

water is raised from the river to irrigate the fields; the more numerous *Shadufs*, who laboriously ply their little sweep and bucket for the same end; the labourers in the fields; the herds of neat cattle and buffaloes; occasional files of camels and asses; large flocks of pigeons, ducks, and wild geese; and, as one advances, the occasional sights of crocodiles sleeping on a sand-bank, or plunging into the water; all these give a life and activity to the scenery which enhances the interest and adds to the exhilaration.—*Dr. Robertson's Journey to the Holy Land.*



"THE WOODMAN."\*

FAR remov'd from noise and smoke,  
Hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,  
Who dreams not as he fells the oak  
What mischief dire he brews.  
How Art may shape his falling trees,  
In aid of luxury and ease,  
He weighs not matters such as these,  
But sings and hacks and hews.

Perhaps now fell'd by this bold man,  
The tree shall form the spruce sedan,  
Or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan  
So runs her vulgar rig.

The stage where boxers crowd in flocks,  
Or else a quacks—perhaps the stocks;  
Or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,  
Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st bold peasant, O! what grief—  
The gibbet on which hangs the thief—  
The seat where sits the great Lord Chief,  
The throne—the cobbler's stall.  
Thou pamper'st life in every stage,  
Mak'st follies whims—pride's equipage;  
For children, toys—crutches for age,  
And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford  
These chairs, and this convivial board,  
The *bin* that holds gay Becca's hoard—  
Confess the woodman's stroke.  
He made the press that bled the vine,  
The butt that holds the gen'rous wine—  
The hall itself where tiplers join  
To crack the mirthful joke.

\* This sketch, which is extracted from an old work, was handed to us by a friend for insertion in the *Amaranth*.



THE utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites, it can never make them converts.—*Dr. John Moore.*

QUESTIONS.

1st.—The area of an equilateral triangle, whose base falls on the diameter, and its vertex in the middle of the arc of a semicircle, is equal to 100, what is the diameter of the semicircle?

2d.—If from a right angled triangle, whose base is 12, and perpendicular 16 feet, a line be drawn parallel to the perpendicular, cutting off a triangle whose area is 24 square feet: required the sides of this triangle?

3d.—If the mean distance of the sun from us be 106 of his diameters, how much hotter is it at the surface of the sun than under our equator? P—— S—— w.

*St. John, October, 1841.*



ERRATA.—In the story entitled "*Malsosep; or, The Forsaken*," 299 page, 1st col., 27th line, read, *prone*, for "*proud*;" 303 page, 2d col., 13th line, read, "*seared*," for *sacred*; 305 page, 2d col., 35th line, read, *Go*, for "*To*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Astros* will have to excuse us for not inserting his article—the manuscript has been mislaid: we shall be glad to give it a place in our next, if he will furnish us with another copy.

"*One Night Out*," a sketch of Life in Saint John, is in many parts cleverly written—it would suit the columns of a newspaper much better than the pages of the *Amaranth*.

"*Felix Bonitas*."—If "*Beta*" had written his sketch in a plainer hand, with proper punctuation, it would have been inserted. We cannot spare time to transcribe original favors previous to putting them into our compositors hands.

"*Constantia, or the Recluse of St. Vincent*," which we promised to insert in this No. has been deferred—the manuscript will require to be written in a different style, when it will be inserted.

"*Old Times*," "*The Miser's Oath*," and several other favors have been received—they are all under consideration: but we are afraid that we will not be able to publish "*Old Times*" in its present shape.

Our next Number will complete the FIRST VOLUME of "*The Amaranth*." Our Agents in New-Brunswick and Nova Scotia will immediately proceed to collect the subscriptions due in their respective neighbourhoods after it is issued.