

For the Amaranth.

**The Wanderer Longing for a Home.**

HALL I never, oh! never find pleasure in life,  
That pleasure I long have repined to embrace?  
Must I still spend my days in ambition and  
strife,

'Till my body is laid in its last resting place?  
Must the din of a city my spirits still cloy  
For year after year, 'till my manhood is flown,  
All languish in vain, nor ever enjoy  
A snug little home of my own?

Oh! how have I pictured a charming retreat,  
Far, far from the restless confusion of men,  
Where the smooth glassy lake murmurs low  
at my feet,

Or the bubbling stream glides through the  
grass-cover'd plain;

And distant the noise of the wild waterfalls  
Is mixed with the insect's monotonous moan;  
While near stands a cottage with vine-covered  
walls,

A snug little home of my own.

And in this sweet cottage one dear one to share,  
My hopes and my fancies, whilst calm I re-  
cline

In her bosom of snow, and to know whilst I'm  
there,

That her heart most emphatically is all mine!  
Her transparent cheeks and her heav'nly blue  
eyes

That languishes on me, and on me alone,  
Oh! how would it make me enraptured to prize  
That snug little home of my own.

With her in the morn would I trace the fresh  
dew,

Or wander at noon 'neath the loaded front  
trees;

Or stray the green meadows and sheep-pastures  
through;

Or wait 'till the eventide brings the cool  
breeze,

Then sail on the lake while the harp's melting  
strain

Shall mix with her voice and the tiny wave's  
moan;

And with tender emotions dissolved, we regain  
That snug little home of my own.

Then to sit near the cheerful wood fire at night,  
And pore o'er the pages of Byron or Scott,  
Or Coleridge's famed Christabel with delight!  
Or Southey's wild visions! how envied my  
lot!

To commune with the souls of the mighty,  
What bliss!

With her on my knee, and her arms round-  
me thrown;

"Oh! sure if there's heaven on earth it is this,"  
A snug little home of my own!

*St. John, March, 1842.* SAM SCRIBBLE.



**SWISS SCENERY.**

ONE of the most memorable spots we visited  
in Switzerland was *Goldau*, which, thirty  
years ago, was overwhelmed by the fall of a  
mountain, and which buried no less than five  
villages, including old Goldau, and 467 persons.  
This awful catastrophe is still remembered by  
some who were eyewitnesses to the heart-  
rending scene. As we wandered over this  
mountain-tumulus of the dead, imagination  
pictured the spot, which now spoke only of  
blasted hopes and desolation, wild as even it  
was on the very eve of that fatal day; a rich  
valley, inhabited by youth and age, each in-  
dulging in the hopes and pleasures peculiar  
to their years; looking forward to the morrow  
with anxious care or joy, little dreaming that  
an awful fate was hanging over their devoted  
heads, or that the mountain, which had so long  
yielded to their comfort and support, would in  
a few short hours spread death and destruction  
over all who dwelt beneath its shadow. The  
infant slept in its mother's arms as sweetly  
that night as it had ever done before; the jo-  
cund laugh went round; the merry song of  
the shepherd rang through the parting moun-  
tain with the same joyous sound; sorrow—for  
there is sorrow every where—hung with the  
same deadly weight upon the mourner's heart,  
as though it were to feed through a sad and  
protracted life upon its prey, while the afflicted,  
to whom the grim messenger alone could have  
spoken words of comfort, still bent the head in  
pious resignation, waiting their release, but  
not daring even to hope for it. The weary  
traveler, too, slept as peacefully through that  
night, as if the morning sun would only rise to  
show forth to him Nature's beauties with still  
greater lustre, when he would wander as fear-  
less o'er the mountain's side and through the  
pleasant valley, as we who now stood, gazing  
on the fearful wreck, little dreaming that night  
would be their last. The scene was awful.—  
Rocks of an immense size—huge hillocks or  
mounds of earth—lay beneath our feet, wrap-  
ped in one common winding-sheet; the moun-  
tain earth their sepulchre.—*Mrs. Mott.*



He is wise who never acts without reason,  
and never against it.