

tore the hair of his head in his frenzy. The words, "Where is Abel thy brother," rung in his ears. Cain fled; a fugitive on the face of the earth. * * Eve slowly opened her eyes; night had spread her dark mantle over the face of the earth; she looked for her son, but he was no where to be seen. She wept for his fate; for Eve loved Cain, her first-born.

St. John, March, 1841.

G. H. L.

TRUSTING TO OTHERS.—It would be greatly for the advantage of men of business, if they made it a rule never to trust any thing of consequence to another, which they can by any means do themselves. Let another have my interest ever so much at heart, I am sure I have it more myself: and no substitute one can employ can understand one's business so well as the principal, which gives him a great advantage for doing things in the best way, as he can change his measures according to circumstances, which another has not authority to do. As for dependents of all kinds, it is to be remembered always, that their master's interests possess at most only the second place in their minds. Self-love will ever be the ruling principle, and no fidelity whatever will prevent a person from bestowing a good deal of thought upon his own concerns, which must break in, less or more, upon his diligence in consulting the interest of his constituent. How men of business can venture, as they do, to trust the great concerns some of them have, for one half of every week in the year, which is half the year, to servants, and expect others to take care of their business, when they will not be at the trouble of minding it themselves, is to me inconceivable. Nor does the detection, from time to time, of the frauds of such people, seem at all to deter our men of business from trusting to them. *Burgh.*

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.

CONSCIOUSNESS is the immediate knowledge which the mind has of its sensations and thoughts, and in general of all its present operations. We cannot properly be said to be conscious of our own existence; it being only suggested to us by those sensations and operations of which we are conscious.

THE AMARANTH.

To Correspondents.

"*Adelaide Belmore,*" a Tale, by Mrs. B—n, is accepted, and will appear in the May number. We decline accepting the poetical effusion, entitled "*The Voice of Spring,*" as it has been before published. "S. M. G." must be patient; we cannot insert all his effusions in one number. "*Lines on the Death of a Friend,*" are written with much feeling, but defective in poetry. "*Hark! the wintry wind is howling,*" a Song, by "Oscar"—the few lines we have been able to read, are tolerable; if the author will send us a more legible copy, we will give his song a place. "*The Brigand's Prayer,*" by FREDERICK, is in type.

"*The White Spectre of the Weepemaw,*" being No. 6 of the New-Brunswick Sporting Sketches, by M. H. PERLEY, Esq., will appear in next number.

The Amaranth,

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