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# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

No. 5. }

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

{ VOL. I.

(From the London Sporting Review.)

Sporting Sketches from New-Brunswick.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

The White Spectre of the Weepemaw.

THE rate at which we shot along, soon brought us to the head of the Beaver Pond, and, as we had previously anticipated, it terminated at the foot of the lofty, well-wooded hill, already mentioned. There we found that its waters were supplied by a noisy stream, which came dashing and tumbling down the mountain side, in a succession of small cascades, until near the bottom, when, with one leap, it sprung over a ledge of rocks into a dark and boiling pool. Whirling round in the vortex, it rushed out, to be checked in its impetuous career, and be mingled with the sluggish waters of the lily-covered pond. Here we paused; and Tomah pointed out numbers of large eels lying at the tail of the current, just in the edge of the weeds; forthwith I commenced an attack upon them with the Indian spear, and found that I could pick them up quite readily. My success pleased Tomah so much, that he relaxed from the strict silence he had preserved after the affair of the black ducks, and related an adventure which had befallen him during his youthful days, in one of the small harbours of the Bay of Chaleur. He was engaged, on a dark night, in spearing the large conger eel, by the light of a flaming birch-torch, placed, as usual, in the prow of the canoe, and was pursuing his sport very intently across a shallow flat, when he was beset by a host of wild geese, which fre-

quent the Bay, at certain seasons, in immense flocks. They were attracted by the bright glare of the torch, and approaching the canoe in a dense black mass, croaking most vehemently, rushed at the light, which they soon flapped out with their wings. He had great difficulty in preserving his equilibrium in the canoe, and, for a few moments, was nearly overpowered; but, seizing a paddle, and laying lustily about him, he despatched a goodly number, while putting the rest to flight; and on reaching the shore, had the satisfaction of finding that he had secured a full freight of wild geese instead of eels.

Having enough of eel-spearing, Tomah next proposed that we should follow up the rocky stream, and, if possible, ascertain from whence it took its rise. Drawing up the canoe, therefore, and taking our guns, we proceeded to climb the hill by the side of the stream, and, following its course round the shoulder of the mountain, through an elevated pass, we discovered that it issued from a small lake, which lay in a deep basin, formed by the surrounding hills, and nestling, as it were, among them;—the glassy smoothness of its surface undisturbed by a single ripple. The margin of this mountain tarn was lined with a great profusion of the Labrador tea-plant—a dwarf shrub, with small bright green leaves, which are frequently used by the Indians as a substitute for tea. The young and tender leaves are boiled, and the decoction possesses a very agreeable flavour, somewhat aromatic: to the tired traveller it is exceedingly pleasant and refreshing,

particularly if drank very hot. While making our way slowly, and with difficulty, through the thick tangle of the wiry tea-plant, an otter-path was found, the fresh spraints on which told us that an otter had but recently gone up from the water. Tomah in a very few minutes constructed a dead fall across the path, loaded with a heavy piece of wood, and set with a spring, formed by bending down the branch of a young birch tree. This kind of trap is quickly made; and, although a very simple affair, is certain and effective in its operation. The trap being finished, we passed on to make the circuit of the lake; in completing which, we obtained several shots at a flock of teal, and bagged a very considerable number of those delicious little birds. Returned to the trap, we found the otter (a fine large one), as Tomah had predicted, was there; our firing at the teal had alarmed him, and caused a retreat toward the water. As customary with these animals, he had followed his well-beaten path, and, attempting to pass between the two pieces of wood forming the trap, had disengaged the spring, and brought down the weight upon him; he lay quite dead. Being disengaged, he was thrown over Tomah's shoulder, and then we retraced our steps down the mountain side, to regain our canoe. On reaching it, we found that the eels which had been left in the bottom were nearly all gone, and that the few which remained were much torn and mangled. This mischief had been effected by the mink, a small amphibious animal—a miniature resemblance of the otter, and of similar habits, but incapable of remaining under water so long as its prototype. From the numerous traces in the sand on the margin of the pond, we concluded that a number of these animals had assisted on the occasion, and that they had evidently enjoyed a feast at our expense. If fish are left unguarded, near the water-side, for even a short space of time, in the vicinity of minks, they are almost sure to be stolen; and, on several occasions, I have been robbed, by these impudent little

thieves, of the best portion of a long day's fishing.

Embarking, we proceeded down the beaver pond, and while Tomah was passing the canoe over the dam, I tried the flies in the ripple formed by the rush of water at the outfall, but caught only a few small charr trout; yet I could see that the water abounded with fish which did not notice the flies.—Determined on ascertaining what they were, I put up trolling-tackle, using the brilliant tri-coloured fins of the charr, a most deadly bait—far more certain than the minnow, or, indeed, anything else with which I am acquainted. At the first cast, a host of fish dashed at the troll, and I found that they were silver perch, a very beautiful fish, from half-a-pound to a pound in weight. They are of the perch tribe, with white and glittering scales; the back, which is highly arched, is of a pale transparent green; the lateral line is strongly marked, and partakes of the curvature of the back; the head is wedge-shaped, with a good sized mouth, and smooth tongue.—They have no dark bands on the sides, like the common perch, to which they are greatly superior; to those who are adepts in trolling, they afford capital sport, being strong and active on the hook, and in places which they frequent are generally found in great numbers. A few of these compensated the loss of the eels; and the day being nearly spent, we made the best of our way back to “the fork” to rejoin our companions. We were last at the rendezvous, and, on arriving, found the whole party very busily engaged in eating a dinner, which consisted of fresh salmon, passenger pigeons, and other game, cooked in a variety of ways, that the tastes of all might be suited. There was but brief question and reply until the meal was finished; and then, reclining at our ease, the adventures of the day were recounted, amid clouds from the fragrant Havanahs of the “pale faces,” and the curiously sculptured *tomagans* (stone-pipes) of the “red man,” the latter of which emitted the pleasant but peculiar odour of “the

weed," when mixed in equal quantities with the dried bark of the red willow. Without some proportion of the willow bark the Indians rarely smoke, the tobacco alone being too pungent for their tastes, and being greatly improved and softened by the admixture.

Notwithstanding all had succeeded well, yet there was some good reason assigned why each had not done better, and brought in a larger quantity of game. The pigeon-shooters had spent the morning profitably; for, in addition to the birds which graced our meal, many more swung to and fro on the limb of a maple tree hard by; yet they spoke of birds being lost from the want of retrievers, and the difficulty of tracing the flight of a flock among the tall trees. The salmon-fishers had brought to gaff three fine salmon, but complained of losing several others (the largest of course), from the strength of the stream, and the numerous obstructions in its course, which had occasioned great loss of casting lines and flies, and tested the strength of their tackle very severely.

During the day, the Indians, who were not otherwise employed, had built a large wigwam, and, as evening closed, we seated ourselves within it, on a thick bed of the sweet-smelling branches of the silver fir. Tomah was busily engaged in dressing and stretching the skin of his otter; the rest of the Indians were in high glee, perfectly wild with exuberance of spirits, and we noticed and enjoyed their jokes and pranks with each other, some of which were rude enough, but all given and received with the utmost good humour. The grave and sententious character of the red man of America has been so often portrayed by celebrated writers, that the race is now looked upon as possessing the most unbending and inflexible rigidity of manner, and a real or apparent insensibility either to pleasure or to pain. It is very generally believed that they never express the least surprise or admiration, however great may be the occasion which should call those feelings forth, and, above all, that they never indulge in levity of speech or ac-

tion, or join in any of the lighter sports or amusements, conceiving such frivolous pursuits wholly beneath the staid and dignified attitude which should always be maintained by the free man of the forest, who has attained to manhood, and been admitted to a seat at the council fire of his tribe. So far as my own experience extends, and I have seen much of the Indians in this part of America, I can safely assert that such a character by no means applies to them, and that it differs as widely as possible from the true representation of their dispositions and habits. It is true that the red man, in presence of those to whom he is a stranger, whose language he does not understand, or, perhaps, imperfectly comprehends, very naturally draws himself up, assumes a grave air, speaks with much reserve, and but seldom, in short sentences, endeavouring, to the utmost of his ability, to suppress every feeling or expression of wonder or curiosity, as to what may be passing about him; yet much of this extreme caution must be attributed to the fear of displaying his ignorance, and laying himself open to the shafts of ridicule. Of all other things, the Indian most dreads the power of ridicule, and will exercise the greatest forbearance and self-denial for a very long period, in preference to performing an act or asking a question which might subject him to its sting. But let the same Indian meet those to whom he is accustomed, and in whom he feels confidence, and he at once throws off this reserve to appear in his true colours; then, and not till then, some opinion may be formed of his real character. Instead of the taciturn, sedate, and apathetic being he is represented to be, by the most approved authorities, he will be found a talkative and most inquisitive mortal, full of fun and frolic, life and gaiety.—Accompany him to his native forest, in whose wilds he is perfectly at ease, and he discovers an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, proves a constant joker, one who is led away by every sudden whim or fanciful inclination, and ready, on the instant, to join in anything or

everything which may create sport, raise a laugh, or drive away dull care.

As an instance of their fondness for a practical joke, and quickness in availing themselves of every possible opportunity of playing one off, let me mention the following incident. Some years since, ere that glorious invention of modern days, the steam-boat, had become so common upon our waters, and before the solitary "*scute-a-woolook*"—"fireboat," of which New-Brunswick could then boast, had ceased to alarm the astonished aborigines with its clouds of smoke, and steam, and incessant splashing, I had occasion to make a long journey, in a canoe, with Ettau, a middle-aged Indian, who, until then, had been a stranger to me. Six long and wearisome days had we paddled without intermission, and I began to perceive that Ettau was becoming tired, and discovering strong symptoms of needing rest and relaxation from his constant toil. He spoke English imperfectly, but the few days we had been together, had sufficed to establish a communication between us, in a mixed language, and he had just begun to feel himself sufficiently at ease to yield to the natural bent of his disposition.—Aided by a powerful current, we were passing swiftly along the margin of a meadow, well cultivated to the water's edge, when, suddenly, without any apparent reason, the canoe was pushed sharply on shore, and the Indian sprung out. Waving his hand to me, as a signal to remain quiet, he threw himself on all-fours, and, in that fashion, began making his way very quickly, and almost without a sound, through the long grass. He had not proceeded far, until he raised himself on his feet, made a long spring, and imitating the peculiar growl of the bear, when about to attack, he alighted very near a large hog, which, concealed by the luxuriant herbage, was effecting much mischief in the meadow. The affrighted porker uttered one of his most piercing cries, and instantly started, with wonderful speed, for the farm-house, which stood about a quarter of a mile from the river,

and, during the whole run, fancying a bear at his heels, continued to pour forth one uninterrupted shriek. On nearing the house, the pig, in his excessive fright, made a headlong dash at a rail fence, but, failing to get through, hung between the bars, and then his cries became absolutely terrific. The farmer, judging from the uproar that a bear was on his premises, sallied out, with gun in hand, to meet the enemy; the Indian, meantime, lay rolling in the grass, one shout of laughter pealing upon another, the cries of the half-maddened animal, as it struggled in the fence, nearly driving him into convulsions, until, being released, poor piggy bolted into his sty, vowing, no doubt, that he would never trespass on the meadow again, and then my red friend, completely breathless, came crawling down to the canoe, into which he slipped, and we resumed our journey. Every trace of fatigue appeared to have vanished, and Ettau paddled with renewed life and spirit; the complete success of his *ruse*, and the fright he had given the delinquent hog, delighted him beyond measure; the imitation of its cries in the fence, and the recollection of the whole scene, afforded constant amusement and food for laughter while we journeyed together.

But let us return from this digression to the evening in question. We were infected with the contagion of the prevailing mirth and gaiety, and joined in the fun and frolic of the party; the game was kept up with great life and spirit, until, in one of the breathing spells, an Indian produced some ancient stone spears and arrow heads, which he had found while preparing the ground for our wigwam. The spear-heads were of chert, the arrow-heads of chalcedony and translucent quartz, very neatly formed; they led to much inquiry and conversation, and we asked the reason of so many being found in that particular place.

Tomah, as the senior of the party, explained to us that these rude weapons were in general use, and the sole instruments of attack, or defence, known to his forefathers for many ages previ-

ous to the introduction of iron and fire-arms among them, by the adventurous Frenchmen, who were the first to visit this portion of "L'Acadie," and open a communication with its peaceful and unsophisticated inhabitants. He told us that the ground whereon we were encamped, from its facilities of access, and other natural advantages, had been, in the olden time, a favorite *wee-pe-marw*, or camping-place, with the hunters of the tribe. Here they had erected lodges of a permanent character, and in this cherished spot they had been accustomed to leave their squaws and papposes, while absent on their hunting excursions, resting assured of their abiding in peace and safety during the most protracted absence. We inquired why a spot which had been so long favoured by the Milicetes, and which must be endeared to their memories by many pleasing recollections of former days, had, to all appearance, been deserted for a very long period, and allowed to relapse into the solitude and silence of the uninhabited wilderness. He told us that at the period when the Milicetes were first visited by the French traders, a young Indian had been particularly serviceable to two of their number, and had shewn them much kindness and hospitality, during their stay with the tribe. In return, they had taught him the use of fire-arms, and at the close of the trading season, when they were departing for the sea coast with their packs of valuable furs, they had presented him with a gun and a quantity of ammunition, as well in token of their regard, as to enable him to hunt more successfully, and provide a larger quantity of skins against their return the succeeding year. The Indian was highly delighted with his gift, which he fancied would give him unlimited power over the animals that might fall in his path, and, by way of exhibiting his newly acquired skill, he several times loaded and fired the piece, causing great astonishment at his daring, among the wondering hunters who surrounded him. His squaw was seated at the door of their lodge, and his pappose

rolled, and froliced, and tumbled by her side, receiving an occasional check for some unusually exuberant outbreak; but she paid little attention to what was passing, and evinced no satisfaction with the gift of the traders, declaring it boded no good. Touched by her apathy, the Indian jestingly presented the piece close to her head, declaring he would fire, and at the instant, by some accident or awkwardness, it exploded, and in a moment the unfortunate squaw was a corpse! For a few moments the Indian remained terror-stricken and paralysed; then, uttering a yell of agony, he tossed the accursed gun into the river, and rushed off to the forest. It was long, very long, ere he was again seen, and then he was found in the last stage of exhaustion, by a hunting party, who used every exertion to rouse him from the torpor into which he seemed to have fallen, but without success, and death soon after terminated his miserable existence. The pappose was adopted by one of the Sachems of the tribe, and brought up with great care and tenderness; but it was alleged that the spirit of her luckless mother wandered about the camping-place, as if anxious to watch over and protect the helpless *peel-squaw sis* (little girl) from whom she had been so abruptly torn away. The circumstances attending this melancholy event, and the reputed visits of the troubled spirit had caused the place to be deserted, and allowed to become once more a portion of the silent forest. "But," concluded Tomah, "it is now many years since the spirit was seen, and we did not object to encamping here, as it is an excellent place, and we believed that the spirit would not venture to visit so many white men."

This tale cast a shade of thought over the before merry countenances of our companions, and sobered their mirth, while it led to some quaint remarks as to the best manner of meeting the ghost, and some subdued laughter as to what might happen in case of a visit. While this was going on, Mahteen, the youngest of the Indians, had lighted a fire

within the wigwam, and prepared a kettle of hot tea, of which we all partook; then rolling ourselves in our blankets, with feet stretched to the fire, we commended ourselves to sleep.—Mahteen was appointed to keep watch, lying within the entrance of the wigwam, and directed to keep up the fire during the night, as the heavy mist, which would roll up from the river just before morning, would render the night-air at that time exceedingly damp and chill.

We slept long and soundly, as tired sportsmen generally do after the fatigues of a busy day, but at length our slumbers were suddenly broken by a loud snort, followed by a long-drawn yell from Mahteen. All were instantly on their feet, and each seized the weapon nearest him, whether gun, spear, or tomahawk; some of the party rushed out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, but the young moon had gone down some hours before, and the dense night fog, combined with the darkness which precedes the coming day, rendered objects perfectly undistinguishable at the shortest distance. Some minutes elapsed ere we could obtain any explanation from the frightened Mahteen; he at length told us that he had fallen asleep, and on awaking found the fire nearly out, that he groped together the few remaining embers, and turning round to go out for more fuel, he had seen, at the door-way, a tall white spectre! That it was very tall, he was certain, because he had seen its eyes, which appeared to be looking down and viewing the interior arrangements of the wigwam, through the opening left at the top. On his approaching the door-way, the figure uttering the sound we had first heard, glided slowly and steadily away in the darkness and mist, and then he gave that ear-piercing yell, which had so suddenly roused us and dispelled our dreams. It was clear that no further explanation of the mystery could be had until daylight; so a good fire was kindled, round which the Indians clustered, conversing in whispers, while we dozed, occasionally, un-

til day was fairly established, and the first rays of the morning sun had begun to disperse the mists of night.—Then we sallied out, and Tomah almost instantly pointed out to us, the hoof-prints of a horse, and striking on the trail, he dashed off into the bush like a hound in full cry; ere ten minutes had elapsed he returned, driving before him a tall, gaunt, half-starved white horse, the veritable spectre of the preceding night, who was received by our admiring circle with a shout of laughter that made the welkin ring, and roused the slumbering echoes. Mahteen looked dreadfully crest-fallen, and had to bear as best he might, the bitter jests and biting sarcasms of his red brethren, who now that all doubts of our having been visited by the ghost were dissipated, enjoyed the night's adventure with uproarious glee, while the lean and miserable horse, with drooping head, stood in our midst, passive and motionless, giving no sign of life, save an occasional whisk of his untrimmed tail. We concluded that the ancient animal was the property of some poor settler, who, being destitute of pasture, had turned him loose to seek his own subsistence during the summer, and that he had wandered thus far in the wilderness in search of some promised land, but evidently without finding it. We managed, with a little trouble, to swim him over to the rich and verdant intervalle on the left branch of the river, where we left him to revel in capital feed; and we returned to breakfast, which we enjoyed the more from having done a good act in providing for the earthly wants, and quieting the troubled spirit, of "THE WHITE SPECTRE OF THE WEEPEMAW!"



#### TO A WITHERED ROSE.

NATURE'S warm spirit's from thee fled,  
As now thou hang'st upon 'thy stem  
All sapless, withered, wan and dead  
Yet fragrant still, sweet gem!

So is it with the pure in life;  
When, from this earth, they pass away;  
Their deeds, with virtue's sweets are rife,  
They live beyond decay.

For The Amaranth.

LOUISA CLAYVILLE was a girl of the finest sensibility, and finest ideas of any female I had ever known. Nature had also been lavish by endowing her in a pre-eminent manner with extraordinary personal beauty. Her features were of the finest order, and when not animated with a smile which generally sat upon her countenance, had a plaintive and almost sad expression; yet it was difficult to determine when they shone most interesting. She had been tenderly reared by parents who almost idolized her, and nothing was neglected which might contribute to the happiness of their only child. When I became acquainted with her, she was in her fifteenth year; her gentleness of manner, and kindness of disposition, had won my highest esteem; and she ever afterward remained a favourite.— But duty, stern and inflexible, called me away from the scene of my boyish sports, the theatre of my manly pastimes; and the same circumstances that occasioned my absence from home, restored me again to its endearments.— I repaired to the dwelling of her I so highly respected. When I entered the room, she was performing a pathetic air on that beautiful instrument the piano—the music appeared to be in unison with her feelings—and so intently was her mind occupied, she did not observe my entrance. When I spoke, it rather startled her; she raised her eyes which were moistened by tears—a smile beamed over her pallid features. She appeared glad to see me; the joy was mutual. But oh! how changed, I mentally exclaimed; is this the face so lately beaming with health and vivacity, now pale and wan. Are those the eyes which shone with almost angelic brightness, and which interested every beholder, now emitting a glazed, and unnatural expression. Are those the lips once adorned with vermilion brightness, now parched by consuming fever. But how was this change effected, or what was the cause; let me briefly answer. She had for several years re-

ceived the attention of a young gentleman, who moved in a corresponding sphere with herself, and who was in every respect eligible for the husband of one so amiable, active, and industrious. He attended strictly to his profession; possessed of talents of no ordinary character, a lively imagination to call those talents into exercise, he became admired by all who cultivated his acquaintance. But a morn of brightness does not always secure a day of sunshine. The ascent to the pinnacle of human greatness and prosperity, is often but the prelude to as deep a fall.— His moral horizon became overcast; he had not strength to resist the chain which was slowly but securely encircling him in its coils. He became the victim of dissipation, was forbid the house which contained her whom he adored. He shunned society, neglected his business, and finally in a fit of temporary insanity, severed the brittle thread of life. Wonder not then, at the picture I have drawn of beauty's decay.— The pallid face, the glazed eye, and the parched and feverish lip. \* \* \* \*

Returning to my native place after an absence of a few months, I beheld a funeral procession; I knew at once from its attendants, that the remains of Louisa Clayville were on the way to their last resting place. Feelings of a very sad and melancholy nature took possession of me, but they were of short duration; a voice as it were from the spirit of the departed, seemed to breathe peace and consolation to my mind, and I went forward in the world a changed, and I trust, a better man. C.



For The Amaranth.

#### STANZAS.

THE lovely lily still is fair,  
Though languid, droops its head;  
The rose still scents the dewy air  
When all its bloom is fled.  
Dark mists may scarf with envious hue  
The radiant lamp of night,  
But bursting still to cloudless view,  
It shines serenely bright.  
So thou, blest Hope! dost pierce the gloom  
That shrouds life's twilight way,  
Thy rays can gild the starless tomb,  
And point to realms of day. S. M. G.



For The Amaranth.

ADELAIDE BELMORE.—A Tale.

BY MRS. B—N, LONG CREEK, Q. C.

THE cloudless lustre of American sunlight, was pouring a flood of beaming effulgence over the splendid mansion and fairy precincts of Belmore House, and increasing by its glorious beauty the elegant magnificence of the scene.—Every thing that fancy could invent, or wealth procure, was assembled here to charm the eye. Statues of breathing marble from the sunny shores of Italy, stood in groups of beauty, amidst thickets of clustering roses—delicate flowers, unknown in Europe, here flourished in rich luxuriance, fountains of sparkling water as they caught the sunbeams, flashed in dazzling radiance, while clumps of ancient cedar and oak trees relieved the sight by their sombre stateliness. A broad and glassy lake spread its clear waters, and reflected as in a mirror, the loveliness around it; on its margin stood a Grecian temple of the purest white marble, its polished columns wreathed with the dark leaves and white flowers of the “starry jessamine.” The floor of the temple was of same material with its columns. In the centre stood a magnificent aloe, with its stranger flowers in full bloom; low couches, covered with pale green satin, were ranged between the pillars. Curtains of rose-coloured silk, fringed with silver, hung in graceful festoons, and threw a mild and soft light around. Alabaster vases, filled with rosebuds and flowers, yet shining with dew, breathed balmy fragrance. On one of the couches, sat a lady of extreme beauty. Her high and open brow, shewed intellect and genius, yet pride was the reigning expression of the lady’s features—it shone forth in her clear bright eye, and played round her beautiful mouth. The lady’s dress was white, of the most delicate texture, and exquisite form. A band of costly pearls encircled her neck, and a brooch of burning rubies, flashed amid the snowy folds of her robe. A single white rose gemmed her dark hair, which was

simply parted on her queenlike forehead—the lady was Adelaide Belmore, the only child and heiress of the rich owner of Belmore house. Her mother died while she was an infant; she was thus placed early at the head of her father’s splendid establishment, when she received that adulation and flattery, which encouraged the only failing of her nature, for Adelaide was really an amiable and intelligent girl. Many a suitor sighed for her fair hand, but as yet her heart remained untouched.—An undefined hope, and certainly a strange one, for an American girl to entertain, flitted before her mind, that her lover must be a nobleman, while probably she had never been in company with one in her life,—but she was only seventeen, and romance was part of her nature. Adelaide generally spent her summer mornings in the Temple on the lake. Here were her harp and drawing materials, and here she took lessons from a French emigrant, who attended to teach her languages. This morning she waited his coming, and a trace of care was visible on her face, a feeling which till now, had been a stranger, arose in the heart of Adelaide. And who occasioned that feeling? who was the object of the proud beauty’s love? Alas! no other than the humble teacher—for a moment the bright vision of a first love lived in her fancy. Pride then came to her assistance, and the dream faded—she was angry with herself; and these thoughts were still in her mind, when a shadow fell on the marble floor. She raised her head to behold the dark figure of De Valmont. His eyes were fixed on her with a gaze of such ardent admiration as made her blush. De Valmont’s eyes were immediately withdrawn, the colour mounted to his very temples. Adelaide replied to his respectful salutation by a distant bow; while she coldly said, “you are late this morning, Monsieur; let us begin our studies immediately, as I have other engagements to attend.”

De Valmont’s appearance contrasted strangely with the gay elegance of his pupil and her abode. His dress was

plain to the utmost verge of gentility; his figure was such as generally passes unobserved; yet the melancholy Frenchman had often been a subject of mirth to Adelaide and her gay companions.

She observed that at times he looked very handsome and animated; this she found was when he was engaged with herself, and seldom was it, though in the land of equality, that any deigned to address the "poor schoolmaster." It was evident that he loved her, and Adelaide while she wondered at his presumption, felt more surprised at the similar feeling which existed in her own bosom. Her pride enabled her to overcome her passion. She would have dismissed De Valmont, but that would have been to acknowledge herself under the control of a passion, which made her cheek burn in secret—so contemptible did De Valmont appear in the eyes of the proud lady, whose better feelings were all shaded by the dazzling dreams of wordly grandeur, which revelled in her mind. Wealth she had in abundance, but her republican brow ached for a coronet. On Adelaide's seventeenth birth-day, she was introduced to the president. Her reception was all the deepest vanity could expect;—all admired her extreme loveliness, and the president remarked her extraordinary resemblance to the beautiful Maria Antoinette, the unfortunate Queen of France. Ah! sighed Adelaide, if I only had her rank, I would dispense with her beauty.

A ball was to be given in the evening, and Adelaide retained the splendid costume she had worn in the morning; a robe of the richest velvet fully displayed the majestic beauty of her form;—glittering diamonds flashed on her snowy neck and arms; and her dress was fastened with clasps of the same precious stone; a tiara of radiant gems blazed like stars on her head, and passing grand she looked. Never before had the contrast been so great between Adelaide and De Valmont. She, all radiant in smiles, and magnificent in attire; and he in mean apparel, and struggling with feelings too deep for

concealment. The usual calm melancholy of his manner, was changed to a restless agitation; his pale forehead was one instant white and fixed as monumental marble, the next crimsoned with emotion; that day Adelaide heard his tale of love, and how did she hear it? Haughtily she commanded him to be silent, and with a contemptuous smile on her proud lip, left the room;—but had she looked again at the kneeling supplicant, she would have seen him stand with folded arms and a mien as lofty as her own. She sent a servant with the amount of his salary, but it was returned untouched; he was gone never to return. Next day Adelaide stood where she had left De Valmont. The glow of pleasure called forth by the admiration of her beauty, yet lingered on her cheek; in the gay whirl of the last evening's revelry, De Valmont and his ill-fated passion was forgotten, or if remembered, it was only in a scornful smile, passing over that fair face. A ring of De Valmont's lay on the carpet, which Adelaide had often seen him wear, and it was remarkable as being the only article of jewelry he had been seen with; it was a plain band of pearl, with an amethyst, on which was engraved three "*fleur de lis*," of exquisite workmanship; in his agitation he must have lost it from his finger. Adelaide wished to return it the first opportunity, but it was long before that opportunity occurred; that the simple ring might not be forgotten in the rich caskets of the heiress, it occupied a conspicuous place on her jewelled fingers. Perhaps a thrill of sorrow wrung her heart, for woman's feelings must indeed be changed ere she can learn to think with scorn, on one, however humble, who deeply loves her; and Adelaide knew De Valmont's love to be fond and fervent as aught that bore the passion's name.—A few months after at a sale of Byonterie, which was a fashionable lounge for the ladies of Washington, Adelaide wished to purchase an elegant rose wood writing desk; she was informed it was already sold, and had only been left to have the owners name engraved

on it. She looked at the silver plate which bore the inscription "Earl Percy Montague." Adelaide admired the name and the title, and still more so when the handsomest man she had ever seen came forward and delivered the writing desk to a servant who attended him.— If there be such a thing as sympathy of souls and love at first sight, the feeling was realised in the case of Adelaide, and "Earl Percy Montague" occupied her whole thoughts. In the evening she met him at a brilliant ball; and the elegant stranger was introduced simply as Mr. Montague; Adelaide was surprised, but she knew that English noblemen frequently dropped their title when travelling among strangers. His company was so agreeable to Adelaide's father as well as herself; that he was invited at an early day to visit Belmore House, when he soon became a frequent visiter, and soon proposed himself in marriage to its lovely mistress, and was accepted. 'Tis strange, thought Adelaide on her bridal eve, that he does not declare his rank, but he doubtless wishes me to love him for himself alone, and means to surprise me, when he hails me as his Countess. The splendid wedding passed, and Adelaide received all the admiration due to so young and lovely a bride.

A short time after, her father died, and to divert her grief her husband proposed a visit to England; and they embarked from New-York in a packet bound for Havre de Grasse, as there were none direct to England. They travelled for a time in the sunny lands of France and in Paris; Adelaide beheld all her dreams of the grandeur of rank realised in the gorgeous state of the nobility; but it was only at a humble distance she could behold them, and she anxiously longed for the time when she should be able to take her place among the proudest of them; this made her hasten their departure for England. While her husband was absent making preparations for their departure, she indulged in the day-dream of future greatness. Nothing in her acquaintance with Montague had ever occurred to make

her entertain such fancies, save once having seen the word "Earl" before his name. On passing a jeweller's shop one day, Adelaide's attention was attracted by an elegant ornament in the window. She entered to examine it nearer; it was the coronet of an English Countess. Adelaide's heart leaped to her mouth, the very thing she should want, and it was so beautiful she determined to purchase it. The jeweller had made it on order to be sent to England, but as Adelaide seemed anxious for it, he let her have it at an enormous price; it was sent home, and Adelaide not having sufficient money in her own possession to pay for it, recollected a parcel which a stranger had left the day before, as a sum which he had been entrusted with from England for her husband; this she opened and found it contained a large number of bank notes, and gold and silver pieces.— With these she paid the jeweller, and had just placed the coronet on her head when Montague entered the room.— Adelaide was rejoiced at his return and when his affectionate greetings were over, she asked him with an arch smile how he liked her head-dress. 'Tis a beautiful toy, said he; but you know Adelaide you can never wear it in public. "Never!" said Adelaide, and the bright colour faded on her cheek.— "No! my love," returned Montague, "for I hope my Adelaide will never be an English Countess," and he pressed her fondly to his bosom. "Are you not then an Earl?" whispered Adelaide, as she laid her head on his shoulders.— "I am an Earl, Adelaide, but not by rank, as you imagine"—and he related to her the history of his early life,—a subject on which he had hitherto been silent, and that silence had increased the deception under which Adelaide laboured. Earl Percy Montague, was no other than the son of an English tinker, who pursued his noisy avocation, while his spouse amused the ears of the King's subjects, by singing ballads.— Among her motly collection of songs, the old ballad of "Chevy Chase" chanced to be a particular favorite. The

character of Earl Percy in the "woeful hunting," made so strong an impression on her mind, that when the eldest hope of the Montague's was born, he received the name of Earl Percy, at the font of the parish church. The young Earl in spite of the buffets of pinching poverty, grew a strong and handsome boy;—his beauty attracted the notice of a rich and childless lady, who bought the boy and his mother's good will, by a present of "three guineas," and brought him up as a gentleman, intending to make him her heir. He received a liberal education; but the lady dying suddenly without a will, left him without provision at the age of twenty-one; a small sum of pocket money which he chanced to possess, gave him an opportunity of trying a country, offering a wider field for exertion than his native land. He had but just arrived in America when he first saw Adelaide; and although the native honor of his mind might have made him shrink from offering himself to the rich heiress; yet he had used no deception, and he read Adelaide's feelings in her face; he felt he could love her for herself alone, and gratitude for her disinterested affection, bound her more closely to him. Adelaide's star must have been in the ascendant when she wedded Montague; for his heart was noble and generous as his mind was accomplished and intelligent. Scarcely had Montague ceased speaking, and Adelaide yet remained with her face covered with blushes, and ashamed of the folly she had betrayed, when the door was suddenly burst open, and Montague taken prisoner. The house was surrounded by police.—Among them was the jeweller from whom Adelaide had purchased the glittering bauble which had put her husband's life in peril. The notes with which she had paid him, were partly forgeries, and some that had been taken in a daring robbery and murder. The perpetrators had long escaped the hands of justice; and Montague was now taken as an accomplice, if not the principal. The house was searched and the remainder of the notes discovered,

with a number of unfinished forgeries and counterfeit gold. Circumstances were strongly against him, and the unfortunate Montague was condemned to death.

Faint hopes of mercy were held out to his agonized wife. The crime with which he was charged was so atrocious, that an appeal for pardon would be of little avail. That hope, faint as it was, Adelaide embraced, and she hastened to present a petition. It was the anniversary of some joyous event to the nation; the King and Queen were arrayed in their robes of state, attended by the nobility, with all the glittering insignia of loyalty. They proceeded in grand procession along a path covered with velvet, and strewn with roses, from the chapel where high mass had been said. Chaplets of flowers were flung amidst the rejoicing throng from the crowded balconies. Beautiful boys, and white robed girls, raised their tuneful voices in a hymn of triumph;—it was in honour of the accession of their beloved monarch to the throne, that the glad nation were rejoicing, and all the bells of Paris rung out a loud and merry peal,—when a woman, robed in black, threw herself at the King's feet; the monarch took the paper from her hand—as he read it, his brow grew dark and gloomy, and he would have passed on, but again she screamed for mercy. The King looked at the petition; her face was partly covered by her veil, and her hands were clasped beseechingly before him. A small pearl ring on her finger attracted his notice; regardless of the wondering crowd, the monarch stood gazing on her kneeling figure; for a moment he paused, and the name of Adelaide Belmore escaped his lips. Adelaide hastily threw back her veil; it was not the mighty monarch of the French nation met her eye; it was the despised, neglected De Valmont, the humble teacher who she had treated with contempt and rudeness for daring to love. Now he stood before her a sovereign, on whose will depended the life of one ten thousand times dearer than her own. Overcome by

the excess of her emotion, Adelaide fainted at his feet, and the procession passed on; when Adelaide recovered from her swoon, a messenger appeared, desiring her to follow him to the palace; Adelaide hastened, and with trembling steps was conducted to a small, plainly furnished room where the King awaited her coming; a writing table stood before him, he laid down the pen as she entered.—Adelaide bent her knee to the ground, and bowed her head in shame. The King came towards her and took her cold hand.—“Adelaide,” he said, “kneel not to me; here is your husband’s pardon—’tis thus Louis Phillip repays the injuries of De Valmont. I have forgotten all—I see you retain on your finger a memorial of De Valmont—let me place this by its side—it may bring happier recollections;” and he placed a splendid ring by the simple signet of De Valmont.

Adelaide heard him in silence; her heart was too full for utterance, and found relief in a flood of tears.

“Farewell, Adelaide,” said the King, as he led her to the door; and once, and once only, he pressed his lips to her glowing cheek. Adelaide hurried to the prison—her husband was liberated.

The very day after Montague’s liberation, which was that appointed for his execution, a notorious miscreant named Martella, was placed on his trial. He confessed his crime, and of his having been the person who had left the money with Montague, who being a stranger, was more likely to incur suspicion. Adelaide and her husband returned to Washington, the follies of her youth were gone, and her talents and the naturally fine qualities of her mind shone forth in all their splendor, aided and encouraged by her amiable husband. If at times the ring of Louis Phillip caused a stealing sigh to escape her bosom; she looked at her husband and children, and in love for them, forgot the magic visions which once allured her

For The Amarant.

THE BRIGAND’S PRAYER.

MAY the winds that rush on and the wild billows roll,  
Still emblem the tempest-woke thoughts of my soul;  
Wide, flickering, and high, may my passion still tower,  
Unsubdued till all bending acknowledge its power.  
Then, then let me die in the clime that I love,  
With the desert around me and tempest above!  
Let a gloom-mourning river beside my grave leap,  
For my life was as lonely, my emotion as deep;  
And though death shrouds my form there, a slumbering hate,  
For the men who have spurn’d me and laugh at my fate—  
Let the fiercest of beasts guard the spot where I lay—  
Let it never acknowledge the brilliance of day.  
May a sky that is blackest, uncheer’d by a gleam,  
Around spread its pall, whence the lightnings shall stream;  
Where thunder and storm may engender, whence burst,  
Till the tempest I love crush the men I have cursed.

St. John.

FREDERICK.



How Should we Approach the Lord—

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How shall we sinners come before  
Our blessed Saviour’s dazzling throne;  
Or how acceptably adore  
The great redeeming God we own?

Shall fatlings on his altar burn,  
Or oil in bounteous rivers flow?  
Will God be pleased with such return  
For all the mighty debt we owe?

Or shall we burst the tenderest tie  
That binds the throbbing seat of sense,  
And with our body’s offspring buy  
A pardon for our soul’s offence?

Ah! no—a humble, contrite heart,  
Is all the offering God requires;  
Our only sacrifice, to part  
With evil loves and false desires.

Oh, let us, then, no longer stray  
Along the dangerous paths we’ve trod;  
For he has plainly shown the way  
Which will conduct us back to God.

’Tis but to regulate the mind  
By the pure precepts of his word;  
To act with truth and love combined,  
And humbly imitate the Lord.



WE have never seen an unmarried lady whose age exceeded thirty years, who could tell precisely the year in which she was born.

[From the Ladies' Companion.]

LOVE IN A LANTERN.

I HAVE often thought of the associations of a lantern. A common utensil it has witnessed many a queer and many a severe joke—many a sad and many a glad tale. It is not of modern origin—whether Noah had one in the ark or not, is not yet sufficiently ascertained to be affirmed: but, this much I do know, Diogenes had one which he held in the face of every person he met with, while endeavoring to find an honest man on earth; and the lantern of Demosthenes rests, somewhat *opaque* to be sure, upon the Acropolis of Athens, at the present moment. Guy Fawkes endeavoured to blow up the parliament of England, King James and all, with his lantern: and Sir John Moore was buried on the heights of Corrunna,

"By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,  
And the lantern's dimly burning."

Shakspeare had much to do with lanterns: and the grave-digger, the man who represented the moon, and the carrier on Gadshill, all introduced the lantern to full communion with the drama. In the Celestial Empire, the Chinaman and his lantern are wedded together.—When the British frigate, *Alceste*, Captain Maxwell, fired upon the battery at Anna hoy, the Chinese soldiers it is said abandoned the fort, having been influenced by that fear of being killed, which generally thins off a newly raised army more effectually than the camp fever, small-pox, or cold plague. In this flight, however, they could not leave their lanterns behind them, but each one took his dearly beloved transparency and clambered with it up the steep hill-side behind the fort. The sight of an army with lighted lanterns ascending the rugged cliff, was ludicrous in the extreme, and the long pig-tails that dangled from the bald pates of both rank and file, seemed ready to point a moral or adorn a tale. The Royal marines in the tops of the *Alceste*, were so much convulsed with laughter at the sight, that not one of the pig-

tailed heroes fell before their hitherto deadly fire. Truly, in the multitude of lanterns, there was safety. The Feast of Lanterns, when the natives "chin chin jos, ie, give thanks to God," is a splendid affair—then the lantern is seen in its perfection. It is computed by travellers, that two hundred millions of these gorgeous lamps are exhibited at one time, shedding their crimson light throughout the Chinese Empire. He who feels thankful hangs out his light, and you might as well expect a son of New-England to celebrate thanksgiving without a turkey, as for a Chinaman to "chin chin jos," without a lantern.

During the French Revolution, (I mean that of blood and terror,) the lanterns in the streets of large cities enabled the midnight mobs to hang the proscribed royalists more expeditiously. Every lantern-post became a gallows, and '*mort par le lanterne*,' signified death by cordage. Well might this harmless utensil have been termed a death-light in that night of blood, for it enabled many a man to see how to take his leap in the dark, and then flared in solemn splendor over his dangling corpse.—Lanterns have gleamed in the dungeon and at the altar, and in the palace of the gold worshipper. They have shone from the spires of beacon-lights, to the lowest depths of the damp and dismal mine—from the hands of watchmen in the drizzly streets of a smoke choked city, to the quarter galleries of a three decked admiral, dashing proudly along the foam-capped bosom of the deep.—Lanterns have lighted to love, to battle, to treason, to murder, to the gallows and to the grave. One hangs above Mahomet's sacred pantaloons, in the mosque of Saint Sophia in Constantino-ple, with a verse from the Alcoran, on its side: and another hangs in the capitol of the United States, not far below the speaker's chair, with the significant notice of "hot coffee and pig's feet," staring in red paint at the adventurous visitor, who Æneas like descends to the abode of spirits. Truly, in that magnificent house of the people,

"There are spirits above and spirits below,  
Spirits of wine, and spirits of woe.  
The spirits above are the spirits of woe,  
And the spirits of wine, are the spirits below."  
Lanterns are of all sizes and shapes,  
and are made of horn, glass, paper, silk,  
wire, mica, wove willow, and punched  
tin—they weigh from two ounces to a  
thousand pounds; and consume, accord-  
ing to the calculation of my old maiden  
aunt, a *power* of tallow.

Having now made the reader ac-  
quainted with the article which has,  
with love, much to do with my tale, I  
will commence where every true story  
should commence: viz. at the begin-  
ning.

Upon a sand-bar that juts far out in-  
to the gulf of Mexico, from a dense for-  
est near the scene of the Indian war in  
Florida, the United States, after the  
session of some *sky* lighting congress,  
erected a fair and lofty light-house. It  
was none of your Frog-Point, Horse-  
Neck, Sandy-Hook, or Scituate squab  
lights: but a long metred Barfleur light,  
a real cloud splitter and storm bright-  
ener; one which the seaman's eye loved  
to look upon when night shut in his  
native land behind him, and one which  
blest him above all other objects when  
his returning keel grazed by the rip-  
pling reef or silent key.

Several years ago, about the time of  
the murder of the United States Indian  
Agent in Florida, by Powell, *alias*,  
"the howling black tea-drinker," it was  
my lot to spend a short time with the  
keeper of the aforesaid Light-House.

He who has bivouacked in a Flori-  
dian swamp, can dream of the difficul-  
ties that surround the brave men who  
go there from year to year, to fight un-  
seen Indians and die.

The Indian war in Florida, like the  
Maroon war in Jamaica, stands in a  
class by itself. There never was any  
service like it, and I hesitate not to say,  
that there never can be any service like  
it, out of Florida. A soldier with a  
foot-hold should fight and conquer, but  
when placed in a bog up to his arm-pits,  
with a heavy cap upon his head, a hun-  
dred weight of blankets, rations, etc., in  
his knapsack, and a musket large

enough to be carried on wheels, in his  
hands, to be kept dry, you should not  
condemn him for not killing Indians  
who skulk behind the long moss on  
the cypress, and fire at him, *ad-libitum*,  
with impunity. All the generals in  
the world can do nothing with regulars  
there. They must go as bush-fighters,  
and like Washington and his little band,  
at the surprise of Braddock, to take the  
trees. When this plan is pursued  
faithfully, the Seminoles will be driven  
from their swamps—the hatchet will  
be buried at Tampa Bay, and the calu-  
met of peace be smoked by the soldier  
and the brave, by Wythalacoochee's  
dismal shore. But as it is not my in-  
tention to write an apology for the  
army, or to censure the censorer's—I  
will pass on to my story.

It was a beautiful summer's after-  
noon, when I took my rifle, called my  
dogs, and penetrated the hammock in  
the rear of the light-house, in pursuit of  
game. After creeping through the un-  
der brush that surrounded the swamp,  
I reached an open space where my dogs  
were barking furiously. I looked to-  
wards them and beheld upon a dead  
log a beautiful Indian maiden of seven-  
teen; she was not swarthy, and her  
brown cheeks were red with excite-  
ment. I have seen the master-pieces  
of sculpture in the museums of Italy,  
and have viewed the Circassian maid-  
ens in the bazars of Smyrna and Con-  
stantinople, but never did my eye rest  
upon such symmetry of form, such  
grace of attitude, as that which adorned  
the Seminole maiden in her own green  
bower.

I noticed as I burst through the  
thicket, that she saw me not, but con-  
tinued looking down with breathless  
interest. I called off my dogs in a  
loud voice, but she heard me not. Her  
form seemed singularly agitated, and  
her hand waved gently before her while  
her piercing black eyes seemed starting  
from her head. I had noticed in my  
former jaunts, that numberless rattle-  
snakes infested the hammock, and I be-  
came convinced that my lady of the  
wood was under the fascination of one

of those scaly rascals, whose thirteen thousandth grandfather, caused Mother Eve to sin. I examined my priming, and finding everything correct, moved cautiously around the open space until the ground behind the log was open to my view. Upon a bed of moss, a monstrous rattlesnake lay coiled, ready to spring upon his lovely victim. His eyes were like burning rubies, his colors were beautiful and shifting, as those of the chameleon; his red forked tongue played between his crooked fangs, and a strain of lulling music seemed to proceed from his mottled throat. I hate snakes—I speak not in the seaman's vernacular now—and if I ever admired one's *taste* it was that of the one that coiled before me; and if I had been *in his skin*, I should have bitten the beauty, at first sight, to a *dead* certainty.—For a second I paused, but seeing his scaly majesty, slowly laying back his upper jaw to give the fatal spring, I aimed and fired—the hammock sent back the report with a hundred echoes, the snake rolled over and over, minus his head and neck. The Indian maiden dropped her hand, and raised a wild hysteric laugh—a warwhoop rang by my side, and a Seminole chief in his war paint, stalked up to me. I pointed to the snake, and then to the maiden.—“Hugh!” said he, and bounding like a cat to the writhing reptile tore out his heart and swallowed it before I could express my disgust at such a proceeding. I presumed this was his way of showing that he loved his enemies, and I feared that he might bestow his next compliment upon myself. The rescued maiden now approached me with a timid look, and plucking a wild rose from a moss bank, handed it to me with an air and grace that would have made little *Vic* of England, hang herself out of envy, had she been present. As she gave me the flower, she spoke in her own wild gutturals, but the language of Tuscany never fell more sweetly from beauteous lips. I could not understand her words, though I read her simple heart, and I answered her in Spanish. Her eyes sparkled with delight.

“My mother,” said she, “was a Castilian, and I was taught by her to speak her native tongue.”

The Indian now approached and seemed impatient for us to end the conversation. The maiden seemed to be labouring under great restraint, and I could see the chief's eye flash fire, as I imprinted a kiss upon her lovely cheek.

“Hugh,” said the chief, while a warwhoop rang in the distance. “White man—no good—go.”

Instantly the maiden bounded along the tangled pathway, and the warrior, after shaking me by the hand, strode off towards the sound in another direction. As his form was lost in the leafy labyrinth, and the sound of his moccasin died away, the young Venus of the woods peeped out from the moss that enveloped a cypress that towered above me.

“Stranger,” said she in a low voice, “we shall meet again—go now, for those approach who are enemies to your race.”

I kissed my hand to the beautiful child of nature, the face disappeared, and the moss waved in the evening breeze as silently and as impervious as before. Calling my dogs, I returned to the light-house, musing upon Indian maids, of love in trees, and of rural felicity; which being interpreted, gentle reader, meaneth a bed of damp leaves, and cold turkey, a gourd of slimy water, and an eternal fit of the ague.

—  
The keeper of the light-house, Timothy Turnagain Turner, had been an old neighbour of my father's, and like most of the restless spirits of New England, migrated to the Southward, and lost all his family, but one, by the stranger's fever. Truly, strangers should be well treated by the chivalrous Southrons, for they generally turn out the scape goats to bear all their diseases.—I have often thought that in the last great day of account, the sons and daughters of New England, will be found in every shrouded legion of the mighty company that comes up at the



gathering angel's signal trumpet, to the muster of the dead.

Julia Turner, for she was all that remained of sixteen strong, was a pleasant girl of the Saxon school of beauty. Like the rest of her style, she had a determination of flesh to the feet and shoulders, and like the Irishman's puddle, was the tallest when she sat down. Her features were classical to a fault. Her hair was like Juno's; her eyes melting and piercing, and her voice plaintive and touching. She was fond of pony riding, and boat sailing, had a spice of poetry in her brain, and was not afraid of distant thunder. To tell the reader the plain truth, I had been smitten with her charms at a ball at Indian Key, and having compared logs with her father, received a polite invitation to spend a few weeks with him at the light-house on Lugger Huggler Point.

Turner was an excellent hunter, and the savages respected him for his woodcraft. He would drop a turkey with his long ducking gun, that had echoed at Bunker Hill, at almost any distance; and occasionally, it was said, he administered a handful of mustard seed shot, to a red skin or two, in they grey of the morning, in his water melon patch, under the impression, as he afterwards assured them, that they were ground hogs. This the Seminoles considered as adding insult to injury, but fearing that he would give them a charge of double B.'s the next time he found them pilfering, they rubbed their punctured skins with *beef brine*, at his suggestion, and bounded off to the hammock, yelling like so many devils incarnate.

Julia Turner had a soul above light-houses and sand bars. She wished to be a *real* lady, and was fond of being noticed by marriageable gentlemen, and the days past pleasantly enough in her company, until the day when I met with the flower of the forest, as before related.

—

As I entered the light-house on the evening of my discovery, Julia stood waiting in smiles and long ringlets, to

receive me; and having heard me, on a former evening, express a partiality for a handsome 'Blue Stocking,' she had adorned her insteps with a glorious pair of blue hose that outvied the deep dye of a tropical heaven, and created an *indigo sensation* in my inmost soul.

"William Frederic Scattergood," said she, displaying her well-filled *azures* in the most approved manner,—as much as saying, there is a pair of them, and snatching at my wild rose, in the spread eagle style of fashionable life.—  
"You are so thoughtful of me in your *prerambulations*—I am extravagantly *fund of rosers*. Ispicially *morse rosers*. Where did you *wander to obtain* such a brilliant *spissimen* of *Flora-riddian blume*?"

"Nay," said I holding on to my rose, "I cannot give you this, it is a present."

"A *prissint*," said she, "and from wheum?"

"From an Indian girl," said I, blushing.

"Umph," said she, turning up her prominent feature, and wiping her hands upon her apron, as though they had been polluted by touching the rose.—  
"*Ingin geerl*, to be sure—well, every one to their tastes, as \* \* \* \* \*"

The rest of the sentence fell imperfectly upon my ear, as she retired in high dudgeon from my presence. I saw that the jig was up with me, in that quarter, and hastening up to my room, deposited the precious flower in my trunk pocket.

The next morning, when I descended to the breakfast-table I found that Julia had gone in the market boat with the light trimmer to visit the nearest neighbor, and I never saw her more.

The only time that I heard of her departure, was in a *love case* in Alabama, where she sued a tin pedlar from her own town, for sundry breaches of promise, and obtained a load of tin for damages. Truly great must have been the damage that required a dairy of milk pans to repair; and dreadfully warm must have been that excited affection, that could only be cooled by a score of sprinkling pots and a nest of

tin water pails. Poor girl, she never could be a lady because she chose a false standard. Her race is run—*Requiescat in pace.*

At the close of the afternoon of the day on which Julia Turner had left the light-house at Lugger Hugger Point, Timothy, who had become exceedingly churlish in his manners, left on a hunting excursion, without giving me an invitation to join him. Somewhat nettled at his conduct, and feeling curious to know where he intended to hunt, I repaired to the lantern of the light-house, and opening a slide, looked out towards the land. The tall Cape Codder, with his rifle cocked and ready to be brought to his eye, was stalking with the legs of a giant along the sand bar, towards the hammock so precious in my eyes, and his grizzly bull-terrier was following doggedly in his steps.—Onward strode the keeper, and onward trotted his dog, notwithstanding flocks of blue winged teal, and scores of majestic wild geese floated upon the calm water within the breakers, not a stone's throw from the shore. Turner soon reached the hammock, the wild vines parted before him and in a moment he was hid from view. For a half hour I sat and looked out upon the wild scene that nature had spread before me.

The moan of the deep woods came off upon the land breeze, and occasionally the wild bark of the dog rang along the winding paths of the thicket, and burst forth upon the open air in numberless echoes. The hollow roar of the ocean as it dashed upon the breakers, chimed in with the music of the land, and the shrill screams of the sailing sea gulls added the diapason and completed the notes of Nature's hymn. Presently, a wild, unearthly yell, rang in the distance, and then the cracking of fifty rifles awoke the deeper echoes of the hammock. The shrieks of man, and the death howl of an animal mingled together: and then a wilder whoop rung fearfully round, and all was still.

As I looked on with fearful interest, the beautiful Seminole stole cautiously

from the thicket, by the water side, and after satisfying herself that she was not perceived, directed her steps towards the light-house.

The antelope never bounded swifter nor with more grace than did this wood nymph along the sand bar. In a few seconds she entered the door and barred it securely. I hastened down the winding stairs and met her.

"The hatchet is bare," said she, "the Seminole is your enemy. The pale face has gone to his home with the great spirit, and his dog sleeps upon his corpse."

"Have they murdered him then?" said I fiercely.

"They have," said she, "and they will soon be here."

We had four muskets at the light-house, and plenty of ammunition. I hastened and brought up the muskets with sufficient powder and ball to serve us; and then began to examine the sides of the building for a chance to retreat in case we were driven to extremities. Turner's best boat was on the side of the light-house looking towards the sea, hanging upon davits. A rope ladder led down to it from the lantern, and the whole was out of sight from the shore.

I immediately placed in the boat a breaker of water, a bag of ship's biscuit, a keg of spirits, and four cold hams. I then placed two muskets ready loaded in the stern sheets, shipped the rudder, topped the mast, and overhauled the halliards, so that I could make sail in a moment. The trap door that opened into the lantern was then closed down and fastened. With two muskets we seated ourselves upon an oil can, and awaited the onset of the savages.

About dusk; dark bodies began to crawl along the sand bar, and the hooting of owls and the yells of catamounts, rung shrilly on the night air and filled the whole evening with sound.

"They come!" said the Indian maiden, pointing down to the black objects, that seemed like a tribe of beavers going in search of fresh bark. "Pale

face, we will live and die together.—The blood of Castile has triumphed over the darker flow of the red man.”

Never had I witnessed such transcendent dignity, such nobleness of soul. I opened my arms involuntary to receive her, and the dew drop of Florida fell upon my breast and wept.

“We will live and die together, my precious wild flower,” said I, imprinting a kiss upon her burning cheek. At this moment, a louder cry was heard from the bar.

“He comes,” said she, springing to her feet and bending her ear to the window slide.

“Can you fire?” said I, grasping my musket.

“Yes, pale face;” said she, with a look of sternness. “Give me the long arm.”

I handed her the musket, and she presented it towards the advancing party.

“Ha!” said she, “I have him!”—Her musket rang sharply, and a tall red skin bounded into the air and fell dead upon the sand. “He will trouble me no more!” said she, sitting down upon the floor with a hollow laugh.—She had killed her lover.

I picked off another warrior; and in a moment, a dozen bullets rattled against the lantern frame. A louder whoop below, now assured us that the party had reached the door of the light-house. In our haste we had omitted to fasten a little window near the door, and soon we heard another startling whoop, and then the tread of a moccasin upon the stairs. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and at length a heavy thump shook the trap door beneath our feet.

“Open the door cautiously,” said she, “and I will send the whole pack down below.”

I silently undid the fastening, the door rose upon its hinges, and the fierce head of a Seminole warrior, painted in the most terrific style, popped up, and his fiery eye balls glared around the lantern. The next moment, a musket blazed away at his head, and he rolled heavily down the steep winding stairs, a mangled corpse, carrying with him

the advancing Indians, who retired in confusion and fear. For some moments all was still, at length loud talking was heard at the foot of the stairs, and the noise of ascending feet approached the lantern.

“They have found your powder,” said she earnestly, “and are bringing it here to blow us up.”

“It is time to decamp then,” said I, looking down to the boat. “Follow me.” As I said this, I descended the ladder to the boat, and was instantly joined by the agile maiden. The boat was lowered to the water in a twinkling, the falls were cast loose, and we glided off into the darkness that rested upon the deep. I now hoisted my lug sail, and seating myself in the stern sheets, with my Indian girl by my side, bade good night to Tim Turner, the Seminoles, and the light-house on Lugg-Hugger Point.

We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when a terrific explosion was heard in the light-house. A wilder yell rose upon the breeze, and fragments of glass and tin rattled merrily as they fell in showers around us. We looked, and the light-house had lost its lantern and a red flame was shooting high up from its shattered cone. At this moment, the Seminoles discovered our boat; the laugh of success was turned immediately into howls for the dead, and gathering the mangled corpses upon hurdles, the whole band retired to the hammock. Silence now hung upon the deep woods and the broad ocean, and the tree tops whispered sweetly to the gentle dashing of the surf.

“Dew Drop,” said I, faintly, “I am drowsy.”

“Go to sleep then,” said she, “and I will steer the boat.”

I closed my eyes,—the ripple of the boat sang in my ears, and I slept.

It was a bright morning in summer when I awoke again. I had been sleeping, to my astonishment, upon a rock of a reef near the light-house. Tim Turner stood over me with a boat-hook in his hand, and a most rueful visage.

"Are you dead?" said he.

"No," said I, "but you are."

"Not I, faith," said he.

"An't you murdered?" said I.

"Murdered, the devil?" said he, "you've lost your wits."

"Where are the Seminoles?" said I.

"Robbing a hen-roost," said he, "I peppered two of them for stealing my water-melons last evening, just before the light house was struck with lightning. But let me raise you, you must have been injured by the explosion and fall."

"Injured, no," said I, "I escaped with the Dew Drop of the Seminoles, in your boat."

"Ha! ha! ha! that's a good one!" said he. "Why you've laid here, high and dry, ever since seven o'clock, last evening; and my boat, had such a hole in the bottom, from the descending thunder bolt that I could not mend it until daylight."

"And have you not seen the Dew Drop?" said I, inquiringly.

"Dew Drop," said he, "yes, she has been pilfering in my hen roost and robbing my chicken house, this half hour; and I am in a hurry to return and give the wench a grist of mustard-seed shot."

As he said this, he raised me up—my hair was singed off of the back part of my head, my boots were ripped into a thousand pieces, a long black mark run down my linen jacket and trowsers, and I began to be conscious that I had been struck with lightning.

Reader, I had had a glorious dream. I was thrown by the thunder-bolt out of the light-house lantern, and had been carried by the tide to the reef where the waves laid me up to dry.

"What is life but a dream?" said I. And echo answered—"But a dream!"

COMPARISON.—As the circus rider who can ride two horses is more to be admired than he who can ride but one, so is the young lady who can be constant to two lovers at once, more excellent than she who can be true to only one.

## THE TRAVELLER IN THE DESERT.\*

O'er Afric's hot and barren soil

A wayworn, weary traveller passed,  
O'ercome by heat, and thirst, and toil,  
He deemed that suffering hour his last.

All day he sought, but sought in vain,  
Earth gave no lucid spring nor pool,  
Heaven gave no drop of blessed rain,  
His parching lip and tongue to cool.

Faint, sick, and weighed by sorrow down—  
Must here in darkness set his sun?  
Here must he lose that high renown  
So nobly sought, so nearly won?

Yes! even so.—He throws around  
One farewell glance on Earth and Sky—  
He starts—a shadow sweeps the ground—  
The storm-cloud rises black and high.

Eager the drops of life to gain  
Upward his parted lips he turns—  
Horror and pain wring heart and brain,  
The Simoom's sand his visage burns.

He sinks upon the ground to die,  
While the hot tempest o'er him sweeps,—  
One prayer—one thought of home—one sigh—  
And sense is lost and feeling sleeps.

Again he wakes!—What blessed balm  
Has slaked his thirst and bathed his brow?  
The Earth is cool—the air is calm—  
Heaven sheds its rain-drops o'er him now.

'Tis often thus—the cup of woe,  
Deemed full by us, hath room for more;  
And Heaven, when hope hath ceased to glow,  
Its choicest blessings deigns to pour.

\*Taken from an incident in Mungo Park's travels.



WOMAN.—The prevailing manners of an age depend, more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women: this is one of the principal things on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much, then, is it to be regretted that women should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform—to entertain, when they might instruct. Nothing delights men more than their strength of understanding, when true gentleness of manners is its associate; united, they become irresistible orators, blessed with the power of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making woman the highest ornament of human nature.—*Dr. Blair.*

For The Amaranth.

A NEW-BRUNSWICK SLEIGH SONG.

In the sleigh! the sleigh! the swift, swift sleigh,  
And its high bounding steed I joy—

With them on the snow,  
Like a fleeting roe,

I will dance, a New-Brunswick boy!

The sailor may race, at a ten-mile pace,  
With the fish of the briny deep—

He may love the seas,  
And the favouring breeze,

And his tall-masted ship may keep;

But give me the sleigh! aye, the swift, swift,  
sleigh!

And a course with an icy bed—

I'll laugh at the wind,  
And leave it behind,

Enquiring with sighs where I've sped.

E'er the winter storm, in its rudest form—

A snow-white bird with tempest wings,  
Bring me naught to fear,

Though dull, dark, and drear,

Be the music, it screeching, sings!

For the sleigh, the sleigh, the swift, swift sleigh,

And a courser with hoof of flame:

I'll tramp down that storm,  
In its roughest form,

And make it a path to my fame!

The bugle may glad all the hunting mad;

The pilot may love his "a-hoy";

But the joy who can tell,  
That the merry sleigh bell

Sends home to the New-Brunswick Boy!!

JOHANNES BACCALAUREUS.

*Kouchibouquac, N. B.*



For The Amaranth.

EXTRACTS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED  
LIFE OF A SAILOR.

In the fall of 1824, I shipped before the mast on board a small schooner in one of the West India Islands, bound for the coast of Africa on a trading voyage; and from not taking proper advantage of the variable, or winds north of the trades, we had a passage of sixty eight days, and were, through the brutality and stubbornness of the captain, nearly starved to death. After being out forty days, our provision and water became short, and we were accordingly put on short allowance, and in the latter part were reduced to three table-spoonsful of pease parboiled twice a day, and a pint of water each. Although our vessel was partly loaded with flour, yet so inhuman was the captain that

until the last allowance of pease was served out, he would not broach a barrel.

Ten or twelve days before we got into port, we spoke a Scarboro barque from London for St. Helena, only eighteen days out, the master of which refused to give us a few gallons of water.

As luck however would have it, the next day we fell in with his Majesty's sloop of war *Esk*, and by her was supplied with a puncheon of water, otherwise we must have perished, as we had but five or six gallons left.

Under a scorching sun our situation was rendered worse. I had a great desire to enter on board the *Esk*; but the fear of the cat-o'-nine-tails (which I believe has descended to me from my ancestors) hindered me from becoming one of King George's tars,—although I felt myself a loyal subject, yet the jokers called boatswains' mates, have ever been my dread. We at last arrived at the river Gambia, provisioned, traded, &c., and proceeded on to Sierra Leone that "pest house of Africa." I had forgot to say our captain was one of the most determined drunkards that ever came within my observation; every Saturday night at sea it was "clear the decks for a dance." As one of the crew, a black man, was a tolerable scraper on the fiddle, we had regularly one bottle of grog served out on the occasion, and those who refused to dance, as the skipper used to say, "shan't have no grog," so that whatever our sufferings were through the week, they were forgotten on Saturday night, by dancing them out of our minds; and if any of us would not dance on account of not having enough to eat, Capt. W— used to say, "away forward you sulky lubber, because you have not grub enough to make a cook shop of your stomach, you look as black as a northwester."—We arrived at last at Sierra Leone, where we could at any rate get enough to eat, if it was nothing else than rice, and rice alone it was, for we had it twenty one times a week, for novelty's sake. After remaining in that sickly

place about two months, we sailed with a cargo of rice for the West Indies, to call at one of the Cape De Verdislands for a deck load of asses; we had thirty days passage to St. Jago, a distance of seven hundred miles, and which should have been made in a fortnight. During the passage our captain was carrying taught sail on the brandy bottle, that is as long as it lasted, in fact I have known him to take seven glasses of what he used to term "neat grog" in one watch, or four hours; the brandy, however, did not, like the widow's cruse and oil, *increase*; he, however, if possible increased his potations, until it was all expended, and "then! oh, then," those only who have seen a madman can imagine what he resembled; he was attacked with the horrors or "delirium tremens," the very morning after his last glass of brandy was swallowed; the first indications of his disease, was, his bringing on deck all the knives and forks he could muster, and piling them as I have seen soldiers pile their arms on parade. His next frolic was to creep into the hold among the rice casks, in search as he thought, of a black fellow who had stowed himself away there, and from whence we were obliged to extricate him by means of a "hauling line." That was the first day's work; the following morning he was very ill, or supposed himself so, and called all hands down to the cabin—told them he had received a summons to prepare himself for death; and begged their forgiveness for any wrong he had done them. I recollect being at the foretopmast head at the time all hands were ordered in the cabin, sending down the topsail yard, (which was not a very heavy one, for our schooner was only sixty tons), and had it lowered below the fore-cross-trees, when I was called down, and the yard hung swinging backwards and forwards for nearly two hours. He got the supercargo to read the lesson from the burial service, for him, and after keeping us below about an hour and a half, he let us go on deck to our work. We, of course, knew what was the matter with him, and that if he

had a few glasses of his favourite beverage, it would "drive the blue devils away from those quarters." In the course of the day he again got on deck, and the horrors began to operate more strongly: the supercargo luckily was a navigator, otherwise I know not what should have become of us, as the mate could not even write his own name, I having written the log during the voyage. The captain now got a handspike and continued going from one part of the vessel to another, knocking on the deck, and calling out "here I am, Madam," or "Sir," according as the impulse moved him, fancying there was a lady and gentleman in the hold who wanted him;—at other times he would send some one of the crew in the forecabin to cry out, "the Captain's aft, ma'm;" and at other times in the cabin, and then the cry would be "the captain's forward, ma'm." We were afraid to refuse, for fear of the handspike which he invariably kept in his hand. Towards night he got melancholy, and took to reading the Testament, praying, and so forth; and now was afraid to venture alone below decks, but would lay on his African mat alongside the companion, and every few minutes would start, as if he had seen some terrific sight, and ask the man at the helm if he saw any thing; at one time during my "trick" at the helm, he asked me hurriedly, "Bill, where did she go to." "Who, Sir," said I; "why that lady," said the Captain. To get him below, I answered, "in the cabin Sir," he went down, but had not been down for many seconds, when up he came, his face exhibiting a frightful appearance, and he running as though he was chased by some fiend,—he continued thus for five days, playing off sometimes one prank as though in full spirits, at other times mourning, and apparently in deep sorrow for his past sins. Such was the fearful state to which this miserable and unfortunate man had brought himself, by the free use of intoxicating liquor!

On the fifth night of his illness, we made the island of Fogo, one of the Cape De Verds; and that night I shall

remember as long as I live. It was my watch below from eight till twelve o'clock, at ten all hands were called; but as the weather was fine, I did not know what to make of it—it was in fact calm, and we were in the baffling eddies frequent between those islands on the edge of the tradewinds. Judge my surprise in getting on deck to hear the Captain give orders for all hands to join in answering a bird which he said was calling to him; to pacify him we were all obliged, ten in number to shout with all our might, "*good night! God bless you! God rest you! I sha'nt forget your promise,*" until it was midnight. I have had many a hearty laugh since, to think what a laughing stock we should have been, had any other ship been within hearing of us. At midnight his disorder seemed to have been at its height, for he stripped himself to a state of perfect nudity, and ran about the decks screaming for mercy, and making the most unearthly howlings possible to conceive. Really I thought at times he would jump overboard, and almost wished he would; but bad as he was, he knew a trick worth two of that. He would sometimes get into the chains and lower himself so as to touch the water with his feet, and suddenly jump on board again. I had relieved the helm at midnight, and the watch and mate turn'd in; the Captain had gone forward, and the supercargo, (who was actually afraid to venture near him) sent me, while he held the tiller to see where the Captain was. I found him lying at his full length on the heel of the bowsprit. "Is that you, Bill?" said he; "yes, Sir," I answered—"come here," but I was rather frightened myself by this time, although he always showed me more kindness than he did any one else. In the present case, however, I gave him a long shot for it, and would go no nearer him than the foremast, preparing myself for a start, in case he should try to take hold of me; I asked if he wanted any thing; his answer was, "tell Mr. B.—," meaning the supercargo, "to come to me as quick as possible, for the love of

God." Oh! thought I, you are going to make a die of it at last are you. I advised the supercargo to go and see what he wanted; as soon as the Captain saw him, he sat up, and it being quite dark cried out, "mind Mr. B.— there is an axe and a billet of wood close behind you; run, run."

The suddenness of the warning, although the danger was imaginary, caused the supercargo to retreat backwards. The captain jumped up, roaring out, "run! run!" and in so doing fell over the black cook, who was lying asleep on deck nearly naked; they caught hold of one another, the Captain swearing it was the devil; and the cook roaring murder, brought all hands again on deck. The contrast of the black and white man at that moment pulling at each other, gave me the strange idea of his satanic majesty in tow, with a prisoner.

The mate, who was a Dutchman, at this time came on deck, crying out "mine Got! mine Got! is der teyvil come for de schipper at last!" We soon got the captain pacified, and from that time he got better.

In a day or two after we got into Porto Praya, in the island of St. Jago, when the crew, including myself, went in a body to the British Consul, and refused to proceed further with the captain. We were examined separately; our evidence tallied correctly with each other; and, as the supercargo held a power to enable him to change the master, he was turned out of the vessel and the supercargo took charge himself.

But Captain W—— tried to retaliate for the injury he supposed we had inflicted on him; taking a summary method of doing it, which had it succeeded, must have ended in the destruction of the vessel, and most likely the loss of life. It was thus:

He had two very fine log glasses of his own; those belonging to the schooner were incorrect, and when about to quit, he said to the unsuspecting mate, "I will regulate your log glasses by mine, as you will have to run to the westward entirely by them;" for there

was no chronometer on board and the supercargo was not acquainted with lunar observations; he accordingly set to work, but in regulating the glasses, caused the sand to run several seconds short of what they were marked, consequently not giving the vessel the proper distance run.

We sailed from St. Jago and having only a parallel of latitude to run down, were soon rolling along the trade winds as happy as need be, often laughing heartily at the ridiculous figure we must have been during our ex-captain's delirium. We had been running to the westward eighteen days, and were expecting to make the island of Antigua in three days more, when at midnight we descried land a-head; the vessel was hauled to the wind, and it was with difficulty we escaped getting on shore; two hours more would have done what Captain W—— intended, as there was a strong trade blowing.— It is impossible to say, whether one would have been left to tell the tale; for the windward side of the island on which we should have struck, is completely surrounded with rocks and shoals for several miles seaward.

My suspicion immediately fell on the log glasses, and on getting into harbour their correctness was tested, when it was found that the schooner had run three hundred miles farther to the westward than the log glasses had given.— Thus the relentless and cold blooded intention of Captain W—— was frustrated. It must have been fully premeditated on his part, as he left a slip of paper in the log book, of which all were at a loss to guess the meaning; until the villainous fraud practised on the log glasses was discovered. It ran thus: "Tillman Bender," (that was the mate's name,) "I will have ample revenge on you before one month elapses, for the injury you have done me, please God!"—but it did not please God that the vessel, and perhaps the lives of her crew, should be sacrificed to glut the revenge of a monster in human shape.

A singular fatality seems, however, to have followed several of those com-

prising the crew of the schooner. The Captain died in a madhouse near Liverpool. The mate, poor fellow, was found dead in the cabin a few months after the termination of the voyage, in the harbour of St. Thomas; it is supposed from the effects of poison. The cook, for he was a notorious thief, and slave, was hung in Antigua; and the supercargo put an end to his existence in Sierra Leone a very few years after, by a most determined act of suicide, severing both jugular veins with a razor.

W. T.



### THE BANNER OF ENGLAND.

A LOYAL SONG—BY SUSAN MOODIE.

The banner of old England flows  
Triumphant in the breeze,  
A sign of terror to our foes;  
The meteor of the seas.  
A thousand heroes bore it,  
In the battle fields of old:  
All nations quailed before it,  
Supported by the bold.

Brave Edward and his gallant sons,  
Beneath its shadow bled;  
And lion-hearted Britons,  
That flag to glory led.  
The sword of kings defended,  
When hostile foes were near;  
The sheet whose colours blended,  
Memorials proud and dear.

The history of a nation,  
Is blazon'd on its page;  
A brief and bright relation,  
Sent down from age to age.  
O'er Gallia's hosts victorious,  
It tam'd their pride of yore;  
Its fame on earth is glorious,  
Renown'd from shore to shore.

The soldier's heart has bounded,  
When o'er the tide of war;  
Where death's brief cry resounded,  
It flash'd a blazing star.  
When floating over leagred wall,  
It met his lifted eye,  
Like war-horse at the trumpet's call,  
He rushed to victory.

Ye Sons of Britain will you see  
A rebel band advance?  
To seize the stardard of the free,  
That dar'd the might of France?  
Bright banner of our native land,  
Bold hearts are knit to thee;  
A hardy, free, determined band,  
Thy champions yet shall be.

Literary Garland.



To live quietly in this world one should be blind, deaf, and dumb.



## COURT ANECDOTES OF CHARLES V.

WHEN Charles the Fifth returned from Tunis, he travelled by land through Calabria and to Naples, and did much good by the road. Seeing Calabria without corn, and being told it was too mountainous and too cold for it to ripen, he ordered rye-seed to be brought from Germany. It succeeds well, and is now universal over these parts, where it is known by the name of 'Germano.' At La Cava, the town council met to consider what present they should give the Emperor. Some were for pine-apples, the kernels of which are of a vast size; but the majority carried it in favour of a kind of fig, which they cover with mats in winter, and in March (the time of the emperor's passing) the fruit is very ripe, and delicious eating. The emperor received the deputies very graciously, and expressing great surprise at the fineness of the fruit at that season of the year, inquired whether they could preserve any quantity of them, and whether they were in abundance. 'Oh!' said the wise mayor, 'we have such plenty that we give them to our hogs.' 'What,' said Charles, 'to your hogs?—then take your figs back again;' and so saying, he flung a ripe one full in the face of the orator. The courtiers, following the example of their sovereign, the poor deputies had their faces all besmeared and their eyes bunged out with the fruit. As they were returning from the audience, one of these sapient senators, taking the whole to be part of the ceremonial of a reception by an emperor, observed to his brethren how lucky it was they had carried the point in favour of figs; for, had they presented pine-apples, they would undoubtedly have had their brains knocked out.

The other day the king met an old woman near Caserta, of whom he bought a turkey. She, not knowing the blackguard-looking fellow she was with to be the sovereign, accompanied him towards the palace with his purchase. As soon as he appeared there, the drums beat, and the guards turned

out; upon which, the old woman, who knew the signal, pulled him back, and told him to get out of the way, for that 'LOU PAZZO' was coming, who would run over them; and that '*lou rey pazzo*' made nothing of trampling people under his horses' feet; and that he was constantly running about instead of minding his business, and so everything went *al diavolo*. 'There is no justice,' added she, 'no law; and all things are extremely dear.' The king then conducted her in, and you may suppose that she was frightened out of her wits when she found out who it was, by his reception at the gate. His majesty, who was extremely diverted at her terror, made her repeat it all to the queen, who gave her some money. He never gives anything himself, but gets everything to be given by the queen. One day, however, he gave his eldest daughter an ounce, and the child seemed so delighted, and hugged him so much for it, that the queen could not help taking notice of it, and asking the princess why she showed such extravagant joy for one piece, when she had had so many from her upon fifty occasions.—'Oh, mama,' said the girl, 'but this is the first I ever was able to get out of papa!' The king was quite affected and absolutely cast down for some time by this reproach.

ANCIENT SEEDS.—The other day, in sawing up a block of rosewood, at Norway Wharf, Millbank, the workmen discovered a cavity quite in the heart of the block, within which some seeds were stored up. Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the wharf having shown us part of them, we have ascertained them to consist of a species of *nux vomica*, and of some euphorbiaceous plant, probably Ricinus. The former was broken by the sawyers, but appeared as fresh as if newly gathered; the latter will be sown in the garden of the Horticultural Society.—*Gardner's Chronicle*.

DESPAIR is the shocking case to the mind, that mortification is to the flesh.

## SKETCHES IN THE WEST.

WE have been sailing all day through delightful scenery, made up of hills covered to their tops with noble forest trees, or pleasant intervals, spread between them and the river, with overhanging cliffs, wooded islands, and occasional peeps through the openings in the hills, of a pleasant country beyond. Our boat moves through the water with undiminished velocity, and so far, has accomplished the quickest trip ever made from Saint Louis, and in all probability, she will arrive at Louisville at the time set, that is, fifty-two hours from her departure from Saint Louis. It is amusing to see how all on board, from the captain to the youngest cabin-boy, enter into the spirit of the occasion. It is the general talk; and all, including passengers, are as anxious to perform the quickest trip ever made, as if each were interested in a large stake. Bets of money, segars, oyster suppers, and "drinks," have passed between the passengers—while the cabin-boys bet jack-knives and circus tickets, to be paid at Louisville. Every half-hour, one of them, a little dirty-faced, brush-headed urchin, comes to me, or some other passenger, asking, "what 'tis o'clock," and evincing as much interest in the race, as if he had a purse of at least five dollars upon it. Two barrows, or iron trucks, loaded with chain-cables, are placed on the fore-castle, and one or two men are constantly moving them from side to side to keep the boat in trim; they have been at this all the way from Saint Louis, and have worn already, quite a track in the deck, by the ceaseless rolling of these iron-laden cars.—The mate is active in keeping an equal number of passengers on each side of the boat, or else driving them to the centre; the doors opening on to the guards are locked, to keep persons from going upon them to destroy the boat's trim. "Stand a little this way, gentlemen, if you please—now look out you deck passengers, there, keep off that lower guard!—Stand a little in, gentlemen, stand a little in,—pitch in the

wood, boys, lively now, lively!" assail the ears every few moments. In vain, passengers on shore wave their handkerchiefs and white flags, and shout for the boat to heave to and take them on board; a deaf ear and a blind eye are turned to these appeals, and steadily and swiftly, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, we move onward. We were compelled to stop for a few moments at a small town in Kentucky, when one of the deck passengers hastened to a grocery to get some supplies. During his absence, (and it was not of a minute's duration,) the boat started and was ten feet from the shore when he came in sight. "Stop, captain, stop!" he shouted, running to the shore with a bunch of onions in one hand and a handkerchief full of something in the other. "Now you lazy lubber!" replied the mate, "you may run for it.—What in the d—l had you to do ashore?" "Do stop, captain, do," cried the man in a low, plaintive tone. The captain seemed not to hear him, the boat moved along the shore at increasing speed, and the man run along the bank, shouting at the top of his voice to be taken on board. Still the boat kept on, and I saw it was the intention of the captain to give him a long chase. He run for about a quarter of a mile, casting the most appealing looks towards the boat, when he came to the mouth of a deep creek, thirty feet broad. We thought his race was now terminated, and he evidently thought so himself, for clasping his hands together in despair as he saw the water, he stood still; when the captain sung out—"Run round the creek! Why don't you run round it!" At this moment, his eye lighted on a pirogue on the shore, and jumping into it he pushed across to the opposite bank, and again continued his course.

The steamer had got some distance above him during his delay at the creek, and throwing away his string of onions, as he leaped ashore, he pressed forward with renewed vigor, every now and then, waving his hand and shouting.—At length, he untied his handkerchief, and out rolled a loaf of bread, biscuits,

apples and sausages, and thus lightened, he seemed to run better. He was now full a mile from his starting post, and yet the boat showed no signs of stopping for him. Still on he came, evidently dragging his legs through the mud, climbing over bogs, forcing his way through bushes, growing very much fatigued. He bared his head and began to fan himself as he ran, with his hat; next off came his coat, and then his shoes. With all these auxiliaries to his speed, it was apparent from the heavy dragging of his legs, the open mouth, and his general weariness of manner, that his strength was failing him. We had all now become interested in the luckless victim. The ladies thronged the guards, pitied him, and wondered the captain "could be so cruel;" the gentlemen at first enjoyed it and considered it a good joke, but they now began to feel that it had become too serious, and desired the captain to take him on board; the deck hands hurraed at every good leap he made over a log or a ditch, and laughed unfeelingly as he at length tottered, from over exertion. At length it became evident that the poor fellow was actually knocked up, for he appeared about to throw himself on the ground several times, but as often nerving himself to renewed exertions, and then the boat was stopped and the yawl sent ashore for him. He was so weak when the boat came along side, that the sailors had to assist him on board. "Now, confound you," said one of the men, as he helped him in, "I reckon you'll not be left behind again." Comment on the above scene is useless. All who have travelled know how frequently one may be accidentally left on shore. The too general practice of captains, even when the delinquents appear on the bank hailing him, of going off and leaving them, is, to the last degree, reprehensive. The individual might have a family on board, whose distress and his own may be easily pictured; he might be an invalid, and be left in a desolate region, the continuance of his journey is, perhaps, of the utmost im-

portance—but, whatever be the circumstances, it is an evidence of a great deficiency in human feeling, in any captain who should wilfully pursue such a course.

The modes of *wooding* on the Ohio and the Mississippi differ. On the latter, boats approach the shore and receive their wood from the bank; on the Ohio, before all the wood-yards are to be found long narrow flat boats, holding from twenty to thirty cords, ready loaded: the steamer runs along side of one of these, takes it in tow, and while she is still underweigh, the wood is transferred from one boat to the other. Sometimes these boats are towed up four or five miles, when they are cast off with the two woodmen who attend them, and suffered to float back to the place from which they were taken.— This is a great saving of time and labour. The strength of the current of the Mississippi, and the difficulty of managing boats on that river, render the adoption of this convenient mode of wooding, altogether impossible.

We came very near running into a flatboat this afternoon; it lay directly across the channel, and was manned by three or four country-merchant looking youths, in broadcloth frocks and long-tailed coats. The boat was new, and it was very evident the men were new. The awkward manner in which they handled their long paddles excited the merriment and derision of some regular, hard old flatboatmen, standing on the fore-castle of our steamer. "I could cut a better man out of a shingle than that are long coated chap," said one.— "I say, strangers," called out another, "which o'you long tails is the preacher!" "Hand that paddle here," said a third, through his nose, "and I'll give it to my old woman to stir homminy with, for I'll be shot if you know whether it is a wooden ladle or a paddle you're got hold on." "I," said another, "shouldn't be astonished to see him take it to stir up his grog with." "It would make a first chop sugar-spoon." (The paddle which was the subject of these remarks, was at least thirty feet long,

constructed of a single, straight tree, with two planks nailed on to one end to give it breadth as a paddle.) After the flatboat had got out of the way, more by the help of the current than the green crew, an old pilot near me, (who like all pilots had once flatboated,) said, "How scared them chaps looked when they saw us coming right on to 'um! I don't wonder they did'n't know what they were about. When I was flat-boating, I'd as lieve see the old one himself, hoofs, horns, forked tail and all, coming, as a steamboat, snorting and blowing enough to scare a human critter out of a year's growth."



## THE SEASON IS PAST, ELLEN.

THE season is past, Ellen, now,  
For thy smiles or thy tears to deceive;  
The sunshine or cloud on thy brow,  
No more can delight me or grieve.

Thy smile, it was once to my heart,  
Like the star of love's own brilliant beam;  
Too soon its bewildering light,  
Proved only a meteor gleam.

And more precious to me were thy tears,  
Than the pearls that lie hid in their shells,  
In the calm, azure depths of the sea,  
Where the tempest-tossed billow ne'er swells.

Farewell, to thee, Ellen, farewell!  
The hour of thy triumph is past:  
Thou wert false, and it cost me a pang—  
Now, thy chains from my spirit, I cast.



A MEDICAL OPINION.—An unfortunate man, who had never drank water enough to warrant the disease, was reduced to such a state of dropsy that a consultation of physicians was held upon his case. They agreed that tapping was necessary, and the poor patient was invited to submit to the operation, which he seemed inclined to do, in spite of the entreaties of his son, a boy of seven years old. "Oh! father, father, do not let them tap you (screamed the urchin, in an agony of tears) do anything, but do not let them tap you!" "Why, my dear, said the afflicted parent, it will do me good, and I shall live long in health to make you happy." "No, father, no, you will not. There never was anything tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week."

For The Amaranth.  
Fly Fishing in New-Brunswick.

A SKETCH.

SET the sportsman down in any part of our Province—be he of what genius of the species *homo* he may—he will find, however enthusiastic, or fastidious, ample scope, for the exercise of his destructive propensities, within a dozen miles of his "locale." The Cockney may indulge his appetite on the banks of a limpid stream, with no more danger to his immaculate pants, than the flop occasional of an unruly nibbler; or he may, possibly, essay the passage of a serene and rock-embosomed lake, on a well appointed catamaran, with similar propriety. The keen sportsman too, equipped for "high emprise," with heart to meet and head and hand to ward off danger, will find within the same short compass, gratification *usque ad nauseam*, on the spacious lake, the madly rushing river, or when time or weather permits no more—on the meandering meadow stream.

Had old *Isaac Walton* lived in later days and on the hither side of the "broad Atlantic wave," what a life he'd led. Let him say the word, and a dozen spirits, free as the air on their own wild hills, up-spring at the welcome sound, and rally round their good old leader.

Arrived at an old mill, perhaps, you see them eagerly preparing rod, and tackle; not a word is spoken. Now one more expert than his companions throws himself from a pile of deals; his fly floats on the boiling pool.—Frit! ha! whiz! off he darts, a four pound trout, the rod bends; the water boils; now his head, now his tail appears—again he makes the water foam, and now he beats with his broad tail the rounded pebbles!—a glorious sight!

Down come the party; one, two, three, each in haste. "A fine fish!" "A noble trout!" is all that's said. At it they go. Flip, Hop! "Curse him," says one, "my fly is gone; try him again—have him this time—the same by jove!" "No, its larger; eh! my deary, cotched, I guess!"

At one moment success flushes the cheek; the eye sparkles; the body bends over the bubbling pool for a longer cast. The black fly gives a sharper nip—bah! The sudden jerk destroys the equipoise, and in he goes, neck and crop. "Vell, vot of it?"

Nearly at the same moment, another with little sympathy for his luckless fellow, cries out "Egad! my rod is gone; snapped twice; the devilish stones so very smooth." "Any cord, Ned? you're the fellow." "I'm an unlucky dog, mending rod while they've been killing four, five, and six, they're done rising, too; so let's have some grub." Matches here, and fuel; where's the aqua, bread, and ham?"

"Hand the knife," you hear another say.—"I'll make a gridiron; delicious viands!—air and exercise are noble sauces, now lets off."

"The forks then, I know them well! the trout enormous—full of life."

"Horse?"

"No, trudge it; four miles only; digest that load you ats just now."

"Brandy, said you; yes, I thought you took *A plusquam suff.*" \* \* \* \* \*

"What an infernal place you've brought us into, Tom; no other way than this? it's fire

miles good; ancle deep, the last half; the bushes have torn off two of my flies; one a claret body, greyish wing; the other, brown, I took that whapper with."

A wild shout, and "here we are!" bursts from the foremost of the party.

"Glad to hear it," says our grumbler.—"Wild scene; what noble pines; rugged rocks, shelving here, frowning there. The basin, too, a mirror underneath, reflects their blackened visages, light and shade. Whew! Seize thee, Bob! While I've been babbling you have hooked a—salmon, by all that's lovely. I'll to the fall above. Here's not room for us both. I'll have one too, to broil for supper."

"A pound you don't."

"Done. Where are the lads?"

"Just turned the rock below the knoll." \* \* Long shadows warn them to be off. "Come," shouts one, who has but now succeeded in closing down the lid of his well filled basket; "let's be gone."

"Stay a minute: only one! Hist! down there, down! A salmon there! he's struck twice, but shy. Bravo! Won the bet at last! glorious supper! bank paper sauce! ha! ha!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
"It's dark as Egypt! stay'd too long: thought we'd missed the road; but there's the mill once more."

Supper over. "Now for beds," says Tom. "Sorry hav'nt beds for all," answers a tidy, bustling mistress of the log cabin.

"Don't speak of it: I'm an old campaigner. So is Tom there. Ned, too, has measured inch plank before to-night. Can't answer for the rest; let them tumble in—we'll rough it."

The novices hail the sheets with great delight; admiring Tom's philanthropy. Tom winks, and stretches himself on the hearth.

"Hist!" chuckle, chuckle. "See the bed clothes. Egad Ned! he draws his foot up; twig the middle one! a twitch, a roll, a grunt! I knew it; what a mess they're in, poor devils! Getting roasted! troops of fleas; well if nothing worse,—initiation. 'Experience teacheth wisdom,' so says the proverb! eh, Ned!"

St. John, N. B.

W. R. M. B.



### THE BACHELOR'S FIRST FOLLY.

I SAID I lov'd her, and a blush  
Stole softly to her cheek;  
I said I lov'd her, and that blush  
Spoke more than words could speak.

I said I lov'd her, and a glow  
Suffused her face so fair,  
It came, and went, like meteor flash,  
Amid the summer air.

I said I loved her, and a tear  
Of feeling fill'd the eye;  
It was a harbinger of soul—  
An eloquent reply.

I said I lov'd—and could no more  
The deep affection smother;  
The gipsy smil'd as she replied,  
"Oh, dear, I love another!"

FUEL FOR STEAM-ENGINES.—A letter from St. Petersburg gives some particulars of a new fuel, for steam-engines, discovered or manufactured by a M. Waschinakoff, which offers, it is said, great advantages over coal. We have, however, heard of so many of these wonderful discoveries in our own country that we are a little sceptical—still it may be well to publish the facts as stated. The first experiment made, on a large scale with this fuel, to which M. Waschinakoff has given the name of Carbolein, was on board the English Steamer *Sirius*, on its last voyage from Cronstadt to London; and the results are given as follows:—A consumption of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lb. (English weight) of Carbolein per hour, for every horse-power of the engine, produced thirteen revolutions per minute, and yielded a speed of more than seven English miles per hour; whilst, on the same voyage, with 7 lb. of English coal, of best quality, the wheel gave only twelve revolutions, and the vessel made no more than  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. The flame of the new fuel, says Captain Waters, who commanded the *Syrius*, was so great that they were constantly obliged to reduce it to one-third.—A cubic foot of the best Newcastle coal weighs  $54\frac{7}{10}$  lb., whilst the same measure of Carbolein weighs  $55\frac{7}{10}$  lb.—4,480,000 lb. of coal, the usual provision for steam vessels passing between England and the United States, occupy a space of 81,884 cubic feet; but 2,480,000 lb. of Carbolein, yielding the same effect, take only 51,694 cubic feet: so that the latter combustible would effect a saving of room to the extent of 30,190 cubic feet, available for merchandise or passengers. The freight from England to North America, and *vice versa*, being at the rate of 2s. 6d. per cubic foot, making 5s. both ways, the space economized would produce for the two passages, an excess of freight amounting in value to 7,547l., deducting from this sum 643l. for the greater price of the Carbolein necessary for the two voyages over coal, and allowing, besides, 1904l., to the account of any deficiency

which might occur in filling up the space saved, with goods or passengers, there would still be a clear gain, at the lowest calculation, of 5,000%. by the use of the new fuel.



**NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.**—In many striking points, the careers of Napoleon and Wellington exhibited a remarkable similitude. Born in the same year—following the same profession—passing that dangerous ordeal unharmed, in which so many of their contemporaries perished—and both surviving to gain the loftiest objects, at which “ambition’s self” could strain. Beset with dangers, their preservation seemed miraculous—as both exposed themselves recklessly and from their most perilous situations both had singular escapes, and by the most opposite agencies. When at Acre, a shell dropped at Napoleon’s foot; a soldier, seizing him in his arms, flung him on the ground, and the shivered metal passed harmlessly over the prostrate general, and but slightly wounded his preserver. In Paris, the furious driving of his coachman cleared the street before the infernal machine could be exploded.—These were probably his greatest perils; and from one he was delivered by the devotion of a grenadier—from the other by the accidental drunkenness of a servant. Nor were Wellington’s escapes less remarkable; for there was rarely an action in which some of his personal attendants were not killed or wounded. At Vittoria he passed unharmed through the fire of the French centre bristling with cannon, for there eighty pieces were in battery. At Sauron, he wrote a memorandum on the bridge, while the enemy were in actual possession of the village. During the bloody contest that ensued, for a time he sat upon a height within close musket range of the enemy, watching the progress of the battle; and in the evening his danger was still more imminent. “He had carried with him,” says Colonel Napier, “towards Echaller half a company of the 43d as an escort, and

placed a serjeant, named Blood, with a party, to watch in front while he examined his maps. The French, who were close at hand, sent a detachment to cut the party off; and such was the nature of the ground, that their troops, rushing on at speed, would infallibly have fallen unawares upon Lord Wellington, if Blood, a young intelligent man, seeing the danger, had not, with surprising activity, leaping, rather than running down, the precipitous rocks he was posted on, given the general notice; and as it was, the French arrived in time to send a volley of shot after him as he galloped away.” It was said of Napoleon that he bore a charmed life—and certainly a special providence watched over that of Wellington—“God covered his head in battle, and not a hair of it was scathed.”—*Maxwell’s Life of Wellington.*



#### THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLBOY.

BY BOZ.

HE was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear, kind friend.

“I hope I always was. I meant to be, heaven knows,” said the poor schoolmaster.

“Who is that?” said the boy, seeing Nell. “I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me.”

The sobbing child came closer up, took the little languid hand in hers.—Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

“You remember the garden, Harry,” whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, “and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers

have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come, my dear, very soon now—wont you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick boy, opening his eyes.

"The boy as lay upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow and tried to wave it above his head; but the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal of his idle bat, that lay with slate and book and other boyish property upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the place, holding the small cold hand in his and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child! He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

—◆—

**QUEEN ELIZABETH AT KENILWORTH.**—On the 9th of July, 1575, in the evening, Queen Elizabeth approaching the first gate of the Castle, the porter, a man tall of person, and stern of countenance, with a club and keys, accosted her Majesty in a rough speech,

full of passion, in metre, aptly made for the purpose, and demanded the cause of all this din, and noise, and riding about within the charge of his office? But, upon seeing the Queen, as if he had been struck instantaneously, and pierced at the presence of a personage so evidently expressing heroical sovereignty, he falls down on his kness, humbly prays pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates, and free passage to all.—Immediately the trumpeters, who stood on the wall, being six in number, each an eight foot high, with their silvery trumpets, of a five foot high, sounded up a tune of welcome. These harmonious blasters maintained their delectable music, while the Queen rode through the tilt-yard to the grand entrance of the Castle, which was washed by the lake. Here, as she passed, a moveable island approached, in which sat introned the lady of the lake, who accosted her Majesty in well penned metre, with an account of the antiquity of the Castle, and of her own sovereignty over those waters, since the days of King Arthur; but that hearing her Majesty was passing that way, she came in humble wise to offer up the same, and all her power, into her Majesty's hands. This pageant was closed with a delectable harmony of hautboys, shalms, cornets, and such other loud music, which held on, whilst her Majesty pleasantly so passed into the Castle gate. Here she was presented with a new scene. Several of the heathen gods had brought their gifts, which were elegantly arranged on each side of the entrance. Wild fowl and dead game from Silvanus; baskets of fruit from Pomona; sheaves of various kinds of corn from Ceres; a pyramid, adorned with clusters of grapes from Bacchus, and ornamented with elegant vases and goblets. Fish of all sorts disposed in baskets, were presented by Neptune; arms by Mars, and musical instruments by Apollo. An inscription over the gate explained the whole. Her Majesty having graciously accepted these gifts, was received into the gates with a concert of music; and

alighting from her palfrey, she was conveyed into her chamber. At Kenilworth Castle the Queen was entertained nineteen days; and, it is stated, that the entertainment cost the Earl of Leicester a thousand pounds a day, each of which was diversified with masks, interludes, hunting, music, and a variety of other entertainments. Amongst other compliments paid to the Queen in this gallant festival, the great clock, which was fixed in Cæsar's Tower, was stopped; during her Majesty's continuance in the Castle, that while the country enjoyed that great blessing, time might stand still.—*Antiquarian Cabinet.*

### THE ISLE OF THE FREE.

There's a green isle embosom'd in white  
That rules o'er the far-flowing sea,  
To Europe holds out a watch-light,  
And is called the land of the free.  
Those fields are the greenest of earth,  
Those maidens of Europe most fair;  
Those cots are the homesteads of mirth,  
And liberty reigns in that air.

Our songs are the lov'd of each land,  
Our laws are the freeman's best prize,  
Our arts on each shore take their stand,  
And glisten to far distant skies.  
The slave looks for freedom from far,  
The tyrant grows pale on his throne  
When he looks at the glist'ning pole-star—  
The star which is liberty's own.

What country of Europe so small  
That has not been dyed with our gore?  
What foeman whose flag did not fall  
'Fore the red cross that flash'd on his shore?  
The sun on our realms never sets,  
Our flag rules in glory the sea—  
May Europe ne'er sigh her regrets  
At the fall of the Isle of the Free!

HUMILITY ever dwells with men of noble minds: it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils; but in a ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful.—*Feltham.*

GOOD wine and handsome women are very agreeable poisons, and cause a deal of wretchedness to male animals.

ONE great reason why truth is stranger than fiction is because there is not half as much of it in the world.

A man who speaketh modestly, and beareth himself meekly, is a dry stick to a fashionable woman.

Of all companions, the scoffers at religion are the most dangerous and pestilential. It is their unreasonable and unnatural pleasure to sap the very foundation of all virtue; to destroy the distinction of right and wrong; to subvert the main ground on which society subsists, to disturb the peace of good minds, and to take from the world the Providence, the Attributes, the Existence of God.—*Dr. Huntingford.*

### THE AMARANTH.

MANY of our readers have occasionally asked us why we have not inserted *more* original matter in our magazine; and we have invariably answered, that we considered the portion of each No. devoted to correspondents already sufficient, and that all our readers were not possessed of similar tastes, but, that some preferred a good selected article, to an original one. We wish to intimate to those who are desirous of seeing our pages entirely occupied with native productions, that is not a want of such original matter that prevents our complying with their wishes. We have received many original contributions, which we are sorry to say, are not sufficiently well written to claim a place in our pages. In concluding our remarks, we would recommend our correspondents to use greater care, as we are often compelled to devote more time than we can well spend in divesting their productions of such defects, arising from the neglect of the requisite precaution, as unfit them for publication in their first dress; and many that have appeared have undergone strict revision preparatory to insertion, in consequence of improper haste in their authors. We may be, and doubtless are, often mistaken in judging of the merits of original articles; but our duty should be, to reject any article that we do not consider as *good*.

We would, at the same time, recommend those who have been disappointed at the non-appearance of their effusions, and who would persevere, to take more time, and use greater precaution; as we have no doubt that their productions, when divested of defects, consequent upon first efforts, would display much talent.

For the satisfaction of our numerous contributors, we shall, in future, notice all favors received, and state at the same time whether accepted or otherwise.

*Acrostic*, by WILHELMINA, is accepted. We beg respectfully to decline the following:—*Charade*, by S. C.; *Acrostic*, by the same.—J. B.'s communication is not suitable for the columns of our magazine—the newspaper press of our city is the proper medium for discussing his subject. *Stanzas*, by J. H. H., would no doubt gratify the lady to whom they are addressed, but could not edify the ladies of our city in general. "*Jesus Wept*," a Poem.—Judgment will not be pronounced until we have read the whole article.



## TEMPERANCE SOIREEES.

It seems to us that throughout the infinite variety of matter over which our leisure thoughts revolve, there is no one subject, however novel in its nature it may at first sight appear, which has not been trenched and furrowed by some grub in the field of literature, and the result of an investigation of the principles upon which those modern *exotics*, which have emanated from the successful exertions of the benevolent originators of Temperance Societies, is, that a short essay on the advantages possessed by *Temperance Soirees* will only place us among the number incessantly digging about the same tender roots; or at most, that our remarks will be of a mediatorial nature, softening down and harmonizing the conflicting sentiments of the various orders of which society is made up.

Although we are not of those who consider the presence of the good things of life in either a solid or a liquid state, essential to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," yet we do not condemn in toto the use of the more substantial and less offensive luxuries of the day on the occasion of social meetings. We have not unfrequently indulged ourselves in a smile at the ostentation of a professedly benevolent association, which, while under the patronage of a tutelar saint, and distributing relief to the suffering pauper, allows, and even enforces the indulgence by its members, in the intemperate consumption of meat and drink; but we have always found a partial excuse for the custom in the observation that the laudable views of the more humane, who need no stimulant beyond the wish to administer relief, could not be sufficiently carried out, unless by enlisting in the cause the means of such as are more impervious to the cry of despairing poverty; and to do this it is necessary to make a pampered and disordered appetite the medium of success. But we have not been altogether satisfied with this apology, nor should our scruples be wholly removed even by the disappearance of the intoxicating beverage from the social board. It was with the most lively feelings of pleasure therefore that we took advantage of the opportunity afforded a short time since, of attending a soiree on the temperance principle. On every side sparkled the "virtuous eye of beauty," amid the germs of sociality, which, though inherent in our nature are too often poisoned by the noisome prejudices incessantly inculcated by little minds in the superabundance of their infectious pride.—Here all met on neutral ground; each feeling disposed to contribute his quota of skill in the art of music for the gratification of his neighbour; and all seemed convinced that the proceedings of the evening tended to a revolution in public taste, and a more innocent and refined mode of relaxation from the devouring cares of life. There was not heard the noisy bacchanalian; the eye met not at every glance the offensive leer of the sot, or the pernicious fire that flashes in the eye and riots in the cheek of the youthful aspirant to precocious manhood.

We say we were delighted, because although the tea table with its appendages formed as great an attraction to the many as the sweet

sounds floating around them;—yet we are not blind to the fact that all innovations on the system of society must be moderately introduced. Some refreshments were undoubtedly necessary, as the hour of assembling was an early one: and we think that the abundance and variety that prevailed proceeded as well from policy as from a desire to meet the expectations of the most fastidious lover of good things.

We observed no exclusive clubs, no invidious coteries in the room. It seemed as if the principle which actuates the supporters of temperance societies, had opened the springs of the human heart and that the waters of charity, love, order and good fellowship had gushed out with whelming force, and swept away the monstrous affectation into which has so long been sunk.

It may be inquired, what necessity is there for such gatherings; we answer, that all classes of the community may here meet on an equal footing; we answer that it induces harmony throughout the face of society, and renders each member of that society more contented with the sphere in which it has pleased Providence to place him; that the barrier which is placed between rich and poor and which is strengthened by the haughty reserve of the former, is proportionally broken down by the observance of a different line of conduct, and that the government of a country thus happily peopled must receive an addition to its stability whatever may be its form. In conclusion we have to regret the tardiness of innovation on the present system of national societies, and to express a hope that ere long they may be reduced to consistency in their proceedings.

— The next No. of THE AMARANTH will appear in an entire new typographical garb.

## The Amaranth,

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