

vations; his strifes with, and his brutal slaughterers of his fellow creatures? Are they not the clamorous plaudits of an inhuman, ungrateful, and unstable public, who, like children in quest of baubles, fondle to-day, what they despise to-morrow? Who, then, is he that barter his peace and happiness, his benevolence and virtue, his moral worth and innate humanity for such shadowy rewards,—who is contented to hazard his life in pursuit of a phantom which, when, if ever overtaken, may elude his uncertain grasp at the first fickle charge of the *Ignis Fatuus* which directed his ill chosen and desperate career? Behold!—VANITY is his name! He is the offspring of Weakness and Folly, produced at the shrine of False Pride.

To produce a faithful portrait of Vanity, in the abstract, demands an exercise of patience and composure which few men possess to advantage. As an assumed trait in the human character, it is so contemptible, that men of understanding will not readily stoop to draw a picture which not only disgusts their imagination, but, to which, the purposes of language are almost inadequate; and hence, men of mind are often compelled to ridicule what they want words and patience to rebuke. Observe the man, if such an appellation he deserve, who neglects his present duty and interests to reflect how he will conduct himself when in a more elevated position; yet, to which, perchance, he may never arrive. Is he not feeding himself with air, while his bread is eaten by another, who, amidst the few scattered incidents, with which fickle fortune deigns to strew his path, wisely seizes the rejected boon, and thanks high heaven, he is not Van.—What, we emphatically inquire, binds the eye of judgment, and hides the heart of man from his natural perception, even when others best see his nakedness and folly? Alas! VANITY, his self-created evil genius!

Let us now examine its practical effects. Is not the heart of its victim surrounded by continual uneasiness, while it appears contented? And, why? Because its unnatural anxieties far exceed its wonted gratifications. The child of Vanity extends his fantastic conceptions far beyond the probable expectations of reasonable hope. He foolishly bespeaks the incense of praise, even when he is laid low; never reflecting, that he who promises the reward, will either deceive his confidence, or justly compensate his insipid folly with ridicule. As he who pledges his wife to remain in widowhood, lest she disturb his soul in the world of spirits, so is he who expects that

praise shall reach his ears when he is dead, cherish his heart in its shroud. Like also the giddy butterfly who sees not her gauzy drapery, so is he who attireth himself in gauds, that others may admire him. Still thoughtless, to the last, of the humble sources where he derives his imagined importance.

To what purpose, says the son of Vanity secret, is my vesture of Tyrian dye, embroidered with gold, and perfumed with Arabian most delicious aromatics? To what end my tables groan with dainties, or my equipage rival that of my less tasteful neighbour, if it meet not the gaze of those whom I wish to tonish? Go, vain man: give thy unnecessary raiment, or its equivalent, to the poor and naked: give the superfluities of thy beard to the hungry and the destitute: and share with the unfortunate and forlorn, the exuberance of that wealth with which thou hast reared thyself monuments of Folly: then shalt thou be praised, because thou hast deserved the reward; and thy posterity shall rejoice in having it, as a just tribute to thy memory. O vain man, and whilst thou dost ponder on these things, remember, that, as thy emblem, Tulip, which is gaudy without fragrance, and conspicuous without use, so is he who would push himself into notice without merit.



YEARS rush by us like the wind. We see whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it tending, and we seem ourselves to witness flight without a sense that we are changed; yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as winds rob the woods of their foliage.

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