

For The Amaranth.

LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG FRIEND, WHO  
DIED ABROAD.

MUST the muse in mournful sadness,  
Pour her plaints around thy urn—  
When she hop'd in tones of gladness,  
Soon to hail thy safe return!  
Ardent spirits—hopes romantic—  
Lur'd thee from thy parents' door,  
Buoy'd thee o'er the wide Atlantic,  
To a foreign, fatal shore.

How thy bosom swelled with pleasure,  
When Old Afric struck thine eye,  
Dreams of life—of joy—and treasure  
Rais'd thy expectations high:  
Health and golden expectations  
Prove but evanescent breath—  
Fruitful shores fate's habitations—  
Garrisons of plague and death.

FRIENDSHIP glances o'er the billow,  
Sings the dirge, and drops a tear;  
Those who would have smooth'd thy pillow  
Weep in fruitless sorrow here;  
Youthful friend, farewell! for never  
Shall we meet on earth's bleak shore,  
May we meet, and dwell forever,  
Where adieus are heard no more.

St. John, December, 1843.

TO THE STORMY PETREL.

WHY brave the lightning's livid flash?  
Why fearless with it blend?  
Why mingle with the thunders' crash—  
The cries thy fear doth lend?  
Why make the deep and treach'rous wave  
The pillow for thy head?  
Why where the maniac billows rave,  
Choose thou thy dismal bed?  
Thou lonely one, and desolate—  
Whose home is on the sea,  
Thy fickle resting-place forsake,—  
The "world of waters" flea.  
Oh! hie away to the kindly shade,  
Where forest songsters dwell;  
Oh, wing to the mountains' sunny glade,  
And choose a winter cell.

Then cease the feathery foam to sip—  
From sea and wave depart,  
"For there is no companionship  
In loneliness of heart!"

Bridgetown, 1843.

WILLIAM.

A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR A MANIAC—Near the eastern base of the West Rock, opposite the place where the ascent commences, may be seen, says the New Haven Courier, a small rustic cottage surrounded by a few stunted trees, and standing isolated from the world by its remoteness from all neighbours. Few evidences of fertility are found in that region.—Sterile hill sides and plains, where vegetation can find but feeble hold, pervade the rock, and the chance wayfarer there wonders how the inmates of such a home can find enough by which to sustain nature. But the wants are few and simple when reduced to such as are absolutely required to nourish the animal economy, and even upon the desolate heath, and under the shade of the sterile mountain, may be found the means of moderate sustenance and support.

The reader will find in the humble abode to which we have just alluded but two occupants. In the sulliness of that secluded spot strange faces are seldom seen in winter, although during the summer many visitors to West Rock pass it by. But during the long dreary inclement months, none save the two we have just mentioned are to be found in this isolated abode. And who are they? We commend the reader to go and see. A mother, with her maniac son, and he *chained to the floor!*—None other are there. This mother has a prepossessing look. Her costume and address are better than the mass of her sex, in such an unfavourable station for the development of character and refinement.

"She was not lonely," she said, even during the dreariness of winter. She had her son for society. She had him to watch over and care for, and now that he was chained he was secure. He couldn't get away from her. He had been insane for eight years. Formerly he acted as a guide to the "Cave," but his insanity increased, and he often wandered, and whole days would elapse before he returned. He was subject to fits, but he was now secure in the house, and she had him for society and to comfort her. This is the undying nature of woman's love, of a mother's affection for her children!

Such was the cheerful response of a self-denying parent, when replying to the inquiries of a stranger whom she accosted at the door. We inquired for the son, and asked permission to see him. In a small, dark apartment to which access was had through the little "sparo" room, we found the chained maniac. He lay upon a low bed, with a dim light ad-