

For The Amaranth.

SONG OF THE WINDS.

WE come from the uttermost parts of earth,
And we bear in our fond embrace,
The yielding cloud from its station forth,
To another dwelling place.

We play with the waves of the fathomless deep,
And urge them in madness away,
Or, calmly repose in our dreamless sleep—
As we lie on their silvery spray.

We sport with the gallant ship of war,
And the mariners proud, command;
Our spoils we gather from sea and star,
Our arm is o'er every land.

We visit the Iclander's icy home,
We dash o'er the rock-girt shore,
In freedom's perfection we ceaseless roam
The traverseless desert o'er.

We come in the zephyr's breath to greet
The mountain's spring-clad brows;—
Or, the forests arouse from their silent sleep,
And scatter their pendant boughs.

We come in the passionless form of a child,
And our breathing is soft and light;
And we rage in the storm and tempest wild—
In the hurricane's deadly might.

We own not the earth as our dwelling-place,
We laugh at the tyrant's chain—
Our home is the boundless realm of space—
Our song is bold freedom's strain.

No master we own—no monarch obey—
We heed not the voice of power,
Tho' we kiss as we dally in frolicsome play
Full many a blushing flower.

We come from the uttermost parts of earth,
And bear in our fond embrace,
The yielding clouds from their stations forth
To another dwelling place.

Bridgetown, N. S., 1843.

ARTHUR.



DOGMATISM.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and even if excessive scepticism could be maintained, it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and enquiry. When men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have there given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.

DESIRE OF CHANGE.

THE desire of change betrays itself on every entrance into life, and continually operates in us 'till we die. We desire change of posture, of action, of food, change of all objects affecting the senses, for the eye cannot long remain fixed upon one object, and the mind still less upon one idea. Nature seems to have implanted this desire in us, amongst many other wise purposes, in order timely to arrest us in the midst both of our labours and pleasures, lest we continue either them to our prejudice: and happy is he, who early acquires the habit of most commonly obeying her gentle admonitions, without waiting 'till she upbraid him more or less loudly, for unreasonable and repeated procrastinations. By doing so, he escapes numerous evils, not only temporary, but permanent, for seasonable changes are indispensable to the steady well being both of the mind and the body.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A beautifully written Poem, from the pen of a favourite authoress with the readers of the Amaranth, will appear in the August number.—Several articles from different correspondents have been received, and will be attended to.

ERRATA.—In the lines entitled "A SOOTHING ADDRESS," by James Redfern, in our last, for "object," 4th verse, 2nd line, read *object*; 7th verse, 2nd line, for "ravages rude," read *ravager rude*.

THE AMARANTH

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