

(ORIGINAL.)

THE AMARANTH.

THE florist may boast of his flowers,
Of their form—of their odour and hue;
Sweet—beauteous they are, in the gardens and
bowers,
And chiefly, when sprinkled with dew;
They yield us the choicest delight,
By the fragrance and tints they disclose—
We are ravish'd with pleasure, in smell, and in
sight,
By violet, carnation, and rose;
Yet one thing, must ever this pleasure invade,
The thought, that these beauties are destin'd to
fade.

Fit emblem of man, and his doom—
He grows up and blooms for an hour,
Then withers away—and bereft of his bloom,
Is trod under foot as a flower;
Oh! where is an AMARANTH found?
In Persia, Greece, or in Gaul?
To travel the earth—not a climate, or ground
Around the terraqueous ball,
Produces a flower, that shall charm and endure,
But the AMARANTH, fadless, of Literature.

Thus man is compar'd to the rose—
Which cannot be properly dead,
While its essence and odour, we find it disclose,
When its colour and fashion are fled;—
The AMARANTH, then, must belong,
To Bards, by legitimate claim—
For what is more pleasing or lasting than song?
And letters embalm a man's name;—
Thus Homer, Pope, Milton and Young are alive,
In their writings, which still their frail bodies
survive!

Yet where is the flower to compare
With the rich Rose of Sharon, for worth?
So beauteous, so fragrant—enduring and fair—
Yet, little esteem'd upon earth;
Tho' slighted and crush'd by the Jew,
It blooms in a happier sphere,
Perfuming the heavens, and dropping its dew,
To refresh the poor sojourners here.
This, this is the AMARANTH saints shall admire,
When earth and its monuments fade and expire.

S. John, February. JAMES REDFERN.



It is in human life, as in a game at tables,
Where a man wishes for the highest cast; but if
his chance be otherwise, he is c'en to play it as
well as he can, and to make the best of it.—
Plutarch.

Pictures from a Painter's Life.

It was a balmy morning in the month of
June. The school-bell in the little village of
F—, was ringing its last warning peal, and
a troop of rustic children were gathered at the
porch. As the tall, gaunt master stalked
through the throng, that divided hurriedly to
make way for him, the frown deepened on a
brow habitually stern; for he missed the fair
face of one, who was too often a truant from his
power. And where is he? The river-beach,
about a mile distant from the school, is smiling
to the light of the morning sun, and there, bask-
ing in its beams, on the warm and sparkling sand
sits a beautiful boy of seven years old. A pro-
fusion of golden hair waves back from the fair,
transparent temples, and reveals a face glow-
ing with health and joy. His red lips are
slightly parted, his blue eyes raised, and gazing
with more than childish extacy on the chan-
ges of the light clouds, as they float in the blue
air above him. In his dimpled hand he holds
a slip of elderberry, with which he has been
tracing figures in the sand. A ship—a but—a
trace—rudely sketched indeed, but still with a
fidelity to nature, wonderful in one so young.
And now he resumes his occupation with an
earnestness, that proves his whole heart is in
his play. We will not interrupt him; we will
not tell him that the innocent and lovely little
hand, which now yields him, with its skill, so
pure a pleasure, is destined, to-morrow, to the
torture of a ferule. We will leave him to his
present enjoyment, and perhaps we may meet
him again.

A large, grated apartment in the common
jail at Charleston, South Carolina, is filled with
prisoners. One of them is a fair, slight boy of
ten years, in the graceful garb of a sailor. His
cheek is pale by privation and early suffering;
but in his eye, the fire and energy and truth of
a high and dauntless spirit, are still unquench-
ed. He is mounted on a barrel, and has
sketched, with a bit of charcoal, the image of
a spread eagle, beneath which he is now scraw-
ling—"Liberty and Independence for ever!"
At the sight of this motto—strange enough on
a prison-wall—a shout arises from the specta-
tors, and the youth turns his head and smiles.
It is he!—the truant of the village school. But
the scene changes. He is standing at the
prison door. A lovely child, the jailor's daugh-
ter, is beside him. Her dark eyes filled with
tears, are raised imploringly to his. She holds
towards him the keys of the jail, while she in-
treats him to escape ere her father's return.—