

THE AMARANTH.

If any thing can tend to excite us to greater exertion than we have already bestowed in our endeavours to render the *Amaranth* acceptable to its patrons, it will be the numerous and highly flattering encomiums, which on the appearance of every number greet our publication. If the *Amaranth* is not so popular and so largely patronised in New-Brunswick as we might reasonably hope it would be, yet it is gratifying to find that in the sister Provinces, and especially in Nova-Scotia, it has gained for itself a name and notoriety which our most sanguine expectations never led us to anticipate. From private sources, we still continue to receive many warm expressions of kindness and regard—and here we cannot omit to record one extract from the numerous compliments lying before us;—and coming to us as it does, from a young lady of talent and worth—and who, by the way, is an occasional contributor, renders it doubly acceptable:—"Among the many periodicals we receive in our village, none is looked for with greater anxiety than your Magazine, which is a great favorite with myself and friends. Many express regret that your fair correspondent, Mrs. B—n, does not become a regular contributor, as her writings were very generally admired here.—Where is "W. R. M. B.?" that he does not any more appear;—his story called "*The Ingrate*," was chastely and beautifully written, and was much admired for the faithful delineation of the character of its hero, and its strict accordance with historical facts.—*Eugene*, as a romance writer, as regards correctness and beauty of style, and the interest and charms he throws around the scenes and characters he portrays, may challenge comparison with any of the writers of the Old or New World—and when I say this, I feel that I am saying a great deal. The scenery and conflicts between the English and the red men, described with such vividness by *Eugene*, form a part of the early history of our part of the country. All these writers are ornaments to the province, and deserve an imperishable record in their country's fame."

To the *Montreal Transcript*, a literary paper of great merit, and the *Montreal Royal Standard*, we beg the acceptance of our warmest wishes for their welfare, for their repeated and very flattering and disinterested notices of the *Amaranth*. To the *Halifax Morning Post*, the *Times*, and the *Morning Herald*, we owe

a debt of gratitude—and to our own Provincial News-paper press, we beg the acceptance of our kindest regard—their warm wishes are often expressed desire for our success, have cheered and urged us forward in the work.—Our chief object has been attained—the bringing forward a great mass of literary talent, and the securing for our Magazine a degree of popularity, equal to any ever enjoyed by any similar publication in the British Provinces. We extract from the *Halifax Times* the following being part of a very flattering notice contained in that paper: *

"They have got up a little work in St. John called the '*Amaranth*,' conducted with ability and talent, the articles in which in prose and verse, would be creditable in any community. It is a lovely flower blooming on amidst the fallen fortunes of the sister city, and diffusing its fragrance around to bid the wretched hope and the depressed in spirit once more imagine visions of happiness and prosperity. And will be the harbinger of hope, and many one who in the toils of adversity has felt the soothing influence of its sweet tales and poetry, will not in prosperity forget the gem and as they watered it amid trials and watered its early growth in beauty, will continue to nurture it until its blossoms shall have had a wider expansion, and the people shall gaze upon it with wonder and delight."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are sorry to disappoint the authoress of "*A Tale of Intemperance*," which we promised should appear in this number, by announcing to her that we had been compelled to omit it in order to find room for the conclusion of "*The Maid of St. Vincent*." If our correspondents will be patient they shall all be attended to.

"*Spring*," by "Wilhelmina;" "*A Journey to Fredericton*," by "Junius;" "*What is Business?*" by "H. S. B.;" "*Childhood*," the same, and "*Lines Written in a Landscape Album*," by "Kate," with numerous other favors are before us.

The Amaranth,

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