Coburg. This monument was not erected by her relatives, but by subscription of her sorrowing countrymen; a circumstance which gives it more interest.

Sunday afternoon brought out a new crowd of Londoners, who were to be seen strolling in parties over the parks and terrace and garden. This last presented a brilliant scene. Every alley and walk were alive with gaily dressed persons and merry children, while a fine band in the scarlet uniform of Windsor were stationed before the grand steps in front of the Queen's rooms, playing beautiful airs.

Of our many rambles among the forest glades of Windsor, I have not room to speak. The oak of Herne, the Hunter, Shakspeare's oak, of course, was visited. Its huge, bare arms entirely divested of bark, contrast well with the green wood boughs around it.

And now, farewell to princely Windsor. A long and delicious ride through beautiful scenery brought us back to our hotel in London, where the three nice young men appointed to attend upon us, flew to the carriage to assist us out, the landlord came forth with a cordial welcome, the chambermaid eagerly led us into our room and the housekeeper came out to drop us a respectful curtsey.



LIFE.

WHILST we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though perhaps they receive him differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher.

THE UNREQUITTED.

A. D. 1665 and '66 were years of peculiar disaster to the great city of London. A world in itself, the fate of empires might be decided in one portion, while the other should feast and revel and slumber in quietude. Well that is so: for should its whole immense population awake, as by a single impulse, the world might stand aghast at the dread pulsation of myriad hearts beating to one throb.

Yet the hoary city, that had not as yet lost the foot-prints of the Cæsar, vast and ancient as it was even at the period of which we are speaking, was filled with awe and consternation by the presence of the two great scourges of a populous district. First, the pestilence swept its thousands into hurried graves; and then fire came to consume that which, maybe, lacked claimants for ever.

It would be difficult to say which strikes most appallingly upon the ear of the listener—the long, measured peal of the bell telling that a soul has departed, that the disquiet heart has ceased its weary pulsations; or the same sound heard day by day, picturing the lurid atmosphere, glaring upon pale and despairing faces, that reveal want, and exile, and bereavement.

Oh! many, very many, are the sorrows of humanity, and we learn to look placidly upon the still faces of the dead, in that they have ceased from their labours. Woe cometh in every state, and however great may be that in reserve, the present is sure to tax the limits of endurance.

1665. Unhappy London! scarcely at rest from the scourge of civil war; fostering a prodigal and licentious court; this year pestilence—the next conflagration!

Hour by hour the bellman tolled the long heavy peal for the departed. It ceased—no one asked why—but the cart for the dead lumbered onward with one more added to its weight. Silence, dim and oppressive, settled upon the devoted city. Streets were walled up, and the victims left to perish. A gray atmosphere, still and dense, enshrouded all things, and men longed in vain for the free air that might tell of stream and woodland.

Families of wealth and distinction had fled to the country, and the poor were left to die.—The artisan toiled at his bench, counting the dead-carts as they passed the door, and anon all is hushed within. Children prattled at night, and in the morning the hearth is desolate. The poor! alas, they have human hearts. There was one district as yet untouched by

the pestilence. Here were wealth and refinement, space and foliage, and surely these might claim exemption. Love and beauty were there, also; Charles — had taken to himself a lovely wife, and not many months of their bridal had as yet transpired.

Is love stronger than death? Will it abide the pestilence? Will it watch and pray, weeping and loving, ever the same, though disease and care may mar the divine lineaments? — Surely yes, for it is ever young, changeless with time, place, or circumstance.

Yet who shall apply the test? The maiden overflowing with her own innocent emotions, imputes a like degree to her lover, and is deluded by her own affluence. The lover, in the impetuosity of his passion, imagines the reserve of his mistress but maidenly refinement, and thus is self-deceived. Life, life! dread are thy mysteries.

"I am ill, Kate, ill;" and the bridegroom threw himself upon a couch, and reclined his head upon the shoulder of her who had sworn love 'till death.

Kate shrunk from his side, and looked anxiously in his face. She started to her feet, exclaiming, "Charles, Charles, it is the plague."

"The plague, dearest! — then let us die thus." And he drew her to his bosom, and impressed a long fervent kiss upon the fair brow.

The wife struggled for releasement, and he opened his arms with a look that told the sickness was at the heart. He staggered to the mirror. Already was the damp gathering upon his brow.

"One kiss, Kate, one last, and then fly — leave me to my fate."

She hesitated — death was in the touch. Yet her's was a woman's heart, and she knelt down and threw her arms around the neck of the doomed man. When she arose, both were ashy pale.

"Farewell, Charles," and she turned to the door, lingered a moment, and was gone.

"My God! she loves me not," he cried, starting from the couch; "I, who would have periled life itself for her. This is death. — Death! death! — I have passed it even now!" and he buried his face in his hands and shivered convulsively.

Hour after hour passed by — there had been hurry and departure. Death had entered every threshold, servants fled the tainted dwellings, and the dead and the dying were alone. — Silence brooded over the once gay district and no sound was heard but the slow creak of the dead-cart.

"She loves me not!" Yet Kate did love; the world goes. Her's were the tender blandishments of her sex, fitted for gay saloon and summer-day dalliance; dreaming never of the severe test of suffering, disease, solitude. She loved as the world loves.

Hour after hour passed away. A slender figure had paced in front of the splendid mansion, looking earnestly at the silent windows and then with drooping head moved onward only to return and repeat the scrutiny. As the twilight deepened, the girl, for the figure was that of a pale slender woman of little more than twenty, it may be, — the girl stopped, and seemed surprised that no lights appeared.

She approached the door — in the hurry to retreat it had been left ajar — she slowly ascended the spacious halls, and timidly laid her hand upon the latch of a door whence issued faint murmurings of distress. She paused — the sounds were repeated — she gently undid the fastening, and entered.

Instantly the shawl dropped from her shoulders, and a slight but symmetrical form knelt at the couch of the sufferer. She threw her arms about him, and drew the head, damped with suffering, to her bosom. She impressed one kiss of agony upon the pale brow, and then lifted up her head and drew in her breath, as with a sense of suffocation.

She spoke not — but volumes of womanly unutterable tenderness were revealed in the dark eye, over which the brows were now contracted with a sharp expression of agony. — The hair was knotted upon the back of the head, leaving the thin but finely chiseled face in strong relief; and as she now sat, with head thrown forward and back, she presented an outline of spiritual beauty rarely equalled.

Gently she bent over the sufferer, and moistened his lip with water from a silver tankard at his side. It revived him, and he talked dreamily.

"Kate, dear Kate, I was sure you would leave me to die! — to die — what is that? Ah to sink into darkness — deep, deep unutterable darkness! To become, what? — How I dream! Strange things we, Fred. Pass the glasses — I had a dream just now — a — a —"

Again he sank into silence; and the girl chafed his temples, mute and pale as the sufferer. She poured some elixir from a crystal and sprinkled his brow.

"Ah, this delicious air, fresh from the hills, how it cools my brain! Laura, have you forgotten the echo between the hills?"

The girl clasped him to her bosom in a passion of tears. The sound of her own name had restored that tenderness of emotion which had been suppressed while the name of another dwelt upon his lips.

All night the lone girl watched by that dread couch. What were solitude and agony, death itself, when shared with the beloved! Wronged, broken-hearted, as she was, her love survived all things. Let the world and its opinions pass. That one emotion, stronger than life, surviving treachery, shame, want, and abasement, was the one ray of heaven not yet extinct in the human soul; the one fibre clinging yet to the good and the true. Angel of mercy! are these things lost upon you? Alas for womanhood!

As the day dawned, the patient sank into a tranquil slumber, and the faint blood stole languidly to the cheek. Laura smiled faintly at the token, and at the same moment a cold shudder passed over her own frame. The devoted girl knew her doom instantly; it was but an exchange of victims. But to die there, even beside the beloved, was it not a blessedness?

A slow heavy tramp along the halls and up the staircase now arrested her attention. The door opened, and two sturdy men approached the couch.

"Not yet, not yet," she whispered, "he will live;" and she pointed to the hue upon the cheek.

The men looked earnestly in the face of the girl, exchanged glances, and retired.

Laura arose, replenished the goblet of water, and smoothed back the masses of dark hair from the brow of the sufferer. A cold sickness shook her frame, and she turned aside as fearful she might re-impart the poison of death.

But her woman's adhesive tenderness returned, and she laid her head upon his bosom and wept freely.

"God bless you, dear, dearest Charles!" she murmured faintly.

Hour after hour passed away, and that stricken head rested upon the heart of the sleeper.

Poor Laura! she would have meekly died at his feet; but she perished there, even on the breast of him who alone had touched the deep fountains of her life.

Again was heard that heavy tramp, tramp, along the corridor. The men approached, and gently raised the head of Laura; the sleeper started wildly up and clasped the form to his bosom.

"Kate, my own Kate!" Alas, poor Laura! I am glad thou didst not hear it; it would have given the last drop of bitterness to thy overflowing cup. Thou didst die with a sweet illusion gathering about thee, of hearts that change not, and that love not in vain.

[For *The Unrequited* at the head of this sketch, read *THE UNREQUITED*.]



THE CARRIER DOVE.

WHILE before St. Agnes' shrine
Kneelt a true knight's lady-love,
From the wars of Palestine
Came a gentle carrier-dove.
Round his neck a silken string,
Fasten'd words the warrior writ;
At her call he stoop'd his wing,
And upon her finger lit.

She like one enchanted, pored
O'er the contents of the scroll,
For that lady loved her lord
With a most devoted soul.
To her heart the dove she drew,
While she traced the burning line,
Then away the minion flew
Back to sainted Palestine.

To and fro, from hand to hand,
Came and went the carrier-dove,
Till, throughout the Holy Land,
War resigned his sword to love.
Swift the dove, on wings of light,
Brought the news from Palestine,
And the lady her true knight
Wedded at St. Agnes' shrine.



AGNES BEAUFORT.

I AM a stranger to you, reader, and but for this beneficent spirit,—this genius of periodical literature, who daily, weekly, or monthly, pays her bright and cheering visits to thousands of happy firesides,—I might ever have remained so; but she has extended to me the right-hand of fellowship so woefully, and promised to introduce me to so many sweet faces and warm hearts, and kind friends, that though a modest man, and very fearful of intruding, I have, as you see, yielded to her entreaties,—and now, under the shadow of her wings, I may visit the hills and the valleys, the crowded towns and solitary cottages of our own beautiful land.—But see,—she has vanished—and I, modest, timid man, am left alone with strangers, and must introduce myself.

Would you know me better if I mention my

name? I think not. When I have proved myself a friend, give me that title and I will desire no other—meantime let me whisper one question in your ear,—

“What is it you love most in your dearest friend? Is it his name or nature, countenance or character, body or mind, that is most dear to you?”

“Heart, character,” I hear you say, “the inward grace, whatever be the outward form.”

It is well. You have learned to love that which will not pass away, though age may dim the bright eye, and care cloud the smooth forehead now so dear to you, and I have good hope you may hereafter love me, though my outward form be revealed only to your “shaping spirit of imagination.”

Will you, then, wander with me among some scenes of my past life, for though of late years a recluse; I have yet travelled through many of the highways and by-ways of this busy world, and looking on human nature with an open but unsuspecting eye, I have found in it so much that is lovely,—have gazed with delight on so many living pictures, whose colours time has mellowed into a softened beauty,—that now, before the mists of age and infirmity rise between me and these loved remembrances, I would reveal them to your eyes, and give them that permanence, which one fleeting human life cannot insure to its most cherished possessions.

Among the many forms, which these few words have summoned before my mind's eye, there is one on which it ever rests with peculiar pleasure. With the name of Agnes Beaufort, a host of recollections crowd upon my memory—associations of beauty and grace, and early maturity—a troubled youth, and—but I will say no more lest I should anticipate my story. The scene where I first saw her is pictured vividly before me. I had been residing for some time in a little village, which I had chosen for my summer home on account of its perfect retirement, and the beauty of the scenery surrounding it—scenery which I could enjoy undisturbed by the crowd of pleasure-seekers, who gather about places more notoriously beautiful, animated, I have sometimes thought, by the hope of occupying a distinguished place in the foreground of those scenes they affect to admire. The site of the village was indeed beautiful among those hills, which, as they have no local name, may be best described as the most easterly heights of the range, which, beginning in a gently undulating country, rises higher and higher 'till it is merged in the broad

chain of the Alleghany mountains. It was among these hills, and along the banks of the bright river that watered the valley they embosomed, I loved to wander, and luxuriate in the enjoyment of the rich treasures Nature pours so lavishly into the hearts that are open to receive them. My rambles were generally solitary, for in the small society of the village I found few congenial minds, and I preferred the sympathy of outward nature, to the companionship of men whose unrefined and coarse spirits sometimes made me ready to blush for my human brotherhood. I had started earlier than usual one morning, and extended my walk several miles, wandering amid many wild and romantic scenes, in a part of the country more secluded than any I had yet seen. I entered the valley at a place where on one side the hills receded from the river, opening sufficiently to reveal here and there a view of the country beyond, while on the other side they came down almost to the water's edge, leaving only a narrow footpath instead of the broad road which turned off at a bridge some distance lower down. I had been watching the double landscape before me,—the glassy surface of the water reflected the flowers and grass that fringed its banks, the motionless trees, the mossy rocks that here and there jutted out and overhung the stream, and the blue sky when one or two clouds floated slowly, as if loath to lose sight of their own reflected beauty, when a slight breeze springing up, changed in a moment the whole scene, rippled the water into tiny waves, making them dance and sparkle in the sunshine, and rustled musically through the leaves above me; and as I gazed on the changing beauty, I involuntarily repeated those lines of Coleridge,

“’Tis thinks it would have been impossible,
Not to love all things in a world so filled,
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still
Is music, slumbering on her instrument.”

“Oh! how beautiful,” exclaimed a sweet child-like voice. I turned and saw with surprise a lovely little girl close by my side, gazing upon my face with an expression of earnestness and enthusiasm seldom seen in one so young. Her hands were filled with flowers and her light figure, her white dress, and graceful listening attitude, and the radiant intelligence that beamed from her full dark eye, rendered her whole appearance so fairy-like, that had I not heard the voice, I should have supposed it an illusion—an impersonation of my own fancy. I started, not so much at the suddenness as the beauty of the apparition, and

seeing my surprise, she blushed as if fearful of having done wrong, and said softly—

"I am afraid I interrupted you, sir. I wanted some of those flowers from the bank; but it is no matter now, I can come again for them."

"Do you live near here?" I asked, as I gathered the flowers she wanted.

"Yes, sir—just above in the white house that overlooks the valley. You cannot see it here; but if you will come with me a little way, I can show it to you."

She put her hand invitingly in mine, and a few steps brought us to a turn in the river, where the rocks were less precipitous, and small steps were cut, by which my little friend had come so near me without being perceived. At some distance from the rocky stairway stood the house, which, as I advanced in an opposite direction, had been hitherto unperceived. There was an air of elegance and taste about it, which contrasted strangely with the wild and uncultivated region immediately below.

"Will you not come up with me, sir?—There is a fine view from the top of the rock, and I am sure father will be glad to see you;" and with these words she began to mount the steps.

The communicativeness of my little friend induced me to ask another question. "You are very kind, my dear child, but your father is a stranger to me, and I do not even know your name."

"Agnes Beaufort, sir."

Beaufort! Could it be? The child of my early friend? I looked at her more closely, and thought in her chiseled profile I could trace some likeness to the features of the noble boy who had been the companion of my childhood; but how came they here in this retired, lonely spot? It might after all be but a fancied likeness. I said nothing, but followed her with rapid steps, and after reaching the top she ran before me to apprise her father of my arrival. Meantime I took a hasty glance at the house and its environs. It was an old stone building, old at least for our country, and half overgrown with ivy; but a modern taste had improved the original design. The old-fashioned portico, with its heavy pillars and massive stone steps, remained, but wings had been added to the main building and also a greenhouse, so that from the foot of the lawn where I stood it presented quite an imposing appearance. Silver pines shaded this lawn, and many choice plants, aloes, cactuses and myr-

tles were scattered beneath them. I had scarcely time to make these few observations, for Agnes ran into the house, and in a few moments re-appeared with a gentleman at her side. One glance was enough—though greatly altered, the features were familiar to me as my own.

"George Beaufort," I exclaimed, "have you forgotten me?" The question was needless—no, he had not forgotten; his arms were clasped in mine, and for a moment our happy boyhood seemed to have returned. We walked into the house, and hour after hour passed on, while he told the sad history of all that had befallen him since we parted.

We had been schoolfellows for many years, but the differing opinions of our respective families separated us in our collegiate course. He went to Yale—I graduated at Cambridge. While in New England we kept up a frequent correspondence. I sympathized in his success, and heard with a proud delight the brilliant reputation his talents and high character had won for him there. Immediately after graduating, I went to Europe, and while there heard that George had married a southern lady of high family. I remained abroad many years, and looking on my friend as lost to all minor considerations, while engaged in matters of importance, I neglected to write to him, hearing only from time to time that he was leading a happy and useful life, and that sons and daughters of beauty were growing up around his hearth.

Domestic calamities pressed heavily upon me after I returned—society became distasteful, and though my heart often yearned towards my early friend, I made no effort to seek him—sorrow had made me selfish, and I shrank from the contrast which his happy position would present to my own cheerless and lonely lot. But how differently would I have acted had I known the truth. My own griefs were bitter, but what were they to his? Wife, children, all save Agnes the youngest, were gone, one loved name after another had changed to "graves forbidden word." His once happy home was haunted by too many spirits of the past. He fled from it, and with Agnes, the only being that now bound him to the earth, he had sought out this solitary spot,

"Where he might all forget the human race, And, hating no one, love but only her."

Such at least were his feelings in the first agony of a desolated heart; but as time rolled on, the still small voice of reason and conscience was heard above the stormy waves of

rebellious feeling, and the religious faith and hope which shone so bright on the future world cast also a clearer light on present duty. He saw the sinfulness, the selfish weakness of leading this isolated, almost misanthropic life. For the sake of Agnes, too, he felt the necessity of rousing himself from his indifference,—her life was too lonely and her warm affections were too generous and overflowing to be satisfied with one object. I have given the substance of his conversation with me; in detail it was long and painful—but when he spoke of Agnes, his face brightened and the tender love that flowed forth on this only living child told too truly of all that had been lavished on the dead.

"You have seen her," he said; "she is beautiful and highly gifted, and as far as I can understand her character it gives promise of future loveliness of no common order. My chief anxiety is now respecting her education. I have hitherto superintended it myself, and her proficiency is far beyond her years; she already sympathizes in my classic tastes, for I could not withhold from her what had been a source of such pure and refined enjoyment to myself. I have always felt," he added, "that where the native soil of a woman's mind seems strong enough to bear high culture, it is unjust alike to herself and to society to deny it. But though I can guide Agnes in literature and science, I do not feel capable of moulding her character. She is still a child in feeling, but she has not a childlike mind, and she will soon reach that transition period from girlhood to womanhood, which needs something more than mental training, when feeling, thought, and imagination expand and grow so rapidly that they need a woman's sympathetic power to guide and develop them rightly. Can you not advise me in this matter? Come, at least, and stay with me—know Agnes, and you can better understand my anxiety respecting her."

I promised to come, and Agnes, returning to the room, was informed of the coming visit.

"This is delightful—thank me for this, dear father. My time is not quite wasted, you see, when I go to gather flowers, since I find old friends among them. We shall have many lovely rides and walks together among the hills. I cannot ride often now, for Charles comes so seldom. Will you be my knight-errant, sir?"

"Faithful and true, my lady fair,—but who is this Charles, who has turned recreant?"

"It is Charles St. Clair," said Mr. Beaufort; "his father, Colonel St. Clair, was my wife's

valued and faithful friend. He is now studying with a clergyman in the neighbourhood, to prepare himself for college, and his week-day holidays, which he spends with us, are our gala-days."

"I hope then Charles will make a gala-day while I am with you, and Agnes hopes so too. I think."

"Yes," said Mr. Beaufort, "he will be here to-morrow; but Agnes and he usually find it expedient to spend their morning in the woods, so you and I can have a quiet day together."

The next morning found me a welcome inmate of my new home. At Agnes' request a front room had been appropriated to me, whose windows commanded the view she had described as so beautiful. As the house stood just at a turn in the shore, the river immediately beneath was concealed by the trees upon the banks, but was seen at a short distance, winding its way among the hills for many miles.—On one side the eye ranged over a fine undulating country, dotted with neat white farm-houses, while on the other the hills swelled one above another, the most distant forming a faint blue line on the horizon.

"Hark! I hear Charles coming," cried Agnes, who had been standing at my side gazing on the scene before us. Her quick ear had caught the sound of the horse's hoofs, and in a moment she was at the door to welcome him. As he turned to the front of the house, I saw a handsome boy, apparently about fifteen years old, his face glowing with exercise, and returning with interest the glad salutation with which Agnes was greeting his arrival. He dismounted, and she introduced me as her father's old friend and her new one. He made a graceful bow, and turning to Agnes, said—"But, Agnes, I don't see your father—I have a great deal to tell him to-day."

"He will be here presently; he just now went down to the greenhouse to see the gardener. There he is, coming up the walk."—Mr. Beaufort appeared.

"Charles, my dear boy, you are always welcome."

"I believe it, sir; but you will not welcome me often now. I am afraid, sir, I cannot come again. This must be my last day with you and Agnes for a long, long time."

"What has happened? I don't understand you; are you going home?"

"No, sir, not home. You know, Mr. Beaufort, my father always wished me to enter the army, and made me promise that if any opening should occur, I would not reject it. Uncle

as just written to me from Washington that he has procured my admission to West Point, and I am to set off at once, so as to be there at the beginning of next week."

"But is it your own wish, Charles? I thought you had marked out a different course for yourself."

"It is my wish to keep to my promise, whatever it may cost me."

"Agnes, dear, don't put on that doleful face. I shall not be honoured with a chance of being shot for years yet;" but seeing her bright eyes glistened with tears she was struggling to suppress, he added in a more gentle tone, "we will not talk about it now, but make the most of the little time we have left. Let us go down to the river-side; and bring your portfolio; I want to show you how to finish that sketch we began."

She walked slowly and sadly away, and soon appeared with portfolio and pencils, and Charles begged for Mr. Beaufort's camp stool, in case the grass should be damp.

"He is a noble-looking fellow," said I, as they walked off together.

"He is more than noble-looking," Mr. B. replied: "he has a noble nature. Did you see how his eyes flashed when I asked him if he wished to be a soldier? He does not, I know, for his tastes are refined and intellectual, and ill suited to the rough and hardening duties of a military life. But it may do him good. The very struggle necessary to subdue the will and natural inclinations to a high sense of duty, gives more real strength to the character than an easy development of it under more kindly influences. Agnes loves him like a brother; she has taken him to her heart in place of those brothers who were so soon taken from her."

"Will not this affect your plans concerning her? she will be more lonely than ever now."

"Yes, and solitude is not good for young people. I believe I must send her to school, where the contact and association of other minds more nearly on a level with her own, may bring out many fine qualities which mere precept and example fail to excite. I would have her not merely accomplished and well-informed, but possessing strength of character, and a self-sacrificing spirit. If she remains here with me, as my pleasure consists in promoting her own, she will grow selfish—yet the thought of separating is terrible to us both."

I suggested that he should go with her to the city, and remain there until she was old

enough to leave school, when, if he still preferred a retired life, he might return to it with a companion who would long enliven and cheer his solitude—a plan which he finally decided to adopt.

Charles staid but a little while, and after Agnes had in some degree recovered from her sorrow at parting from him, her father informed her of his determination. She was greatly distressed at the thought of leaving home to go among strangers, but she did not attempt to resist his wishes. In the course of a few weeks the white house was again deserted, and Agnes had changed her solitary home for the companionship of twenty girls who were under the care of a widow lady, well qualified by nature and education for her important task.

* * * * *

Five years passed away before I again saw Agnes Beaufort. Her eighteenth summer had opened brightly upon her when she welcomed me to that same lovely home. These five years had formed the transition period of which her father had spoken so anxiously, and the perfect unfolding of the flower now showed how judiciously the tender buds of thought and feeling had been nurtured. The child had changed into the refined and elegant woman; her manners at once graceful and dignified, had lost that freedom and careless gaiety which are fascinating in a little girl, but yielded to the modest reserve of more thoughtful woman, and her voice 'ever gentle, soft and low,' gave utterance to the thoughts of a mind which, by assiduous cultivation, had become

"A mansion for all lovely forms,
A dwelling place for all sweet sounds and harmonies."

But, above all, what most delighted me, was the devoted affection to her father which animated every action of her daily life; accomplishments which would have called forth the applause of crowds, were displayed only to him; and her eye glistened as brightly when a smile from him thanked her for some sweet melody, as if his happiness were her best inspiration. In vain had Mr. Beaufort urged her to accompany some friends on a long journey among our lovely northern scenery. He needed quiet and repose, for his health now was very delicate, and nothing could tempt her from his side. This was, however, but a slight matter; while I was with them her filial feeling was sorely tried.

I had taken a long ride with her, and, as each familiar scene recalled some pleasant association of her happy childhood, I said to her,

"Agnes, one person seems to have vanished from your reminiscences. You have told me nothing of your old friend Charles."

I thought I saw a faint blush on her cheek, and she quickened her horse's pace, as she answered—

"Mr. St. Clair is stationed on the western frontier. I have seen him seldom of late years."

"Does he know you are here now?"

"Yes, father wrote to him, telling him where we should spend the summer, but I doubt whether we shall see him. There was some probability of his being sent to France to investigate some forts there, in which case he will pay us a visit; but unless he receives this appointment he cannot leave his post."

We were now almost home, and as we approached the house, I saw Mr. Beaufort talking earnestly with some one who was sitting beside him on the portico.

"Who can it be?" said Agnes, and as she spoke the young man ran forward to assist her to dismount.

"Mr. St. Clair," said she, extending her hand, "I little thought to see you here so soon."

"Am I so great a stranger, Miss Beaufort; but I cannot call you so, here, where I feel again like a little boy,—I must call you Agnes."

"As you will. I am too glad to see you to be scrupulous about my rights."

"And Mr. —, too," said he, grasping my hand. "We are all together again. How much has happened since we last met here, and yet all looks unchanged. That bright river and those hills have been so often in my mind's eye, associated as they are with some of the happiest days of my life, that I can scarcely believe so many years have elapsed since I last looked on them. I only hope that in their lovely retreats 'the future may not contradict the past,'" and he glanced at Agnes as he spoke.

"I fear, Charles," said Mr. Beaufort, "you will have but a dull time with us. The wandering life you military men lead, constantly changing scenes and companions, quite unfits you for our quiet, regular habits."

"Oh no, sir, those who are often changing, long most for a settled home. I am but a bird of passage now, however, for in a month I shall sail for France."

"So soon," said Agnes; "how long do you expect to remain abroad?"

"I do not know; it depends somewhat on my own choice, but as yet I have made no definite plans for the future."

The month of Charles' stay passed away rapidly. Agnes found that a military life did not always make men rough and unrefined. He was still,

"A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth;"

and his leisure hours, instead of being wasted in more boisterous pleasures, had been devoted to his favourite intellectual pursuits, so that literary enjoyments he was still her sympathizing companion. I watched them closely and saw that old feelings had been revived, and had gradually yielded to new and stronger ones. Charles had seen much of the real world, and to his animated descriptions of men and manners, Agnes listened with eager attention, and she in return led him into that ideal world, which she had peopled with the great and good, whose minds had guided and elevated her own.

"I cannot tell you," said she once, when they had been discussing their childish pleasures, "how much richer existence seems to me, now, than it did formerly. I was happy here as a child, but it was a happiness dependent on outward things, and which even then I felt was fleeting. I knew nothing of that inward strength which now makes me feel able to bear whatever may be before me, to sacrifice myself and my own enjoyment for that I love—to conquer feeling, and yet be happy in the consciousness of doing right; as you did, Charles, when you gave up all your visions of intellectual greatness, and sacrificed them to a promise, a promise, too, that could never be exacted by the one to whom it was given. I could only wonder at it then, now I can understand it."

"You did not know," said he, "what it cost me, nor have I ever felt it as I do at this moment. Agnes, you said you felt capable of making sacrifices for those you love. I did not ask if you love me—had I led a different life, and made myself the man I hoped to be, might have thought to win your love. Nor can I feel the value of all that I have lost—the worthlessness of the little I have gained."

"Charles, Charles, you little know my heart, if you think such a sacrifice lessens you in my eyes;—far, far above any advantages of learning or fame do I value the pure and elevated principle on which you have acted. Believe me, I know it, feel it all."

"Can you love me, Agnes? Can you trade your happiness with me, now,—for ever?"

"I can trust it with you, and I do, Charles"

loved you when a child, a lonely companionless child—a woman's love is a gift more worthy;—but my father—”

“Will not surely control you in this, Agnes?”

“No, Charles, my father would do all to make me happy; but my first duty is to him. Remember, I am all that he has to love, and would you have me leave him?”

“No, not leave him; but he can go with us. A sea voyage will revive him. We will go to Italy—to Greece.”

“I could not ask him, Charles. He is quite feeble now, and when I have sometimes told him of my longing desire to go to Europe, he has said he would gladly take me, but he felt he never should return; and, now, if he knows your wishes and my feelings he will make me go, sacrifice himself, and part with the only thing that brightens his life. I know his generous nature—he must not know anything of this.”

“But, Agnes, you are everything to me, now, and how shall I feel when an ocean separates us?”

“What we shall feel is not the question, but what is right to do.”

“Do you think it would be right, Agnes, to conceal it from him?”

“Under other circumstances, nothing should tempt me to do it. He has always been the repository of my most secret thoughts; but, now, I must judge for myself, and for him too. When you are gone, and there is no possibility of his insisting on my accompanying you, I shall myself tell him all.”

“Dear Agnes, you always think of others, and I feel too happy to dispute even this point with you. A year is a long time to be away from you, but there are happy years beyond, when nothing shall separate us. As some one has said, ‘however large the cloud may be, the blue sky is larger, if we could but see far enough.’”

Charles left us soon after, for the vessel in which he was to go, sailed in a few days, and he hastened to the port. Agnes was true to her word. I saw that she suffered, but it was in silence and unseen by her father. Two days after he left us, Mr. Beaufort was taken violently ill—a fit of coughing occasioned the bursting of a blood-vessel, and he was reduced at once to a dangerous state of weakness.—Agnes was his only nurse; her voice was always soothing, and from her lips he received the strength and consolation which he needed. To me she poured out the bitterness of her grief, but to him she was always bright and

cheering, and, as earth seemed to fade from his view, she would point to the growing brightness of heaven, the glorious promises of life and immortality, which, like stars, shine most brightly above us, when all around is dark, and earthly objects are unseen. I saw his danger, and knowing the sad scenes that would soon follow, was anxious to recall Charles, who had not yet sailed, but Agnes would not suffer it. He was on the path of duty, and she would not call him back.

Mr. Beaufort lingered but a little while, and Agnes finding that her lonely and desolate condition was weighing upon him, revealed to him her engagement, and the reasons which had induced her to conceal it. He felt deeply the generous and delicate feeling that had actuated her, and it lessened the agony of parting, to know that he left her to the guardianship of one whom he had long loved and could fully trust. He confided his darling child to my care, until Charles should return, entreating me to remain there with her as her guardian and friend. For her father's sake, Agnes had summoned all her strength and self-control, but when he was gone, and there was no further call for effort, she sank under the blow. Her warm and clinging affections had lost their object, and this bitter grief seemed to have opened afresh those wounds which the early loss of her mother and brothers had inflicted. At first I tried in vain to rouse her.—The happy future was separated from her by a great gulf of sorrow, which she could not pass over. The first thing that recalled her was a letter from Charles. He had a very rough and stormy passage, and had suffered so much from exposure, that, as he told Agnes, he could not be sufficiently thankful that her high principle had overruled his selfish and impetuous feelings, with regard to her father. He had ascertained that the object of his visit could be accomplished during the winter, and he should then return immediately. I now tried to turn her attention from her own sorrows to those of others, which she could relieve, and she busied herself during the winter, in visiting the few poor cottagers around us whom her father had been in the habit of assisting. She took care of all his favourite greenhouse plants, and when the deep snow confined us to the house, the library was an unfailing resource; here she read the books he had marked out for her, endeavouring in every way to reach that high standard of womanly excellence he had ever set before her.

The long dreary winter at length passed

away; the ice melted from the river, the snow from the lawn, and every day gave some sign, in bud or leaf or flower, that spring was clothing the earth with new beauty. The blossoms had not yet fallen from the trees, when we welcomed our wanderer home, and before that spring had ripened into summer, I gave away my sweet Agnes to him whom she had chosen, and in a long and happy union he has found that the fond and faithful daughter is only surpassed by the loving and devoted wife.

—●●●—
TO MY WIFE.

THERE may be romance in that gentle feeling
Which visiteth my heart, when, at my side,
I feel a soft hand through mine quietly stealing,
Yet there is something real in a bride!

For love hath music in it far more pleasing
Than the old romance of the feudal line,
Whose dames, in verse, were taught the art of
teasing
Their red-cross knights to trudge to Palestine.

It is the romance of fresh thoughts which
waken

Sweetly amid the visions of young years,
Heart-fraught with love, the long tried and
unshaken,
Too pure for passion and too true for tears.

Yet gazing on thee, sweet, how thrills my
bosom,

As to my heart I clasp thy yielding form,
For life bereft of thee would wear no blossom,
Nor would hope's rainbow span my spirit-
storm.

Doubt I that thy young heart will ever falter?

Doubt I mine own will ever love thee less?
Thou, who didst give me at the bridal-altar,
Thy heart's deep wealth of untold tender-
ness?

Oh! never dearest, never, 'till the beating
Of this poor heart, which throbs for thee, is
o'er!

Never until my soul, from life retreating,
Takes up its death-march to the spirit shore!

Then as thy lips shall kiss me to my slumber,
As on life's verge I say the long good night,
How will thy love my struggling spirit cumber,
While the world reels and fovers on my sight.

Yet in that distant bourne, where, broken-
hearted,

Thou shalt deem haply that my soul hath
rest,

Can I but meet thee, when life hath departed,
My sin-sick spirit shall be doubly blest!

THE FIXED STARS.

EVERY one who is possessed of even a moderate acquaintance with astronomy, is aware that the distances of the fixed stars far exceed even the most remote of the planets yet discovered in the solar system. Indeed, so great is the disproportion between them, that the distance of Herschel, contrasted with the distance of the nearest of the fixed stars, sinks almost into absolute insignificance. Herschel is *eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun*, and no fact has been more satisfactorily demonstrated, than that the law of gravitation operates, positively, from the sun to this planet. The fixed stars are considered by all modern astronomers as suns shining by their own native light, and most probably the centres of other systems, of greater or lesser degrees of magnitude and numbers. In the course of the last hundred and fifty years, some of the fixed stars appear to have moved. The star Arcturus has moved three minutes and three seconds, in seventy-eight years, it is therefore probable that all the heavenly bodies which are discoverable with telescopes of the greatest power are in subjection to some vast, inconceivable vast central globe, self-balanced somewhere in celestial space; and that may be the resplendent throne of God. This sentiment advanced by a distinguished philosopher whose lecture I had the pleasure of attending during a short residence in the United States, is calculated to fill the mind with wonder and astonishment, and to convince us of our insignificance, as the imperfect view we take of the astonishing works of the Divine Architect.

The nearest of the fixed stars yet observed is supposed, on good grounds, to be not less than 41,040,000,000,000, (or forty one billion and forty thousand millions of miles distant). A distance so great that even light itself, travelling as it does at the rate of twelve million miles a minute, would not traverse in less time than six years and a half! Indeed it has been thought by some astronomers, that some of the fixed stars are so distant that their light has not reached us yet, supposing six thousand years to have elapsed since they were created. How astonishing and overwhelming are numbers like these! The human mind is not forced to grasp them, and hardly, perhaps, can any finite intellects conceive them. When we speak of the comparative remoteness of certain regions of the starry heavens beyond others, and of our own situation in them, the question immediately arises, what is the scale

in which our visible firmament is constructed? To this, however, astronomy has hitherto proved unable to supply an answer. All we know on the subject is negative. Quitting, however, the region of speculation, and confining ourselves within certain limits which we are sure are less than the truth, let us employ the negative knowledge we have obtained respecting the distance of the stars, to form some conformable estimate of their real magnitudes. If the telescopes afford us no direct information. The discs which good telescopes shew us of the stars are not real, but *spurious*, a mere optical illusion. Their light therefore must be our only guide. Now Dr. Wollaston by experiments, open as it would seem, to no objections, has ascertained the light of Sirius, as received by us, to be that of the sun, as 1 to 20,000,000,000. The sun, therefore, in order that it should appear to us no brighter than Sirius, would require to be removed to 141,400 times its actual distance. We have seen, however, that the distance of Sirius cannot be so small as 200,000 times that of the sun. Hence it follows, that, upon the lowest possible computation, the light really thrown out by Sirius cannot be so little as double that emitted by the sun; or that Sirius must, in point of intrinsic splendor, be at least equal to two suns, and is in all probability vastly greater. *Dr. Wollaston has concluded the intrinsic light of this star to be nearly that of fourteen suns.* Now, for what purpose are we to suppose such magnificent bodies scattered through the abyss of space? Surely not to illuminate our nights, which an additional moon of the thousandth part of the size of our own would do much better, nor to sparkle as a pageant void of meaning and reality, and bewilder us among vain conjectures. Useful it is true, they are to man as points of reference; but he must have studied astronomy to little purpose, who can suppose man to be the only object of his Creator's care, or who does not see in the vast and wonderful apparatus around us, provision for other races of animated beings. The planets derive their light from the sun; but that cannot be the case with the stars. These, doubtless, then are themselves suns, and may, perhaps, each in its sphere, be the presiding centre round which other planets, or bodies of which we can form no conception from any analogy offered by our own system, may be circulating.

There are about three thousand fixed stars visible to the naked eye. Every one of those stars is doubtless a sun, and each of these suns

affords light and heat to another system of worlds. Let us only suppose that each of those suns illuminates as many orbs as belong to our system. We shall state the number at two hundred, (though it is believed that there are seven thousand comets, besides the planets, which have already been discovered.) This would give six hundred thousand worlds. But three thousand is a small number, when compared with the whole number of stars that have been discovered. The relative places of fifty thousand stars have been determined, by the help of telescopes. Fifty thousand solar systems, each containing, at least, one hundred worlds. Five millions of worlds, all inhabited by rational beings. How do we seem to dwindle into littleness! How few, how small, are the ephemerists of this little globe, when compared with the countless myriads who inhabit five millions of worlds! And these worlds, reader, are but specks in the infinity of creation. All are under the constant care of the Divine Being; not one of them is neglected. Surely it becomes us to exclaim with the psalmist, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" G. B.

St. John, May, 1843.



THE ALMOND BRANCH.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THOU art, alas! but beauty's emblem,
Blooming branch of the almond tree!
Fading away on thy parent stem,
The flower of life is seen in thee.

It heedeth not neglect or care—
It waiteth not on summer's ray;
Leaf after leaf thus withering there,
Shows forth our pleasures day by day.

Though short, O let us prize delight—
'Tis fleeting as the zephyr's breath—
And drain its chalice ere the night
Approach and warn us of its death.

Often doth beauty in its pride,
Remind us of the morning flower,
Wreathing the fair brow of the bride,
And fading o'er the festive hour.

One day is past, yet others come,
But Spring is hastening to depart,
And every flower it calls to bloom,
Cries, "hasten!" to the human heart.

Montreal Garland.

A SOOTHING ADDRESS,

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

O sink not a prey to despair,
Nor grieve for what grief cannot mend,
Don't torture thy mind, for what sorrow and
care

Can never restore, my poor friend ;
Tho' harass'd and hurt and distress,
Cast all bitter feeling aside—
'Twill only cause fever to burn thy own breast,
Where patience and hope should preside ;
In the storm of adversity strive to the last—
True courage and spirit may weather the blast.

If thou wilt consider the woe
Of some, high on fortune's bright wheel,
Which recent reverses have cast far below
What thou canst imagine or feel ;
Contemplate their mortified pride,
With luxury's absence combin'd,
Thy envy will die and thy murmurs subside—
Contentment will solace thy mind ;
With this healing balm thou art not quite bereft,
While gratitude sweetens the crumbs thou hast
left.

Contemplate the poor ship-wrecked Tar,
Cast lone on some far barren isle,
To which he has recently 'scap'd on a spar—
His ship-mates all perish'd the while ;
Does he lie inactive and wish
For shelter, a fire and a bed—
A gun for the fowl or a hook for the fish—
A bowl of warm soup and some bread ?
No, no, he well knows his exertions must save,
From a doom which is worse than a watery
grave !

Tho' hungry and weak and athirst,
Behold the faint object arise—
Look round for a drink of fresh water the first,
And then for more solid supplies.
Now tho' with due caution he sips
The water he's found at a well,
'Tis sweet as the nectar of gods to his lips—
As manna, raw fish from the shell ;
This water and shell-fish a feast may afford,
More rich than all dainties on luxury's board.

Well-knowing 'tis useless to weep
For ship and for ship-mates no more,
He picks up with care what the merciless deep
Has left of the wreck on the shore ;
And leaving despondence abast,
Forgetting the pains of the past,
With sedulous labour he forms a rude craft—
Perchance with an oar for the mast ;

With the anchor of hope he embarks on the
wave—
In trust that some ship may descry him and
save.

Tho' riven by ravenous law,
And broken from stem unto stern,
Thou hast still some resources on which thou
canst draw—
May save thee much painful concern ;
With health and good hands and good skill,
Thou art more independent than those
Who have notes in the bank, and no cash in
the till—
Who quake on the verge of a close ;
Let courage thy spur be—thy motto exertion,
Bright days and good fortune may lie in re-
version.

Consider the birds how they fare—
When winter that ravages rude,
Has strip'd both the orchard and forest-trees
bare,
And left them no shelter nor food ;
Contented they twitter and sing,
Not knowing where next they must feed—
Their care is far lighter than down on their
wing,
Yet Providence cares for their need ;
Then banish thy fear, cherish hope in its stead
Who cares for the fowls will supply thee with
bread.

The promise is made to the poor
Who seek for his kingdom the first,
Who care for life's perishing food—yet still
more
For righteousness hunger and thirst ;
Then lay up thy treasure in heaven,
Where moth and where thief cannot come—
Thy bread and thy water shall daily be given
'Till thou shalt arrive at thy home ;
And there thou shalt bask in a sun without
shade,
Be crown'd with a glory that never shall fade.

JAMES REDFERN.

St. John, N. B., June, 1843.



By permitting the political laws to take cog-
nizance of marriage vows, the sexes gain an
additional security on each other ; inasmuch as
their mutual pledges are placed under the safe-
guard of society, which, by its laws and cus-
toms, will inflict a severe punishment for any
intentional breach of them, not so much in or-
der to identify any injured individual, as to pre-
serve its own good order and tranquility.

THE DEMON OF THE VALLEY.

It was a lovely evening towards the decline of that sweet month, which, even in our tardy clime, clothed with verdure and blossom, brings with it all the nameless charms and associations of spring-time, when we arrived at the ancient little town of Terni, and, compelled to proceed on our journey at an early hour the following morning, lost no time in ordering horses to take us to the Cascade. We drove at once to the highest point of view, a distance of about five miles, the road one of continued, and, in the latter part, of so tremendously steep ascent, it required no small labour on the part of the postilion to prevent his horses from falling.

We alighted at the top of the hill, from whence the depth of the rocky and wooded valleys and chasms with which you find yourself surrounded is particularly fine. Pursuing a somewhat rugged and winding path, among the rocks and underwood, for about a mile, our ear soon informed us that we must be near the scene of action, and we speedily obtained a view, through a narrow passage cut in the rock, of the River Volind, hurrying forward with mad and irresistible impetuosity, to precipitate itself from the impending heights into the Nera.

There was something very imposing in this rush of waters, which, when we had walked a short distance, we beheld boiling and hissing at a depth of three hundred feet below us, the rocks around carpetted with verdure from the continual action of the spray, which rises in beautiful and ever-varying columns to a great height.

After viewing the fall from these heights, we proceeded to a sort of temple, built on the edge of the rocks overlooking the great fall, from whence the scene is truly magnificent! We next descended, by a steep but romantic path, to view the falls from below. The rocks, as we proceeded, were almost all encrusted with vegetable petrifications, apparently fern and other shrubs, very curious and beautiful.

Our guide conducted us across the stream to an ascent on the opposite side, where rustic bowers are erected, covered over with branches of trees and evergreens, in spots most favourable to the view of artists and amateurs.—From the last of these delightful resting-places, fitted up with a couch of laurels and myrtle, which are found very refreshing after a hot and toilsome walk, I took a sketch of the splendid scene before me. The rocky heights

were still illumined with the last and richest rays of sunset, whilst the peaceful valley where we sat, (forming a striking contrast to the tumultuous scene upon which we were gazing,) lay in deep shadow. We were unfortunately rather too late in the day to enjoy the opportunity of witnessing that beautiful effect of the sun upon the foam, and spray of the waters, producing those exquisite rainbows which all travellers describe with so much enthusiasm, and which suggested to Lord Byron two of his most sublime similes:—

“Beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dye—whilst all around is torn
By the distracted waters—bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable
mien.”

His splendid descriptions of this spot were fresh in my recollection, and threw a halo of additional interest over the whole. Our walk to the carriage, which we had ordered to wait for us near the foot of the hill, was lovely—The perfume of blossoms; the evening song of birds, among which the note of the thrush and the nightingale were predominant, the stream flowing through “a valley sacred to sweet peace,” with gentle lapse—it seemed after its late tumultuous warfare like the return of a warrior from the strife of the battlefield to the calm current of domestic life; or as the repose of a good man, when, the storms and tempests of life overpast, he holds his silent and unruffled course towards the ocean of eternity. Thus it flows, “to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,” or refresh with unnumbered blessings the soft bosom of the lowly vale.

We approached the confines, or rather entrance, of this sweet valley, through an avenue of orange-trees, planted, we were told, by the unfortunate Caroline of England. I believe we had also reached the confines of our walk, but in this we were deceived; nor were we desirous to conclude it without becoming the witnesses of a singular instance of Italian superstition, which, connected, as it proved to be, with a little history of real suffering and sorrow, deeply awakened our interest and sympathy.

Finding we had yet to cross the vale ere we rejoined our carriage at the neighbouring village, we proceeded, under the escort of our guide, through a deep gorge or glen, near the centre of which the stream here steals its con-

tracted course, concealed by the dense foliage. When, about midway through this romantic defile, a toad of most extraordinary size beset us in our path, and appeared, by its fixed attitude and position, as though determined to dispute the passage with us. One of our companions who carried a small dagger concealed in his walking-stick, was about to destroy the loathsome intruder, when our guide, with a countenance expressive of horror, entreated him to leave it unmolested, when, seeing him still inclined to prosecute his determination, he threw himself upon his knees before him, and with the most impressive energy, supplicated him, in the name of all the saints, to desist from so heinous a crime.

"Know you not," said he, "that he who now besets our path in the shape of that toad, is the Demon of the Valley; and that should harm befall him in my presence, not only should I be compelled to quit the abode of my ancestors, but my very existence would be insecure."

He then related to us, with all the earnestness of true Italian gesticulation, how a similar phenomenon had appeared in the valley some few years since, and that his little brothers, who were at play near the spot, had thoughtlessly amused themselves by throwing large stones at the animal, and that, from that time, though half their gainings had been spent in expiation of their crime, all kinds of spells and ill-omens had been cast upon their house. He assured us most gravely, that his only sister had been spirited away by his influence, and that she now lay a corpse in their father's cottage, and how could they hope for peace for her departed soul, should the demon again be raised!

Seeing our poor guide thus overcome with real terror and affliction, at the idea of what he considered so great an evil, our companion at once sheathed the dangerous weapon, and, avoiding the more immediate traces of the unsightly, though innocent cause of so much distress, we proceeded on our route to the village. Our guide requested for leave, in confirmation of all he had alleged, to conduct us to the cottage, where we might be eye-witnesses of the desolation brought upon his family by the early death of the lovely and lamented Theresa, once the beauty and pride of the glen.

On arriving near the entrance of the village, our attention was, indeed, soon attracted towards a particularly neat, picturesque cottage, surrounded by a portico covered with roses and jessamine, around and within which were assembled a concourse of the neighbouring

peasantry, most of them in the strikingly picturesque costume of that part of Italy, on their knees, and apparently taking part in some usually solemn act of devotion, their mingled voices from time to time raised in concern with the chanted requiem from within.

We drew near, therefore, cautiously and reluctantly, until repeatedly and earnestly invited by our guide to follow him. We at length entered the portico, the assembled peasantry instantly making way for us to pass, and soon found ourselves within what we perceived to be the chamber of death. Near the centre of the room, on a raised platform or bier, lay the corpse of a young girl, apparently about eighteen or nineteen, her dark hair arranged in luxuriant braids over her marble forehead, and crowned with a wreath of myrtle. Her hands on one of which was placed a prayer-book and crucifix, and in the other a bunch of myrtle and orange flowers, were folded on her breast; her lifeless form at the same time adorned with tissue-garments, which appeared rather intended to deck the extraordinary pageant of a Neapolitan peasant's bridal, than thus to shine as in mockery, over the poor passive remains of mortality. Those remains which on the morrow were to be consigned to their parent earth, amid an appalling chaos of human decay and putrefaction, unattended by friend or relation, and, too probable, without even the decent envelop of coffin or winding-sheet.

Much interested in the scene we had thus so unexpectedly been called upon to witness, made some inquiries, on our return to the house at Terni, respecting the real cause and circumstances of the poor girl's death, which, it appeared, by the whole neighbourhood, was religiously ascribed to supernatural influence.

Alas! from the particulars I gleaned, her history was but too nearly allied to the fate of many a cherished flower of spring-tide, laid low, we scarce know how, in the heyday of its bloom and brightness, by the nipping blast or cankering worm—in short, to many a "o'er true tale" of disappointed hopes and withered affections.

How true is the remark of an inimitable author, that "woman's heart is her world."—She embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection—"if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart."

The preceding spring, a young Italian artist had made a visit to this lovely spot, for the purpose of exercising his rising talent amid the reigning beauties of nature, and the well-known relics of antiquity with which the neighbour-

ood of Terni abounds. His acquaintance was usually made by Theresa and the family during his sojourn in the valley. Her beauty speedily captivated his ardent imagination—whilst her gentleness and winning simplicity, ere long, made a still deeper impression on his heart.

Hitherto accustomed to the confinement of a studio, the far-famed beauties of his native city had passed him in his hurried walks, not, perhaps, without many an admiring gaze, but certainly without having inspired any tenderer sentiment.

This was the young artist's first peep beyond the gates of Rome, and who could wander, at such a season, amid that land of beauty and brightness, without feeling himself elevated and inspired by the very air he breathes? Its evening concerts, amid perfumed groves and falling fountains—its marble terraces and falling fanes, hung with the richest and freshest breaths of spring—all nature appeared to poor Valentino decked as for a jubilee, and the lovely valley of Terni reflected in the mirror of an imagination lighted with the ardour of first love appeared to realize all his idea of an earthly paradise. Days and weeks he remained as if were spell-bound to the spot, forgetful alike of the time allotted to him for his sojourn abroad, and of the day fixed for his return to Rome. He took views of the falls in every varying point, and under every diversity of shade and colouring which that glowing climate exhibits. Morning, noon, and eventide, might be seen stationed with his canvass and palette, the gentle Theresa by his side, sometimes lost in wonder and admiration at the tints produced by his hand on the glowing canvass, at others listening with enthusiasm to his description of the Eternal City, its palaces and monuments, and feeding with silent rapture on his promises to bear her thither at no distant date, the bride of his heart, and never, never more to separate from her, and as the shade of evening beckoned them homewards, with what rapture was the canvass thrown aside, to linger through the maize of that sweet valley with his fond and gentle companion, there to speak of future bliss, and repeat their oft-told vows of everlasting affection in all the eloquence of their own sweet language, by the light of a lovely moon, and amid groves spangled with fire-flies.

Alas! hours like these were too sweet to last—too bright to be registered in the calendar of time's dull round. Valentino roused at length from this dream of life and love, by a

second and more peremptory summons from his master to resume his place and functions, under penalty of sacrificing at once all hopes of future encouragement and promotion, took, one bright summer morning, almost insensibly, his pensive way through the valley, undecided what steps to adopt, or how it would be possible to impart to his betrothed Theresa the startling intelligence of their approaching separation—yet, to delay was to lose all hopes even of the means which might enable him to support and cherish her.

Thus painfully pre-occupied, he seated himself almost mechanically on a projecting rock, near their favourite bower of myrtles, and, concealed by its position from the pathway which leads through the valley, believed he could in solitude and silence, give vent to his painful reflections, and decide upon some plan for the future. Suddenly, however, his ear was startled by a cry of terror, and, believing he recognized in that cry the voice of his beloved, with the velocity of a startled deer he sped towards the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. Just at that moment, his Theresa, breathless, and fallen amid the tangled roots of a large ilex, overcome with terror from the pursuit of a wild boar, long an object of terror to the inhabitants of a neighbouring valley, and whose hiding-places had hitherto been so secure and secret, as to defy all efforts towards its destruction, appeared in sight.

The creature, which was now only a few yards distant from the object of its pursuit, made a momentary pause on the approach of Valentino, as if to consider whether attack or retreat would be safest. Probably aware however, that he had wandered too far away from his strongholds to escape any regular attack made by numbers, and perhaps deceived and intimidated by the reverberation of Valentino's shouts, repeated with remarkable clearness from the opposite cliff, the animal suddenly made off, with all possible speed, among the rocks and underwood.

No means of defence being within his reach, having left even his walking club, the only warlike weapon he possessed, on the spot from whence he had sprung on the sound of Theresa's cries, Valentino beheld, as may be supposed, with no small satisfaction the departure of this ferocious intruder, with whom he had anticipated, a few moments since, a close and deadly combat. All his cares were now directed to raise and reassure his fainting fair one; but what was his dismay, on lifting her gently from the spot where she still remained extend-

ed, almost in a state of insensibility, to find the blood flowing profusely from her forehead.—In the deepest alarm, he called upon her by every endearing epithet to answer, and convince him of her existence. Then, aware of the necessity of procuring instant relief, he bore her quickly to the borders of the neighbouring stream, and laying her gently on the soft and shaded turf, took off her little white apron, and embruing it in the refreshing waters, endeavoured, by repeated efforts, to stop the flow of blood, and restore animation to her pallid cheek.

Finding his attempts at length happily successful, and that she opened her large dark eyes upon him once more, he lost not a moment in carrying his precious burden to her father's cottage. The poor old man, her sole surviving parent, was reposing on his usual rustic seat, beneath the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, her two little brothers mending their barbarous fishing-tackle, when Valentino entered the porch, bearing the flower of their rustic dwelling in his arms, her garments stained with blood, and her cheek pale as the lilies at the door.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the old man, rising more hastily than he had perhaps done for the last twenty years, and following him into the house: "Mother of Mercy! Tell me, I say, in the name of all the saints, what has happened to her; and tell me truly, or you leave not this house alive?"

At this moment he grasped convulsively the arm of Valentino, who, having laid his still helpless burden on the nearest couch, (that identical couch upon which we beheld her last remains extended,) hastily commenced an explanation of the terrific scene which had passed during the morning. The old man gradually relaxed his hold as the incidents, by their clear and simple narration, found ready admittance to his heart, until he concluded by throwing his arms around Valentino's neck, and blessing him as the deliverer of his child from the most horrible of deaths.

Towards evening, to the delight of all her friends and neighbours, the poor girl revived; opening her eyes and looking round her as for some desired object, with an expression of the deepest anxiety, when, catching the sounds of her lover's voice in the portico in conversation with her father, she exclaimed, "Holy Mother! he is safe! and my father loves him for Theresa's sake." Then, passing her hands to her head, as though the retrospection of those fearful scenes of the morning were too

much for her, she relapsed into a dose which lasted some hours. Valentino in the meantime, had but too much leisure for painful reflection. Unable to leave the cottage, he seized the opportunity now opened to him of declaring to her parent, Antonio, his position and his hopes, more especially the one then dearest to his heart, that of calling him father.

"With all my heart," replied the old man proud of the rising hopes of the young artist, "but first of all obey thy master's summons; get thee to Rome and there establish thyself as becometh thy talents and conditions. Return quickly to our valleys and then thou shalt become the possessor of the loveliest flowers that ever bloomed amongst them."

The young man's gratitude was overflowing and he promised willingly what he had little doubt his love and his exertions could enable him to perform; but time pressed, and how could he at such a moment, break the news of his departure to his Theresa—the effects might be dangerous in the extreme. His resolution was at length taken, to depart that very night, having previously made a confidant of the old woman who attended her, who, it was agreed when her patient next revived and inquired for Valentino, should calm her by the assurance that he was absent in the neighbourhood, on some necessary errand connected with his profession, until, arrived in Rome, he would himself make known to her his hopes and prospects.

The village clock struck twelve, whilst the distant convent bell commencing its monotonous but not unmusical chimes, rung mournfully in the ears of Valentino. Still, alas! a stranger, he stood beneath the vine-clad lattice which opened upon the little portico, from which he was enabled to gaze on the sleeping form of Theresa, without being himself observed within.

The silvery and placid moonbeams fell softly on her couch, and perceiving her to be apparently in a profound sleep, he stole softly into the chamber. With real anguish of heart did he gaze at that moment on her lovely and unconscious form, then plunging into his bosom a little ivory crucifix which lay beside her, as though already foreseeing the need of such a talisman amid the frailty and caprice of human hope and promises, he imprinted a parting kiss on her flushed cheek, and dashing the falling tear from his eye, hastily quitted the cottage.

Sad and gloomy were the thoughts of poor Valentino as he pursued in sorrowful rever-

moonlit path through the valley, when, on arriving at the spot before described, where the glen contracts, and the foliage thickens into obscurity, he cleared with one desperate leap, one of the well-known rivulets which feed their tributary streams to the Nera.

Suddenly a hideous cry or croak, which he soon perceived to proceed from a toad he must have unwittingly have crushed or hurt beneath his tread, assailed his ear. He hurried onwards with a species of indefinable terror and loathing, the hoarse croak of the wounded animal still pursuing him, until the inharmonious sounds were lost in the distance, and he remained once more the clear open pathway which conducted him to the high road. Here let us pause, and leave Valentino to pursue his solitary route.

* * * * *

Days, weeks, months, rolled away in all their summer brightness.

"Oh! not for mortal tear,
Doth nature deviate from her calm career,
Nor is the earth less laughing, or less fair,
Though breaking hearts its gladness may not share."

Theresa, after a lingering fever, at length revived, but to the withering consciousness of faithful love and blighted affections.

Long did she look in feverish anxiety for her lover's promised return, and when, from the threatening nature of her disease, they were obliged to make known to her his actual departure for Rome, a fearful foreboding seemed to steal over her hopes. To one who had never strayed beyond the confines of her native village, the idea of distance appears almost immeasurable, and return equally precarious. Not that in her truth and simplicity she doubted one moment his oft-repeated vows of affection; these she fondly cherished, until the last cold blast of adversity snatched them rudely from her bosom. Twice, indeed, ere the mellow rays of autumn had ceased to linger amidst their favourite bowers, had she received news of Valentino, but to the fond and affectionate heart of poor Theresa, his letters breathed little of earthly hope or consolation; fraught with the cruel retrospect of the past, she could discover no sunny ray, or sweet and shadowy perspective (even more dear than present bliss,) for the future.

Was it, indeed, possible that man, the creature of interest and ambition, could forget, amid the influence of light companions and ambitious hopes, a love so pure and disinterested, a being so tender and confiding? Alas!

neglect soon gave way to indifference, and indifference to forgetfulness. Theresa, thoughtful and pensive, lingered through many a solitary winter hour, with her rosary and crucifix, amid their favourite haunts, her heart yet more desolate than the seared leaf and withered flowers which lay scattered beneath her feet; for they were drooping but to bloom again in renewed and vernal brightness, but—

"When shall spring visit the mouldering urn,
Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

A continued cough, and other symptoms of wasting disease were now making rapid inroads on the delicate form of poor Theresa; and her father, heart-broken, at length resolved to write, unknown to her, to a distant relative at Rome, intreating him to acquaint Valentino with her state, and to request his immediate presence if he wished to see her alive. But what was the old man's indignation when his relative acquainted him that Valentino had been despatched on a mission of considerable emolument with another artist of some notability for Sicily, and that, on his return at the expiration of four months, he was, if successful, to marry his master's only daughter, with which alliance he would obtain, not only a valuable stipend, but a post of emolument and importance.

The intelligence was indeed stunning to the subdued heart of poor Theresa, who, throwing herself in her old father's arms, sank into a swoon so long and death-like that he believed he held in his trembling grasp but the cold remains of his greatest earthly treasure. Gradually, however, consciousness returned, but a rapid increase of fever and feebleness soon laid her prostrate on the suffering couch, and reduced her small remaining strength. Like the drooping roses in the little flower-vase by her bed-side, shedding day by day their cherished leaves before her eyes, she gently and almost imperceptibly closed her fading eyes on the sorrowing scenes of time, to realize, we may hope, those untutored yet devout aspirations which, however fettered by the grovelling chains of superstition, were built, like the rainbow of Almighty Mercy, amid the unfading joys of eternity.



BEAUTY gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying, "That they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable."

THE ABSENT ONES.

"TIME hath passed with a light foot fall,
Friend, o'er thy old ancestral hall;
The fret work still looks fresh and fair,
The windows their gorgeous colouring wear,
The dome is firm, the pillars strong;
How can I think the time so long?

Years since I stooped my head before,
'Neath the wreaths o'ershadowing the low side
door;

Years—and no trace of dim decay
Is here—yet a something hath passed away;
The fire burns bright on the ample hearth,
But I miss the sound of the children's mirth,
I miss each silvery voice's tone,—
Where—oh, where—are thy children gone?

There was one whose eye had an eagle's glance,
And courage sat on his brow's expanse—
'Tell me, sweet friend, and where is he?"
A wanderer from home on the treacherous sea,
Long hath he roamed with adventurous band,
Seeking for wealth in a distant land,
But when summer is fair over valley and plain,
With the rose and the swallow, he comes again!

"And where was another—a thoughtful boy,
Careless of childish sport or toy,
But loving wild tales, and legends of old,—
Pouring o'er books like a miser o'er gold,—
Thought drew swift lines o'er that pure young
brow;—

Where is the gentle and gifted now?"
Thro' the wood walks he strays, but when
night stars burn,
I trust, to his home, will the dreamer return.

"And the merry bright child, with the golden
hair,
Dancing like light on his forehead fair?"
He tarricth with teachers loving and kind,
Winning rich stores for his opening mind;
But when the frost on the leafless trees,
Is nestling crisp in the winter breeze,
And the Christmas bough in the hall doth
sway,
I trust in our home will the merry child play.

"And the sweetest of all, the lovely one,
Whose low soft voice had so dear a tone,
Whose eye was so darkly, so tenderly bright,
Whose hand was so small, whose step was so
light;—

Thou tremblest—thou weepest! and is it so—
Is that graceful head in the dust laid low?
Alas—and time may the rest restore—
But the fairest and dearest can come no more!"

Well hast thou guessed! from our household
band

The bright one hath passed to a holier land—
She drinks from the fountain of Wisdom there
With a brow unclouded by earthly care,
And she dwells with a Teacher far away,
Nor looks, nor longs, for a holiday.—
She hath passed through the valley of death
dark track,
And we know on its pathway she comes no
back.

But by the light of her cloudless eye,
So full of Faith's holy prophecy,
By the blessed words of prayer and praise
That hallowed her lips in her few short days
By her glad "Farewell!" when we needs must
part,

I have gathered strength to my weary heart
For I know in her Saviour's ransomed train
With the angels and saints, she shall come
again!



SUCH is the diligence with which, in countries
completely civilized, one part of mankind labours
for another, that wants are supplied faster than
they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious
find life stagnate for want of some desire to keep
it in motion. This species of distress furnishes
a new set of occupations; and multitudes are
busied from day to day in finding the rich and
the fortunate something to do.

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Is issued on the first week in every Month
by ROBERT SHIVES, Proprietor and Publisher—
and delivered to City subscribers at the
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