

and their banks are adorned with numerous buildings of the most exquisite fashion and construction. These mountains and hills are covered with trees and the most beautiful aromatic flowers, and the canals are skirted with rocks so artfully arranged as to present a most perfect imitation of nature in her wildest and most desolate forms. The whole has an air of enchantment; and the probable conquest of China by the British will lay open to the gaze and enjoyment of the eager Anglo-Saxon a region of refined delight, the magnificence and perfection of which he is scarcely able to form an idea even in his wildest dreams. The highest flight of poetry and imagination seems dull and common-place when applied to the realities of the charms and enchantments of this eastern paradise.



TO A — E — R² —.

No more! we can be friends no more!

When love once leaves the heart,

He enters ne'er the closing door

From which his steps depart.

No more the bond can re-unite,

When snaps the silken chain,

Love flies on freedom's wings of light,
And ne'er returns again!

And though a wanderer he hath been

On many a barren shore,

The fugitive thou canst not win—

We can be friends no more!

It may not be—the die is cast!—

It cannot change again—

Gladness is taken from the past,

But all regret is vain!

We still may meet in pleasure's train

And mingle in the dance,

And eye to eye may turn again,

With cold and careless glance;

But we shall part, as strangers part,

When the gay pageant's o'er,

Save, with the sense in either heart,

We can be friends no more!



Translated from the Italian.

GENTLE shepherdess I could swear,

Thou lovest fondly or dost feel;

There's in thine eyes a certain fire,

Which doth not cruelty reveal.

Mayhaps, as yet thou lovest not,

But still from love thou dost not flee;

For it indeed is pity's lot,

Love's chastest harbinger to be.

St. John, 1843.

RODOLFO.

PASSIONS.—Were it not for the salutary agitation of the passions, the waters of life would become dull, stagnant, and as unfit for vital purposes as those of the Dead Sea. It should be equally our object to guard against those tempests and overflowings which may entail mischief, either upon ourselves or others; and to avoid that drowsy calm, of which the sluggishness and *inertia* are inevitably hostile to the health and spirits. In the voyage of life, we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance. Happy the man, the tide of whose passions, like that of the great ocean, is regulated by a light from above!

St. Evremond compares the passions to runaway horses, which you must tame by letting them have their run; a perilous experiment, in which the rider may break his neck. Much better to restrain and conquer them before they get ahead; for if they do not obey, they will be sure to command you.



HOPE.

HOPE sung a song of future years,

Replete with sunny hours;

Where present sorrow's dew-like tears

Should all be hid in flowers.

But Memory backward turned her eyes,

And taught the heart to fear

More stormy clouds, more angry skies,

With each succeeding year.

But still Hope sung as by 'hat voice

Such warnings sad were given,

In louder strains bade youth rejoice,

And age look on to Heaven.

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