

THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 3. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY, 1843.

} No. 1.

THE FIRST MANUSCRIPT.

She broad lay slept in beauty—and the light opened her thousand starry eyes, which shone out and came like the lamps in an eastern bazaar, and twinkled with their strange miraculous lustre, as they drank in the perfumed breeze which lay panting, full of its own unapproachable beauty, beneath the moon. Who would wonder that the dark tides in their mighty veins love the moon, and sink or swell in a quivering tumult at her gentle bidding! for is it not her beaming ray a smile from the Source of Beauty, drawing all things—aye, even the stubborn, blackened and weary heart of man—towards it? The bland breeze came singing a soft tune of mournful gladness among the rigging and sails, and then leaping madly down upon the sea's untrampled floor, and breaking the vast mirror into myriads of flashing and quivering fragments—each still holding heaven in its bosom. The ship, like a mis-shapen monster, crept clumsily along, and idle sails loomed like great ears on either side—for a ship cannot sail, or crawling reluctantly through the water, dragged by a breeze might whisper from the sky's fan, is dull and unromantic enough. But when the spirit of the winds arises, and sheers her under its mighty wings, and sweeps her packing with her across the parting seas, then indeed she becomes a sublime and fearful thing. But the sea slept—and the murmur of the soft breeze but served to rock her into a deeper slumber; and although vine-clad hills and flowering orchards sent their perfume to the shore, and you could even hear an occasional burst of music, exquisitely tempered by the symmetrical wave, over which it floated, and which spoke to the weary heart of joyful faces, laughing amid broad terraces of blooming flowers—yet it would be many hours ere the ship could reach the anchorage, and Percy Meredith, with his beautiful wife, walk-

ed the quarter-deck, in converse sweet, waiting for the sluggish tide to throbb them on their way.

Meredith was an intellectual man—you felt sure of that at the first glance; but that was not all. In his large, dark and melancholy eyes there dwelt a latent fire, which sometimes blazed startlingly upon you, and then shrunk back into darkness, as if the brain had no control upon its flashings. That glance spoke of *madness*—not present, but past or to come, when some dreadful whirlwind swept over the garden of his heart. Few would have detected aught strange or unusual in his aspect—but to those who *did*, the conclusion was certain, irresistible—one of those intuitions at which the soul leaps by an intellectual instinct, which it cannot define or describe, but the *truth* of which has become on the instant a part of its own being. The instincts of the intellect are far more unerring than the clearest calculations of logic. Do you *understand* this, reader? If so, well; if not, pass on to the story—for I cannot explain it to you.

"How grand!" said Percy. "Is this vast army of waters, tramping onward in such perfect unison, wave with wave, drawn by an irresistible yet invisible impulse! Thus is it, sweet love, with human hearts. Their tides gush wildly to and fro, beyond the thought's control, and *love* is the moon that bids them sink or swell. Mark you now," he continued, drawing his wife towards him, with a slight yet graceful motion—"mark how tenderly the bosom of the wave swells and pants beneath Diana's chaste embrace. You smile—and why? I am one who believes there is *reality* and *truth* in all these unutterable sympathies and similitudes between animate and inanimate nature, and that poetry is the only pure and ever-living philosophy which has discovered and proclaimed these things. Bury a chain under the earth, and short-sighted man, with