

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 vermillion 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.

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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.