

# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 2. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., MARCH, 1812.

{ No. 3.

## POETS.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

GENIUS, seems to be something, which requires from its possessor the greatest possible sacrifice. It is a gift which Nature bestows but rarely on her children; and when she does, she frequently withdraws all other blessings. The heart endowed with this inestimable treasure, must too often beat to the measure of sadness; and the spirit lighted by this divine fire, must too often bend to the burden of woe.

Of the many brilliant characters who, meteor-like, have illumined the world, few have tasted the real sweets of existence, or known the enjoyment commonly meted out to humbler individuals. 'Tis true, genius creates a world of its own, where it reigns and rules with unlimited power; but the heart is so constituted, that fairy pleasures of this ideal world will not long satisfy its cravings. For a time it may roam in the regions of fancy and revel in the delights of imagination, but it will return from its wanderings, like a wearied bird from a long flight, and seek a repose in the resting-place of earth. The greatest minds that can exist are but a "mix'd essence."—

"Half dust—half deity."

Sometimes guided and governed by the diviner portion of their nature, they soar away into the loftiest realms of thought; and, like the lark, breathe their soul's music at the very portals of heaven. But, alas, the meaner impulses of mortality soon lure them back to earth, to seek amid its lowly scenes humbler and less holy joys. Thus, with a strange inconsistency of character, the gifted oftentimes turn from their ennobling visions and pursuits, to fix every thought and every hope upon some frail and fleeting treasure of the heart, which, if perchance they lose, they mourn with bitterness peculiar to the inspired and elevated soul.

But it is well, perhaps, that sensitive minds have the foible (if foible it be) of clinging too fondly to earthly blessings, and mourning too deeply over their loss, for many a noble spirit would else slumber on unconscious of its power, and many a heart beat to its latest day, ignorant of the inestimable it enshrined. Adversity is the ordeal which tests the intrinsic qualities of the mind, and renders all its shining properties more brilliant and pure. Genius, which sometimes sleeps forgetful of its high destiny, is ever awakened by the touch of sorrow, and guided by the same power to the performance of its glorious tasks.

From the earliest periods of the world, there have been many instances recorded of the influence misfortune has had in awakening the energies of the human mind. This seems to be particularly the case with regard to the worshippers of the muse. With many of the greatest poets who have ever existed, grief, in some shape or other, has been the hidden but powerful agency that urged them on to fame. Let us look for a moment at the lives of some of these, and see if this be not true.

DANTE, the brightest luminary in the heaven of Italian poetry, furnishes an example. His heart was early touched by the rude hand of sorrow, and the response was a strain of music that will linger on earth for ever! In his boyish years, he fixed his affections upon the fair "Beatrice," whose name he has rendered as immortal as his works. That love coloured his whole existence, for death snatched his beautiful away in the spring-time of her loveliness, and the poet was ever after a mourner for her loss. But he bewailed her not with tears—his imperishable lays were the offerings he laid upon her tomb; and though she has gone to the grave, she was recalled again to life to dwell for ever in the fairy and beautiful world of her boy-lover's sublime poetry. Her memory became the spirit of his inspiration—the