

## For The Amaranth.

## LINES TO A "WALIAN MAID,"

## An Emigrant to New-Brunswick.

And hast thou left thy native shore,  
 Its fields, its tow'r's, and oaky shade?—  
 Its ruin-piles to see no more,  
 Fair roaming peasant, Walian Maid.

Why cam'st thou from thy primrose dales?  
 Why cam'st thou from thy fairy hills?—  
 Thy tearful eyes, are full of tales  
 Of sorrow, poverty, and ills.

They tell me why, though speak'st thou not—  
 They tell me of thy many woes—  
 How driv'n to this far foreign spot,  
 Poverty, penury thy foes.

O'er half the world extends thy reign,  
 Oh! poverty, dread tyrant power;  
 Thou mak'st the reckless feel thy chain,  
 And yet thou stoop'st to crush a flower.

I call thee, maiden love, a flower;—  
 Of all that deck the rural glade,  
 Not one, o'er me has half the power,  
 Of you, sweet peasant, Walian Maid.

Vast seas now roll between you, dear,  
 And those huge steepes you used to climb;  
 Their heads they now no longer rear,  
 As they did, in your girlhood time.

Oh no! they're sunk, they're sunk to you,  
 Now o'er their tips the billows dance;  
 Their fringed sides are far from view—  
 How absence does our love enhance.

I love the land from whence you've come,  
 You I love because you came from thence;  
 Oh! *Cambria*, thou'rt indeed my home,  
 My home!—would that I were hence.

Thy mounts and thy romantic vales,  
 Thy wilds I long again to see;  
 Thy ivied fastnesses, oh! Wales  
 Terrible in their sublimity!

What! maiden, though thy bloom has fled,  
 Tho' blanched by the frost and snow—  
 At worst you're but a red rose dead,  
 Transformed to a lily now.

Though like a lily you may be,  
 Oh, do not like a lily bend;  
 Nor stoop you to adversity,—  
 And blessings will your path attend.

Inbibe you from your warrior sires,  
 Spirit of indomitable might;  
 Woes subdue not, it only fires  
 Souls like theirs, with their woes to fight.

Now Cambrian daughter go thy way,  
 Though far from home yet do not weep;  
 Sing to the woods a well-known lay,  
 Elate your way-worn spirits keep.  
 Go hie ye to some forest glen,  
 Embosomed on some mountain height,  
 There pitch thy tent,—we'll meet again;  
 Sweet peasant, "Walian Maid," good night.

JOHANNES BACCALAUREUS.

*Kouchibouguac, June, 1841.*



## NO FICTION IS SO GLORIOUS AS TRUTH.

At the Cape of Good Hope, during brightly glowing summers, when the sun's vividness of beauty is desolating in its power, when like a hypocrite,

"He darts men down,  
 Fevers with smiles, and kills without a frown;"  
 the storms from the southern ocean, give, like the change and chance, of human thought, the evil with the good. The winds forsake their fastnesses, they hold their riot upon the deep, and leave their benefit upon the clime; mitigating the heat, and purifying the atmosphere, raising the turbid ocean, and lashing the shore with its loud breakers; bringing renovation to Nature, and health to man, whilst rendering the coast a Scylla to the mariner.

The harbinger of danger is seen in the distance—the first-born of the tempest rests like a fleecy cloud upon the Table Mountain; its proud supporter a mass of rocks, rising three thousand five hundred and eighty-two feet above the level of the Bay.

On the northern side it looks a stupendous fortress, the retiring curtains flanked with projecting bastions, mighty in ruin, and yet too strong to sink beneath the war of elements. The eastern, presents one higher point, and is rent into more bolder and more chasmed beauty, magnificently wild, and claiming admiration in its Tarpeian bearing.

The summer months are from December to March. During the tempestuous January of—, the coasts presented sights for the human heart to break over—the shores had reverberated the loud concussions of the unmasted vessels, and the wreck of being had been tossed upon the beach.

One dreadful morning an East-Indiaman was sent by nature's buffetings, from her moorings in Table Bay; she dashed forwards, drifted from her course, and struggling gallantly amidst impending ruin, toiling for the sea-room an op-