

Mrs. Excitable was highly pleased when her husband informed her of the change in his purposes, declaring she would rather live and die here in poverty, than run the chance of meeting any thing better in a foreign land.

Mr. Excitable now proceeded to counteract his former arrangements, but found he had lost by his western fever far more than he had ever dreamed of. The sacrifices he had made on his property were nothing compared to the disorganization of his regular business. He soon found to his sorrow that the relations he had, by his folly, severed, were not soon, if ever, to be renewed. His old customers had betaken themselves to new houses, and were shy about returning. His friends, having made up their minds to lose him, and made calculations accordingly, looked upon his stay in rather a disappointed mood, and the public had somehow lost confidence in him. He therefore found his influence materially lessened, in all quarters, to what it was before his fracas, when he was regarded by every body as a staid, substantial man.

In this dilemma he laboured on patiently from day to day, hoping in time to recover from the shock. But, unluckily, the times proved hard; business was dull, money scarce, and, added to the whole, political troubles came to add their share to his embarrassments. The consequence was another attack of his western fever.

He now viewed emigration as a matter of necessity; as he despaired of ever regaining his former position. Again did he determine, in a fit of despair, to break up business and be off; and again was his mind assailed by the powerful considerations before related, and forced to yield submission to their influence: and these resolves, and re-resolves, as times and circumstances changed, or as his feelings dictated, at last grew upon him to such a degree that they created a kind of disease, or morbid affection of the mind, from which he was hardly ever free, except when engaged in the duties of some of the most busy seasons of the year—producing a fickleness of mind and purpose, highly detrimental to the prosperity of his business, and rendering him a miserable man.

After several years spent in this mood, Mr. Excitable withdrew altogether from business, and retired to a farm; flattering himself still with the intention of going to the west, when he should get in his dues, or if he should fail in this long cherished project, to embark all his means in some profitable speculation at home, hoping thereby to retrieve, with one stroke, his lost character and standing. But he has never

done either. He has ever continued a prey to his western mania, and still lives in hopes of accomplishing his desires, although now considerably past the active years of his life; whilst his family, in consequence of his uncertainty of purpose, are growing to years of discretion, without any particular object in view, awaiting as it were, their parent's destination, in order to form their future course of life; and ten to one if the springs of their youthful minds are not chilled, and their fondest hopes fatally destroyed, by the cruel procrastination of their kind and indulgent, but unhappy father. And these are the consequences of giving way to discontent and following the illusions of fancy.

Reader! is this a single case? Has it no parallel within the range of your acquaintance?—*Montreal Garland.*



For The Amaranth.

STANZAS

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

FLED from the hall of thy fathers forever,
Thou hast gone to a far brighter realm,
Where all that on earth can dis sever,
Shall never again overwhelm.

Tho' planted in earth's fairest portion,
And rear'd in its sunniest clime,
Too soon its wild, ceaseless commotion
Convey'd thee to heaven to shine.

Tho' thy lot here below told of anguish—
An unfading crown now is thine;
And praise on thy lips ne'er can languish,
Thy day-star of love ne'er decline.

And tho' sorrow thy pilgrimage clouded,
And brought to thy young heart distress—
In infinite love thou art shrouded,
And sorrow and pain are at rest.

From the world and its follies departed,
Thou reignest in mansions on high,
'Mong the ransom'd of God, the pure-hearted
In stations of bliss in the sky.

Tho' over thy grave there is weeping,
And mourning in many a breast,
With thy fathers thou calmly art sleeping—
With them thou art gather'd to rest.

And peaceful and calm be thy slumber,
'Till the trumpet shall finally sound,
And awake from the tomb with its thunder
The myriads that sleep in the ground!

Liverpool, N. S., 1842.

WILHELMINA.