

"Thou—the poet of the world," continued the spirit, "thou—who hast echoed the pulsations of the infinite; thou—who hast uttered thy word—it is well for thee to die!"

"Yes! yes! It is well!" exclaimed the bard. He laid himself gently down upon his mother earth. The spirit pressed his hand—it was icy cold. The mortal was dead. But from the body leaped up the glorious LIFE—ESSENCE—clothed in a form such as that worn by the hundred. And another minstrel was added that night to the DYING ONES; and a new song went up that 'ing' from the bowers of the blest, to the Most High.

A nation—the nation of Hldee, wept over the tomb of their 'ard; and his songs are still chanted in the temples; but his greatest poem is unknown; and that poem was the TAPE DEATH, his last and sublimest composition.—Oh! destroyer of the grand and lovely, thou won't no laurel that night in the garden of the august poet!

THE CHANGING OF THE MOON.

SHE comes with a feeble silvery ray,
Traced faintly 'midst the blue;
She hangs above the dying day,
A thing of air and dew.
The stars flash brightly o'er her path,
With wilder light than her's,
No power or majesty she hath,
No glory she confers—
She seems so frail a child of space,
That the zephyr, rising now,
Might almost shake her from her place,
Like a dew-drop from the bough.
She comes again, and clear, and strong,
Her lustre floweth wide,
And its golden track is borne along
Upon the rippling tide,
The smaller stars have hid their heads,
The larger seem to fade,
A glorious radiance now she sheds
On the forest's solemn shade
A lovely crescent now she gleams,
No longer pale and weak,
And scarcely of a kindred seems,
With that first silvery streak;
But, lo, her regal hour hath come!
She reigns triumphant now,
And all the light of Heaven's wide dome
Seems from her fount to flow.
Thro' the thick wood her searching eye,
Sendeth its glances bright;
There's not a cloud upon the sky,
She cannot turn to light;

It is her hour of pomp and pride,
In this fair night of June,
What starry orb unveiled may ride
Beside the queenly moon?
Again she comes, but late and drear
Is her red rising now.
No more with face of smiling cheer,
She climbs the mountain's brow;
Seems despoiled of half her state,
And comes as one might come
Whose widowed heart is desolate,
To watch beside a tomb.
She tarrieth still altho' away
Hath past the starry host,
And in the early light of day
She lingers like a ghost;
Oh, learn a lesson. Vanity!
Thou canst not learn too soon,
How beauty's charms wax, wane, and
Like the changing of the moon.

LET us consider how great a common doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to rods and ferrules, without hard words and get, without clothes or money. If you proach them, they are not asleep; if inviting you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never blame; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh you.—*Philobiblion, by Richard de Bury*

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