THE AMATEUR,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Specially devoted to the interests of Students, and the Admirers of Science, Art, and Literature.

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TO OUR READERS.

IN introducing this Magazine before the public it is the intention of the proprietors to make it a valuable means of affording instruction and literary recreation for leisure hours to all classes of society, and to cultivate, as well as promote, the taste for Science and Art. It will contain serial and other tales of a sentimental and moral character; historical, biographical, and scientific essays; poems; &c.; and will bear a strong contrast to much of the cheaper literature of the present day, in not having the greater portion of its pages devoted to sensational, romantic, and worthless matter, calculated more to enervate and debase the mental and moral faculties, than to either denounce a single vice, or point out a solitary instance of virtuous example. As its name implies it will study chiefly the interests of Amateurs in Natural Philosophy, and no pains will be spared to make it the most perfect medium of intercourse and communication between them.

Correspondence and Literary Articles, if possessing merit, will be inserted for subscribers (provided they do not savour too much of a political or religious tendency), and it is hoped that none will be backward in availing themselves of this advantage offered to literary aspirants. The Collectors of Stamps, Crests, Coins, &c., will receive marked attention.

With such ends in view we sincerely hope that this first number may prove attractive, although hastily compiled, and that our Magazine may ever have universal and deserved success; not at the same time forgetting at this momentous period to wish each and every subscriber A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE CIRCLE OF LIFE;
OR, THE BANKER'S CLERK.

CHAPTER I.

It was a damp and murky evening in the month of August, 17—, one of those evenings which will sometimes occur in the most glorious summer, when a man might be seen walking rapidly down the Rue de Boston, in the city of Boulogne.

His dress—shabby to the last degree, and with scarce a part of it entire—but ill protected him from the rain, which fell slowly but determinately in the dark and narrow streets, while his bent and stooping figure seemed rather the result of privation and despair than of the iron hand of the time. Occasionally his attention was directed to the various shops, as if in search of something, while a more ominous glance at the harbour on which the Rue de Boston stood betokened the extremity to which grief or despair had driven him.

That man was Monsieur Pierrie. Early in his hitherto prosperous career he had followed the business of an accountant, but on one fatal night his house was burnt down by a revolutionary mob, which were at that time becoming very demonstrative in France, and the health of his wife was so much injured that she never completely recovered, while he himself was confined for several weeks in the poorhouse infirmary. When he came out he found himself ruined. Vainly he struggled, but slowly and surely he descended the abyss of poverty, till the arrival of this eventful evening found him without food or money, and upon the verge of starvation.

Driven to this extremity he went forth into the streets to seek for work, but all the day long it was in vain. "Holy Virgin," he gasped, "is this the extremity to which I am reduced?"

He was now opposite the Hotel Imperial, and the lights from the multitude of chandeliers flashed through the windows, and illuminated the pathway as with noonday splendour. The sound of music arose from the curtained casements, and rolled across the dark and silent sands on which the distant ocean dashed mournfully, while the refreshing smell arising from the fashionable table d'hote smote upon the senses of the famished man, and caused him to gaze with wild wistfulness upon the doors. "Good God," he almost shrieked, as he clasped his thin hands around his brow, "hast thou left us to perish, while the very roots of vice and crime are revelling in abundance?"

At this moment a carriage drove rapidly up to the doors. It was the vehicle of the *Curé* of the parish! The proud self-

satisfaction which was stamped upon that apostate's features was almost erased by its red and bloated appearance, showing that his fast days were few and far between, while his dress, fashionable to the last degree that his vocation would permit, floated in roomy folds around him, as though forbidding the approach of vile man unto his saintly person. Pierrie saw him descend, and clad outwardly in religious vestments, he thought that they enthroned a kindred spirit. Darting forward, therefore, he fell upon his knees, and cried with all the earnestness of despair—"O, charity! Mons. le *Curé*! charity! for we are starving!"

The *Curé*, thus arrested in his march, turned to look at the suppliant. Casting upon him a look of pity, in which disdain was largely mingled, he turned to the servants, and in a voice of burly impudence told them to "hand the beggar over to the proper authorities;" then casting him off as he would a noisome insect, he turned to the greater attraction of dinner.

Pierre remained where the *Curé* had left him, in the dark and dismal night. Away the master to the fashionable dinner and the sparkling wines; away the servants to the merry *cafes* or their comfortable homes; away the horses to their warm stables and food in plenty. What care they for a starving man? The servants have caught the taint from their master, and all are wrapped up in self!

Recovering himself by a tremendous effort, Pierrie rose from the damp and sodden pavement and walked rapidly away. The faint gleam of the lamps as he walked along illuminated a countenance the picture of dispair. Gaily the wind blew his threadbare garments away from his shivering limbs, and heavily the rain fell on his drenched and attenuated figure; but he heeded it not. Onward through the streets, which were now so dark and deserted, he pursued his way. Up one court and down another, in the poorest and dingiest part of the town, he still went on. At length he stopped opposite a tall and ancient-looking house in one of the meanest thoroughfares. Quickly he pushed aside the door, and rapidly ascended the creaking stairs to the topmost storey of all, and lifting a latch he entered a small and low-built room.

The builders might have left it but the day before, so bare was it of furniture, and this appearance of emptiness was further increased by the cleanly aspect of the apartment, which showed that careful and well-educated hands were not wanting even amid so much meanness abd poveaty. Lying on a pallet in the corner was a woman, whose whitened cheeks bore evidences of the extremities to which they were reduced. Her thin hands lay helpless in the power of the destroyer, and the pallid and despairing look, upon a countenance that still possessed dignity and

womanly tenderness, showed how that disease—more fatal and wide-spread than the severest plague—had but too completely done its work.

Upon the floor by her side sat a young and beautiful girl, fairer than the lilly, and almost too beautiful to be human. Her lustrous eyes, intense in their very agony, were fixed upon the countenance of the older woman. Her flowing ringlets of golden hair proclaimed her to be a Saxon, while her gentle bearing and engaging manners showed the inborn nobility within her. Into such a scene as this Pierrie entered, and bending over the wasted form of his wife, joined in the silent watch. "Sinking, sinking;" he muttered to himself after a while. "Yes;" returned the girl, in a voice of sadness, "beyond the reach of hope."

The unhappy man bent like a reed at the words. "No, no;" he cried, "not so bad as that; not so bad as that."

"Father, dear;" said the girl, looking into his face with a glance of inexpressible tenderness; "do not let us delude ourselves more. Is it not better for her to leave such a scene of continued sorrow as this—"

"No;" uttered Pierrie, rocking himself to and fro in agony: "she shall not die like this. I will have money, and save her, I will beg—steal—"

"Who talks of stealing?" said a deep and unearthly voice.

Both started to their feet, and beheld the form of Madame Pierrie erect upon the bed. A look of heavenly brightness sat upon her countenance, while her white and transparent hands were raised with a gesture of disapprobation and pain. "When in the midst of our prosperity," she said, "we felt the restraining presence of a God, and when the clouds of trouble gathered round us, and the storm about to burst upon our heads, still then we were supported and upheld; and now because we are chastened for a season, shall we repine? No;" she continued, laying her hands lovingly on the weeping forms before her; "Let us look higher still—above this vale of tears, and this scene of privation and distress, and behold that God, who is our comforter always, and that Heaven, which will cheer us onwards—in the—path—of—life."

She sank backwards as these words were uttered, and seemed to sleep. Vainly they waited for her to awaken; colder grew that form which was once the centre of their joy, colder those hands so often raised to bless. Close, close the scene, and draw the curtain too—over the heart which so often beat in unison with theirs; over those living in that scene of death, now united to the invisible world by a tie which death will not sever but complete.

CHAPTER II.

A week had passed away. The righteous dead had been carried to its final home, and the living seemed following in its wake.

The evening sun streamed in upon the room where the expected call of death had so recently been delivered, and where Pierrie now stood gazing vacantly out. Thinner by mental suffering than by bodily weakness, he seemed but the shadow of his former self. The girl too was there, with the silent tears streaming down her face, and her hands clasped together, as if in mute appeals for help.

"I wish I could cry like you," said Pierrie, suddenly; "My tears are like scalding lead in my bosom, searing my very soul."

"Marié," said he, perceiving that his words were unheard, and alarmed at the intense expression on her countenance, "Marié, do not take it so. Let us prepare ourselves for the battle of life. You have youth and beauty, and will stand above it all; but I am the aged and withered tree, with the worm gnawing at its roots, and only waiting for the first storm to bear it to the ground."

The young girl looked up, and brushed her tears away. "Nay do not say so, dear father. I have you to love, and Edward will honour you for my sake. We will yet attain to a position above the reach of want, and if not, by the will of God, we yet have love and contentment in our midst, which is better than all."

"You are a darling girl," said her father, with a parental kiss, as he gazed upon her earnest face, "too good to undergo such trials as these."

At this moment a summons was heard at the door of the apartment, and Pierrie proceeded to inquire the cause.

The door was opened, and an individual attired in the richest garments presented himself to their astonished gaze. Attired in a splendid blue coat, which showed in bold relief against a white satin waistcoat, he presented a noble and aristocratic appearance. A close observer, however, could detect in that face a sprinkling of the animal nature; in those eyes which twinkled so nervously there seemed to be a demon of parsimony; while that brow so cold and immovable betrayed the extremes to which he would go to attain his own unworthy ends. He stopped in surprise at the appearance of the room into which he had so unceremoniously intruded, but as his eyes rested upon the form of the lovely Marié a smile of satisfaction crossed his features."

"To whom are we indebted for the honour of this visit," said Pierrie, haughtily."

A frown hovered for a moment over the brow of the person addressed, as he answered.

"I believe I'm pretty well known here. I am Monsieur de Brussen."

"What! the great banker!" uttered Pierrie, stepping back in surprise.

"The same," responded the visitor, "and now, seeing we understand each other, perhaps I may be permitted to inquire the health of Madamoiselle."

"I'm quite well, thank you, sir," said Marie, as the illustrious visitor advanced and bowed.

"Ah, I should not have thought so;" said the banker, as he glanced at the transparent hand held out to him, and the whitened cheek that yet smiled so bewitchingly.

"I am subject to slight indispositions sometimes," said the girl proudly.

Ah! how many more are there like these who would almost rather die than make their circumstances known; who are never found beseeching for charity, but whom the benevolent have to search for ere they discover.

A slight pause here ensued, for a struggle was going on in De Brussen's mind. Anxiety to accomplish his own ends pushed him forward, while his mean and grudging nature held him back; but his mind was soon made up, for no other course was open.

"You are doubtless surprised at this visit," he said, but I found that I require another clerk in my office; I heard of you, and have determined to offer you the situation."

"Heaven bless you, Monsieur," ejaculated Pierrie, almost fainting at the suddenness of the intelligence, "you have saved us from destruction."

"Tush!" said De Brussen, testily, "stop your hypoc —— I mean get up and fetch something to eat, for you all look famished. Fetch bread, coals, meat, candles; here's the money;" and he pulled out a few small pieces, "and hasten the matter too, for Madamoiselle requires it doubtless."

The money in his hand Pierrie rushed from the room; his heart was full with the suddenness of the preceding events, "God bless him," he murmured, "God bless him."

The door closed, and the girl fell upon her knees, and clasping the hand of her benefactor she poured out her thanks in grateful tears.

"Rise, Madamoiselle, rise," said De Brussen, "it is not fit for such as you to kneel."

"Nay, it is," said she, "and every time on land or sea, when I pray to God for mercies received, I will ask him to send down blessings upon your head for this goodly deed."

The face of De Brussen underwent a change. "A truce to such nonsense," he said, sharply; "talk like that is all very well

for church and chancel, but not here. Permit me to raise you up," he added, as he stooped down.

"It is fit for all time, sir," said the damsel, as she rose and seated herself.

"And this benevolent action that you talk so much of," he continued, "What is it? I have wealth enough to buy the whole town; with a stroke of my pen I could ruin thousands or raise them to heights of fortune."

"Oh! what a responsibility!" murmured the girl, the tears starting to her silken lashes.

"Not more responsibility than I can bear," replied the banker gaily, "it is pleasant to wield such power; don't you find adversity an ugly companion, Madamoiselle?"

"Heaven protect us from its pains," she answered fervently; "but when in prosperity we must be thankful, and when in adversity resigned."

"No," said De Brussen, as he gazed in admiration on the lovely form before him, "you are a flower too lovely to bloom unseen. Forgive me," he added quickly, as he noticed her crimson cheeks, "if I have pained you."

The entrance of Pierrie at this moment stopped any further conversation. He bore in his hands the materials for a very frugal meal, and placed them on the table.

"What!" said De Brussen, unguardedly; "is this all you've got with the money I gave you?"

"You'll excuse me, Monsieur," said Pierrie, respectfully; but it was only four francs that I had."

"And spent the whole of—But never mind I suppose its all right. I was naturally—I—I am so unused to these things," said the miserly banker, endeavouring to conceal the cause of his remarks; "you will I suppose come in the morning to my office," he added.

"Yes, Monsieur, with your permission."

"The salary is—is five hundred francs a year," continued the visitor, with forced dignity, and you may as well consider the four francs to night as had on account. By-the-bye," he added, "the salary will commence next Monday; it wants three days to the time, but you can come to-morrow and get used to our mode of business."

"Will you not stay to supper, Monsieur?" said Pierrie.

"No," he answered, "not to-night. But I will take the liberty of calling again, may I not?" he enquired of Marie.

"Yes," said Pierrie, replying, in spite of the mute appeal of his daughter, "my humble home is always open to you, Monsieur."

The door was closed, and the designing villain reached the door at the bottom. "By all the saints in the breviary," he muttered, "I come next to conquer and subdue."

MY ALBUM.

BY AN OLD PHOTOGRAPHER.

"Of those for whom we fond emotions cherish,
Secure the shadow ere the substance perish."

I HAVE in my possession one of those requirements of modern luxury and refinement—a photographic album. As it lays on my best mahogany table—an ornament of utility as well as beauty; a book, whose external show far excels that of any of its literary companions—it is, strange to say, the great connecting link between my present and former existence, and in it are concentrated the most sad and pleasing reminiscences of bygone years. Although its covers are embossed in the most unique and approved pattern, and gold is lavishly expended in the studding of its surface and edges, yet its outside embellishments are far, very far inferior to its contents, for in its thick and solid pages are imbedded the *cartes-de-visite* of my friends and acquaintance, executed with a fidelity unattainable by any other art than the one by which they were produced, and that is photography. The painter transfers to the canvas a likeness of the human form. How sharp this feature, and how exact this outline. What an expression in those eyes! and how beautifully turned is that prominent forehead! But as a true copy it is sadly deficient. A sombre haze seems to hang over it, for the exact proportions of light and shade have not been secured. But examine my collection of nature-printed portraits, and notice their perfection; they are the originals in miniature. Truly such a wonderful art as this ought to incite a more general and universal thirst for knowledge, and induce a greater love of nature and her works. The question suggesting itself to any inquiring mind is, "How is it done?" "How can I secure a talisman so magical as to be able to produce such a beautiful and artistic work at my will?" "Shall I require to be in league with his satanic majesty, in order to conjure on a slip of paper a faithful portrait of a friend?" No! those brilliant rays of light proceeding from the great orb of day, which pass so noiselessly through immensity with almost inconceivable speed, and yet fall so soft and gently on all created things; they are the primary causes of the contents of my album; they are the pencils with which nature reprints a resemblance of her own works. These myriads of rays settling on the sensitive tablet of the photographer in due arrangement give the desired imprint, which with the aid of chemical resource is made more pleasing to the eye, and the required stability is effected,

I am now far advanced in years, and the locks that remain on my head have assumed a wintry aspect, and my thoughts are bent on my future prospects. Next in value to my Bible do I esteem my album. In it I can recognise the friends and foes of my former years, those who have been linked to me by the closest affinities of kindred and friendship, as well as those whom I once looked upon with a certain degree of hatred. On every countenance I have depicted an array of virtues or of vices, which has courted me to nourish the one or implored me to shun the other. What an incongruous mixture of pleasure and sorrow does an examination of it afford me. Here I have before me a man in the prime of life, but suffering greatly from a fearful malady. In his careworn face I still recognise that complacent aspect caused by his resignation to the Divine will, which characterised him through all his painful existence. The next was a sweet little child of some twelve years of age, whose face was lit up with a smile. Ah! that was a heavenly smile; she was too good to be marred by the sins and vices of this world. On another page I see a youth who is standing erect as if he were a model for a sculptor. The boldness of expression and the extravagance of attire would seem to elevate him above the standard of ordinary mortals. But no; he was far below the average; he was too fast, and he is now deploring the follies of his youth. Here is the student whose complexion is bleached and whose features are thinned by the immoderate use of his reasoning faculties. I still recognise the sharp expression in those eyes which have so often beamed with friendship and sociality in my presence. He is reaping his reward in a higher circle of life than it has been permitted me to enter. From all this array of acquaintance I see there are many lessons to be learnt, follies to be overcome, vices to be conquered, and virtues cherished; and although an album may be the means of preserving the remembrance of friends who have been separated from us by distance; or, more effectually and irretrievably parted by the cold relentless hand of death, yet I keep mine as a chronicle of the past and a guide for the futnre.

THE CHEMIST.

What a wonderful man the chemist is! In that experienced cranium of his, what an assemblage of associated ideas respecting acids, alkalis, gases, precipitates, and the innumerable forms which matter assumes. In his diminutive dominion—the laboratory—what a number of subjects he governs, each enclosed in a crystal cell, and the more laborious serfs, the retort, furnace, &c.,

ever waiting to fulfil his mandates. He has been styled the "most powerful of all earthly potentates." He can grasp the vast aerial extent of atmosphere that rolls overhead, and resolve that essential element of life into its component parts. His enterprising hand can descend deep into the hidden recesses of mother earth, and, having there collected the unseemly ore, extract from it the most precious of metals. He can disturb the forces of nature, thereby generating the electric fluid by which he converses with his fellow-man in other climes Yea, by the spectrum analysis, he discovers in a bulk of mineral water equal to a ton, a hitherto unknown metallic body, which there exists only to the extent of the fractional part of a grain in weight. The present advanced state of civilisation to which a great proportion of the human family has attained, may be attributed, in no small degree, to the indefatigable efforts of the chemist. The thrifty housewife, no longer at early dawn has to hammer away with the flint and steel to produce the welcome light and heat, much to the loss of time and the occasional injury of her poor fingers, but by a single stroke of the chemical composition affixed to the end of a lucifer, the desired end is effected.

The age in which we live has truly been styled an enlightened age ; for, where our dwellings and public thoroughfares were formerly lighted by means of the flickering, smoky, oil lamp, or the dismal candle, they are now illuminated by the brilliant flame of invisible gas. The navigator sailing on the trackless bounds of the ocean, is guided by the unerring magnet ; and the husbandman is made aware of the changes of temperature in the atmosphere, by the liquid metal in the barometer's tube. The diamond, one of the hardest substances known, is made to burn away ; and plantinum, the heaviest, is dispersed in vapour, in the flame of the oxhydrogen light, which, which directed on a ball of lime, constitutes the famed Drummond light, that shines like a star at a distance of 80 miles away. By the effect produced on certain salts by the actinic rays of the sun, we are enabled to obtain a correct representation of any object we may desire, which shall remain indelible so long as the fabric on which it is stamped resists the destroying hand of Time. Thus, when those whom we love, and to whom we are allied by the closest affinities of kindred or friendship, are separated from us by distance, or irretrievably parted by the cold, stern hand of death, we may behold their every feature on the walls of our apartments, in our books, or even in the tiny locket,

Drawn by Nature's own unerring hand,

and delineated with far more perspicuity than was ever done by artist's pencil or by sculpturer's graver.

Yes, chemistry is a wonderful science, and one that recommends

itself to the study of youth ; for instead of being dry and irksome, it is, on the other hand, replete with pleasure and interest. Far advanced above his fellow-mates in the knowledge of nature is he, who, instead of consuming his leisure and cash in the entire gratification of the passions and senses, is found in the lofty garret or more obscure cellar, surrounded by the various requisites for chemical manipulation, and acquainting himself with the beauties and wonders of this attractive science. He is never at a loss for matter on which to operate. The merchant may have to stop his mercantile transactions on account of the scarcity of the commodity in which he trades ; the warrior may sigh because there are no enemies at arms ; and the pen of the poet may awhile be laid aside for want of subject matter on which to descant in heavenly themes ; but, in all places, and at all times, the chemist has the opportunity of pursuing his favourite study. Let him be pinned up by the icebergs of a frigid sea, or surrounded by the verdant produce of a tropical clime ; let him ascend to the mountain's summit, or go into the deepest cavern ; allow him to take a measure of the crystal fluid from the rippling brook, or gather the weed left on the beach by the receding ocean ; take him into the mansions of wealth, or to the dunghill of the country peasant, he will in all these alike find ample provision for the exercise of his inquisitive genius.

Then persevere, thou youthful student. Be not daunted by an occasional failure or unforeseen accident. And though thou mayest not, like the alchemist of old, be stimulated by the hope of finding the "philosopher's stone" to make thee gold wealth," and then prolonging thy days on earth by the "elixir of life," yet remember, that improvements and discoveries have been, and will be, made long as science holds her sway.

ANCIENT MILLS.

To the Editor of the "Amateur,"

Sir,—As your periodical is intended to be a medium for conveying information on subjects of curiosity, antiquity and the like, I beg to hand you the following remarks on some early methods of reducing corn into flour for bread and other domestic purposes. The most ancient would obviously be by pounding. At first it would be performed in the rudest manner by the mere bruising between two stones ; but, in process of time, a more perfect grinding was effected by the application of a better grinding power. A round stone, about the size of a 7lb or 10lb cannon ball, was whisked about quickly, by hand, over another hard stone, slightly hollowed, and upon which the corn was placed

Before the subjection of Britain to the Romans, the inhabitants were acquainted with a still better power, or rather, with a more extended application of the same power, for the meal was still produced by hand labour, which may be attributed to improvement in machinery. The runner or loose mill-stone was much increased in size and weight. It was furnished with a cavity about the size of a common basin of the present day, and was perforated with a hole of about an inch in diameter. This cavity acted as a feeder to the mill, the underside of the stone being perfectly flat. These primitive millstones are occasionally met with in different places, and are known by the name of QUERNS or CARNES. A very interesting specimen was lately discovered in a field near Speeton, where it has probably lain since the time when the Brigantes occupied this part of the country. The Speeton stone furnishes a very good idea of the manner in which the work was performed. A hole about an inch in diameter, and two inches in depth is found in the side. It is a runner or top stone, and by having a short rod or stick introduced into the hole just described, the motive power would be applied by two persons, each supplying half a revolution, and thus giving to it a continuous motion—a process both tedious and laborious!

This sort of Corn-mill furnishes several important illustrations of Holy Scripture. It is the sort of mill-stone which is expressly forbidden to be taken in pledge. Samson was condemned to the mill-stone in his prison. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left." A clearer idea may also be gained of the manner in which a mill-stone may be hung about a man's neck; and a literal sense be taken of a proverbial expression, that when a man is in trouble "he has a mill-stone about his neck." This subject prompts the question.—"What kind of grain would be ground in these mills?" It is not known with perfect certainty, but wheat is said to have been introduced to the Britons in the 6th century. What, therefore, the grain would be is left for the curious to answer. Wishing you every success in your publication.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,

T. C.

Bridlington, Dec. 7th, 1865.

REVENGE.

IN a handsomely furnished apartment of a house situate in a small watering place in Yorkshire sat a young man, two or three-and-twenty years old. He was not handsome, but still at

the same time could not be called plain-looking; his hair was black and curly, his eyes dark and piercing, his mouth small and finely-chiselled—about which there was a look of determination: a careful observer might have seen that he was passionate and malicious. He was lounging in an easy chair, smoking a cigar.

"Bah!" said he, suddenly jumping up and throwing the cigar from him; "Fred Thorne is not the man to be played with or frightened from his purpose. I will not rest until that silly prude, Flora Grey, shall have cursed the day when she refused my heart and hand." And the young man's eyes glared with rage as he paced up and down the room. "Am I not handsome, learned, and rich? Have I not a home worthy ———" A low laugh caused him to start, and turning round—the crimson rushing to his temples—he muttered angrily, "I was not aware of your presence, or I should not have given utterance to my foolish thoughts."

"I only heard the latter part of your soliloquy, from which I understood that you had been jilted by some young Miss, but who that young Miss is I am at a loss to know. Perhaps you will inform me, Fred?"

The young man bit his lip for some moments, and then said, with a forced smile:—

"Mother, I am in love, passionately in love with Flora Grey, and I thought my love was reciprocated. I told her my love, and asked her to become my wife, but, to my consternation and surprise, she refused my offer. I pleaded with her, and she then reluctantly told me she loved another. Then my passion got the mastery of me. I told her I was rich, and that riches could do anything—that she *should* be my wife."

"Indeed, sir!" said she, with a scornful laugh; "Listen: with all your riches, with all your broad lands and stately houses, I will never become your wife." And thus she left me.

"I more than half guessed that the one she loved was none other than Harry Morton. I met him this morning, and he told me that she had consented to be his bride. I was in the act of cursing him, Mother, when you entered, and vowing before Heaven that I would not rest until I was revenged."

"But, my dear Son, Morton has done you no harm!"

"No harm! Do you call robbing me of the person that I love most upon this earth no harm? Do you call blighting my brightest hopes no harm? Do you call blasting my future happiness no harm? And he has done all this."

"But you say the lady refused your offer."

"She did, but she shall repent it. Love is sweet, but next to love the sweetest thing is revenge, and as she has refused me her love I will have my revenge."

"Do nothing rashly, my Son;" said Mrs. Thorne, afraid of the passion into which her son had wrought himself.

"I will not, Madam, but Harry Morton shall never be the husband of Flora Grey."

* * * * *

Summer past, and winter came; it was the tenth of November, and on the morrow Flora Grey was to change her name to Flora Morton. It was a dark night. See! Who is that form loitering about that house? What is his business there at that hour? Ah! what indeed! Watch him how he creeps about as a thief! How he starts at every sound! Listen! he speaks—

"Revenge is sweet, and I am to be revenged at last. I have wa'ited long and patiently. Harry Morton, thy days are numbered; take a long farewell of thy lady-love, for thou art going a long journey to-night; press thy lips to her's tenderly, for thou doest so for the last time. This night I drink thy life's blood."

And Fred Thorne, for he it was, chuckled within himself with fiendish delight.

Meanwhile the innocent objects of his hate were seated side by side within the house, alike utterly unconscious of the dark black cloud of sorrow that hung over their heads, and of their impending danger.

"Harry," said Flora, fondly looking up into his face, as she nestled on his bosom, "I have had such sad forebodings all the day."

"Why so, darling?"

"I cannot tell, but I have felt as though something very dreadful was about to happen. I have had a strange heaviness here (placing her hand on her heart) which I cannot explain."

"Nonsense," was the gay rejoinder, "what can happen to you when your own true Harry is by your side. It is merely your own fancy, Flora."

And thus the subject ended. He waited a short time longer, bade her good night, and was gone. Flora stood and listened to his retreating footsteps until they died faintly away in the distance, and then with an involuntary sigh she turned away.

Ah! she did not see that dark form creeping from his hiding place; she did not hear that low chuckle of triumph; she did not see those devilish eyes glare, nor see him steal after her lover, like a lion about to spring on its prey. No!

Scarcely had Harry Morton got a quarter of a mile from Mr. Grey's house (which was about two miles from the town) when he was startled by a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a heavy crash of thunder; then the rain came down in torrents, and the wind went howling and moaning through the leafless trees. Louder and louder grew the thunder, and the rain, sleet, and

snow descended in a perfect hurricane, and the large trees were snapped asunder by the fierce wind like so many reeds. Harry stood a moment undecided whether to return or go forward, when a flash of lightning more vivid than any that had preceded it lit up for a moment the whole scene, and showed to his astonishment that he was not alone, for within a few feet of him stood Fred Thorne. Morton was about to speak, when he felt himself grasped by a strong hand; he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol press his temple: a flash, a sharp report, and he staggered, and fell a corpse.

Thorne stood over the body some moments, then, placing his foot on it he cried passionately.—"Thus perish all who cross my path. Roll on ye thunders, flash ye lightnings, howl ye winds, and descend ye rain in all your fury, Harry Morton heeds ye not. And thou, Flora Grey, let thy tears fall as this rain, for thy lover is no more, his eyes will never gaze on thee again, his lips never utter thy name, his hands never press thine; weep then, fair girl, weep for the dead, while I laugh and rejoice, for I am revenged, my vow is fulfilled," and he laughed a strange maniacal laugh.

* * * * *

The morning dawned brightly as if in mockery of the storm of the previous night. It is Flora's wedding morn. And all is bustle and gaiety at Mr. Grey's house. How beautiful the bride looks in her wedding dress, and how happy too, and yet she is not truly happy, for that aching at her heart is still there, that unutterable something which she cannot explain still haunts her. At length the time arrives when Fred had promised to be there. All was in readiness. The bridesmaids were fully attired, waiting with ill-conceived impatience the arrival of the bridegroom, and still he comes not. Half an hour passes away, when a horseman is seen approaching the house like a madman. Nearer and nearer he comes, hurrying on his foaming steed, until at length he stands breathless at the door, surrounded by the whole party.

"What is it?" cries the father of the bride impatiently.

"Mr. Morton, Sir———" the man hesitated, and looked at the bride.

"What of him, quick, tell me, I command you!" shrieked she.

"He has been murdered, cruelly murdered."

"Oh my God! my God!" she moaned, and her father received her fainting form in his arms.

* * * * *

In the churchyard of S———there are two mounds of earth, and under these mounds lay, side by side, the bodies of Harry Morton and Flora Grey, true to each other in death as in life. A

short distance from them lay the last remains of Fred Thorne. Remorse laid its iron grasp on him, and he died by his own hand, after cursing the day when he cut down these two fair flowers, for by murdering her lover, he snapped the silken cords of the life of Flora Grey.

T. H.

JAMAICA.

I.—Its History.

Considerable attention has been recently drawn to Jamaica in consequence of the late negro revolt, and the sanguinary and almost diabolical manner in which it is represented to have been suppressed. Whether in his measures for quelling the rebellion Governor Eyre has acted with a rigour which the circumstances of the case fully required, or in a wanton spirit of barbarity, becoming a Kirke or a Haynau, is a question for future investigation. Meanwhile the affairs of Jamaica will continue to occupy a conspicious place amongst matters of public interest. We, therefore, purpose in this and succeeding issues, supplying a few facts in regard to its history, geography, and political, social, and religious *status*.

Jamaica forms one of the West Indian Islands. These islands are divided into the Leeward and Windward, or the greater and lesser Antilles. Jamaica is one of the latter group, and signifies in the aborginal tongue *(Xaymaca)*, "a land abounding in springs." It is situated between 17° 39, and 18° 34' north latitude, and between 76° 3' and 78° 34' west longitude; and is about 4000 miles south-west of England. The island is nearly of an oval form, and is 180 miles long and 60 in extreme breadth. Its area is about 6400 square miles.

Jamaica was discovered by Columbus on the 3rd May, 1494, on his second voyage to the New World. It is said to have been then thickly populated with Indians, a race of men mild, gentle, and generous in their dispositions; simple in their habits; and possessing some knowledge of the arts of civilization. After some opposition Columbus effected a landing on the north part of the island, where he planted the royal standard of Spain.

On a subsequent visit to Jamaica, in 1502, the great navigator was placed in a critical situation. His provisions were exhausted, a mutiny had broken out among his own crew, and the natives displayed a decidedly hostile spirit. He, however, wrought effectually upon the superstitious fears of the Indians, and what was of greater importance, obtained from them the required

supplies by accurately foretelling an eclipse of the moon. On the death of Columbus in 1509, the Governors appointed by the Court of Spain acted with the most ruthless ferocity towards the aboriginal inhabitants. They were compelled to dig in the mines until death terminated their sufferings. It was even a frequent practice to murder them by hundreds for the mere purpose of keeping the hands of their conquerors employed. On the subjugation of the island the original inhabitants were estimated at 80,000. It is said that they were entirely exterminated by the year 1558. All the Governors of Jamaica were not, however, equally cruel. Under the rule of those few, who displayed a more humane and conciliatory policy, the island made rapid progress towards prosperity, only to sink again when tyranny resumed its sway. In 1596 the effective strength of the colony was augmented by the arrival of a number of Portuguese; and its trade, consisting of ginger, tobacco, sugar, lard, and hides, was greatly increased; whilst the domestic animals, swine, horses, and horned cattle, introduced from Hispaniola had so multiplied as to overrun the island. It was at this time invaded by Sir Anthony Shirley, a British Admiral, with a large fleet, who effected an easy capture. He plundered the capital St. Jago de la Vega, and the sea coast settlements, and then left for other conquests. Thirty-nine years afterwards Colonel Jackson invaded the capital in a similar manner, at the time of its highest prosperity, and committed the same excesses. The inhabitants of the colony, for a period of twenty years succeeding, became enervated by sloth and oppressed by poverty. The whole population had decreased to 3,000, including Spaniards, Portuguese, mulattoes, and negroes. The entire island was possessed by eight families of the higher classes, called Hidalgos, who divided it into as many districts between them.

A new era in the history of Jamaica approached. An expedition was fitted out by Oliver Cromwell for the capture of Hispaniola, and entrusted to the command of Admirals Penn and Venables. Failing in the main object of their mission, they turned their arms against Jamaica, which capitulated after a trifling resistance on the 3rd of May, 1655. But of so little value was the conquest then regarded, that the two commanders were afterwards committed to the Tower for the non-success of their attempt against the capital of the Spanish settlements. For a time its new occupants revelled in luxury, but, subsequently enfeebled by disease and poverty, they became but little superior to the savage monsters they had supplanted. Jamaica became the rendezvous of buccaneers, and the resort of piratical crusaders, one of whom, Morgan, became governor in 1675. He was succeeded by Lord Vaughan, under

whose administration, the African Company was formed, which legalized the Slave Trade.

In addition to other calamities, a dreadful earthquake convulsed the island in June 1692; Port Royal, which had become proverbial for itswealth and its wickedness, was swallowed up, with 3000 of the inhabitants of the island. So terrible was the shock, that of the whole city, which a few minutes before consisted of 3000 houses, not more than 200, with the fort, were left uninjured. "The currents of rivers were intercepted, and new channels were formed; hills were driven together with a crash surpassing thunder: mountains were riven to pieces; whole settlements were sunk into the bowels of the earth; plantations were removed from their situations, and all the sugar works were destroyed; in a word, the outline of everything was changed.

The subsequent events and matters of note, may be briefly summarized as follows:—An invading French army, under General Ducasse routed by the militia at Carlisle Bay—destruction of Port Royal by fire in 1702—Port Royal devastated by an hurricane, and almost depopulated by an epidemic disease that immediately followed—population of Jamaica in 1742, 14000 whites, possessing abundant wealth, and 100,000 slaves—great powder explosion at Fort Augusta, with fearful loss of life, and destruction of immense property—number of slaves annually imported at this period, 16,000—threatened attack from the combined French and Spanish fleets frustrated by Rodney's signal victory over them off Dominica, in July 1792—war with the Maroons in 1795; their banishment to Nova Scotia and Sierra Leone—a fire which nearly consumed the town of Montego Bay—an apprehended invasion of the French from St. Domingo—a conspiracy among the slaves at Kingston—the abolition of the slave trade, and the victories of Lord Nelson and Sir Thomas Duckworth over the French fleets destined to the conquest of the island. These are the only occurrences worthy of historical record to the year 1823. The events which have transpired since will be treated of in another article. In concluding this sketch, however, it is worthy of remark that there have been thirty insurrections of the slave population since Jamaica has been held by the British. And that its whole past history, like the prophets' roll, "is filled with lamentation, and mourning, and woe." It presents only a succession of wars, usurpations, crimes, misery, and vice; "nor in this desert of human wretchedness is there one green spot on which the mind of a philanthropist would love to dwell"; "all is one revolting scene of infamy, bloodshed, and unmitigated woe, of insecure peace and open disturbance; of the abuse of power, and of the reaction of misery against oppression." Slavery, that blighting Upas, has been the curse of Jamaica; its blood-stains are ineradicable.

THE GRAND PRIZE *TOURNEY* OF THE BRIDLINGTON AMATEUR ASSOCIATION.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the elaborate programme of prizes offered for universal Amateur Competition, full particulars of which appear on the cover of this journal. This is the most attractive and complete prospectus ever issued to the youth of Great Britain, and we hope our readers will not fail to avail themselves of the numerous advantages, to which every member of the Association is entitled. In addition to valuable prizes being offered in the principal literary and artistic departments, there are two special prizes for those interested in the collecting of Curiosities, etc., viz. :—

A SILVER CUP,
For the best collection of Postage Stamps, and
A GOLD PENCIL CASE,
For the best collection of Crests.

In answer to numerous enquiries concerning the destination of both the successful and unsuccessful specimens after the award of prizes, we may here state that they will be all safely returned to their respective owners, provided the carriage be duly prepaid. The result of the award will appear in the March Number of the Amateur.

—o—

THE WORLD'S GREAT BATTLES.

I.—MARATHON.

Among the almost countless number of battles which have taken place in historical times, but few have exercised any abiding influence on human affairs. The generality of such conflicts have only left their names and dates in the world's chronology, to show that they have ever been fought. Of those engagements which have permanently affected the destinies of mankind, the actual number is estimated by Professor Creasy at fifteen only, (now sixteen if we include the battle of Solferino.) But so momentous were the interests involved in these struggles, that had they terminated otherwise, the subsequent course of events and the succeeding history of the world might have been entirely different. The first of these great conflicts, taken in chronological order, is the famous

Battle of Marathon.

The origin of the war between the Greeks and Persians, which led to this battle—so glorious to the one, so humiliating to the other—may be briefly stated as follows :—The Ionians had re-

volted against the authority of Darius, king of Persia; and, with the assistance of twenty-five ships lent by the Athenians and the Eretrians, had landed at Ephesus, and burnt down Sardis. Darius resolved to take vengeance, for the encouragement given to the rebels, by subjugating the whole of Greece Proper. He sent heralds to each of the Hellenic States, demanding earth and water, in token of submission. And to make these demands be complied with more readily, an armament of 600 triremes, and some historians say, between 200,000 and 300,000 men was raised for the invasion of the country. Most of the states sent the token required. Not so Athens and Sparta, one of the messengers was cast into a well, and the other into a ditch, and bid to take earth and water therefrom.

The vast forces of Darius were at length set in motion, and, under the command of Datis and Artaphernes, captured the isle of Naxos without striking a blow; besieged and took Eretria; and then passed over to Attica. They landed on the plain of Marathon, which sloped down to a bay of that name. This plain was well adapted for the evolutions of a large army, being six miles in length, and at no point less than a mile and a half in breadth, terminated by a marsh at each end. The Persian host encamped on the shore has been variously estimated at from 500,000 to 110,000 men; the more trustworthy accounts fix it at 150,000. To oppose this force, the Athenians could only bring 10,000 troops into the field; and, although aid had been promised from Lacedemon, it was, according to custom unlawful for the Spartans to march till after the full moon, which was a week too late. On the morning of the battle they were joined by one thousand Plateans, which was the sole assistance they obtained from the other states of Greece.

In the meantime the Athenians prepared for action, ten generals were appointed, each to command one day in rotation. Among these were Miltiades, Aristeides and Themistocles. A counsel was held among them, to deliberate whether to attack the enemy at once, or to await his assault behind their own walls. The majority of the generals were at first in favour of adopting the latter course; but ultimately, through the influence of Aristeides and the vote of the Polemarch or war-ruler, they resolved not only to risk the fortunes of their country on a single battle, but also gave up their several days of command to Miltiades, who had throughout contended for active measures.

The day which was to decide the destinies of Athens and of Greece had at length arrived. The Athenians were posted on an elevated position about a mile from the enemy's camp. Large trees had been thrown on either side of the army to protect their flanks from the Persian cavalry. Miltiades had made

the wings of his army strong, but this of necessity rendered the main body weak and shallow. The attack was commenced by the Athenians, who adopted the unusual course of running to and throwing themselves upon the invaders. The Persians directed their chief efforts against the Athenian centre which was compelled to give ground. But the two wings proved completely victorious, and arrived in time to contribute the required assistance to the main body; this quickly turned the scale, and the Persians were entirely routed and fled to their ships for safety, leaving 6000 of their dead upon the plain, while the total loss of the Athenians did not exceed 200 men. As soon as the victory was won, a wounded soldier is said to have run to Athens, and on reaching the first open door exclaimed "Rejoice, we are victorious" and immediately expired.

So sure were the Persians of victory that they brought marble to erect a trophy at Marathon. The Grecians took this marble and had made from it a statue in honor of Nemesis, the goddess of justice, who had a temple near the battle plain. The battle of Marathon was fought in the year 490 B.C.

It is idle to speculate on the consequences which would have resulted had the invaders proved victorious. It is sufficient for us that the Athenians heroically fought to maintain their independence, and they gloriously acheived their object. The triumph of Marathon was indeed ominous of the times when the mighty Persian empire should succumb to Grecian prowess. Marathon is a name of the past, but its influence is still apparent; the "Glorious ten thousand" though dead, yet speak. They preserved intact the liberties of that people, who, by their philosophers, their statesmen, their warriors, their orators, and their artists, have been the teachers of the universal world.

PEARLS OF GREAT PRICE.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

The motives to detain a creature like man in the path of duty cannot be too powerful or too numerous.

The least bad part of dissipation is its actual idleness; its deadly quality is the apathy which it sheds over all the sober enjoyments of existence.

The four ordinary secrets of health are early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed.

It is as foolish to complain of a loss which has been sustained

and which cannot be remedied as to regret that we have not wings, or that we cannot pay a visit to the moon.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amidst his worshippers.

Without the tranquility and leisure afforded by the possession of wealth, those speculative and elegant studies which expand our views, purify our taste, and raise us higher in the scale of being, can never be successfully prosecuted.

"If the wild filly 'Progress' thou would'st ride
Have *young* companions ever at thy side;
But would'st thou stride the staunch old mare 'Success,'
Go with thine *elders* though they please thee less."

There is nothing, says Plato, so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Nor I Either.—"Where are you going?" said Selwyn to an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Then I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he could not find bread for his family.—"Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

Not Living.—A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her services, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" Please ma'am, I don't live now," replied the girl. "I am married."

Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, being examined on a capital trial, was asked by the President what quantity of arsenic was requisite to kill a fly. The doctor replied—"Certainly, M. le President, but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperaments, its condition, and habits of body,—whether married or single; widow, or maiden; widower, or bachelor. When satisfied on these points I can answer your question."

Remarkable Absence of Mind.—A correspondent of an American paper writes as follows:—Mr. Isaac Slowcombe, postmaster, died suddenly from the effects of a severe cold. He was distinguished through life for his wondrous alienation of mind, which was a source of great annoyance to him. In addition to holding an egg in his hand and boiling his watch three minutes, and many others, the last instance known of his absence of mind is supposed to be the cause of his death. One night lately he retired to his chamber, and, after undressing, placed his trowsers carefully between the sheets and threw himself across the back of a chair, in which situation he was exposed during the night.

OUR POETS' CORNER.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

Deem not his missive all in vain,
Who with his album in his hand,
In fancy travels, o'er the main
Collecting stamps from every land.
The little stamp collector learns
Each Country's latitude and place
Upon the map, and soon discerns
Their longitude, and clime and race.
Thus eager in the task he loves,
With cheerful heart he hurries on,
While through the field of art he roves,
Where other youthful friends have gone,
Collecting stamps from every clime,
Detecting spurious from the true,
And like the banker learns in time
The stamp that's obsolete or new.
With feelings of a connoisseur
Will he behold the stamp that's rare,
Which often did elude his search
Thro' many months of anxious care.
But still in patience, and in hope,
He wanders on 'neath sun and rain,
Until the album is complete,
When toil and love is paid with gain.

THE HARVEST; OR, REAPING OF GRAIN.

The lark mounteth skyward till lost to the gaze,
The Golden sun showers his wealth of bright rays,
The Swain plies his sickle, the maiden her rake,
Their part in the harvest field bravely all take;
The farmer on Dobbin the home brewed doth bring,
And the joke passes round, and the ditty they sing;
Far above on the hill side, and wide o'er the plain,
There's a whetting of scythes and a reaping of grain.

Oh ; long years ago on the Squire's broad lands,
With a heart full of glee I went making of bands ;
And to day I shall taste of true happiness still
A binding the sheaves in the field by the mill.
O ! free from the desk and from care let me roam,
And shout out with the best at the Squire's Harvest Home,
Till the last load is borne on the slow moving wain,
My lot shall be cast with the reapers of grain.
Be wise, oh my friends, while the seasons remain,
There's a harvest to come of humanity's grain ;
The reaper is Death, and the stroke of his scythe
Will mow down the aged, the young and the blythe.
O ! be sure you are not of the enemy's tares,
And the wisest is he who in spring-time prepares,
As the wheat from the mildew his soul free from stain,
For the autumn of life, and the reaping of grain.

Withernsea, 1865. AARON SMITH.

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THOS. W. JENNINGS, Hon. Sec.

8, High Street, Bridlington, Yorkshire.

Vol. I. No. I. October, 1865.

THE

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